WARD-BELMONT

CHIMES

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CHIMES

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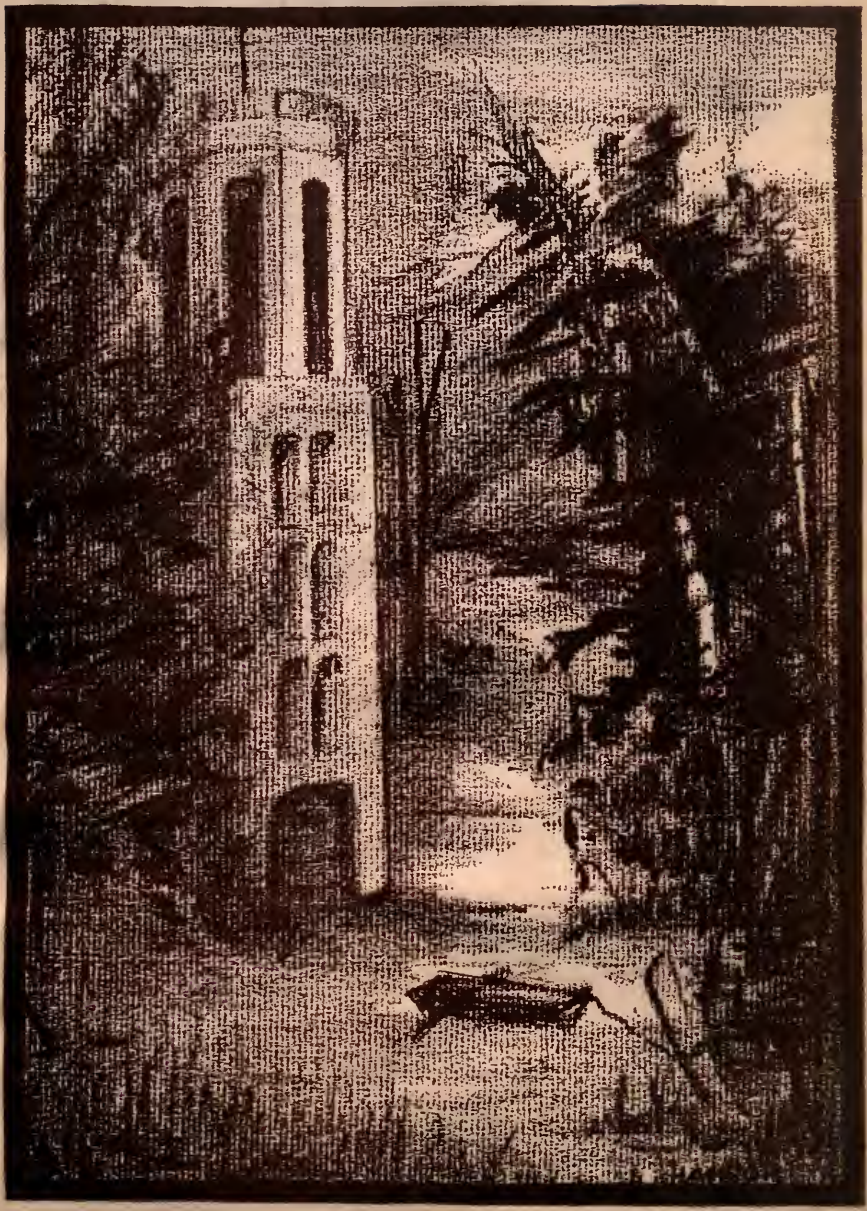

VOLUME IV NUMBER 1

The Chimes

WARD - BELMONT SCHOOL

Nashville, Tennessee

December 1939

Dedicated To
MISS FRANCES CHURCH
Our Librarian

The Chimes

VOL. IV DECEMBER, 1939 NO. 1

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"Castle in Spain Free with Every Purchase"

"Castles in Spain free with every purchase." (1)

Haven't you ever read a book and become so engrossed in it that you lived every thought, every word, every action?

I have—

And even when you had finished didn't you continue to build air castles and lovely day dreams?

I have—

And didn't you hate to come back to earth when someone pricked the lovely bubble of your reverie?

I did—

Haven't you ever wished that you were your favorite heroine—and that your life were as vital and as exciting and as interesting as hers?

I have—

And having been shown the way, to live more lives than just your own, have you?

I haven't—So:

To this I propose an amendment—
A resolution if you will,
To read more books and better books
—And more books still

To obtain from each the most
That is in my power to obtain,
And having done this once
Do it again and again.

—Suzanne McDonald, College '40.

(1) Morley, Christopher, *Ex Libris*, Article 67.

Beckoning Road

Elizabeth Macks, *College*, '40

I went for a walk, late one afternoon, along the highway leading from the city. The day was fair; the sun felt warm on my uncovered head. The sky, filled with clouds of a dazzling whiteness, was as blue as the cornflowers that grew by the roadside. The city lay behind me, smugly absorbed in its petty problems and the meaningless bustle of its untold numbers of people. Ahead of me lay the highway, wide and straight, luring me on with its whispered "Come, see what lies ahead." And so I followed its beckoning voice and smooth surface, followed it between tall oaks, past red barns and sprawling farmhouses that placidly viewed the highway, watching those who followed on into its unknown distance.

Presently, branching off to the right, lay another highway, equally smooth, equally broad, as the one on which I walked; and I wondered what lay at its end. Perhaps it led to another city, one with tall buildings and aristocratic parks, one with imposing houses and formal gardens. Perhaps it led to a sleepy little village with a tall-spired church and an elm-bordered main street with prim, sedate houses whose lace-curtained windows gave no clue to the identity of the persons hidden behind their delicate mask. Perhaps it led to still another broad highway that travelled on to a world as yet undreamed of by its followers.

But my own road murmured, "Come"; and so I continued on—on past shady pastures where sleek brown and white cows grazed contentedly, past rolling meadows where frolicked mischievous colts and playful lambs; past footpaths and by-ways; on and on to—

To a country road, dusty and narrow, that disappeared around a curve. Where did it lead? Perhaps through a wood, deep-shaded and cool, where squirrels chattered gayly to scolding jays and quiet rabbits wiggled small pink noses and nibbled daintily on tender grasses. Perhaps to a brook where the water danced along over little pebbles and smooth-worn stones—a brook wherein minute crayfish and tiny minnows darted happily through waving plants and microscopic water bugs scurried across its bright surface. The road pleaded with me to follow it, to see what lay hidden beyond its bend. I was tempted to heed its call; and yet—

The spell of the highway continued to lure me, and so I regretfully left the country road.

Farther and farther behind me was the city left, as onward I trudged around curves and past farmlands. Now the road began to rise. It led upward as if it would rise to the sky. Suddenly I came to the top of the hill and looked out on a panorama of breath-taking loveliness. The road stretched away for miles, straight into the flaming sun. The sky was stained with fingers of light, red as blood, yellow as gold, while the clouds shone of the most brilliant crimson. Louder and more persistent become the cry of the road: "Come; follow me into the sunset." For a moment I listened, caught fast by the spell of the blinding beauty I saw before me. Then, with a sigh of regret and a last lingering look, I turned and went back the way I had come. And as I retraced my steps, the words of a poem read many years before come to my mind:

I like a road that wanders straight; the
king's highway is fair,
And lovely are the sheltered lanes that
take you here and there,
But, best of all, I love a road that leads
to God knows where.

Yes, the king's highway *is* fair, and the sheltered lanes *are* lovely; but the beckoning road, the road that calls you, pleads with you, and will not let you turn away, is the road that leads—perhaps to the city, perhaps to the town, perhaps to the wood, or perhaps into the sunset—that leads to God knows where.

A Meditation on Books

In time of rest, a book will relax the spirit, the mind, and the body, until every faculty of your being is calm and refreshed.

In time of jubilee, a book will offer expression for joy, and bring an abundance of delight which compensates for all that is dull or commonplace.

In time of reverence, a book will cast a blessing over the aspirations of your soul and enrich your life with the words of heaven.

In time of love, a book will intoxicate your heart with a noble passion.

In time of memory, a book will bring recollections of the past and a deeper meaning to the present.

In time of sorrow, a book will bring hope and promise of an eternal tomorrow.

In time of vision, a book will give scope to your thoughts and imagination, enabling you to realize the things which were not.

In time of high purpose, a book will summon your ambition and send it on to grand and glorious achievement.

For any time and all time, a book is a friend that complies to your every mood and furnishes an outlet for all human emotions.

—Winkie Pierce, College '40.

Christmas Light

A candle's flickering light
Once did play
Upon a group of dear ones
Who gathered 'round the straw
Where the Little One lay.

That little candle
Now is gone
And though its light
Has passed into the Great Unknown
A greater Light lives on.

—Elva Anne Thompson, College '41.

The King Ranch

JOSEPHINE SPARKS, *College*, '41

The trees still showed signs of a visit from Jack Frost when Colonel Adam King started across the bleak panhandle of Texas into the Rio Grande valley. He started with fifteen men and a herd of fifteen hundred cattle to establish the finest cattle ranch in the world. The three months it took to make the trip were hard, long, and the type that men desire to live only once; however, a deep, green, fertile valley was just compensation.

The King cows soon grew accustomed to the new range, but some of them had a tendency to trail off behind drifting herds of buffalo. For several weeks after making camp the men were kept busy separating the cattle and wild buffalo. Colonel King decided to lay claim to a range considerably larger than that necessary to graze his herd of cows, for he intended to bring down several thousand cattle the next spring. He made a careful study of the country and soon had line riders making a human fence for the four sides of the newly established King Ranch.

The business of these line riders was to patrol the ranch boundaries, to turn back any cattle that they saw approaching the imaginary line from either side, and to follow any outgoing tracks until returned the straying herds. Back and forth, back and forth, these line riders must jog on their beats, always on duty. As the constant tendency of cattle in the winter time is to drift southward, the chief work of the riders for months would be on the southern side of the range. Accordingly, a lone camp was established on this side and two men put on it, one to ride east and one to ride west each morning. After each rider had reached the end of his beat he would return to camp, thus inspecting his lines daily. The beats were short enough that if necessary the riders could make round trips daily or linger along any place where the cattle threatened to wander away.

Meanwhile other boys set about to build the living quarters. In Texas there are two types of dugouts, one used in a hilly section and another on the plains. Since the former was selected, a rectangular hole was dug into the side of slope; thus forming a floor, a wall, and a part of the other walls. Logs, between which was placed mud, formed the rest of the incomplete walls and the front. The roof was a layer of logs, brush, leaves, and clay; the chimney was a hole in the roof; and the door, a piece of cloth. Thus through many long years the cowboys lived and called this crudely constructed place their home.

The small ranch Colonel Adam started has now become the finest and most famous ranch in the world. Because of its size, cattle alone are not raised, but also sheep, goats, hogs, chickens, and a part of the only existing herd of Texas longhorns. These latter are a pride and joy to every Texan. Because of its size, the cotton fields are scattered throughout the ranch. One can scarcely comprehend the size of this vast expanse of land, but it is known that it actually contains five hundred and fifty thousand acres within its boundaries.

The ranch is no longer run by one man who knows the necessities and the principles of raising cattle, but by business men who live in Corpus Christi. These owners are wealthy, and because of this fact their only interest in the ranch is for their own pleasure. Because of other means of support, these men have made it into a pleasure resort. Private guest houses, extra large swimming pools, modern equipped kennels and stables have all been built which are used for the pleasure of themselves and that of their friends.

The work is done by cowboys, whose duties are to keep up the roads, the houses, the fences; attend to the cattle; and see that the ranch is profitably run. Except for these duties the cowboys lead an easy, carefree life. It is true that they still wear boots, ten gallon hats, loud shirts, and always have bowed legs. After round-up time in the fall has come to an end and after many of the cattle have been shipped, they work very little.

Today, the King Ranch still has a gate watchman whose duty it is to keep the curious public off the premises. There are also many fence riders who execute their authority to the letter of the law in keeping out hunters and other intruders. These men have been known to use drastic means to carry out their duty.

On top of a hill a beautiful Spanish type mansion has been built to replace the dugouts. It is the most elaborate ranch house in our state; however, it typifies comfort, luxury and hospitality. Except for this building, the King ranch still remains very much the same as it was fifty years ago, retaining the same type of cattle and cowboys that have always made it so famous.

On Staying Awake in Class

There are a hundred and sixty school days a year, or nine hundred and sixty hours a year that a student has to sit and listen to what some teacher thinks about some things.

I like the race of teachers in general, but I believe that some of the things they say could just as well be left unsaid. Because of this, I envy people who can sleep with their eyes open. I can't; consequently I have some diversion to keep my mind occupied and at the same time allow me to listen with one ear.

For something amusing yet not too taxing on the brain, I recommend desk carving. I have observed that this recreation is very popular in all my classes, for even the most interesting of teachers will let themselves slip into the slough of lecturing or hobby riding. I've designed some lovely patterns for "desk whittlers," and have seen my classmates turn out beautiful examples. I've long since gone past the stage of carved names and initials, for I believe that:

"Fool's names like fool's faces
Are always seen in public places."

I am sorry to hear that the long bob is going out of style, for it has indeed offered me some enjovable moments. As

(Continued on Page 15)

The Vienna of Today

ANN CRAIG, *High School*, '42

Vienna, the gay; Vienna, the beautiful; Vienna, the theme of love and song; that is the city that was. Vienna, the hushed; Vienna, the depressed; Vienna of the swastika; this is the city that is today.

In the summer of '38 we left Budapest with a reluctance somewhat tempered by the pleasant anticipation of a visit to Vienna. After a long night's rest and a short taxi drive, we found ourselves in a very modern hotel, located on the Ringstrasse, which is the main street in Vienna. Although it was a beautiful day, there seemed to be a pall hanging over the whole city that even a tourist could feel. Where were the smiles, the gay laughter, and the music? They were hidden by the swastika. It seemed to be a wheel which had crushed everything beautiful or refined.

On a drive out into the country that afternoon, the guide told us that the highway we were using was started by Dolfuss, completed by Schussnigg, and named Hitlerstrasse. When we all laughed, he realized that he had made a joke out of Der Fuehrer's name. Then in a low, terrified voice he pleaded with us not to quote his remark. He said that if we did, any day he might be awakened early in the morning, only to be escorted by two "storm troopers" to a concentration camp for a six months' stay. In the Jewish section of the city, we saw dozens of stores whose windows had been smashed and splashed with black paint. A sign in front of each store read: "Beware! This is a Jewish store; do not trade here." These terrible scenes only verified newspaper stories of what Hitler had done to Vienna. That night after I had written all these things in my diary, Daddy made me tear the lining of my trunk and hide my diary in it, so that it would not be found when we were searched at the border.

Six o'clock the next morning found us still asleep, but across the street in a dark, musty, two-room apartment Chancellor Schussnigg was being mentally and physically tortured. Although a heavy smoker, he had not been given a single cigarette since the day of his captivity, fully six months before. He was being forced to account for all appropriations of public funds that he had made since he had become Chancellor. Much to his captors' disgust, they were not able to accuse him of the misappropriation of any funds. This would have been a very easy way to get rid of him. From this constant strain he was slowly losing his mind, and for all the public knows, he may be dead now.

Each day seemed to bring before us a scene which was worse than that of the preceding day. It was our experience of the next day that made us leave Vienna three days earlier than we had intended.

After saluting and repeating "Heil Hitler", we passed between the two soldiers on either side of the door and then out into the street. Just as we got past the city limits, we saw six or eight soldiers dragging a group of Jewish women and children out of some cars, and down into the basement of a near-by store. Strangely enough, there were no men in the crowd. The shrill screams of the women made the scene only more horrible. A boy on the bus with us tried to take a picture of the happenings, only to have his camera smashed to bits by the guide. That night we left the city in much haste, and were quite relieved when we had crossed the border. Our one regret was that we had not seen Vienna as it was, and that we will always remember it as a city crushed by a blood-thirsty, land-hungry maniac.

A Glance

A glance—
One glance that told the thoughts of many words,
And held the smile that made the while of day seem sweet and swift
More valuable than herds to heal the soul and to control its way—
A glance.

—Jessie Osment, College '41.

The Capture

There he was! It was perfect. I suppressed a shout of joy. For months I had hoped and planned for this. Now, when he was very far from my mind, I happened upon him.

There he lay, fast asleep, oblivious to the world about him.

I could scarcely believe my eyes. When I had first seen this, I rushed for my equipment, hoping to catch him, but by the time I found it and got back, he had vanished.

I had been confident, at first that it would happen again. With all my cunning, I had trailed him, always ready to spring into action the moment I saw him. But little by little my fervor had subsided; finally I had decided it was just one of those happy chances that come once in a lifetime. But it was hard to give up. And suddenly, there he was!

My heart beating fast, I proposed to snare him. I worked at top speed, fearful of losing one precious moment. He slept on peacefully. I sang a little song of triumph to myself. At last, at last, I had him. Here was a real trophy; I felt as proud as though I had created him myself.

Suddenly, he stirred, turned over, yawned, and stretched luxuriously, leaped to the ground and stalked away. But it was all right; I had him. Mine to keep, now! Let him grow up, discard his kitten ways. I would still have my sketches of a fat little kitten sleeping in an armchair, in a very unusual pose; on his back, as though he had fallen asleep in the act of playing, his front paws loosely dropped on his plump round stomach, like a little Chinese Buddha. There in those few lines I had captured, not only all his grace, but all the grace of all lazy, luxurious kittens.

—Eleanor Taylor, High School '41.

Jeannette

JANE STOCKDALE, *College*, '41

Jeannette is one of my two dearest friends. She is not a good friend in one sense of the word, being inherently independable and egocentric. She would not do "anything in the world" for me, nor, I believe, would she for any other person or thing. But this is human nature; and I heartily excuse her for it, having learned that only one's own family is thoroughly trustworthy.

Jeannette is exceedingly difficult to know truly; and I pride myself that, after eighteen years, I have finally broken through her deep reserve and understand her as few people do. She does not confide in many people, quite reasonably, for fear of being betrayed. To mere acquaintances she appears aloof —because of shyness mixed, curiously enough, with a definfiite superiority complex. Her inability to make friendships quickly is, in a way, an advantage. She can feel sure that her tried and true friends will rally to her side should she need them. On the other hand, she limits her horizon and misses a good deal of satisfaction wrought from the possession of many friends.

In addition to a very fine mind, she possesses what is known as "book-learning." However, she is unusually obtuse in matters of common sense; situations with which a merely average mind could cope confound her. She is not quick; and the points of jokes escape her entirely, unless explained and dissected until they sound utterly moronic. A reader may conclude from this, perhaps, that her conversation is lethargic; but this is not true. She talks well among those with whom she is intimately associated. However, she is rather uneasy with those other than her contemporaries. As a listener, she is excellent. She attends avidly to everything you have to say, to all your affairs, being fundamentally very curious. Any tale you may tell her will inevitably be punctuated by no less than a myriad of questions; no detail escapes her investigation. Human beings love nothing better than to feel that their conversation is vitally interesting. Knowing this, Jeanette has mastered down to an art the flattery of careful listening. Moreover, this unfeigned interest holds a definite place in her personality.

Primary among her many tastes is men. Being exceedingly attractive and having an instinct for the management of males, she has little choice. They, "en masse", like her more than passably well. They chide her often about her denseness, which worries her not at all. She flirts well, but almost too obviously when "out for a scalp." Always successful, she tires of men easily and wonders for weeks why she expended so much energy. She prides herself upon being foot-loose, and has no serious interest in men except for the amusement which they provide. Don't think her mercenary; if she were she would be utterly alone.

Her other interests are diversified; but they revolve, more or less, about the inescapable male. She loves clothes, college life, bridge, dances, tennis, golf, books, and movies—purely an average American girl as to tastes. Hardly an average American girl as to eccentricities is she. On this score, I love and enjoy her as much for her peculiarities as for her good qualities; because what would be duller than world filled with stereotyped, sterling individuals without variety or distinction?

Victor Gordon

ELIZABETH GRAVES, *College*, '41

It was on the first day of October that Victor Gordon received his first letter. It was from one "Stella M. Brunette" of Manistique, Michigan, who, by the way, enclosed an unflattering picture of herself.

To Miss Brunette, Victor Gordon was a veteran of the Great War. So maimed and pathetic a creature was he that the movies furnished his only motive for living. Lonely as he was, he needed comfort and friendship. In reality, Victor Gordon was the result of a "brainstorm," which happened to be published in a popular screen magazine.

Victor's fan mail increased as each day passed. He had not only American sympathizers, but many in other countries, including England, Scotland, France, Australia, South Africa, and India.

His greatest surprise was in hearing from the nurse who had taken care of him when he was injured at the front. Meg Taggert, living in Paisley, Scotland, was enthusiastic over the possibility of correspondence with her former patient.

What did they say to pathetic Victor? All the words of encouragement that they could summon along with poetry, pictures, and lengthy descriptions of themselves! Some discussed their ills and operations in detail. Some sent invitations to their homes throughout the country. Others invited him to join various clubs and organizations.

When Christmas came, Victor received present and cards. His most unique gift was from Mr. Motiwala, in Bombay, India. A tiny red seed, grown in India, contained a perfectly carved ivory elephant.

Not only letters resulted. There were experiences of greater importance. Victor's uncle devoted a column in his newspaper to the Victor Gordon myth, mentioning the exploits of his pseudonymic niece.

Such publicity served to intensify the wide-spread interest in the personage, with correspondence from everywhere.

Had there been a real Victor Gordon, he would no longer have been lonely, for answering the letters he received would have been comparable only to Margaret Mitchell's, with the additional pleasure of doing it all with a mischievous tongue stuck in his cheek.

The Christmas Fruitcake

BETTY CURTISS, *College*, '41

The making of the Christmas fruitcake is a tradition in our family. Just the word *fruitcake* holds excitement, for it heralds the fun and bustle, the rattle of pans, and the crackle of the cellophane on the crystallized fruit that can mean only one thing—cake night!

"Too many cooks spoil the broth," quoth the old proverb, but our cake has always been a masterpiece and every member of the family—from Baby to grandmother—has his finger in the pie. Let me describe it to you—.

The kitchen is so filled with family that it resembles the cafeteria line of elementary school, for all the clan gathers at our house one night toward the end of November for this traditional ceremony. The old-fashioned marble-top tables complain under their load of sweetmeats, and the gleam of firelight on the shining cake pans casts a ruddy glow over everything. All the ingredients have been previously arranged in order, and to each of us a task is apportioned. Everybody takes part—Baby is the audience to clap her hands in glee over our antics. The children dust cherries and pineapple, and their faces with flour, so that the fruit resemble lumps of snow, and their faces—clown's masks. The "menfolks" crack almonds with many "Ohs" and "Uumms" (as if it were hard to crack almonds), and the whack of mother's egg beater lends rhythm. Nevertheless cousins stand around murmuring inaudibly, "O, is there any thing I can do?" tasting just one raisin here, one walnut there, and generally getting in the way. The whole procedure is supervised by grandmother, truly a queen of the pantry, sitting on the high stool in the middle of the kitchen vigorously wielding a wooden spoon on the butter and sugar. Beside here, on the table, sits the yellow, crockery bowl looking very important—and indeed it is, for when each separate task has been completed, all the ingredients are mixed in the yellow bowl. This is where culinary skill colors the entire procedure, for the art of mixing is truly the touch of a real cook. To mother's sixteen fluffy eggs are added alternately flour, and grandma's butter and sugar. Next the orange and lemon peel, citron, and pineapple, Auntie's wonderful grape jelly (she saved a glass especially to flavor our fruitcake), Dad's almonds, and last—but not least—the powdered cherries are eagerly dumped in by the children

Into a fiery oven goes our chef-d'oeuvre, with a pleased "ah"——, to bake deliciously for three hours. Now that our traditional custom is finished, the clan gathers around the huge open fire to sip apple cider and listen to grandma's

"Once, when I was a little girl—"

My First Ideal

NANCY STONE, *High School*, '40

It is only natural for human beings to look up to someone—a person, usually perfection personified along some line—and it is customary to place him on a sort of pedestal and worship at his feet. From this ideal there is supposedly no end of inspiration to be gained. In fact, to many it serves as a guide along the road to rapid success.

I, too, was a member of this "you-can-do-no-wrong" cult. Strange to say, however, my ideal was not of the customary type. She possessed none of the usual requirements; excelled in no particular field; in fact, I doubt if I ever even thought of her as perfection. An allure? She literally obsessed me for weeks. To be perfectly frank, she was in the main my sole reason for attending Sunday School regularly; so I suppose she might be classed as a good influence in my life at least.

I have never been able to fathom just where her charm lay—in what way she attracted me. She possessed none of the qualities of a siren, and if my memory serves me correctly, she was even a year or so younger, which must have made her about four—an infant in comparison to my lofty five and a half.

I remember the day she entered my Sunday School class—a chubby, little girl, dressed in a pink coat and bonnet, with blonde hair neatly brushed in its Dutch boyish bob, her large blue eyes staring unsmilingly at all about her. From that time on, she unconsciously occupied all my waking moments. My games were centered about her, the heroine; in every story I heard, she became the leading character; everything I thought or did was for her benefit.

And in return for all this worship and homage, I desired only one small favor, one token of recognition to fan the flame of my devotion—to sit next to her for one Sunday. This may seem small today, but then it was of the greatest consequence and, strange to say, practically impossible.

For she was accompanied every Sunday by another girl, a hated rival who closely guarded their entrance and exit; who sat next to her; and who helped her on and off with her bonnet. Since they always arrived late, I never seemed to pick the right place to sit. I always ended across the room from her, or in some such remote place.

At length came a day when I knew steps would have to be taken. The time had come for action. And so, bright and early the next Sunday morning I appeared, a well-thought-out plan in mind, and proceeded to lay a book on the two chairs by mine. Then as each new comer approached, I politely said, "This seat is taken."

Through the agony of the opening hymn I waited, and then through the beginning of the lesson. It seemed she would never come. Then just as I was about to give up—it happened! In she came, her shadow still tagging along; and more wonderful still the two were coming toward my two chairs. Breathlessly I waited, success in my reach. But suddenly!—what's this? A slip in the plans! My world began to crumble. I had failed. For though she sat in one of the intended chairs, she skipped the one by me! My idol's feet had turned to clay.

On Writing An Essay

(A familiar essay based strictly on personal experience.)

From time to time during the year, every pupil is confronted with the task of writing an essay. During the three or four days previous to the one assigned for handing it in, the student ponders the subject, turning over in her mind the eligible subjects and suitable titles. Suddenly into her futile brain creeps what she believes to be a most clever and, incidently easy subject to discuss. She grasps it!

Since she is a very systematic and industrious person, the following day is consumed with writing and rewriting, debating, and rejecting first lines. At long last one is selected.

Time marches on! In one way or another, the days go by and the would-be essayist finds herself cast ruthlessly on the shores of desperation. She has but one line—the first. Alas and alack, the last night comes all too soon. This theme that was to be constructed with such care, in hopes of rating an "A"; this, that was to rival Emerson's works, must be by necessity crowded into one short evening along with French, Latin, and Geometry.

After hurriedly dashing off a few lines of Latin and French and working a number of non-sensical problems, she plunges headlong into the work at hand. She joyfully takes out the carefully culled first line, smiling inwardly at her own foresight. However, this remarkable first line does not seem a bit the same. She wonders at her own stupidity—to think that she could ever have thought a subject like this would do! Why, it wouldn't do at all! She glances warily at her watch. Nine o'clock. All at once the realization of her predicament startles her. There is nothing to do but start from scratch. She resolutely grasps her pencil and begins feverishly to write; the farther she goes, the worse it gets. And so, on into the night. . . .

From such painful experiences as these, I have come to the conclusion that there is absolutely nothing to the time-worn proverb, "Never do today what can be put off till tomorrow."

—Elizabeth Woodcock, High School '41.

The Singing Tower

In surroundings that are new and strange to a young person, any sign of friendship is welcomed. Not only can people be friendly and warm towards an individual, but towards a building, an old tree, or a beautiful sunset can express a depth of friendship and peacefulness that is otherwise lacking.

In my experiences at Ward-Belmont, nothing has been more pleasing or satisfying to me than one important discovery. To me the Singing Tower symbolizes the dignity, grace, and friendliness of the school. The tower is surrounded by legend, age, and the vast knowledge and sympathy that grow out of constant observation and tolerance. For years this tower has watched girls come and go; it has sensed their sorrows and joys—it is a living part of Ward-Belmont.

Have you ever watched the tower as it actually seemed alive? If not, let me tell you about it. The vines that climb over the tower are almost constantly in motion. As the wind rustles these vines, it seems as if gay, friendly spirits are running, dancing, whispering softly among themselves. They have always been there, eager to be noticed—utterly enchanted with their own happiness. At sunset these spirits go to rest, and the goddess of the tower smoothes down her hair and peacefully settles into the dusk.

Perhaps you wonder where I found the strange ideas I have expressed. There is only one answer that I can give. You must discover for yourself what I have found. The spirits of the tower are always there waiting to make a new friend. In the Singing Tower you will discover the old, heartwinning, friendly spirit of the school.

—Elva Anne Thompson, College '41.

Man-About-Town

Face etched in the marble of disguise,
He holds aloof from all the busy world.
The constant turmoil in his heart belies
The casual way his cane is twirled.

Patty Johnson, College '41.

To Her, An Invocation

Thou gentle Southern breeze that blows,
I pray thee give her sweet repose;
Enwrap her in thy deep perfume
Of laurel rose and lilac bloom.

Spirit of Chivalry, thou ghost
Of gallant days, forever lost,
Return again to fend and guide
And walk resplendent by her side.

Old South, thy tender beauty lend
To grace each hours that she may spend
With thee, and give her of thy ways
To cherish all her other days.

For she is worthy of thy care—
This maiden so serene and fair.
And tho' we wander far apart,
She carries with her—just my heart!

—May Dawson, High School '41.

Aftermath

Under their crosses in rows they lie,
Those men who have given their all;
Those men who were gallant and willing to die
For their country—its clarion call.
Yet under the crosses in rows they lie—
The men who were once strong and tall.

Perhaps they are lonely there on that hill,
As they wait for the reckoning day;
As they wait all alone, bodies cold, heartbeats still,
Rotting bones and their sagging flesh gray.
But once they were fighting with grim, steady will,
Those men who are ashes and clay.

Remember the banner-lined streets that they trod?
The pride that you felt when they'd gone?
Remember then, ashes lie under the sod
On the hill where the crosses stretch on.
But their glory-filled souls wing their way up to God—
Souls of men who met death—marching on!

—Patty Johnson, College '41.

Youth Looks at Peace

Pauline Grisso, *College*, '41

Historians record centuries of warfare. Peace, it seems, is only a lull between the fights. Our ancestors fought from ignorance; yet, we who are supposed to be more highly educated than the preceding generations are viewing a situation which is growing more tense every day—a situation about which we know the barest of facts. Is the "modern" world more vindictive than the ancient? Immediately upon the conclusion of one war, preparations are made for more and deadlier wars. Is it for this revenge we are born?

Wars are caused by many and complex factors. Some of the factors in our present war can be traced back for centuries. Hatred and nationalism are nothing new. Feudal barons and greedy kings fostered such spirits that they might gain more land, money, or power. Treaties made hundreds of years ago still have their effect. Boundary disputes often date back to the middle ages. States feel they must uphold their "national honor" by demanding the return of territories once held.—This is the twentieth century, and still we return to the early centuries for many of our claims. Indeed!—Greed has always been, and will always be, very important in any war. There is very little reasons for a war that has not gain as the object of one of the parties involved.

The newer factors—propaganda by the radio and newspaper, the increased speed of communications, effective political organizations—all have an important part in the current crisis. It is a relatively easy matter to control the press and, by insinuating and denouncing articles, to cause a great response to rise from the people. Prejudice and propaganda go hand in hand.

Economic nationalism, or self-sufficiency—call it what you may—is not new. But the approach is. Nowadays, nations attempt to sell to their former heights and import less than ever before. This has resulted in higher tariff barriers and lower international trade that create ill-will between the nations.

Rearmament—such a horrible term to the average American!—is an established fact of long standing in Europe. The European democracies, England and France; the dictatorships, Russia, Germany, Italy—all are armed to the teeth—ready to jump at each other's throats. Great Britain has strained every nerve for the past few years to build up her navy and air corps. France is reputed to have the best army in Europe. Germany has been conserving her food, as well as all materials that are valuable in times of war, for some four years. These are the visible means by which we can grasp the seriousness of the present crisis. But this war is not as sudden as is sometimes believed. For many years secret treaties and conspiracies have been made.

To find ways to combat propaganda, nationalism, trade wars, rearmament, secret treaties and conspiracies is young America's problem. It remains to be seen whether or not we have the foresight and stamina to stay out of the present Armageddon.

As a people, we in the United States are probably better equipped than the European states to lead the way for a lasting peace—not to be found by fighting another way "to save Democracy," but by a complete and fair understanding of the perplexing questions facing all mankind. We are better educated—our judgment is not impaired by a continual bombardment of propaganda from infancy to the grave. The United States is a melting pot for all of every nationality. Let this make us more liberal in our views concerning the victim and the aggressor. Let us not be led from the simple truth to a one-sided opinion by propaganda.

America has sent one generation of its choice brains and brawn to Europe—not to make a world which is safe for democracy, but one which has been a breeding spot for dictators. We pray that this new generation, placed in a similar position, will be able to profit from the experience of our elders and stay out of Europe and its age-old quarrels. We are concerned—yes. But, we are also concerned for America's future; it does not help our United States to have the "cream of the crop" killed for someone else and for other's problems in a short span of three or four years. May God help us.

Those Christians best deserve the name
Who studiously make peace their aim;
Peace, both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps and him that flies.

Cowper—"*The Nightengale and Glow-Worm.*"

To You

More slowly the earth's heart is beating
as days roll on,
The world is chilled by the icy winds
that fly;
And the flowers that willingly gave their
grace are gone
With the leaves of the trees to wither
and die.

Yet, though change does dim the wonders
of the earth sublime,
Though skies lose the warmth and bril-
liance of their hue,
Though dreams do age, and slip, and
fade in the pass of time;
E'er my mind is softly whispering of you.

—Jessie Osment, College '41.

Miscellaneous

Lost and worried, how much larger is
the city!

Baby feet express the panic in the eyes.
Sobs tell passers mama's itty-bitty
Has just become a little sad—and very
wise.

Patty Johnson, College '41.

Kid Stuff

Butch has gotta girl on Third and Alley.
Butch is awful proud; look at him grin!
She's got yeller hair—her name is Sally.
Ain't it fierce how some guys get took
in?

Patty Johnson, College '41.

Of Water

—Peggy Wemyss, High School '41.

Light, water, air—the three essentials of life! Suppose we had to live without seeing light, without breathing air, without tasting water! Of course we couldn't live! But somehow, water seems to me the most interesting of these three. It is always moving and changing, never tastes the same, never looks the same, never even feels the same in different parts of the world. There would be no ships to sail, no beautiful ocean in which to swim, no canoe trips in the moonlight, no way to get cool on a blazing hot day. Some of the most beautiful places of the world, moreover, would be spoiled if it were not for a lake or a stream or a bay.

Of all the bodies of water in the world, to me, the most fascinating, the most mysterious, and the most beautiful, is the ocean. One day it may be a crystal-glass blue, calm and inviting. I like to stand on the beach near the water's edge and watch it surge back through my toes. I enjoy its coolness and freshness. Then would I like to go a little farther out where the gentle white caps, which sound like a soft rustling of taffeta, would splash gently against me in invitation to come with them.

But the next day it may be like a furious lion, leaping and cavorting, trying to swallow up everything within its reach. Once I went swimming when the ocean was like this; and before I knew what was happening, a tremendous wave wrapped inside of itself and flung me on the sand. Before I could recover my senses, it was coming after me again.

A little fishing stream is as different from the ocean as a whale is from a sun-perch. Near my grandmother's house, 'way out in the country, there is a secluded little stream where I used to fish almost every day. I remember one hot afternoon, a little before sunset, I walked lazily down to my brook. The sunlight shining through the trees fell on the grey brown water, and the shadows turned the brook into a lacey tapestry.

I sat on the bank and watched the little pebbles which were pushed along by the slowly moving current. It was so quiet and restful one might think that little stream had been just the same for centuries. But that night there was a heavy rainstorm and my blue, peaceful little stream was turned into a muddy and dangerous river.

Always changing, always moving, always different is this thing that chemists call H_2O!

The Door

I opened the timorous door.
I then beheld a darkness
Darker than night. I tore
Myself from there; then,
I heard that awful stillness,
Louder than drums,
More silent than Death.

—Sarah McCullough, College '41.

Confidentially

As a birthday gift
At the age of four,
My sister received
Presents galore.

Among them one
For which I did beg;
And that strange gift
Was an ostrich egg!

An ostrich egg
From Glendale Zoo
Had a fatal charm
For a child of two.

On a mantel high
Far above my head
The egg was placed.
"Don't touch," they said.

But curiosity
Fast conquered me.
How much I longed
That egg to see!

When no one looked
I got a chair,
And piled some books
High in the air.

And on those books
I stood and grasped,
And the ostrich egg
To my breast I clasped.

Cautiously
I stepped right down
Until my feet
Had touched the ground.

Ah! That ostrich egg
Was mine at last!
But suddenly
It slipped my grasp—

And squash it went
Right on the floor
And the ostrich egg—
It was no more.

They would have learned
From a childish wail
If an odor rank
Had not told the tale.

My guilt was told
By a smell so strong,
That it soon was taught
The RIGHT from WRONG.

And in years to come
Each time it rained,
We left THAT room,
For the smell remained.

And you can bet
If ever I beg
For ANYTHING,
It won't be an egg!

—Mildred Stahlman, High School '40.

Patriot

A soap box planted on the ground,
He builds up nervous tension—
An anarchist who just has found
He won't receive a pension.

Patty Johnson, College '41.

My First Offense

There was no doubt about it! I was guilty, and I was going to be punished! My head felt as though it were carrying a two-hundred-pound weight, and it would have been impossible to count the number of nameless fears running through my mind. Had my thoughts been audible, they would have sounded like a series of discords.

Just think that only three minutes ago I had been peacefully sitting in English class with (except for a gnawing conscience) not a worry in the world. Oh, how pertified I was when the telephone rang!! I could hardly believe my ears when the teacher, after what seemed an eon, told me I was wanted at the office. Wanted at the office!! That could mean only one thing! They had found out!!!

I seemed to be glued to by seat, and it must have been a full moment before I could pull myself out. Now I was on my way to the office.

What should I do? Should I tell the truth, or should I try to lie out of it? How could they possibly have found out? I had thought I was so careful, but evidently I slipped somewhere, somehow. Oh, what could I do?

By this time, however, I had reached the office, and I thought to myself, as I gathered all my wits, "You've done a wrong; so you may as well take your punishment like a lady," and with that last vow, I went into the office.

With all my courage, however, I couldn't keep myself from looking like a puppy who had just received his first spanking. My face had suddenly grown long, and the muscles of my mouth had taken a downward turn.

The office girl asked my name and, a bit timidly, I gave it to her. It was the first time in my life that I was ashamed of my own name! The girl, then, walked over to a table and, picking up a piece of paper, handed it to me.

For a moment I was too afraid to open it, but finally with my last surge of courage, I succeeded. I shall never be able to forget the feeling of shock and pleasant surprise when I read that note.

"Please meet me at Liggett's at noon."

Mother.

I vowed then never to "play hookey" again.

Harriet Gentry, High School, '41.

Politics Invades the Nursery

Rock-a-bye, baby,
Thy carriage is blue.
Father's a diplomat;
Mother is, too.

But Uncle's a grocer
Back home in the sticks.
He just couldn't learn those
Political tricks.

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,
People's man.
Pass me a bill as fast
As you can.

Write it and pad it with things that I like,
Or I'll join up with Lewis and go on a strike.

—Patty Johnson, College '41.

Cynic

The cynic, bored with life and all its foolishness,
Shuts up his life within an ivory cell
And scorns and shames us humans for our humanness,
Not dreaming he is blessing us as well.

—Patty Johnson, College '41.

His Bit

The slime and the filth of the trench slopped about his ankles and into his high-topped issue shoes as he walked down the long line between the embankments, weaving his way among the high piles of protecting sandbags, marching to relieve a sentry of his lonely vigil.

At his post, he shouldered his rifle and stood appraising the bit of "no man's land" which stretched beyond the barbed wire entanglements—land scarred with shell holes, and dotted closely with the bodies of the luckless doughboys and yellowlegs.

To his young eyes, it did not appear sordid and disheartening. Instead, it was the long awaited fulfillment of his boyish dreams. His goal was being achieved at last. Here he stood, guardian over his company which lay sleeping behind the lines. He was, in a way, protecting his family, his friends, and his country; perhaps even millions of people of whom he had never heard. The very thought made him proud.

A flare burst over the field, throwing everything into momentary daylight, then fell to earth, dark, powerless.

Suddenly he was remembering the last Fourth of July: his mother quietly knitting; his father reading the evening paper, intent upon war news; Ed begging for the car; and Janet leaving hand in hand with Tom.

He and Helen had watched the display of skyrockets and the Roman candles in the city. Then, when they were sitting on her porch steps, he had told her of his plan to enlist. She had begged him not to do so, and he hadn't—then. He'd been too young—only seventeen.

As soon as he was eighteen, however, he had told her that he really was going over.

It was an April night, and he remembered she had cried at first, then kissed him, smiling through her tears, saying, she could be proud of his not having to be drafted.

This was his first day at the front. If only Melen could see him; young, proud, defiant!

He smiled.

He was still smiling when they found him there at dawn, lying in the mud. A sweet, boyish, homesick smile that touched their hearts as they laid him under his flag.

—Wilma Reyce, High School '40.

The Janitor

—Diane Winnia, College '41.

All day long the janitor at the New Office Building plodded about, sweeping floors, picking up papers, answering calls for help from the numerous offices, and doing general work. That is—all day long. But during the evening, after he returned home, he was no longer a janitor. He was one of the mighty heroes of old fighting bravely in some battle, or a tender lover, or some famous philosopher shouting to an unbelieving throng. He became everyone whose lives were to be found in books—for he was buried in his collection of books from the moment that he entered his room to the moment that he unwillingly left it to go to work.

He did not know how he had first come to love books and the people that they contained, but since he could remember, he had always been the "bookworm" of the neighborhood. Reading was his only diversion, for he did not care for the mercurial temperament of people and therefore avoided them purposely. His was a fairly active job, so he did not wish to walk about the parks or go to a moving picture at the end of the day. It was these reasons, added to his love of reading that made him forsake the finite world each moment that he could spare, and cleanse his mind of his hatred for the drudgery that separated him from the library during the greater part of his day.

And thus had his life been lived—work, during the day; books, during the night. It made no difference what the books contained or on what subject they were written—they were still delectable. He would read Plato or Browning, and then peruse "Alice in Wonderland" and enjoy it. He lived only for the moments that he could lose his true self and become attired in the personality of some great person, and forget the hardship of this dull existence for the blessings of a romantic life.

No one at the New Office Building knew who he was or where he had come from. He was of indefinite age—one of those individuals who look the same at twenty-five as the day that they die at seventy. His hair was of a neutral color. He had the slumping walk of a janitor, and he chewed on an old unlighted corncob pipe. As he did his work well, no one really cared to learn his history. That he had given himself a rare education, none knew; a few suspected, having seen him with his weekly pay check in his hand, waiting to purchase an ancient copy of "Canterbury Tales" at a book store where he seemed to be well known. However, he was considered "just the janitor"—a person to do extra errands for people and to pick up cigarette stubs after them.

One day a curious incident occurred. A telephone call came from the janitor; the operator in the building said that it was from the janitor's landlady. He came shuffling hurriedly down the hall and grasped the receiver in his calloused palm.

"What is it?" he croaked.

"Oh," shrieked the hysterical woman, "The apartment house burned—"

"My books—?"

The janitor listened for a minute to the reply and then slowly hung up the receiver. The operator said that he had seemed to shrivel up before her, and wrinkles that she had never noticed before suddenly seamed his face. He muttered, "Thanks," and stumbled away with a hollow look in his eye.

The next day he did not appear at the office, nor the next day, nor the next. There was some talk about the offices for a day or two, but soon another janitor was hired and life went on as usual. No one knew what had happened to the old janitor, and no one cared especially, but a few were curious. They might have had their curiosity satisfied if they had read the newspaper of that day thoroughly and seen the small column on page five. It read: "Unknown man commits suicide by jumping from 300 foot bridge into ravine. The body was found yesterday by two small boys, but has not yet been identified. The suicide was of medium height, had the calloused hands of one accustomed to doing manual labor; his hair was of a neutral color, and in his pocket was an old corncob pipe and a small copy of Shelly's poems."

Local Beauty Makes Good

I first noticed something was queer when she would not go out with me anymore. Why, we lived across the street from each other and had practically grown up together. Just because I spent one whole evening raving about her lovely eyes, hair, nose, figure, feet, hands, teeth—well, in fact, telling her that she was a nice-looking girl-friend—why did she have to ignore me?

Betsy did not always parade in front of the idlers at the town hotel, nor did she continually powder her nose or flutter her eye-lashes. Nor had she always gone to see at least three movies a day, and after seeing them, mimicked some lovely star in her backyard.

At the age of seventeen she had come to the realization that she was almost a woman, and a very lovely one, at that. Several times she had me take her picture in some "super-glamourous" pose. These (I learned later) she sent to Hollywood.

A great deal of Mr. Brown's hard-earned money was spent on new (and rather conspicuous) make-up, and Betsy bought enough movie magazines to furnish Sonja Henie with ice-skates for several years.

Of course I was irritated by all of this, but not really agitated until a dark, smooth, foreign-looking man appeared in town. He was the kind of a man who wears a mustache and polo coat. And it was *He* whom I saw Betsy with, riding around in his yellow convertible coupe.

Well, this villainous creature remained in town for nearly a week, and when he suddenly disappeared, Betsy seemed heart-broken.

With him had gone her chance for a Hollywood career, and an exciting, adventurous life. But I think she has been happy. She settled down to the vocation—or should I say avocation?—of a beauty operator in our local "Belles Femmes." I say *avocation,* because she is my wife, and she successfully has taken up the career of a homemaker.

—May Aileen Cochran, College '41.

Sweet Sixteen and a Half

HARRIET GENTRY, *High School*, '41

Column from the *Madison Daily Gazette*. Page three Column two.

Oct. 21. The younger set of Madison cordially welcomes a newcomer. Anthony Laurence by name, he will now reside at 1506 S. Franklin St. Mr. Laurence is the assistant editor of the *New York Journal*.

Madison's "best catch," thought Barbara Benedict. "The answer to a mother's prayer"—this from the social climbing maternal side of the family. "Nice chap," said father. Only Rosemary had voiced no opinion on Anthony Laurence, possibly because her opinion on the subject in question was much too sacred to the heart of a "sweet sixteen."

For six ghastly months she had seen her sister evade and persecute him with her many petty lies. Barbara's one joy in life was keeping from ten to twelve boys in a state of social upheaval at all times; and this she accomplished with very little difficulty, for she was a stunning creature with coal black hair and fingernails and lips as striking a red as a cardinal on winter snow.

Now, as she mused over her various and sundry shortcomings of her mother and sister, Rosemary's heart was heavy. Keeping a strict silence had been no easy matter, for she loved Anthony quietly and faithfully in her own way, and each blow Barbara dealt him seemed to tear her heart out. Now this injustice was too much. Rosemary dropped disconsolately into a chair and ran slim tanned fingers through her already tousled blond curls.

"It just isn't fair!! It was bad enough to say Dick's fraternity pin was mine when he found it last night, but now to have her and mother both say I have to play sick and let her do a martyr's act so she won't have to go to the Club dance with Anthony—it doesn't make any difference to me if she'd rather have a late date with that "latest catch," but I don't see why she has to punish me for it! Telling Anthony she wrote my poetry wasn't exactly a sisterly act either. For that matter, why can't I have him? I'd be so good to him and play so fair."

A soft sound roused Rosemary from her thoughts as Mrs. Benedict entered the room, the train of her voluminous skirt swishing impressively.

"Now my dear, I want you to be a sweet child and help your sister out of this difficulty. Your father has arranged for you to take that little trip to Bermuda about which you've been so enthusiastic, so I know you won't mind missing one little dance for sister. Will you dear?"

"Oh mother!! Why do you always have to make me seem so childish and selfish to Anthony? You know Babs wouldn't stay at home with me even if I were sick."

"Why darling!! One would almost think you had a regular school girl crush on the man."

A painful flush covered Rosemary's face as she stammered a confused explanation and hurriedly left the room.

Two days passed and there seemed to be a sort of unvoiced understanding that Rosemary would develop a headache on the all important Wednesday. The girls dresses were displayed to Anthony who was properly impressed by Barbara's silver sequins and remarked politely that the simple white net of Rosemary's was "very sweet."

The day of days arrived all too soon to suit poor Rosemary; and as she came downstairs in the morning, Anthony's ecstatic voice reached her from the living room.

"Darling, I was on my way home from the office and I had to see if you were still as beautiful as last night."

With a slow smile Barbara moved languishly toward him; while outside, a brave little figure marched stolidly back up to her room, only to throw herself on her bed in a storm of tears.

"Oh God! Please don't let him waste his life on her!! I'm not worthy enough either, but I'd try so hard to make him happy."

Presently the sobs ceased and a curly head emerged from the pillow. She bathed her face, hastily smeared powder over a somewhat grim countenance and again descended the stairs.

"Everything will turn out all right. Somehow I know it will. He wouldn't be the man I love if she could deceive him forever. I'll go to that dance regardless of how they try to stop me, and I'll be as beautiful as she is!! I love him and some day I'll make him love me. Barbara be hanged!!!

Extraction from the Sunday edition of the *Madison Daily Gazeztte* five years later. Page three. Column two.

. . . . . .

June 23. Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Laurence returned today from a six months honeymoon to Honolulu and the Hawaiian Islands. Mr. Laurence will resume his position as chief editor of the *Journal*. The couple will make their home in Madison. Mrs. Laurence will be remembered as the former Rosemary Benedict.

(Continued from Page 6)

for myself, I still wear it; for I feel that the girl who sits back of me would be at an utter loss for amusement if she didn't have my hair to plait and tie in knots.

Of course, in a girls' school, paper wads, pins, and tacks are ruled out; but I believe that boys have the right idea there.

The "Gift of God" in a boring class is a giggling neighbor. If you are blessed with this gift, many ways of keeping awake are offered thereof and with no effort on your part. If classes did stop for recreation at ten, two, and four for "the pause that refreshes" as the different advertisements suggest, I think there would be fewer yawning pupils and cross teachers.

—Mildred Milam, High School '40.

Life's Inconsistency

The world goes on and on and on;
The days, the nights, the winds, and trees,
These things remain their lovely selves.
The things that change are these:
Man's hates and loves, their tears and smiles,
Their deepest thoughts, their simplest wiles—
Ambitions, ideals, hopes, and dreams
Are all stitched wrong in life's rough seams.
And so till Earth's last dawning day,
The people change, the World will stay.

—Shirley McCullar, College, '40.

My Queen

Born as I was in a foggy city, it is no wonder that one of my first impressions was the thrill of watching the sun break through the river's mist early in the morning. Every night at bed-time, I was seized by the fear that I had lost the sun, and that it wasn't coming up again. But in the morning I would wake up delighted to find its sharp rays cutting their way through the mists that rose from the Ohio.

When winter came, I would plunge to the window not long after daybreak and find, not mists, but a blanket of snow gleaming with reflected glory of the pinkness of the dawn. Each tiny little particle of the crust would catch up a small bit of the sun's rays and imprison it as a slave, with the sole duty of making its master the brightest of its kind. At least this was the little story my childish mind cooked up. It would always make me furious to think that a flake of snow could be so presumptuous as to make a slave of even a tiny bit of the sun's majesty! Before the morning was well under way, anyone could find me working with all my heart and childish might to free those imprisoned rays by melting the snow.

But if I hated the snow for capturing bits of sunlight, it never occurred to me to hate the sand. I had seen the sand reflect the sun just as the snow did, but I had another story all made up to explain my partiality. The snow took my goddess prisoner, but the sand acted only as a hand maiden who held a mirror for her majesty to see her reflection.

The beach is perfect for feeling the sun warm your backbone, but I like the fancy lace patterns on a forest floor at midday. Better still are the slanting shadows of trees that stretch out in parallel rows at eventide.

It has always seemed very natural to me that man would worship the sun. If I had been destined to live in the Stone Age, I too, would have been very devoted in my worship of the Queen of the Heavens.

—Patsy Proctor, High School, '40.

Who Knows

Who knows what the bells of night may ring?

Who knows what the carriage of day may bring?

Life is hung by a narrow thread,

When it breaks, is there hope—or dread?

Jessie Osment, College '41.

Concerning How to Get Your Man And Hold Him

Patsy Proctor, *High School,* '40

At the age of seventeen, getting not just a man but a quantity of men and holding them is a momentous problem, especially for a girl with an attractive sister. Or so I have found it. A charming, sophisticated, elder sister of twenty years who has had the advantage of three years in an eastern school and "goes steady" with a Harvard man, well—it's just *too* much. Of course, it's bad enough when she flaunts pictures and daily letters in your face possessively and turns up her nose at the Junior Prom (number one event of your social year), but when "the man" of your present life so obviously falls for that "clinging vine" line of hers, situations get a little tense. First, you try an appeal to her high moral sense (moral, my foot) and, thus spur her on to a more positive conquest by your anxiety. After that, it's every man for himself.

At the Country Club dance one Saturday night, I saw Dick mooning over Evangeline and she, being in a coy mood, was playing up her "Oh, you big, handsome, wonderful man" line. Dick had brought me to this dance, but after the first break, I hadn't seen anything of him except the dust he was raising chasing Evangeline. Imagine your own sister snaking your man! Only a miracle could save me now.

The miracle came incognito. Randal Evens, the Harvard man, to everyone's surprise, put in an appearance. This is the way the miracle happened. In order to reckon with the reptile invasion, I had fortified myself with an informative piece of literature, "How to Get Your Man and Hold Him." While emersed in this worthy document Sunday morning, I heard Evangeline answer the telephone. "Yes, operator, this is she." Momentary silence, "*What!*" Yes, yes, I understand. Now what was the time again? Ten-thirty? Thank you." The telephone went "click" and Evangeline went, "Mother! Daddy! Fran! Everybody! Randal gets in on the ten-thirty plane from New York! Where're the car keys? What time is it. *Ten!* I've got to rush. We won't be back in time for church but dinner at one will be O. K." This last issued from the depths of the garage.

"Wait, dear." This from Mother. "How long will he be here and why did he come?"

"He's come to see me, of course, and I have no idea how long he'll stay." Rather impatiently she glanced at us from the car. "Bye." She was gone with a swish.

Everything had happened so quickly that I hadn't had time to register what this meant to me. But as I turned my thoughts back to my intensive concentration on "getting a man and holding him," it dawned on me that this was the solution of my problem. Fate had a hand in it. Else why should Randal show up at precisely the right moment to take Evangeline's mind off Dick, thus restoring me to my rightful place of the first and foremost of Dick's girls. Slamming the book to, I shoved it into a dim, dark corner of the drawer where all the old cards and bridge score pads were kept. Peace and harmony reigned again among the Johnston female offspring.

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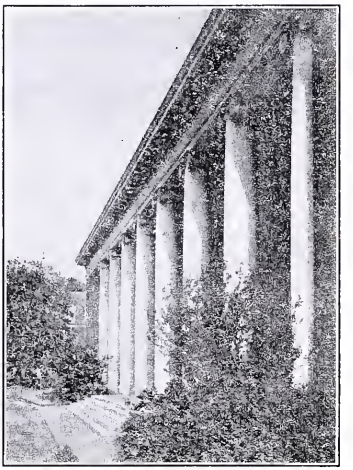

Old Man Winter

Rap-tapping at my window pane,
Making icicles of the rain,
Sprinkling frost on everything,
Making night air bite and sting;
Boney fingers, cold, grey eyes,
Haggled teeth that brutalize,
Flowers, meadows, blossoms, trees,
Making North winds of the breeze—
Winds that whine and groan and howl,
Rivers freezing 'neath his scowl,
Tattered coat and sharp blue nose—
Who is it, do you suppose?
Aged Winter, old, yet new,
Makes His annual debut!

—Marilyn Reeves, College, '40.

Valentine's Day

PATRICIA JOHNSON, *College*, '41

Sing ho! for merry England in the days of Cupid's reign
When Francis Drake and Raleigh sailed the blue and sparkling main;
And the ladies bloomed like roses worn in garlands round their necks,
And the gentlemen wore diamonds, made their toasts to Cupid, REX.

Sing ho; for sunny Gallia where romance was the thing.
A flower had more power than the largest ruby ring.
And the ladies—oh, the ladies—made of sugar and of spice.
You'll admit that they were naughty, but they could be very nice.

Sing ho! for gay Italia 'mid palette, brush, and paint,
Where religion had the limelight, and each village had its saint.
Yet the ladies were the topic found on every sailor's lips,
And the ports of Rome were crowded with a multitude of ships.

Sing ho! for martial Germans in their land of strife and pain,
And recall the ancient Teutons to the forests once again,
And remember that the women were the object of their wars
And the man who won his lady had an awful lot of scars.

Sing ho! for gloomy Russia, land of vodka and of wheat
Where the common run of peasants don't have very much to eat.
But the Olgas and the Sonyas in their dirndls are a joy
And sufficient palpitation for the heart of any boy.

Sing ho! for young U.S.ers in their modern style and date
Where they talk of ceaseless movement, and they haven't time to wait;
But the fellows like the ladies to be beautiful and young,
So it's evident that romance is the same in any tongue.

Anno Domini Spring

ELIZABETH MACKS, *College*, '40

I like spring: the ice breaking up in the river and the water beginning to flow freely; the first freighter coming down from the lode country with a cargo of iron or copper or coal destined for the factories; lake steamers getting ready for excursions to Bob-Lo and Put-in-Bay; the D. and C. line's advertisements of special summer rates; sailboats again anchored to the newly painted buoys, their owners busy with fresh paint and clean canvas.

I like spring: a single yellow crocus flowering in the rank lawn; tulip bulbs and daffodils sending up new green shoots, promises of beauty in days to come.

I like spring: the lighthouses along the treacherous shore again winking and blinking through the quiet nights; the ever-burning light-buoys again replenished with oil, repainted and rust-proofed, and towed out to their stations marking the channel; the bell buoys again sounding their mournful dole, set in motion by the newly released current.

I like spring: the ever lengthening and brightening days; the pale, yellow sun of winter gradually becoming more dazzlingly g o l d e n, shedding warm, health-giving light on the wan and weary victims of winter's illnesses.

I like spring: clean-up, paint-up campaigns; new shining paint on old, dingy buildings; smoke and soot from belching factory chimneys being slowly blown away by warming winds from the South and West, making visible bits of blue sky and an occasional laughing cloud;; grey, unpainted steel bodies, shiny black motors, and racks of gleaming fenders being transported from the factories on long, awkward carriers to the ever more rapidly moving assembly lines; bright new cars, brave in wrappings and the license plates of dealers, being driven away to neighboring show rooms and distant cities; lights burning in office buildings, ghostly reminders of those who work long hours into the night that others may sleep, secure in the knowledge that they need not rise again before morning; bathing suits, beach balls, sun umbrellas, paper plates, and lunch baskets ingeniously displayed in the windows of giant department stores, indicative of new merchandise and the approaching days of vacation and play.

I like spring: sap beginning to run, causing the long-bare trees and bushes to send out tiny buds; tender new grass slowly covering the bare earth with a carpet of delicate, lightest green; violets, hidden away among damp, dead leaves, coyly peeping out to catch glimpses of the life-giving sun through the branches of awakening trees; mosses, thick and soft, beginning to appear at the base of the trees, forming an enchanted lawn where later the fairies will dance; jays calling noisily to one another, informing their friends that the brooks are flowing and food has been abundantly provided for all.

I like spring.

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THE CONTRACTS

'Tis morning—and my heart is glad,
Glad for a new day,
Another chance,
To do its best.

'Tis evening—and my heart is sad,
Sad because it had
Another chance,
And failed.

Oh, God, Who made day and night,
Teach me like Christ
To realize at eventide
What I anticipate at noon.

—Winkie Pierce, College, '40.

Anno Domini Winter

ELIZABETH MACKS, *College*, '40

I like winter: long nights lighted only by a handful of cold stars; the roasting of marshmallows and the popping of corn around a glowing open fire, or the reading aloud of old familiar tales.

I like winter: skating on the frozen river where no buoys mar the glazed surface to remind one of summer's sailing; coasting down hills now covered with a thick white blanket; children bundled into wooly play suits, making fat, grinning snow men with battered stove-pipe hats; small boys busily shoveling paths from house to street, that they may the more quickly be at the important business of constructing a durable fort and laying in ammunition preparatory to the decisive battle scheduled for Saturday afternoon.

I like winter: snow falling silently from the grey skies, mantling the bare trees in costly ermine no king could purchase; intricate lacy patterns traced on the window panes by the skillful brush of Jack Frost, the master painter, unexcelled.

I like winter, concerts on the street corners by the Salvation Army; the Old Newsboys, now grey-haired business men, selling newspapers to raise money for Christmas baskets; Community Chest drives and the double-barred red cross of the tuberculosis seals, fostering open hearts by means of open pocketbooks; midnight mass with lighted candles on the altar and juniper boughs twined around the Communion rail, the full vested choir chanting Alleluia anthems, and the congregation singing the beloved old carols.

I like winter: city streets given a holiday air by festoons of gay red and green rope; lamp-posts, garlanded with holly, wearing their decorations with noticeable pride; the ceremonious lighting of the giant community tree by a little girl from the Crippled Children's Home.

I like winter.

Atop the Mountain

ANN ELIZABETH MCCARLEY, *High School*, '41

I had climbed the mountain for the view. An inspiring view it was because from this height one could look down upon the winding rivers and sloping valleys of five states, gaze on the patchwork of farms that produced food for thousands of people, perhaps even catch sight of a world beyond his own small town, realize a little the bigness of the earth, understand the immensity of the universe.

But as I neared the top of the mountain, and was stealthily enveloped in pale wreaths of mist, I knew that the view today would not be one of sunshine-mellowed plains, but one of spongy clouds that dripped rain on them. Atop the observation tower, finally, where the air was heavy with moisture and pale fog was on every side, my head was literally in the clouds. Everywhere I turned I saw that intangible whiteness. I put out my hand to catch some of it; it eluded me, leaving a clammy dew in my palm. I was helpless against this impalpable enemy. It was as if I were in another world, a hand of No Shadow, whose mist sheltered super human beings, waiting to snare the unfortunates who ventured within their grasp. I was held prisoner on this tower, turned into a medieval prison. The fog about me would soon press closer and closer; its chilly fingers would touch me. Fright, cold as the mist, shook me. I stumbled down the steps of the tower and ran, ran, ran, panting until I came out of that misty world into the earthly one I loved, as I stepped from the fog into the sunlight.

MY MEMORIES

The flight of a bird across the sky,
Raindrops upon my pane,
The lilting song of yesteryear
Bring you back to me.

The gurgle of a baby's laugh,
The theme of a symphony,
The full moon on a summer night
Are memories of you.

The purple mountains' wooden heights,
A house with a picket fence,
The mating call of a whippoorwill,
All are thoughts of you.

Once we shared these lovely things,
We lived, we laughed, we loved.
But now they are but memories
And I am left alone.

—Anonymous.

SPRING

Spring came dancing by last night,
Her tread was soft and sweet and light.
She kissed the flowers and the grass
And told me as she swiftly passed
Ever to beware of the first of May,
For I'd lose my heart on that said day.
And sure enough her words came true,
For, oh, my dear, it's lost to you.

—Martha Roach, College, '41.

SNOW

The earth—
An angel cake frosted by God's lush
icing—Snow—
Lay still 'neath heaven's midnight dome,
Daring a foot dissolve its perfection.

—Betty Curtiss, College, '41.

WINTER

Cold moonlight on a dreary plain,
A cold wind and a weary rain,
Dark shadows and ceaseless silence,
Leafless trees offering grim defiance
To prove that Winter has claimed its
own,
With a frozen tongue and a biting tone,
To touch not only the entire land,
But even her heart and soul and hand.

—Martha Roach, College, '41.

WINTER'S FOLLY

Can love fade . . . ,
Die like a summer's rose
That cringes when the cold winds come,
Loses beauty and radiant glow . . .
Is cold . . . then numb,
And dies at last,
A crumpled heap of lost desire?

—Elva Anne Thompson, College, '41.

The Lake at Berkshire

MARGARET SANGREE, *High School*, '41

Some places have the power to create a spell all their own. One of these is Garret's Lake, quite a tiny mountain lake, perched up in the solitude of the Berkshire Hills of New York.

The path leading to the lake is almost as beautiful as the lake itself. It runs from the lake to the little brown bungalow where I live. As I start out, I am surrounded by low blueberry bushes, covered with deep blue, purple, green, and white berries. Suddenly the forest looms up; the path leads on. Through the cool, shadowy cloud of unbelievably soft, green mosses, feathery ferns, thick brown and green pine needles on the ground that deaden the footsteps, on it goes. Now and then a rare salamander dives to shelter under a rock; a bird cries; some invisible force stirs the trees; a soft unseen something brushes against my face.

In an instant the view is changed. There is a foot log going across a small, clear stream; and for a moment, the mistily viewed lake is seen. Then on plunges the path, through darkness, pine needles, brown roots, bird calls, turning, twisting, bending, winding through mystery.

Abruptly the path ends, at the water's edge. The lake is too quiet; it seems like another world. The trees are still; nothing moves. Time has stopped.

Then the water ripples. A gray-brown form appears, slender, delicate, poised. A deer! She drops her head and silently drinks of the misty lake. Long she stays; then, just as suddenly, disappears.

From far away, the echoes of a bird's cry reverberates. Two bright blue dragon flies whirr past. A frog croaks sleepily. Then the mist rises, and the spell is broken. Time goes on.

Words and the Six-Year-Old

MOZELLE ADAMS, *College*, '41

My little sister's remark, "Mother, isn't it surprising the words I pick up from other people?", was the inspiration for this paper. I immediately began to make a study of her diction, by talking to her about things of her own interest, by urging her to tell me stories, by listening to her conversations with her playmates, and, finally, by giving her some little tests. To my disappointment, however, she had used painfully simple language during the two weeks I have given it careful attention. I was comforted somewhat when I discovered, through my reading, that children have periods of "word consciousness" which occur at wide intervals. At these periods they astound their hearers by using new words, many of which they have understood for some time, but which they have not bothered to use.

Evidently, Betsy had just experienced one of these periods when she made the above statement; for indeed, she has made no effort to impress me with her words recently. According to Ruth Strang in her book *Introduction to Child Study*, Betsy is not at fault if she fails to use any save the simplest language, but we, the older members of her family, are responsible. "A child's vocabulary corresponds to his environment to a greater degree than does his intelligence."

Two thousand words is the average vocabulary for a child of the late preschool age, according to Miss Strang. The greatest language errors for children of this age are the omission of important words, and errors in the use of the verb. Gardner Murphy, in *A Briefer General Psychology*, states, "It is impossible to measure completely a single child's vocabulary." However, I believe that Betsy's vocabulary is equally as large as those of her playmates of her own age. She is not guilty of omitting important words in her sentences, but I have noticed the erroneous use of verbs occasionally. For example, recently she said, "I have just *gaven* my dolly a bath. Yet, when I gave her the following sentences she supplied the proper tense of the verb without hesitation:

The airplane *flew* over the tree tops.

The girl has just *thrown* the ball into the air.

I have just *given* my dolly a bath.

Miss Strang explains further how a child acquires a vocabulary by saying, "The meaning of some words has grown out of first-hand experience and is vivid and precise; the meaning of other words is vague and often incorrect." In this connection, I was interested to find that Betsy's definition of *important* was *don't touch*. This meaning, I am sure, grew out of her memory of some such command as "Don't bother those papers; they're important." I was shocked to find that she thought *inconvenient* meant *not necessary*, for we have often used the word in speaking to her.

One of the most interesting tests I made was that of her knowledge of anonyms. I asked her to give the opposite word of each of the following words. After I explained by means of example what *opposite* meant she complied as follows:

good _____ bad
young _____ tall
pretty _____ ugly
sick _____ well
strong _____ not strong
dark _____ day time
wet _____ dry
smart _____ not smart
hurriedly _____ slow
sleep _____ wake
noise _____ noiseless

True to the above instances of *hurriedly* and her answer *slow*, she rarely ever adds "ly" when it is necessary. *Not smart* and *not strong* are good examples of the way she stretches her little knowledge of words to cover up her lack of words. It is easy to understand why she gave *tall* as an anonym for *young*; those who are young are not tall.

I gave her an opportunity to use descriptive words in the following sentences:

The *apple* tree made *dark* shade on the *green* lawn.

(Continued on page 9)

So Red the Nose

ANN CRAIG, *High School*, '42

The causes of most common ailments have been discovered, and cures and preventives have been found for them, but not so with hay fever. I'm afraid this dreaded disease is still in the guinea-pig stage, and I fear it will remain there until long after I am gone. I have decided to resign myself to a life of Kleenex, sneezes, and a red nose.

For the first five years of my life I was known as the poor little girl who just went from one cold into another. But one day, after I had almost suffocated from sulphur fumes, a doctor diagnosed my "winter colds" as hay fever. I was terribly upset because the only people I knew who had hay fever wore rubber muzzles over their noses to keep out infectious pollens. If I had to wear a muzzle, I knew I would have to get a dog license for I fully realized that I would look like a ferocious dog whose mouth had been harnessed. I was told that some sufferers went out West but such a solution offered no encouragement to me for I just couldn't live away from home. So it was that I decided to take hay fever shots to find out just what I was allergic to.

Being ignorant of the procedure in such cases, I supposed that taking shots would be a matter of once a week for perhaps fifty weeks. Imagine, then, my discouragement when I was told that I would have to take twenty-one shots in each arm, three times a week, for a period of five years. The final result comprises a problem in higher mathematics beyond my ability to compute. I only hoped I'd be able to survive the ordeal.

The first thing I got a shot of was horsehair. When a little red bump protruded from my arm, sending tentacles in all directions I was told that I should stay away from horses. All my wonderful horseback trips demolished by a needle! But this put a bright idea into my head. I got to thinking that if I could make a red bump come out on my arm from the turnip injection, I should not have to eat them any more. But try as I might, no bump appeared. I tried again, and still no bump. Oh, well, one more misery of life.

A week or two before I was pronounced allergic to hay; I went on a hay ride with a boy who was allergic to horses. Well, all we did was nurse a box of Kleenex, and made everybody else miserable by sneezing through the songs instead of trying to sing them.

As time went on, I decided that the only things I was not allergic to were cats and chocolate, but later they too, were refused me. I once heard that all the pleasures of life were either illegal, immoral, or fattening, and that in dieting everything you really wanted had too many calories in it, but I think hay fever is worse because I am allergic to everything pleasant.

By the time I have finished these shots, I shall be forced to conform to the rules for the bedroom of a hay fever patient; a cell with one iron bed, no central heating, no rug, and no trinkets on the dresser. The only place where a room such as this exists is in an insane asylum, where I shall probably blow away my life.

"For What Is It To Die?"

DOROTHY REINKE, *High School*, '41

There is nothing more peaceful than a walk in the mountains early on an August morning, when the ground is still wet and the plants are still heavy with dew. The air is clean and cool, and the sun is lazy, stretching its arms out to embrace the earth.

It was the second time during the summer that I had risen in time to greet the sun, but so much had happened in the two months between.

The first morning had been in July. I had gone to bed with a breaking heart, because I had just realized that he had only a short time to live. *They* did not know, but I had read it in his eyes and felt it in the touch of his hand. The next day I was awakened by a soft caress on my hair, and, looking up, I saw him. I dressed quickly and slipped quietly back to the kitchen to help him prepare our breakfast.

Afterwards, we walked into the woods and made our way up the old mountain behind our house, which we both knew and loved so well. As we sat on the summit, watching the tiny birds dart from their harboring trees into the morning sun, he turned to me and said, "You are sad because you think that I have come here to say goodby to all this beauty, but you are wrong. God's beauty is the one thing on earth to which you can never bid farewell. If you have ever loved it, you will always love it. It has always been part of me, but I have given some of it to you. If you are ever lonely or sad, find beauty such as this and you will be happy and free again."

He turned his eyes then from the glowing sunrise and looked at me. In his tired face I saw my early childhood reflected. I saw the gentleness and kindness with which I had been reared. I saw the wisdom of that man who was my father.

He was aloof, a little shy, and terribly afraid that someone might see that underneath it all he was generous. His mind was perfect—the mind of a scientist. Every question was pondered thoroughly, every answer was precise. He was no pseudo-intellect; he was one of the few truly cultured people in this modern world of ours. His wisdom was not only of one subject. There was no topic which he could not discuss intelligently.

His religion was real. Once or twice out of the year, he went to church, usually on Easter Sunday or Christmas, but every day there was at least one boy or girl who thanked God that he had known him. He knew that a Christian is measured by the way he lives, not by

(Continued on page 11)

Justice

ROBIN HIRSIG, *High School*, '40

"Calling car thirty-six! Calling car thirty-six! Proceed to Laura and Adams. A drunk reported out! A negro man." Thus the radio droned on, and Joe Dominic and Mike Mikowsky, the two cops, turned the patrol car around and rolled off in the direction of Laura and Adams Streets.

Joe, a short, dark, American-born Italian, fixed his beady eyes on the figure sprawled on the curb, then gave it a kick in the side to turn it over. "Just another drunk nig," he said. "He must have fell pretty hard by the looks of his head."

"It looks like somebody or somethin' hit 'im to me, and I think it's a job for a doctor instead of the cops," answered Mike, the red-haired Russian. "I guess we'll have to take him to the station, but I don't smell no liquor on him. Help me get him in the back seat. Easy there. Now!"

As they rode back to the station, the old negro in the back seat came to and gave an agonized groan. Joe promptly hit him over the head with his blackjack. Mike's lips were set in hard, straight line, and his eyes looked ahead. Had Joe been any judge of human nature, he would have known, by the muscle twitching in Mike's jaw what he was thinking. Joe made a remark about how much fun the "boys" would have with the drunk, but Mike didn't answer; he just sat and watched the road. Then breaking the silence again, Joe said, "I'd like to know where he gets the booze. I might like some myself."

Mike's usually calm nature was almost at the boiling point, but he said nothing. He knew the old negro had been hurt, probably by a hit-run driver, though there was no positive evidence. Something would have to be done about the barbaric methods of arrest employed by the City department.

Within fifteen minutes after the old darky was picked up he was lying on the concrete floor at the station. The sergeant and four others besides Joe and Mike and the reporters were there. The reporters had seen sights that couldn't be described on similar occasions.

Just as the pressure crew was about to start work, Mike stepped up to the old negro and yelled "Stop!" to the top of his voice. All eyes were on him. His temper had boiled over and now came bubbling down on them.

"How do you know this man is drunk? Just because he's unconscious is no reason for you to beat him! How do you know he wasn't struck by a car? He's got a cut on his head and no simple fall would do that. There's been no investigation of any sort, and if I have to get it myself I'm going to get some dope on this case! Everything's taken for granted around here, and the line of least resistance is the one that's always taken. I may overstep my bounds, but there's going to be some justice done!"

Just then the door was opened and Pete, the messenger boy, said, "Sargeant, the chief just 'phoned and said to tell you he got a hit-run confession. A guy ran down a nigger at Laura and Adams tonight about eleven-thirty" . . .

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THE POWER OF SMOKE

I have the grandest roommate that anyone could ask
And when I have some troubles, she'll help me with my task.
We laugh and cry together. We plot and plan as one.
She'll always be my comrade, that love surpassed by none.
But somethings come between us, her face I seldom see.
I watch her with the others, she never watches me.
I call her name—but silence. That dark and lonely room
Replies that it is vacant, reflecting only gloom.
Yes, something's come between us, I've felt it every day
A vice so habit forming, has taken her away.
You've guessed it now, it's smoking! Why must she stay for hours,
At club while I'm waiting, in the room once called "OURS?"
I'm jealous of cigarettes, that keep her from me.
I'm envious of smoke rings, from her lips as they flee.
Should I, too, take up smoking? I ask myself in vain.
Ah—no—not that, I answer, your morals you'll retain.
Something's come between us two, the two that once were "WE."
Does it seem right that smoke, could steal her from me?

—Frances Farwell, College, '40.

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WORDS AND THE SIX-YEAR-OLD

(Continued from page 7)

The *green* star *twinkled* in the sky.
The *Plymouth* car goes *"honk-honk."*
The dolly cries *"Mama."*

The tiny dog made a *"woof"* noise in the *dog* room.

The third and fourth sentences were given to make her use adverbs, but she avoided the issue.

There come times when Betsy is incapable of expressing herself, and she meets these occasions in various ways. Sometimes she coins words which she thinks meet her needs competently. At other times she says nothing, but makes queer noises to express her emotions. For example, recently she had a tea party at which she was allowed to do the pouring unaided. She and the little guests were extremely pleased with the feat, but they made not one comment —they simply laughed and squealed delightedly during the whole procedure.

In telling stories Betsy mimics our form to a great degree. She makes her stories colorful and vivid, not by the use of specific words, but by emphasis and tone color. Indefinite words, such as *thing*, occupy a large space in her vocabulary.

My observation has not been scientific, I am sure, but it has been very interesting. It will serve to make me more careful, in the future to choose my words well when conversing with my little sister.

Words, Words, Words

OLIVIA LANDSTROM, *College*, '41

Without conversation, people would be lost, and without words there could be no conversation. But there are so many words. Why is it that people differ so much in their choice and selection of them?

Eloise is making her debut next season. She is a small-town girl who sees in herself a future Brenda Frazier. To Eloise, such things as furs and jewels are neither *luxurious* nor *magnificent*. They are none of the exotic words used in *Arabian Nights*. They are simply *lush*. Why? Because *lush* has a quality of careless enthusiasm that sounds just right for a future debutante. Her older sister's name is *Pat*. But Eloise calls her *Patricia*. Patricia brings to mind the gracious charm of ancient Rome and its patrician ladies, whereas *Pat* is vaguely reminiscent of Shanty Irish. Eloise does not believe entirely in college slang. But she does like the word *smooth*. It's used by the right people to describe the right things—such as Parkard convertibles and the torch song of the moment. Eloise doesn't *go out* with men. She *dates* them. *Date* sounds as if you've been doing it for a boringly long time. *Date* is so carefully casual. Eloise's debut is going to be *super*. She's very careful about her use of that word—just use it once in a while when there's an impression to be made. It sounds decidedly sophisticated.

Barbara Ann is the same age is Eloise. She talks about the same things that Eloise talks about, but her vocabulary is entirely different. Barbara Ann is dewy-eyed and definitely Southern—without the *R*. Her choice of words is a little vague. Everything is *sweet, precious,* or simply *unbearable*. It's surprising how many topics she can cover with just those three adjectives. She doesn't mean to be lazy about her speech, but the hot weather and magnolia blossoms have gotten into her blood somehow and she just can't help herself. Barbara Ann has an older sister, too, whom she simply calls *my sister*. Family ties mean much to her. Sometimes she finds something extra-special to describe and then it's *gorgeous*. But all of this is the most natural thing in the world for a belle south of the Mason-Dixon line.

Kay wears horn-rimmed glasses and lives up to their reputation. Kay is a brain-child with a crackling sense of humor. She's president of her sorority and one of its most frequently dated members. Freshmen think Kay has everything. Kay is inclined to agree with them. Slang is used only by lazy people and she abhors it.

The men in her life are *distinguished, frightfully intelligent,* or *utterly moronic*. She never overworks a word. She prefers words with numerous syllables because they make people think she is intelligent. She works the terms she has learned in biology into ordinary conversation for the same purpose. If her foot hurts, she has pain in her metatarsal arch. It's all very effective. Next year, Kay is going to take philosophy. It will undoubtedly increase her vocabulary, and, as Kay might say it, "That is a definite mark of intellectual advancement."

Eloise, Barbara Ann and Kay are all the same age. They all belong to that famed "younger generation." Their language differs for only one reason. Each one wishes to create a different impression. People everywhere are saying the same things in different ways for the same reason. But without that strange quirk in human personality, life would be very dull, indeed.

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RAIN

Sit and listen to the raindrops falling
slowly down
Like the beating of the tom toms in an
old Arabian town;
And the patter on the roof that's so
rhythmic and divine,
Like the small, bare feet of Indian danc-
ers beating out the time.

—Shirley McCullar, High School, '40.

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CAT AT NIGHT

Soft-footed feline—
A whisper, a spirit,
A pallor in shadow,
A shadow in moonlight;
Soft greeting—"Mrrraow."
Swift going.

—Eleanor Taylor, High School, '41.

THE RIME OF WARD-BELMONT

(Apologies to Samuel Taylor Coleridge)

She is a new Ward-Belmonter,
She stoppeth one of three;
"Please, could you kindly show me
Where my class is 'sposed to be?"

Big Ac's doors were open wide.
And many entered in.
The classes met, the teachers set
To teach us with a vim.

First class was sadly tragic.
They called it chemistry.
Concoctions popped like magic,
Queer things we all did see.

The second class was better,
'Twas Physiology.
We studied the parts of Josephine,
To see what we could see.

Lunch time at twelve—English at one,
And a French test planned at two.
Now after that, school work was done.
I'm bored with this! Aren't you?

—Martha Bryan, College, '40.

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EYES

Searching for Truth
Determined to find her—
Eyes of ice blue.

Giving her soul,
As none other can—
Eyes of bride blue.

Teasing and tempting
To a charming adventure—
Exciting black eyes.

Jovial and reassuring
To all who confide—
Good-natured brown eyes.

Witty and sharp,
Yet none the less tactful—
Clever green eyes.

Regal and gracious—
Granting a favor—
Eyes of imperial gray.

—Patsy Proctor, High School, '41.

On With The Dance

ANN SMITH, *High School*, '40

It was a chilly night for spring, but a lovely night; a crisp night with a slight breeze stirring the lovely skirts of the evening dresses going into "The Club"; a white night with a moon as round as a madonna's face and as pale as a white Christmas; an exciting night when one would break old hearts and meet new conquests—perhaps even Prince Charming; a night—one of few—never to be forgotten.

The large white door opened as if by magic as the happy couples drew near, and immediately the never ending babble of voices was heard. At first, it poured into the newcomers' ears as a surprise to which they were not accustomed, but, once inside the door, they immediately become a part of that prelude to the dance.

The lovely girl walked sedately through the line of gallant escorts, handsome in black, and starched lily-white, each anxiously awaiting for "her" to come from the dressing room. She walked up the steps and into that trim room of blue and white. It is a mass of white lace; red lips; pink net; fragile orchids; blue organdy; bright eyes; rhinestone clips; floral boxes, empty and discarded; pleated chiffon; silver slippers from under ruffled skirts; smart striped linen and starched pique. Amid all this are the excited voices of the girls, who are busy repairing already faultless makeup; telling sly, little secrets, admiring themselves, envying each other, discussing no-breaks, always being watched and admired by the "shy young things" who are at their first dance. Everyone is very nonchalant and blase and sophisticated, all knowing inwardly they will be high school children the following day.

Then our particular heroine drifts quietly down the stairs, smiling graciously to everyone, and meets her escort. Together they walk into the ballroom.

It is a beautiful sight—this ballroom—all spring flowers and pretty, anxious faces. All along the wall at intervals of several feet are great cylinders of colored light; blue, yellow, pink, and green. All a mass of color, the shining empty dance floor gleams invitingly. Then the first piece is played, and a few brave couples execute intricate steps before the admiring line of chaperones, but the floor soon fills and it's—"On with the dance!"

"FOR WHAT IS IT TO DIE?"

(Continued from page 8)

the frequency of his church attendance.

He had always given me everything within reason that I wanted. And now, he was trying to give me the one thing which had meant most to him—beauty.

"You have your whole life before you, Dorothy," he said. "Do not waste it. Remember that joy comes from giving, not receiving. Remember that everything you do will be rewarded if it is good enough, and if it is not worth reward, then it is not good enough. When you die, you do not go away. You just become a part of the sunrise and the wind, you become a part of the waving grass and the laughing leaves. There is no real death.

"Laugh again, my dear, and forget that I'm diseased. I have no pain except for you, but you must give comfort to those who will later suffer, and it is your duty to do that."

We sat silent for some time then, each busy with our thoughts, each sharing the other's emotions. By the time we reached home, it was mid-morning, and the world had awakened.

It was two months later that I arose so early for the second time. The leaves were turning and the sky was streaked with thin, flying clouds. He had been dead only four hours.

"It is better that he died so suddenly," I told them, "for had he lasted much longer he would have suffered terribly."

Were they comforted? I could not tell, but in my own heart was a pain such as I had never known before. I felt empty, as if my life's blood had been drained from me. I had never known death. It had never touched me. I could not realize the import of it. For long hours the doctors had worked with him, and when they had finally come out with that strange look of defeat in their eyes, I could feel nothing. The rest had wept, but my eyes remained clear, only my throat felt dry and my mind numb.

I had tried to sleep, but finding it impossible, I rose and sought comfort in the cool breath of early morning. Each tree that I passed, each plant that I crushed beneath my foot called to me and said, "He is gone. You can't have him anymore. No longer can you use his brain for wisdom or his heart for solace."

Then suddenly as I approached the creek that runs across the road, I heard a small frog chirp and jump into the water, and from a tree nearby, as though answering his challenge, a wren trilled her morning greeting and departed skyward. As my eyes followed her sprightly flight, I saw the first glow of the rising sun. Fifteen minutes later I came out upon the rocks that towered high over our little village. Face to face, I was with the brilliance of a newborn day.

I had been cold, but with the first contact of the sun, I was warmed. A strange stillness filled my soul, and I felt the strength of him watching me from somewhere, and I heard his gentle voice saying, "If you are ever lonely or sad, find beauty such as this and you will be happy and free again."

Suddenly my turbulent mind found peace and my aching heart comfort. He was a part of all this beauty, and it was mine, and nothing could separate us. "For what is it to die but to stand naked in the wind and melt into the sun?"

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RETROSPECTION

The clod of earth I stepped upon
Crumbled again to sand;
The grains ignored my hearty grasp,
And trickled thru my hand.
High hopes my heart was set upon
Crumbled again to earth;
I tried to grasp the plan of things,
But couldn't learn their worth.

—Shirley McCullar, College, '40.

Hurricane

CAROLYN ROBINSON, *High School*, '40

In every way, that day indicated camping. The water of the lake was a brilliant turquoise near the shore, changing abruptly to a deep azure in the center, when the bright blue reflection of the sky was occasionally broken by shadows of puffy clouds, or by the dancing white-caps. A lazy breeze rumpled the calm dignity of the pines and rustled the birches. A day made for camping!

Two small girls, oh, perhaps ten and eleven years old, hustled about the beach, collecting pans, blankets, food, cots and a tent. They had wanted to go up the beach a mile or so, but their mother thought it unwise to sleep out at night far from home; so they were going to camp on the beach below the house and pretend they were away from home. In this case, it was necessary to think of everything now just as though they were really out of reach.

At last their tent was set up, their cots arranged and everything in order. They turned their backs on home and began preparations for lunch. They called cheerily to each other while building the fire and opening cans. The girls did not notice the breeze had died, leaving the trees motionless and the lake calm and glassy. But, halfway through their meal, they looked up, depressed by the heavy stillness in the air. They put down their plates, and, going to the water's edge, looked around at the silent world. Presently, they noticed a cloud forming over the hills on the opposite side of the lake. It was coming fast, a deep blue-grey in color, seeming almost too black next the clear blue of the sky. It loomed higher and nearer, giving the atmosphere a queer yellow tinge.

The girls stood motionless, watching it come, with a growing feeling of adventure and wonder. Suddenly, far across the lake a gray sheet fell, shutting off sight of the land. The rain came swiftly across the water, driven by a terrific wind. Upon the shore, the waves rose in great billows, frothy and muddy from the stirred-up sand. Higher and higher on the beach they rose, forcing the girls back, step by step. When the rain finally reached them, they turned and ran back into their tent, preferring to brave it rather than give up their camping trip and go to the house. The wind flapped the sides of the tent; the water beat down upon it. Presently, the sound of the rain grew heavier, and one girl, who was leaning back against the tent wall, received a sharp blow in the head. She ducked forward with a twinge of pain. The girls looked at one another, their spirit of adventure replaced by a cold fear. Huge hailstones pounded on the flimsy tent, the wind raged and wailed, the water pounded on the shore, and to the two girls huddled together on one cot, it seemed the world was surely coming to an end. If they could only get to the house! They peeped out the hole in the doorway, but hail was falling so thick and fast, sight was impossible for more than a few feet, and white stones the size of eggs coated the ground. It would be impossible to go out without getting hurt. They were trapped in a small canvas shelter, waterproof only on one side. Rain dripped through the other, and the wind was likely to whisk their little tent away at any moment.

They were wild with fear: in a frenzy of weeping, they clung together, trying to think of a prayer, but no intelligent thoughts could they muster. As the monotony of the beating hail pressed upon their ears, they grew hysterical and sobbed and laughed, high, strain-laughter, echoed in the wind. They shouted with all their might, hoping that someone at the house might hear them and devise a way to rescue them, but their cries were merely swept away by the wind to die in a moan. The weirdness of it made them suddenly silent, and they dared not make a sound. It seemed as though no other human beings existed, hadn't existed for a long time. They dared not think of the rising lake, the waves of which they could hear thundering nearer and nearer.

They knelt side by side, outwardly quiet and calm now, but still too frightened to think. Their insides seemed all caught in their throat and chest, their breath coming in tremulous waves. They knew not how long they remained thus, clasping and unclasping the bedside, before they realized the pounding had stopped and someone was untying the tent flap. They looked up and their mother was standing in the doorway, with hot chocolate and pancakes, smiling. They were saved! Their frenzy and terror of a few minutes ago seemed unreal. They felt like laughing.

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RECIPE FOR SLEEP

How to find sleep?
Think only of soft rose-petals
Lying limply on black velvet;
Or of the gentle ripple in green grass
As it is touched by a teasing breeze.
Think of a towering cliff,
And find each straggling fern
That makes its home among the rocks;
Or think of the honeysuckle's ripeness
In the shade of dusk.

If still the realms of slumber give
No peace for thy weary mind—
Count sheep!
—Dorothy Reinke, High School, '41.

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IF

If my eyes were free from crying,
And could smile despite their hurt;
If my mind might cease its sighing
And play gay and seem alert;
If my voice could stop its breaking—
And my hand would be quite still,
If my poise might stop forsaking—
Though my soul with grief is filled;
If the world seemed not so cloudy,
If my wish I dared obey—
If my heart beat not so proudly—
I'd come to you today.
—Jessie Osment, College, '41.

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A GLIMPSE

Through the grey dusk
Two misty figures—
Standing in an embrace.
I thought,
"Two lovers like you and me"—
And then I saw your face.
—Suzanne McDonald, College, '40.

Pigs That Didn't Grow Up

ROBERTA BRANDON, *High School*, '41

Psychologically speaking, people are supposed to grow altruistic as they mature. Sometimes I wonder when they begin. Take, for instance, the well-dressed lady who stepped elegantly on the bus, and politely sat down in the very middle of the seat as if she were too good to sit by anyone. I'll admit there are people whose avoirdupois requires a whole seat, but others refuse to sit by anyone out of sheer superiority.

Did you ever go to a tea where Mrs. Slimwaist was? She delights in telling how she must be careful to keep her girlish figure, but just the same she will eat eight or ten sandwiches. Of course, she won't get fat on these litle dainties because they aren't very rich. This well-known lady has a peculiar liking for nuts, also, and thinks nothing of coming back for more, four or five times.

Another type of pig, or rather hog, is the man who insists on taking the whole road. No matter whether it's Sunday or Wednesday, he is always to be found in the very middle of the highway. Usually on the back of his car will be a sign, "Honk and I'll move over." You say to yourself, "Ah! I won't have any trouble with him. I'll just honk." This properly done, you wait for the result. Momentarily the car ahead moves over, but to the left. Oh, well, some people have to be selfish.

Have you ever noticed adults who, when passed a box of candy, say something like this, "Oh, boy! Caramels! Mind if I have two?" You let a few minutes pass, and you notice your guest. She has not only her mouth, but both hands full of candy. By this time the contents of the box have noticeably diminished.

In some cases selfishness can be excused, but the kind shown by many people, of wanting always to be the center of attraction, cannot. It is a fact that some people can be the life of a dinner, or similar social gathering, without being the whole show, but others cannot. It's all well and good if you know a good story. Tell it and hush. Let someone else have a chance at the floor once in a while.

Although these illustrations have been long and wordy, they still carry one point. It's no disgrace to be selfish, but it is to *stay* selfish. So get out of it as soon as possible.

Sunday, The Peaceful

MILDRED MILAM, *High School*, '40

Sunday drivers are so numerous that they have almost become an institution in American life. Having suffered through many Sunday afternoons in a car with my brothers worming over the back seat, demanding ice cream and bashing Daddy's hat in, I shall give an illustration.

Taking our family as an example, I wish to say that the majority of Sunday drivers are families out for a nice quiet afternoon. In the front seat are Mother and Father wearing tired looks and rather flat hats. In the rear is an indistinguishable mass of arms, legs, and fists. At another time, this mass would be three or even four perfectly good little boys and girls, but under the Sabbath influence of peace and quiet, they become destructive maniacs out for blood.

Father very agreeably asks where the family would like to go. Receiving suggestions from all sides, he completely ignores them and proceeds to go to just the place he was intending to go before the suggestions were made. He even goes long miles out of the way to avoid one square inch of the territory Mother wanted to see.

It is usually the family group who can also be called "the house gazers." Just look out of your windows any Sunday afternoon. A long line of cars (moving slowly like targets in a shooting gallery) will meet your eye. Each window of the car frames one or more gaping faces reflecting attitudes of doubt, astonishment or approval. These attitudes depend on whether your home is in the modernistic, Spanish or Colonial style, respectively.

Another type of Sunday driver is the very young "man about town" just out of fraternity meeting. He is rushing to some young lady's house to make her heart beat just a little faster. This boy drives very fast with a great deal of horn blowing, and causes Father to remark, "There goes a wreck before the afternoon is over." He usually has some Greek letters on his windshield which he has salvaged very carefully from his fraternity.

There is always a romantic young couple to be found among Sunday drivers, who drive slowly and snatch long glances from each other's eyes at every red light. They drive at the remarkable rate of five miles an hour past every white bungalow with green shutters and are happily unaware of the string of honking cars behind them.

Sunday drivers go a long way in keeping the Sabbath from being the day of peace and rest that it is supposed to be. One innocent driver, by killing his motor, can cause more swearing by the other drivers on Sunday than on all of the other days of the week combined.

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SONG

Like the wailing note of a violin,
Like the calm that follows the storm,
Like the turbulent tossing of foamy waves,
Vivid, alive, and warm—

Like a searing flame of white fire,
Like a bird's flight through the blue,
Like the first breathless day of Spring,
My love for you.

—Suzanne McDonald, College, '40.

Analysis of Hamlet and Richard III

EDITH CRANE, *College*, '40

I. TYPE

King Richard III, one of Shakespeare's fifteen historical plays, has for its beginning, middle, and end the tone of retribution. From the standpoint of being a true tragedy it falls short. We realize from the very first that the play will move straight on to a definite end which we know and wish and are prepared to see. We never feel anything but horror toward Richard, and we feel, even in the midst of his success, that such a bloody tyrant cannot be tolerated forever, and we thrill beforehand at the dramatic catastrophe which we know is coming. The utter lack of suspense is the deteriorating factor of the play as a tragedy. It is a chronicle-play which has many of the characteristics of a tragedy-of-blood, yet it is still a history. "Ordinarily a chronicle play has a scattered story with but little crescendo of action; the events happen along one after another, with no unifying motive. But the successive episodes of *Richard III* are knit together by Queen Margaret's comprehensive curse, which is worked out act by act and scene by scene."* The action is mainly external and it scarcely even hints at the true tragedy which lies hidden in the soul of man as is shown by *Hamlet*. We plainly see the qualities of *Hamlet* which mark it as one of Shakespeare's greatest tragedies and no doubt one of his greatest plays. In the first place, Hamlet himself possesses a true hero's qualities. He is well-bred, courteous always, of noble birth, and he possesses only one fault that is responsible for his downfall—his inability to act, whereas, Richard cannot be a standard hero for he represents all that is wicked and evil. The play as a whole possesses the necessary requirements to be called a tragedy. For one thing it is widespread in its influence, and the catastrophe of the deaths in the royal family lean toward the worst of internal difficulties of Denmark, which the people of the country must accept. In the second place, it produces fear on the part of the audience and we are deeply sympathetic toward our hero because he is too deep a thinker and not a man of action.

* Brander Mathews, *Shakespeare As a Playwright*, p. 119.

II. STRUCTURE

Shakespeare's structure in *Richard III* definitely shows an early influence of Marlowe. Both of these artists make their hero the center of everything, and all other men become mere tools of the main character in gaining the desired ends.

In both of these plays is found concrete use of the supernatural. In most of his plays Shakespeare found that by using ghosts and the like he could create a romantic atmosphere and use these unnatural instruments to effect ends otherwise impossible to human beings. They also serve him by revealing antecedent material, for example, the various speeches of Hamlet's murdered father when he charges him to avenge his unjust death, thus inciting revenge in Hamlet's mind. Richard's ghost is subjective rather than objective as in *Hamlet*, and is used to arouse in the audience the last and only real pity for Richard except that which may or may not arise in hearing of Richard's deformity in the first scenes.

The general structure of both plays runs along the same outline. In the first scenes Shakespeare carries us through the antecedent material, but with greater ease in *Hamlet* than in *Richard III*. It is rather a crude way of opening a play as with the soliloquy which Richard gives, for it is entirely too obvious for the rest of the play. This opening speech, frankly directed to the spectators, is followed almost immediately by three or four other speeches of his in which he declares himself for the villain he is and loudly proclaims his evil purposes. With the staccato opening of *Hamlet* we sense that something is wrong for we see on a very dimly lighted stage, the night guard, tense and nervous, anxious and talking in short, rapid phrases. Then with the apparition of the objective ghost we are on the edge of our seats with suspense. We are keyed to expect anything! And in the remainder of the plot we get plenty of surprises!

Considering the soliloquies throughout, we see that Richard's remain identical to his first. Richard talks of surface actions with no contemplative struggles. On the other hand, we never hear Hamlet speak without expressing his innermost thoughts. They are psychological and represent the worst struggle that seizes man—the fight between the conscience and the outward desires or motives.

We see both plays reach the turning point; in *Richard III* when Richard is crowned king representing the climax of hypocrisy, and in *Hamlet* when Hamlet fails to kill the king because he is so depressed by his mother's actions that he wishes to revile her for her crimes. From these climatic points the heroes rapidly meet their doom by a series of catastrophies and at last give up their lives, one because his lust for power was greater than he was, the other because his ability to meditate was too great to counterbalance his actions.

The plays similarly contain the antagonist and the protagonist. Hamlet has to face his environment as his antagonist, while Richard must cope with Richmond. Both of these heroes are the protagonists, the former of inner forces, the latter of external forces.

Here in *Hamlet* is a series of perplexing questions and a series of problems between which Shakespeare left wide gaps to be filled in with the imagination of his audience. He also includes many external and unnecessary incidents foreign to the action and not strictly relevant to the characters. The advice to the departing son and the episode in which Hamlet talks to the players concerning the fundamentals of acting, are a few of such inserts. These must have been put in because Shakespeare could not overcome the desire to philosophize or expound the joys of his profession.

III. CHARACTERIZATION

Here are two plays in which the excitement and interest focuses uninterruptedly on one central figure. The effect on other men and theirs on these two bind all the events together. In

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Don't Let It Happen Here

BETTY CLELAND, *College*, '41

The title of one of Sinclair Lewis' novels, *It Can't Happen Here*, expresses the sentiment of many Americans today. It is because of them that the United States is threatened by Nazism, Communism, and Fascism. Is it because they are afraid to face the facts, or because they just do not care? However, it is up to every one of us to preserve the democracy of our country. We should not say it can't happen here, but don't let it happen here.

Could it be that the youth of today does not know the value of democracy and what it stands for? Imagine not being able to speak, write, or think as we wish, feeling that each minute we are being watched, that someone is spying on us. Little do we appreciate the jewels of democracy, freedom of speech, where everyone can speak freely, knowing that his life is not endangered by doing so; freedom of the press, where we can read the papers and know that the truth is printed, and not something the papers have been told to print or something that has been censored so that it's hardly held together by a shred of truth; freedom of religion where we can worship God as we please and profess whatever religion we want, whether Buddhist, Jewish, Catholic, or Protestant, we can carry on our worship as we please, knowing we will not have our family killed or taken, and our race extinguished; the Natural Rights by which we cannot be deprived of our life, liberty, or property without due process of law and so on are the joys of democracy.

It is up to every American citizen to fight and struggle for his heritage, the heritage for which our ancestors so willingly gave their lives. Then they were faced with the problem of starting a new nation, but today we are faced with a more serious problem, not physical enemies so much as mental enemies—ideas that might conquer our common sense, show and glamour that might destroy our morals, adventure and excitement which might overcome our cautiousness, a rule that would destroy our spirits.

Here we live in freedom, in the Promised Land, one of the last nations which can be truthfully called a democracy, but this nation, too, might fall as easily as another into the clutches of one of the "isms." Democracy today is being put to a supreme test. If it fails, it is not democracy that has failed, but the people who have tried only half-heartedly to live up to its standards, the people who do not care, or understand this omnipresent enemy which is confronting us, and above all who do not treasure democracy.

Don't let it happen here! Don't let our children be deprived of true living, better would it be to have them die than to live on with no hope for the future. Don't let our homes, our standards, our morals, our ideals, our democracy be wrecked through our casualness and heedlessness. Fight for this life we love, be it an external or internal struggle. Conquer it! Trample out ruthlessly those ideas which imperil our country and our very lives. We know it *can* happen here; so I appeal to every democracy-loving citizen, to every true American, listen to my plea and *don't* let it happen here.

ANALYSIS OF HAMLET AND RICHARD III

(Continued from page 14)

fact, Richard is on the stage more than two-thirds of the play and therefore we see his prominence in directing the plot. *Richard III*, like Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, is a villain of the most unscrupulous type, in reality they are so villainous and treacherous that they appear more as monsters choosing blood-thirsty means of satisfying their greed for power.

The women whom Shakespeare, like Marlowe, introduces may be likened unto the chorus' of old Greek drama, who continually howl against the hero. Queen Margaret in *Richard III* serves the story in this sense by foretelling the fates of the power seeking hunch back. She howls against the horrors of civil war and sees more plainly than any of the others the madness of Richard.

In his treatment of Hamlet, Shakespeare's women also work against the young prince. Ophelia is too easily swayed from the side of her lover—she seems weak and unwilling to see love through, although Hamlet's actions rightly discourage her. The foremost thought concerning her is that perhaps if she had not deserted Hamlet the catastrophe of the two could have been averted.

We see Shakespeare introduce humor and wit through these two characters of Hamlet and Richard. Hamlet is not morbid, even though he is sadly sick at heart. He is the wit of the play and although ironic and joyless, he is nevertheless clever beyond words. About the same holds true of Richard, for he puns continually, possibly because he is so self-confident and unconcerned with his possible fate.

In Hamlet we see a man standing before us in whom we can see ourselves and with whom we can sympathize. However, Richard is a bold, bad man, whom we can't help but admire at times in spite of ourselves, because of his humor, but oftentimes it is difficult to catch this humor because the play is so full of the sinister figure of Richard, stern or will, knowing what he wants and why he wants it, and how to get it.

IV. GENERAL STYLE

While we are reading these two plays we are struck by the contrast in style. *Hamlet* seems to have a greater degree of polish, but this is probably due to its later date of writing. In *Richard III* the blank verse form which the author uses is marked by end-stopped lines that give the period, comma, etc., at the end of each line. When Shakespeare becomes more polished and finished as in *Hamlet*, he more frequently uses the

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Why I Believe in a College Education

Olivia Landstrom, *College*, '41

People today are becoming skeptical of the value of a college education. They say that too many people are going to college. They say that a college diploma is a white elephant. But, their opinion is based on one meaning of the word *education*. My opinion is based on another meaning. Education can be very liberally defined as learning. I don't mean just the sort of learning that comes from text-books. I mean knowledge of new ideas, new viewpoints, and new possibilities. I mean a general intellectual and moral awakening.

Young people of college age have outgrown childish habits, but many of them are not fully grown mentally. College forms the natural step between the dependent life of a child and the independent life of an adult. College is really a small world. College life involves every problem of this complex modern world on a smaller scale. In addition to whatever it may teach them in classes, college teaches young people citizenship, patriotism, and a knowledge of how to live with other people.

College has no place for anyone who isn't a good sport. There's a sort of honor system about things that are important in campus life. It's all right for a boy to borrow cigarettes and forget to pay them back, but it is not all right for him to steal his roommate's girl, if his roommate has hung his fraternity pin on her. Of course, these unwritten rules are sometimes broken. But the offender is punished more severely by his fellow students than any criminal by a stretch in prison. He is punished by what the others think of him. The college student learns to respect the rights of others, not because he has to, but because it's the thing to do. He is a good citizen because he wants to be a good citizen.

You've seen the cheering crowd at a football game between two colleges of the "Big Ten." You've seen the intense excitement, felt the burning loyalty, heard the lusty cheering. Everyone knows about these things because intercollegiate football is an institution of American life. But did you ever stop to think how wonderful it is that thousands of students should yell themselves hoarse and spend their last dollars all for the sake of eleven boys kicking a ball around? They don't get any material value out of the game. Their loyalty is true loyalty to an ideal, to a tradition. They are patriotic in the best sense of the word. Their patriotism is a natural, spontaneous thing. It is not forced by any sense of duty.

There is a word in our English dictionary that many young people do not understand until they go to college. That word is *tolerance*. Older people talk about, but one has to learn by experience. After living for a year in one room with someone who sleeps with open windows when it snows, or sings in the bathtub, or does exercises every night at eleven—after that, one knows the meaning of the word *tolerance* and of several other words as well. One knows the meaning of words like *co-operation* and *patience*. They'll all fine words, and together they make up a phrase that goes something like this —how to live with other people. That is, perhaps, the most important lesson that is taught at college.

The wonderful part about a college education is that its lessons don't stop being useful after four years. They are lessons that belong to life itself. Everyone doesn't learn patriotism, citizenship, tolerance, co-operation, and patience at college. That would be expecting too much. If everyone learned all those things, we'd soon be living in a Utopian state. But every college student absorbs some of those attributes. He may do it consciously or unconsciously; willingly or unwillingly. But he does it somehow. And in this way, he makes a better citizen of this world. He is better equipped to handle the problems of life simply because he has attended college.

TREES

Fortresses, impregnable against the sky,
Grey battlements in the dusk.
Sentinels guarding the damp, grey air
Brooding, full of distrust.

Sparkling with dewdrops, bright as jewels,
Clothed in the grey, misty sky
Stretching black arms high overhead,
Cleansed by a fresh wind's sigh.

—Suzanne McDonald, College, '40.

ANALYSIS OF HAMLET AND RICHARD III

(Continued from page 15)

run-on lines and finally makes blank verse paragraphs.

Another feature which makes *Richard* less appealing is the use of the masculine endings (·').

In *Hamlet* there is a softening of tone by more frequent introduction of the feminine endings (words ending in *ing, sy, etc.*). Stickomythia or the use of one line lamentations for each speaker tends to bring about a quickening effect of the story as it proceeds in *Hamlet*, while in the other it serves as the howling against Richard.

There is so much of *Hamlet* left to the imagination that the questions and disputes that arise over such things as the reality of his insanity keep the play alive and interesting, whereas in *Richard* one can plainly see that it is an ideal play for the exemplification of one good actor and therefore has wide appeal.

Perhaps the greatest impression of the two plays is that received by realizing that Shakespeare never seems to use the wrong word. His words are so concrete and definite that you understand his genius and the place that he is accorded in the literature of the world.

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Confession

NANCY PERRY, *High School*, '40

If confession is good for the soul, then after today mine should be projected far upon its way. For four years now it has been confined by a burden that has lain heavily upon my conscience. Now, as my last year at Ward-Belmont draws to a close, I intend to find relief, and I hope I shall be granted forgiveness.

As a freshman I was elected to membership in Penstaff. I was elated over achieving a place among the elect in the field of creative writing, but I was also overwhelmed with my own unworthiness. Meetings, in which the learned seniors spoke of "an excellent choice of words" and "good imagery," were not unadulterated pleasures and sent me home to search feverishly through Roget's *Treasury of Words* for that elusive "choice" they spoke of. However, in this respect I suffered in silence, and it is not my shortcomings in composition that have caused me long years of suffering. No, it is something quite different.

One of the first meetings after I became a member was a tea given for the alumnae. We met at four o'clock in the Osiron Clubhouse. I started the day off wrong by dressing for the tea in the morning, whereas the older girls waited and dressed after school. This embarrassed me and seemed an omen of my blunder.

As I entered the clubhouse, my heart sank even lower. The older girls had already come. All were grouped in a circle of chairs about the fireplace. I hastily maneuvered my chubby figure between the back of the sofa and the tea table to get into a back room. I took off my coat and gathered courage to reenter the first room. I chose an overstuffed, straight-backed chair behind the others, hoping to conceal my awkwardness and make myself inconspicuous. However, the empty, folding, steel chair in front was not taken. Therefore, I was not hidden as I had hoped, so I sank lower; and with my feet dangling, I shyly eyed other possible chairs from which I could view the meeting without being so much in evidence. I had not, however, gathered the nerve to move by the time Miss Annie came. In the meantime, I noticed all seemed at ease except me. Looking back on the conversation now, I realize it consisted mainly of the traditional weather or explanations of why others had not been able to come. I did not at the time, however, notice the uncomfortably silence broken only by these artificial and stilted subjects.

As Miss Annie entered, we all rose and the voices were raised in greeting and promptly hushed again. As she came from taking her coat off, I saw her making her way toward the empty chair in front of me. I realized mine was more comfortable and here was opportunity for me to do a gracious act and become a part of the group. I moved the small folding chair aside and turned to pull up the heavier one. Suddenly there was a startled gasp, and I turned in a flash to see Miss Annie in the stiff position of a deserted doll on the playroom floor and a laughing, perfect-command-of-the-situation expression. After the first startled silence was over, all rushed toward her and the spell was broken. I heard Miss Ordway say in her sweetest voice as she helped me draw up the chair, "She was trying to get you a comfortable chair, Miss Annie."

The rest of the meeting was a blur. In consternation I withdrew as far as possible from the scene of my social error, and tried to pretend that I was oblivious to all about me. All the rest of the afternoon I was lost in the repetition of this scene in my mind. My cheeks burned, my throat was tight, and my lips couldn't be moistened, try as I might by licking them, as I reflected on my disastrous courtesy.

I worried all night about it, not telling my family, however. The next day as we rode to school, a girl said, "Nancy, I hear you pulled the chair out from under Miss Annie, yesterday." I looked wide-eyed and pretended ignorance, not admitting that I had even seen the mishap.

In the days that followed I contemplated going each day to Miss Annie's office and explaining and apologizing, but my freshman awe of the office made me keep putting it off. Now as my senior year comes to an end, I realize I may never again have the opportunity. So I publicly admit that I pulled the chair from under Miss Annie on March 3, 1937. Please accept this as my apology to you, Miss Annie.

SILENCE

It was so quiet—
The night you went away;
Even the stars
Were silent.
And I too was dumb,
Knowing what it meant
To say good-bye.

It is still quiet,
Quiet as then.
And this my heart
Keeps asking,
Will the silent stars
Never speak again?

—WINKIE PIERCE, College '40.

SILENCE

Like lips of stone,
Like deafened ears
You're all alone—
It's silent!

The trees stand still
The wind has ceased
And yet—that chill—
It's silence!

Perhaps like space
Of emptiness
A vacant place—
It's silent!

For all, it ends
As soon comes death
And God then sends
Just—Silence!

—FRANCES FARWELL, College '40.

It's a Bet

SUZANNE MCDONALD, *College*, '40

"Well, if you have a sure fire line you can get any man!" I said, "It's only a matter of working things out right."

Ronnie and Sharon, Brett and Bets and Sally and I were all lying around the pool at the club trying to get a tan. We were talking about the charity golf matches and dance which was two months off—and discussing the higher things of life, men as usual. Ronnie and Brett don't count—Ronnie is my half-wit brother and Brett is in love with Bets; so it's practically a family affair.

Ronnie, who is terribly conceited, even if he is my brother, said, "Oh, I don't know about that—look at that line of Sharon's and she hasn't hooked me yet!" Whereupon Sharon pushed him into the pool—I don't blame her—I wouldn't let my fiancee talk about me that way either.

Ronnie emerged dripping water over us all and muttering imprecations at Sharon.

Not being easily squelched, I said, "Well, I still think—"

"All right, sister mine, if you think you're so fascinating why don't you charm somebody?"

Ronnie has the ability to make me do the rashest things. I remember once I sailed the "Rat" through a nine-foot opening in a high wind just because he egged me on. It was two days later that I remembered the "Rat" was six feet wide and Ronnie was safe on the shore—I don't know why I let him do it, but I did.

It was June 2, 1939, that I made the rashest statement of my life. "All right, Superman, I'll bet I could land any man I wanted to!" And that is where the fun (?) began.

I had just started regretting that statement when he yelled, "It's a deal! I'll bet you ten dollars you can't make a niche in Mike Ramsey!"

Now I didn't know Mike Ramsey from Adam, but I wouldn't back out either, and with that ten dollars I could buy that new driver that I was perishing for in the Caddy Store. Brett said it would improve my game by about five strokes and with five strokes off, I'd have a good chance at the Ladies' Cup. I didn't dare ask Dad for money because I'd gone over my allowance twice and it was only the second day of June. Sooo—I said yes, never dreaming what was in store for me.

I'd been at the lake only two days anyway, how could I have been expected to know everything that was happening?—But I found out soon enough. It seems Mike was something of a dream prince—the kind of man that every girl thinks her fiance' is, the kind of man every girl goes into raptures over. Now that sounds like fun, I know—but he hated women, and he hibernated all the time, and chances were pretty slim of even getting a peek at him, much less proving my theory on him. Head Sucker of all the Suckers, but my pride and that driver were at stake, so I couldn't give up.

Three days later I still wasn't any closer to that driver. Sadder, but certainly not any wiser, I was sunning myself on the deserted strip of beach to the north of Shadroe, when all of a sudden—Crash! Bang! Somebody landed on top of me, knocking my breath and my self-possession every which way.

Crawling out of my ostrich-like position in the sand, I said, "Why didn't you pick a nice cement walk to fall on? Something that could stand the wear and tear." I was preparing to say more when I heard beautiful masculine tones. I heaved myself up on all fours and turned cautiously around.

"Sorry I can't be more of a perfect hostess, but you would drop in unexpectedly," I said bitingly, and Jeepers! Creepers! It was the object of my bet, himself! At least if the pictures I had seen were right.

"Well, I'm afraid I never was the perfect guest," he said smilingly, but he was perfect in almost every other way. He looked like a Greek god—tall, brown, and with the most gorgeous dark, crinkly hair you've ever seen—well all I could do was stare!

"What is the matter, seeing a ghost?"

"Ummm"—I said.

"Is that all you can say?" he said.

Fascinated, I said, "Ummm"—then like a shot I had it! "You're Mike Ramsey, aren't you?"

"Yes," he said brusquely and started to get up.

"Wait a minute," I said. "Look, do you have a kind heart?"

That rather stumped him, for he just stared!

"Well, what I mean is, did you ever want something awfully, and you couldn't have it because of, well—circumstances?"

A far-away look came into his eyes, and wishing I were that look I waited. He said, "Yes, I did once."

"Well," I said, "then would you help me out of a jam?"

"What could I do?" he said suddenly.

"Could you pretend you were in love with me for about two weeks?" Then seeing his look of astonishment, I rushed headlong into the whole story of the bet, and of the driver and of my desire to win the Ladies' Cup.

Now don't say it wasn't cricket of me to tell off about the bet—'cause all's fair in love and war, and when anything goes on between Ronnie and me it's revolution. He's done plenty of dirty things to me in his time, and so I didn't suffer any qualms whatsoever.

"It's a match, little girl," he said, and I fairly melted right then and there. "By the way—and since we're in love, what's your name?—I should know that, you know!" I told him, and the way he said "Janie" made me realize what a beautiful name it really was.

Suddenly I realized it was noon! And I had a luncheon engagement in thirty minutes, so he walked me home. When we got there, Sharon and Ronnie were sitting on the lawn—I waved to them gaily and told Mike to turn on the charm. Ummmm, he was really superlative. Why he almost had *me* believing it. He smiled down at me and said, "Let's go to the club this evening and dance, Janie; I'll be by about eight-thirty."

I smiled back and said quite distinctly, "All right, Mike, I'll be waiting." Then I tripped lightly up the lawn, and would

have passed casually by Sharon and Ronnie, but Ronnie grabbed my ankle and brought me down in a heap.

"Say, brat, what's this all about?"

"What is what all about?" I said airily, knowing darn well what he meant.

"Mike—how—what?"

"Oh, Mike, I met him this morning."

"This morning—say, buttercup, I'll have to hand it to you."

"And that look of his when he said goodbye wasn't half bad," said Sharon, "Here I've been engaged to Ronnie three months and he's never looked at me like that."

"Say, Woman, are you casting aspersions on my lovemaking?"

Leaving them to argue, I dashed into the house and dressed for the luncheon, which turned out to be one of those dull affairs where everybody takes everybody else apart just to see what makes each smoother than other people. Finally the day ended and it was eight-thirty—Mike was on the dot, I introduced him to the family and then we left.

Well, the evening was perfect. Mike was a heavenly dancer, and he played his part to perfection.

Ronnie and Sharon in a party at the other end of the room couldn't keep their eyes off of us, especially Ronnie. His look was priceless—up to ten dollars' worth.

Mike took me home, and left very promptly. Ronnie came in, in a stew, puffing and blowing and throwing questions at me like a policeman. I didn't tell him anything, and poor gullible Ronnie thought Mike was falling in love with me.

This kept up for about three weeks; Mike and I did everything. We went on picnics, went swimming, played golf, drove to new funny places, did different things or just laid out in the sun. But it couldn't go on forever . . .

Four days before the tournament, Ronnie stopped me in the drawing room after dinner and said, "Well, Duchess, I guess you're more of a '*femme fatale*' than I thought—you win!" And he handed over the ten dollars without one single argument. I was completely floored!

I managed to stammer, "Thanks, brother mine, now I can get that driver—" but somehow it didn't make any difference anymore. It was so silly, here I'd won the bet, I should have been terribly hilarious, but I just didn't feel like it. It didn't even make any difference at all that Ronnie had admitted I was pretty powerful. I went upstairs, and then it struck me. I was in love with Mike—me, who was so independent and so disdainful of all men! I could have kicked myself for being such a fool.

"Oh, well," I muttered to myself, "you'll get over it. Buck up for heaven's sake!" I dressed swiftly and just as I finished I saw Mike's car coming up the drive. I hurried down the steps and out the front door, this being one of the times that I just couldn't bear the prying eyes of my family.

Mike was halfway up the steps when I came out of the door. Before I could say anything he said, "Shh! I have a surprise for you." He helped me in the car, dashed around to his side, and we fairly flew out of the drive.

I was thinking to myself—"Well, this is it, I'll have to tell him that Ronnie paid the bet this evening, and then it'll all be over." I guess I must have been awfully quiet because Mike said, "Janie, why are you so quiet?"

I smiled, but my stomach was doing funny things, and I guess it wasn't very convincing because when I tried to be nonchalant my voice broke. So I said, "Oh, nothing," real quick to cover up.

Mike pulled over to the side of the road and said, "Now, what is it, Janie? You can tell me—you know—we're friends."

"Yeah, friends," I thought, so I put on my brightest smile and I even managed to dazzle myself when I said, "Nothing, nothing at all—just thinking—"

But Mike said, "Don't try to fool me, Janie; tell me what it is."

How could I tell him it was on account of the bet being over, and that I wouldn't ever see him again and that every time I thought of him I got a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach? But I did—and he just stared. I tried to stop, because I could see how horrified he looked, but the words just kept tumbling out. I thought, "Oh, Janie, you little fool, why don't you stop? You know how much men hate scenes—". Finally I wound up with, "And now that the bet is over I guess all of our fun's over, too"—and waited for him to say that it was, but oh, wonder of wonders, he took both of my hands in his and said:

"Janie, I never dreamed—I thought it was only that stupid bet that you were thinking of all the time. I've wanted to tell you, but I didn't dare, what I want to say is, Janie, will you marry me?"

Oh, blissful day! Oh, happy night! When I heard those words, I was so stunned that even if a cyclone had hit me right then and there I couldn't have been more surprised.

But a Steele never fails to rally and I came around all right—I've even managed to live through two months of married life.

People still can't understand why I have the ten dollars framed over the fireplace in the gameroom. I just say it's the first money I ever earned, but after getting it, I wanted to keep it—so I married—that is—I framed it.

A SNOW FLAKE

One gently fell upon my cheek;
And as I felt its soft caress,
I turned my wond'ring eyes to seek
Another such small happiness.

And then they all came tumbling roun'
Like merry hunters on a chase—
Pure and white as angel's down,
Fragile, delicate as lace.

They touched my face and slipped away
Toward earth's awaiting arms;
There they fell and gently lay
To clothe the world in virgin charms.

—PATRICIA WARREN, High School, '40.

LITTLE THINGS

On little things so oft depend
Our futures; for a little end
We often live and die.

Our joys are ever little things,
As brief as red on blackbirds' wings
That flashes as they fly.

—ELEANOR TAYLOR, High School, '41.

Betty Grasshopper's Ball

SUE WILSDORF, *College*, '40

One dawn, as the sun was drying the leaves and the flowers, Betty Grasshopper awoke. She was surrounded by a fairy grove made beautiful and simple with baby breath that nature had sprinkled with tender hands. Betty ran through the laughing grass, and as she twirled and sprang from place to place the cares that come with age danced above her head, but she felt them not because she was planning to have a ball. She wanted to make it the most successful ball that could be had in any life.

She went to her favorite spot in the woods to plan how she could decorate her ballroom. Her first worry was of how she would light the room, but she soon decided to ask her good friends, the Fireflies, to come and station themselves around the ballroom. Now Betty knew that she must have music and entertainment for her guests; so she lightly tripped to her Lily telephone and called Mr. Larry Locust to ask him if he would play his cello at her party. A little later, as she was hunting for a suitable punch bowl, she met Miss Kitty Katydid. Betty knew that Miss Katydid used her talents to make money; so she engaged her to come and play her flute and violin at the party.

Betty was relieved to have engaged the musicians, but now she had to think about the other entertainment. All of a sudden, she knew she would get Mrs. Cocoon's graceful daughter, Mademoiselle Butterfly, to assist her by dancing her famous flutter dance. So much for that, although her worries were not over. She must obtain some apple juice for the punch. She hopped to Mr. Gnat's corner grocery store, bought her cider, and came home to polish her orange punch bowl to a dandelion hue. She was now ready for her gala ball.

When the night of the ball came, it was a beautiful night! The stars were like silver pinheads; the ground was white and black with striped moonlight and slinky shadows; the perfume of the night that wound about the trees was as elusive as the wink of an eyelash.

The first to arrive was Bobby Beetle with his brown suit cleaned and pressed. He stumbled around not knowing exactly whether to act older than his age or whether to act younger. Bobby wasn't sure of the world, nor was he sure of himself. The youthful Bobby had not been at the ball long before two Mothflies came. They swaggered in with their new gray wool coats hung carelessly across their shoulders. They were Bobby's ideals, so he began to imitate them, and soon he had exchanged his clumsy innocence for their pseudo-sophistication.

When the moonbeams were brightest, lighting their faces like cameos, Miss Harriet Honey Bee and Buster Bumble Bee, the lovers of the gathering, arrived. Harriet edged close to Buster and waved her eyelashes at him; she was leading him on, but he didn't know it, for he followed her meekly as she flitted to and fro. Then came Miss Annie Ant and her beau, James June Bug. Miss Ant looked very dull beside her escort's dashing green suit. Everyone knew that these two were practically engaged, else why would she correct the love poems that he sang to her? It was amusing to watch them. His song sounded something like this:

"At night
When we're alone
As perfume faintly nips
I'm taking passionate sips from
Sweet lips."

And as soon as these words left his throat, the prim and intellectual Miss Annie Ant would correct his poem and say—

"Can'st fold in visionary bliss,
And let me think I steal a kiss,
While her ruby lips dispense
Luscious nectar's quintessence!"

As the moon began to wane, Miss Wanitta Wasp and Mr. Basil Bluebottle arrived in a cloud of dust as they brought their private leaf carriage to a halt before the tall, tree doorway. Basil, attired in steel blue, had the air of a successful executive, and he was distinguished looking in spite of his dissipated face. Miss Wasp came forward waving her chiffon wings as she swivelled her hips in order to let everyone see her diminutive waist. She had worked to keep her waistline, for she was getting older every day. She knew the world and what it demanded; so she tried to keep her youthful appearance. Yes, they were a handsome couple, but everyone knew their beauty was only on their exteriors. The guests then came to watch her alight from her carriage, Miss Yvonne Yellow Jacket, the fashion plate of the adjacent community. With her was Sheriff Hornet, who buzzed about her protectively as if she didn't know her way around. As they entered the ballroom, both looked very stunning, Miss Yellow Jacket in her creation of yellow lace, and Sheriff Hornet in his black tuxedo with yellow stripes. These two showed their disillusionment, for they had traveled in international society. In the meantime, the musicians played, and the ball was hilarious. Then who should arrive but Miss Mary Margaret Mosquito with Henry Horsefly! By the time Miss Mosquito stepped into the ballroom she began to indulge in her favorite pastime, gossiping. Betty knew Miss Mosquito would honor them with a solo in her sing-song soprano voice. Here came Mrs. Dolly Dirt Dauber, the gay divorcee, with Daddy Long Legs, who was old enough to be her grandpa, both out for their last fling.

But, who was this coming in now? The lady swished in front of her pursuer with an uneasy look in her gray eyes. Why, it was Fannie Fly with her too ardent admirer, Spike Spider. She knew he would catch her soon, but she wanted to stay out of his grasp as long as she was able. Mademoiselle Butterfly had finished her flutter dance, and the punch was about to be served.

Many of the guests were thinking of leaving when someone came slowly and nonchalantly wabbling through the entrance. Christopher Carter Caterpillar lazily strolled toward the punch bowl. Mr. Caterpillar always comes to any dance when the punch is ready to be served, and he never leaves the bowl until the dance is over. This ball went

(Continued on page 16)

Winter Friend

ELIZABETH MACKS, *College*, '40

We were talking about sparrows, he and I; and he remarked about how much he hated them. They were the only bird he would really like to see exterminated. "They are such utterly no-good birds," he said. And he is right. They are no-good. They quarrel and bicker constantly. They build their nests in the eaves-troughs and disrupt the drainage. They eat the newly-sown grass-seed. They move into and appropriate houses intended for other, nicer birds. They are nuisances in the fullest meaning of the word.

But I like them. In my city, they are the only birds which remain through the long cold winter. They become so tame when the snow covers the ground that they will come to one's window ledge for food. It is rather nice to know that one will not be left entirely alone when the leaves desert the trees and the wind whistles around the chimney. It is comforting to know that the lowly sparrow will be there to amuse one and to keep one company.

I have heard that the cardinal is a winter bird, one who stays North after the river freezes and the ships cease to ply from Duluth to the ocean. I would not know. I have never seen a cardinal in my city. Perhaps he does not like the noise of the trolley-cars and the smoke of the factories. Perhaps he prefers the quiet and the cleanliness of the spotless countryside. I would not know.

They say that the blue jay is another who does not care to fly South when the bathing suits are put away in mothballs and the canoes are stored on racks in the loft. I would not know. One does not see blue jays in my city. Perhaps they, too, dislike the bustle created by stenographers and salesmen and workers all hurrying to catch the same bus or street-car. Perhaps they dislike tall office buildings that shut out the weak winter sun. They, too, probably prefer the openness and the calmness of the country. I would not know.

I do know, though, that it would be cheerful to see the bright red or the gay blue of the gaudy cardinal and jay. It would be a splash of needed color on a gray day against a background of dirty snow and dingy buildings. But I suppose the cardinal and the jay are too aristocratic to chance soiling their plumage amid the grime and filth of the city.

That is why I like the sparrow. He stays in the city and does his best to liven things up. He does not choose to fly South, where his brown coloring would fit in so beautifully with the fashionable sun-tans. But maybe the sparrow is a city dweller, a bird who would be unhappy if he could not be one of the hurrying, bustling, pushing, shoving, egotistical crowd. He might become lost in a territory that had no sky-scraping office buildings to serve as landmarks and guide-posts. He might not know how to behave if the air were clean and free from the vision-obscuring smoke of the soft-coal burning factories and locomotives.

At any rate, when the sun sets at four o'clock in the afternoon and forgets to rise until almost nine in the morning, when the trees shed their multi-colored leaves and become gaunt lifeless skeletons, when the air becomes heavy and black with the smoke that only a large-scale factory can pour into the defenseless atmosphere, when the robin, that bird who is so eagerly awaited in the spring, forgets the hospitality with which he is always greeted and leaves the cold city for the warmth of the South, when the streets become overlaid with a film of treacherous ice, and when each person walks about enveloped in his own little cloud of steam, then the humble sparrow comes into his own as the jester and companion of King Winter and the friend and mirth-provoker of the city-dweller.

"Kitty Foyle" By Christopher Morley

ANNE LOUISE EIDELL, *College*, '40

Something is happening to the literature of this country. In reading about the morals and immorals of the leading characters of some of our recent novels, we seem to be trying to forget our own dull, uneventful lives, or perhaps we are doing the opposite, relieving our too thrilling existence by reading a "novel of the people." One can easily accomplish either by reading "Kitty Foyle." It is the autobiography of a woman whose life is not yet finished, but who has already lived through most of the great events common to women. The book can even be called a social novel, because a note is often sounded in Kitty's mind which shows her pity for all White Collar Girls like herself, whose existence is practically unknown to Society, the old families, or "the Main Liners," as Kitty calls them. But the shop-girls and stenographers and clerks live and breathe just as the Main Liners, and perhaps accomplish more, for they work to create something, whereas the others only live out a tradition.

Kitty herself is the one thread which runs through the entire story. All narration is told in the first person, but the manner of telling is not as in a diary, nor as one's life history told to a second person, but as thoughts spoken aloud. Kitty begins with her earliest recollections and proceeds through learning, loving, and working until the present moment, when she must choose between a life of hard work alone and marriage with a man whom she admires but whom she could neither love nor help. Any idea the reader may have of the improbability of the plot is erased by the fact that it is told in the first person. Just as anyone in thinking would digress from a train of thought to one strong current of feeling, so Kitty will think of Wyn, her lover, and mention him before his actual entrance

into her life. This is perfectly natural when we consider that Wyn exercised such a strong influence on her character by his love that her memories of previous events were recalled in the light of his presence. Despite many digressions, she tells her story completely; and in places we feel that she has bared her inmost heart to our view, not as a confession but as secret thoughts. In fact, many of the little details of her love for Wyn no woman would tell, even to her dearest confidante, considering them too sacred to be shared with another. A further interest to the plot is lent by this very digression, but Kitty explains all her little inferences when it is time.

The character of Kitty Foyle is that of quite a few women today. She is the offspring of a gentle, hardworking mother and a good-hearted but coarse father. Kitty's "Pop" is proud of one thing, his knowledge of cricket. It is this interest in cricket that brings Wynnewood Strafford to see Pop and Kitty type his notes. She and Wyn fall in love, and she becomes his mistress. We hardly feel capable of condemning her for this love because in the light of her previous moral training, her relations with Wyn are almost chaste. They really love each other and both bring a sort of beauty to be shared in their union. He wishes to marry her but her Irish temper flares up and she refuses when his family, Main Liners, insist that she be "polished" first. Kitty never really names her own good qualities, but we can see possibilities of a fine woman in her acceptance of duty, in taking care of Pop, in her independence by giving up Wyn when she sees it is necessary, and the strength of working hard for years, with the same grind ahead of her if she wishes not to starve. One does not feel a knowledge of the other characters of "Kitty Foyle" as in ordinary novels, for it is told in an entirely different way. Kitty merely recollects others when circumstances around them have influenced her. Therefore, there is a good contrast of character delineation, although difficult to handle, the inner thoughts of one woman as opposed to the deeds and speech of others as she remembers them. Kitty has a good memory and she quotes directly. She gives no long description of the appearance of any of her associates, but a clear impression is left by short comments on them, such as the detail that the "bearskin robe on Mark's chest was sapping the energy from his scalp, which was getting a bit scarce." The secondary characters are as a whole very stationary. Kitty's uncle and aunt are simple lay figures, one with all his interest in a well-clipped lawn, the other in gossip and "cultural lectures." Wyn is a very simple person, rather weak and inclined to leave life as he finds it. Kitty's Pop is a strong personality and a guiding principle to her, even after his death. Kitty's character develops but she is by no means complex. She is strong in adversity, and she has a lot of it; but she is just an ordinary girl trying to make a living and find a little beauty and happiness. It would be hard to tell this author's attitude toward his characters, for we could not separate the author and Kitty in such a book, but Kitty thinks very well of herself and we must conclude that the author does, also.

The setting is in contemporary Philadelphia, New York, and Chicago. We feel that Kitty is a part of the ever-new, lusty "Philly" and Wyn a part of the old, refined Philadelphia, steeped in tradition and family background. In speaking of Wyn's home life, Kitty barely mentions polo ponies, ancestral portraits and tweeds, but we grasp the situation from her sparse words better than from a long, technical description which would never fit into her character. In her own home life, she works—through the depression and hardship. She comments briefly on present-day books, plays and people, when she finds them to parallel her life. She was reared in a big city, never farther away than the Middle West, and her sole taste of nature was one trip to the Poconos with Wyn, and a paperweight of a laughing little girl sledding down a hill in the snow. This figure is in a way Kitty. Both had been through many a blizzard and both came out smiling.

The style is rambling, but quite natural, and lacking any high-flown diction. In fact, one never realizes that Kitty is not a real person who has written the book; she had no great amount of education and she shows none. Her grammar is sometimes a little bad, and her language is often coarse. However, she surprises one with a keen sense of values and a capacity for beauty that is pathetic when one realizes that she has had no opportunity to cultivate a cultural mind. There is a fine dramatic quality in the handling of dialogue and action. One characteristic peculiar to this book is the profusion of short paragraphs. The author as always has a fine sense of humor, but in this novel it is deflected toward coarseness.

It is with a sense of regret that the reader finishes "Kitty Foyle," for the heroine's life is not yet finished, and although we may not like to have her as a friend, she is so interesting that we want to know what she is going to do tomorrow. If true fiction shows the mind and heart of a possible human being, this book is great fiction. Kitty is a real woman, with the same qualities as any other woman but as her life unfolds, events shape her into a personality which is not altogether bad but not altogether good. Let us hope that our society does not produce many women with the fate of Kitty Foyle, nor another book like this; but its author has contributed something good by its creation, and its reader will be glad that it has been written.

WAR!

What is war? You ask me that?
Son, I can never tell
Of all the pain, the grief, the hurt
When the world is turned to hell.

The country field once bright with grain
Surrenders its gold for red;
The shells are plowing the rich brown earth
And blood is sowed instead.

Where a peasant once reaped his crop
Another man will tred,
He'll stalk with cruel and heavy step;
His harvest is the dead.

War, my child, is a curse of man
When he must kill his friend;
For war is the world's most bitter sin
Which peace alone can end.

—BETTY CLELAND, College, '41.

"Will It Never End": Youth Look at War

CELDON MEDARIS, *College*, '40

"War! War! War!" Headlines scream the latest bulletins. Small, frenzied groups are clustered on the street corners. An ominous hush falls over the city like a foreseen blackout. "Athenia Sunk by German Sub." Will America enter the war?

A violent "NO" is torn from the hearts of Gold Star Mothers, veterans, and the American youth who carry in their hearts the vivid picture of the maimed and shell-shocked victims of the last World War.

Has America learned her lesson? Can French and British propaganda trap us again? We have nothing to gain and everything to lose. All the glory of brass buttons, military music, and the thrill of war have been blotted out by the pathetic picture of a man, dressed in soiled, faded khaki and squatted forlornly on a street corner, his legless stubs stretched out. He is gazing with sightless eyes at the passers-by and singing in a tuneless monotone some hopeless chant learned twenty years ago. By the past war grown men were left bewildered by the horror that took away their youth and left no place in the world for them. They strove for years to find that lost youth in wild parties and recklessness. Children were orphaned, and the foundation of many a home crumbled under the loss of its breadwinner. These are the profits of war.

We paid with men and money for our folly. We lost our money, many men, and we are still paying. All the powers that be cannot restore health and position to those lost souls who came back to a living death.

One brave boy in the prime of youth was carried off gloriously to the field of battle to experience the thrill of shooting a man down, maiming his brother, and in turn being maimed. He returned in one year an old man, bitter, broken, and lost. His family knew him no more, for they could not understand the Hell he had been through. He found solace in drink, but that did not last for long. And so with a last spectacular gesture he took his life. His young son found him shot through the head, his dead eyes still seeking something he never found: the zest for living, happiness, and that eternal peace of mind and body that he had lost when a shell tore through the air, and burst at his feet.

I knew these people, and I've seen what war can do to the morals, the minds, and the bodies of healthy individuals. It isn't a pretty sight even now. I cannot do anything about it as an individual, for I am a girl. I cannot even give the testimony of a "war baby," but I can voice my opinion and that of countless others: "America, stay out of war!"

We are independent; we owe no debts; and we ask no favors. Let France and Germany fight their own battles. We will not be bribed by inticing pieces of propaganda: "America Is Afraid"; "You Owe It To The Allies"; "Settle Your Debts"; "Protect Your Country"; "Make The World Safe"!

Oh! no, we were trapped once, but we do not want that to happen again. If the war must be fought, we want the Allies to win, but we have learned by bitter experience that we can do no good by adding to death and destruction. They say, "War is inevitable; it goes on in its vicious circle like a spider wearing a treacherous web to trap a helpless fly." Of course nations will fight until the last bugle sounds as long as people let hate, greed, and bitterness rule them in place of reason and good will. We need not enter the war to protect ourselves from Hitler. If the Allies lose, Hitler will not invade America. We must not forget the Napoleonic wars and the fact that we gained more by remaining neutral.

We are not cowards, for we would fight in time of need to protect our country. But now our entrance into the war would add only fuel for further death and destruction. We want to keep the battle cry far-distant. We cherish the security and peace that we established twenty years ago. We want to sit on our front porch and bask in the sunshine of peace rather than cringe in some dark cellar when cannons boom and fear reigns in our hearts. The lights of Europe may flicker and fade, but we want to keep ours burning brightly in memory of those who paid dearly that the light should not go out in a vain cause.

Tropical Paradise

WILMA REYER, *High School*, '40

"Land!———Land!"

Eagerly we crowded to the rail, straining our eyes for the long awaited sight. There it was before us, a long low mass, which, as we neared, took on a more definite shape; a shape holding much of soon-to-be-solved mystery; a shape that was the romantic Hawaiian island of Oahu. Soon we were able to define the figures on the wharf and were endeavoring to find familiar faces among them.

With a crash the gang plank was lowered, and the people below began to surge on board, laughing and shrilling greetings to old friends. The odor of the tropical flowers in beautiful leis hung lightly in the air, as, with our friends, we prepared to disembark.

Along the narrow walks, along the customs shed were native women, making leis at a rapid rate; necklaces of brilliant reds and oranges, of cool yellows, greens, and blues; necklaces of berries, crepe paper, or freshly picked flowers. Tourists curiously watched them, and eagerly bought the gayest and most beautiful of the displays.

Honolulu, on the island of Oahu, is well known, but is outshone by the even more famous Waikiki Beach. Here, many sat or lay luxuriously in the soft sand under the gaudily painted canopies or in the bright sunlight. Others swam about in the blue waters or floundered happily in the surf. In the background was a band of native Hawaiians, lazily strumming and beating out

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Capital City

NANCY STONE, *High School*, '40

"Visit Nashville, the Athens of the South," read the signs leading into our fair city. "See the Hermitage, home of Andrew Jackson"; "Don't fail to visit the Parthenon, exact replica of the original." These and many other announcements line the highways.

I always like to imagine with what anticipation tourists view these road marks after having been awed by the grandeur and beauty of Tennessee's rolling hills and valleys. Perhaps they have come from the Smoky Mountain National Park, have seen the rhododendron and mountain laurel in bloom, have heard the swift rush of rapid mountain streams, have reveled in the fitful bursts of sunshine and rainfall. Or perhaps they have seen the inspiring view from atop Lookout Mountain, with its landscape much like a patchwork quilt—all greens and grays and blues. At any rate, all has been a pleasant panorama of color, a portrait of Nature appealing to all the senses.

Now comes Nashville, capital of the State, center of Southern culture and education. No one can say these signs don't build it up. But for what a letdown! After one look at its smoke-filled downtown districts, its black, sooty buildings, few people take the trouble to find the real value and interest in the city. The first impression has been a bad one and the interest dies.

In defense of my city against these hastily formed opinions, let me enumerate a few of its features. To begin with, it has enough historic spots alone to make it a focal point on the map: Fort Negley and Fort Nashborough; the homes of two of our Presidents, James K. Polk and Andrew Jackson; the Parthenon; and the State Capitol.

Then there are spots of beauty, such as our Iris gardens, municipal parks, Percy and Edwin Warner Parks, a huge expanse of territory covering acres.

In addition, there are sights which, although not historic or outstanding, are certainly interesting. I wonder how many Nashvillians have ever been to market on Saturday morning at the Public Square. Although not a cultural or beautiful sight, it is definitely colorful.

Another asset of Nashville is its educational facilities. In probably no other city of this size are there so many schools.

Therefore, if one only takes the trouble to go beneath the surface impression, one will find Nashville is truly the Athens of the South.

Who Was the Goat?

MARTHA BRYAN, *College*, '40

One lovely spring morning as I lay on the green dewy grass, my thoughts wondered to a certain April Fool's day that I had planned carefully. It turned out quite disastrously for me. I had enjoyed myself thoroughly by playing numerous tricks on the various members of the family.

To start April Fool's day properly, I set several alarm clocks at three a. m. The whole family awoke with a start, and arrived one by one, in the upstairs living room, asking what had happened. Mother arrived first, trying to get into her dressing gown, which she was holding upside down. Daddy came in second —I should say, Daddy stormed in. He is over six feet tall, and weighs two hundred pounds, and considering the speed he was making, he couldn't have arrived any way other than noisily. I think the commotion rather than the alarm clocks awakened my young sister and brother, who arrived one right behind the other, rubbing their eyes. The fact dawned on mother that it was April the first. Her suggestion that someone had played a prank made us all eye each other suspiciously. My silly grin, which I could not prevent, did not help me to prove my innocence.

The next morning, the bedroom slippers of all the family were exactly where they had been left after the alarm clock disturbance, but they were full of pebbles—except mine. That wasn't very smart, I should have put some in mine, too, to keep suspicion from my door.

At breakfast, Daddy sugared his grapefruit, but his first bite told that the sugar bowls contained salt. His drawn-up mouth told me that his bite of grapefruit was perfectly terrible. He was a good sport, and didn't say a word, but began raking salt off his fruit. When mother took her first drink of coffee, with salt instead of sugar, her expression was too funny. Daddy had a big laugh at that. It has always been said that misery loves company. I had managed to change the salt and sugar without letting the cook know about it. Nobody accused me; so I thought I had been quite clever.

That afternoon when I came in from school, I went to the refrigerator for my usual drink of fresh orange juice. The afternoon was hot, and I was thirsty, so my first swallow was a huge one. I almost choked! I had never tasted a green persimmon, but from descriptions I had heard, I decided I had come into contact with that flavor.

The cook was laughing so hard that she just sat flat on the floor, rocking to and fro. I put my glass down and walked out, but when I was out of her sight, I ran, and ran fast, to the bathroom and the mouth wash.

Not a word was said by anyone until Daddy came home from dinner that night. By the twinkle in his eye, I knew he had been told about the orange juice. He settled himself comfortably in his favorite chair, opened the evening paper, adjusted the lamp so the light would be over his left shoulder, then peered over the top of his paper at me, saying:

"Well, should we call it a day, and quit? I thought quinine in orange juice would be a cure for all your troubles?"

Moonlight at Midnight

SUE WILSDORF, *College*, '40

Spring down Louisiana way is as seductive as a sultry quadroon, and as unpredictable. There is one place in this land of romance where at night the whimsical breeze of spring embraces the earth, then drifts up to the God-made skyline, and on up to heaven, a heaven which looks like a lusterless velvet jewel case and has but one round pearl embedded in it. This radiant disc is surrounded by sparkling diamond buttons set in clusters to dazzle the gaze of mortals. The night drapery of the sky is a fitting cover for the shimmering blue lagoon that flows languidly beneath it.

Near this enchanting pool is a bewitching spot situated as if it were clinging to the old bayou. In the distance can be heard the weird sound of the bullfrog's song in the swamp. This, with its spasmodic outbursts, is a discordant chorus until it slowly becomes a lulling chant with its drowsy monotony. And rising above the damp ground is the elusive odor of jasmine which seems to saturate the vapor of the night with a heady perfume.

The bank of the stream is covered with moss bathed in dew as heavy as glycerine. It is soft moss that would ooze around the toes and cool the feet of a barefoot traveler. This squashy rug, black as the night, cushions a quaint wandering stone foot-path nearly covered with lichen and ivy which has curled and crept with time.

All around, above, and below, it is as black as a creole's ebony eyes. The pathway twists and turns through a colonade of trees, that entwine and lean upon one another as if they were too decrepit to bear their own weight. Then suddenly appears a clearing as bright as a creole's flashing teeth. Whereas the mass of trees just passed looks like droopy, shapeless negroes, the trees in a brighter view now look like erect Southern gentlemen bowing in a hospitable style. These ancient hosts, with their mossy beards flowing in gray tendrils, make an effective screen for the picture that bursts into view.

There are lovely magnolia trees so covered with waxen blossoms that the beaming midnight moon cannot penetrate their intermingled branches. Only cool patches of light dot the lawn with silver. It is very silent and still until all at once the gentle wind makes the grass and hedges dance and writhe in unison. Defiant of all this motion stands a blooming pear tree. The pinkish blue-white petals make fluffs that merely sway in slow rhythm toward the colorless lilacs. The beautiful, fragile lilacs that can hardly be seen, fill the air with their dreamy fragrance. Away from the lilac bushes and bordering the stepping stones which reach across the rippling glade sit the dazzling white azaleas. Amid this staunch array of plants they look much like hovering mother hens — always watching, always repulsing intruders.

Completing this contrast of white and black, four large round shafts of dead white tower above the ground. The pillars and the porch are all that can be seen of the captivating old mansion, for the antiquated shrubbery hides the rest of its from sight.

All that is needed to perfect the view of the porch is yards and yards of pale yellow tulle worn by a golden girl, who of course is accompanied by a dark, dashing admirer. But the picture will never be complete, for the mistress of this peaceful manor has long been sleeping. From its appearance of detachment and meditation the home has been faithful through the years and slumbered with its owner. Unexpectedly, the night air seems to lose its first freshness despite the sweet lilac scent. Perhaps all the musty remembrances have arisen and mingled with the atmosphere.

As if to save this haven from its lethargy, and from its cold color of dead black and white, scarlet japonicas have burst into sight to give a striking color scheme of red, black, and white. There, on the farthest side of the yard they have blossomed forth in all their flamboyant lush petals. They are shocking and bewildering in their blood-red wall of color. They stand like sentries, with their luscious crimson faces upturned to the sky, guarding something; but what?

In a slight movement of caressing each other they part, and there is seen in the moonlight a rusty iron fence inclosing two weather-beaten marble slabs. Then these fantastic plants wind around each other in profusion, and that slight flash is no more. There they are unrevealing, yet revealing their phantom keepers.

From this shadow of realization their tall stalks lead upward to the sky, and there a young star flashes across the heavens leaving a path of flaming silver dust. That star is never to be seen again. Just as that star vanishes this scene will fade too at the first trill of the mockingbird at dawn. Yet, like the palmettos that glisten in the sunlight, it may shine and live again in memory, for the charm of the delta is in its dreams.

TROPICAL PARADISE

(Continued from page 10)

strains of contented rhythm. Along the beach, adding to the comfort, but detracting from the simplicity and picturesqueness, were the concessions, offering for sale all American delicacies from hot dogs to lemonade and cotton candy.

Half a day in Hawaii! How it goes. With only a little while remaining, we took a tour of the island, not hurrying, but absorbing the beauty of it all. Nevertheless, in less than an hour the ride was completed. Tropical vegetation swayed lightly in the heavy air, dusky natives and sun-browned tourists idled about the hot, white streets. Side booths along the roads offered many hand-woven articles; gay little fish swam about in clear bowls, waiting to be sold for a few coppers.

Nearly late, we dashed up the gangplank, in time to find a place at the rail as the boat steamed away; in time to cast our leis overboard and watch anxiously to see them drift slowly toward the shore, for truly, Hawaii, I am coming back—for more than a few hours.

Without a Country

BETH HOLCOMBE, *High School*, '40

In any crowd you would notice him. His white, wavy hair and high cheek bones distinguish him from any ordinary foreigner. His black, deep-set eyes harbor a look of suffering and sorrow when his face is in repose, but when he greets you, they immediately light up. His tall, lean body is exaggerated by the somber, black suit he often wears. When he walks, his head is always bent forward, giving one the impression that he is carrying a load. And truly he is weighted down by a load no less real because it is invisible, for Rauschenbush is one of the victims of brute force.

My first interest in him was selfish. A smattering of German I had picked up one summer in Vienna needed exercising, and I dropped into his shop simply to get some practice. It was a quaint shop, and upon entering it, I was immediately back in the Old Country, and a few minutes later Rauschenbush was there with me. I happened to be carrying some flowers which were to serve as our centerpiece that night at dinner. As I approached him, I saw an appreciation of their beauty in his face, and without our knowing exactly how it happened we began to talk of flowers in the Old Country. He seemed to be delighted to have someone who would listen to him, and as he continued, a far-away expression came into his eyes. He wasn't in the little shop at all, but far away over the sea. He was back in his small, rambling cottage, puttering happily among the roses and lilies of his own flower garden. He had loved flowers—so had his wife—but she was gone now. He told of his weekly visits to her grave, where he had placed her favorite flowers and prayed to God that some day he might join her again.

Suddenly, he stopped. He seemed very much embarrassed and asked my pardon for letting himself talk of things that didn't interest me. But they did interest me. His modest way fascinated me. He was so wonderfully natural and sincere that I was drawn to him. I had to know more about Rauschenbush, and as I left the shop, I knew I would return.

Upon successive visits I learned the story of the tragedy that had come into his life. First, he had heard rumors of this new political party coming to power; then, he could not worship as he pleased. Next, they had burnt his small shop. Why? He had never wronged anyone. Then his eldest daughter, who had married a leader of this new party, was not allowed to come and spend the quiet, peaceful evenings with him that they had formerly enjoyed. Finally, came the biggest blow of them all. All people of his race must leave the country. When he heard that, all hope seemed lost. How could they ask him to leave his native country—the country he had loved, fought for, and would have died for! The country he had grown up in, married in, and set up his little business in. It seemed to Rauschenbush that he would be a man without a country. At the age of 65 he was being asked to start life over again. But where? He was too bewildered to think, and it was David who finally secured passports to America. With his spirits low and a sick heart, he boarded the boat with his son.

It had turned out to be quite different from the Old Country. People were friendly and within a short time he had been able to establish a small business. He was happy. Yes, happy, for he could worship as he pleased, think as he pleased, and talk as he pleased, but there was something missing—an indescribable something that was lacking. Perhaps he was living in the past. Maybe this new country was too modern. He didn't know. People seemed to be in such a hurry—yes, that was it, he was sure. And I must believe that he was happy.

One morning when I met him, he seemed more confused than usual. His son, David, wished to change his name and be just plain David Bush. David was becoming more and more like these Americans. These Americans living in a world full of new fantastic ideas. He couldn't understand it. This America was taking his son away from him. This new world had come between them. Even the old name would be gone. The comforting words I tried to utter fell haltingly, for I realized that he would always be living in the memories of his Old Country—the country before the new political party had come into power—the peaceful country where he had been happy with what he had—happy to enjoy the beauties of his garden. That was his world and without it he was lost. He didn't fit in this new world which he had so often insisted he loved, because it had no memories for him. He knew what it meant to be a man without a country.

RETALIATION IN THREE EASY DOSES

1. MY LIFE

Once upon a time there was a time
that was at the time when
I wanted to be a genius.
I studied
And studied, but
Nothing happened.
And I've been flunking
Ever since. Sad, isn't it?

II. MEMOIRS

I sat
Down. Hard. She
Had jilted me so I sat down to think
it over. I made up my
Mind to become a
Hermit. But then a blonde passed.
Gee, she was cute. So I wasn't a hermit after all.

III. LOGIC

I made a
Joke in class. But nobody
Laughed.
So I guess it
Wasn't a joke after
All.

—DIANNE WINNIA, College, '41.

DREAMS

The conscious mind grows dizzy, reels
and falls,
Its fingers slipping limply from the
wheel;
The uncontrolled subconscious grasps the
wheel
With reckless hands, and strong, and
drives the soul
On highways where it longed, or feared,
to go.

A Successful Life

JEAN MURTAGH, *College*, '41

Her life has not been an easy one. Her mother died when she was only 14, and the housework and care of her younger brother and sister were thrust upon her and her older sister. Again I say, it was not easy. Their home was a small farm home situated on the open prairies of Northern Iowa. The closest neighbor lived several miles distance, and all emergencies had to be dealt with by members of the immediate household.

Because she worked hard as a young girl, she did not shun work as she grew older and had her own home "to build." Of course she did not like work, but her attitude towards it was that the work must be done. She looked ahead to the pleasures coming after the work was finished.

My earliest recollections of her were during the evenings of my childhood. She would tell my "next older" sister and me of her childhood—of the Indians and Gypsies who came begging at her home. After my sister and I were in bed we all three said our prayers together and then she would sing to us—old songs her father had taught her. The songs she sang of the Civil War were our favorites. Often we made her repeat the song of the "massa running away" many times before she went downstairs "to finish a little ironing," "to do the dishes," "to set bread for the next morning's baking," or "to finish the week's mending." Never, then or now, are her hands idle. Always there is one more thing to do. Her work is never finished.

During unsuccessful times in the home, and during times of prosperity she remains the same lovable person. Throughout the years of the depression, which invaded the Middle West, her thoughts were always of her family and her neighbors, not of herself. She did not allow her children to be denied a thing, but saved by cutting down her household expenses and by denying herself all luxuries.

Her main interests outside of her home are centered around the church of which she is a member. Among her various activities in the church are her positions as a Sunday School teacher and the Sunday School treasurer. Also, she is an active member of the Missionary and Ladies' Aid societies. It is in the furtherance of these departments of the church that she spends any leisure time which she might possibly find for reading or just stopping to relax a moment.

Her attitude toward parties of any sort is very contrary to that of the modern woman. Upon returning home from an afternoon spent at bridge she is usually heard to remark "another afternoon wasted", and then she will plunge into her work with redoubled effort to make up for the time she has lost.

She's growing older now, and a few wrinkles have appeared around her eyes and in her forehead. The years have left their mark upon her face, but they have given her a different type of beauty. Her beauty is more than "just skin deep." Her beauty lies in her soul, in her mind, in her high ideals, for which she is respected, admired and loved by her community.

She has passed the tests of life and won, and my greatest desire is that she may live her remaining years without pain or hardships.

Yes, you know her now, I am sure. She is my mother.

Spring

HORTENSE KELLEY, *College*, '40

"In spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," wrote Tennyson. A modern version runs, "A young man's fancy turns to thoughts of baseball." Does the Ward-Belmont girl have a version of her own?

We might well substitute the word "girl" for "man" in our first quotation. As the sun shines forth on our beautiful campus with its fresh greenness, budding trees, and bright colored flowers, we find ourselves day dreaming. Such an atmosphere brings back so many memories and plans for the future.

Again we might make a substitution, for aren't we, too, interested in "America's favorite pastime"? We pick up the daily paper to find that it has already been turned to the sports section. We wanted to find out where the home team has been placed after the scores of yesterday, and who pitched that no-hit game for Boston.

Naturally, the Ward-Belmont girl's thoughts turn to clothes—a new spring bonnet or a dress in one of the latest shades; but these things add more than color and brightness to our appearance. They transfer some of their own cheerfulness into our personalities and stimulate our mental attitude after the dreary months of winter.

But there is something deeper in our feelings toward spring. We realize that this is symbolic of our own lives. We are in the spring of life. Will we be like Sir Lancelot and wait until autumn to attain our goal? How can we make autumn a real harvest time? What lies ahead—June and graduation, later another college, but then what is there in store for us? We must use this time to think and plan.

In spring a young girl's fancy turns toward thoughts of life and hope——

RETROSPECTION

The clod of earth I stepped upon
Crumbled again to sand;
The grains ignored my hearty grasp,
And trickled through my hand.
High hopes my heart was set upon
Crumbled again to earth;
I tried to grasp the plan of things,
But couldn't learn their worth.

—SHIRLEY MCCULLAR, College, '40.

Oklahoma--Oklahoma, Fairest Daughter of the West

MARTHA ROACH, *College*, '41

You are getting to be a big girl now! You're almost 33 years old. In fact, on November 16 of this year you will celebrate that very momentous occasion.

But your exciting history goes back much farther than any thirty-odd years. For wasn't it fifty-one years ago that you were opened for settlement by the white man? Imagine, you've known the white man's culture for only half a century! What progress you have made in that time!

From a prairie with trackless waste and brush, and woods and teepees you have emerged from your chrysalis in a short span of time to become a place of towers, domes, cities and lofty heights. The time has passed very quickly, but you, dear state of whom we are so proud, have taken in your stride each new discovery and made it useful to your own people.

Who would have thought that those campsites and tents so hastily put up on the night of April 22, 1889, would become the foundation of a great and growing capital, and a host of many other prospering metropolises? What has been responsible for your rapid growth? Why, my fair state, you, as well as hundreds of thousands of other inhabitants in this land of plenty, know that the key to the success of your growth has been that black-gold found deep in the bowels of the earth. Yes, so deep, that sometimes men have given up their hope and even their lives in trying to obtain it. And yet, some easily secure this elusive substance. Oil has been the secret of your amazing success—oil, the maker of towns and the builder of fortunes. Yes, oil was as much a benefactor to you as gold was to California. So, you were enlarged and your success has been assured! But this precious liquid cannot last forever. What can you do when there are no more wells to tap in order that we may obtain this necessity?

The answer is simple. Oklahoma, you are undaunted. Your people have the courage and the fine ideals to turn to some other industry. You were not overcome by the obstacles that beset you at every hand in the beginning of your journey, so why should you allow this to daunt your spirit?

You are proud of your native sons who have made their niche in the Hall of Fame—proud of what they have done, and of what they represent. We love your institutions of learning, not because they offer high education to a few, but because they are accessible to all. Friendliness is your main asset. You have not acquired any airs, you speak with no decided accent, you have no great ancestral heritage, except that you have inherited the finest space on God's green earth.

Dust storms, drought, cold and heat may come and go, destroying everything you have built up, but never fear; you will simply pick up the broken particles, patch them up as well as possible, and take up where you were when disaster overtook you. Your name is already renowned and as you have shown so much progress in the past fifty years, will you not pass all expectations in the next fifty?

"In ole Oklahoma,
Beneath the Western sky,
I've lived there up to now, pal,
I'll live there 'till I die."

Waiting

HELEN MCMANUS, *College*, '40

As Bill Markham stood on the platform waiting for the train, his mind wandered back over the months which had elapsed since he had seen Margaret. Cold shivers ran up and down his spine when he remembered the night he had met her. She was with a tall brunette football player who contrasted with her blond loveliness. She was dressed in a white frivolous net affair, that made her look like a comet dancing across the floor.

It was then that Bill had drawn the mental note that here was the girl for him, here was the girl he wanted to marry. She was all that he had ever dreamed of—; he wasn't able to forget about her. He remembered their first date, and to think, he had been reluctant about asking her for fear she wouldn't consider just an ordinary picnic.

In the distance he heard the train whistle—would it never come any nearer? He glanced at his watch and paced up and down the platform.

He became less restless as his mind wandered back to that day in church when he had spelt out the words "I love you," with the aid of a hymnal. Disaster threatened when old and very pompous Mrs. Chitterbottom had seen them and had gone to Margaret's mother with the story. He laughed to himself as he imagined the conversation which had taken place:

"Yes, Mrs. Chitterbottom, I realize that Margaret is going with the Markham boy, but I am sure it is not serious."

"I know, Mrs. Kutter, but it might get serious. You know well enough that that boy does not have a cent, and his family is certainly not the best."

"Mrs. Chitterbottom, I feel perfectly certain that I can take care of my daughter—"

Mrs. Chitterbottom had left in a huff.

Bill remembered the talk with Mr. Kutter, when he had asked for Margaret's hand. They had figured and cut corners and finally decided that two could live on the salary of one.

He remembered the small, quiet wedding in Margaret's home. She was that same comet standing beside him clad in white satin. He quivered when he heard her say, "Until death do us part" and knew that theirs would be a permanent marriage. Their eyes met, acknowledging that they would love each other until the end.

He was becoming more impatient as he stood waiting for the train—the train which was bringing her home. To the home she loved! In the house he could see the many little touches which were her handiwork. There were the flow-

(Continued on page 17)

Flambeau

NANCY DEENE, *College*, '41

Naturally everyone has read hundreds of horse stories, tales of courage, of tragedy, of endurance, of speed, and of intelligence: but this tale is different. This is a tribute to a fine horse who had but one flaw. He was an outlaw. In a fit of justifiable anger he had mechanically struck out with his small razor-sharp hoofs at a cruel, inhuman half-breed Indian, who certainly deserved such a violent death. I suppose this event could mark the beginning of Flamebeau's renegade existence. Henceforth, he was always on the alert, ready to race madly off towards the foothills with the pursuing riders galloping dangerously near.

Before Flamebeau's outlaw days began I had known him as the prize stallion on my boss' ranch. His beauty was the origin of many exaggerated tales, some of which were probably true. The one I believe, or like to believe, was that he was descended from Spanish thoroughbreds left behind in Mexico by Cortez. He had the identical characteristics of those beauties, the tapering proud neck, the trim, small, pointed ears. He had large black-onyx eyes, and the powerful, but clean-cut legs and body of a thoroughbred. I cannot begin to describe the perfection of this horse. The distinguishing feature of his unreal beauty was the shiny, flame-colored coat with magical dancing highlights flickering over his satin-like skin. In all ways he was an ideal specimen of sculptured perfection.

Besides this beauty, speed and endurance, Flamebeau had an uncanny intelligence. He was not viciously mean, but he was playful and gay in a very "cock-sure" manner. Perhaps this characteristic is the thing that attracted such a man as Bart Johnson, the meanest man, white or Indian, I have ever crossed the street to avoid. His reputation for brutal, spiteful treatment to men and animals could not be equaled north of the Rio. I suppose I should be sorry Flamebeau killed this half-breed Bart when the man tried to "rough-ride" him, but I cannot help feeling that Bart Johnson got only what he had deserved for too long a time. The unfortunate incident took but a few seconds, but it unleashed a terrible struggle between Flamebeau and men. This contest deeply troubled me. It was not right. Flamebeau loved men, most men, but he had to become a hunted enemy because he was an outlaw. His alertness was no longer a game. It became his livelihood. His superior speed and strategy was his only chance for freedom and life.

Perhaps my curiosity or perhaps my longing to see this shining red-orange streak drew me on my first searching party for him. I had no intention of helping them capture him; I went because I wanted to see him in his new role of "outlaw". I wanted to see if all those stories of the super-horse were true. They were. I found this out much sooner than I had planned; for suddenly, out of a near-by water hole pranced a beauty sheathed in glistening gold. Instantly the chase was on. Madly and recklessly we dashed after the desperate stallion. We used every trick known to capture a wild horse, but none of them had the slightest success. After several hours of this killing pace we were forced either to find a better method of capturing the clever horse or to return home empty-handed again. At this point we were about ready to turn back, but suddenly we entered a small valley, walled in on three sides, with only one entrance through which we had just come. A trap! There was no way of escape this time. With a terrible sinking feeling I watched the men slowly close in on Flamebeau. At first the stallion made no movement, but he watched their crawling approach. Without any warning he suddenly raced straight for the nearest rider and horse. Everyone was too surprised to attempt to lasso or even to yell a warning. Just before the inevitable collision the stallion swerved to the left and headed determinedly and triumphantly for the mouth of the canyon. His escape might have gone on smoothly if one quick-thinking rider had not recovered in time to toss the writhing lasso over Flamebeau's beautiful head. This hissing, snake-like rope tightened around his proud neck and threw him to his knees. With one last despairing effort the stallion scrambled to his feet and made one more lunge. No rope could stand such great pressure. It broke in the center, and the arrogant horse dashed off once more free from men.

Since that day I have not seen Flamebeau, but stories of his other escapades come back to the ranch. Lately there have been no exciting tales of Flamebeau. Some men say he is dead, some say he did not really exist; but I believe he has gone back to his beloved hills far away from the haunts of men. I no longer worry about his being captured. He is too clever and too powerful for us and our inferior horses. Flamebeau will never again be tamed, but perhaps his sons some day will gallop over the grasslands around this ranch.

BETTY GRASSHOPPER'S BALL

(Continued from page 7)

on far into the hours, and ended only when the drooping stars forecast the coming day. Betty, by this time, had become tired and dropped to rest on her couch.

The next day the newspapers were filled with accounts of the party. They were so beautiful that they became a monument to Betty Grasshopper for posterity. It is a pity that Betty will never give another ball, but there will be many more just as long as there are grasshoppers.

BEST MEMORY

I remember a song, in a moon-shadowed place,
And a whispering voice, and a dream-shadowed face,
Where the pines were conversing in sighs overhead.
I remember a song, to a fingered guitar,
In a wood that was silent, and silver, and far
From the houses where others were dreaming in bed,
While my love, I remember, was dreaming awake.
But, since then, I forget, did a heart really break?

—ELEANOR TAYLOR, High School, '41.

Foreigners

BETTY CURTISS, *College*, '41

Foreigners to me are a curiosity. The mere sight of a ten-gallon hat and spurs excites me. What does *foreign* mean to me? Should Westerners be classed under that title? To me any tongue that varies from the Davidson County drawl is foreign—whether it be a Western rolled *wull*, a German *ya*, a clipped Eastern *ruf* (roof), even a damyankee *crick* awakes a lethal desire to know the owner of the tongue. I don't look upon outsiders as invaders, but as human beings rather shy and lost in Church Street traffic. I want to know them—their customs and habits. I want to know whether they believe in the presidential third term, or share-cropper relief; whether they like peppermint ice-cream, or Ipana tooth-paste. Under their sunburned skin and mustaches, foreigners all have the same hopes and desires. They think the same thoughts and believe the same creed as we do even though their means of expression differ.

My next door neighbors are Germans. I remember how fascinated I was when they moved here from their native Strasbourg. I used to watch the decoration of their tiny fir Christmas tree with candles. The simplicity of that starry tree compared to our flashing electrically lighted one as garishly as a great cathedral compares to a tent revival meeting. Instead of hanging stockings from the mantelpiece, this family placed wooden shoes outside the door for *Kris Kringle* to fill. Those customs seemed very strange to me, and I couldn't understand their significance, but gradually I realized that though they have different customs at Christmas, their purpose in celebrating is the same as ours.

That cowboy with the ten-gallon hat and a "yippee" is a foreigner. He lives on the plains and wide open spaces. His surrounding environment is different, and biology says: "Environment has a marked effect upon the structure and the behavior of living things."[1] That influence is strong enough to make a different race of people—a race of Westerners with the undying courage and spirit of their pioneer ancestors. That race seems strange in their talk and habit. One must delve deep to find the weave that identifies them as being cut from the same warp and woof of divinity as we are.

True of New Englanders also. Their cold, polite manners and cold light bread seem almost affected. With their straight and vertical beliefs, they appear like a fresh stalk of corn against our horizontal watermelon-vine ways. Their true natures are deeply hidden in a shell—as a snail is hidden—and must be drawn out by the thread of understanding and friendliness.

But damyankees are an entirely different subject! I'm not a Confederate fanatic. I clap enthusiastically when *Dixie* is played, and I feel like booing Sherman in *Gone With the Wind*, but I do not have an inborn hate of Northerners. I do not speak of Northern gentlemen and gentlewomen who are refined and mannerly—but of the brand *Yankees*. Of course, underneath their front of braggadocio Yankees are human, too (I guess), but they can be the stubbornest, the most determined race on earth. That is an attribute to their characters—that gumption to stand up for what they think is right, but they don't have to stand on our feelings! In their natural home, they're fine and easy-going just as long as they have their own way—but they can't be transplanted! Just try to be a Southern belle with a Yankee and you will have a battle on your hands. I wonder why it is that they can't understand us? Maybe they are born with a bit of hard, black Ohio soil in their marrow-bones, or maybe it's the flat, rolling, unchanging plains of Illinois that they are born with—but it's something! Something you can't take out—and don't want to. It is a brand burned upon all mankind—Germans, Southerners, Easterners, Westerners—the brand of brotherhood. We must all have a dash of Yankee determination, a teaspoon of Eastern reserve, a tablespoon of Western pioneer spirit, a gallon of Southern friendliness, and a peck of tradition from our next-nation neighbors to make the world go around. We can't escape from that bond of brotherhood—though the chain seems weak sometimes, but if we search with Cyclops' eyes it will be found binding us all (even damyankees) to the creed of brotherly love.

[1]Strausbaugh and Weimer, *General Biology*, IX, p. 270.

WAITING

(Continued from page 15)

ered pink draperies in the living room which she had made because—well, because, as she put it, "We've just got to save money. You never know when there might be some little people coming to our house to stay." He remembered the ink which he had spilt on the dining room rug—glory! she had almost lost her temper over that. But now she was coming home.

Theirs had been a perfect marriage, nothing to mar it until one day when he had received a telephone call at the office. It was a voice he did not recognize; an urging voice which threw him into a panic and sent fear to the bottom of his heart:

"Come home quickly, your wife is very ill—." Bill did not wait for the rest of the message. When he reached home, there was an ambulance standing in front of the house; white clad internes were moving rapidly here and there. Margaret was lying on the ambulance chair being wheeled out. She was white, and her whole body was shaking with a racking cough.

He remembered the horror of that hospital room when the doctor had told him that Margaret had T. B.—the only hope they held for her was a trip to the West to recuperate. She had gone and Bill had saved enough to pay for her hospital bills,—but now she was coming home. There had been daily letters telling him what to do to the house and reminding him to hire a maid, to water her gardenia bush—little things which were so much a part of her and had meant so much to her—but now she was coming home.

The train finally pulled into the station. Bill moved slowly down past the Pullmans, past the coach and the chair-car to the baggage car where some men were solemnly unloading a little black box, a casket. Yes, she was at home and surely she was happy now.

Place of Great Hills

ELIZABETH MACKS, *College*, '40

Staunch and observant, he grips his wheel, faces into the storm, and steers out to sea—the Gloucester Fisherman. Symbol of the Old Bay State, he stands as a monument to the men that go down to the sea in ships, the hardy fishermen who have been responsible for so much of Massachusetts wealth and romance.

Every school child is familiar with the history of this great Commonwealth —how King James of England said of the Puritans, "I will make them conform or I will harry them out of the land", how these independent churchmen would not be coerced, how they sailed from their homes in the inadequate "Mayflower"; how they landed at Plymouth Rock in December, 1620, how they continued to maintain their rights as freeborn Englishmen; how they cried, "No taxation without representation"; how they sent Paul Revere to warn "every middlesex, village, and farm"; how they "fired the shot heard round the world"; how they gave us Nathan Hale whose only regret was that he had but one life to give for his country; how they commissioned their merchant ships in 1812 as privateers and so raised a navy more potent than that of England; and how they were instrumental in the Abolition Movement and the subsequent freeing of the slaves.

Situated as the state is on the magnificent Massachusetts Bay with the long arm of Cape Cod reaching back, as it were, toward the Old England for which the New was named, its numerous coves and harbors form a scenic beauty unexcelled. Its pine-covered Berkshire Hills in the western part of the State equal in grandeur the mountains of eastern New York State. Its rushing, rocky, unnavigable little rivers are worthy of the greatest landscape painter. And its yachting races off Marblehead are surpassed by no other sporting event. Viewed from afar, the white sails of the yachts are reminiscent of the old masted schooners that sailed so bravely from Boston, Salem, New Bedford, and Nantucket in the golden days before the invention of the ironclad steamship.

The Commonwealth has always been primarily an urban one, for the rocky land with its thin topsoil is unsuited to agriculture. As early as 1788, a cotton mill was set up at Beverly, that valiant little city just across the bay from Salem. This mill, incidently, was the first one to be installed anywhere in the country. In fact, at Rowley in Essex County, now a part of Boston, the first attempt at a woolen mill ever to be made was made here in 1643. Since then, the cities of Lawrence and Lowell on the Merrimac River and Fall River, on the Taunton have utilized water power for the textile factories which have been so profitably established there; and it is even said that the Merrimac River turns more factory wheels than any other river in the world. At Lynn and Haverhill have been set up the now famous shoe concerns which are synonomous with the names of those cities . . . not forgetting the Waltham Watch Company in the city of that name. But in spite of the factories, some farming is carried on. Hay, apples, and surprisingly enough, tobacco are the chief crops, although the greatest agricultural revenue comes from dairying. It is, however, in fishing and the taking of seafood that Massachusetts leads the world.

Nor need Massachusetts be ashamed of her other firsts: the first printing press in America, set up at Cambridge in 1639; the first university in the country, founded in 1636 and named "Harvard"; the first formal newspaper in the colonies, the "Boston News Letter", printed in April, 1704, and preceded in 1690 by the journal "Public Occurances"; the first manufacturing of India rubber goods in 1833 at Roxbury; the first two-chamber legislature in America, formed in 1644 by the division of the general court, that body which met four times yearly under the charter of the Massachusetts Bay Company to form the laws of the colony; the first subway in America, opened in Boston in 1898 (Boston is the city where one goes *up* to take the subway, *down* to take the elevated, and the surface cars run on all three levels!); and about the earliest laws for the founding and maintenance of public grammar schools.

And many are the literary persons who can claim Massachusetts for their birthplace: Louisa May Alcott of the charming *Little Women* and *Little Men;* James Russell Lowell of the *Biglow Papers*; Oliver Wendell Holmes of the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*; Nathaniel Hawthorne of the *House of Seven Gables*; William Wadsworth Longfellow of the *Tales of a Wayside Inn;* Edward Everett Hale of the *Man Without a Country*; Benjamin Franklin of *Poor Richard's Almanack*; William Cullen Bryant of *Thanatopsis*; Edgar Allen Poe of the *Fall of the House of Usher*; Henry David Thoreau of *Walden*; Ralph Waldo Emerson of *Essays*; and James Greenleaf Whittier of *Snowbound.*

But it is for her ships and her sailors that Massachusetts will ever be remembered. Her lads sailed farther and faster than any other lads in the world. Her square-rigged, tall-masted clipper ships touched at more ports in the course of their voyages than did any other ships in the world. Her holds brought back more treasures from the Indies, from China, and from the South Seas than did any other holds in the world. And today, her Gloucester Fisherman, with his far-seeing eyes and well-worn sou'wester, with his oilskins and boots, with his firm grip on the wheel and his face toward the storm and the open sea, her Gloucester Fisherman stands as an ever-present reminder of those days when no port was too distant, no storm too fierce, no challenge too daring for the ships and the sailors of the Old Bay State.

THE MAID

She scorned
All that was hard to look upon;
She drank
All that was sweet to drink;
She loved
All she knew.
Little breezes
Kissed her lips as they blew;
They loved her, too!

—SARA MCCULLOUGH, College, '41.

Bring Back that Lantern

MARY AILEEN COCHRAN, *College*, '41

Jeeva, the lanky, spotted watchdog, finally gave up barking at the moon, and dropped to sleep. That moon—full, slightly veiled with fog and clouds of transparent thickness—was enough to make any hound bark, but the general atmosphere of drowsiness at last overwhelmed even Jeeva. The stillness was disturbed only by the noisy snoring from the house.

Suddenly this pattern of inky black silhouettes against the gleam of moonlight was altered by a rapidly approaching horse and rider. The horse became a heaving, foamy silhouette as the rider dashed to the house, shouting a harsh command. "Hey, there—get up! Get up! The ————." His words were drowned out by three imperative knocks on the door, at which Mistress Bunning stumbled down the narrow staircase, night-cap on head, lantern in hand. She fumbled with the noisy lock and sleepily peered out at the bold intruder.

"Well, what do you want?"

"Your lantern, m'am. You see, the ————"

She slammed the door indignantly and began to fasten the latch, muttering about the manner in which some people conduct themselves when under the influence of alcoholic beverage.

"I'm in no such condition, Mistress Bunning, and furthermore, the British are coming!"

Mistress Bunning opened the door again to be sure she has heard correctly. She procured a better look at the midnight visitor and—"Why, if it isn't Paul Revere! My land-a-sakes! How's your little girl, Britta? You say she's ill? What can I do?" she rattled.

"No, ma'am, she's fine, and—but ma'am, what I've been trying to tell you is—the British, not Britta, are coming and, a—well—I hate to ask you, but it's very urgent and I just have to have a lantern. You see, we need one to carry out our plans—as a signal."

"You say the British are coming? Well, well, that's too bad. Tch—tch—oh, yes, here is the lantern, but mind you be careful of it. It means the difference between light and darkness to us."

After bidding him "goodnight" she firmly latched the door and was fumbling up the narrow staircase, now void of all illumination, when she hurriedly stumbled to the door, remembering something.

At the rapidly vanishing form of horse and rider she screamed, "Be sure and bring back that lantern, Mr. Revere!"

Poor Mr. Revere faintly heard the far-flung command, cursed and dug his heels into the horse's flanks. Utterly exasperated at the strange proportions with which women view such matters of importance, he rode on to the next home, hoping for a better receptance and another lantern.

Yes, Mr. Revere returned that lantern, after it had had a busy and significantly eventful night—"one by land and two by sea"—without a single scratch or dent, but with the experience of a wonderful story hidden within its melted candle.

THE TOUCHSTONE

Whenever Fortune smiles at you,
It's easy to return the grace;
But when her looks are all disdain,
What thoughts are mirrored in your face?
For 'tis those thoughts that tell us true
The heart and soul that's really "you."
There's a standard pattern that all go by
When featured thus, words can't belie
The feelings seething just below the surface
Where they dare not show.
The scornful look impatience spells;
Unreasoning, no calm though quells.
In the eyes' bright, cruel gleam
There is a devil to be seen;
And from those lips such quick words dart
That pierce with pain some tender heart.
The test you pass is not the day
That Dame Luck deigns to walk your way,
But on a day when Fortune frowns,
And you can smile her fury down.

—SHIRLEY MCCULLAR, College, '40.

WISCONSIN

Shimmering streams and grassy plains,
Rolling hills and waving grain;
Moonlight rides on a tranquil lake,
Or a thrilling regatta. There's no mistake—
It's Wisconsin.

Silvery backs of rainbow trout
Forever allay the angler's doubts.
A nature lover's dream of love
Comes true in her forests forever more
In Wisconsin.

Winter brings snowy hills to ski
And the Frost King's work—great to see.
Frozen lakes are the skater's fun.
Is there another that has outdone
Our Wisconsin?

As an exile from home, I raise my voice
To hail my state and my heart's dear choice—
My Wisconsin.

—JOAN GRUBB, High School, '42.

THE GREATER GLORY

The loveliest songs
Have never been sung;
Only hearts speak them,
And never the tongue.
The most beautiful lives
Can never be known,
For those lives have been given
To that smaller world, "home."
There are men who are praised
For the kindness they've shown,
But more generous souls
Have their greatness unknown.
So don't be misled
By the crowd's praise or blame,
For the bravest of souls
Are not destined for fame.

—SHIRLEY MCCULLAR, College, '40.

MONOTONY

How slim and daintily she stands,
Holding out her thin white hand,
Looking as if she wants to say
How tired she gets
Standing all day
On her bit of painted grass!
. . . . This little Dresden doll.

—ELVA THOMPSON, College, '41.

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TO THE NEW GIRLS

ANN VAUGHAN–*High School '42*

The years you spend to educate
Your minds in this our school,
Will be a few most happy ones
If you abide the rules.
The blue book may an ogre seem,
With warnings here and there,
But it takes no farsightedness
To see that they are fair.
Ward-Belmont teachers as a whole
You'll find are reasonable;
Cooperation is their theme;
So classes can't be dull.
The friendships made while staying here
Are precious to possess;
So take advantage of our gifts
And you will pass the test.
Ward-Belmont girls all o'er the earth
Its praises sing to you,
And hope its detriments fore'er
Will always be so few.

Let's Make The World "Safe for Democracy"

SUE WILSDORF—*College* '40

Johnny, get your gun, let's go to war! Let's run over to Europe and fight. Let's march the boys over to countries that we helped in the glorious World War 1, countries that showed their deep appreciation by using their money and resources to prepare for another great war, money that some of our misguided citizens thought they should have paid their war debts with. But how unimportant are tax-burdened citizens in comparison with machine guns and air bombers that will help get rid of surplus population. So let's go and again help save the world for democracy. Of course, they have no democracy, but they are saving democracy for the world. Do you realize that fighting a war, saving the world for democracy, is a means of enlightening the future generations?

And, in this world of democracy, why shouldn't people look at the future? There is a future in war, you know. A future of high taxes, lost homes, a score or more of millionaires, and millions of poverty striken people. For this reason, we should go to war now, and spend our future in the breadline, or better still, in the grave. That's our future if we go to war, and whether the "right" people lose, or win, why our future will be bright and shiny because it will be polished with selfishness, bitterness, crookedness, and hatred. Our children will be growing up with a growing-down world.

We live in a world that talks and wants peace, in a democracy that believes that man is not born for happiness; so it encourages war. We say war will bring peace. The peace that war always brings, the peace of men hunting jobs, of children crying for bread! But what else is peace? It is more war because peace gained by war gives the reason for another war. That glorious peace cracy" twenty-two years ago has given us untold peace. The peace that comes at a price. Peace is sold that made the world "safe for demolike a plot of ground. The persons that control it hold it at too high a price. The ones that want to buy it, offer too little. They quibble until it is sold at a sacrifice. One party is unsatisfied, the other, too gloating. Then comes another war.

Oh, another wondrous war! A war that was started on account of peace. A war that will settle the same questions again. In regard to some of the questions, the "right" party says that it will fight 'till the bigoted leader of the other line is crushed. And when he is crushed, they will have a chance to put down other leaders, just like him, who believe that the means justify the end. So what does war gain? Its gain is great. Its gain is suffering, and heartache, and fear. Its gain is sightless eyes, deafened ears, legless and armless men, vacant minds, and best of all a reason to prepare for another greater and more glorious war.

But now, when all the world talks and wants peace why can't there be peace? Some simple-minded people say armed conflict will never produce a victory, but trust, forgiveness, and unselfishness might. Why not try that, why not think peace? Oh, but we want to go to war, don't we?

Yes, mothers, sisters, wives, we say send your sons, brother, and your husbands over there. Send them to make the world again "safe for democracy". Let them go; "they" want to go, we want them to go. And after you kiss them goodbye, you can sit and wait for their letters. And soon you will receive a letter, one that says, "We regret that your boy was trapped in an incinerator, and was cooked to death," or, one quivering moment, "Your son became a churned mass of human fragments." Or you might sit and wait for their home-coming. And soon "they" will come. "They" will come back to life and civilization with a twisted, distorted, choked brain; "they" will come without feet, without hands, without faces, and all because we wanted them to fight for democracy. Children will be orphans, wives will be widows just because "they" went to war, and war put a shell in their heads. Those gay young boys that were once so happy, lie on a stubble field. They are sticky and mottled with blood, and their two wide glassy eyes look up to the sky that they will never see again. Their crushed and scraped heads are wrenched open to let the brains ooze out for the buzzards to eat. Yes, that is war. Not the war we talk and think about, but the war that is. Yet, we are led to the tune of Yankee Doodle right into war. Why? Peace treaties have all backfired, and except for the burdens of war that will rest on the backs of successive generations of innocent Americans, we can call the first World War a noble—but not a great—experiment.

And if we go for a walk in the park, we pass the soldiers of the great World War. Praise, esteem, fortune, respect, gratitude rest lightly on the heroic shoulders. Wouldn't we like to be in their place? They went over and saw the "French dolls"; and they had a high old time. And now, here they are back again. If we were like them, then maybe recognition and remembrance, as they have it, would be ours. Yes, they were thanked, and their thanks for saving the world for democracy are square white slabs that rise from obscurity to stand above their unknown heads.

Thanksgiving for Britain

ELIZABETH GRAVES–*College* '41

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,
This England!"

It was not without feeling that Shakespeare wrote this ode to England in his **Richard II,** and it was not without the same feeling that Marjorie Hunt wrote last Spring. "England has never been more beautiful than I see it now, as I sit in my garden not so far from where the hills of Hampshire meet the downs of Surrey. To me, Spring signifies hope, and my present one is that I may forever enjoy the sweet contentment of looking upon the graces of my country." That England—Shakespeare's sceptered isle and Marjorie's place of contentment, has caused such expressions of thought and deed which will live as long as there is a world.

Marjorie is a young English girl with whom I have been corresponding for some five years. She has willingly abandoned the gentle life to which she has been accustomed, to take her stand along-side the other Englanders, to work, and to fight. Her letters reveal their love for the native soil, their language and their king. This love was also shown in Marjorie's sitting on a curbstone for fourteen hours to catch a better glimpse of "Their Majesties" as they passed in the Coronation procession in 1936.

Recent letters (which she terms epistles because of their length) disclose a marked contrast to those of the past. "My garden," she said in her last one, "is no more. Eleven holding masses of wreckage. In little time, however, our superior RAF pursued and brought down all eleven German planes, attempting to bomb a newly erected airplane factory near my home, succeeded only in leaving our estate in a condition of debris, the trees being leafless skeletons, and the fresh brown earth planes between our St. Michael's Road and the coast. Here I should like to say that it is most comforting to the Empire to feel that she has a loyal friend—America, in whom she has real faith. It is our prayer that this conflict will never involve her sons. We English have as much defense in our hearts as we have in our guns!"

There is significance in this assertion for Americans as well as for Britishers. The saying is no longer 'look into your heart and write', but rather 'look into your heart and fight', for it is now that we are fighting a battle without bullets It is now that unity of thought and action is important. When Abraham Lincoln said, "United we stand; divided we fall," he meant it literally. Here, we use it as a figure of speech — prophetic of the doom to which we direct ourselves if we divide on the affairs of state and the lawful declarations of our leader.

An American has but to observe, and then to conclude that God has bestowed His favor and trust upon us. Would we be ingrates and violate this trust? While no uninvited guest disturbs our tranquil comfort, let us look into our hearts. Americans, and make every day a Thanksgiving day, and let our conscience crush any desires for disloyal dispute.

To The Sun

Golden rays that glow
from Heaven's blush,
Exceeding the flow
of artists' brush
Wondrous joys that chime
o'er scattered scenes,
Lifting soul and mind
to peace and dreams.

JESSIE OSMENT–*College* '41

My Name and Myself

My name has caused me no end of trouble. Now perhaps to the average person, that would seem strange when my name is just plain Jane Elizabeth.

If I had been consulted as to my name, I would have substituted Nance for the Elizabeth; but as I wasn't, there is no need to dwell on that subject. If Ward-Belmont had been consulted, I probably would be Jean or Joan instead of Jane. The whole thing started when I enrolled as a freshman in high school. Somehow the office got my name as Jean and it took me several days to convince them I was plain Jane. It wasn't long after this was settled that I assumed the name Joan. This was caused by a misprint in the **Hyphen.** It really took me about two months to make people understand that I was christened Jane. This, however, lasted only until my senior high school year. My Spanish teacher thought I looked as if my name should be Marie; so she often called me that. This proved very confusing as there was, in the class, another girl named Marie. I also had trouble with my English teacher. She insisted on calling me Millie. I was about to give up when suddenly it all cleared up. I became Jane once again.

Ward-Belmont is not the only place where my name has undergone a change. Mother's friends have a passion for calling me Frances. They seem to think I couldn't be named after anyone other than my mother. To this day I have never corrected this error.

The only consolation I have found was from Shakespeare. The famous quotation "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet" has often been my only ray of hope.

JANE WOODWARD–*College* '42

Going To College

MOZELLE ADAMS—*College '41*

Discouraged by the jostling of the bus, I closed my book and determined to use the time of my trip to school to plan an article for **The Chimes**. I turned the given subjects over in my mind—"Thanksgiving," "My Autobiography," "Going to College" — hmm — "Going to College"—"Going to College"—

I found myself looking into the admiring, brown eyes of a little girl with pig-tails who sat across the aisle from me. "Little girl," I thought, "if I should ask you, you would say that going to college is something wonderful to look forward to. Perhaps you are wishing now that you could be in my place, wear these collegiate clothes, and say and do the things you imagine me saying and doing. You play, no doubt, "College Girls" with your little friends. I know because I used to play it, too. It's fun, isn't it? Now, suddenly, I'm playing the real game.—It's fun, too, but very diffe ent.

"Your mother there beside you, she has been glancing at me and then at you. I wonder if I've guessed what she is thinking? She is hoping that it will be possible for you to play the real game when you are old enough—wondering if they can manage it. She knows what going to college means to a girl. Well, I do too, little girl, and I hope for lady who sat beside me wore an amused expression when I turned to her. She was lively to see. Under the grey hat, her white hair puffed becomingly around her face, the gray velvet band that encircled her neck gave a portly grace to her tiny self. "You went to college a long time ago.," I thought. "And I know you would say to me 'olim meminisse juvabit'—They are such pleasant days, young lady, such pleasant days. Fill them full and store up a her sake and for yours they can send you."

A minister was seated in the little sidewise seat in the front of the bus. His wise, charitable eyes met mine, and I wished that I might ask him for an idea for my article. "Yet I know," I thought, "what he would say to me."—

"Going to college, daughter? Why it is an unlimited privilege. Get wisdom. Get understanding. Get knowlege. The world is crying for each of them. And you, you who are going to college will have the opportunity to supply this de mand. Therefore, it is not trite to say to you, 'Study to show thyself approved'. "

I think I must have nodded my head in solemn agreement with my own imagination, for the little old host of happy memories and your life will be rich and full."

A business man, morning paper in hand, got on the bus and took his seat beside the minister. His contemplative expression made me imagine myself in conversation with him.

"My opinion of going to college?" he would say. "Perhaps I'm no authority—I didn't go, you see. But I'm all for it, young lady. Twenty years in business has taught me the importance of advanced education. But understand, Miss, I favor going to college only for those who are going in earnest, to get everything they can squeeze out of it. I wonder if you realize and fully appreciate what your dad is doing for you by sending you to college? No, I guess you can't yet, but someday you will know. The world you're going to have to help run, young lady, is going to need educated people more than ever before—just look at these headlines. Yes, you can thank your stars that going to college is your privilege and, in that connection, don't forget to thank our forty-eight stars and thirteen stripes for the same privilege."

The bus stopped and Ward-Belmont stood before me with open portals.

The Skyline of a City

ANN FRASHER—*College '42*

I am the skyline of a city. I look upon the world with favor and disdain. I see what many others cannot see—the joys and sorrows in each person's life. I spring from the destinies of many men. I observe the lives of some acquiring power and great wealth; I see the lives of others crushed and stunted until poverty writhes and twists in futile effort to conquer my supremacy. Men look upon my vast horizon and plead with me to give them strength and courage.

I am the realization of great men's dreams. I am a product of the hopes and plans of some, the years of toil and labor spent by others. I grew slowly, higher, higher, a parallel to my country's progress and my people's eagerness to create.

I have an entirely different effect upon each person who gazes up into my lofty heights. The farmer, who has ventured to the city to see for himself the wonders which others have pictured to him in glowing words and phrases, looks at me with pride. He is thrilled by the thought that his fellow men have accomplished such a work of art. Yet, there is a hint of suspicion in his steady gaze. "Who knows," he thinks, "but what these 'city folks' have in some way taken advantage of us? Do they reap all the profits of the wonder of ages?" But I give him no answer, for he must find out for himself.

To the big business man I am the symbol of his highest hopes and dreams. I am his greatest achievement. He looks at me with pleasure and deep contentment and now and then with a touch of irony. Sometimes, standing on a hilltop in the still of the night, gazing on my dusky outline, he thinks, "How futile and unremunerative my life has really been!"

The small news-boy on the corner has known me for many years; I am as much a part of his life as the

(Continued on Page 23)

Mid-West Jamboree

MARY AILEEN COCHRAN—*College* '41

"A town of beards, drunks, dirt streets, old-fashioned clothes, street dances and general merriment!"—a brief description that a passer-by might utter in regard to the celebration that turned Omaha, Nebraska, upside-down and loosened every spirit in the state. "Golden Spike Days" is the term used for the reliving of the driving of the golden spike that united the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads in 1869.

For three whole days every person, from the president of the Union Pacific to the taxi drivers, dressed in the now-queer garb of the 80's. The men carried their dress to the "nth degree" with the growth of beards and side-burns. Poke-bonnets and long, full skirts—made stiff and ungainly by numerous petticoats—were the main dress of women and girls. It was an odd sight to see the governor's wife standing next to the colored maid—in identical dresses.

Several blocks of the main streets were shut off from traffic and covered with dirt. Horses and carriages were the only vehicles permitted on them. The town was further antiquated by means of "false fronts"—the covering of modern fronts of buildings with old boards and signs. For instance—a drug store was decorated to look like a tavern of the 80's (which edifices were as numerous as drug stores are today). Parking meters were replaced by hitching posts on these streets.

Behind this huge celebration is a historical event of great significance, not only to Omaha, not only to the state of Nebraska, but to the nation. This is the story of a railroad that affected the lives of everyone in Omaha, directly or indirectly. The Union Pacific railroad attracted all kinds of Omaha men. What touched the railroad touched them—to the quick. Fortunate promotors of the railroad were citizens of this the "fount of every blessing." A lobbyist was asked, "How much of Nebraska's greatness do you attribute to the Union Pacific?" "I might say all of it," he replied. When Nebraska became a state the first two representatives that were sent to Washington were "citizens" of the railroad, and were called "Union Pacific" senators.

Finally this railroad was finished. The Great Day had come, signifying the completion and union of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads. The place of meeting was Promontory Point, Utah. On the tenth, "in a flat valley, bare except for sage brush and a sprinkling of scrub cedars—with the uninvited world, save the circling buzzard, shut out," final ceremonies occurred. A tie of California laurel bound with silver was laid down, and a golden spike and silver hammer were brought to the tracks.

Preacher Todd of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, gave the blessing. Every part of the ceremony was reported by wire, and every wire from the east was cleared, via Omaha, for Promontory Point. In Omaha a breathless crowd had assembled. "Hats off," came the message, "prayer is being offered." Then hammer strokes, and finally: "Done!" The transcontinental railroad was completed.

Seventy years later the premiere to the moving picture, "Union Pacific," relived those memorable days in Omaha. Cecil B. Demile, famous director, Barbara Stanwyck, Bob Preston and Brian Donlevy, Hollywood notables and stars of the film, added glamour and excitement to an already high pitch of commotion and gaity. The premiere, at which all of these stars were present, rivaled the largest and most glittering of Hollywood and New York. One newspaper claimed that 20,000 people had gathered in the streets near the theatre, to watch the screen idols leave their cars and enter the theatre. Some people even brought their dinners with them, and waited three and four hours, that they might be sure of having a close view of the stars.

The "morning after the night before,"—the night of the premiere, a huge parade passed throught the streets which were overrunning with anxious, curious people. The progress of the railroad was pictured in a series of floats. Examples of the present-day railroad were shown in contrast. Willian C. Jeffers, president of the Union Pacific, headed the several cars of distinguished persons. (Called "Bill" by his many old friends, Mr. Jeffers, has risen from spike driver on a railroad gang to president of the railroad today.) The other members of the Union Pacific administrative board, the governor, mayor, movie actors and actresses all waved their greeting from the line of parade.

Re-enacting the "marriage" of the two railroads took place the next afternoon in Council Bluffs, Iowa, the "twin city" of Omaha, and only across the river from it. Against a background of incongruous models of one of the first trains and the modern Streamliner, and an enormous Golden Spike, 150 feet in height, "Bill" Jeffers again drove the uniting spike.

This celebration, which was staged for the first time in May, 1939, was so successful and was enjoyed by so many that it has been decided that it should become an annual feature of the Mid-West. In May, 1940, the jamboree was again presented—minus the premiere ('cause premiere means first showing, and that had already taken place), and the driving of the spike. But there were the same beards, drunks, dirt streets, old-fashioned clothes, street dances, and general merriment!

THE PRAYER OF WOMEN

Lord in Heaven,
Giver of gifts to men,
Have compassion
Upon this nation
As we move quickly
To grasp the hand of destiny.

Let us not again
Gallantly forget the stain
Of blood upon disfigured slain,
To whom Death mercifully came.
For all these we bear regret,
Though the dead can forget.
The other torn souls remember yet.

Memories steal forth and lurk
Within the deepest shadows.
Lord, the dead soon grow cold.
We, their women, only grow old.
The dead will soon forget.
We, their women, have only regret.

SARA McCULLOUGH—*College* '41

The Heart's Thanksgiving

MARY GRACE MAJOR—*College '42*

Day broke with a sharp snap on a frosty morning in November. The sun came through and winked on a row of silver-flaked windows set in a long brick building, evidently a dormitory. Indeed, this was a dormitory, but one quite unlike those of the young ladies' boarding schools. On the other side of the windows were stretched double rows of narrow beds, each displaying two tousled young heads still relaxed in sleep. This was a girls' dormitory of an orphanage in a small Southern state. There were assembled the unfortunate orphans, and those orphans whose mothers and fathers no longer cared for them and had left them to the pity and generosity of a machine, the State.

The sun smiled and climbed higher in the morning sky. The frost on the window panes dissolved into tears, flowing down the glass, washing and cleaning the serene away. Inside, the little children began to awaken and stretch lazily in their beds. Today, no bell would ring to awaken them until 8:00, for today was a holiday; this was Thanksgiving Day.

The sun climbed high. With satisfaction the children made their beds, marched to the dining room for breakfast, and then busily went about their morning chores. All was in preparation for the big event of the day—turkey dinner with all the trimmings.

There was also another home, a home filled with lovely furnishings and with all evidences of comfort and plenty. The frost had melted and revealed a lonely bedroom. The walls were painted gaily, the animals and toys were scattered about, but the crib was empty. Once, a tousled head had lain on the embroidered pillow, but had found the world and its diseases too hard to fight; so it had gone home to her spiritual Father. Behind, remained two broken hearts, not yet healed in a year's bereavement.

Thanksgiving Day had dawned in the home of Dan and Joan Matthews, but no spirit of Thanksgiving had dawned in their hearts. Dan held a highly-paid position which enabled him to live with ease and some luxury. Joan managed a well-planned household, which had been, until one year ago, centered about a golden-haired little girl. After the child had left them, they became cynical and excluded from their broken hearts all joy and happiness. They had no room for love and foolish emotion. They faced this day with dread, for Dan, as a board member, had to represent his firm in a beneficent manner at an afternoon assembly program of a local orphanage. Newly appointed, Dan had no idea what he had to gain by listening to such a program.

In our other home, thirty little girls, whose ages ranged from four to ten, helped each other, and with smiling faces trooped into the dining-room, where awaited Thanksgiving Dinner. After bowing their heads and giving thanks in unison, they eagerly attacked the plates of turkey and trimmings. After dinner, they were given candy and nuts, and played games in which shooting wild turkeys with broom handles was the main feature. The face of the clock soon gave a warning that assembly hour was soon to arrive. While the orphaned children prepared to march into the chapel where sat the older students, Dan and Joan Matthews were driving in a cold silence to the small auditorium at which Dan's duty lay.

The small girls entered the chapel, singing a Thanksgiving song, their feet tangling in the long choir robes. The visitors were seated, and all were prepared to listen to the address of a visiting pastor. He delivered an inspiring sermon about the life and hardships of our Pilgrim fathers and their spirit of patriotism and courage. The pastor bowed his head and offered up a prayer; then, as was the custom each year, he called for sentence prayers.

From the choir, a tiny girl's voice spoke, "Dear God, we thank Thee for our good home and food, and we thank Thee for letting us go to school like other children." Another child took up the prayer, "We thank Thee for people to love and for our playmates." On and on, the children spoke, enumerating their blessings. These were many of the things which we are prone to take for granted, but which meant much to these lonely children. Throughout the building, tears were shed unconsciously, washing away smugness and self-satisfaction.

To the young couple, Dan and Joan Matthews, there came, with wonder, the realization that here was something that they had forgotten—here was unselfishness and thankfulness for little things that really make life worthwhile. With clasped hands and tearful eyes, they raised their faces Heavenward, and together re-charted their ship.

Benediction was spoken, Dan Matthews arose, and with fire and interest in his voice, presented to the home a gift from his company. Turning to the choir, composed of the little girls so like his own, he tried to find words to thank them for what their lovely thoughts had done for him. With tears in his eyes, and a "God Bless You," he turned back to his seat. There, in his wife's eyes, he saw a mutual knowledge that their life was just beginning and that they were closer together than ever. Rising, she walked to meet him, and together they left the small building at which they had found the new happiness which now was theirs. The little girls had discovered new friends who were to stand by them and help them for many years. Dan and Joan had learned themselves.

The sun broke through. The long rows of sleeping heads in the dormitory presented unusual light. There, in a play room, were stacked the toys which had been so lonely on a Thanksgiving Day gone past. Today, they were used and battered by loving hands.

The sun shone into another house, the home of the successful young Matthews. The nursery was empty today, much emptier than before, for all the toys were gone, and all that remained was the lovely crib, standing expectantly—just waiting.

The Band Played On

SUZANNE ADDINGTON–*College* '42

I love a parade! I love to hear trumpets blare out flourishes, to hear a cymbal blast, then the brm-m-m bum bum of drums; to hear feet tapping even rhythm on the pavements, and to watch flags and standards and uniforms pass by. The martial strains of a military band send cold chills up and down my spine. Oh, how I love the brilliance and color of soldiers, or a band, or a drum corps on parade. Yes, "hearts are high when the band goes by," and the highest my heart ever was was when I was part of the band going by.

Perhaps, here in a city where parades are frequent, one becomes accustomed to pomp; or even, perhaps themselves become less spectacular and thrilling. But in a small town where there is only one parade a year the heart and soul of the town go to welcome it. Excitement and bustle prevail for weeks ahead of time, and joy and ecstacy reign for weeks afterward. In such an atmosphere I first knew a parade.

One of my earliest recollections is of standing, weary and exhausted from a day of boundless excitement, awaiting the parade that ended, or almost ended, the annual watermelon carnival. The lovely pastel floats with their charming occupants reminded me of a fairy story in technicolor. The clowns and the costumes of the horseback riders enchanted me, but best of all I loved the band which led the parade. How wonderful it must have been to be part of the high school band thus honored; to wear one of those glorious uniforms and to have the admiration of the whole crowded little town. And each year, as I watched them until they were drowned in the brilliance of the oncoming parade, I knew that more than anything else in the world I wanted to be in the band that would lead the carnival parade.

When I was a sophomore in high school I joined a band—our band—for it represented our school and our town. How I adored those uniforms with their royal blue coats, their white trousers, and their gold buttons! It was a good band, everybody said so. We won honors in state contests, we gave concerts, we were invited on trips, and best of all we marched in many parades. Oh, how grand it was when we won those medals for perfection, because they looked so impressive when we paraded!

I loved the band and I worked for it. Hours and hours I stood in line practicing when my feet burned and back ached from standing at attention. But it was pleasant work; I was part of the band that would lead the carnival parade. Just one thing marred my happiness. The carnival was in the summer, and I spent my summers away from home. But that first summer it wasn't so bad, for an out-of-town band was to lead the parade. And next summer I would be at home.

But things don't always work out the way we plan, and before the next carnival parade I had moved from my little town and entered school at Ward-Belmont. My band days were over. I was going home for the carnival, as I had planned, but I would stand again on the street and watch the band go by. I would see my schoolmates, and my colors, and my rank go by, leading with splendor the parade I so desired to lead. And I would cheer them, but nobody would know how disappointed I was not to be one of them.

It was wonderful to see everyone again, and in the joy of reunion, I almost forgot the band. That is, until I saw the director! Suddenly she asked me if I would like to march with the band in tomorrow's parade. I couldn't believe my ears. My dream was coming true!

The next day the trumpets blared their flourishes, the drums began their rolls, and the parade was ready to start. Feet began marking time, then marching, and the band came down the street amid the cheers and acclaimations of the crowd. And one heart from out that band will echo those cheers, and those drums, and the rhythm of those feet until it beats no more.

One Way to Do It

Of the few boys who comb their hair at all, there are two distinct types: first, the ones who are compelled; and then, those who do it of their own accord. A shining example of type A is found in practically every family. Now type B is very rare except when there is a **jeune fille** or something of the utmost importance. Since rare things are usually most interesting and unbelievable, we'll take type B and call him "Percy".

Percy—as you may have concluded—is a bit of a sissy or, as some would prefer to call him, a ladies' man. He needs no entreaty from his mother to retire to the bathroom to comb his hair—oh, no—Percy has probably been there at work for a whole five minutes. It takes him quite a while to perform the ritual of combing his wavy, well-'macassared" locks. A full half-hour before some important engagement he rushes, armed with comb, brush, and too sweet smelling hair oil that most Percys use, to the space before an unoccupied mirror.

Now the struggle for supremacy begins, supremacy over the unruly cow-licks. First, he places a towel around his thin, noticeably padded shoulders, then he tilts his head to a precise angle. Next, he tips the bottle, and the thick, clouded fluid slides onto his head. Now the hair must be parted, an extremely tedious procedure. Before the part is completed, however, Percy feels the need for some amusement and, why not, for he has been working for ages to get his hair in condition to comb. So he impersonates Hitler, with a lock over one eye; then, of course, the symphony orchestra leader with his flowing hair is next. When Percy has made the part, he must start brushing to make his "crowning glory" shine all the more. Each bit of hair must be in its exact position and the wave must have that certain slant. "Well," Percy thinks, "I guess that will knock them cold but is that part really straight?" In deep thought he considers the reflection on the mirror. "Why, I do believe I'm getting whiskers—!" Here and now is the time Percy must be called by his mother—not to start but to stop combing his hair.

JANE BARTON–*College* '42

Millie

MARGARET BURK—*High School* '42

Millie, the new addition to our family, togged along at my heels as I crossed the street to borrow some sugar from a neighbor one cold windy day in late September. Millie was the happiest-go-lucky, friendliest pup in the neighborhood and never missed an opportunity to make a visit. She was always in good spirits and full of fun. Her habitual greeting was to jump upon your knee and beg for petting and caressing. Her day was spent in eating, loafing, wandering and dozing in the warm, noon-day sunshine. There was nothing she enjoyed more than to have her back and her chest scratched. She looked like any mongrel and might have been called a Heinz dog—you know, 57 varieties. She had the usual long, silky, black-and-white spotted hair that authors inevitably endow dogs with, and beautiful eyes; but in other respects her inheritance was not so fortunate. Her ears and tail were her crowning glory, for both were long, glossy and plumed.

Daddy did his best to keep her decent and respectable looking but with little success. It was his weekly chore to run Millie down and bathe her. After a wild scramble to catch Millie in between chairs, sofa, tables and the kitchen stove, he would lather her well with sudsy flea-soap and top her off with a cold rinse and a dash of bluing. Sunday she would be the "object of our affections" and very much the center of attraction. We would all talk "baby" talk to her while petting, stroking and patting her. The next day would find her as sooty and dirty as ever. It was then she would return to her true role of neighborhood scape-goat and ragamuffin.

I had forgotten all about Millie as I recrossed the street till I heard a heart-rending, horrible scream of pain and agony. The motor car sped on; but Millie dragged her battered, crushed, little body to the curb. It was too late to save her. She rolled her large, fine, expressive eyes towards me in a final appeal. Life was fading swiftly as she vainly gasped for breath. With one last, desperate, convulsive heave of her sides, she lay still. Her once beautiful eyes were glazed and unseeing. Nevermore would she be happy and frolicsome. No more would we enjoy vigorous walks. Never would I feel the touch of her hot, wet tongue. Her graceful, soft tail had wagged its last. Her cheerful bark would be only a memory. Time seemed to stop, and I was unaware of noise or voices.

Millie was buried under a dogwood tree in a vacant lot, but the memory of her affection lives on.

Barnegat Fishermen

MARGARET SANGREE—*High School* '41

Of all my memories, the most treasured are those connected with my early summer vacations at Barnegat City. This is a tiny Norweigen fishing village on the New Jersey coast. Although I have never been back since I was six, I have quite vivid recollections of the people there.

One thing I loved was to visit the fish docks. The soil was black and smelly, but the wharves themselves were enchanting places. There was never a dull moment, for people were always coming and going. Around seven-thirty or eight in the morning, the big husky fishermen would come into the harbor from their morning's fishing in their white power boats, dragging behind them a long boat heaped to the gun'ales with silvery masses of fish. When a boat chugged in, a man would mysteriously appear from nowhere to catch the pointer of the boat and fasten her. Then scoop-nets full of flopping, squirming fish would be tossed into enormous wooden barrels and weighed. The fist, the wharves, the boats, and the fishermen themselves would be covered with the hard, almost transparent fish scales, and would smell strongly of the tangy salt water and air.

For some of the fishermen, the catch would be lobsters. These dark-green or greenish-blue, wicked-looking sea monsters would be quickly thrown into barrels by the fishermen, who were expert in handling them. Never once did I see anyone caught by the lobster claws.

Toward the end of the season, there were neither fish nor lobster brought back by the sailors; only the heavy, gray nets. Greatly burdened down, the ships would creep into the harbor looking like grey ghosts. These big nets were then spread on every available flat space on the island to dry in the sun. Every square inch of net was then carefully scrutinized; every tead was patiently mended for next year's use.

In the evening, when there no longer was light for work, the village was quite another place. No more were the wharves the center of bustling activity, for play time had arrived. Night after night the old friends and young friends would assemble outside one another's houses. Old Axel would play the accordian, old Daukon the fiddle, while the young people danced. They performed the old folk dances of Norway, and square dances, boisterous, wild and gay. They danced to the old Norwegian tunes accompanied by the stamping of many feet and the clapping of many hands. When one couple dropped out, exhausted, another would fill the vacant space. At the close of the evening, old, loved songs were sung in the native tongue.

I'll never forget what a treat it always was to be allowed to stay up late and be present at one of these parties; to be twirled in the air by the strong, jovial dancers, and to be allowed to try to play the accordian while the whole village laughed.

Working in the daytime or playing at nightfall, the fishermen never failed to absorb my entire interest. How could I forget Barnegat?

"God Bless America"

BARBARA GREENWOOD *High School* '43

We left "Den Haag" at six o'clock the morning of Sept. 3, going by taxi to Rotterdam. It was a beautiful morning and the ride was most enjoyable. Arriving at the dock, we took a small antiquated cattle boat, "The Princess Juilenna." There were three hundred passengers; so naturally there wasn't much room to sit down. After loading the luggage we finally started. For the first few hours everything went smoothly; then we lost one of the few life boats and broke the rudder.

At five o'clock we arrived at Flushing, where we were to be met by the "WESTERNLAND." Six o'clock came and still no boat! Seven, eight, nine o'clock dragged on. At ten, much to our surprise, we saw the lights looming from the ship coming toward us. It looked like a huge floating palace. We got on board and had dinner, our first for all day; then to bed to spend the first of many sleepless nights.

Half way across the English channel we were ordered by two British battleships to stop. The officers boarded our boat to search while the men in the boats watched us with huge rifles in their hands. We wondered what was happening, since it was most unusual to stop a big ship in the middle of her course. They replied to the effect that **WAR** had been declared. Since we were carrying a great many German refugees they wanted to question every one, in order that they might gain information about the Germans. By the time this was over it was almost dark. As they were responsible for our safety, they decided to take us where we would surely be safe, in case of any German bombers. So with an escort of two battle ships we were taken to a small cove and obliged to keep a complete blackout.

Every one went to bed except about eight of us who knew we could not possibly sleep. Aware of the acute danger we were in, we wanted to miss nothing. We took our deck chairs up to the top deck and slept a little when we could.

At daybreak the next morning, when our motors were started, we proceeded into Southampton. There we picked up four hundred refugees. We were ready to start when the engineers, cooks, waiters, and crew went on strike. We were carrying four hundred over our capacity; so naturally all the crew had been driven out of their regular quarters and obliged to sleep as best they could, down in the hold with all the rats and other animals, while the company made a great deal of money selling their places. Beside that, "What if war started?" "What would happen to their families if they were interned over in America?" The Captain had to call the English, Dutch, and Belgian ambassadors. President Roosevelt then gave them permission to return home even in case of war.

It was about eight o'clock when we were finally ready to sail. Everyone was requested to go downstairs and not look out, as we were to be towed by White Island, one of Britain's largest military fortresses, it being shorter than the regular route. Not wishing to miss anything, the same group of us sneaked up to the front of the boat to watch what was to happen.

The night was flooded with moonlight, in itself quite a rarity for England at that time of the year. We went so slowly that we could see mines floating near us. They faintly resembled the backs of turtles, painted silver—with odd spike affairs protruding from them. Then we saw men drawing the torpedo nets apart with tugs; so we could barely get through. Some times we would miss the mines by only eight or nine feet. It took about five hours to go just a few miles. Finally when we moved out into the sea we began to feel just a little bit easier, for we were then allowed to have the ship lighted, showing we were neutral. We would have about four fire drills a day. The life boats were swinging from their davits; every morning fresh water and provisions were put into the food compartments. Yet what would we have done if something had really happeneed? With four hundred over the capacity and only life rafts for those extra people, conditions were precarious. Every night before the passengers retired they would say, "If any thing happens wake us up!" or, "Don't wake us up if an emergency arises, I'd rather die in my sleep."

For four more days we ate as little as possible as there was not enough food, and what there was, was so terrible that we lost all our appetite the minute we saw it. Every night we would sit on top deck waiting!

It was six o'clock on the morning of the fateful day—our fifth at sea. The grey fog hung so low that it was impossible to see a very great distance—and icy wind blew sharply against our faces—all of which seemed to add to our general depression, as the strain of the trip was beginning to have an effect upon us.

Gazing idly out at the sea, we saw something coming toward us. It seemed to resemble a whale, but whales did not inhabit that part of the water. Watching intently, we realized that it was the dreaded submarine. Was it a British or German? If it were German, what would happen? Would we be put out in those flimsy little life boats in that cold water? No telling how long it would be before we were picked up—that is, if we did get picked up! A sense of unreality enveloped us, as if we were living in a bad dream. When the submarine was close enough, we could see the operator flashing a message to the captain. It went something like this, "Will give you ten minutes to load passengers into life boats then we will torpedo you." Then our worst fears had become a reality, the captain flashed back saying that ours was a neutral ship carrying American refugees. After much signalling the "sub" gave us permission to continue our jagged course. Before we went on our way, however, the "sub" came to within a thousand feet of us.

Imagine how we felt—five days without much sleep and only a small amount of food—wondering every minute if the bell would ring to send us into our life boats. To be ordered into them and then to our great relief have the order retracted, than to see in the hazy distance a man

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Going To College

MARTHA MOORE—*College* '41

Going to college is the desire all young people have and you, like others, have dream't frequently of the time when you would be sent away to school. Preparations were begun years in advance. Catalogs were sent for, and you began thinking of the school which you most wanted to attend. It was a serious step in your life, for often this selection would bring about many changes. Your parents, as well as yourselves, were interested; they wanted to have the feeling of safety and constant guidance for their young ones.

When the final departure came, the outlook changed. It was hard to say "good-bye" to your mothers and fathers whom you always depended upon for any difficult task which might be assigned to you. They were always willing to do anything they could for you, and when the future looked difficult and hopeless, they were able to straighten you out. Having been so dependent upon them, you seemed almost unable to do without them. Likewise, it was hard to leave your friends, realizing that you would be out on your own —practically unknown. Shortly you would have to form new acquaintances. But would they be as understanding as your previous ones? The thought of leaving your sisters and brothers was difficult too. You had always confided in them. Would there be someone to take their places? In spite of these difficulties, it was impossible to back out at the last moment; so you said "good-bye" to all your dear ones and stepped on the train bound for a new and different life. You were stepping out of the easy and happy world you had lived in, and shortly you would arrive at the new one. Tears began to roll down your cheeks. It was hard not to give up. But still—who wanted to be a coward?

After a lengthy train trip, you arrived at the new scene. What was in store for you? It proved not as difficult as you had thought it would be. The others had your same feelings and were anxious to get settled and establish friendships among the various ones. The old students who had already accustomed themselves to this vast change were on duty to help make the first days happier and easier in every way. They mixed with the new girls, making them feel more at ease. Numerous parties and dances were given to bring all the girls together and create gaiety and excitement on campus. Classes were begun, and the various organizations began to function. The scheduled life on campus took form also, and few idle moments were to be found. It was a busy time for everyone, but a happy time, as well. What a joy it was to meet girls from all parts of the country! And, likewise, how thrilling it was to realize how much you were improving as an individual. Day by day you were acquiring knowledge which would be a life-long gift. Not only was this college life a means of furthering your education through books, but you were gaining outside of the classroom also. You were leading your own life—absolutely alone. For the first time it was necessary to do everything for yourself. You had to keep your own bank account; look after your own clothes; keep up your own room. What a change from what you had been accustomed to, but weren't you learning by it?

Day by day you grew happier. Naturally you were still conscious of your home, parents, families, and friends; but, still, it was not as evident as previously. You began to realize that soon you would be returning to find the same people waiting on you. But now it would be hard to say "good-bye" to your latest acquired friends. Perhaps you would be able to see many of them the following year, but some you would never come in contact with again. How sad!

The year flew by hurriedly and, at last, it was time to pack to go home. Smiles of happiness were evident until the final time arrived; tears began to fall. Promising to write each other and to make every attempt to exchange visits, all set out on various trains with the thought of shortly being home—surrounded by the same wonderful people that had seen you off only nine months ago. A great change had been experienced. You were returning home with the thought of spending only three months' vacation. When the following September would be calling all of you back again, you thought not absolutely alone this time. You would have the happy thought of re-establishing old friendships and also of making new ones.

PROFESSOR

A college law professor he,
Short and stout; and pompously
He walked the floor with stately tread.
His hair was sparse a-top his head,
Mustache had he of purest white.
Hard of hearing, short of sight.
He taught his students all he knew:
How well they learned e'er they were through
The terms, and etiquette of court!
To match his wits, his only sport.
He filled his speech of every day
With words no other one could say.
The laws confused him not a lot,
But little things he clean forgot;
He poured his cream onto his bread,
Lost his spectacles on his head!

MARGARET SANGREE—*High School* '41

Living

My face is full of wrinkles,
And I have a wooden leg;
My eyes are red and sunken
And I roam the streets to beg.

My days of youth are over,
I'm too old to go to war;
My clothes are worn and dirty,
And my pennies count to four.

Yet, I'm the one who's singing,
I don't worry much today;
I live my life to suit me,
Which is more than you can say.

Makes no difference what the date
They want to make Thanksgiving;
I will simply eat my bread,
And thank the Lord I'm living.

HELEN WARD—*College* '41

Behind The Coffee Cup

JESSIE OSMENT—*College* '41

It isn't just a means to allay the sensation of hunger; it isn't just a cup of fragrant liquid to engulf the pangs of fatigue or to produce an exhilarating effect; it isn't only a means to diminish the waste of the animal frame which takes place to some degree every minute. Coffee plays a definitely greater role in the world than that. Since early in the sixteenth century, when coffee as a beverage was introduced from Arabia into Egypt and Constantinople, coffee has been "the liquid backbone" of life. People the world over have grown to depend upon coffee. It is in so great demand that a number of cheaper substitutes—chicory or dandelion root, carrot, seeds of the common yellow iris, cereals, and sweet potatoes—are often employed. And yet, few know anything about coffee other than that the grocer always has a bountiful supply to be purchased for twenty or thirty cents a pound. If tsey might gaze into its dark depths and see, as a crystal gazer, all that there is to know, this beverage would become a drink of fascination as well as of refreshment.

Pretend it is a crystal ball! Look into it, and see what is behind the coffee cup.

Epp is. He, on a farm in Mt. Juliet, Tennessee, is the lawntender, the cow-milker, the caretaker—and his duties are multitudinous. For sixty-three years he has been the victor in his battles on the big, bad earth; yet, he is as alert as a deer and as capable as any darkie half his age. He is moderately tall, heavily built, and his hair covers his head in tight, white ringlets. But most impressive is his smile, one of those wide, warm ones that has the rare ability of brightening any gloomy heart. His smile probably absorbed its warmth from the tropic sunshine of the island of Jarva, where he weathered fifteen years of life. Of coffea arabia, his tales are vivid. It is a plant which, in the wild state, is a slender tree fifteen to twenty-five feet in height; and in the cultivated form is made to assume a pyramid shape, six to ten feet high, with horizontal branches almost from the ground. There is no doubt of the state of owl-eyed interest in which his fellow-workers are kept.

"Dem leaves am jus lik leather and dey is green as dat there field of alfalfa. De flow'rs am no size; they is white like snow flakes. Dey smells good, too. Dey sho does; bett'rn white folkses perfume."

"Grandpappy Epp, why aint you brought none back into Mt. Juliet wif you?"

Epp ignores all questions. He considers it his privilege.

"And it am round lik a cherry and deep-red lik de ol' wine. If'n you cuts it wide open, two seeds is inside it. Dey is all covered up wif thin silver-lik skin."

"Pirate silver? real, live silver like the pirates done stole on dat sea, Grandpappy Epp?"

"Aint I done tole you to don't bother me, chile. Your grandpappy am telling 'bout de coffee. Jus be quiet.

"Dese seeds am roasted. Dey am the coffee beans and dey mades de coffee. Dat Jarva coffee am deli'eus!"

Epp loves his coffee. And so does Miss Nan Glover, who teaches history in one of the senior high schools of Nashville, Tennessee. About the glorious days of the Maxwell House, a landmark in Nashville, she tells her class each year. Its superb coffee, the most famous in the nation, is described with such feeling that one can taste it.

Short and chubby, with a moon-shaped face and exquisite blue eyes that radiate sparks when anything concerning history is mentioned—especially during the fifteen hundreds, is she. Miss Glover, who "simply can not walk across the street in the morning without her coffee," never tires of telling the story of Leonhard Rauwalf, a German physician, who, in the account of his travels was probably the first to introduce coffee into Europe. "And imagine," she exclaims, "the excitement there must have been when a coffee-house, the very first one, was established in Constantinople! Of course those established a little later, one in London by Pasqua, the Greek, and several in Paris and Marseilles, were popular meeting places of the people."

Then, with a "seven-leagued" jump into the present, the teacher has great facility in imagining the conversations that might take place in a modern coffee-house in fallen France; or one in England, under ground of course. Here the spirit of the warring English could be observed as remarks about Hitler are flung into the air with the bombs.

Leaving Miss Glover with her far-from-dull thoughts, we come to Jerry Graves. He is tall, and lanky, and serious minded—a young lad in his early twenties, a native of Chicago, and a curious traveler. Though coffee as a beverage does not appeal to him, it has aroused his interest as a "money-maker." In Mexico, Central America, India and Sumatra, the significant part coffee played in providing revenues interested him, and moved him to notice the importance of its production in Jarva, Hawaii, Arabia and the West Indies.

"Brazil," states Jerry, "really has the system; she produces on a large scale and her trade is huge! Why she has seventy-two per cent of the world's supply of coffee trees. And can she export! In 1928, she received from the United States alone over three hundred billion dollars for her coffee. What is more, the trade is increasing!"

With all these scenes from the crystal ball—from Epp, with his cherry-scarlet fruit and roasted coffee beans, to his "deli'eus Jarva coffee," from Dr. Rauwolf to the coffee-houses, from Hawaii to Arabia and Brazil—the vital part that coffee plays is exemplified, and life behind the coffee cup is shown. Our crystal gazing is at end.

Nature Lessons on the High Seas

BETTY LOU WAGNER—*College* '42

All cares were forgotten one bright morning as we sailed out of the sheltered bay where our boat had been anchored. We, my family and I, were off for one of our Sunday excursions in our roomy, comfortable boat. We had spent many such days, exploring the narrow channels between the tiny islands, sometimes stopping to comb the white sands for strange, twisted shells or to wade in the deliciously warm waters that edged the shores. Occasionally we found ourselves high and dry on a sandbar, or frantically rescuing a smaller brother who had gone overboard.

These were the only dangers that could possibly have been foreseen as the rim of land grew smaller and smaller behind us, and even these seemed far away. Inviting aromas rose from the galley and heightened our spirits. We children were busy vying for our turns at the wheel. No one noticed the threatening black clouds rising like a determined army directly in our path. Then, with the characteristic inconsistency of tropical seas, the long arms of the storm reached out and struck us. My whole being was shocked. My world was crumbling all about me. As I was hurried below the decks, I can remember seeing the sails straining from the mainmast like horses pulling away from a cruel master.

I stumbled into one of the bunks where I huddled, trying to collect my thoughts. Giant waves pounded insistantly against the sides of the boat as if they were demanding entrance into the cabin which had become a dark, tossing hole. Raising myself to look out of one of the portholes, I saw the horizon dipping wildly up and down. The sea was sometimes a huge mountain that hung in the balance, ready to fall on us, and sometimes a vast, yawning valley for us to tumble into. I was overcome by a weak, helpless feeling. The sea was my master and I was cowering with fear of it.

I thought of praying, but the deafening roar that thundered all about me would surely drown out my frightened plea. Even my cries of terror were lost forever in the tumult that filled this strange, neew, terrifying world. I wanted to die. More than anything else, I wanted to die, for death seemed the only escape.

My mother and aunt were singing nonsense songs in an effort to drive away our terror, but, though I did my best to join them, I was convinced that the very next wave would be the one to spell doom for all of us. The next wave, however, didn't come. As quickly as it had risen, the storm blew itself over the horizon to molest other waters.

Once more, the preparations for dinner were carried on. Once more we were quarreling about our utrns to steer the boat. But, as I look back now, I realize that I had known one of the greatest of fears—the fear of nature's power over man.

Music and I

ANN SMITH—*College* '42

I can't remember a time, no matter how far back I travel in my mind, when I was not closely associated with, or interested in, music. I don't remember the time when I didn't play the piano. I don't remember my first lesson, my first recital, my first piece, or any of the events that so often linger in the minds of music students. Somehow taking lessons, studying and playing all seem as natural to me as eating and sleeping. I have no recollections of being "taught" to like music, to enjoy it. One of the earliest things I can recall is the amazement I brought my brothers and sisters, all much older than I, who would struggle and study for endless hours over some simple popular song, which I could hear twice and master completely. Being only seven or eight years of age, I was a prodigy to them, but it was perfectly natural to me and came about automatically.

I am a member of a large family and am the only one who is very musically inclined, except, of course, my daddy, who loves to have me play his favorite hymns or other songs while he "bellows" in his deep bass voice which occasionally slides into a weak tenor, slightly off key. My music has always been quite a problem in the family, because at the time when I want to listen to Beethoven's Fifth on the victrola, the boys want to chase each other through the house in a delightful game of tag; and being outnumbered by four to one, I usually give up. But, all in all, I guess that's not much of a problem.

I love music because I enjoy it. (I love any and all kinds.) I can dream for endless hours, entranced by **The Romeo and Juliet Overture** by Tschaikowsky. I become wildly excited over the **Hungarian Rhapsodies** by Liszt. I love to laugh and sing to the Strauss Waltzes. My imagination goes flying with Debussy. I can listen to simple folk songs and popular classics and enjoy them thoroughly with practically no concentration. I love "jazz" and "swing." I quote Glenn Miller and Tommy Dorsey at every turn. During Summers in the country I even occasionally become very fond of so-called "hill-billy" music. So you see, I enjoy music because it is what it is. I know people who think that because they know all the latest popular song hits of the day, they are music lovers, but it takes a deeper love than that. You couldn't give such a person a community Concert Ticket!

I'm not even teasing myself that I'll ever be a great musician. I probably won't even be an exceptional worker in the field of music, which is a very large one. But I do want to say that it is my favorite subject and past-time. Music gives more pleasure to those who love it than any other branch of art, and it has certainly given me many hours of happiness. And so I want to say to anybody—if you are at all interested in music, any kind of it, take it seriously. Study it; listen to it over the radio or any place that you can; acquaint yourself with the works from great artists and writers. If you are interested enough you can make opportunities for yourself, and I promise that you will be more than repaid for any effort you put forth.

New Horizon

MYRA BUCHHOLZ—*College* '42

My earliest memories and impressions are brief: the flavor of the burnt almond ice cream that my father used to bring me; and flashes of the slimy eels that used to glide in the pool, located in the patio of our apartment building. Young, then, as I was, I was capable of emotion: intense jealousy of the daughter of my parents' friends, who had the most elegant doll house I had ever seen. I had my first taste of embarrassment too, when one day as usual, climbing up the flights of stairs to our fourth floor apartment, I miscalculated and walked into an unfamiliar apartment and was met by a man with a long black beard, who did not look anything like my father. Unimportant as that time seems now, I shall never forget this, my first embarrassing experience!

Then my family moved to Dubuque, Iowa, a small university town. At that time, however, I felt no sorrow at leaving my old home, but was only excited with enthusiasm for my new surroundings. I do remember, though, after having started to school there, struggling with multiplication table cards that seemed to be unconquerable; and, horror of horrors, the time, when in one of my more "tom boyish" moments a misdirected spitball hit my very unsympathetic teacher.

It was about this time that a change came into my life, a "new horizon" arose for me. For the first time my parents and my home really became significant. My mother and father constituted my whole and complete world. It was "daddy" who first taught me to play "hide and go seek" under the beds and in the closets. It was he, too, who told me stories at bed time (if I had been on good behavior all day) of our homemade heroes "Kangi the Kangaroo and Rhino the Rhinasorous," or, of the "Little Brown Man of the Peonies and His Fairy Queen." The latter, however, was reserved for special occasions, and could be told only when we were hiding in the dark behind the large davenport. During all these gay, hilarious times, my mother looked on indulgently at her "two" children, but she played her role as impressively when she cured my dollie's cold, read to me and took me to my piano lessons or to Sunday School. I realize now that it was through those times that I learned how to work and play. I found that it really was not amusing to cheat in games, and that a good sport must be able to take a teasing as well as to give it. They were beginning right then to give me a foundation in learning to develop interests, to be compatible with people other than my family, and also to adjust myself to the new world into which I would soon be slipping.

That new world soon dawned, and another "new horizon" was presented to me. Without the aid of my parents, I began to find wonderful new adventures in books. After having once played the part of the Chesire Cat in "Alice-in-Wonderland," I found my taste for dramatics beginning to grow rapidly. Then one day, for the first time in my life, I felt the need for companions of my own age. I looked around and saw that everyone but myself seemed to have a special friend—all except one girl—Donna Lee. From then on, we, too, had a "special" friend. As time went on, we began to make more and more friends until we came to that stage which is known is colloquial terms as the "gang" age.

It was just at this time that my parents decided to move to San Francisco. It seemed too cruel of them to take me away from all these new friends who were really beginning to mean something to me. For the first time in my life I cried over someone other than myself. I shall never forget Donna, standing there, with my bicycle that I was leaving for her, crying as hard as I was.

But coming to San Francisco proved to be a challenging experience, for, realizing by this time the full value and pleasure of having friends, here was I, not knowing a single person. I had to learn that there was an art in making friends, and more important, the right kind of friends. Finally, it seemed to me that I had at last found a "special" friend again. We rode and swam together; we started high school together; we did home work together. Everything was fine! But, as time went on, I began to realize it was really she who had such definite tastes that I was more or less conceding to her likes and dislikes. It seemed that everything she did or said was always a little better than my effort. I really think I began to dislike her and almost hate her. Yet I seemed unable to break away from her dominance. Finally she moved away. I was, indeed, lonesome for a while, but gradually I began to realize that I was a person, that I had a mind of my own. Though at the time I was hurt—unbearably hurt it seemed—I know that experience really brought the dawn of a "new horizon" to me. From that time on I was a real person and my own master.

After that, life in high school was zestful. I learned to make more friends instead of confining myself to one. With a newly found faith in myself, I "tried out" for the term play, and incredibly I found was given a leading part. At last I found something I enjoyed doing throughout those last years of high school, and finally, graduation.

Once more my parents decided to move. This time, however, strange to say, I did not feel as sorrow-stricken as I had felt in leaving Dubuque. I knew that the friendships I had made, in the past year or so, would be permanent ones. Instead of losing them I would be gaining new ones in college and my new home. So it is, now that I am starting into my freshman year at college, I feel that new horizons of interests and opportunities will be opened to me. In fact, in the faint eastern sky, it seems that I can see again the dawning "new horizon."

Tennessee Hedgcoxe

PEGGY HEDGCOXE—*College* '42

A short, stocky little figure, with a black shawl over her shoulders, coming slowly across the street, looking in neither direction, was bound to be Grandmother. The fact that cars had to slam on their brakes when she walked leasurely out into the street, meant nothing to her. She never learned to drive a car, and she thought that anyone who was going to drive a car, should be able to watch out for pedestrians.

Grandmother loved to go visiting. If she wasn't at home, she could usually be found across the street or next door. She would put on a bright-flowered dress, for she craved gay colors, put on entirely too much rouge and started out calling on her friends. Her daughter often tried to get her to take off some of the rouge. In characteristic style, she protested that in spite of her cataracts, she had to use a healthy quantity.

As a young girl, Grandmother had lived in an old-fashioned, Southern home. She had even been named Tennessee, as it was the custom to name girls for states in those days. When she and Grandfather were married, they moved to Texas. They lived quietly in Texas for a number of years, and their two daughters were born there. When one day Grandfather came in and suggested that they move to New Mexico, I imagine that it never dawned on Grandmother to object. The family pulled up stakes and moved.

A rough, unpainted, wood house was quickly made into a home, in Roswell, New Mexico. Before a week had passed, I imagine Grandmother was on the church decorating committee, and I would not be a bit surprised if she was not advising the preacher as to what the Sunday sermon should be on.

My father, Weaver Hedgcoxe, was born when Grandmother's youngest daughter was thirteen. Grandmother was by no means a sentimentalist, but she adored that new baby. I do not think she ever has gotten over the feeling that daddy is a little boy. Forty years later, all the tricks he had done, are quite as clear to her as when the incident took place. Grandmother always seemed to get a great deal of pleasure from talking to young mothers, and to any one who happened to hear her talking. Daddy would still seem a very small boy.

The garden, which was on the left side of the house, was always a source of pleasure to her. It never quite looked as it should. There were no perfect rows in the whole garden.. Grandmother, with her huge straw hat pulled down over her eyes, always looked quite pleased with it, however.

One of the quaintest things about Grandmother was the way she never spoke to, or of, my Grandfather and called him by his first name. She always said, "Mr. Hedgcoxe."

The sense of humor of this dear old lady was remarkable. She absolutely loved to make people laugh. She loved to outshine everyone else. If she happened to be in a crowd of people and some other member of the group had an outstanding personality, she would always do her best to outdo her. She was usually quite successful.

The death of my Grandfather was very hard on her. As was true to her character, she stood up under the strain quite well. I do not believe, however, that she was ever truly happy from that time on. She tried hard never to show her grief and worry other people, but she broke very fast. On that awful day last winter when she had her stroke, she was very quiet and patient. The whole left side of her body was paralized, but she lived for several months. When she was conscious, she was always cheerful. At the times when she was out of her head she would mumble something,; perhaps she felt that she was talking to Grandfather. On the day she passed away, she was very happy and that was quite plausible for she had been a good woman and an outstanding citizen of her community. When the time came to go she met death gallantly as she had met life.

An Ominous Click

JOYCE HARPER—*High School* '41

I sensed, when I closed the gate and heard the click of the latch, that I should have tested it before entering. A pang of fear pierced my heart as if it were a poisonous arrow reaching a direct mark. A scalding, surging heat flooded my veins. My knees were strangely flexible, and I had an unfathomable abyss for a stomach. I could literally hear my heart thumping and feel it forcing its way through my throat. There came a ringing in my ears, and blankness swept over my brain—what little I had, for one loses faith after doing an inexcusably foolish trick.

A few seconds lapsed and, shaking myself, I collected my numbed wits and discovered—to add to the frightening predicament—that I was in semi-darkness. At this realization, I felt an impulse to huddle up against the wall and cover my face with my hands. I was taut and tense. My eyes were practically popping out of my head. I was too frightened to scream. My breathing quickened as my heart took to tripling its normal pulsation.

Finally, all my muscles relaxed as I recognized that there was nothing left to do but think the situation over. That did not give me much headway. First, the light. I looked from side to side, imagining that I was in some one else's presence. I slid my hand along the wall searching for the switch, praying that I would find it in it's customary place. It was not there. You can not imagine the despair that discovery brought. I felt I could not stand the lone silence any longer and began to sob. This relieved me slightly.

Then, I heard voices, faint and distant. "Thank God." I mumured under my breath. I jumped forward and cried out. "Hey, come and get me out of here!" My words reverberated as they hit against the marble walls. Then the sound died away, allowing me to hear the

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School Days

NANCY STONE—*College* '42

Each day brought the crisp, reviving breezes of autumn. The dull, green leaves gradually surrendered to glorious tints of bronze and red and gold. Everything glowed with a new burst of energy. Summer was rapidly changing into fall; and in harmony with this transformation, I, too, was altering my life. From the sheltered haven of childhood, I was stepping into the new, exciting phase of school days. For the time had come when the ponderous age of six having been attained, law required that my first step be taken in the field of education. Such was the decree, and so I charted my course.

Frankly, I was frightened by the thought of being placed under the supervision of a dreaded teacher for the better part of my waking hours; the principal and truant officer were characters I had been warned to steer clear of. So it was only natural that I quaked with terror inwardly when my mother, without a backward glance, left me in the care of a gentle-looking white-haired lady, whose sweet smile to me was a combination of all the blood-thirsty leers and gloating grins of the fairy tale ogres rolled into one.

She grasped my clammy hand and led me to a little brown chair and from that seat for three long years I continued to regard her and all those who replaced her as a sort of god, whose word was law. How I envied those boisterous little boys who so nonchalantly took their turn in the corner after a battle royal with the erasers! And how I wondered at the groups of girls who daringly whispered among themselves while SHE sat not more than ten feet away! For myself, I was content to sit quietly at the little pencil-scarred table, almost holding my breath for fear of being noticed. Suppose I should be called upon to read? Surely my voice would fail me. Or suppose she should ask to see my homework? My trembling legs would scarcely cover the distance to that domineering desk.

Vainly, I tried to win her respect; yet she still remained a remote and awe-inspiring figure. I ravaged my mother's tulip beds annually, and though her thanks seemed genuine enough, the same old panicky feeling would cause me to scurry to my desk like a frightened rabbit. So far as I was concerned, she could never become human.

Never, that is, until one warm spring day came. Everyone was feeling the call of the out-of-doors. Books lay open on the desks while hands idly turned the pages, while eyes stared vacantly into a blue expanse.

I was dreamily watching a clump of fleecy clouds blend together in a downy mass, when a sharp nudge in the ribs caused me to jump to attention. Turning around, I found a small slip of paper thrust furtively in my direction—a note, of course, which I answered by a briefly written reply, and the incident was forgotten. Or was it?

At last the three o'clock bell sounded, rousing brain-weary children from their apathy. The teacher rose to dismiss the class, but, instead of sending us out in rows as was customary, she seemed to have some other purpose. She faced us with a grim, forbidding look, and we returned it with a look of sympathetic innocence.

Then, as she fluttered a white scrap of paper before the room, my spirit sank. Crime never pays, and I was reaping my just rewards. The penalty was to remain until the others had gone, to discuss the matter.

Slowly and noisily, they filed out; but I sat unheeding, contemplating my forthcoming doom . . .

Then I saw her coming toward me; and the rest of the interview was hazy.

How I managed it I do not know, but in a few short minutes I was outside the building wending my homeward way. A song was in my heart; a smile was on my lips; and, best of all, my grimmest fear had been exploded. I had been caught by the teacher writing a note, and yet the heavens had not fallen. In fact, nothing had occured—nothing except a brief talk between two human beings: one a sympathetic individual, the other a penitent little girl whose ideas were beginning to change as rapidly as her height.

My Roommate

JOAN GRUBB—*High School* '41

I don't believe I ever gave it a great deal of thought at home. None of my special friends had been away to school before, and though I had heard some of the older girls who had been to college talk, I had never heard them discuss the all-important question. These last days I had very little time to wonder what she would be like. I knew only one thing, that in all probability I would like her.

Even up till the moment the cab stopped at South Front, I had not wondered what kind of human being my roommate would be. I had a great deal of confidence in fate, I suppose. But once I was at a place of stopping, the first place being the dining room, I immediately wondered where and who she was.

Was she possibly like the girl across from me, with dark, long hair, and shy, dark eyes? Maybe she was extremely tall and loud like the girl at my left. Just entering the dining room was a smart looking blonde, wearing an elaborate dress and carrying a fur chubby. I wondered how that type of person and I would get on. Her heavily mascara-ed eyes turned and rested on me for just a second. I shivered. I could tell what she thought of me with my simple tweed suit and snap-brim hat!

I left the dining-room after a light breakfast and wondered aimlessly out the door and down the walk. I did not have the vaguest idea as to the direction of the hall where I was to live for the next nine months. I decided then and there that it was best to ask; so I blocked the way of the nearest oncomer. She was in a bright yellow cardigan and

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Colorado State Fair

MARJORIE DUDLEY—*College '42*

Expressions of bewilderment are on the countenances of tourists when they first enter Pueblo, Colorado, the week preceding the Colorado State Fair. From the time the first filling station comes in sight until the last one has vanished from view, there are numerous evidences of this stupendous event.

Tourists from the East are surprised to find that every citizen in the city enters into the spirit of the affair, and everyone, from one to eighty, dresses for the occasion. The cowboy or cowgirl outfit consists of cowboy boots, blue jeans or denim skirt, brightly colored shirt, cowboy neckerchief, and western hat. Instead of looking out of place in this attire, one is apt to seem incongruous if he does not "go western." It is safe to say that almost no individual appears down town during these two weeks without wearing something that pertains to the State Fair. It need be only a pin or neckerchief; but regardless of the amount, the spirit of the occasion is prevalent among all the citizens.

To encourage this spirit of dress, a "kangaroo court" was organized by the Chamber of Commerce. This court is held on a large platform built in the center of the down town business district and is in operation the week preceding the fair. There is a judge that presides over the court and a jury that inflicts penalties. During the session of the court, anyone found on the streets not dressed in cowboy clothes or not wearing something pertaining to the fair is brought to the platform and sentenced by the jury. He is required either to pay a small fine or to suffer the consequence. He usually chooses the latter, and the penalties are ridiculous. One amusing incident occurred last year when a boy was brought before the court; and since he did not pay the fine, he was required to stage a proposal to a young lady he had never seen before. This proved entertaining to the onlookers, but was quite embarrassing to the young gentleman.

The town discards its modern appearance and takes on a look of rustic nature. The front of every store is decorated with logs to suggest Pueblo in the old days. Trading post signs are hung up in front of various business concerns. The models in the windows are dressed in western attire, and numerous show cases display miniature scenes of cowboy roundups and camp fires. Along the curbs are watering troughs and hitching posts, and corral fences made of logs line the streets. Pictures of cowboys and horses are stenciled on all the store windows, and signs of welcome are everywhere. One of the theatres once had an old opera house front which was very unique in appearance. Bales of hay were placed along the streets and sidewalks where people occasionally sit to watch the crowds. Numerous cars had colored drawings of cowboys, boots, and horses, on the doors and windows.

There is an old-fashioned street dance one night of the fair, the music for which is provided by a hill-billy band. Two blocks of the main street were roped off, and all the young people entered into the activity which proved to be enjoyable to the participants as well as the spectators.

The five-day celebration begins daily at one o'clock, and it is preceded each day by a parade through the main business district.

Every day of the fair holds a special significance, always of interest to certain groups. The opening day of the fair is Children's Day, at which time all the children under twelve years of age are admitted to the grounds free of charge, and the carnival rides are half price. The following day is set aside for Pueblo. It is then that all the Puebloans turn out to witness the show; the stores are closed at noon in order to give the working people a chance to view the event. The Governor visits Pueblo and the fair on the third day; so this day is set aside in his honor. He and his party watch the rodeo from a box situated in the center of the arena. All out-of-town people plan to journey to the fair on the fourth day, as this day is reserved for them. The final day is designated for the Chamber of Commerce. An unusual event is always planned at this time in order to maintain the spirit throughout.

This unusual incident was a wedding on horseback. The bride and groom, minister, and all the wedding party came on the field on horseback to the strains of the wedding march. They dismounted, and the ceremony was conducted in regular manner. They remounted and rode off to the strains of the Recessional. There was some five thousand spectators at this unique occurance; the first horseback wedding ever to be staged in Pueblo.

The Rodeo show was especially exciting. There were horse races, chariot races, relay races, as well as one type of race that was new in Colorado: that between a horse and a greyhound. The greyhound won, much to the surprise of the spectators.

A favorite event with the audience at the rodeo is bulldogging. This is a sport in which two bulldoggers are released from three adjoining stalls at the same time. The bull is in the middle; and as the riders race down the arena, the one on the left jumps off his horse, tackles the bull by his horns, and forces it to the ground. The purpose of the rider on the right is to prevent the bull from veering out of reach of the bulldogger.

Another essential feature of a western rodeo is calf roping. In this sport a calf and a calf roper on horseback are released from two adjoining stalls. Jumping off his horse immediately after roping the calf, rider forces the calf to the ground; and he procedes to tie three of its legs together with a rope attached to his shoulder. There is a judge on horseback in the arena that inspects the knot; and if the calf is able to escape within a specified time limit, no points are given.

There are many other features of interest, including bonco riding, brahma steer riding, and some novelty acts by clowns to furnish amusement.

One cannot begin to describe the fun that can be had at this spectacular event. For an exciting week, packed with excitement and western entertainment, one should plan to visit Pueblo, Colorado, at the time of the State Fair, the last week in August.

Our Gardener

ANN SEABOLT—*College* '42

James, our gardner, was not a typical Southern darky. He was a small wisp of a fellow, with legs so short that one wondered how he got around as quickly as he did. Equally striking were the gray streaks of hair that stood luminous against that black curly mass. He had a determined chin, with a deep cleft in the center, which he proudly displayed as a token from the Germans in the World War. As black as mid-night, and shiny as a new dollar, he made an interesting color study in his faded blue overalls with a patch on each knee. Hanging out of his hip pocket, as if for further color contrast, was a red bandana. If by chance you dug deep down into his pockets, you would discover much of his treasured "junk."

James loved freedom, the sense of independence, and he found the companionship of Hercules, equally as independent, comforting. Hercules would follow close at his heels as he sauntered along the narrow path, singing and humming negro spirituals. While he piddled around in the yard or the tool shed, one could see smoke curling from his age-old yellow corn-cob pipe. He adored to sit on a ladder and tell of the days when he was young, and of the hoecake his "mammy" made, of his pappy's wooden leg, and all about the "white folks" that raised him. As he told these stories, his mind seemed to wander into the past as if were living over the by-gone days, days. The kids always crowded around him, fascinated.

He was always preaching the gospel, reminding us that all good little girls and boys should go to Sunday School. We went. One Sunday we accompanied him to his church where we were startled when they called "Brother James" to preach. He had never told us he was a preacher. We listened to every word, held spellbound, and deep down inside we felt that he was even more wonderful than we had thought. On the way home we never ceased talking, not even long enough for him to answer our numerous questions. He just smiled and said he was happy— happy that the "deah Lawd" gave him so much.

James was very superstitious. He would warn us about walking under a ladder, opening an umbrella inside the house, and never letting Hercules cross our path. He certainly had us "buffaloed" on Halloween, for we were always on the lookout for goblins and witches. But, incidentally, we never encountered any.

Generously he shared with us his tenderness and his humor. When we hurt ourselves, he would tell us something funny, and our tears were changed into peals of laughter. I remember the day he took us fishing and I fell in. He did not laugh as the others did, but came to my assistance, and bandaged the cut on my foot. His few consoling words turned an unhappy day into one of fun. His personality was warm, contagious. Everyone who knew him liked him. Despite the increasing years, he still was active, never shirking his duty. He would turn a cordial greeting into a friendship and convert a promise into a pact. His promptness, willingness and thoughtfulness developed a singular personality.

My most familiar pictures of James were those of him working in the garden. I can see him now, digging the warm brown earth deep, filling the trenches partly with fertilizer, placing each bulb carefully in its proper place, and then shoveling in the pulverized earth. Tenderly, he would cup his brown palms around a garish dahlia. In every step he followed Father's instructions with eager nods. He sifted the soil tenderly through his hands, and the crowning glory of his days came when his roses, asters, portulacas and fuchsias bloomed. Religiously he watched as the dahlia plants showed differences early in life: some leaves were bright green, some dark; the divisions of some were pointed; of others, rounded.

As I look back I remember him not as a darky, or a gardener, but as a boon to childhood and a lover of beauty.

Confidentially Speaking

LEILA DOUGLAS—*High School* '42

If you think your family talks a lot, you should come to our house for either breakfast or dinner. Poppa often says he wonders how we ever get enough to eat, since conversation seems to come first.

My sister is on the society staff of a local newspaper; thus current engagements and weddings are one of our favorite topics for discussion. Reviewing books occasionally, Louise helps us keep up on the new literary publications. In strictest confidence we are often told the straight news, which seldom gets into the paper for political reasons.

Bringing in the Vandy news is my brother's contribution. Even though he is a Junior in the secluded engineering department, never do we fail to hear of that slick, blonde coed who pledged one sorority and then another. Sometimes, though seldom, when his interest is not centered on a beautiful member of the opposite sex, Richard tells how to find the "pressure of steam through a newly invented indication" or something far from our realm of undertaking.

Momma, who has for the last eight or ten years had the silver "bug," has now taken it up as a pleasant occupation. Before the present crisis we often heard about the new shipments, arriving from England, but she is far too busy to send silver to America for its safety, when hers is threatened. Now we are content to listen only to the names of the ladies who receive lovely gifts.

The least talkative member of our family is Poppa; but by his whimsical smile and laughing eyes, we know he is making fun of our gossiping or has heard a story far more interesting than ours. Even knowing this, we seldom give him time to start his tale; let alone finish it!

General topics including foreign governments, historical incidents,

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What's Wrong With a Line?

CARLENE V. RICE—*College '41*

"Darling, your eyes are like dark, limpid pools of mysteriousness and your smile like the first bursting of the sun after a storm. My love, each hour away from you is torture."

To which the answer is: "Oh you're so big and strong, and I'm so proud to know you."

At this point the eavesdropper, in a rather nauseated state of mind, climbs out of the rose bush and goes away as quietly and quickly as possible. If we were to ask him what he thought of the above episode, he would whistle and say, "Wow, what lines!"

Before going on perhaps I'd better explain exactly what a "Line" is. Once upon a time, a long time ago a venerable sage consoled his daughter, who had recently lost her first love, by telling her to dry her eyes for after all, "The are other fish in the sea."

But she only cried harder and sobbed, "But I love only him."

"Someday you'll learn that though fishes are of different sizes, shapes and flavors, they all taste like fishes."

She has stopped her crying, but still somewhat dubious said, "But how am I going to get these other fishes interested in me?"

"Daughter dear, there is only one way to catch a fish—throw out a line with a nice fat, baited hook." And that is the way the term "line" came into being.

The above episode must have occurred ages ago in the Stone Age, for women have been using lines to "catch" a man and interest people for as long as written history has been. Now take Cleopatra and her rug idea in which she gracefully rolled out at the feet of an astonished but highly pleased Caesar. History has it that Cleopatra was a wily and crafty queen who hesitated at little to gain power.. Her falling out of a rug certainly does not fit in with that picture of the Queen of the Nile. She was gifted not only in state affairs, but also in affairs of the heart, and in this incident she used her knowledge of the heart to gain in matters of state. Of course, the rug rolling approach is unique and different, and not advised for practical use today.

Marie Antionette was an old hand at wielding a line, if we can believe Stephen Zweig, one of her many biographers. Mr. Zweig pictures the last queen of France as a really ordinary woman who was thrown as a girl into the sophisticated, blase court life so notorious in her day. To hold her own against Madame Dubarry, she was forced to go to extremes,; for without this "false front" she would have been merely the wife of the dauphin — not the spectacular 'Toinette so familiar to us all. "Good Queen Bess' of England hid her womanly interests and desires behind an austere and commanding front. Coming down to more modern times we can name any number of women who were professional "line throwers," but the one that comes almost instantly to my mind is the late Lillian Russell, who drew admirers in by the throngs with her feminine and appealing manner, all of which covered up a sound business mind and an almost masculine desire for fame and glory.

Many people of the "Be Yourself Guild" throw up their hands in horror at the thought of a line. "Putting on a different personality," "Absolutely unfair to person you are with"; "Not at all honest," they cry. Stop a minute, Miss Naturalness, and think how Cleopatra would have rated with the honorable Mr. Caesar if she had abandoned her charm and femininity and resorted to strictly business tactics. Think how badly the Spanish Armada could have beaten the English fleet in 1588 if Queen Elizabeth had given away to her emotions and permitted herself to marry the unscrupulous Philip of Spain. Can you imagine her as a womanly and feminine queen? I dare say she would have gone down with much the same record as Queen Mary. Now there is a woman without a line. Instead of tactfully chopping off a few leader's heads, "Bloody Mary" let her enthusiasm carry her away and authorized the massacre of thousands of her bigoted protestant friends. Without restraint she threw herself at the feet of Phillip, King of Spain, an act which any modern woman would advise against.

Thus we see that lines have made woman stronger and more adaptable. After all "throwing a line" is mere adaptability. For instance, if you were to spend an afternoon with a book lover and you yourself did not find any fascination in the printed word, you would adapt yourself to that person's taste and suddenly become interested in books. You would be, to say the least, a little odd to say bluntly in his face, "I hate books. I never read books, and now if you'll excuse me I'll go find something more entertaining to do." In short, your ability to "throw a line" is in proportion to your wit and intelligence. The disappointed damsel of my illustration above would have been rather dull and stupid to sit back and bemoan her fate, while all the eligible bachelors dragged others more intelligent damsels by their hair to cosy caves.

If you want to be an individualist like John Barrymore, go right ahead and see where it gets you. Like him you'll probably end up with four wives and a dillapidated profile. Prove your I. Q. score and ability to adapt yourself to different conditions and people by seeming interested in them and their business or hobby. "There is only one way to catch a fish—throw out a line with a nice fat, baited hook."

'NEATH THE SOUTHERN MOON

Where the palm tree's lazy branches
Cast a shadow on the shore,
Where the sea breeze wafts an echo
From the ocean's mighty floor,
There's a moon that sprinkles diamonds
On each platinum-plated crest.
With a beauty supernatural
This tropic world is dressed.
There's a bit of music drifting
From some faroff southern land,
With the surf's incessant beating
Its refrain on marble sand.
Its southern stars and sky and sea
A paradise, where life is free!

MARJORIE NILES—*College '42*

Revival Architecture in Nashville

DIMPLE DUNFORD—*College '41*

When we think of Nashville architecture, the first examples that come into our minds are the Hermitage, the Parthenon, the Capitol, and the beautiful southern homes. We are all familiar with these buildings. They have perhaps overshadowed the merits of other fine and interesting structures. We have around us examples of every phase of American architecture.

The first important trend is the classic revival. This revival was world-wide although America led in its development. With our new republic came a need for state buildings. Jefferson turned to the Greek and Roman republics for their architecture. He found in it a style he believed to be monumental and independant, and we were artistically free from England. For the first time America led!

Jefferson's first design was for the Virginia capitol. It was built like a Roman temple, with columns, and a Roman facade. The Belmont Methodist Church is very much the same, although the proportions are somewhat heavier. It is modified by windows, but the general form and proportions in both are little changed from the Roman temple, Maison Carre, which served as a model. Jefferson's dream of a college was the University of Virginia. The individual buildings are arranged around an open square, crowned by a domed building like a Roman temple. It is needless to describe his plan in more detail, for Peabody is planned to create the same orderly harmony of effect. Jefferson would have been pleased with our own campus, when he noticed our classic Academic building.

The classic revival took deep roots in the South. The climate and the life of the people were well adapted to the style. The wide colonial porches introduced more beautiful columns than are found in any other place. We have as examples the countless beautiful homes surrounding Nashville that reflect an ease and grace of living characteristic of the old South; and above all, our own Acklen Hall.

Jefferson's love for the classic style was continued in a man named Latrobe. He was enchanted, not by the Roman temples, but by the Greeks. His most famous pupil was Strickland, who built some of our most famous buildings. He was the architect of the Tennessee Capitol. In the building after the Greek style he had a definite problem, however. He felt that one could not be monumental without a dome, and yet the Greeks did not know how to build domes. He solved this problem very readily on the Capitol by placing a second building on top of the first as a kind of tower. This tower was originally a monument to an Olympian victor in fourth century Athens.

Once a historic style had been copied, it was not strange to copy other periods. Although the classic style continued to live, and does up to the present day, a new architecture was revived. Romantics followed the classicists. The first stimulus came from abroad. Walpole wrote **Castle of Ontranto,** and people began to build Gothic villas.

Churches were especially suited to this new type. French Gothic was the most successful because of its mysticism, created by vaulted ceilings, delicate tracery windows holding stained glass and giving a soft, diffused light. In Nashville, the beautiful Christ Church is one of the finest examples we could hope to find. The facade of the First Baptist Church is reminiscent of early Gothic also.

While churches turned to France on the whole for a mystic, spiritual atmosphere, colleges used English Gothic. It is a stronger and more suitable type. We have no better example than Scarrit, with its heavy, ivy covered walls, doorways mounted by coats of arms, and delicate carvings. The chapel, with its wooden ceiling and rose window, make us feel the peace and calm of an eternal serenity.

For utilitarian buildings study Romanesque was much more suitable than fragile Gothic. The Nashville Union Station is primarily Romanesque, although the flying buttresses are taken from the Gothic, and richly carved Byzantine arches are used. The towers on many of the houses around our campus are picturesque shades of the Romantic revival. We cannot help but see in them the Romantic influence as expressed by their quaint gables and balconies.

The success of any revival architecture will always depend on the talent of the designer.. Since the last quarter of the century, new material has produced a new style in which once more America leads. But occassionally old trends are brought back with a great deal of success. The charming Westminster Church on Harding Road, was finished only last year, and yet it is a true revival building in classic spirit.

Buildings are a reflection of the thoughts of the people. The vigor and independence of a new republic are expressed in classic architecture. A religiosity and nationality are found in the Gothic style. So let us look at Nashville with renewed interest, for in its architecture we will find a mirror of the life and ideals of America.

CONFIDENTIALLY SPEAKING

(Continued from Page 20)

and the many different creeds are discussed, when current affairs seem less interesting. Our viewpoints for five people are varied, but prove quite amusing to the onlookers who happened to drop in some night for dinner.

However, the main event includes news.; a topic for our meal time conversations is the election. Even at breakfast we discuss Eleanor, F.D. R., the third term, and, last but not least, Wendell Willkie. All but my brother are and have been all along for the Republican nominee. I believe Richard opposed him only because he was a "tea-sipping" Beta and not a member of the brotherhood of Sigma Alpha Epsilon. He, too, has decided with the man we think best, but had the forethought to bet on the "third term candidate."

I am almost sure that because of our good times at dinner, I should rather talk than eat ! ! !

My Dog

Oh, God, up in your heaven
Please find my pup a home,
A worn old coat where he can sleep
And now and then a bone.

He was so shaggy, with nice long ears,
Though he hadn't a pedigree;
And they said he wasn't a stylish dog,
But he was my pal, you see.

We chased chipmunks together
Tracked rabbits through the snow,
And roamed through lanes at twilight
When birds were singing low.

So give him a corner in heaven,
He won't take up much space.
'Cause if I come and he's not there,
It'll be a lonesome place.

KATHRYN SATTERFIELD—*College '42*

GOD BLESS AMERICA

(Continued from Page 12)

come out of the submarine to wave that ghastly swastica under our noses as a threat, made chills play tag up and down our spines.

Nine days later we entered New York harbor, all our experiences now only memories to be put behind us. To some it meant taking life up where they had left it—to others a new life, a fresh start. As we sailed peacefully by the Statue of Liberty our gaze shifted from that symbol of American freedom to the raising of the American Flag. A hush fell over the passengers; then they burst out singing "America." Those who did not know it hummed as best they could. In our hearts we felt a profound gratitude for having the privilege of living in these United States. Each of us uttered a silent prayer—"GOD BLESS AMERICA."

AN OMINOUS CLICK

(Continued from Page 17)

friendly voices answering as they neared.

I saw the beam of a flashlight and then Al's face. "How'd you get in there?" he questioned.

My hysterical reply was, "Get me out of this crypt, and take me home. I've had enough of this place; furthermore, I'll never enter another mausoleum as long as I live!"

THE SKYLINE OF A CITY

(Continued from Page 7)

newspapers which he sells to passers-by. He looks at me longingly. I am the center around which revolve his many dreams of future greatness. I ignite in him an ardent desire to conquer the world and to make others aware of him as an individual. I am his friend, and I shall help him to achieve his high ideals.

The foreigner who comes to our country from a far-away land sees me when he first comes in sight of the United States. He gazes with awe and wonder at my beauty. He trembles at the sight of me. Will I bring him good or evil? Will I be a shelter and a home to him, or will my vast entirety engulf and strangle his every effort to live and prosper in this strange place? But somehow the sight of me gives him strength and hope, because I represent the ultimate victory of man over all obstacles.

To the laborer I represent a great part of his life. I owe my very being to his patient and dogged efforts. I am the blood of his body, the sweat of his brow. He looks at me with great pride and satisfaction because I belong to him more than to any others.

I am the skyline of a city. I see the heartbreak and the struggles of those who are trying to conquer life and its many complexities. I see the happiness and joy of those who have attained the ideals toward which they have been striving. I look into the future and see what is in store for my people. I am a thing of majestic beauty, to be loved and treasured by those who claim me as their own.

MY ROOMMATE

(Continued from Page 18)

light plaid skirt. Her merry brown eyes danced as she pointed the hall out to me. I thanked her and hurried on.

I entered the hall, which was dark and cool after the bright and rather warm September sun out-of-doors. I looked at my little card. Room 168. I walked with bewilderment down the corridor. I finally reached the door. This was it. I stood there for several minutes. My heart sank. Several other girls passed by and looked at me queerly. I swallowed hard. Silly thing, to want to cry! I lifted my hand to knock. Down it dropped with a thump to my side.

I saw, just a bit farther down the hall, a fountain. Postponing the final moment as long as possible, I walked down for a drink. After regaining my courage, I started with determination to the room. I knocked with bravado. I listened. No one answered. My heart slumped again. I turned the handle of the door and shoved it open. The room was empty.

I sat down on the bed and threw my purse and gloves to the floor. Tears rushed to my eyes. All I could remember was Mother and Dad's saying goodbye. All of a sudden I heard a cheery "hello" and shamefacedly I looked up. The girl in the yellow cardigan was standing there and introducing herself as my roommate.

Two minutes later, I was viewing the tea-room from behind an ice-cold Coca-Cola. I did not even feel the absence of father and mother as I talked over familiar topics with my new roommate.

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Christmas At Grandmother's

TEDDY ROSS HESS—*College '42*

My Grandmother was one of the greatest-souled ladies I know or ever hope to know. She was tall, corpulent, stately and beautiful. She reared seventeen children, sixteen of whom are still living. Grandmother was admired and loved by every one.

In Christmas week, sons, daughters, husbands, wives, grandchildren and great-grandchildren began to arrive. That week was grandmother's week. For each of her children, there was a special dish whether it was German potato cakes or home-made coffee cake. Each son and daughter was her baby again, and she prepared the food herself. For the grandchildren there were boxes filled with candy, nuts, cake, and every delicacy. This box she called the hungry box, because we always came to it when we were hungry.

On Christmas evening all the children hung up their stockings and went to bed. Then up would go the tree, and grandmother and her children would relive the many Christmases of the past. When the tree had been elaborately dressed, every one would gather around, and recall incidents of the cherished past. Of course this was not all done in secret because the grandchildren would soon awake if they had ever been asleep, crawl out of bed, sit on the steps, and peep through the banisters, listening to every word. Grandmother never looked so radiant as when she had her little band around her on this occasion; to her they were still children and always would be.

On Christmas morning there was such a gathering as you have never seen. No one was allowed to come near the tree until every one had waked and dressed. Then shouts of joy, paper flying, and more noise than a city street! Finally when all the wrappings were cleared away, fathers were seen on the floor playing with electric trains, admiring toys, shooting guns; mothers were playing dolls while the children looked on. Grandmother was sitting regally inspiring all activity.

At one, dinner was served. For this there were three huge tables groaning with food. Every dish called for in grandmother's recipe book had been prepared. If any one could think of a dish that was not on one of those tables, he must have been unable to see it. By the time dinner had been relished, other diversions had been planned.

About one half of the house was asleep in less than an hour. Children were put to bed. The older ones enjoyed such things as making a snow man. At four the ice-box was raided by snow-rollicking children.

When supper time came, all were ready to eat again. After supper a huge fire was lit, and every one gathered around to hear stories and pop corn. Then Grandmother's treats to the children were displayed: first a huge candy apple and then a select hidden story about each of our parents. I shall never forget the one about my mother. When she was a girl, she and my Aunt decided they would like to go sliding. They could not find a suitable place; so they agreed to get some lard from the huge lard barrel in the cellar and grease the greenhouse roof and slide until their dresses were full of holes. When grandfather found his obstreperous children, they were sent to bed without their supper. With a firm conviction that little girls should not slide down greenhouse roofs, they made unending promises.

After the stories had been told, the older grandchildren were permitted to go to the Christmas Dance. Of course the mothers and fathers would leave too. We, the younger members of the family, thus were left at home with Grandmother. Grandmother always let us stay up until just before every one came in; then she hurried us off to bed, so that they would not suspect our irregularities.

Thus went Christmas at Grandmother's, days I will never forget. My Grandmother died two years ago, and with her died the expectancy of Christmas, although my memories of her and past Christmases shall always remain a part of me. I shall always keep them as lovely memories. Christmas is inshrined in my memory of those happy days.

AURORA

JESSIE OSMENT—*College '41*

When Aurora takes the dismal shade
And sends it quietly from the sky,
And bids the moon and the stars to fade,
Her lover Apollo stands high,
Reigning alone in the lofty air,
Sending his sunbeams to every lair
And night-freshened corner of the earth.
I know it is strange, yet I believe
Aurora is a moody one—
Seeming to smile or to cry, to grieve,
Yet gladdened by her lover, Sun.

Book Review

MARY READY WEST—*College* '42

Dawn In Lyonesse—by Mary Ellen Chase—New York—The MacMillan Company—1938

Mary Ellen Chase, a native of Maine, author of Silas Crockett, Mary Peters, A Goodly Heritage, and others, always at her best when writing of the sea or the lives of sea-faring people, is superb in this story of Ellen Pascoe and Susan Pengilly, two servant women of Cornwall, England. Miss Chase's knowledge of the coast of Cornwall is almost as complete as her knowledge of the coast of her native Maine; much of the charm of her book lies in the beautiful descriptions of Cornwall and the surrounding territory.

Her objective in writing the book seems no more than the effort to present the beauty of character—so often inherent in people of humble origin—of Ellen and Susan. Ellen is thirty-five, stout, un-attractive, quiet, only recently recovered from the sudden death of her father, a Cornish fisherman, and the equally sudden death of her grandmother. Susan is Ellen's best friend, thirty-four, strong as a man, completely alone in the world, and as un-attractive as Ellen.

It is a significant point that the simple, beautiful story of Ellen and Susan has as its setting Cornwall, for the nature of the place has a definite bearing upon the characters of Ellen and Susan and upon the eventual outcome of the story. Away from Cornwall, the fishing wharves, the pounding surf, the oppressive fogs, the ancient superstitions, and the never-ending hardships of fishing people, Ellen and Susan might never have been the women they were. It is here that Ellen works as a maid in a fashionable, resort hotel; Susan, in another part of the countryside, as a bar maid; and Derek Tregonny, the man with whom Ellen is in love, and whom she has promised to marry, as a fisherman.

Ellen's life as a maid is drab and uneventful until she meets an American professor, who arouses her interest in the story of Tristram and Iseult, the book to which she returns again and again, the book that changes her life to a thing of beauty, the book that proves a guide for her future behavior when she is faced with tragedy, sorrow, and the betrayal of her friend, Susan. At this time, both Ellen and Susan show a magnificence of character seldom equaled. Susan proves herself a woman of true character when she confesses her betrayal to Ellen; and Ellen when she not only forgives Susan, but thanks her for what she has done.

In Dawn In Lyonesse, Miss Chase has again achieved near-perfection. She has presented a truly beautiful picture of humble people in humble settings. She has added strength and dignity to the book with her skillful use of the story of Tristram which permeates the whole. As a successor to her other books it is indeed a worthy one.

LAMENT

DIANE WINNIA—*College* '41

I have no lips like H. LaMarr's,
My nose is more than pug,
My frame just ain't worth mentioning,
No beaux of whom to sing,
I have no dates to tell about,
No beaux of which to sing,
Ah grave, where is thy victory?
Ah youth, where is thy fling?

A Fowl Tragedy

DIANE WINNIA—*College* '41

Once upon a time there was a white drake. A magnificent drake he was—full deserving of the beautiful home of the sandy yard behind the big white house. Even deserving of the smooth-flowing Willow Pond, his favorite swimming place!

One day, in the early springtime, when the willows were first swaying in their bright green, this drake saw a duck-of-his-dreams. A shy snow-white one who blushed and giggled in an entrancing mezzosoprano quack! The drake preened his feathers, as men will. Across the sandy yard he waddled in his best grace. The sun shone on his white back, and his bill was as polished and orange as the sun.

"Quack, ahem," said he as he paused before the shy beauty. "W-would you care for a swim in the Pond with me?"

The duck nodded her head and blushed. The two strolled down the path and slid into the water. How handsome he is, she thought. Soon she was calling him by his first name, which was Wilbur. And he was calling her Cynthia.

As it was spring, love bloomed into their lives. One evening, by the light of the moon, Wilbur asked her if she would be his wife. She nodded and blushed again. She was still shy. The next day they were married by the old cock who lived at the other end of the yard. She was a gorgeous bride all in white. And he stepped so gallantly to meet her at the corn-crib altar that everyone sighed and wept. They were such a touching couple.

Before long there was a nest with five white eggs in back of the big barn. Cynthia was very patient, and Wilbur sometimes took her place on the nest to let her rest for a bit. Their married life went without a quarrel. Finally the five eggs were hatched and there were five fuzzy

yellow ducklings to swim in the Pond with their parents. O happy day, thought Wilbur, to have such a wonderful family!

But tragedy was to come too soon to the family of the Willow Pond. One morning Wilbur was nowhere to be seen. Cynthia called and called. But no one answered. The five ducklings, who were now growing into promising youngsters, called too. Still no one answered. Cynthia searched and searched, but there was still no Wilbur. Soon the barnyard gave up the hunt and returned to normal life, but Cynthia continued to look and call, "Wilbur, my Wilbur! Where are you?"

Weeks passed and the search was hopeless. The fowls had looked for Wilbur as far as the stone wall on the other side of the meadow across from the Willow Pond, but no white back and yellow bill did they see. Cynthia cried and cried and would not be comforted. One old hen clucked to her to bear the loss, but Cynthia would not. She wanted her Wilbur. But there was no Wilbur.

As Cynthia was making a tour of the barnyard for the ninety-ninth time in vain, she noticed a scrap of newspaper blowing about the ground. In her sorrow, she looked at the paper for some chance news of Wilbur. On and on she read, and then burst into tears. All of the animals rushed to her. The cock who had married them said in a mournful voice, "Shhh, everybody. It's his obituary."

The next day was a day of mourning for all. Cynthia's white feathers were dulled with her sorrow, and the bereaved widow was slowly escorted to a clay memorial statue of the departed pride of the yard. It was by the Willow Pond that he had loved so well. As the geese stood at attention, the cock slowly read in a stentorian voice the newspaper line on the fate of their Wilbur:

"Long Island ducks fresh No. 1 and No. 2 bbls. 13½ @ 15."

Contributor's Column

Dear Editor:

I've often wondered just what sort of people write those letters I so often chuckle over in the newspapers. One of my favorite conclusions is that they represent those ingenious "Aunt Julia" inventions, written by the staff to convert a few more column inches into printed eloquence and amusement. At any rate, here I am disproving all my theories and telling you what a good piece of work I thought the November, 1940 publication of the Chimes was.

As I glanced through the quarterly, I felt that it was a nice gesture to have so many classes represented by articles and so many parts of the country heard from and described. I was glad that humor and satire were not completely abandoned, also that the articles were of very reasonable length.

I was genuinely surprised to find such lovely poetry. I'm sure no one could object to more like it. Cuts or small illustrations, if not too expensive, would enhance the value of the magazine.

On the whole, I liked it very much and felt it capable of holding its own "among the best of them".

Sincerely,

A Reader

Life or Death

PATTY WALKER– *College '42*

The white-washed walls, tile floor, and large, glaring, overhead lamps made the necessary surroundings. The heavy, thick air was saturated with the odor of anaesthetics and the heat from the bright luminous lights was penetrating to every corner of the room. Beneath the blinding glare hovered a doctor, assistants, and nurses complete in starched-white uniforms, masks, and sterilized rubber gloves. Their strained faces were damp with perspiration, and the hushed silence which prevailed intensified the situation. The graveness of the moment was interrupted only by the command for scalpel, hemostat, or needle. The unceasing rhythm of the respirator

beat out the words, "Life or death, life or death, life or death!"

Seconds turned to minutes, minutes to hours. The suffocating air had become stronger with the smell of ether and gas, and more stifling with heat. Every movement had become more mechanical and quicker. The frowns on all foreheads were deeper and all eyes above the white masks were stary and tired from the monotony.

At last—the climax was reached! "Blood count low. Heart beat retarding," mumured a quick voice. "Transfusion!" was the reply. However, it was too late. The respirator had ceased.

I WONDER

JESSIE OSMENT–*College '41*

I wonder,
Looking at the stars
That lie serenely in the sky,–
At the wondrous stars
That gleam in confidence on high,
I wonder;–
What great mystery
Of life and love do they conceal?
In a reverie,
In a song, what could they reveal?
I wonder . . .

Seeing The Opera

ANNE FRASHER—*College* '42

I hereby submit to the readers a complete "Opera-Goers' Guide" to interesting personalities — in the audience.

I always arrive early so that I may watch the people come in and take their seats. In this task I am greatly aided by a magnificent pair of field glasses—twenty-two horsepower, my brother calls them. Among the early arrivals I see the tall, thin couple who fly in the door in a nervous flurry for fear they have missed the first act. (They have a half-hour to spare and will probably spend the time gasping out the story of all their unexpected delays to some poor neighbor who came to the opera to forget family troubles.) Next I see the traditional society dowager entering with brisk step, towing a very bored and hesitating husband. She has spent all week preparing for this night but will probably spend all of her time commenting on the diverse attire of fellow opera fans. Husband, of course, will open his collar in the middle of the first act and sleep through the rest of the performance, dreaming of all the places he could have been.

Then, two rows ahead of me—it never fails—is the girl in her late twenties who spends twenty minutes after her arrival in trying to distribute her surplus avoirdupois in such a way as to seem more comfortable, and appear more graceful. She will take off her shoes when the lights go out and kick them back under my seat.

Beside me sits a young girl elaborately attired in fur coat and "multitudes" of jewelry. She has been redecorating for the past ten minutes. The feather in her hat obstructs my vision, and when the lights go out she is sure to start jangling her bracelets to the tune of the great Triumphal March.

On my left is one of those rare but much admired opera-goers. He is the intellectual type who takes it all in

with a dead-pan attitude, but he really knows what is going on. He never moves a muscle, and when he goes home he will be able to recite the entire opera to some enthusiastic neighbor.

Behind him sits the emotional type. Sitting on the edge of her seat with teeth clenched, she usually finishes off ten fingernails by the end of the second act. She feels thrills chase up and down her spine and is in an agony of emotion during the love scenes. The ushers will carry her out in a dead faint in the middle of the third act!

Sitting right in front of me is the well-known jitter-bug. She is wearing a tight-fitting hat with a huge flower on top of it. Of course, the usher has asked her only twice to remove it, but she has completely ignored him. She has been moving back and forth and bouncing up and down ever since the opera began. Every time I get my field glasses focused on the stage, she moves in front of them and I have to refocus them in another direction. I shall be so angry by the end of the second act that I shall probably suggest that she work off a little excess energy by running around the Public Square four or five times.

Two rows behind me is sitting the traditional narrator. She passes the time by telling the complete story of the opera in loud stage whispers. Having seen it before, she is telling her friends what comes next and who will be killed and when. Everyone within a ten-row radius can hear her, but she feels that she is being very helpful! But this is not enough. Oh—no! The lady has to have competition! The two women beside her have been gushing about the "perfectly adorable red hat in the first seat in the fifth row of the second balcony" and "don't those Russian orchestra leaders simply slay you?"

There are many other types, including the candy-cruncher and the person who has chronic coughing fits in the most exciting parts of the operas. Almost as much as the operas themselves, I enjoy watching the various types of people who attend them, whether they go for intellectual purposes, or just to impress a few friends!

BLACK NIGHT

HELEN WARD—*College* '41

Black was the night, and dead,
Except for one lone star
Shining in the sky overhead,
Casting its light afar.
Below, on the earth, it was still,
Save for the rustling trees,
Stirred against their tired will
By some small aimless breeze.
When, suddenly, through the night
Came an anguished, haunting cry;
It resounded to such a height
That it echoed against the sky.
It called to the very soul of one,
Transfixed with grief and rue;
It wailed for things long past and done,
And things yet left to do.
It cut the hollow midnight air
And harrowed the distant hill.
It rose like a stricken winged prayer:
Then, suddenly, all was still.
Black was the night and dead.
Soon was the one lone star
That had shone in the sky overhead,
And cast its light afar.

In My World of Favorite Things

PATRICIA WARREN—*College* '42

The flurry of snow, and frosted panes;
Moonlight nights, and winding lanes;
Music that lingers, and thrills, and taunts,
And brings back people and distant haunts.
The smell of baking, of burning pine;
The bustle and hurry at Christmas time;
Rustling paper and falling leaves,
The patter of rain on dripping eaves.
Gardenias dreaming in silver bowls;
Distant bells sounding mournful tolls,
A kitten lying before the fire—
All these things I would desire
In my world of favorite things.

A Comparison of Julius Caesar and Elizabeth The Queen

PATTY JOHNSON—*College* '41

Just as the classical conception of tragedy differs from the modern interpretation, so does Julius Caesar differ from Maxwell Anderson's Elizabeth, the Queen. In the former is found Aristotle's imitation of an action that is serious, complete, and of a certain magnitude, presenting a reversal of fortune involving persons of renown and superior attainments. In Elizabeth, however, the treatment is, as it should be, "profound and lofty in which the ending is both disastrous and inevitable," as it is with Essex. .

Both plays in style vary less than one might expect. Anderson, although a modern writer, uses blank verse throughout his chronicle as does Shakespeare, yet the latter adds rhyme and prose to his style to fit certain of the characters. Anderson chooses to portray this difference in character not in how they speak but in what they say.

The similarity between the plots is more remarkable and more nearly comparable than any other feature of the plays. Each opens with a conversation between commons which gives much antecedent material to the audience. As in Julius Caesar, the spirit of the queen or ruler is always present whether that character is actually in the scene or not. Most of the conversation in both dramas centers about the title characters, and the plot motivation is created by their personalities.

Even the characters are congruous in one respect or another. Caesar, at times, resembles Elizabeth. Essex is reminissent of Brutus, and Raleigh might be Antony. Lord Cecil of the modern tragedy often parallels the earlier Cassius in his intriques, as does Bacon resemble Portia in his loyalty to Essex and his warnings to the warrior lord. Baeon even goes so far as to compare Essex to Caesar, however, thus giving the impression that the situation might well be reversed, as perhaps Shakespeare might have meant, with Elizabeth as the self-righteous Brutus and Essex as the self-willed Caesar. Some authorities believe Julius Caesar was written with such a purpose. Bearing out this theory, Bacon admonishes Essex:-

"You wish to complete your record as general,
Crush Spain, subdue Ireland, make a name like Caesar's,
Climb to the pinnacle of fame."

Essex, indeed, had an overpowering ambition, just as Caesar, and he desired absolute control above all else; so it is undoubtedly wise to accept him as an Elizabethan Caesar who lost, as did his predeeessor, in his game of empire chess.

But Essex was popular. Caesar, in Shakespeare's play, had already lost much popularity which would have died a natural death had not Antony resurrected it. Essex's danger lay in such popularity, according to Bacon who is made to say ominously:-

"You are too popular already. You have won at Cadiz, caught the people's hearts. Caught their voices till the streets ring your name whenever you pass, you are loved better than the Queen. That is your danger. She will not suffer a subject to eclipse her; she cannot suffer it."

Treason in both plays is either hinted at or openly discussed. It receives little actual mention in Elizabeth, but is, as in Caesar, the root of the controversy.

Brutus feared Caesar's love for power as he says, "I do fear the people choose Caesar for their king." Elizabeth feared Essex, also, because he was, obviously "a man not easily governed, a natural rebel, moreover a general, popular and acclaimed." Yet undoubtedly there was love between Brutus and Caesar, Elizabeth and Essex. Cassius admits the former sadly and jealously, and Essex himself asserts passionately, "I love her, I fear her, I hate her, I adore her"——

It is Essex who enacts the Caesarian triumphs abroad while Elizabeth, still a young queen, remains like the uncertain Brutus at home. Raleigh, a mixture of Cassius and Antony, with the aid of another intriguer, Cecil, formulates the plot which arouses Elizabeth's distrust of Essex. Then in one of his Brutus-like speeches, which Brutus would never have dared to discuss with Caesar, Essex tells Elizabeth:-

"I love you, my queen, madly, beyond all measure,
But that's not to say I cannot see where you fail
As sovereign here."

Again Essex is comparable to Brutus according to Elizabeth, who calls him "more a poet than a general."

The struggle in Anderson's tragedy is not within the person of one man, but between the two leading characters who, nevertheless, quarrel over the power of England and its next ruler. Caesar had no knowledge of Brutus' plot, but Elizabeth, because Essex was her lover, knew his lust for power and could forsee the results. Caesar, when he dies, says sorrowfully, "Et, tu, Brute" and dies. Elizabeth finds that her youth dies and her belief in Essex, and briefly but eloquently answers him:-

"I trusted you,
And learned from you that no one can be trusted
I will remember that."

Although Shakespeare, ordinarily, breaks the unity of mood, there is a noticeable lack of humor in Julius Caesar which is as it should be. Elizabeth, the Queen, on the other hand, is peppered with broad humor, half Elizabethan, half modern in the pure, conscious humor, irony and sarcasm.

The characters in both plays, regardless of the varying types of comparison that may be made, are heroic, intelligent, and altogether fitting for any type of tragedy. Julius Caesar is much truer to history since Lucius, Brutus' man, is the only fictitous character in the earlier play. Elizabeth veers far from jovial fact but proves that biographical and historical plays find popularity with modern audiences as well as seventeenth century theatre-goers. Horace Walpole once said that "the world is a comedy to those who think; a tragedy to those who feel." Any audience can be carried away by its emotions, as they are yet by Julius Caesar and as they have been to a lesser degree by the tragical Elizabeth, the Queen. Both fast moving dramas give their audiences little time to think but they are forced to feel the throbbing pulse of tragedy which, in the one case at least, will be immortal.

Musical Frenzy

ROBERTA BRANDON–*High School* '41

At the time I was in the second grade, the height of most children's ambition was to become a member of the Kiddy Band, but not so with me. Somehow I had a definite fear of this organization, not knowing why then any more than I know now. Each time I discovered there was to be a performance in our room, I would get in a perfect furor.

In those days the participants in the music-making were chosen for their pretty, big hair ribbons, long curls, little dresses or suits rather than for their merit as musicians. After all, the public could hear good music anytime, but seldom could they find a group of forty such adorable children, who were also supposedly adept at entertaining.

Well, much to my sorrow, the day for an entertainment by the Kiddy Band rolled around, and there I was with no possible way of escape. After much arrangement and rearrangement the band was ready to begin. For, I'd say, thirty minutes I listened to cymbols clinging, castanets popping and worst of all the horrible beating on the floor with drum sticks. After I had stood about all I thought I was mentally and physically able to endure, the end came. The much-hoped-for finish was here at last. The children once more filed out. I was safe at last and once again happy.

Just about the time I had regained my composure, I happened to notice that the lady director of the noise makers had come back to our room.

"What could she be here for?" I mused. Heaven forbid an encore. The teacher began to walk toward my seat and motioned for me to come to her. With much shyness I finally managed to establish myself at her side. Instantly she looked down at me, and with the smile of a cat eating paste asked, "Dear, how would you like to become a member of the Kiddy Band?"

In my late years I have received shocks I thought no one could bear, but none ever equalled this. Was she trying to be funny? Certainly she knew my feeling towards this group of ardent aspirants.

Then, as I try to do now, in the presence of my elders, I managed to remain cool and not show my aggravation. Again she questioned, "Don't you think it would be fun to play in our little orchestra?"

Since I was then the "yes" man I remain even today, I gritted my teeth and replied in my sweetest tone, "Yes, I suppose so."

From then until the end of the term at school, I was in the Kiddy Band, having been drafted, so to speak. I was thoroughly miserable the whole time. The only thing I enjoyed the least bit about any of it was the fact that we had our picture taken at the end of school. How many of the children would have loved to be in my place, but, after all, not all their mothers spent as much time curling and brushing their daughter's long locks as mine did.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM

MARJORIE NILES–*College* '42

A star shone o'er the quiet world,
And men in stillness lay below,
The glory of the Lord unfurled
Beneath that star's transcendent glow.
The angels sang His lullaby,
As in the manger bed He lay.
Their song to earth came from the sky
Saying, Christ is born today!
"The Lord of all hath sent His Son
To teach all men on earth to love,
To tell each one of love begun
By Heavn'ly hosts on watch above."
The shepherds heard the angels sing,
As o'er the earth the tiding came.
They heard the joyous chorus ring
In praises to the Savior's name.
The star shone on o'er Bethlehem,
While melody still filled the air
That light His only diadem
To shine upon men everywhere.

Blood and Water

ALLISON CALDWELL—*High School* '42

The grey dusk had fallen, and in this section it was even gloomier with the dull, unpainted negro houses, the narrow streets of dirty bricks, the cut-rate groceries. In the middle of all this, surrounded by an iron fence and by stately magnolias standing over the dead grass, was a silent red brick house with tall square columns across the front. At one end the wood was black and charred, as if a fire had once started here and unseen hands had extinguished it, for the house living far beyond its times had not yet finished playing its part, not yet.

Up the street a young girl ran swiftly. As she turned the corner the last ray from the sun, as if dawn by a magnet, fell on her long hair, so alive with the deep glowing red springing forth to the sun. Inside the gate she ran quickly between the rows of trees and up to the porch; opening the door only a slit she slipped through; in her rush carelessly giving the door a push she thought not of locks and keys.

In a few miments a black car came noiselessly to a stop at the curb. A young man dressed all in white emerged. "Heck of a time and place to be," he mumbled as he thought of the bright lights, music and sizzling steaks. "What's that saying about self-made men"—he stopped short, noticing for the first time exactly where he was. Then as a man in a dream he walked up the stone walk, clutching his medicine kit in his hand.

He knocked at the door. No one came; so without further consideration he gently pushed it open. It was dark inside, and the big empty rooms resounded at his step. From the boarded windows the dim bars of light shone through, focusing on the one set of draperies, faded red with tarnished gold fringe reminiscent of a by-gone era.

At the curve of the stairs stood a young girl silently beckoning him. He followed her upstairs and into a bedroom so dark and stuffy that he had to stand for a moment in the doorway to accustom his eyes to this gloom. Then he saw a form lying on the bed under a huge grey coat. On closer inspection he saw it to be a man, his face bristling with an iron-grey beard, a crooked nose, and high cheek bones; even now he had the aspect of cruelty. The man was dead!

"My father," said the girl questioningly. "He's dead," said the interne as softly as possible. She watched him gently pull part of the coat over the man's face. "Suicide," said she, "You see we were so terribly poor." As he looked at her, and she at that still form, he could see no signs of sadness, but an expression of such varied emotions that no one of them could he distinguish. He too wore a queer expression.

Then they stood there together for one moment, a moment that seemed like eternity. "I'll be back," he said as he left, "going to telephone for someone."

The night air struck his face; he could think clearer outside that house. Down at a drug store he called one of the "homes". Then he stood there, his long frame bent in the cramped booth, his finger poking absently in the coin return, but his mind pounding one thought. A deep, puzzled frown creased his forehead. He thought he saw his duty—but yet.— Slowly he began to dial again pausing between each number still thinking. He heard the ring and the curt response "Police Headquarters". He gave the address—that was all. He knew that suicides are not shot through the heart.

Back at the house once more he sat down heavily to wait. He hadn't been surprised to find the girl no longer there. She had done her part; she had tried hard enough to fool him. "Whom was she shielding," he wondered, "for of course she could not be guilty. Probably some drunken fight; there were many in the neighborhood. Maybe it was some brother or sweetheart. No, it could not have been her lover, for as they stood there that one swift moment he had felt a strange undercurrent. She had felt it too", he could tell. "Hummm," he mused, "what might have been. She had the prettiest hair I have ever seen." He knew he would never see her again, for "Blood is thicker than water," even the bad blood of this cruel drunken man upstairs under the grey coat. His own father. And so had he come back to this place from which he had risen. There he sat in the dark house of his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather waiting for the police.

A MESSAGE

SUZANNE ADDINGTON—*College* '42

I stand by the sea, and gaze across
The silver rolling waves that toss
Themselves against the shining beach.
They sing a song of far away;
It is hard to put into speech.
The color of Spain, warm and gay,
Mantillas, roses, making way
For laughter and dancing and song.
A mournful song from England's shore,
Of rocky beaches all alone
In chilly mist forever more.
A song of Paris floating o'er
The waves, with fragrant tenderness.
It sings of love and sweet romance,
A tender kiss, a soft carress.
A daring song of bold advance
Of Norway's sons. The cold expanse
Of frozen northlands. This they sing,
This and more I've heard today.
And this strange rhythm that they bring—
Could there be something more they say,
In this weird melancholy way?
It's tom-toms from Hawaiian lands—
Land of flowers; warm sea breeze
That plays on golden sunny sands.
No! Something from across the seas
Is stirring this, my tranquil peace.
There's something from an unknown shore,
And these waves bring the message o'er.
Listen, my heart, there may be more.

My First and Only Love

MARY AILEEN COCHRAN–*College* '41

He was a tall, bronzed blonde with flashing blue eyes — so tall that I reached only to his shoulders. We were at the very prime of our lives, for he was twelve and I was ten. He was a Don Juan, Cassinova and the Billy Shilly of the neighborhood, all rolled into one "reg'lar fellow". A real man Billy was, the envy of every boy and the object of intense devotion and admiration of every girl within a radius of three blocks.

That was the trouble. Too many girls were simply "nuts" about him, and the competition was almost overwhelming. But I had one consolation in knowing that my bosom friend, Betty, and I tied for the honor of being **first** on his tablet of fancy. Ours was therefore a strained rivalry. It was almost the cause of a break in a deep-rooted and life-long friendship between Betty and me. He seemed to sense this and did everything possible to antagonize us toward each other. Truly, he was a clever, and therefore exciting, man.

First, he took me to see his tree-house, then he would show Betty his prized snakes; then he would curb me on my bicycle and make me fall (but I didn't mind this, for it was decidedly an effort on his part to show his ardent affection), after which he immediately bought Betty an ice-cream cone. It was all so exasperating. I felt I could no longer endure it—the show-down, the inevitable duel between two sensitive hearts must come.

And it did come, when his mother called mine and invited me to a taffy-pull that Billy was giving the next week. Of course Betty was invited too, but I was going to attack this problem by the use of strategy. The Big Day approached on wheels of grease and I could scarcely refrain from gazing at my lovely new dress. Mother had been so very sweet to make me the embroidered pink frock, which, from what articles I

had been able to procure and read on the subject, "How To Get Your Man," would go far towards making me feminine and desirable.

My hair was painfully rolled into hard, sleep-snatching curlers the night before. Although I spent many restless, torturous hours during the night, all went well until noon of the Big Day. Father, who is always trying to make us children happy, suggested, or rather announced, his plans for a big picnic and swim that afternoon. My heart faltered with disappointment, for Father's word was never disputed. Mother must have peered into my secret heart, for she courageously told Father that we must be back by six. Father, having eaten a large lunch, was therefore in a good mood and graciously said we could omit the picnic, still swim, and be back in time for the taffy-pull.

Again the picture was bright and all went well—until I removed my bathing cap! Doom greyed the picture again as I thought, "How can a man, or even a boy, love a girl who has straight hair?" It was impossible, but I felt that I must go through with it.

The entire evening was a unity of bliss and contentment. The unbelievable had been accomplished (and with straight hair, too), and I had this strong, rough man meekly pulling taffy out of my hands for two whole hours. I had never been so happy before, or so I thought at the time. May I again explain that I was attracted to Billy because he was, in my estimation, the personification of strength, courage and manhood?

Yes, and he lived up to all my expectations and demands, even when I became better acquainted that night, until—his best friend strove to gain my attentions and offered considerable competition. Billy heroically and chivalrously attacked him, and was at the point of victory when his mother grabbed him by the collar, shook him and pulled him into the house. She then dismissed the party and all left. That is, all but one left, for I remained to see what might follow, unfortunately. My dreams were shattered and my hopes dissolved when, upon peeking into the window, I heard his wails and saw his mother spanking him over her knee. Any man who could let his pride be humbled by a mere woman was no lover of mine. Since that faith-destroying moment I have never once let my emotions be so trifled with and injured. That was my first and has been my only love.

*Taken from notes in the Diary of the author, written in 1934.

BUT ALAS!

JESSIE OSMENT–*College* '41

Upon the back steps in the rain,
A chubby little fellow sat;
His chubby face was touched with pain,
And all his tears fell on the cat.
His heart was broken;
What could be done?
The word was spoken–
Away he'd run ! ! !
He'd flee to where the rainbow ends.
Who knows but what he'd get the gold;
And visit lands and wild beasts' dens,
And tell the tales that brave men told?
Never more would his mom say no
When chocolate cookies he did crave;
He'd show her now that he would go,
And live and grow beyond the wave.
But alas! What's this?
His mom came out;
And she, with a kiss,
Forced him to pout.
Upon a soft chair in the house,
A chubby little fellow sat,
Eating cookies–as a mouse,
And all his crumbs fell on the cat.

Sissy Lou Learns About Life

Sissy Lou was her name—so her friends said, but her Mother took special care to inform everyone that Virginia Lou Billings was the young tomboy's title. In fact, she took great pains to make Sis as feminine as possible. Her son, Bob, seemed to have all the gentle virtues of the family. He played the piano, wrote brilliant verse, and was a skilled conversationalist. Sissy Lou played versatile tennis, had an unerring shot with a rifle, and eared nothing for learning about the more "gentle arts".

Mrs. Billings was working busily around the back windows preparing holiday dishes for her table, and was watching anxiously the door of the recreation room which, for the last few minutes, had been closed after the arrival of Sis. Sis, lounging before the log fire, was busily discussing life with her brother Bob, and his friend, Kent, who had come to the Billings' for the Christmas holidays.

"Sis, you act just like a boy," Bob had just finished saying.

"You know," she lamented, "I can't understand why I had to be an old girl; boys have so much more fun. They can hunt and fish all day, and no one says anything about it, but just let me go and then see what happens. I'm almost afraid to go over to the house because of my hunting this morning and not telling Mom. When Christmas came last year I got three bottles of perfume. I didn't want the old stuff; I asked for riding pants instead. What's the fun in a girl's life anyway?"

Bob, who had all the refinement that Sissy Lou lacked, said, "Sissy Lou Billings, here you are sixteen years old and you act like a roughneck boy. You're just the age when most girls begin to make the most of being girls and getting waited on and admired; but what do you do about it? Nothing! Why, every time you walk down the street all the

gentle, nice girls in town hide. I guess they think you will ruin them."

Kent chimed in, "Sis, you look well enough, I wouldn't mind being seen with you if you didn't wear those awful old breeches and go around with your nose peeling all the time. It's funny to me that you let Bob take all the credit for your end of the family."

Bob played the piano quite well and spent many long hours, away from derisive remarks of Sissy Lou, writing soupy verse—poetry to anyone but Sis. He was three years older than she and had come home from prep school for the holidays. Kent, his roommate, was spending Christmas holidays with him. After observing Sissy Lou's condition in regard to the important things in life they had decided to corner her and give her a lecture.

Sissy Lou looked at them, and, suddenly, two big tears rolled down her cheeks. Vaulting from the room, she ran into the house and up to her room, slamming all doors behind her.

Lunch time came, but Sissy Lou did not appear. It was uncommon for Sis to miss a meal. After eating, the boys rushed upstairs and pounded on Sis's door. There was no answer; they were greeted with stony silence.

Dinner time came and the family were beginning to wonder if Miss Billings would honor them with her presence. Just as they were seated, strange footsteps sounded from the stairway. Everyone half-rose and looked at the doorway. There stood a strange young woman. She wore a very snug evening dress, tall gold sandals, and of all things—long, black, artificial eyelashes. Her mouth was an imitation of a popular movie star's and her hair was piled high on her head with two gold pins stuck in it.

They gave a gasp, stared a moment, and then burst out laughing. This did not affect Miss Billings at all, for she calmly made her way to the table, looking down her powdered nose at them.

"But Sis," exclaimed Bob, "why all the getup?"

"You are taking me to the club dance tonight. I think Kent shall too, for you know that a girl always looks better with **two** men."

The usually calm Bob jumped to his feet and shouted, "I will not be disgraced by masquerader like you, and anyway, you'll dance all over everybody and probably knock them down."

After much arguing against Sissy Lou and her somewhat pleased mother, Bob finally agreed to go to the dance. (Sis had delivered an ultimatum that she would tell all she knew about Bob's latest verse to his current lady love.)

"That's enough," he cautioned. "I'll go, but what about you, Kent? Would you care to be seen with this freak of artificiality?"

Kent, who hadn't taken his gaze from Sissy Lou, turned rather smitten eyes to Bob and said, "Uh, ah, of course we'll go".

Mrs. Billings delivered the subdued young tomboy, after a bit of needed redressing, into the hands of the two boys. In the automobile, Sissy Lou got busy with her lipstick. Out of her bag she pulled a bottle of her hated Christmas perfume. When they arrived at the club, Sissy Lou entered with the two young men on either side, and acted as if she were quite used to such attentions.

Sissy Lou marched to the cloak room, and, amid the stares and whispers of the other girls, twirled and pivoted before the mirror. Satisfied with the results, she turned and gave the other girls "the once-over." In her mind she admitted that, although they were "regular sissy girls," she looked just as well as, and better than they; so she went out to the impatient Bob and the admiring Kent, feeling much better than she had felt immediately before their arrival. (She had begun to get "cold feet.")

Sissy Lou's glamorous appearance seemed to have an effect on her feet, for she danced so well and made such an impression on the stag line that she caused many jealous glances to be directed at her by the other girls. Bob began to feel a little better because of the favorable comments the boys had been making to him, and he even got very angry at his "lady-love" for making catty remarks about Sissy Lou.

Kent, who was dancing with Sissy Lou, suggested that they walk out on the veranda and take a peep at the huge old moon.

"All right," she said as she took his arm, "my feet are killing me." Once outside, she sank down on a bench with a long, drawn-out "Oh."

Kent, who wasn't interested in Sissy Lou's feet, said, "Sissy, I'm ashamed I talked to you today as I did. Will you forgive me?"

Looking into his hopeful eyes, she said with her best air, "Of course, I will; it was all Bob's fault anyway."

"And Sissy Lou, it's a lot to ask, but will you be my girl?"

"What?" exclaimed Sis who was completely stunned, "Ah, uh, I guess so."

"I mean even after I've gone back to college. Here, I want you to have this," and he thrust something into her hand.

Looking at the fraternity pin lying in her palm, Sis thought of the effect it would have on all those girls—and, anyway, Kent was handsome with his tall figure and broad shoulders. She fastened the pin to her dress, and thought, "Gosh, I didn't expect all this."

When, at the end of the dance, Sis went to get her coat, she was received in the cloak room with baleful stares. It is needless to say that the lovely college fraternity pin caused much jealousy among the girls who had spent much of the evening trying to make an impression on Kent White. Sissy Lou, now officially Virginia Lou, vainly fastened her coat and ignored them.

On the way home, Sissy Lou relaxed and said with gasp, "Phew, I guess maybe I've learned something about being a girl, it's been almost as much fun as catching a nice long trout."

CHRISTMAS A LA KILMER

HELEN RANSOM—*College '42*

I hope that I shall never see
Another mangy Christmas tree—
A tree that stands up straight and tall.
And rubs the paper off the wall,
No lifted arms in prayer for fear
Of shattering the chandelier,
No robins in its hair because
Their twitter might scare Santa Claus;
A tree where children play all day
Unless they get in someone's way;
A tree that wears a starry crown
Until the kitten knocks it down.
Though only God can grow trees straight,
It's fools like me who decorate.

Our Generation

Have you ever stood quietly by, biting your tongue, while Aunt Sophia raised her eyebrows, clasped her hands, shook her head, and piously questioned, "What is this younger generation coming to?" Yes, you have heard Aunt Sophia and perhaps many others declare that ours is a marked and ruined generation.

We need not become alarmed at this opinion, for we are not alone in our condemned state. We find that even the young people of Cicero's time were thought to be "going to the dogs." Throughout the ages members of an older generation have found fault with those of a younger generation.

Actually the youth of today, especially in America, suffers less from the condemnation of his elders than has any previous generation suffered. Our elders seem to have realized that through criticizing us they indirectly criticize themselves. More important still, they have realized that youth's energy and enthusiasm must have some outlet, and that if its course is not wisely directed, youth is not altogether responsible for the results.

America has become so vitally aware of this latter truth that she is now harnessing the enthusiasm, inquisitiveness, and vitality of her youth to serve her. She has learned to do so by a slow process, just as she has learned to master and utilize the power of her mighty waterfalls.

In the business world we hear it said today, "This is a young man's day and age. Every position is for the young man." Why? Because youth has ambitions and aspirations that urge him on to achievement. Youth, when given opportunity, remains in no monotonous rut; his energy, vision and zeal allow him to keep reaching out into the untried and unknown and snatching little bits of new life for the business world. It is not hard to understand why youth is welcomed here.

The church, too, has realized the possibilities youth offers. The really great movements on foot in every American church at present are movements concerned with the youth of the nation. For example, the "Youth Crusade" movement in the Methodist Church is a program to be carried on for a period of four years, at which time an earnest ef-

fort will be made to deepen the spiritual lives of the young people already in the church, and, also, to bring at least four thousand more young people into the church. Similar programs are being used by other churches. Young people may now find in their churches ways to use their leisure pleasantly and constructively. We are now getting from our churches spiritual, social and, in many cases, mental guidance. In return we are bringing to the church alert and active enthusiasm which has formerly been devoted to opposing forces. We are developing, through early experience, into well trained leaders for the church of tomorrow.

In every way emphasis is being laid upon youth. Our training is carefully stressed. We are given more educational advantages than any other generation has ever enjoyed. Thousands and thousands of articles are being written about us and to us in the current papers and magazines. Indeed, it seems that the world has become youth-conscious.

Since we have been so spectacularly brought into the lime light, it is to be expected that the world will see our faults as well as our merits. It is unnecessary then for us to brood angrily over the few people who see only our flaws. We may rest assured that these people are in the minority.

True, we may boast that our generation is not "going to the dogs," but alas, we may not claim the credit. To the generation just ahead of us, who saw the wisdom of directing our energy and enthusiasm in the right paths, goes the credit. We may only claim a responsibility which our many opportunities and advantages have served to make greater—that of "letting no man despise our youth."

The Lovelife of A Woman Hater

It was in the year 1922—the night I graduated from Yale with all the dignity that a cocksure lad of twenty-three could assume—that it happened. Until that night I had never looked twice at any woman with a diabolical gleam in my eye. Their fluttering eyelashes and soft purrings had never held any fascination for me; their company and subtle flattery annoyed me to such an extent that I took my Plato and Aristotle and became the proverbial book-worm. I was completely satisfied with the whole world, with life, and with my pursuit of happiness. Then I met her.

She was young, erect, and slim. Her hair was dusty gold, and brushed into a gleaming crown around her head. When I looked into her steady gray eyes I felt as though paradise, peace, and excitement had suddenly dawned, and everything else had been reduced to insignificance. I was unaware of the sultry rain, the sighing wind, and the dull groan of heels on the walks below; I forgot the troubles and cares of the practical world, and thought only of what perfect heaven it would be to gaze into those eyes for an eternity. And I am human.

I wanted her. Gladly would I have given my every possession towards that end. Her face haunted my dreams at night—conquered and ruled my thoughts all day long. She could be gay and sorrowful, laughing and crying, teasing and serious in turn. Her every change of expression was enchanting and bewildering in its perfection. The gestures she made with her long fingers were the very personification of grace and beauty. It was agony — agony to watch her, agony to think, agony to desire. Knowing that I did not exist for her, realizing the hopelessness of my wishes was agony. There was a hollowness in my chest when she was away, and a burning desire when she was near. Her lovliness was my destruction.

I can never have happiness, nor will I ever be content. My life is futile. Better that I be dust than live tortured in silence. I must be silent; she can never know of my illimitable love; her spirit shall never be clouded by the knowledge of it;—for I am the preacher's son, and she is my brother's wife.

A COUNTRY BOY'S SHOPPING

MOZELLE ADAMS—*College '41*

Oh God, this can't be real—
I'm dreaming it—, I know,
These pretty Christmas lights
Shining in the snow.
This noise that fair excites me,
This happy rushing throng,
Those puppets in a show window
That sing a Christmas song.
Such toys I never dreamed of
In each store on display,
The laughing Santa Claus I saw,
The food in that café.
I came with papa here to get
A gift for Mom and Dee
But, God, I sorely want to buy
This dream for them to see.

ROMANCE

HELEN RANSOM—*College '42*

A starry night, a soft, sweet breeze,
The drooling drone of drowsy bees,
The cozy coo of a dainty dove,
It all comes under the head of love.
Personally, I never touch the stuff,
Moving-pictures show quite enough.

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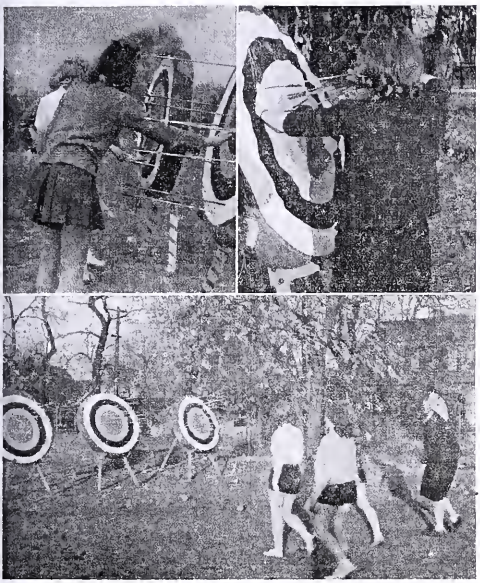

Lull

DOROTHY NOLAND—*College '42*

The Administration Building was on oasis of warmth and light in a chill night of eold starlight and whipping wind. A peaceful lull enveloped the flying-field, before the seheduled arrival of the skysleeper on its journey from New York to Los Angeles.

Within the building there was an atmosphere of drowsy calm that fills a room too well heated. The overstuffod leather chairs, scattered about; supported a varied assortment of sleepy, relaxed people, all with the common purpose either of meeting, or of boarding, the transport on its landing. So swift was the effect of entranee from the dark coldness into the brilliant warmth, that persons immediately settled into the hush of the building and lost their individuality in the wait that preceded the arrival of the plane. Now and then a distant ring of a telephone shattered the quiet, and several times the rhythmic tapping of the wireless eould be heard in the room above.

Suddenly, however, an authoritative voiee rang out from the loud speaker announeing preeisely and briefly the arrival of the Ameriean Airline Skysleeper from New York at gate four. Gone was all apathy. The waiting-room eame to, and a general exodus through the door began.

As we stepped into the eutting wind, piereing search-lights flared up illuminating the runways, and the field itself was sharply eut out of the darkness by blazing red and green. The airport was now in a fever of activity, as the great, silver plane could be diseerned above, and the drone of the motors roared through the silenee of the night. All eyes were east upward; there was a eateh in every breath, for no matter how many times one sees a plane land, there is ever a suspended moment of terror and beauty, as it glides onto earth. Safely down, the gigantic metal thing turned toward the Administration Building and taxied to a stop. As steps were wheeled up, it was besieged by a small fleet of gasoline trucks, from whieh attendants emerged to swarm all over its enormous wings.

Its door at last opened, emitting passengers one by one who had reaehed home and family, or who wanted to relax before going on.

In a very few minutes, stillness again reigned over the field, as the plane remained in repose, throbbing with latent power, waiting for those passengers who would board it, leaving the airport again to the darkness and the eold.

Oklahoma Holiday

GENEVIEVE GRESHAM—*College* '42

'89ers Day in my home town is a unique occasion. The unforgettable event that it commemorates happened on April 22, 1889, when a certain section of Indian Territory, which is now part of Oklahoma, was opened for white settlement. At twelve noon, a shot was fired and people from all walks of life and all sections of the United States made the run for land. Whoever staked his claim first was the sole possessor of that particular tract of land. They came from North, East, and South; by foot, horseback and wagon to begin a different life or to start a new adventure in this strange land.

Since that great day, April 22 has been designated to celebrate the opening of Oklahoma territory. Each year there is a more elaborate and exciting fiesta than there was the previous year. Our small town is turned topsy-turvy, and everyone is at a high pitch of excitement. The day consists of every entertainment that one can imagine: rodeos, barbecues, carnivals, dances, banquets and the grand parade.

In the early morning, the noise inside and outside of the homes is unmistakable: everyone is preparing for the day. Costumes are donned and friends joyfully hailed. Along the streets the last-minute preparations for the parade are spied: beautiful floats are given their final touches, horses are receiving their last brushing, and decrepit '89er wagons are scanned once more with an anxious eye to see if they are able to survive the parade. Everywhere there are people dressed as '89ers, cowboys or Indians.

The celebrities on white horses leading the ten-mile parade are soon heralded. Colorful bands pass by with high-stepping drum-majors. Fine horses of all breeds, gorgeous floats, Indians with their striking head-dresses, wagons pulled by oxen, and everything that makes an '89er's parade pass before the cheering throngs of people.

One of the most impressive floats in the parade is a portrayal of the statue of the Pioneer Woman: a woman of the frontier country stands straight with her head held high, ready to begin her new life. Her hand is placed on her son's shoulder, and his face carries the same look of determination.

After the parade, the crowd hurries to the stadium. The day, beautiful with its cool, clear sky, is made to order for the rodeo. Throughout the afternoon rough-riding, steer-roping, bull-dogging, clowning and Indian dances are given in all of the atmosphere of the past. Not until the sun is making its disappearance in the west is the rodeo over.

That evening, the banquets and dance take place. The room is filled with color, as everyone is in '89er's costumes. After speeches and performances, the banquet is nished and the dance begins. That night you return home tired but happy in the colorful memory of '89er's Day at Guthrie.

A Texas Roundup

DOROTHY SUTTON—*College* '42

Once each year the ranchers of Texas are confronted with the immense problem of rounding up all of their livestock. Since the purpose of this round-up is to enable the ranchers to brand or otherwise mark their possessions, it usually takes place when the crisply cool days of fall have begun. This time is chosen since the mild weather enable the burns caused by branding to heal more rapidly. This fall round-up should not be confused with numerous other round-ups which include only a part of the livestock and serve various other purposes.

When one considers the thousands of acres in each ranch and the fact that every animal on the range must be found, the task seems unbelievably immense. For an inexperienced person, the job would be impossible; but for the hard Texas cowboys, it is just another day's work. The difference lies in the fact that the inexperienced man would have no idea of what to do, while the rancher knows the exact process.

Let us consider, for example, a ten-section ranch. Such a ranch has 6,400 acres of land and would "sun" several thousand "head" of livestock. The ranchers' object is to drive these livestock from the pastures in which they are grazing to the "lots," where they will be corralled, separated, and branded.

The round-up begins long before daybreak, with all the ranch-hands riding off in separate directions. Each man has a careful assignment—he must "work out" the livestock from a certain section of the range and must bring them to the pens. This means a day of fast galloping, of hard searching for well-concealed animals—an exhausting day with few pauses and constant alertness in all instances.

If the rancher has been lucky enough to have chosen for the round-up a day following an extremely cold night, the work is somewhat diminished. This is because on a cold night all the livestock drift northward as far as they can go, huddling there until daylight comes. In this case, the rider merely has to go to the northernmost fence to begin driving in the stock, thereby avoiding the

task of looking for them. The more unlucky rider, whom nature has not thus aided, must himself search out the animals. To do this he begins at the back of the pasture—in other words, the part most remote from his destination—and rides forward along the highest path he can find. From his elevated position he can see more land at one time and can gather together the stock. When the rancher has gathered up a fair-sized bunch of livestock and has seen a few stragglers that have been left behind, he must push the bunch on far in advance of himself and then quickly ride back and drive up the others. As a rule, the large bunch will stay together fairly well, but it it does not the rider must race after the ones that have wandered away and bring them back into the group. It is at times like these that the cowboy's skill is put to the hardest task. If he is master of his trade, he will never allow any animal to get entirely away from him. Through the long hours as the work continues, the once small group of livestock swells into an ever-increasing stream of bellowing, bleating forms stretching out over the vast Texas range.

The riders usually go out from the pens like rays from the sun and return in the same general direction. As the men return, each driving a bunch before him, these groups merge into a limitless whole.

Now with the ranch-hands holding the surging mass in abeyance just outside the lots, the next problem is getting the stock into the pens. With the cattle and goats this will not be at all difficult, but with sheep it is a different story. No sheep will ever take the lead anywhere, especially through a gate. No matter how hard they are crowded, sheep cannot be made to go through a small opening. They simply will not go, and that is that. From exasperating past experience, ranchmen long ago learned this fact and remedied it by developing 'lead-goats.' These 'lead-goats' are Spanish goats which have been trained to mix with the sheep and then go through the gate. The sheep will instantly follow the new-found leader and go through the gate without the slightest hesitation.

And with the closing of the gate behind the last obstinate sheep, the big round-up is over.

Why I Like to Read

MARY FLORENCE SHOFNER—*High School* '43

In these troubled times one needs to lose one's self occasionally in some far-away place and time. Since most people do not have the opportunity of actually traveling, they must find some good substitute. They must find something that will make them feel as though they had wandered over the globe. The one answer to such a need, the one which satisfies the majority, is reading. For this and other reasons, reading could easily be called one's hobby, recreation, and all such interests combined.

This is what reading means to me. Except for an occasional ramble on a sunny afternoon, I never leave an interesting book unread. As mother says, "It takes wild horses to get that child out of a chair in which she has settled herself with a book." Yet, I can think of no better or more enjoyable way to spend afternoons and Saturdays than sitting in a comfortable chair, reading a good book in a good light.

As for what I enjoy reading most, that would be hard to say; my reading tastes have changed as often as my other thoughts, and perhaps a little more so. Of course, I was enraptured by **Mother Goose, Christopher Robin, Peter Pan,** and **Grimm's Fairy Tales** at an early age, and I have never quite lost my weakness for that type of story. Indeed, on two occasions, I thoroughly shocked Mr. Mills by buying, once, **Four Little Puppies,** and again, **Bruno, The Bear Cub, Who Wanted To Be A Boy Scout.**

And by changing tastes, I don't mean that I enjoy only one type of story at a time. What I do mean is that I ESPECIALLY enjoyed the one type at a certain time.

After the kindergarten stage, animal and nature stories and mythology held my interest. I have never been sorry for the latter, in particular, for it has come in handy all my life and will probably continue doing so as long as I shall live. Nor will I ever completely lose a yearning for tender human stories of animals.

In about the seventh grade I suddenly became interested in biographical and historical novels. As the two are often interwoven, I really developed appreciation for both; and during that period I got more real pleasure from reading than ever before, or since.

This lasted until the middle of last year, at which time I suddenly lost all desire to read anything, even trash. I was utterly wretched, for I believed, and still do, that life without reading is an inconceivable nightmare.

Then I reached the lowest state of degeneration for a good reader: I began to read funny-books! Oh, you can laugh ("How quaint!" you say), but there's nothing funny about it. My mind was being wasted and was disgusted with such tripe.

Now, again, there came a sudden transition. I raised myself onto the next level, that of mysteries, and believe it or not, this saved the day. For it was through my desire for mystery stories that I ran into **Pocket-Books, Inc.,** which publishes all the famous books in pocket editions. At first, I bought the myst-

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Island of Contrast

RUTH WHITTLESEY—*College* '41

Twenty-eight miles south of Cape Cod off the southeast coast of Massachusetts lies the island of Nantucket, which, for nearly a century, was the seat of the whaling industry. Discovered by Bartholomew Gosnold, Nantucket was purchased in 1641, in conjunction with Martha's Vineyard, by Thomas May.

The island is small and level, being about fifteen miles long and two miles wide, with its highest point one-hundred and ninety-one feet above sea level. If the island was onee famous for whaling, it is now equally famous as a resort. Each year finds eager tourists flocking to this picturesque spot. We visited there four years ago last summer.

Shortly after lunch we went aboard a typical excursion boat, leaving from New Bedford. The day was sunny with a cool breeze, and the sea was filled with blue-green waves crested by white foam. There was a carefree spirit aboard ship, and, after a pleasant trip, we reached Nantucket just after dinnertime, and were greeted by a novel sight. The dock was thronged by natives and tourists. Lined on either side of the gangplank were bellboys, each calling the name of his hotel, and inviting the visitors to stop there. The many hotels are scattered, some facing the harbor and some located in the town. At these one finds all types of people — wealthy, middle-class, young, old, honeymooners townspeople, country folk, doctors, lawyers, teachers, and students. Each hopes to discover some certain thing at Nantucket and from their enthusiastic reports, most of them have. The food at these hotels is delicious—particularly if you like seafood, and we do.

The beaches, smooth and sandy, stretch as far as you can see along the coast. As the water maintains a temperature averaging seventy degrees, the beaches are filled every hour of the day with old and young. In some places the water is calm, while others afford surf bathing. We enjoyed this, but caution was necessary because of the dangerous undertow.

There are two sides to this island —the picturesque, old side of the natives, and the modern, bright resort side, crowded with tourists. Often the harbor is dotted with colored sails, as Nantucket has its own yacht club. During the summer months there is much social activity which must seem strange to the native accustomed to the isolation of winter. I have never been there during winter, but I hear that the harbor is filled with ice-skaters and that many ice boats may be seen skimming back and forth over the ice. At this time plane service is the only means of transportation between the island and the mainland.

One of the first things a tourist notices is the cobblestone streets, which are exactly as they have always been. Another is the prevalence of horses and buggies and tandem bicycles. As you walk along the streets you will see many fascinating gift shops and, sitting on the curbs outside of these, there will be groups of old men. They must be cronies and have tales of bygone days to tell, because both sunlight and moonlight find them there. We came to know some of these when we rented a sailboat for evening picnics to neighboring islands. On one of these picnics to a nearby island we met an old sea captain who told us fascinating yarns of whaling trips.

There are two sights which every visitor to Nantucket sees: one is the lighthouse, one of the first in the United States; the other is the old ship in the harbor which has been transformed into an unusual eating place. Visitors are usually informed by the natives that Nantucket is one of the few places that still hold town meetings. The people have a very independent spirit and several years ago, during a quarrel with Massachusetts proper, talked of secession. Nothing came of this, however.

Two small things I will remember Nantucket for are its popcorn (all colors and flavors—I like chocolate) and its doughnuts. While we were there, my brother ate so many of these latter, that old friends still ask "How's doughnuts?"

I have stressed the older side of Nantucket, but do not forget its modern counterpart with bright beaches, sailboats, tennis courts, well-dressed people, and gay night life. It indeed is an Island of Contrast.

WISH

I would like to write
A song so beautiful that
All the world would sing it.
I would like to do things so great
That all the world
Would stop and wait
For me to do another.

Sara McCullough—College '41

An Odd Namesake

MARJORIE CROWDER—*College* '42

It took only about two minutes for us to "fall in" to the atmosphere of Stepin Fetchit's dressing room—"slow motion personified"! After thoroughly relaxing in his swivel chair, we were calmly told to "shoot."

He was born at Key West, Florida and when he was quite young, he was adopted by a dentist and sent away to school in Montgomery, Alabama. Because of economic conditions he was forced to quit school, but he soon got a job in a Catholic hospital. Stepin got his first stage experience when he "joined up" with a minstrel show, as a "buck and wing dancer", that "wintered" in Montgomery. They toured the colored vaudeville. "When I came to Kansas City I had to make up my mind which way I'd go, east or west, so just to be different I took the 'Death Trail', as the actors call it, to California." While in the West he found another colored boy to be his partner, and they formed an act of their own.

When we questioned him as to how he got his name, he leaned back and told us all about it. "We always played the horses when we were near a race track and there was one horse that was always sure to be a 'cinch winner'. You could just close your eyes and see him comin' in a winner, but one day a new horse was entered in the race and we were 'cleaned out'." Considering this a stroke of luck, they used the horse's name, Stepping Fetchit, as their stage name,—changing the first part to Stepin. But his partner didn't show up several times, and Fetchit had to take over the act by himself.

While touring the country in a unit, Stepin heard of an opening in Wallace Reed's new picture "In Old Kentucky." The boy who was to have been his valet did not appear and auditions were given to pick someone for his place. Stepin had played similar roles in a plantation show and was picked out of 250 boys for the part. Later he was given the role of Joey, that Paul Robinson played on the stage, in the silent version of "Showboat". After this picture was completed he was put under contract to Fox Studios. Stepin worked with Will Rogers in every one of his pictures. He said, "The death of Will Rogers was the greatest shock of my life, he was the kindest, friendliest man I have ever known."

Stepin Fetchit's first wife died leaving him a son, Jemago. The name, Jemago, was derived from the initials of the Holy family of the Bible. He married again and has another son, Gilcsa, whose name was derived from the three saints who were canonized by Pope Pius last year.

Lincoln Theodore Perry (Stepin Fetchit's real name) has expensive hobby-fine clothes. He is very partial to cashmere cloth. To him, this cloth has a "spiritual power." Brown is his favorite color and steak his favorite food. People tease him about being lazy, but from the stacks of papers that were on his desk, we wouldn't quite agree with them. He is his own business manager and publicity man. Stepin claims that he is not musical, but he does carry a victrola and at least fifty records with him on trips for entertainment. He also plays the piano in a hit-and-run fashion . . . Our interview was concluded by Stepin's singing and playing of the song that he wrote and sang for his vaudeville act in the pre-movie days.

Big Sandy

PATRICIA WARREN—*College* '42

In speaking of the Big Sandy two pictures come to mind: one of a winding deep channeled mountain river that empties into the Ohio at Cattlesburg, Kentucky, and has its source deep in the Cumberlands where the Virginia and Kentucky state lines meet. The other's a picture of a country known as the Big Sandy, a rugged, majestic panorama of scenic beauty where today exists such interesting contrasts that the heart of the seeker after strange facts exults at the treasures that await discovery in this picturesque country.

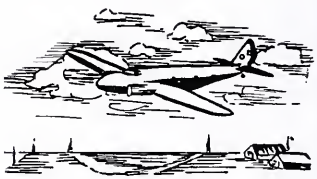
In a remote hollow, far off the beaten paths, may be found a lonely cabin where life is as primitive and simple as in the time of the ox-cart and spinning wheel. But these are isolated pictures. Familiar scenes to those of Big Sandy are horse trading, the making of sorghum, the mountain folks going to a foot washing, wash day at lonesome Creek, and the mountain doctor with his pill pockets or saddle bags. Passing fast are the delights, the quaint ancestral customs of mountain folk, for the juggernaut of progress is crowding into the hills. But one can still find homemade linen towels, bread bowls, split cane baskets, kettles, a bolt of linsey-woolsey and the pink sun-bonnets.

In dress, in modes of thought, and in their daily intercourse, the people of the Big Sandy are, outwardly, little different from any other cross section of the country at large. But beneath this exterior lies a common character that is distinctive and

unique. It is a character handed down to them by the heritage of a race of people who were isolated for many years by the barrier of mountains, a life that forced them to be entirely self-sustaining, sufficient unto themselves. In those primitive years they lived close to the soil, hewing their homes, their school houses and their church houses from logs; cutting their ox roads through the wilderness, fighting a grim and ungenerous Nature for their daily bread.

From this simple, plain life came a people whose habits are plain and unpretentious, a people of homespun honesty and directness. When a stranger comes among them with unassuming ways he is received with that whole-hearted mountain hospitality that extends from the finest home to the most humble cabin. But for one who comes "putting on airs" there is nothing but a distant, tolerant politeness.

It is easy, then, to bring back to reality the ancient glamour of the feuds, the sweet lure of the Trail of the Lonesome Pine and June, its lovely heroine; those tales of moonshining seem alive as one sights a thread of blue smoke rising from some far-off hollow and wonders if some picturesque moonshiner might be at work there far from the inquisitive eyes of the "revenooers."



The Mystery

GRACE ELIZABETH HALL—*College* '42

To those who are unfamiliar with the historical and ancestral cemeteries of the East, I think that a word about them might prove interesting.

In the Bowery of New York City there stands old Saint Paul's Church. Built in the late Seventeenth Century, it is an example of colonial architecture. The stained glass windows are beautifully artistic. The church stands in the midst of a cemetery around which is a high iron fence. The graves consist of family vaults arranged to accommodate about eighty caskets. Winding staircases lead underground into the vault chambers, and all the caskets are set on end in order to fit into the space. On one side of the church is the family vault of Peter Stuyvesant. Many other famous families are buried in this cemetery. Among them is the family of the Stuarts who owned the store which is now Wanamaker's.

One stormy night, Sarah Stuart, of that family, had some mysterious dreams about her husband who had died several years before. Her sleep was disturbed both by the raging storm and the dreams. Because of her premonition, she went to the cemetery, and there she found that the stone door to the family vault had been removed and her husband's casket had been stolen. Very much perturbed, she went to the sexton and reported her discovery. Police were called and people came from all directions as the news was spread. The man who lived in the house next to the church had heard noises during the night, but attributed them to the storm until he had seen the open vault. Robbery was certain, for there were footprints in the snow, and the iron spindles around the vault were broken.

Later, on that same day, Mrs. Stuart put an advertisement in the newspapers and offered a reward for any information concerning the robbery. For months she heard nothing; and the police had no clues. Finally, she began to receive ransom notes which she ignored and turned over to the police. Eventually the robbers sent a cuff link to Mrs. Stuart as evidence that they were the people who had committed the crime. Mrs. Stuart was beginning to break under the strain, so she paid the twenty-five thousand dollars which was demanded as ransom.

A few weeks later she received a note telling her to go out to a dark, untraveled road about seven miles east of Newark, New Jersey, and there receive the bones. She sent her nephew, Robert, but found only a bag filled with bones which might have been those of anyone. After the recovery and reburial, Mrs. Stuart took out a twelve-thousand-dollar insurance policy and had a burglar alarm placed on the vault.

YOU TOO!

Elizabeth Woodcock—High School '41

He told me that he would n'er forget me;
He told me that his love for me was true;
He told me he was miserable without me;
Now he's telling all these little things to you.

He made me so unhappy when he left me,
I wished and hoped and prayed that he'd return.

He flattered me, he loved me, and then dropped me,

And now that's what he's done to you, I learn.

STARS

It is untrue
That we see stars
Skimming the midnight blue.
They are but dreams;
And, though they fade
When night is gone,
They never really pass on.
They're undisturbed
Up there
Where all the atmosphere
Is clear and fair,
Given to the care
Of only a jolly old moon
Whose merry face
Invites mirth and joy
To grace
The kingdom of blue—
That is why
Little silver dreams
Wink back at you.

Sara McCullough—College '41

Duplicate

task of looking for them. The more unlucky rider, whom nature has not thus aided, must himself search out the animals. To do this he begins at the back of the pasture—in other words, the part most remote from his destination—and rides forward along the highest path he can find. From his elevated position he can see more land at one time and can gather together the stock. When the rancher has gathered up a fair-sized bunch of livestock and has seen a few stragglers that have been left behind, he must push the bunch on far in advance of himself and then quickly ride back and drive up the others. As a rule, the large bunch will stay together fairly well, but it it does not the rider must race after the ones that have wandered away and bring them back into the group. It is at times like these that the cowboy's skill is put to the hardest task. If he is master of his trade, he will never allow any animal to get entirely away from him. Through the long hours as the work continues, the once small group of livestock swells into an ever-increasing stream of bellowing, bleating forms stretching out over the vast Texas range.

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Now with the ranch-hands holding the surging mass in abeyance just outside the lots, the next problem is getting the stock into the pens. With the cattle and goats this will not be at all difficult, but with sheep it is a different story. No sheep will ever take the lead anywhere, especially through a gate. No matter how hard they are crowded, sheep cannot be made to go through a small opening. They simply will not go, and that is that. From exasperating past experience, ranchmen long ago learned this fact and remedied it by developing 'lead-goats.' These 'lead-goats' are Spanish goats which have been trained to mix with the sheep and then go through the gate. The sheep will instantly follow the new-found leader and go through the gate without the slightest hesitation.

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In these troubled times one needs to lose one's self occasionally in some far-away place and time. Since most people do not have the opportunity of actually traveling, they must find some good substitute. They must find something that will make them feel as though they had wandered over the globe. The one answer to such a need, the one which satisfies the majority, is reading. For this and other reasons, reading could easily be called one's hobby, recreation, and all such interests combined.

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This lasted until the middle of last year, at which time I suddenly lost all desire to read anything, even trash. I was utterly wretched, for I believed, and still do, that life without reading is an inconceivable nightmare.

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Island of Contrast

RUTH WHITTLESEY–*College* '41

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Shortly after lunch we went aboard a typical excursion boat, leaving from New Bedford. The day was sunny with a cool breeze, and the sea was filled with blue-green waves crested by white foam. There was a carefree spirit aboard ship, and, after a pleasant trip, we reached Nantucket just after dinnertime, and were greeted by a novel sight. The dock was thronged by natives and tourists. Lined on either side of the gangplank were bellboys, each calling the name of his hotel, and inviting the visitors to stop there. The many hotels are scattered, some facing the harbor and some located in the town. At these one finds all types of people — wealthy, middle-class, young, old, honeymooners townspeople, country folk, doctors, lawyers, teachers, and students. Each hopes to discover some certain thing at Nantucket and from their enthusiastic reports, most of them have. The food at these hotels is delicious—particularly if you like seafood, and we do.

The beaches, smooth and sandy, stretch as far as you can see along the coast. As the water maintains a temperature averaging seventy degrees, the beaches are filled every hour of the day with old and young. In some places the water is calm, while others afford surf bathing. We enjoyed this, but caution was necessary because of the dangerous undertow.

There are two sides to this island —the picturesque, old side of the natives, and the modern, bright resort side, crowded with tourists. Often the harbor is dotted with colored sails, as Nantucket has its own yacht club. During the summer months there is much social activity which must seem strange to the native accustomed to the isolation of winter. I have never been there during winter, but I hear that the harbor is filled with ice-skaters and that many ice boats may be seen skimming back and forth over the ice. At this time plane service is the only means of transportation between the island and the mainland.

One of the first things a tourist notices is the cobblestone streets, which are exactly as they have always been. Another is the prevalence of horses and buggies and tandem bicycles. As you walk along the streets you will see many fascinating gift shops and, sitting on the curbs outside of these, there will be groups of old men. They must be cronies and have tales of bygone days to tell, because both sunlight and moonlight find them there. We came to know some of these when we rented a sailboat for evening picnics to neighboring islands. On one of these picnics to a nearby island we met an old sea captain who told us fascinating yarns of whaling trips.

There are two sights which every visitor to Nantucket sees: one is the lighthouse, one of the first in the United States; the other is the old ship in the harbor which has been transformed into an unusual eating place. Visitors are usually informed by the natives that Nantucket is one of the few places that still hold town meetings. The people have a very independent spirit and several years ago, during a quarrel with Massachusetts proper, talked of secession. Nothing came of this, however.

Two small things I will remember Nantucket for are its popcorn (all colors and flavors—I like chocolate) and its doughnuts. While we were there, my brother ate so many of these latter, that old friends still ask "How's doughnuts?"

I have stressed the older side of Nantucket, but do not forget its modern counterpart with bright beaches, sailboats, tennis courts, well-dressed people, and gay night life. It indeed is an Island of Contrast.

WISH

I would like to write
A song so beautiful that
All the world would sing it.
I would like to do things so great
That all the world
Would stop and wait
For me to do another.

Sara McCullough–College '41

Duplicate

An Odd Namesake

MARJORIE CROWDER—*College* '42

It took only about two minutes for us to "fall in" to the atmosphere of Stepin Fetchit's dressing room—"slow motion personified"! After thoroughly relaxing in his swivel chair, we were calmly told to "shoot."

He was born at Key West, Florida and when he was quite young, he was adopted by a dentist and sent away to school in Montgomery, Alabama. Because of economic conditions he was forced to quit school, but he soon got a job in a Catholic hospital. Stepin got his first stage experience when he "joined up" with a minstrel show, as a "buck and wing dancer", that "wintered" in Montgomery. They toured the colored vaudeville. "When I came to Kansas City I had to make up my mind which way I'd go, east or west, so just to be different I took the 'Death Trail', as the actors call it, to California." While in the West he found another colored boy to be his partner, and they formed an act of their own.

When we questioned him as to how he got his name, he leaned back and told us all about it. "We always played the horses when we were near a race track and there was one horse that was always sure to be a 'cinch winner'. You could just close your eyes and see him comin' in a winner, but one day a new horse was entered in the race and we were 'cleaned out'." Considering this a stroke of luck, they used the horse's name, Stepping Fetchit, as their stage name,—changing the first part to Stepin. But his partner didn't show up several times, and Fetchit had to take over the act by himself.

While touring the country in a unit, Stepin heard of an opening in Wallace Reed's new picture "In Old Kentucky." The boy who was to have been his valet did not appear and auditions were given to pick someone for his place. Stepin had played similar roles in a plantation show and was picked out of 250 boys for the part. Later he was given the role of Joey, that Paul Robinson played on the stage, in the silent version of "Showboat". After this picture was completed he was put under contract to Fox Studios. Stepin worked with Will Rogers in every one of his pictures. He said, "The death of Will Rogers was the greatest shock of my life, he was the kindest, friendliest man I have ever known."

Stepin Fetchit's first wife died leaving him a son, Jemago. The name, Jemago, was derived from the initials of the Holy family of the Bible. He married again and has another son, Gilesa, whose name was derived from the three saints who were canonized by Pope Pius last year.

Lincoln Theodore Perry (Stepin Fetchit's real name) has expensive hobby-fine clothes. He is very partial to cashmere cloth. To him, this cloth has a "spiritual power." Brown is his favorite color and steak his favorite food. People tease him about being lazy, but from the stacks of papers that were on his desk, we wouldn't quite agree with them. He is his own business manager and publicity man. Stepin claims that he is not musical, but he does carry a victrola and at least fifty records with him on trips for entertainment. He also plays the piano in a hit-and-run fashion . . . Our interview was concluded by Stepin's singing and playing of the song that he wrote and sang for his vaudeville act in the pre-movie days.

Big Sandy

PATRICIA WARREN—*College* '42

In speaking of the Big Sandy two pictures come to mind: one of a winding deep channeled mountain river that empties into the Ohio at Cattlesburg, Kentucky, and has its source deep in the Cumberlands where the Virginia and Kentucky state lines meet. The other's a picture of a country known as the Big Sandy, a rugged, majestic panorama of scenic beauty where today exists such interesting contrasts that the heart of the seeker after strange facts exults at the treasures that await discovery in this picturesque country.

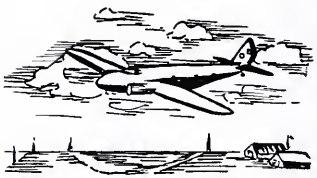
In a remote hollow, far off the beaten paths, may be found a lonely cabin where life is as primitive and simple as in the time of the ox-cart and spinning wheel. But these are isolated pictures. Familiar scenes to those of Big Sandy are horse trading, the making of sorghum, the mountain folks going to a foot washing, wash day at lonesome Creek, and the mountain doctor with his pill pockets or saddle bags. Passing fast are the delights, the quaint ancestral customs of mountain folk, for the juggernaut of progress is crowding into the hills. But one can still find homemade linen towels, bread bowls, split cane baskets, kettles, a bolt of linsey-woolsey and the pink sun-bonnets.

In dress, in modes of thought, and in their daily intercourse, the people of the Big Sandy are, outwardly, little different from any other cross section of the country at large. But beneath this exterior lies a common character that is distinctive and

unique. It is a character handed down to them by the heritage of a race of people who were isolated for many years by the barrier of mountains, a life that forced them to be entirely self-sustaining, sufficient unto themselves. In those primitive years they lived close to the soil, hewing their homes, their school houses and their church houses from logs; cutting their ox roads through the wilderness, fighting a grim and ungenerous Nature for their daily bread.

From this simple, plain life came a people whose habits are plain and unpretentious, a people of homespun honesty and directness. When a stranger comes among them with unassuming ways he is received with that whole-hearted mountain hospitality that extends from the finest home to the most humble cabin. But for one who comes "putting on airs" there is nothing but a distant, tolerant politeness.

It is easy, then, to bring back to reality the ancient glamour of the feuds, the sweet lure of the Trail of the Lonesome Pine and June, its lovely heroine; those tales of moonshining seem alive as one sights a thread of blue smoke rising from some far-off hollow and wonders if some picturesque moonshiner might be at work there far from the inquisitive eyes of the "revenooers."



The Mystery

GRACE ELIZABETH HALL—*College* '42

To those who are unfamiliar with the historical and ancestral cemeteries of the East, I think that a word about them might prove interesting.

In the Bowery of New York City there stands old Saint Paul's Church. Built in the late Seventeenth Century, it is an example of colonial architecture. The stained glass windows are beautifully artistic. The church stands in the midst of a cemetery around which is a high iron fence. The graves consist of family vaults arranged to accommodate about eighty caskets. Winding staircases lead underground into the vault chambers, and all the caskets are set on end in order to fit into the space. On one side of the church is the family vault of Peter Stuyvesant. Many other famous families are buried in this cemetery. Among them is the family of the Stuarts who owned the store which is now Wanamaker's.

One stormy night, Sarah Stuart, of that family, had some mysterious dreams about her husband who had died several years before. Her sleep was disturbed both by the raging storm and the dreams. Because of her premonition, she went to the cemetery, and there she found that the stone door to the family vault had been removed and her husband's casket had been stolen. Very much perturbed, she went to the sexton and reported her discovery. Police were called and people came from all directions as the news was spread. The man who lived in the house next to the church had heard noises during the night, but attributed them to the storm until he had seen the open vault. Robbery was certain, for there were footprints in the snow, and the iron spindles around the vault were broken.

Later, on that same day, Mrs. Stuart put an advertisement in the newspapers and offered a reward for any information concerning the robbery. For months she heard nothing; and the police had no clues. Finally, she began to receive ransom notes which she ignored and turned over to the police. Eventually the robbers sent a cuff link to Mrs. Stuart as evidence that they were the people who had committed the crime. Mrs. Stuart was beginning to break under the strain, so she paid the twenty-five thousand dollars which was demanded as ransom.

A few weeks later she received a note telling her to go out to a dark, untraveled road about seven miles east of Newark, New Jersey, and there receive the bones. She sent her nephew, Robert, but found only a bag filled with bones which might have been those of anyone. After the recovery and reburial, Mrs. Stuart took out a twelve-thousand-dollar insurance policy and had a burglar alarm placed on the vault.

YOU TOO!

Elizabeth Woodcock—High School '41

He told me that he would n'er forget me;
He told me that his love for me was true;
He told me he was miserable without me;
Now he's telling all these little things to you.

He made me so unhappy when he left me,
I wished and hoped and prayed that he'd return.

He flattered me, he loved me, and then dropped me,

And now that's what he's done to you, I learn.

STARS

It is untrue
That we see stars
Skimming the midnight blue.
They are but dreams;
And, though they fade
When night is gone,
They never really pass on.
They're undisturbed
Up there
Where all the atmosphere
Is clear and fair,
Given to the care
Of only a jolly old moon
Whose merry face
Invites mirth and joy
To grace
The kingdom of blue—
That is why
Little silver dreams
Wink back at you.

Sara McCullough—College '41

Cinderella Gets Her Man

ANN FRASHER—*College '42*

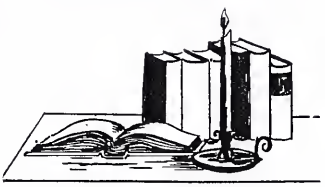
Ellen was carefully washing the breakfast dishes in the kitchen when she heard her mother's insistent call above the clatter of the dishes.

"Ellen," said the brittle voice, "come here this minute, you know your sisters are in a terrible hurry trying to get their dresses ready for the fraternity dance tonight. It's the grandest affair of the season, and the girls must look their very loveliest. So what do you do? I need not remind you of your usual laziness. If you would do less dreaming and more work, you might be better appreciated. Hurry up here and help Shelia with her dress!"

Ellen, the mis-treated and unusually shy foster-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Legree, put down her dish cloth and went sorrowfully up stairs to help her sisters prepare for the biggest social event of the year, the Sigma Chi fraternity dance. That entire day was a horrible nightmare for Ellen, who was forced to wait on her mother and sisters constantly, and still have the house properly cleaned for the arrival of the government man who was coming to inspect Mr Legree's latest invention. Ellen sighed as she worked, and wished so hard that she might be able to go to the dance too. She was much prettier and much more charming than either of her sisters, she admitted to herself with a despairing shrug. Still . . . .

That evening before the girls left was even worse than the preceding afternoon. Finally the two highly painted and brilliantly dressed females swept out of the spacious drawing room on the arms of two very stiff and uninteresting looking males. The sisters didn't forget to give their 'dear sister' a smug parting smile before they slammed the door behind them.

Ellen could keep back the tears no longer and so she began to sob



dejectedly. She was alone in the house since her foster parents had gone to the drug store for refreshments to serve that evening when the guest arrived.

Suddenly Ellen heard the clear insistent buzz of the doorbell, and she knew that it must be that government man. She had to answer it, so she hurridly whisked the tears from her eyes, smoothed her rumpled tresses, and walked toward the door. She opened the door and then gasped with surprise upon finding two dark brown eyes gazing into hers and a friendly hand stretched forth to clasp her own. This man was tall, and dark, and more handsome than a Greek god! Ellen felt rather weak, but she finally recovered her composure and asked the gentleman to come in.

"I'm Robert Hinman," he said in a deep vibrant voice, "the government official who is to inspect your father's invention."

"Please sit down," she said. "I'm so glad to know you. I . . . I wasn't expecting you so soon and . . . and Mr. and Mrs. Legree aren't here just now. I'm sure they'll be back soon, however. I . . . I'm sorry about the way I look and everything. You see I . . . ."

"You don't need to feel embarrassed," he said gently." But come now, tell me what can be so terrible that would cause tears to come to the eyes of one so young and beautiful."

Ellen blushed, and then, because she knew that he would understand, she unfolded the whole sad story to this sympathetic listener. As she talked, a sly twinkle came into the young man's eyes.

"Why, your problem is as good as solved right now," he said, while pulling her to her feet. "Run upstairs quickly and put on your most beautiful dress. We're going to the fraternity dance together!"

"But I," she began in a bewildered voice.

"No buts about it," he cried happily. "Your carriage awaits without." This last he said impressively, while pointing toward the front window through which could be seen a shiny black Buick under the glare of the street lights above it. His eyes were full of childish delight as he stepped toward her and executed a low sweeping bow.

"Our passport, Princess," he exclaimed as he pulled back his coat to reveal a sparkling Sigma Chi pin fastened securely over his heart. "And as for your father's invention . . . well, I can see it tomorrow!"

So Ellen, overcome with joy and ecstatic with excitement, put on a gorgeous dress which she had bought secretly with money of her own that she had saved for just such a gown.

Sitting close beside Mr. Hinman in the shiny new Buick on their way back from the dance, Ellen sighed blissfully.

"You know," she said, "this is so exciting! It has all been like a too perfect dream. Doesn't it remind you of the old fairy tale of Cinderella and her prince charming?"

"Un huh," he said seated contentedly beside her, "but this little princess didn't have to be home at twelve o'clock—thank goodness!"

Then Prince Charming leaned toward his princess and pinned their passport over her heart.

Speaking of Houses

MARTHA MITCHELL–*High School* '41

It was late afternoon when we arrived. After searching over the entire mountain side, we finally found what was to be our dwelling place for our three-weeks' stay. The sight was a rather jarring one, especially since we were tired from our all-day trip.

The house was built on the side of the hill and clung to it by sheer will power, for the forces of gravity seemed to be entirely against it. Its color was yellow. Rather it had been yellow in its youth, but time and weather had combined to give it an unhealthy, bilious appearance. A narrow, rocky path wound up the hill side, dodging the small trees, and led to the rickety, wobbly steps of the porch. There was no railing to these steps, and they had to be maneuvered with skill and agility or the ends would fly up, leaving you wondering dazedly what had hit you.

There was a small entrance hall with a chair and a table on which sat a vase of purple straw flowers, topped off by a picture of Ben Hur rounding a corner of the Coliseum in his chariot. In the corner of this hall was a small, narrow stair case which seemed to shrink into the shadow as if to apologize for its shortcomings. You didn't blame it much for being so ashamed of itself when you reached the landing and immediately received a stunning blow on the head from the low ceiling. I never did learn to duck at this spot. At the top of the steps was a small platform about the size of a postage stamp, not the big air mail variety but the modest three-cent one. On either side of this space was a door and dangling in the middle was an electric light, which you invariably hit with your head in the daytime, but after dark, grope as you might, you could never find. I really think the landlandy took it down when it got dark to save electricity.

The room on the right was ours. Its door had a poisonous personality and took much heaving to open, but when opened, it had a tendency to bang shut for no reason at all. The room, which was tucked up under the eaves, had a sloping roof. This roof was inadequate and served no purpose at all as far as I could see, for when it rained, as it often did, it just gave up in despair and let the water trickle in through its holes (some of these admitted a steady stream, while others allowed only little occasional drops); and when it wasn't raining, the concentrated heat was worse than the direct rays of the sun.

On each side of the room was an iron bed with a gaudy spread and a sagging mattress. One of these beds had an amusing way of collapsing with a thud when set upon the wrong spot. By crawling in over the foot, one could avoid this catastrophe, however. Between these beds was a double window with thin, white curtains, which drooped sadly on their rods. The other piece of furniture was a dejected wash stand with its basin, pitcher, and cracked mirror.

When we had recovered sufficiently from the shock caused by the first glimpse of our surroundings, to get down to unpacking, we discovered that there was no place to hang our clothes. Being ingenious though, we were not stumped long. We hung them on the light wire that ran across the ceiling. This made navigation about the room difficult, but it seemed the only way.

To get to the bathroom we descended the steps, bumped our heads at the landing, went through the

hall, winced at the sight of Ben Hur in his black frame, and passed through another dark and shadowy cubicle. Then suddenly we were there. This bathroom was really very quaint and picturesque with one of those medieval tubs with high legs and a yellowish ring. This tub also had a warped sense of humor that turned to practical jokes, for hot water issued from the faucet marked C, and cold water came from that marked H. Once in the tub you soon discovered that you weren't alone, for there was an impressive-looking spider that lived in the soap dish. Every day you would peer hopefully in that direction, but he would always be there, twiddling his legs in a menacing way. We finally came to the conclusion that the landlady kept him there to attract her guests' attention so that they would not notice that the window had no shade and there was nothing to obstruct the view of anyone descending the hillside which rose precipitously from the very window ledge.

We soon discovered other fascinating characteristics of this house. It was far from sound proof, and every word, even though whispered, rang through its thin walls as if through a loud speaker. Whenever anyone walked across the upstairs floor, the whole house shuddered and creaked in agony. However, by the end of the first week we were used to its idiosyncracies and had come to appreciate its individuality.

A Solo Flight

MARY GRACE MAJOR—*College* '42

I was close to the end of my fifteenth solo hour in the little monoplane which I was learning to fly. For almost forty minutes I had zoomed and glided, spinned and turned. Yet, even then I was unwilling to turn my ship in the direction of the familiar airport.

With ceiling perfect, and skies clear, the bright noon overhead and wisps of clouds brought a bit of Infinity within the grasp of my hand. If I had possessed the power of Mercury, I would have opened the door of my ship and leaped away into the magnetic depths of color. But no, my Maker bad given me limitations, and I had my earthly tasks to perform. One was this business of learning to pilot a ship with wings instead of sails. Having realized that the contemplation of the heavens was too much for my fanciful mind, I turned my thoughts to dynamic pattern of the earth; for it was there that I could pick up familiar landmarks and thus find my way back to the airport.

Newly turned loam made spots of dark into the bright colors of the early spring. Blue, yellow, and green, banded with white fences and held in by earthy tans and browns, flew past in a panorama of Nature. Because of some twist of vision I could pick out no familiar landmark, and a certain illogical thought struck my mind that perhaps if I were lost it was for a purpose. To show me some unknown wonder? To lead me to destruction? I didn't know, and somehow didn't care. Then, a light caught my eye and clarified my senses. What was this that caught in the sunlight and sent back bright hard rays of color? I flew closer and glided in wide, gradually diminishing circles, until this spot became a nucleus for my captivity.

Then I saw that this reflector of light was a stone quarry. The rails which had fallen made a pool which was a gem in the silvery mounting of the rock bed. The rocks gleamed white and blue and purple in their natural blocky formation. I saw that activity was gone, and only remnants of human excavations remained. A crude decaying wheelbarrow brought the color of the sandy earth surrounding the rocks into the isolation of the deserted niche. An old pair of shoes lay at the pool's edge, introducing an incongruous note to the sheer beauty of lonely Nature. Suddenly, I knew that this was my reason for being lost. For, because I was physically lost, I mentally found a jewel to remember and cherish. Dipping my wings in salute to Nature's own lapidary, I flew away and found my sane and logical course.

The Enchantress

MARGARET SANGREE—*High School* '41

There has never been a time in my life when I have not loved the ocean in its very expression of mood. Perhaps this is my heritage from my New England forebears; perhaps it results from my having spent so many summers along the "stern and rockbound coast" of Maine, for it is at New Harbor that I love the sea best. New Harbor, with its name suggestive of modern civilization, is quite the opposite, a tiny fishing village with a few summer tourists and its allotment of taciturn fishers-of-the-deep. Here one can see the ocean in all its inexplicable behavior.

In the harbor itself, the sea waits quietly and tranquilly, disturbed only momentarily by the incoming and outgoing boats, falling into silence immediately afterwards. It seems asleep; the water must have forgotten its days of wild roaming up and down the coast. There is the strong odor of fish docks and the modified smell of salt sea.

When the tide begins to ebb, there is a slight change of tempo. The lazy, light green water seeps away to the harbor's entrance. Here the everblowing wind begins to stir the top water. The stream underneath seems to feel this blowing, awakes, and hastens to the open sea. An instant out of the harbor, and the surface is tipped with tiny ridges of green waves in a continuing rise and fall, one wee green hill replacing another immediately as it melts into deeper colored ocean. Out on the reef, the breakers play a regular, deep march, a low, quiet pound that echoes once, and again, always quietly and steadily, as regular as the stroking of oars, as the appearance of night and day. In the distance is the reverberating clang of a bell-buoy, systematically rocked by the billows, rendering its comforting lullaby of a safe sea.

Farther down the coast is a place called Pemaquid Point, a high barrier of cliff that stretches like a wall between a tumultous sea and a wind-swept land that struggles unceasingly to brave the ravages of salt and damp, and to grow a few weeds to keep the very earth from blowing away. Here the sea is per-

petually angry; here the wrath of Prometheus vents itself night and day. One stands high on the point and looks down a dizzy height of sheer headland into a maelstrom of ebony water. Again and again, never losing patience, the black waters hurl themselves against the impregnable rock, trying to reach the top of this barrier, to destroy the little life that pitifully clings there. On stormy days it sometimes does attain its first goal; sometimes a tall column sweeps its now white waters upon the very rocks under one's feet, and slowly falls back into the swirling depths. The air is biting, invigorating, filled with salt. It feels almost too fresh, its cleanness hurts. Its sheets of white spray, pounding again and again with a sharp singing sound, combine the essence of beauty with a sense of frustration that is almost painful. One feels, "If I could only think." But this is impossible. The sea is too loud and too dominating.

Nearer the harbor is a little cove that is entirely different; it speaks of peace, the utter and entire resignation of the sea to something stronger than itself. The soft lapping through the reeds onto the shore lulls one into a sense of security. A warm sun streams down, a deep warmth emanates, rising almost visibly from the reeds in the shallow water. A lone sea-gull floats sleepily on the surface, rocked gently by the soft push and pull, the slow lazy rhythm of the sea's most quiet music. A fallen leaf from an overhanging tree makes circles of ripples, each a little wider and less deep than the last; then all fade into the edges of the cove.

From a promontory not far from this gentle, little cove, I once saw the ocean in one of its fiercest moods. I shall never forget that afternoon, for there was such an indecision in the waters themselves. The sun had disappeared, and gray clouds, gathered from nowhere, were flung across the horizon by fitful gusts of wind. They swirled wildly, imitating the waters that were in such a turmoil below them. Slowly the sea and sky began to take on a deep mourning gray that blackened as time elapsed. The green hills of water became capped with white ruffles of foam. Soft winds changed to howling monsters that blew under the very sea, and pushed it up until the rollers from sheer weight toppled over with a hollow thud. The air was filled with a low moaning; a mournful whistle-buoy sounded; a bell-buoy clanged in agony, losing its regular, peaceful tone in a wild frenzy of noise as the waves beat upon it, throwing it madly from side to side. Farther out, the reef was a churning mass of white. The black waters nearly engulfed Miscongus Island; Haddock was no longer a bird sanctuary. The frightened, piercing screams of the sea-gulls and the terns were drowned out. Sheets of cold, icy water shot up suddenly with a hissing sound when the breakers pounded on the rocks. Bent and cowed were the short, wind-dwarfed trees, the sturdy, low grasses, the bay-berry bushes. Nothing could withstand that howling wind and sweeping water. The sea flung up the very sand from its bottom and even the hardy sea-weeds, and dashed and battered them upon the shore. Perceptibly moving more rapidly now, the gray wet fog closed in, descended, and chilled the earth. Rain fell, hard drops that pelted like hail, melting into the sea, making the rocks slippery and more treacherous. One false step and I would have tumbled into that merciless demon of living waters. The sky was streaked with eerie flashes of light that made the night darker; the thunder strove in vain to out-noise the catapulting sea.

The next morning, quiet reigned; a quiet that had in it no hint of contrition; a dull, unnatural quiet that seemed deliberately to ignore yesterday's destruction. Seas were calm and green again; the water's surface smooth; the wind blowing softly, hardly stirring the trees. Deceptive peace tried to hide the broken branches, the fallen trees, the battered grasses, the berry-less bushes; tried to conceal the sand high on the cliffs, the broken sailboat masts, the shutters torn from fishing huts, the nets destroyed, nets that could be repaired only with months of labor. Ebbing tide stealthily crept out to sea, pushing up on the shore, just before it left, mounds of green and gray and tawny-colored sea-weeds, torn from their moorings the night before.

And yet I can love this sea with my whole being. I am stilled by its compassion, its peace and silent beauty; excited by its fierce hatred and exultation in its powers of destruction and, most of all, intrigued by its mystery.

My soul is full of longing
For the secret of the Sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.
—Longfellow

IN THOUGHTS OF YOU

Marjorie Niles—College '42

I never see a beauteous thing,
I never hear a church-bell ring,
I never hear a chorus sing,
Without remembering you.

A cottage, where a shepherd dwells,
Far from all earthly citadels.
Where only trees are sentinels
Reminds me, dear, of you.

A pathway through a forest tall,
Upon whose leaves the acorns fall,
And one may hear a wild bird's call
And I remember you.

A sea, whose surf drums on the shore,
A tropic moon that's shining o'er,
In beauty seldom seen before
I see, and think of you.

A meadow green upon a farm,
Clasped by a brook's protecting arm,
Which echoes forth eternal charm
For me, in thoughts of you.

My Exit

JANE SCOVERN—*College* '42

My life is nearly over. In less than three months I shall settle down into utter oblivion with my parrot and knitting. For nineteen years I have enjoyed life as one half of twins, and now it will soon be all over. My twin is to be married! No longer will I hear them say, "Oh look, twins!" I shall be like any other American girl . . . just plain me, and I'll have to turn nothing short of somersaults on the main street to cause attraction. And it's not going to be easy, this non-exciting life I see myself settling into. I will probably have to dye my hair purple ever to have anyone notice me.

And then again there are some advantages to this wedding. People will stop calling me Bess when I'm Jane, and I won't have to hear that particular cliche phrase, "I don't see how anyone ever tells you apart." And all the time you know you are just as different as night and day. And just think I can pick out any dress I like when I go shopping without first asking if there is another in the store like it. No one will say, "How does it feel to be twins?" That's one question that has always bothered me. How could I express how it feels when I've never been anything else. And so this wedding of Bess's may not be so bad after all.

Weddings! What a field of imagination that brings to mind. I, who have no prospects of ever playing the lead in one—and may the saints protect me should I ever. I have heard enough about them the last four months to be an authority on the subject.

This is all a little embarrassing for me. For one thing, half of the people think that it's I taking the fatal step, and the other half, who know it's Bess, pity her poor, dear, unattractive sister. Perhaps I should glory in this sudden shower of sympathy, yet somehow I'm puzzled because they think it's I that need the pity.

My mail box that generally remains empty has been showing signs of life since my sister's engagement. Every morning I excitedly tear into a mysterious envelope to have something like this greet my orbits, "Your trousseau . . . . let Woolf Brothers help you with it." The first one I received was advertising "charming negligees and undies, romantic housecoats and evening frocks for your summer." I couldn't understand for a few moments because all I'm going to need for my summer is a pair of blue-jeans, some riding pants, and a pair of shorts—for camp. My "honeymoon" will be spent with a cabinful of eight-year-old campers in the Missouri Ozarks.

As long as there have been brides and grooms there have been attendants at their marriage, of whatever kind it may be. The warrior in ancient days had the assistance of his friends in carrying off his bride; even the Greek bride had her bridesmaids. And logically (poor logic to me) I shall be the maid of honor in this wedding. I've been the ring-bearer, the candle-lighter, and now maid of honor. Looks like I'm well on the way to "Always a bridesmaid, but never a bride." Purple, which has made me ill since I was six and had to wear it in a church play, has been chosen by the bride for me. When I protest, my mother repeats, "Remember, my dear, you are only the background on this occasion. The bride is the center of attraction."

Yes, I am only the background on this occasion, and in the back of my mind is approaching a dark suspicion. The wedding will be only the beginning. From now on the bridal couple will hold the center of the stage. And the next thing we know an infant angel will appear and from then on things will really pop. Honestly, I can see no opening for me in family interest for at least twenty years. By that time I shall probably be attending my niece's wedding.

VIGNETTES

Clamped down by the earth
And crushed by the sky
Is the way in which
Most mortals die.

Silver-tipped fairies
Sailing on moonbeams,
Bright-eyed elves
Dancing in the grass
All gather 'round as you pass.
The flowers droop their heads
To cover the path you tread,
And as you climb the steps
And close the door,
They shed the dew
And cry for you.

The moon rose tonight
And passed-just beyond the earth
To call and calm her own;
She spread her arms
And filled their eyes with sleep.
I, drawing into the depth
Of the darkness
My despair,
Strangled and left it there.

Her love was thirsty
Her heart was strong and gentle
—Only understanding and simple—
But around the wood door
Of her cottage
Green grass grew;
There were flowers in the yard.
She watered them every day
Because she knew.

'Twas not fame nor love
For which she'd pray
When she talked with God
Every day.
It was the one thing
She could not get;
And so, she prayed for it.

Sara McCullough—College '41

Epp

JESSIE OSMENT—*College* '41

Epp was dead. Gray, erect, megapod Epp was being returned with hymns and funeral prayers to dust and oblivion. I sat among the congregation of white and negro on a rock in the sun-parched graveyard on the hill. It was a hot day, hot and still. The resplendent July sun glared with harsh mockery upon the lonely quiescence of the country burial ground, the narrow wooden coffin, the grief scarred faces.

Epp would have liked this day; he loved to bake his black, old limbs in the heat and feel the sun's rays percolate through the felt of his shabby, perennial hat. It was hard to associate death with Epp. He, to me, had always seemed eternal like the wind, or the soil, or the statue of George Washington in the city square. Yet, I must have known that he, who stopped counting his birthdays after lighting eighty candles on his cake, would someday leave the old homeplace, a white structure which, built before the coming of industrialism, had been in Dad's family for generations. I must have known that someday we would week-end or visit on the farm and the old darkie's familar face would be absent. That face was lost forever now.

Lost forever? The thought cut my heart strings, my heart imbedded itself, a swollen heap, in my throat. Though depressing cinemas that pepper the theater with sniffles and sobs, never make me cry, though doleful prose and poetry and pitiful human beings have no more than a minor effect, this scene—Epp's tearful children and grandchildren; Ella, his oldest daughter with her hardened hands gripped tightly in her lap and her tragic eyes and face; the "dressed up" negroes with beads and color and perfume more odorous than the flowers around the grave; the solemnity of "the white folks"; the grass, the trees, the atmosphere saturated with death—was too much for me. Unwilling tears slid down my cheeks. I buried my face in my hands and sobbed.

Suddenly someone touched me. I couldn't look up. A small finger, cold black against the white of my coat sleeve, tapped my arm, and a childish voice murmured:

"Don't cry. Grandpappy Epp 'aint dead. He done tole me all 'bout it 'fore dem angels took him. He done tole me he am goin' to lib in heaben, and be wif de angels."

I looked then at the chubby, scrubbed negro child, at his squared, tense face tinged with sympathy and concern.

"Grandpappy Epp am goin' be back. He jus' goin' to get some white wings and fly back and look after usn," he continued, "Grandpappy 'aint goin' to stay in that deep ol' hole."

As he spoke and took his finger from my sleeve, his face relaxed and a row of clean baby teeth (with one missing) gleamed in a shy grin. I smiled back; it was hard to smile because the sun had dried the tears in uncomfortable streaks on my face. The realization that Epp's grandchild had given me the comfort and con solation I should have given him left me feeling amazed and ashamed. Taking his hand in mine, I walked with him between the rows of dead up to the new grave where the negro octane was chanting the sad songs and swaying with an African syncopation from side to side. The preacher reached with his hands and his eyes to heaven, and the sun poured against his left side leaving peculiar patterns on his bony face.

Slowly the sun was creeping westward, and slowly into the open mouth of the earth was sinking Epp's coffin.

I walked in dry eyed. The simple words of the child had set me remembering and remembering and my remembrances were absorbing . .

It was during the first five minutes. The old year had just bowed his gray, old head, and the new one was strutting in, decked with confetti and laughter and drunk with the excitement of his reception. I, with a seven-year-old nose flattened against the window-pane of one of the three darkie cabins on the farm, witnessed my first darkie celebration. All was noise and movement and happiness. Epp was in the center of the salient, obstreperous negroes, his head bent against his fiddle, his big, high shoes stamping the floor, his eyes lucent. The darkies daneed around him in a wide ring that moved like a merry-go-round fast and faster and sang tunes that grew loud and louder until exhausted and dizzy, they hilariously placed a holly wreath on Epp's hair and laughed, "Hallelujah, Epp! Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" The joy was contagious; I skipped around in a circle yelling "Hallelujah, Epp! Hallelujah, Epp!" This amused Mother and Dad who were with me. Dad as still laughing when he came out of the cabin where he gave the hired help their annual New Year's gifts. With him came Epp who presented me a lucky charm—a tiny rabbit carved from cedar. I've always taken it to examination; it's feel reassures me.

Spring came with intermittent rain, and clouds, and Easter Sunday. There was church, and the long drive to the country for an Easter egg hunt on the wet front lawn. Chocolates, peppermints, peep-show eggs, and stuffed blue and yellow rabbits were found tucked under the

shrubbery and buried in the thick moist grass. But that was not all! Epp, calmy smoking his mellow tobacco, told me to look well because there was a surprise. The twinkle in his eye and the curl of his lips as the smoke came out sent me, in a state of suspense, to every obscure nook. Epp would not help. Just as I was about to admit defeat, at that psychological moment, I heard a noise—two faint yaps. Epp laughed violently. Even his eyes watered. The surprise was behind the huge elm; it was the creature I'd wanted—a puppy, a wooly, fat puppy. I named it Tip; Epp took care of it and I made a regular visit every week.

It lived four years, the most intelligent animal I have ever seen. His good points were multitudinous, but he had one tragic fault, the urge to bite the wheels of moving automobiles. Epp and I had the perspicacity what would be Tip's fate and tried to teach him better. Tip would not learn. His love for the merry whirl of wheels must have been inborn. The tragedy occurred one afternoon when the year had changed snow for sunshine and wind for warmth. Rolling by came a truck and snapping at the gigantic tires was Tip, fierce and malevolent. Epp picked up the lifeless body and we buried it near the creek. Quietly Epp performed the ceremony; it was beautiful. I listened to his unusual voice, slow and throaty, as he asked God to take Tip's soul. He told me that God said that St. Peter would welcome Tip and that Tip was in a happier land now. His words were efficacious; they made me glad for my puppy. Somehow, I never wanted another dog.

Then, I remembered last fall. The pear orchard, which Epp planted many years ago and had meticulously cared for since, was splendid. Heavy, ripe, fragrant fruit drew the limbs of the trees earthward inviting the world to take a bite. I accepted the invitation more than once. While Epp was extricating the pears from the branches with caressing touches, and the other workers were jerking them indifferently, I ate and watched. Pleasant it was, perched on the fence with the fribble breeze gently pulling my hair and the negro spirituals tickling my ears. Epp was singing, his voice still full and resonant despite his years, and the darkies were joining in the chorus. For cues, they looked to Epp, I noticed. When his kinky, wiry, hair was bowed, the rhythm was slow and soft and a bit mysterious; when his head wobbled slightly from side to side, the tempo was staccato, frivolous; if he raised high his face, voices grew voluminous and rolled like liquid harmony through the trees. If, by chance, Epp stood quite still and, lost in meditation, scratched his head, the darkies hushed and waited patiently for his thoughts to fade. Then, there was only the rustling, sibilant sound of the wind stirring the leaves and the dull call of birds flying southward. Epp's mere movement, however, invoked the resumption of melody.

It was Epp who decided that a day's weariness was done. The darkies could tell by his gloves. When he removed those battered covers, finger-tipless, from his hands, they left the orchard and, free from the cares of the white man's world, set out for home and peace. There would be talk, I knew, about Myra's new baby; about Silas, who though his hair was shedding, had eloped with a sixteen-year old girl and, consequently, had broken the heart of his fiancee, aged twenty-seven; about Epp's advice as to what to do for the colic, the barn dance, and winter clothing.

But a tug at my hand brought my reminiscences to an end. The little fellow was kneeling to pray with his people; his thick lips moved in prayer and his eyes were closed so firmly that there were little wrinkles around them. I bowed my head. The child was right; he had spoken a momentous truth. Epp was not destined to remain in the "deep ol' hole"; he was not dead. No. He was alive—alive in his children and their children, alive in the hearts and souls of the darkies, alive in my memory. His eidalon was infrangible. It was in the sail he had cultivated and the trees he had planted. Something of Epp blossomed with the country in the spring, ripened with the orchard during harvest, and slept with the crops during the winter months.

The prayer had ceased; people were leaving. And though the earth covered Epp, the sun was a rosy glow in the west.

Melodrama

JESSIE OSMENT—*College '41*

The rain is a lacy pattern
Stamped on the window pane,
And trickling through the center there's
A rural winding lane—
A winding lover's lane.

The cricket in the silky grass
Becomes a millionaire,
As the silvery Madonna
Shakes diamonds from her hair;
Her lovely midnight hair.

The solemn trees breathe a whisper,
Apollo scans the skies;
And the dusty, rusty country lad
Sees grief in Laura's eyes.
Oh, Laura's blue, blue eyes!

Says he, "My dearest Laura, comes
And speak to me your woe."
"Oh, Tom, my father has declared
He'll marry me to Joe."
To wed the villain Joe!

His face grew grim; her eyes held tears;
His voice raged loud in tone:
"Your love that scoundrel ne'er shall have,
You're to be mine alone."
Alone, alone, alone.

"Far from your father's wrath we'll go;
I'll be a Lochinvar;
Away we'll flee! No steed be spared
To follow, swift, our star."
O, guided by a star!

They sail through the lacy pattern,
Their horse—like lightening—flies
With Laura and the country lad
Who looked in Laura's eyes.
The love in Laura's eyes.

Future

ELIZABETH CAREY—*College '42*

Quietness lay thick all around the room. The tiny clock on the table beside the bed seemed to scream at the darkness and threaten to throw the stillness into bedlam. I lay staring at an unseen ceiling with the moon shining in from the window. I could hear the strong wind whipping around the house and bending the trees almost to the breaking point.

Shivering a little, I snuggled into the covers. Thoughts were pounding at my brain.

"A nervous breakdown could not cause death. I have known and heard of numbers of persons having one and recovering. Then why this worry?"

Hours ticked by, and startling me from a half sleep, half daze, a tap sounded at my door. Leaping from the bed, I stood shivering in the center of the room.

"Come in."

The door had already opened by the time I spoke.

"Hurry and dress, dear."

That was all I heard. I flew to my closet and began dressing furiously. The woman, a lifelong friend, helped me. Wrapping my coat around me, we went down the stairs, out into the cold night, into a waiting car.

Opening the large white door, I felt weak and small. The scene was the same as it was when I left earlier in the evening. Faces looked at me, smiled, turned away and bowed. The only sound was the hissing of the oxygen tank. I walked to the white bed and looked down. There she lay, small, pale, weak, but bravely smiling. I smiled back and patted her hand. Pushing tears and fear from my eyes, I stood absorbing the beauty of her face. They said she would die; I was sure she would not.

Turning from the bed, I sat down and joined the rest in waiting. Finally the sun broke into the night and drove the last traces of darkness away. Arising from my chair for the first time in many hours, I felt the need of the offer to go home and eat breakfast.

Several minutes later, I again entered into the still room. Going to the foot of the bed, I stood and looked at the same face I had looked at once, a thousand times really, before, and waited.

Eight, nine, ten, ten-thirty and a slight move from the bed. She looked up at me and smiled. Then she spoke. In turns she spoke to all who had assembled by her bedside to listen. Tears were not thought of, only the deep silence of attention given to—yes, my Mother.

Then as suddenly as she had begun talking, she stopped. Looking ahead of herself into space, she said.

"I am so happy. This is the way I wanted it."

That was all! Life left her body to us and took the spirit we loved into—into what? A future? Mother was dead! The movement, the laughter, the love, was gone! Stunned beyond any hope of comprehension I stood and stared. What was it she had said, oh, she was happy. Happy because of what? Was it possible that she had seen a glimpse of something more wondrous than earthly life!

Something touched my arm. Turning, I saw Dad. Dearest Dad. He took me by the arm, and in silence we left.

We had been sitting by the fire for longer than I can recall, when Dad spoke. He made me see things in a different sense. At first he seemed trying to convince himself, but as he went along his voice gained confidence and strength and transferred the qualities to me. Faith in the future is an earthly trait of all human beings. Then what is faith? Faith is the beauty that leaps into the eyes of the dying and sends a flow of radiance over the room as they see the future clearer than the ones left behind. Had she not said, "I'm so happy?" That was the voice that spoke from the eyes of one who had really seen the future.

Eulogy

BARBARA HAGERMAN—*College '42*

I'd call you Champion Thundercloud Glory, but they'd laugh, and so I call you Champ. Because you're really not a coward. I know you have a fine strong heart, and you don't mean to be afraid. They don't understand what lies behind those pointed ears, that long slanting head.

I do, because for two years I have spent my most enjoyable moments with you. Remember the day I first crawled under the cottage, and we got acquainted? You'd been living there for two weeks, coming out only after dark to creep down to the lake and get a drink. I'll never forget the mingled senses of fear and love I felt as I first patted your fine head. And you were afraid of me, Champ! Though you liked your proud head high, your fear showed in your dark passive eyes and your trembling starved body. I knew then that I must bring back the courage which must have been yours before. You were slow to show any affection for me, but on the third day you came from your recluse and I fed you and rubbed you behind the ears, and you lay at my feet exhausted—but with a faint glimmer of faith in your eyes. That small sign of hope meant so much to me, Champ. The next day I came upon an article in the lost and found column of the daily paper, and I quickly tore it out and burned it, lest someone should see it. Its short, concise meaning frightened me. Just, "Lost. Buff and white collie. Very timid. Reward." But no reward could have forced me to return you to the person who had hurt you, and though I knew I was doing a wrong, I felt no regret as I saw those words burned. Perhaps you were not the dog they were searching for—I will never know. As the ad turned to ashes, I lost any chance of ever knowing your other master.

Soon after that, I noticed a sore on your leg and took you to the veterinarian. It required a great deal of pushing and pulling and coaxing to get you into the car, and you trembled and crouched on the floor in fear during the whole ride. The veterinarian told me two things that day, Champ. First, that you were of a pure line of collie. Second, that only cruel and inhuman beatings could have imbedded that fear so deep in your fine heart and broken your spirit. I was determined then that never again should any hand be raised against you, nor any blow fall upon your precious body. He also told me that once a collie's spirit has been broken in human hands, the animal will never again have complete trust or faith in any person. But I knew my Champ was not the dog to remain fearful and untrusting the rest of his life, and I set out to help you find that simple, inherited trust of a canine.

It wasn't long before you would come running at my call, and in a few days, after a daily bath and brushing, your coat shone in all of its natural beauty. That brown and white and buff body filled out, and I couldn't see your ribs anymore. You had gained confidence in me, and I was very proud of you, Champ. I gloated over the fact that you were afraid of everyone but me, until I realized that what I really wanted to do was to help you overcome your fears. And you did overcome them in those two months at the lake. Yes, you allowed others to bestow affection upon you, but you were most faithful to me. I was the only one you'd follow into the lake, and we had so much fun together. Swimming and loafing through the long hot days of August, taking long walks in the woods when the leaves began to turn and fall in September, just the two of us—alone in our own world.

With the first bitter days of fall our fun of the summer came to an end, and we returned to the city. This crowded, noisy, fast-moving city seemed to destroy the courage you had acquired in the summer months, and you hid under the porch—coming out only when I called you. But you conquered that fear of the city and we found new things to do together—a new forest to explore. Remember the Saturdays in that forest? From the moment we reached that jungle of green until we were at home again, you became a wild animal—chasing squirrels and rabbits, pouncing on the tiniest of the forest creatures, rolling over and over in the leaves, filling the quiet with your deep, strong barking.

You seemed to enjoy yourself most, though, when the first snow fell. You ran along with your snout buried in the drifts, pushing the snow aside like a miniature plow. And I remember how you bounced out to meet me each night when I came home from school, with your feet flying up and down and your plume wagging excitedly. Each afternoon I taught you tricks, and you learned how to shake hands, to "speak," to roll over, and your greatest accomplishment, to fall obediently behind me when I told you to "heel!"

Yes, you had lots of fun that winter, but for your sake I wanted summer to hurry around once more so you would be able to get back to the freedom and quiet of the country. I think you knew what it meant when thhe van pulled up that bright June day, and our belongings stood in packing boxes. We rode out in the van together, and you leaned over the back of the truck and grinned at the cars behind us. You

seemed to be saying, "See how lucky I am? We're moving back to the lake!" Your body trembled during this ride, too, but in anticipation—not fear.

That summer I learned to sail, and you were always with me. You loved those hours on the lake; didn't you, Champ? You'd stand on the bow with your nose pointing into the wind, sniffing all of the wonderful smells, the fur on your broad chest parted by the squalls, your bark warning any and all crafts that came near us that we had the "right-of-way." I recall clearly how your eyes lit up when you saw the sails raised, your eager, nervous pacing until the moment we went out into that unconquerable lake. On the days that there was not sufficient wind to go sailing, you'd spend hours on end chasing and jumping on the logs and dipping with your long snout for the evasive minnows in the shallow water. We did all of the wonderful things together that we'd done the previous summer. The three months passed too quickly, though, and I left for school. We took a long walk the day before I left, and I talked to you. I'm sure you understand me, Champ, because that day you didn't leave my side once to go foraging in the woods. And I called you Champion Thundercloud Glory, and your beautiful head lifted so that your brown eyes met mine squarely, and you seemed to be thanking me for loving you and being good to you. I knelt beside you and buried my face in your ruff so you wouldn't know I was crying—but you understood and licked my hand.

Here I am a thousand miles away from you, and if I cry into my pillow at night, you understand, don't you, Champ? I miss you more than anything else at home, and the letters that I receive saying that you're afraid of everything again fill me with a desire to run home to you and keep that spark of courage and faith alive.

I'll be home again, Champ, and together we'll conquer all of those fears. That fine head of yours must never be bowed, that fine heart never beat faster in fear.

No, others don't understand what lies behind those pointed ears, that long slanting head. But I do, and so I'd call you Champion Thundercloud Glory.

A Study of Emma by Jane Austen

PATTY JOHNSON—*College* '41

The caustic, clever and concise George Bernard Shaw was once heard to remark, "The whole world is strewn with snares, traps, gins and pitfalls for the capture of men and women."

Such is the basis for Jane Austen's novel, **Emma,** although the author lived many years before her literatry compatriot. Using as her theme the schemes of Miss Emma Woodhouse whose sole ambition is matchmaking her acquaintances, the author succeeds in reminding the reader of like plots in Shakespeare's immortal comedy **Much Ado About Nothing.** In the play as well as in the novel, matches are made all unknown to the actual participants by interested parties for the pure joy of viewing suitable marriages. Very true is the statement that "Of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people, yet of all actions of our life, 'tis most meddled with by other people" (Selden). Emma, the intriguer, plays havoc with more than one of the lives of her erstwhile friends as she drops subtle hints which succeed only in complicating an already complex situation.

Although the reader of **Emma** would have little hesitation in placing it within the category of a novel of manners, neverthless the character of Emma herself is so strikingly developed that, whether the author realizes the fact or not, her story becomes an enormously absorbing study of a strong-willed Englishwoman. Emma is the novel; it is she who creates of it something living, something pliable, and above all, something that clings tenaciously to the memory with deft fingers of detail and plot construction. Unlike **Northanger Abbey, Emma** may boast of a definite plot which, although broken up at times by needless insertions of trivia, moves on to a logical finale. The beginning of the plot occurs with the arrival of Harriet Smith in the affections of Emma, whose fertile brain is at once stirred to action to find a suitable mate for the placid orphan. Things move turtle-like, slowly yet unswervingly to the climax when Emma learns of a pseudo-suitor's secret engagement and it affects her not in the least. Many windings an undercurrents has the story but there is only one main plot. Probably the most unreasonable idea in the entire book is the flirtation between Emma and Frank Churchill when the latter is in reality, says the author later, passionately in love with (and engaged to) Jane Fairfax. Plot-ridden also is the character of the stony-hearted Jane who, having been stony-hearted all her life to the busy heroine, suddenly is beautifully reconciled in order that all may live "happily ever after." The unnecessary incidents at first seem numerous but the complicated plot finds room for almost all save a few dull family dinners and a few conversations which may have intrigued the nineteenth century read-

er but certainly fail to move those of the twentieth century. Undoubtedly the story would be excellent in play form and might perhaps improve with the elimination of a few characters such as Miss Bates' mother, Emma's sister and brother-in-law and such as add little to plot development. The author, like most authors of the day, gives her characters what they richly deserve, including the Reverend Elton who is left with a shrew which he is scarcely Petruchio enough to tame.

In spite of the fact that one might find a Miss Bates or a Mr. Woodhouse in every small town from Highbury to Greentop, Missouri, the characters are inclined to assume flesh-and-blood proportions almost unbeknownst to the reader. Emma and Mr. Knightley are real, honest-to-goodness human beings with virtues and vices even as you and I. The most amazing fact about this life is that not once does Miss Austen describe her characters. Not once does she go into rhapsodies over "lily-white hands," "raven tresses," or "rose-petal lips." Even does she dare poke fun at Emma for her painting and her little conceits, at poor simple Harriet and at giddy Frank Churchill. Her characters are as simple as real people and as complex. Harriet and Mr. Woodhouse, alone, are what they are with no pretense and no Janus-like about-face for new situations. This fact makes them most uninteresting as no doubt the author intended, for they serve merely as backdrops for the appearance of Emma. Never once does Emma admit defeat except at the hands of Mr. Knightly. Never once does she entertain the idea that she might have erred, even when she ruins for the moment Harriet's chances of marriage with Robert Martin, a prosperous young farmer. Her thoughts are shrewdly catalogued as follows by Miss Austen, after a quarrel with Mr. Knightley:

"She thought it was time to make up. Making-up, indeed, would not do. **She** certainly had not been in the wrong, and **he** would never own that he had. Concession must be out of the question; but it was time to appear to forget that they had ever quarreled; and she hoped it might rather assist the restoration of friendship, that when he came into the room she had one of the children with her . . ." and so on while Emma plots and plans and arranges and rearranges almost to calamity.

The reader will probably find many today who would fit into the characters of **Emma** except for manner, language and dress. No rarity is a Harriet, a Frank Churchill, or even an Emma, for that matter. It is perhaps because Miss Austen writes of such everyday and universal characters that one cannot help nodding in recognition of the type, as jealous Mrs. Elton says in the final paragraph in spaking of the wedding that she "thought it all extremely shabby and very inferior to her own. 'Very little white satin, very few lace veils; a most pitiful business! Selina would stare when she heard of it.'" There is no historical background definitely expressed nor is any use made of the period except in the customs of entertainment and manners. The attempt at realism is broken by the author, who at times introduces her own thoughts in asides to the reader which are annoying to present-day readers, though this may not have been true in 1816 when **Emma** was published. The characters do, however, fit hand in glove with their environment which is modest, genteel, dignifed, and entirely in keeping with their own personalities. The setting is rather hinted at than described, Miss Austen being too fond of humanity to care a great deal for nature or furnishings. In place of describing with great gusto the weather of the long-awaited day when the poet moved to Box Hill, the author contents herself by remarking merely: "They had a very fine day for Box Hill." No birds, no sun streaming through lacy leaflets, no riot of color along the roadside. Miss Austen pronounced it a fine day and ignored it from that sentence. Yet, strangely enough, the reader not only does not regret the loss of description but actually welcomes it, for it would surely interrupt his enjoyment of the actions of the characters.

The style is romantic and realistic and might almost be called well-made, for the novel deals with the romantic flights of a young woman's fancy in a realistic manner which makes the whole plot doubly convincing. Although the author takes fifty-five chapters to complete her story, it is not terrifyingly wordy. She has a tendency to grow a bit verbose in the explanation of situations or quirks of character and in the enormous letter which the suddenly noble Frank Churchill sends his step-mother. The vocabulary throughout the book is extremely large and does not tire with often-repeated phrases. Dialogue is well-sprinkled through the pages, and even more might have been welcomed to save approaching dullness. However the author seems to have no great love for dialogue. It seems to tie her to incidentals when she is eager to get on with the plot. Perhaps this is the cause for her relapse into the third person when using a direct quotation such as Mr. Churchill's speech: "No; he should not eat. He was not hungry; it would only make him hotter." This type of quotation has a tendency to confuse as well as irritate the reader and shows that the author had literary defects in spite of her otherwise excellent technique. The author's sense of humor is subtle and confined to gentle ridicule of the incessant chatter of Miss Bates and delicate sarcasm on the imperfections of her characters. The pessimism and querulous insistence of Mr. Woodhouse in regard to his daughter's life in London is especially amusing as he asserts: "Ah, my

dear, it is not like Hartfield. You make the best of it . . . but after you have been a week at Hartfield you are all of you different creatures; you do not look the same. Now I cannot say that I think you are any of you looking well at present." Perhaps because of the character of her heroine, Jane Austen seldom waxes sentimental but she preaches the moral repeatedly that a meddlesome nature makes for unpleasantness under any conditions. Miss Austen is inclined to become euphuistic at times and to "gild the lily" with such phrases as "strong displeasure" for downright fury. However, to l i v e through one age and into another is an accomplishment for any author, as it is for Jane Austen. Style may become out of date; approach, setting and character study may dim with the passage of years; yet if the problem and the plot are sufficiently universal to survive their creator, then that author is assured of eternal success. Such an author is Jane Austen and such a plot is **Emma**. Both are never-to-be-forgotten mirrors of an age which can be recaptured o n l y through such a medium. As long as literature such as **Emma** survives, the world will long note and remember all the beauty and the warmth of centuries past. Jane Austen has done much to keep that memory green.

The Shower Room of The Gymnasium

ROSA LEE MOOSE—*College* '42

The odors of the shower room are various: hot steam, faint whiffs of chlorine, perspiring bodies, dirty socks, a smuggled cheese sandwich, and the sweet woody smell of a paper towel. Cheap pink soap, dirty feet, someone's lipstick and powder, dust, and the fresh smell of a clean gym towel—all belong to the smells of our high school gym. The stuffy smell of dirty gym clothes in a closed locker, Juicy Fruit, hot tennis shoes, wet canvas shower curtains, a Hershey bar, shoe laces, a stray sniff of perfume, and wet hair are reminders of the gym.

The pad of bare feet on the cement floor, screams as cold water touches bare skin, laughter, metal lockers banging shut, the showers, the rasp of paper towels being pulled, someone's tennis racket falling on the floor, the latest song hit hummed in an undertone, whistling, the slushy sound of soap suds, numbers yelled as towels on towels are checked in, the pop of a shoe lace when it breaks, the thud of a tennis shoe when it hits the locker shelf, the slam of books on the benches, the latest news from someone's test and "the last bell" are the sounds that I remember as I reflect upon our gym.

Dinner Is Served

BETTY JEAN THOMAS—*College* '42

It's exactly six o'clock when the maid comes into the living room to announce, "Dinner is served". She is panting and quite out of breath, as she has just come in from chasing all over eleven acres, to tell Dad, who is working on one of the flower beds for relaxation after a busy day at the office, that dinner will be served shortly. Then glancing around the room she sees that it will be necessary to inform mother who is upstairs sewing. As she runs upstairs, Shirley, the youngest, dashes to the table, downs her milk, and puts her empty glass in the pantry in order to fool the rest of the family. As she leaves the dining room she hears the maid knocking on my brother's door. Dad has come in, washed, and just settled down in his big overstuffed chair to scan the headlines.

From upstairs come the plaintive pleadings of Don. "But Mother, dinner has been called, and the potatoes are already spoiled. You know you don't have to finish sewing on that button before dinner. You've got all evening to do it. Meanwhile, Mother has knotted her thread, bitten it off, and put her sewing away. After washing she starts down the steps closely followed by my eldest brother who wants to make sure that she doesn't think of something else to do before dinner. Upon hearing heavy thuds descending, my younger brother and my little sister dart for the dining room. The other boy, who has been stretched out on the floor reading the funnies in the second section of the evening paper, rises to his knees and then stands, still following the adventures of Alley-Oop. Finding it impossible to lure the comic fan from his hobby, the most impatient member of the household threatens with a kick, which misses his aim entirely. I rest easily and comfortably on the couch, as I know that Don will make sure that the four members of the family gathered around the table will not suddenly make up their minds that there is nothing doing yet and that they're just wasting their time accomplishing nothing. Don looks around the table and mutters "four here, two to go". After giving implicit instruction not to move an inch he starts again for the last round-up.

"Hey, Boss, you've had time to read that before. Everyone's here and we're waiting on you."

Having just finished "The Nebbs" Dad drops the paper on the floor and stops only long enough to take my magazine from me and say, "Looks like we're keeping everybody waiting." As Daddy and I slip into our seats, the clock strikes 6:15 and the meat is immediately brought on. During the carving process, Dad orders, "Boys, your hands don't look clean. Go wash them and use lots of soap."

"But Dad," Don replies, "You don't know the trouble I had getting them here."

St. Paul

PATRICIA WARREN–*College* '42

At first, it was merely a stopping-off place in a vast wilderness and was marked only by a small log cabin. It was called Pig's Eye then. Years have passed, and with them the Indians have disappeared and forests have been cleared, but the St. Paul of today still retains much of the primitive romantic atmosphere beneath the every-day activity of a modern metropolis.

People not familiar with St. Paul recognize it only as "one of the twin cities." Those who have visited it perhaps remember roaring flour mills, the barges on the river, and an incessant procession of trains coming and going. Others may recall the beautiful lakes, parks, and untouched nature for which it is so famous. They think of lovely waterfalls and the abundant wild life that still exists.

My impressions are rather of a wintry and wind-blown city, sometimes blanketed in white silence, sometimes as violent as the raging elements. I can remember that my ears would occasionally strain for the sound of howling wolves that are legends now, but whose ghosts are real to me. I think of a city characterized by its versatility. Sometimes it assumes the festive air which may be observed in the gay and vigorous winter season. At other periods as in the early spring, it is mournful in drab, grey-colored snow and thwarted sunshine. In the fall, it gives the impression of tense waiting, always watchful for the first layer of snow that will be greeted by small boys with their sleds, and by adults laying in coal and oil supplies.

I think of an illuminated skyline at night seen from the historic Indian mounds which rise from a precipitous bluff overshadowing the old Mississippi; of riding in sleighs through the hushed streets on brittle wintry evenings; and of the glow of bright lights shining through frosted window panes. I see people, gay in their carnival attire, wielding skiis on one arm and skates in the other; of indulgent fathers trudging patiently in from a toboggan—full of shrill and gleeful children. To me, it brings back memories of waltzing on the ice to strains of "The Beautiful Blue Danube"; of hot chocolate after vigorous exercise in the freezing out-of-doors; and afterward of the warm blood tingling in my veins accompanied by a well-known drowsy sensation.

Perhaps my impressions are unjustly romantic and prejudiced because of the fourteen years of my life spent there, but somehow, I think if strangers will look for all these things, they will find them, much the same as I did.

The Brontes

BETTY LOU WAGNER–*College* '42

Imagine yourself walking down a tiny street in the peaceful, little, old town of Haworth in northern England. As you move along quietly, in keeping with the general atmosphere that envelopes the village, you find yourslf before a parsonage. Its drab simplicity holds little to suggest that it has housed genius, but this same, unassuming parsonage was once the home of Charlotte and Emily Bronte, two of the greatest writers in English literature.

The story of the brilliant lives of the Brontes is told with charm and sincerity by Bertrano White in **The Miracle of Haworth.** From their births to their untimely deaths, he carries them through happiness and sorrow, quiet summers and wild winters, these six children of the moors. Because they lived the longest, we learn more of the personalties of the ambitious and vigilant Charlotte, the reserved and practical Emily, the kind and fragile Anne and the turbulent Branwell than we do of the other two. An even further look into their lives has been put into play form by Clemence Dane in **Wild December,** which brings the reader to a closer understanding of their feelings and passions.

The most surprising thing about the Brontes is the fact that each one seemed to possess genius in one form or another. Anne's was immature and Branwell's was oppressed by his own weakness of character, but that of Charlotte and Emily bloomed to the fullest extent.

The first book to be published by Charlotte Bronte was **Jane Eyre,** the love story of a plain, little governess and her master. In comparing the plot with Charlotte's life, we find much that is similar. She had spent some time studying in Brussels and acted as a teacher during the last year of her stay. Tragedy came to her there, for she fell in love with the owner of the school, Monsieur Hegar, who was married, and found herself forced to leave, never to see him again. Jane Eyre, in her turn, was also a governess, and, certainly, her appearance, so modest and inconspicuous, corresponded with Charlotte's. She fell in love with her master, who was married to a mad woman, and forced herself to run away from him, much as Charlotte had done. Perhaps even the mad Bertha Mason was suggested by Branwell's terrible, insane outbursts before his death. While reading the

book, one cannot help but feel that Charlotte is writing of herself and M. Hegar and putting into words the love that she never knew.

When Emily wrote her story, she wrote a tale that had been building up in her mind for years, fed by her love for the moorlands. The result was **Wuthering Heights**, startling in its simplicity and crudeness, but one of the greatest books ever written in her time. Emily had been in love with a Mr. Weightman who died, and, from the time of his death, she lived within herself, in a spiritual world which she expresses in many of her poems. This same spiritual love lives throughout the story of Cathy and Heatheliff, for after Cathy's death she returned to her lover and haunted him until his own death when the two found each other again on the moors. Emily's use of the moors with the cold bleakness of Northern England as the setting forms a perbackground for such a story. She had a real love for that country and writes descriptions of it that are simple and beautiful.

Emily shows Branwell's influence even more than Charlotte, for she was the one who had taken care of him most during his last days of near insanity. The impression that his wild ravings must have made on her lives on in the character of Heathcliff in his cruel meanness and his desire for revenge. Her book was written with a sincerity and power that caused critics to call her "the greatest woman who ever lived."

A study of the lives and works of this remarkable family can become a fascinating pastime. In them we find embodied the nature of their homeland, the heather-covered moors, the beautiful rolling country where they lived. They have a power which leaves a deep impression on every reader, for, through their works, Charlotte and Emily Bronte have become truly immortal.

The Voice

Laura Caldwell—College '42

The auditorium was filled with gay laughter, chattering voices and shuffling feet as the students hurried in from their classes. A sh! rippled through the crowd, and all became comparatively quiet. Every eye turned to the stage as the president walked in, escorting a small wisp of a woman. A whisper of "who?" echoed throughout the room. The rustle of skirts and coats denoted that the students had risen to welcome the speaker. Once again the air was filled with whispers. This time there were comments on her figure, her face, her clothes, her hair. Some said that they were going to sleep, for they just knew that she would talk too low to be heard.

The minute she opened her mouth the crowd became quiet. As her voice, a powerful, musical, stirring voice, fell upon the ears of her listeners people forgot to squirm, to go to sleep to cough. A pin dropped would have sounded like a shot. Never before had the students been so completely held by the voice of a speaker. The clock on the tower boomed out twelve strokes. The voice went on and on. Twelve-ten. Twelve-fifteen. The building rocked with the applause that accompanied the conclusion of the speech of this wisp of a woman, with her soft yet strong voice.

SPRING

Early in the day
I wandered through
The woods to view
The gala Spring parade,
To see and greet
Each new and budding leaf.
I wandered along
And listened to the woodcock's song;
I took an inviting path
And reached the bank
Of a tumbling brook
And hailed its gurgling laugh;
—Not just hungry.
And then, there upon the grass
I did lie back
And watch
The downy clouds go past.
I did casually dream
And it did seem
As though the Queen
Of Spring—yea, of all things,
Came from the midst
Of the wood.
I could not bear to look;
Nay,
But I could not look away.
She was, 'tis true,
The unity of all pure beauty.
There within my sight
She stood in the light
Of a gentle, flowing grace.
The glow upon her face
Was all
That is gay and bright and fair.
Her eyes twinkled
And I could see the kindness there.
Upon her cheeks
Was the flush of youth,
And from her lips
A melody was flung—
The one which my heart
Had sung—
But had there remained,
For such as this,
I, a mortal, could not sing.
But then, she turned
And my dream
Was at an end.
I had been with Spring,
The essence of youth,
Life and gaiety.
Now, in truth,
I am free
From a lovely dream.
I cannot be
Other than sad,
Yet, should I be so?
For though
Now she is gone,
Just as she came,
She will come again—
The same
Tall and delicate Spring.

Sara McCullough—College '41

THE SEA

Once I stood upon a hill
That overlooked the sea
That clashed and fell
Into the white coral reef

That seemed to rise and sink
With the waves—into the sea.
There, below the place
Where I stood and gazed,

Was opposition to the waves—
Where tears might wash
Away my sadness
And leave no traces

Along the sand
Where some other man
Might only pause to see
The sadness within the sea.

CHIMES

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The Chimes

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Once Upon A Time

MARJORIE NILES

Ah, yes indeed, I see it now—that lovely yesterday—
That music-box we always played,
Those queenly crowns of weeds we made,
We'd dress up in our finery and then proceed to play.

Yes—I was the Princess—you, the Queen in that court of ours.
What jewelry from the five-and-ten!
My courtly plume—an old quill pen!
But you were Queen, and wore a crown of diamond-studded stars!

We toured the shops and thoroughfares in truly royal fashion.
How in obeisance people bowed!
Oh, we really had them wowed!
We scattered boundless sacks of gold to all in great compassion.

In those days we were very young and had imagination.
Those bows we took from balconies!
Those bows we took with regal ease!
All through the realm we were adored—oh, we were a sensation!

Our dresses weren't really fine—just cast-off things from Mother.
Our gold was only bottle-caps.
No velvet, only cheese-cloth wraps
But darling, we were happy then, for we had one another!

We'll never have the things we planned; they would no longer suit,
Like putting awnings on the car,
Or wearing rings from Pa's cigar,
We'll never do those things now-days — those things we thought were cute.

But what a joy it is to go by paths we've trod before!
To see again those castle walls,
To walk again down marble halls,
To be a princess dressed in rags — — to be a girl once more!

Editor's From The CHIMES

The Wind and The Fire

ANNE FRASHER

Once I knew a man—a very foolish man. He was so busy worrying about the troubles in the world that he hardly noticed me. He frowned and growled and shouted, and nothing seemed to please his majesty. And all because, as he put it—"The world is simply going to rot!"

He sulked in the corner about the future America under German leadership. He believed that morals were a thing of the past. He disagreed with every act of Congress. He frowned upon the actions of youth in general. He fussed and fumed when his coffee was slightly cool. He woke up every morning with a headache—thinking "Oh, what a horrible day!" In fact, he didn't believe that there was any real thing in our world worth living for.

Then one day I talked to this foolish little man, and I told him a story. It was this story of the wind—and the fire.

I found my story one cool October evening, one of the most perfect evenings I have ever seen. I was sitting in the house completely relaxed —thinking over events of the day. In front of me through a large glass window, I could see darkness and the occasional headlight of a car. Then I heard voices—low at first—and then loud and insistent.

On my left there was an open door through which the wind entered from time to time, lifting the hair back from my face and leaving me cool and refreshed. Outside, the wind was cruel. It whipped and lashed the swaying trees mercilessly, and tore the foliage from their stiffened limbs.

"I am the wind," it howled. "I represent the opposing forces in nature against man. He has to fight to overcome my power, but in so doing he becomes stronger, and more prepared for the next encounter with me. I have pity for no man. I am strong and hard and cold and cruel!"

I shivered and turned away. There on my right was the bright open hearth, with a warm and glowing fire in its bosom. The golden flames danced brightly and leaped higher and higher upward toward the heavens

"I am the fire," it crackled. "I represent all the warmth and beauty and comfort and companionship and security in the world for man. You can see the reflections of my flames dancing softly on the dusky walls. In a like manner my friendly spirit is reflected on the heart of every man. I am the reason why man refuses to give in to adversity, because I make him believe that life is a thing worth living every moment. I am beautiful and warm and comforting and inspiring."

I smiled, and felt happy and secure. It may have been just a dream —but I know that I felt poignantly the presence of these two. If I ever feel myself inclined to imitate the foolish little man, I'll think of a nearly perfect evening and remember that no matter what happens there will always be the wind—and the fire!

Old From The CHIMES

The Singing Tower

BARBARA HAGGARD

"The bells of Ward-Belmont,
Oh, hear, they are calling—"

Every graduating senior carries with her a memory of the singing tower. On Sunday afternoons in the spring and fall she has heard the soft notes of the chimes as she returned from town or lingered in the clubhouse. During the year she marched across the campus to their music for class recognition day and for step singing. And now as she crosses the campus to her graduation exercises, the song she has learned to love deeply, her song and the song of every Ward-Belmont girl, rings out from the chimes.

As experiences of college life group themselves figuratively around the singing tower, so does much of our social life literally surround the tower. It forms the nucleus for club village, that favorite spot of every student, adding its beauty and impressive dignity to the scene.

But we must not think of the tower only as it appears to us at the present, for its history goes back many, many years. When first built, it served as a pump station on the old Belmont estate. During the Civil War it was used as a signal station when federal troops occupied Nashville.

Miss Mills, for many years Dean of Women at Ward-Belmont, was in part responsible for the gift of the chimes by the Alumnae Association. She returned to the school for their dedication in 1929. The carillon carried the seal of approval of King George, for it was made by an English firm. One of the members of this firm came to America and was present for the dedication. The music of the chimes was broadcast on this and one other occasion.

There are two stories connected with the tower. One, probably only a rumor, tells of a girl committing suicide by jumping from the tower. The other story, a true one, occurred in the days of Belmont College. At that time the grounds south of Acklen Hall were covered with woods and the tower, surrounded by a deep moat, was back among the trees. A student who had been called to the head office for a minor offense, was missing for two days. After an extensive search, her notebook was found beside the moat, and dragging the moat brought her body to the surface.

This is the background of the singing tower. Built in the days of the Old South it stands for culture, tradition and experience. May you never forget it as a vital part of your Ward-Belmont days.

OUR TOWER

MAJORIE NILES

Our tower, standing guard above us,
A lofty, queenly sentinel
Who reigns in state.
Her voice, the chiming of a bell—
A lovely thing, yet humbly humming
A simple song to those beneath.
Does she see the green-black satin
Of magnolia-leaves drumming
Loud, clattering praise beside her wall?
Has she known the many eyes
And hearts and voices turned her way
Down through the campus years
To join in hymns played by her chimes?
Has she seen frost-veils of winter
Pinned high into her hair—
Or blazing woolen scarves of autumn
Waved through the brisk, blue air?
Has she seen the iris paths
When spring walks through the world—
Slowly, warmly, tenderly?
Yes, she must have known these things
Known and loved and kept apart
Silently forever, save when quietly there rings
A chime—a simple message from her heart.

I Am The Chimes

ANNE FRASHER

I am the chimes of Ward-Belmont. I hang aloft, suspended in my ivy-covered bower, and survey with wondering eyes, the surrounding beauty. I love the rustle of the ivy as it whispers secrets to the passing winds. I love to watch the rainbow-colored evening sky as it deepens into twilight. I like the protecting softness of the velvet night pricked with tiny pin points of golden brilliance. I like to watch the red-gold autumn leaves, dancing and swirling in mad delight as they descend to the brown earth below.

Each separate season brings to me a thrilling and poignant beauty which always surprises me with its loveliness, even though I've experienced the same feeling each year before. Best of all I like the autumn, the beginning of the year for me, when I see again the campus below

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New From The CHIMES

THE FIGHT

ERNESTINE HOFFIUS

It must have been shortly after four when we arrived at our farm which is about nine or ten miles out of town. They were due to arrive at four-thirty so Dad started at once to give instructions to the men. Each man was given a gun and a few cartridges, and assigned a certain part of the farm to work in.

"The point is," he said, "to make as much noise as possible. If you make enough, then most of them will fly on over and not settle. Of course a few will, but we can deal with those few better than the whole army."

He watched the men scamper off in different directions. Then he turned to his wife, "I am really very sorry, Eleanor, but—". He paused, watching her face brighten with a sweet smile. "There is no other way —no help for it." He tried to go on but his voice failed. He could only stand there looking down at her. She reached up and took his hand gently. This seemed to give him courage and he went on. "You'll have to save your own garden."

"Of course, I must. It is mine. That only makes it right." She smiled again. "I'll use tin pans. They make enough noise and I don't like guns." Then she turned away.

Then he gave my brother instructions and a gun, and as he ran off, he turned to me. "Use your gun. Fire it as much as possible. Do you think you can be messenger? Do you think you can carry those cartridges? Some one will have to keep us all supplied."

He did not wait for my answer as the northern sky was already dark. Yes, the locusts were coming; in fact, they were really there.

The rest all seems like a dream. I can remember running, running, filling my gun as I ran; then firing it off into the air. My ears rang and my feet ached. Running had made it very hard to breathe, and now I choked with every breath.

I can remember vague scraps of messages: from Dad to the men; from the men to Dad. My shoulders were red and blistered from the straps of the bullet bag; I couldn't stop. No—I had to keep the men supplied with cartridges.

As I ran, the locusts flew against me, stinging my face and arms. The spurs on their legs cut my face, and the blood kept running into my eyes, causing me to stumble over ditches and other obstacles in my way.

Slowly, just as they had come they went. However, not everyone left. In spite of all the noise a few had settled. Those few were there, and no noise would scare them. The truth was that those few would eat till sunrise, or until we killed them, and in that time they would eat a great deal. Horrified at this thought —I ran toward Dad, crushing with every step the horrible insects. He gave quick instructions for the others, and it was then I noticed just how tired he was. My heart sank. Poor dad! But I couldn't stop now; I had to tell the rest. However, the running was easier now as the blood on my forehead was beginning to clot, and less ran into my eyes.

The next morning at sunrise the remainder of the locusts left, and we sat on the steps—four tired and frightened people. The farm was bare; only leafless stalks stared at us. And now what would pay for my schooling?

Tennessee Fish Fry

ANN SEABOLT

Way down south in Dixie there is one peculiar institution entirely unprofaned by the female of the species. Or, as one sturdy Tennessean put it, "It hain't been ruint by the women". This is the famous fish-fry of Tennessee, a social diversion as proudly masculine as heavyweight wrestling. What the country club is to the commuter, what the week-end is to the Social Registerite, what 'club night' is to the average small town dweller—that and more is the fish-fry to the men folk of the Old South.

When a man goes to a fish-fry his wife expects him back when she sees him and not until then. In a land largely short on telephones and long on distances, that means that not only is the husband out for a night with the boys, but that the most wifely of worriers cannot reach him even if the house catches fire, or the baby develops colis. It's simply magnificent.

The magic words—"Fish-Fry tonight!"—stirs a southern county-seat the way an inside report that

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General Motors is good for a forty-point rise stirs Wall Street. For fish fries are as democratic as the stock-ticker and far less dangerous. At this point, it should be sternly noted that this is not a business of catching fish. The purpose is to eat fish. Like many other forms of work south of the Potomac, the necessary preliminary business of catching the fish is turned over to the Negroes, who get their reward later, since fried fish is to the darky of the South what catnip is to a cat.

So the eager colored people fish the streams with nets, seining the slow deep rivers which wander through the rich lowlands. And when word is finally received that the fish are "most done", the speed with which the men-folk drift in the proper direction is almost scandalous. The farmer leaves his cattle; the bridegroom, his bride; juries are left locked up with undelivered verdicts; work is abandoned, and those who have been notified to attend, light out for their mysterious destination with an urgency which suggests some secret jungle ceremony.

It looks rather like that when you get there. The fish-fry grounds sit high on the bank of the river—a little clearing in the dark woods. The place has been picked with an eye to good drinking water, plenty of wood for the fire, nearness to a good road, and, of course, to the supply of fish. With a full moon rising over the river, in the cool of spring before the mosquitoes have started their summer's activity, there is something inexpressibly stirring in the sight of four or five great iron pots hissing over as many red fires, with the black boys keeping the wood replenished, the white cooks busy at their mysteries, and a comfortable aroma of wood-smoke, food, and corn-likker to add digestive luster to the esthetics of the situation.

The fish-fry group is as democratic as a public school or a coon-hunt. No women! but everybody else — the Judge, the Sheriff, State Senators, local politicians, brakemen, store-keepers, ordinary small farmers and the non-classifiable men who hang around the Court House steps and argue about the weather, religion and the price of cotton during the slow southern afternoons.

Now the test of a fish-fry is the catfish stew. Every community in the fish-fry belt boasts at least one man who claims to know more about the proper preparations of this dish than anyone else in the whole world. Like skill on the fiddle and the gift of second sight, this talent strikes without regard to social position, wealth or profession and the jealousy between catfish stew specialists is such as that between rival metropolitan chefs.

Your appetite increases ten-fold when you see the fish come out golden brown and so dry that they can be eaten in the fingers like sandwiches. With this goes bread that is a kind of pop-over made by mixing a thin batter of seasoned corn meal and condensed milk and spooning it into the fat in which the fish have been fried. When it strikes the fat, the batter fairly explodes into round light balls which go just right with the fish and all the time the corn-likker circulates and men rub shoulders and relax beneath the mellow magic of the southern moon.

An orgy? On the south? Nonsense. This is the region where there is a cult of individual dignity and social decorum which is general among all walks of life. The talk is steady, salty, man's-talk about politics, the weather, business, crime and people.

The fish-fry keeps on and on, until the corn-likker has vanished; and the men, one by one, have slipped away, as quietly as Indians, as mysteriously as they came. Then, with the stars burning overhead and the red embers of the dying cook-fires reflected in the dark waters of the river, the Negroes sit down for their share, which has scrupously been reserved for them, and finish off the food.

Finish? Not quite. For after the last human has left the fish-fry grounds, another party of guests arrive; minks and skunks and other creatures of the forest whose eyes have circled the pool of firelight for hours. And as dawn breaks grayly over the river, there is nothing left but a few white fish-bones to show that for several happy hours the men of Tennessee have been feasting in the forest.

Fiesta

MARIAN TAICHERT

The beat of the buckskin drum and the chant of the costumed snake-dancers, create a stimulating tempo as Fiesta is ceremoniously opened. It's the burning of Zozobra—"Old Man Gloom". The colorful setting and changeless, picturesque life have made Santa Fe, New Mexico, a haven for artists of national and international reputation. The combined interests of these artists make the evil Indian God, Monstrous Zozobra, who stands fifty feet tall, and is painted in exotic colors and fantastic design, inspired by the blaze of colors in the rainbow. On his grotesque face there is an antagonistic expression as the fire-light kindles the fires that are to burn "Old Man Gloom" to the stake. Mournful groans of agony are issued from his monstrous scornful lips as he heaves his last breath: Zozobra is dead!

Fiesta has begun!

One of the numerous events is the Fandango Ball—featuring Spanish folk dances, La Varsuviana, La Rospa and many others. All the dancers are dressed in their native costumes. There are many varied types of dress, the Zuni, Hopi and Navajo Indian dresses of the Spanish. Most popular of the costumes is the China Poblana, a copy of the old Spanish

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Odd From The CHIMES

A Square White Card

DOROTHY NOLAND

I'm no different from any other college girl, who, after reaching that advanced age of nineteen, feels as if she has been around. I have also thumbed through life's pages, stopped at the first date or dance—and laughed. In my memory book there is one night more vivid than the rest, my first fraternity dance.

I remember how surprised I was even to be invited. I was a freshman in high school; and, though Mother thought I was pretty, boys just didn't share her opinion. The day started out like all the rest in the week, and became a turning point in my life. There was nothing unusual about the invitation, a square, white card requesting my presence at the Delta Sig fraternity dance. I remember I locked myself in my room, swooned on the bed in a manner I considered much that of Joan Crawford in her last picture, contemplated what I would wear, and the inevitable second Gable I would surely meet. The black satin I had finally decided upon was discarded for what Mother considered more suitable to my sweet personality; to be exact, purple taffeta with braids across the shoulders to cover up the protruding bones.

The next day at school I could hardly wait to see Katie. "I've got something simply wonderful to tell you," I said in my most mysterious manner.

"I've got something to tell you, too", she fairly croaked.

At lunch over a Coca Cola we both blurted out at the same time, "I got a bid to the Delta Sig dance". Of course, I was rather surprised that Katherine got a bid. She was a sweet girl and my dearest friend, but I just didn't think was the type to be attractive to boys.—I was.

When I discovered she didn't have a date either, I was very glad somebody's brother had invited her. We debated for hours over whose "boy friend" we'd take. I think I asked three before one finally accepted. Katie later confided she lost count. To bolster our courage we decided to spend the night together.

Then like all things which you look forward to, the fateful day suddenly arrived. I don't remember much about that day, but I could tell you just the color nail polish I wore, and I never smell Shocking perfume without remembering that night. After much rushing around we finally went in to get Mother's approval. She convinced us that we would be, without doubt, the two most glamorous there. That is—if we didn't wilt before our dates arrived. Though we didn't know at the time, they had decided a show would be a good thing before the dance. I'm convinced they enjoyed it twice, as it was nearly eleven before they arrived. I had even passed the nervous stage, and was considering going to bed when the door bell rang. I fluffed out my new permanent, stretched a frozen grin across my braces, and let him in.

On the way to the Club I confided to Buddy that this was my first fraternity dance, but not my last, in what I hoped was a nonchalant chuckle. My voice broke on the chuckle, and Buddy gave me a sickly smile.

I shall never forget that feeling I experienced before I stepped out on the dance floor. It was like standing on a diving board, or like that determined plunge into a cold shower. I knew I was there, and the rest was up to Lady Luck or Fate, but mostly to the stag line.

Of course, I could dance, but what can you do with a man who makes up his own steps? Only he and God knows what happens next, and I'm not sure about him. It wouldn't have been so bad except no one recognized me for the first hour. I couldn't understand why; I smiled at every man that came within a two mile radius. Never will I forget the dear child who rescued me—or was it my date? Buddy and I were still whirling madly across the floor in swingtime to a waltz. He, waving dollar bills behind my back, had a death grip on my right; I was smiling desperately at the stags. I thought Buddy slapped Elmer a little bit too hard on the back, and that look certainly wasn't one you'd give a man who had inherited a million. Elmer definitely inherited me for the rest of the dance. He was a nice boy too, that is, if you like the type. I personally don't go in for red hair and glasses, but at that moment you would have thought he was my inevitable second Gable. I gave him an enthusiastic smile which was promptly returned with a stomp on my left toe. I promptly stamped him back and we joined in the "excuse me".

You remember that was the year "swing" was sweeping the country. Elmer decided the next piece called for s w i n g, and, brother, we "swang". I was hoping desperately

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Life In A Two-Way Stretch

MARJORIE NILES

We girls do go to an impossible amount of discomfort to look well "gotten-up", don't we? I wonder why? There are many conflicting theories on the subject. Some say that our purpose is to gain admiration from the opposite sex; others maintain that it is done simply to "keep up with Mary Jones in the next block". Sometimes I think we do it out of sheer curiosity - - wondering how we would look behind, or beneath, products "as advertised". Whatever our ultimate purpose in grooming, it has become a national feminine pastime.

Milady may wear lips by Arden, costume by Carnegie, coiffure by Antoine de Paris, jewels from Cartier, and yet any fashion expert will tell you that she will be a dismal failure without the proper "foundation garments". Not, mind you, that Milady's figure is not perfection itself. Mais non!!! But she needs the satisfaction of knowing that beneath it all she wears the correct garment. What is the correct garment? Why, but of course, one of Madame Schiaparelli's original little numbers? We are told that within its firm grip it holds the devastating excitement of Paree--ee! Do we believe it? Yes, even though we heard years ago that it was not customary in Parisian circles to be well-corseted. So we buy—and expect miracles. Those of us who patronize, instead, the notions counter of the department store find our figures in $1.98 specialty bargains of the two-way stretch variety. We find the same results, the same elastic, the same difficulty in entering as into the costlier makes; however the labels are not hand-embroidered, but machine-stamped. Where one is custom-styled, the other is tagged simply and irrevocably: SMALL, MEDIUM, or LARGE. Perhaps it is far more flattering to wear one fitted just "for you" than one bearing the terrible stigmatic word - - LARGE.

Whatever the make we all garb ourselves in the same uncomfortable foundations. It seems to me that an interesting subject for research would be an investigation of the various techniques in encasing onesself in the two-way stretch. Some struggle alone and unaided. Others require much assistance. I have seen those who must be shaken into them as one would shake a pillow into a pillow-case. Once apparelled, our worries are not banished, oh no! We must spend hours sitting, then standing, then tugging the famous tug which is known as the "great American gesture!"

Her Hands Were Her Life

MINNIE CARTER BAILEY

Marie sat caressing the smooth ivory keys of her grand piano. She — of the gifted fingers — did not play, but sat lost in thought.

As a child, Marie had been poor, but through the many disappointments caused by the dull, somber life of a poor child, her love for music had given her some distant star to which she might cling, as the other children lost their dreams and hopes in the commonplace life of the Austrian peasants. Her keen appreciation of beauty made her seem out of place in her bleak little cottage. Many times her daily tasks of cooking and scrubbing were neglected as she gazed into the uppermost boughs of a tree, and listened to the song of a bird. Even the squeaky music of the local organ-grinder made her weep or laugh.

. As she grew older she was given the glorious task of playing in the little church. She spent many precious hours in practice at the small organ. Her fame spread, and the neighboring villagers came to hear the familiar hymns as they were played with the perfect touch of a master.

Her brilliance was not confined to the field of music, but spread to her schoolwork. She was presented with a scholarship — small, but oh, so dear — to the University. This was her chance. For many days she worked, and prayed, and, at last, the scholarship was changed to the Academy of Music.

Her rise had been swift. The magic of her music had brought her the medals and gifts of kings.

Now, at the age of twenty-two, she lived in a beautiful home on the Boulevard. The house was a grand structure of marble, surrounded by beautifully kept gardens, and filled with rare, precious articles, many of which were tokens of the esteem of the crowned heads of every country in Europe.

Although her position forced her to have this luxurious home and all the accessories of a lady, she still loved the simple things of her childhood. Her pensiveness at this time was caused by worry over the poor of Austria, who had risen up against the greedy rich. She knew, all too well, the sly, crafty ways of the nobles, and her heart ached for her people.

Suddenly the usual noises of the street were dimmed by the sound of an approaching mob. Marie's quick ears caught the cries of the angry throng; her white hands trembled, for she realized her own garden was being trampled by heavy, careless feet as they rushed to the marble steps of the porch, and up.

She heard the shrill, frightened voices of her maids, and the voice of her devoted butler at the front door; then a quick shot rang out, and as she sprang up she saw the men in her hall.

She knew that pleas were useless; the stories about other homes that had been stormed flashed through her mind. Anyone who lived as she did was in danger; then she remem-

bered that anyone who worked with his hands was safe.

She quickly seated herself at the piano, and her trembling fingers grew steady as they touched the familiar notes.

The peasants, who did not know the name of the piece or the famous composer, stood in awe as the glorious music filled the rooms. Marie played as she had never played before, and at last they quietly left.

They knew now that she was one of them—her hands were her life.

To Those We Love

HOPE HAMILTON

Lucia listened. Someone was calling her. It was faint, so very faint, but someone was saying her name over and over. Everything was so strange here. It seemed like an elusive dream, yet she knew it to be real enough. She was winding her way through a white mist, listening . . .

The misty whiteness slowly took form and became instead millions of blossoms, peach blossoms, blowing gently in her face. She thought, this was like long ago, in the gardens. That was the most perfect memory of her life—those peaceful days, when it was so quiet. She would stand and look far off through the long lines of peach trees while the blossoms sifted gently, so gently down to earth. She liked to lie under her favorite tree, letting them fall softly over her face and arms. That was her most beautiful memory, until Allan . . . of course.

And now, here, those millions of blossoms were falling, falling to earth. She didn't have time to stop, this once, and pick up handfuls to pour over her throat and arms. Some one was calling her, not urgently, but searchingly. She knew there was no hurry, yet she could hear distinctly now, someone saying, "Lucia . . . Lucia . . . Lucia, darling." Funny, but that was what Allan had called her, Lucia, darling. But then her heart contracted; a tiny silver arrow seemed to pierce it engraved with an even tinier message, "Those who wait and hope are miserable; yet those without hope live in despair."

Nevertheless, the voice kept calling: "Lucia . . . Lucia . . . Lucia, darling!" Lucia shook long, dark curls free of the blossoms in an effort to clear her mind of such thoughts. After all, it had been so long! There wasn't even any pain now, when she thought of him — only a tired, numb feeling. It had been one, two summers ago, when she was barely seventeen. To Lucia, it seemed she had lived her life in that brief summer; she had been born, lived so happily, then died. But why think of that, now? Was it because the voice had called,, Lucia, darling," like Allan? She tilted her head slightly; the voice even sounded like Allan's, but then, it had been so long, she wasn't sure. Even so, it couldn't be Allan's; no, it couldn't be.

The blossoms were clearing away now, and in the distance she could see a lone tree, covered with the white flowers. The tree was so large that perhaps all the delicate blooms had been blowing from it alone. Lucia wanted to run toward it, for she longed once more to lie under its coolness. She was almost underneath its branches when she discovered someone else there. It was Allan. She swayed uncertainly.

Then she was in his arms. Her head, tilted slightly upward, rested on his shoulder, and her eyes were moist with starry happiness. Allan's own deep blue eyes looked tenderly down into her dark ones. "Lucia . . . Lucia, darling!" he murmured over and over, incredulously, wonderingly, happily.

"Allan," she breathed. "Allan, you came! You promised, and you came!"

"Of course, my darling. But it's been so long; I've wanted you so long. I love you!" he whispered. Lucia thought she couldn't bear such happiness. Was she dreaming? Could this be true? Was this her Allan? Then all doubt was swept to the winds as Allan bent his head above hers and kissed her tenderly, exquisitely. Her heart thrilled even more as he whispered, "My tiny princess!" That had always been his name for her: his princess! Now his fingers were entwined in her long, soft hair . . .

Lucia asked softly, "Why did you wait so long, Beloved? It has been so hard, waiting and . . . waiting."

"But you waited, my darling. I knew you would; I knew you would. I was sure you would believe me, and trust me. And you did, Lucia, darling!"

"Yes, Allan, and I always will . . . forever." Her thoughts wound back to those tortuous days since. . . "But your promises, all those things you said . . ." It has been mid-summer, and she had gone to visit her roommate. She met Allan. Sue Ann said she understood about "things that were meant to be." And she helped them to be together—to share the most glorious summer of their lives. Then, her parents had come to bring her home—a formality, of course.

Allan had been twenty-two, then, and his love for dainty, fairy-like Lucia was a feeling very few are privileged to know. He promised to come for her, to take her away, for her to remember, always, that she was his very own little princess. Lucia remembered, but in the long days since it was hard to believe that **he** had remembered. That she was any more silent or melancholy than before did not come to the attention of her parents, who gingerly packed her off to an exclusive boarding school. Even there, Sue Ann made it plain that she thought the way Lucia and Allan "carried on" was something few would approve of. It was all right to have beaux, Sue Ann would remark primly, but one wouldn't be

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very popular pining away for a boy who had never given her a second thought. Gentle Lucia protested; but Sue Ann stated that she knew all about Allan's type, and that what had happened was only what she expected.

Sue Ann's remarks seemed to ring truer as the days passed by, but young Lucia had a faith as undying as the dawn. Even so, when two years had passed without a sign from him, without even a word about him, Linda was crushed. Life for her held no interest; she was merely existing. Sue Ann stoutly maintained she would get over it. Her parents did not deign to notice it, yet something in their child seemed to be dying, slowly, gradually.

Bordering the beginning of a third summer, Lucia was finishing school. Her father and mother had returned earlier than usual from their stay in Europe to see their only child graduate.

Pale, dark-haired Lucia had been lovely in a white chiffon gown on the night of commencement. For the first time, her mother had commented, "Strange how sad the child looks! Yet she's beginning to be quite pretty. Er . . . don't you think so, Bruce?" A grunt of assent in reply from her father.

But now, all that was fading away. Those long days of hopeless, helpless despair—all that was over. Here, beside her, was her Allan, living proof of his love for her. "Lucia . . . Lucia, darling! Don't ever go, don't ever leave me!"

Her youthful lips, still framed from his kisses, curved into a smile. "Allan, I love you more than you will ever know." She said this simply, earnestly, sincerely. Allan smiled. He took her tiny hand in his, looked at it for a moment then kissed it reverently. He had always to be careful, so careful with tiny Lucia. She was so little, so young, so utterly trusting. He must never harm her, must be so very tender when he kissed her . . . she was fragile, dainty, even fairy-like in her perfection. And most of all, she loved him . . .

* * * * *

All was silent within the four white walls. White-clad figures moved noiselessly to and fro. All concern was concentrated on a small, motionless figure in the center of the room. Strong lights shone from above. Occasionally the tinkle of surgical instruments could be heard. Other than that, all was quiet. Outside the door, marked **Emergency Operation**, a man and a woman stood in anxious expectation.

The door opened. A tall man stepped out and nodded to the couple. "She will live,' he pronounced curtly.

Mr. and Mrs. Winslowe passed that night in evident relief, but morning found them entering the hospital room where their daughter lay semi-conscious.

"You may stay only for a moment. Please do not disturb the patient," a nurse informed them brusquely.

For the first time during his life as a father, Mr. Winslowe felt nearer to his child. The sight of tiny Lucia, lying so quietly, dark hair spread over her pillow and her large eyes closed, made Bruce Winslowe feel that he had missed most of his life in failing to know his own daughter. The fact remained that she had been miraculously saved from death, and determination swept over him to give this delicate child a home, instead of the stately halls and chambers of their Lakewood Mansion. His money had been of no avail in making gentle Lucia love him, yet he was thankful for it because without it, she might be dead. Only through a fabulous sum had he been able to secure the famed Austrian surgeon who saved her life. Local doctors had already pronounced her dead, but this genius revived her. And Bruce Winslowe knew that from this moment on, there would be a new understanding. His heart contracted when he remembered that nothing but the most formal words had ever passed between them. He even shuddered to realize that proud Silvia had never condescended to be a real mother to the girl. What a life she must have led! And it took this catastrophe to make him see his mistake.

Lucia did not open her eyes, yet her chin trembled. It seemed as though her lips framed some word, but no sound passed them. Her head turned slightly, and long dark lashes quivered on pale cheeks.

"Poor, deah Lucia! How she must be suffering, Bruce! The poor, poor dahling!" Silvia Winslowe remarked to an unhearing husband, who had brushed past her to stand at Lucia's bedside. He bent low to catch the whispered word, "Allan", which later was murmured again and again.

"Why, she must mean . . . " Mrs. Winslowe stopped in surprise as her husband waived an imperious silence.

"Allan . . . Allan, where are you? Allan!" Large eyes opened, and Lucia stared unseeingly at her father. Conscious only that someone was standing beside her, she whispered softly, "Take me back. I want to go back. Allan! Oh, Allan, you promised. There . . . there, he's calling . . . can't you hear? But it's so faint now, I can't hear it. I must . . . must go back. Please, someone, let me go back to him. The tree, the flowers . . . Allan . . . I want to go back . . . I promised never to leave again. He's still calling . . . calling . . . " On the pale, oval face was an expression so sad as to defy description. Tears came into Bruce Winslowe's eyes as he read the unutterable sadness in his child's face . . .

"You must go now," the nurse whispered from the door. Mr. Winslowe, staring ahead unseeingly and totally unaware of his wife's presence, walked slowly out of the room.

Silvia Winslowe followed him, puzzled. The child would live, so why worry—Bruce had never exhibited this much concern before.

Once out in the long corridor, she remarked, "The doctor promised she would recover, Bruce. He guarantees it, so please need we worry any further? Of course, she'll be all right."

Ignoring her, Mr. Winslowe asked slowly, "Who is this Allan?"

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know," came the careless reply. "Although, now that I think of it, I believe he was some boy she seemed to like while visiting little Sue Ann Rollins a few years ago . . . I'm not sure, of course. She never mentioned it to me, but Clara Rollins told me something of it later. So utterly childish and silly, you know. I was really unaware of the whole thing until Clara wrote that the boy had died soon after in some automobile accident . . . said to tell Lucia. Somehow it was so morbid, I didn't mention it to the dear child. It's horrid, perfectly horrid, Bruce, how many are simply slaughtered in automobile accidents, don't you think?"

Later, speeding down Lakewood Drive, Mrs. Winslowe noticed her husband still brooding over the morbid affair. His silence was annoying, she thought, yet she would humor him.

"Poor, deah Lucia. How glad I am she's going to recover. Oh, I say, Bruce, where do you think she imagined she wanted to return to? What a queer fancy in one's delirium! I wonder just where she wanted to go back to!"

"That, my dear Silvia, is something neither you nor I will probably ever know!"

THE RAIN

The rain that falls only
In your absence
And this is
But feeble expression
Of the way
All Nature feels
When you walk away.

A Song A Singer A Man

SUZANNE ADDINGTON

It was the hour of twilight when the noisy streets bustled with homebound traffic; and the dirty newsboys screamed from every corner urging each passer-by to "take a paper home", and round-faced policemen stood in the middle of every important intersection, and confusion spread over the entire city. In the midst of all the din and clatter he weaved recklessly in and out of the moving cars, speeding past red lights, and dodging pedestrians and street cars. What difference did it make if he wrecked his car, might as well end his life one way as another.

He smiled grimly — end his life! Freedom! Freedom, at last, in death if not in life. His entire body rebelled against this—this—captivity, as he called it. The land of the free. Ha! He had never been free, free to realize those smoldering ambitions within his heart. All his life he had been a slave to circumstance. Well, he was quitting all of this. Quitting was the only way he knew, for why go on being? It was his life now, although it had never been before.

He had reached the bridge and the river flowed quietly below him. He stopped the car and walked to the railing. He looked down. It wasn't far now — this emancipation, for which he longed. Suddenly as he stared down a ripple of music floated to his ears.

A melody followed the ripple, a calm and haunting melody. He looked up and saw in the window of a dingy garret above a grocery store, a woman with a triangular instrument against her shoulder. Her fingers caressed the strings, and soon the melody was accompanied by a song.

Her voice was like a bird, a bird in a cage, and he felt the tears in her golden voice. The song she sang was one of sad defeat, of dreams blighted by the cruel world, of golden days which never came. Her song was bitter sweet.

She sang as though the words within her bosom had never before dared to rise and now they were released. She voiced the sorrows of her generation. He did not know music, but he was human. He knew this song, each note, each word he knew by heart.

The singer paused as if to wipe a tear from off her cheek. But when she sang again the bitterness was gone. The song was sweet! She sang of a self-made peace—not reconciliation but content.

He closed his eyes to drink in every word. These words were strange to him! Then quietly the music died away. He looked up at the window. The singer and the song were gone.

A gentle breeze made waves upon the river. Lights upon the bridge came on and played upon these waves. High up in the heavens a tiny star came out to guard the night. Down below a singer gained her triumph; a rebel knelt to pray.

Attempting The Impossible

CAROLYN WHITMORE

Nothing gives me a more futile, utterly hopeless, completely lost feeling than to hear these fateful words fall from the English teacher's lips, "Your next assignment is to write a theme. You may write on any subject you choose." A cold sweat creeps across my face and my hands get clammy. Quietly I rise out of my seat, turn an ashen gray, fall flat on my face, and pass out—but completely. However, with typical Whitmore resoluteness I pick myself up figuratively), collect my confused thoughts, and with that good old do-or-die spirit forcing me on, march out of class determined to write that theme or perish in the attempt.

Having done everything from write letters to "lux" my weekly washing to stall this tedious theme writing business, I finally sit down at my desk. An air of futility settles around me. Everything is against me. The desk chair is so hard, the music issuing from the radio is so good, the latest issue of **Vogue** lies invitingly on the bed, and, besides, I'm out of theme paper. Concentrated study—**c'est impossible.**

Then comes the inevitable question. What to write! I have a choice of anything under the sun, and inspiration fails me. Tonight I'm definitely not in the mood for concentration and study. Could it be the atmosphere? Environment (so 'tis said) has a direct bearing on our lives and actions. I believe it. Hail Hall (despite the efforts of our militant monitors) sounds like a roaring football rally. In Room 304 a juicy bull session ensues. Across the hall "The Chattanooga Choo-Choo" chugs at full steam ahead. And in our room—bedlam reigns! With a sudden burst of lusty lung power one of our numerous "five-minute" visitors getting the operatic urge, renders forth a loud "Hallelujah Chorus" from Mozart's **Requiem** and finally concludes her varied program with a song and dance routine to the tune of "Jumping Jive". Competition is keen for this budding Lily Pons, for T. Dorsey blares forth at his loudest from the radio. T. Dorsey's music brings out the jitterbug in the best of us, so what is more natural than a little time out for a jam session? Jam—and food! Food—the essence of my existence! The evening wouldn't be complete without the mid-study-hall snack. A volunteer dashes out for cokes, someone dives for the cracker box, and everyone proceeds to devour as much as possible. If the mice can find any crumbs, they are welcome to them. The intelligensia who have entered the portals of 313 to discuss the math assignment lie sprawled on the bed verbosely discussing the possibilities of squaring 536 and the difficulties of plotting the graph in problem six. Me study? What a silly idea! Anyway it's time to go down for a fag.

At twelve o'clock here I sit feverishly awaiting an inspiration. But, it's futile. Maybe the b-r-r-r-i-n-g of the alarm clock at five tomorrow morning will flash something through my thick cerebellum. I'll take a chance.

Reading The Mails

LORRAINE SCHMOKER

"A 'Special Delivery' letter for you, Miss," I heard the postman say. I accepted it with a pressed, but polite "Thank You", and hurriedly tore open the envelope. After I had finished reading, content with the words it brought, I began thinking of how really trivial and yet how important a letter can be. One thought brought on another, and before long I realized that life itself is often reflected in the mails.

I wondered whether or not the postman could ever realize just how frequently he hands people life, or snatches it away from them just by carrying out his duty, delivering the mail. William Cowper expresses it thus:

> *"True to his charge, the close-pack'd load behind,*
> *Yet careless what he brings, his one concern*
> *Is to conduct it to the destined inn,*
> *And, having dropp'd the expected bag, pass on."* . . .

As I sat, my thoughts aroused my imagination to such an extent that I suddenly caught myself following various pieces of mail right into the homes which were their destinations.

First, I pictured an anxious-eyed young lady rushing out to meet the postman as he came up the walk. There was a brief exchange of friendly greetings as she took a letter from his extended hand, and then, with hurried steps she returned to the house, opening the letter and beginning to read as she went. I watcher her eyes as they raced back and forth across the page; with every line she read, there was a change of expression in her lovely face, but never did it lose that look of pleasant contentment brought by the words already spoken, or the curiosity of what the next line may say. Suddenly she stopped reading; her head raised slowly, and as it did, I noticed that the anxious glint had disappeared from her eyes, and they were instead dancing pools of dreamy speculation. That far-away expression made me think that she was seeing nothing of her present surroundings, but rather looking into, and living in the future for one fleeting moment. All she could probably see, was a future with the man who had written the letter she clasped in her hand. To accept this proposal of marriage would make all her dreams come true.

This thought of a prospective marriage led me to look into the family life of those living in a small, cozy house at the edge of town. Within this little dwelling, I saw a group of children gathered around their mother, listening attentively as she read aloud a letter she had just received. The husband and father of this little group had disappeared three years before; the mother had worked hard to support them, saving every cent she could, so that some day she could arrange for the search of her missing husband. The letter she was now reading, was one, from a hired official, saying that her husband had been found in a hospital in a large city many miles away. He had been a victim of amnesia, but had almost fully recovered. To her those few words, brought to her through the mail, meant living contentedly once again, and with no more anxiety for the future.

My thoughts traveled on, and now I found myself in a room of a tiny, almost dismal little house on one of the more obscure streets of the city. The postman had just handed a let-

ter to the old man waiting in the doorway, with the remark, "A letter from your son, I believe, sir."

"From my son?" the old gentleman cried. He took the letter and with hurried, unsteady steps he picked his way to his wife's bedside with the aid of his trustworthy old white-painted cane. "The postman said it's a letter from our Sammy," he stammered, as he shoved the letter toward his bedridden wife, urging her to read it aloud so that he might hear what it said. The old woman took the letter, fingered it lovingly for a moment, then tore open the seal and began to read. Her eyes became dimmed with tears as she read and she raised a thin, knotted hand to wipe away those tears of joy. Surely, those two old people had reasons for being so happy, for the letter was one from a son who had left home many years before; up until now they had never heard or seen anything of the boy, not knowing whether he was living or dead. Now he was a man; he had secured a good position, and was sending money home to his aged parents. He said, too, that he would come to see them in the very near future. How happy the old couple would be to have their son home once more!

Knowing that there is not all joy like that in the world, I pictured next, a little girl of about twelve, reading the letter the postman had just left her. There were no traces of gladness in her face, but rather one of terror as hot burning tears ran down her pale cheeks. It was only a note explaining that the boat on which her mother and father were traveling was lost at sea. There was no violent outburst of emotion, not even a cry that could be heard, but all that witnessed her reaction prayed that she might be able to rid herself of all the agony she held within her. There would always be plenty of money to keep her, she knew that, but what good is money and wealth without those you love. She could never buy love, and even as a little girl she knew that that meant more than all the riches in the world.

My thoughts, then, carried me to the side of a young man. He had been away from home for a year and a half now. He had gone to make his way in the world so that he and Jean could be married as soon as he was well established. The letter, the mailman had just brought him, was one from Jean, expressing her apologies and deepest regrets over her recent marriage to another man. All that young man's dreams tumbled before him and every trace of love that had filled his body and soul turned to bitterness. As he finished reading he crumpled the letter in his hand, a despicable sneer crept into his face; then, as if all the hate and contempt he ever knew rushed into his being, he raised the crumpled letter, and crashed it down into the devouring flames in the fireplace, as if it were some repulsive and hated thing. Then, quietly, maybe almost sorrowfully, he stood and watched it burn. He turned slowly, shook his head slightly, as if to relieve himself of his thoughts, and then slumped into a chair nearby. There was nothing more for him to work for; he believed his whole life was ended because of that letter. Fate had dealt him a hard blow, but that wound would heal just as do all others.

And so it is in every walk of life, no matter whether one is young or old, contented or dissatisfied, happy or sad, brave or timid—all are affected by the mails; all turn to the mails as a means and source of friendly communication, as well as that of sadness and well-being.

The Drinking Fountain

JANE SCOVERN

Solid, glistening-white objects of porcelain they stand, those betrayers of mankind, the drinking fountains of the nation. They fool you by their appearance; only about three feet high and sparkling clean you are blindly led to stoop to them. To see one at the end of a long, dark hall, or in the corner of a crowded store quickens one's heart beat. Hot, disgruntled, and thirsty you stagger toward the fountain as your oasis. But oh, my dears, your trip to the fountain will leave you only more disgruntled and thirsty. Those cool looking creatures almost defy you to be able to get one mere drop from them. Confident of yourself you step up to the fountain, place your hand upon the shiny knob, lean over and prepare to drink. However, you find that you will have to climb inside the bowl of it to lap the water up, for the flow of it is so low. Not being one of those persons built to take defeat so easily you give the little knob a determined twist. Now the water jumps at you in tiny little jerks, and you become a human Yo-Yo as you bob up and down to catch it. Soon you become smart enough to leave the thing alone and go home to draw yourself a drink from the dependable old faucet.

This is only one type. There is another, definitely sinister, deliberately deceitful. It is the drinking fountain that will make all of your friends your worst enemies and will induce all of your enemies to plot your death. Because of very disconcerting marks you decide to take your math. teacher out to a show and dinner. Miss Geometry is the irritable and nervous type, but you think you can make her see you as a friend and a very bright person in this one evening. In the lobby of the theater you spy one of the clan of the drinking fountains and ask Miss Geometry if she wouldn't like a drink of nice cool water. When she refuses, you insist, thinking to be polite. She cautiously leans over the fountain as you carefully turn the handle for her. (The trumpet of doom is already blowing for poor little innocent you. You are already

taking geometry over in the summer). As you turn the handle Old Faithful in all its vigor springs up from the fountain. The water spurts straight up and then down the back of Miss Geometry's neck. Need I say more?

The day before a horrible chemistry exam you go over to the peaceful library to study. More than half of your fellow classmates are seated about the tables, with worried expressions on their faces and their noses in their books. The room is nerve-wracking quiet; not a soul so much as smiles at you. Restless in the terrible stillness you quietly tiptoe over to the drinking fountain in the corner. You walk as if treading on glass to avoid having looks of anger cast upon you. Slowly you turn the handle of the fountain, then gr-u-u-m-p whan-gg. The peace and quiet of the library has been broken as if lightening and thunder had passed through it. You had forgotten that the fountain sounded like Grandpa Jed's old car when turned on. However, your classmates will never let you forget it again. Their icy stares follow you as you stumble timidly from the room.

Before finishing I really should say a word in favor of the drinking fountain. Fortunately there are some that do operate smoothly. There are a few whose handles you can turn, and thereby produce a slow steady stream of water. Delighted you sink your mouth into it but suddenly draw back. The water is warm reminiscent of highly-flavored dishwater. Yes, progress is a doubtful thing.

Muffy

ELIZABETH RENFREW

The visits Cousin Muffy paid our family were few and far between, but never will I forget them. Muffy was my father's cousin by marriage, which really made their relationship quite far-fetched; but not so much that she didn't feel welcome to visit us at any time. She was an unmarried woman of fifty or so, when I first saw her, who spent all her time visiting her numerous relatives. And, strangely enough, none of those relatives questioned her right to pay them visits; but on getting her brief note, "I'm coming Thursday" set about cleaning her room and discussing the prospect of her visit. And Muffy took these visits as her just due and would have been extremely hurt if anyone had told her not to come for any reason. Not to say that she wasn't appreciative, far from that; but she believed that was what relatives were for, and she died still thinking so.

I remember clearly the first time I saw her. I was five and of a very curious, eager nature, so that I was greatly interested in seeing "my dear Cousin Muffy" of whom I had heard so much. I'm not quite sure what I expected, but I remember my keen disappointment as she stepped out of the taxi. Why, she looked like two plump marshmallows, one on top of the other, supported by tooth pick legs; and her fat, pink face was wreathed in smiles. I had to stifle a sob. But my mood soon changed when she put a large box into my hands, accompanied by a warm, moist kiss. It was a five pound box of candy, which she said was all for me as she had never gotten enough as a child. I was quite overwhelmed by her generosity, not only for myself, but for each member of the family. For my mother there was a pink, quilted robe, the kind she never found time to use. For my father there was a jacket which she smilingly explained, "will do for walks in the rain, as it is absolutely water-proof. I had it tested to be sure." My little brother, who came last, was given a small, toy train; and a look of relief passed between my father and mother which, at the time, I didn't understand.

A week passed, and another, and another, and still Muffy stayed with us; but everyone enjoyed her so much that no thought was ever even privately given to her departure. She helped mother with the house-work. In fact, I rarely came home from school when she wasn't pattering from room to room, dusting pictures, picking up imaginary bits of dirt, and plumping pillows. Mother said she never rested, and I can't be sure; but I know she never did when I was home, for I gave her not a moment's peace. She was very sympathetic, as I soon discovered. And I often used her as a go-between with mother. She could always understand why I had spoken as I did to my teacher; and once she was so ruffled, she even suggested paying her a visit, which I meekly said I didn't think would be necessary.

When my puppy died, I was truly heart-broken and went to "Cousin Muffy" for the sympathy I felt was due me. And there I found it, for after explaining to her between gulps and sobs, she promised to buy me a new one and began making plans for a funeral for Suzie's little body.

Mother also turned to her with troubles, and although she rarely received any practical solution, she always felt better after receiving her warm, understanding sympathy.

But all things must end, as did Muffy's visit, when one day she announced at breakfast that Mary had just had a baby and would need help; so she was leaving that evening to visit her.

And so Muffy left as she had come, leaving us all, especially a little girl of five, looking forward to the time she would visit us again.

The Eye In The Wall

MARY LEE MATHEWS

In the late afternoon sky, black storm clouds gathered bringing night to the earth at an early hour. Sam Martin looked apprehensively toward the dark horizon, then turned to the woman seated beside him in the wagon.

"Sarah, we shan't make Springfield tonight. What with this storm -a-comin' up we'll have to stop some where".

The couple had come thirty miles that day from the backwoods country where Sam was general storekeeper, farmer, and preacher. Every month they journeyed to the nearest city to replenish their stock with which they supplied their backwoods' neighbors.

"There's an inn along here somewhere — look yonder! See that light," Sarah pointed to a distant glow.

Sam hurried the team on, and just as the rain started they pulled into the court yard of the "Square Deal Inn". An unkempt stable boy took their horses as they entered the somewhat dingy building. Inside they were met by a burly, coarse-looking character who it seemed was the innkeeper. Satisfactory arrangements were finally made, and the man led them upstairs. Entering before them, he lit a candle and left.

The dim light showed a wide bare room with crude furnishings—a four poster bed, chairs, a cracked wash basin and water pitcher on top of a high boy, and a table.

"At least we can have a fire." With the stack of wood Sam soon had the flames crackling.

His wife took from a large basket a jar of cold beans, which she put into a sauce pan, and a coffee pot, which she filled with water. These things were put on the heat while the couple held bacon over the flame on long sticks. They ate the meal on tin plates, Sam sopping up the last bean drippings with a crust of Sarah's homemade bread.

Sam sat back contentedly as Sarah cleared up from their meal. When she at last sat down he pulled a small leather pouch from inside his coat.

"Might as well go over the list again, Sarey." Sam fixed a neat pile of gold on the table and Sarah took a supply list from her pocket.

As they checked each item, her gaze wandered about the room. Firelight flickered on the floor sending giant shadows leaping to the walls. Slowly her eyes passed along each wall, until she faced the farthest wall directly behind her husband's head. Her heart jumped to her throat; she sat rigid, motionless. An evil eye was glinting at them through a small hole in the wall.

"I must collect my wits," thought Sarah as Sam stood up with a yawn and announced that he was going to bed.

"Just let me look at the list agin", said Sarah, and she took the paper and started to write.

"Don't look just now, but directly behind you an eye is watching us through a hole in the wall."

"Look, Sam, come here. You missed something." He read the note. Then putting the gold back in the sack, he casually looked toward the hole. The eye was there.

The two tried as naturally as possible to bank the fire, turn down the bed, and remove their outer clothes. Just before blowing out the candle, they looked again at the wall. The eye was gone.

They decided to take turns waiting for the person for they were certain he meant to enter their room and steal the gold. Sam took his gun and placed it by his pillow.

Without the candle the room was in absolute darkness. The two lay there not daring to breathe. After what must have been hours of waiting Sam, worn-out with the long day, fell asleep. Sarah was alert, though; and she listened for every sound. At last she heard a slight scraping noise. It was the high boy. Someone was pushing it, inch by inch, inch by inch.

Gently she woke her husband who reached for his pistol. When the scraping stopped, they heard a noise as if someone were crawling through a trap door. In a few seconds he was in the very room. They could hear him panting as he edged forward on tip-toe.

The room was so very black that his form was barely distinguishable. It was impossible to take a chance on shooting. There seemed nothing to do but wait. When they could practically feel his hot breath upon them a remarkable thing happened. A gust of wind in the chimney had ignited one small spark, but it was enough. Sam raised his gun and fired.

In the candle light they examined their would-be attacker. It was the innkeeper and a very dead one.

They decided to get to Springfield immediately, so gathering their belongings, they slipped to the stable.

When they reached their destination it was early dawn. Sam went directly to the sheriff's house and told their story. In another half-hour a posse was riding for the inn.

Everything was just as they'd left it. After searching the entire place, the sheriff discovered in the cellar some human bones.

"This fellow has been at it a long time", said the sheriff. "We certainly have you folks to thank for getting rid of a dangerous, cruel maniac. We sure would like to do something to show our appreciation."

"Thank you, sheriff, but me and Sarah are satisfied and grateful that our lives were spared."

How To Read A Newspaper

JOYCE HARDIN

There is a great awareness in America of the importance of the newspaper in our daily lives. Businessmen ignore their wives at the breakfast table in order to read the paper. Children are urged by their teachers to read the paper. Yet there is widespread ignorance among people, who are well-educated otherwise, as to the proper way to read a newspaper so that they will get the most out of it. In order

to correct this lamentable condition and considering myself an expert on the subject, I have written the following rules as a guide:

The first requirement for enjoying a newspaper is leisure, and the second is comfort. One cannot concentrate very well while polishing fingernails or| standing in a lurching bus. My pet position is to sprawl on the floor, but since such an attitude is hardly polite in public, I usually choose the largest and softest chair in the room. Everyone has his own ideas of relaxation, however. And please let me say that a little originality is recommended in interpreting these rules.

Before starting to read the paper in earnest, it is well to glance at the headlines in case some event of real importance has occurred. After all it is the duty of every citizen to know when his country has declared war or is being attacked. A glance is all that is necessary, however, because the serious reading begins with the serial on the back page. Since everyone reads these stories, it is absolutely essential that the well-informed person keep up with the latest chapters. After one has finished the current installment of **Love on Paradise Island,** he naturally starts reading from the back to the front of the paper. There is a difference of opinion among the experts about the next rule. A great many authorities turn directly to the sports page, but I prefer to look at the radio programs and read trivial but interesting little items first. Everyone must shift for himself on the sports page. There is no particular rule there because each person has his own preferences. For example, I look after the interests of the Alabama and Auburn football teams, while another reader would be correct in perusing the reports of golf and tennis tournaments. One can spend as much or as little time with sports as he chooses, but those of us who are not rabid fans prefer to hurry on to the comics, which are undoubtedly the biggest attraction in any newspaper. The next feature after the comics is the society page, which the gentlemen may skip but which the ladies must read with the greatest of care. A great deal of time should be given to the personals. A woman gets much satisfaction in reading her name even though she knows that she gave the information to the paper herself. She can also find news about those she knows or wishes she knew. Other popular items on this page are articles on fashions, movies, and bridge. Especially intriguing are lessons on how to be popular, which give such advice as "Be popular — learn to play the guitar", or "Don't be commonplace. Make your conversation sparkle with scintillating phrases." Everyone reads **Dorothy Dix** or **Advice to the Lovelorn** also, as much as he hates to admit it.

The editorial page presents a problem. I have discovered that it helps to take a deep breath before plunging into the editorial controversy, especially if one is inclined to disagree violently. It is just as well to skip the third and second pages, which contain only obituaries and articles continued from page one. Now one can read the front page in detail if there is time, but usually when one reaches the front page it is time for something much more important, such as breakfast.

It is understood, of course, that this technique is suited only to the daily papers. The Sunday papers present an entirely different problem which will be taken up later if there is a great public demand.

Train Time

JANE CLARK

It was eight-twenty in a crowded train station. Outside, a darkness blanketed the earth; inside, lights were blinding, smoke was thick, and the noise, deafening.

Sometime, I don't know just when, amidst all the noise of the starting train, people shouting their last goodbyes, and the porter's final call of "all aboard", I suddenly realized that I was really leaving. After all those thrilling days of preparation —farewell parties, teas, luncheons, torturous days of shopping, sewing, packing—here I was stepping on the train. The sensation I had was not a pleasant one. I was going out into a world I'd never seen; a place I had only heard about from people who were strangers to me. Through a blind haze I saw the train and realized what it meant.

A sobbing voice called out "Have fun, Jane, and drop me a line." Then I remembered I was going for a year, a whole year amongst people who would be strange to me and to whom I would be strange. My heart beat fast and sounded to me as a bell tolling off the hours. For me, it was tolling off seconds. Suddenly my eyes overflowed and large tears rolled down my cheeks. Then, something unseen, some uncontrollable impulse sent me into my father's arms. I couldn't seem to let go and blinded by those hateful tears I turned to my mother sobbing. I whispered in a rasping voice "Moth, I don't want to go. I won't. Please, Moth, let me stay."

"Why, Janey, you're being silly. Come on, get smooth," Mother answered with a twinkle in her eye. For, here I was, tears falling like rain! I had wanted to go so much; I had resolved not to cry. Bravely, I started around the circle again, saying goodbye to everyone. With a quivering lip I kissed my little brother—the little boy who "never kissed anyone with lipstick"—. He too, had a quivering lip. As I placed my foot on the train step and said my last tearful goodbyes, I didn't feel at all like the girl on the magazine cover looked. She always wore a jaunty hat, flowers in one hand, a box of candy and magazines tucked neatly beneath one arm, maybe a hat-box in the other hand, a perfect smile and never a tear. I had that jaunty hat, tilted over the wrong

eye. The flowers, now were a crumpled mess. Somewhere within my grasp was a box of eandy and somewhere was a hat-box. Tears just washed my faee. But who eares about "that magazine girl". I was really going somewhere — she was just fated to be a pieture all of her life.

Then, with a jerk, the train started, and slowly, ever so slowly, we pulled out. Turning and seeing "Moth" for the last time, I realized she wasn't too smooth either.

The Hunter

NANCY HILL

Around the middle of this past summer, I was invited to a house-party in Virginia. The main pastime, or punishment, aecording to the point of view, was to be fox-hunting. I love horses, and the idea of hunting sent little shivers of excitement bouneing from one vertebra to another. But I couldn't jump, I had never jumped, and heaven only knows what would happen if I ever should jump!

My bags were all filled with riding pants, shirts, boots, and all the necessary paraphernalia for a suceessful hunter. Unnoticed by anyone, I secretly slipped into a poeket of my fortnight trunk a small bottle of iodine, cotton, and tape, the necessary paraphernalia for an unsuecessful hunter.

The train chugged lazily into the station several hours late, and the fear that no one would meet me added more anxiety to my already worry-racked mind. But there stood my beaming host evidently very glad to see me. At least here was something I knew how to do. I eould climb into a car, ride home, take a bath and dress for dinner. Before going to bed, I said my prayers with a little more feeling than usual, and vaguely remember saying something about not minding if I got hurt, but please don't let it be my neek, as I would like to see my parents again. Then, like Scarlet, I decided to worry about the rest tomorrow, and so drifted into a peaceful sleep.

When I was awakened at four o'elock, a slow drizzle was moistening the world. "Sweet are the uses of adversity", for a wet saddle would more or less glue me on. I rose, fought with my boots awhile, and then met the rest of the party at breakfast. I might say now, that even though my host was very bow-legged from eonstant riding, I was not the only guest who didn't jump. In fact, there were three others besides myself who, I imagine, were thinking along the same lines as I.

After the hunt had formally started, I struggled gamely with the airplane propellers in my stomaeh and with the pessimistic idea that I eould do nothing more than get killed. I cantered along behind a born rider in a bright red coat. Perhaps this coat helped calm me down too, for I pondered as to why they were called "pink", and rather forgot what lay ahead. The first jump was very low, and without the least effort my mount cleared it, or rather floated over it. After that I decided that he knew his business, and the best thing for me to do was to keep behind the others and let him do the rest. The horse felt differently. He wasn't bred to stay behind, and hardly before I knew what was happening, one, two, then three horsemen had been passed, and we were rapidly gaining on the fourth. By this time jump number three had been cleared, and even though I presented, at each jump, a much worse picture than Ichabod Crane, at least, I had stayed mounted. But the fourth was yet to eome; the fourth was high. Now a little more effort was needed to clear nearly five feet; so my horse eantered up, slowed down a bit, gathered himself, and then suddenly lurched over.

The common belief is that when one is in a tight spot a thousand things run through one's mind. But I did not find it so. My foremost, in faet my only thought as I cleared his head in the position of a leaping bull-frog, was just what part of me would be hurt. Sometimes I think fate is a little unfair to me. If it could have been a leg or an arm, so that I could have been helpless and interesting, the humiliation of such a spill might have been overshadowed. But fate was unfair, and I fell on my face. A broken nose is nothing of beauty or eomfort, and two black eyes eertainly do not make me look like a hero!

Nimrod

NEVILLE ADAMS

Some of the happiest days of my life were spent at my grandmother's. Her home overlooks the Chesapeake Bay, a shimmering expanse of blue, hemmed in by the sand beaches that I knew so well. How I used to enjoy swimming in the eold salty water, spending hours on the pier while waiting patiently for the nibble of a erab, or sailing across the blue bay with the salty spray dashing my face. I might, like Stevenson, say, that "there was nothing to mar my days but the embarrassment of pleasure." I spent most of my summer days on the water, but the experiences that stand out most vividly in my memory are those associated with "Nimrod".

Nimrod was a eharacter. He was an old, gray-haired Negro who played the double role of vegetable huekster on week days and preacher on Sundays. I| knew little of Nimrod, the preacher; but Nimrod, the peddler, and I were well aequainted. He used to eome to Granny's house every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and I always anticipated his coming with pleasure, for he and his horse and wagon were a source of great faseination to me.

I can see him now, ambling up our walk while his old, broken-down, sway-baeked horse waited out front, impatiently swishing her tail to scatter the flies. Nimrod used to stop a long time at our house, talking

with Granny, for she, too, was fascinated by him, with his tales of his Sunday congregations and baptisms.

But one day Nimrod made my dreams come true. He offered to let me ride in his wagon. So, for one glorious hour I rode, and I couldn't have been happier if old Nimrod had been a knight with his galloping charger. On we rode, past farmhouses, pastures, stables, and inlets of the Chesapeake, and I know that I acquired at least half of my existing freckles on that day, in the scorching mid-day sun.

There were rumors that Nimrod was a wealthy old miser. But I never believed them. He couldn't have been—he worked too hard. Old Nimrod is probably dead by now, but I shall always remember him, not as a preacher, huckster, or miser, but as a little girl's Sir Galahad.

A Star

ELEANOR NANCE

Perhaps Francis Bacon or William Hazlitt would have entitled this essay "On Stars". They probably would have philosophized on astrology or discussed the beauty and radiance of starlit heavens. Having neither talent nor technique, I must limit my title to the singular—one star with one idea.

Every man, from the "man with the hoe" to the greatest monarch, has at some time gazed into the star-sprinkled sky. What his thoughts were, I do not know, but I am sure they have all had thoughts then. To one, the stars are a sort of symbol, so infinite, so incomprehensible I cannot explain. I might say they represent an embodiment of what a spiritual eternity is composed about, bright lights shining into the soul. Dante, in his **Inferno,** expressed the idea very simply:

"If thou," he answered, "follow but thy star,
Thou canst not miss at last a glorious haven."

As this seems to me, every individual could embody in a star all of his ideals, and mark always by the light of that star. Maybe the star would symbolize, in part, Socrates' jewels of the soul—temperance, courage, justice, nobility, and truth. Maybe it would symbolize other jewels, as each person should choose. And in moments of doubt, all through life, one could seek his star for guidance. In doing so, one's vision should turn up, never down.

Many people have secret stars, though they never fully realize it. Perhaps the actual realization of one's star and its meaning, in this respect, would impress more on the mind the importance of seeking to attain the fulfillment of the ideals of the star. Sometimes clouds, dark and stormy, may cross in front of our stars so that for a moment we cannot see the bright little light. But the clouds will pass on, as they always do, and the star will remain just where it has been left, offering its guidance and help. Love for the star will overcome the lurking temptation in the cloud. Someone has said:

"Though my soul may set in darkness,
It will rise in perfect light;
I have loved the stars too fondly
To be fearful of the night."

As for me, I love my star . I hope that I shall never sink too far beneath it so that I fail to see its insistent twinkle and radiating light. Through the darkness, and there is always some darkness, of the years to come, I want my star to lead me safely to the goal—which is the ultimate triumph of principles. And maybe sometime, on some distant horizon in a realm far remote, I can tell you in truth how my star helped!

Disillusioned

JOAN ANDERSON

There is always a first tragedy in every life. Of course, by the time one is sixteen many minor mishaps, such as the occasion on which everyone except you were chosen for a Christmas angel, or the horror of having your hero address you as "Freckles", or, worse still, the humiliation of your first dancing class have been experienced. My tragedy was bitter and final—oh, so final!

Before my encounter with more experienced forces I hadn't been considered such a drool. I know what a girl should do and shouldn't do. I know it's smart to buy your sweaters sloppy and size forty, to push up the sleeves and collect links for your friendship bracelet, and I wouldn't be caught dead with my shoes polished.

My story begins in the autumn—a cool crisp September with a hint of State Fair, football games, and new fall clothes in the air. It was Friday night, that welcome oasis in a week of school. The first fraternity dance of the season—and was I a big dealer! I had rated a bid with an officer and a swishy new taffeta dress.

By the time my flowers came I was in a state bordering on nervous hysteria. My date arrived, resplendent in the glory of tails, and we sailed importantly out of the house.

The dance was heavenly! I kept pinching myself to be sure I was me. But the whole night, beautiful as it was, had only been a prelude to **the** minute. It happened just after intermission. I felt someone tap my partner's shoulder, and, transferred my face from one stiff shirt front to another. Then I looked up. It was **him**! Oh, I'm a pretty level-headed gal and I don't go off my beam over every little goon who dances with me. But he was different. A college man, goodlooking and one of the slickest dancers I ever had drag me around a floor.

After that the night was all a lovely dream. He was the brightest star in my crown of glory. But all good things come to an end; and before I knew it, the orchestra was playing "Home, Sweet Home" and his arm was around me. My heart beat hopefully. Think! He had broken on me during the last piece —the most romantic time, when the

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The Ideal Woman

RUTH CREASON

Being the ideal woman is very simple. It's just a question of following the advertisement. If only I would use the improved Drene Shampoo, I would have all the advantages I've ever hoped for. It is especially adapted to me since my hair has that "Can't-do-a-thing-with-it" look after washing. It seems that the good old "soap and water" treatment that I've used all my life for my skin is the reason my love life has been so unsuccessful. Now I know. The ads reads, "She's engaged!" She's lovely! She uses Ponds! And as for my face, to avoid "Cosmetic Skin", I should follow the stars' advice about Lux Toilet Soap. Several have said, "I use cosmetics, of course! But thanks to Lux Toilet Soap I'm not a bit afraid of Cosmetic Skin." This same soap in the suds form, New Quick Lux, "Saves you from Dishpan Hands" and also "Saves precious stockings!" How simple, had I only known that this soap was so important to my life!

Use of Mum would make one worry no longer about being the girl that men never date twice. "What fun is moonlight with only the Man-in-the-Moon!" won't mean a thing to me. Imagine using Hind's Honey and Almond Cream and having a man say to me, "I'm so in love with your hands!" "Before any engagement, let Listerine look after your breath," because there is a "Nine-letter word meaning social suicide."

All this is what I thought before I studied Chemistry. Now I know that cold cream is made of beeswax, spermacti, sweet almond oil, water and borax. The approximate cost of all these is just forty-six cents, and I'll have to pay at least a dollar, probably more. A Lux Soap test showed that it was only moderately good, not in the class with most of the popular soaps. It has also failed to meet the government's specifications. Mum depends for its efficiency on benzaic acid and zinc oxide. Having studied Chemistry that does not sound so good! Also in my scientific search, I found that Hind's Honey and Almond Cream contains no honey but an emulsion of alcohol, partly saponified glycerine, beeswax and borax, scented with oil of bitter almond. They've even gone so far as to put carbolic acid in Italian Balm, the hand lotion that I've often been advised to use. Listerine Advertisements say, "It kills 200,000,000 germs in fifteen seconds, and has a penetrating power equal to three per cent solution of carbolic acid." However, it cannot be trusted to destroy germs in the ways claimed in advertising, and it is rated the very lowest among popular antiseptics tested. The comparison with carbolic acid is meaningless, for carbolic acid is a notoriously poor antiseptic and there is no evidence that it has penetrating power.

Now I am unsettled. Perhaps I shan't be the ideal woman after all. Facts are most disillusioning!

Sense Impressions of Childhood

LOUISE LASSETER

To a child who grows up within the confinement of the city, his only experience with open fields occurring on terraced lawns, sense experiences first of all involves auditory impressions. The most opulent of all my childhood memories are the strange sounds which even now seem to linger for a moment upon my ears—as vivid as the actual events which shaped my childhood.

Life to a deaf child in the city must be as insipid as seeing a Van Gogh in sepia and never knowing the brilliancy of its color reproduction. As the Dutch artist made his canvas vibrant and sparkling in color, so the city emanates vibrance in a great variety of sounds.

The most thrilling of all sounds to me as a child was the siren of a fire-engine. In its shrill, shrieking wail it crescendoed a stark terror in my heart. The siren pictured a vast connotation of s e a r i n g, roaring flame and human screams, and seemed to be piping like the Piper of Hamlin to lure the children to follow.

In early morning hours and then again at dusk I listened fairly bewitched by the counter-point of factory whistles and Ward-Belmont chimes. Here I felt, without understanding it, the gothic of the grotesque shriek and the faint, ethereal peal.

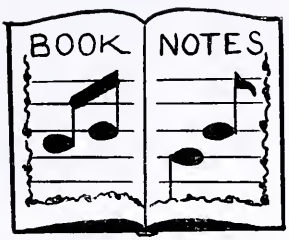
The speedway just a block away afforded a sound which quickened my heartbeat with its whizzing drone like the train passing over the trestle with its wheels rolling past the ties. From overhead I heard the monotonous hum of airplane motors and was caught up in their heavenward endeavor.

In winter I heard the gentle murmur of the sled rudders sliding slowly downward through the snow. As I started high on the crest of the hill on which I live and sailed past my house toward the street below, I have this murmur augmented till it became a crunching noise when I stopped, and then I trudged back again for another slide.

In summer I was always eager to listen to the screeching of my skates on the concrete sidewalk and my bicycle crackling over the gravel drive like popcorn in the roaster.

City life is full of busy, active days. I have been deeply impressed by the immensity of my environment alone, yet some have said that a city depresses its children with a closeness and hemming in of boundaries.

My recollections of childhood spent in a city bring back all these resonant protracted, clamorous and melodious sounds which form the polyphonic song of the city to childish and adult ears alike.



How Green Was My Valley

By RICHARD LLEWELLYN
Published by MacMillan Company in New York, 1940, $2.75
Reviewed by Nancy Awtrey

In "How Green Was My Valley" Richard Llewellyn gives a romantic picture of the land of his Welsh forefathers. It was in Wales that he spent the first thirty years or so of his life. He knew the customs of that country and time as one can only if he has lived there as a member of a leading family in the community. The picture he paints for us at the age of sixty starts rather simply as seen through the eyes of a child, and becomes more complex as the child grows in wisdom and stature.

When Hew Morgan was very young, all was well with the coal miners in the valleys, and times were prosperous. But slowly things changed. Wages gradually became lower. Finally the men struck to establish a minimum wage. They won their strike, but wages were even lower. Some of Hew's brothers struggled to set up a union, but to no avail. Strangers from England, which seemed like a foreign country to the Welsh, came into the valley with new ideas. They won many of the men over to their side. Hew's father fought to the end to maintain the standards of his forefathers. The rest of the family were scattered when the new ideas finally overcame the old.

As Hew grows, the story goes on, weaving in and out of the beauty and the ugliness in his valley. Perhaps because of the sentimental reminiscent viewpoint, the author saw more of the lovely side of his early life than of the commonplace, rather sordid side. At times his home seems too good and wholesome to be real. If the story is entirely biographical, then truth is indeed stranger than fiction, for some of the events told are remarkable.

Each character stands out as a living individual. Mannerisms peculiar to each are portrayed. In the singing language of the Welshman, the author makes the story real to us. No sense impression is omitted or skimped. In the midst of intense drama, time is taken to describe in fullest detail the goldness of the daffodils on the mountain top, or the hideous black slag heap. The language is almost poetical in its lyrical quality. Because we are not accustomed to a Welshman's choice and arrangement of words, it appeals to our imagination and emotion a great deal.

This is not a great book, nor an important one. But it makes some of the most pleasant reading of this day and age.

The Arrogant History of White Ben

By CLEMENCE DANE
N. Y. Doubleday, 1941
Reviewed by Marge Crowder

One of the healthiest evidences of strength of modern writers is the refusal of some to remain in the ivory tower sacred to the man of letters. Clemence Dane is one of the finest living writers. She had produced novels, short stories, poems and plays. Each product of her pen has been skillfully written, for she cannot write badly. Now Clemence Dane has abandoned her ivory tower and has written a novel that concerns every man and woman in Europe and America, and that—as far as good writing is concerned—surpasses any of her works of the past, even her popular **BROOME STAGES**.

To handle successfully the idea on which the story of **WHITE BEN** is based requires courage and clever and sure writing. Few authors beside Clemence Dane would dare attempt such a difficult task, and no one could succeed as she has in getting her idea across to the reader and in holding the attention through every page.

It is the story of the career of a dictator, which is no more fantastic than recent history. The time is at the conclusion of the next war. Nothing definite has been gained; England and all of Europe has been reduced to a state of chaos. Most of the upper-class English have fled to America; but one widow and her child, too poor to leave England, have taken refuge from the bombing planes in a cottage in the country, not far from London. Her gardener decided that a scarecrow was needed to frighten the crows. While building the scarecrow he told the child of the country superstitions about the power of the mandrake root—how it could give life and mysterious power to whomever possessed it. The child playfully put one in the straw stuffing of White Ben, the scarecrow. One night when the last of the planes were bombing England, White Ben came to life. Created for the purpose of frightening crows, his only desire, his one idea, was to kill all the crows in England.

They had left the country in a shambles. Anyone who could capture the attention of the people would have a following and unlimited power. Cunning, power-seeking men saw in White Ben the chance to give the restless people a leader and through his leadership, gain power for themselves.

White Ben, who could have been annihilated by a laugh, became the dictator of England. For his residence, he took the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey—from there he persecuted people he thought had

the characteristics of crows. He killed or put in cages hundreds of thousands of Englishmen. Power-mad, obsessed with the idea of ridding England of everyone who resembled a crow, he headed a reign of terror in which others profited and gained more power. He harbored suspicions of his party members and ordered a party purge that was ruthless and as full of bitter hate as his hatred of crows. This story shows what one man with a single idea can do to the world, and in the story also is the remedy for the world's control of that man. **WHITE BEN** is a book that will influence the shaping of our world.

Unfathomable

RUTH GORTON

What joy it is to sink in cool green waters and watch bubbles, like quicksilver, dodge to the surface.

Drifting soundlessly down to the calm homes of the sea farmers you feel the desolation of those timeless wastes. Ears pounding, mute, tingling with animal intensity, you probe the shadowy depths.

Dependent only upon the moment when you must spring to the surface to fill your aching lungs, you reign alone. But again, it is relieving to hear the shout of some friend, the surf on the beach, the shrieks of the gulls circling, ever circling over the sea. Yet there remains a challenge in the mystery of the depths.

A Diminishing Species

BEVERLY FELDMAN

There he goes now tearing down the street in his old jalopy, "Jezabel", filled to overflowing with shrieking fems. Who is he, One doesn't see him often any more, as the species is becoming extinct.

His saddle shoes, loud suit, and porkpie hat have been the campus password for the past several years. He's everybody's friend, thinks he's God's gift to women, and the champion apple-polisher of the old "Alma Mater". His name? Joe College.

His young brother Harry High-school is flourishing beautifully, but what's happening to Joe?

Ah, here he comes now, but wait a minute; he's minus his saddle-shoes and flashing clothes. Instead he's clothed in khaki brown and regulation shoes.

Where has he been and what is he doing? Why he's a private in Uncle Sam's Army, of course.

DISILLUSIONED

(Continued from Page 20)

music and lights are low, and one's insides feel all melty. I had rosy visions of myself at the Junior Prom with him—maybe even leading it—and in a slurpy black satin, not too expensive, you know, they have them at Tinsley's for about twenty-nine fifty. And maybe (oh bliss) even a white orchid. You see even though I get around quite a bit. of course I'm not bragging, in all my career I've had a good many ordinary orchids (two anyway) but never a white one.

Then Craig stopped! Very abruptly, too. He must have given the boys cheap rates this round, because he always stretches the time a little for our sorority. Like Cinderella, my pimply-faced date shed his glamour at midnight, and sprinted to my side like a faithful hound.

Quite pointedly ignoring him I turned my expectant face to my hero, awaiting those magic words, "I'll call you," or better still, "When can I see you?" But no! He patted me patronizingly on the head and strolled of with a nonchalant, "So long, Chick."

A SQUARE WHITE CARD

(Continued from Page 9)

that no one would notice us—no one but—everybody there. Suddenly I was the center of attraction; suddenly I wished I were dead. As we made a left turn on my feet, I caught Katie's eye. The glance I gave her was supposed to be something slick as Ginger Rogers would give in the arms of Fred Astaire. It was more like me in the arms of Frankenstein. Sir Lancelot, in the shape and form of one of my sister's men, came bounding over at that moment. He grinned down his six feet two, and said, "Aren't you having fun, baby?"

I reached a shaky hand up to make certain I still had my permanent, and replied sweetly "Naturally".

I also just adore exams and castor oil. Who wouldn't enjoy winning an endurance test in a marathon? You know, I'm joining the track team this fall, and experience is a lovely thing. Elmer is Captain of the team. You wouldn't think so to look at him, would you? It's his pace that's so amazing.

All things end they tell me, even dances. Katie and I finally reached home to tell Mother how lovely the dance was, and to plan what we'd tell the less fortunate girls who didn't get a square, white card by mail.

MEXICO

BETSY WASHINGTON

Burning sands and copper faces,
Herds of steer and sun-drenched places;
Moss decked trees fill lowland areas;
Ruddy men, called water carriers
Ride donkeys down roads of gravel,
Quenching thirsts for one centavo.
Adobi huts with roofs of straw,
On which hangs meat, red and raw,
That quickly dries 'neath the welt'ring sun
Feeding hungry crowds when day is done.
Husky laughs, and women jeweled
Drift by when blis'ring rays are cooled.
They fill the streets and music floats,
Bespangled hats and beaded coats,
The scent of flowers is everywhere
As gay youth passes pair by pair.
Above the whirling, noisy street
Majestic mountains rise to meet
The brilliant stars that seem to rest
Like diamonds on their towering crest.
A hush of silence these mute ones tell,
For man nor beast can e'er compel
To break the spell of long ago;
Oh! this and more is Mexico!

I AM THE CHIMES

(Continued from Page 6)

enriched by the laughter and cheery voices which I love so well.

I like first to watch the new girls when they first come into club village. They like the green lawns and cozy clubhouses—the tall trees and my ivy covered castle. However, it is only after the first few months that they become aware of the quiet strength and beauty which subtly weaves over them a spell of magic that will never let them go. They say at first, "How lovely" — and then as time goes on, and every fragrant breath of wind and rustle of protecting leaves becomes anchored in their hearts—one night they stop and gasp with wonder and amazement — "Why — it's beautiful — so beautiful that it almost makes me want to cry!"

I like to watch the beautiful outdoor Vesper services in which I have a vital part, as youthful voices join with me in praise of God.

The old girls I welcome back with open arms, and they are glad to see me too. They remember how I comforted them when things just didn't seem to go quite right. They know how well I keep their secrets, which they dare reveal to no one else. They want to feel again the warmth and friendliness which I can always give to them. They know that I will be their champion no matter what may happen.

I like to see the friendships which blossom forth and come to deeper understanding in the fairyland which is mine and theirs alike. I like to think that I have a part in creating these friendships—not fragile ones that crumble into dust with one unexpected puff of wind—but those that are sincere and deep and lasting.

The alumnae too, are friends whom I shall not soon forget. Sometimes they come into the quiet sanctity of my garden and look up into my ivy tower. I can see the years passing before their eyes, and they are once again students at Ward-Belmont. They sigh and smile for some lovely memory, and then they shed a tear in remembrance of this beauty which is gone, and yet not lost, because they have it still within their hearts.

I represent the highest ideals of Ward-Belmont. I am a symbol of the joys, the sorrows, the hopes, the desires, and the aspirations of every girl on the campus. I am a comfort and a strength for those who feel that they are fighting in the darkness against an invisible foe. I share with each girl her joys and thrills and happy experiences. My notes of celestial beauty inspire others to bring out the very best that is within them, and to strive for the realization of their greatest dreams.

FIESTA

(Continued from Page 8)

dress. The skirt is made of red and green cloth, covered with spangles, sequins, gold and silver and is probably the most dazzling of all the costumes.

The women's placid, happy faces are often half-concealed behind brilliant-hued shawls. Those shawls! Hundreds of them on roof tops, depicts a riot of colors outlined against azure skies, vivid Autumn yellows, blues, oranges, purples, greens and reds. Blended with them are the rich hues of velvet blouses and flowing skirts of Navajo women. Turquoise beads, ten and twenty strands about their brown necks, and heavy silver concho belts around their waists, set the exquisite stage for fiesta.

On the site of the original fonda of the turbulent days when Santa Fe was the end of the trail for wagon trains, stands charming La Fonda, headquarters for Fiesta and its visitors. A full block in length, it sweeps back from the Plaza in earth colored terraces as naturally as the age-old Indian pueblos it glorifies.

Visitors find Fiesta a unique event, with its fascinating customs and gracious hospitality that date back to the early days. There is the Plaza, around which the life of the Fiesta has revolved since its beginning. Facing it is the Historic Palace of the governors built about 1610. This site is made colorful by the many Indian women who sell blankets, jewelry and pottery on its porch.

A familiar scene is the Navajo women who weave all day and every day and sing at their looms, for they love to weave.

The Governor welcomes the visitors, guests and tourists to the ancient city and reminds them not to confuse the two words Fiesta and Siesta.

The Queen of the celebration is crowned and everyone feels a daring, challenging festive spirit engulf them.

There are numerous parades and pageants during the three "dais allegros" (happy days). Most amusing is the parade of Hysterics. The homemade floats have the appearance of having been shuffled and set on wheels. Sunday morning is the Catholic Church procession and the spectators receive the Father's blessing. Later on after twilight is the impressive candle-light procession to the "Cross of the Martyrs", in memory of the fifty friars who were murdered in the Indian revolt, situated on the crest of a mountain overlooking the city.

The final event and climax of Fiesta is Los Conquistadores Ball, held at La Fonda. Within the life of the hotel centered about the walled placita everyone is most happy and gay. The melodic strains of La Fonda's famous native orchestra from Old Mexico are heard through the evening of dinner and dancing.

It is impossible to more than outline here the varied points of pleasure encountered during Fiesta. In gay romance and history, no other city in our nation compares with Santa Fe during Fiesta.

CHIMES

6-2

VOLUME VI NUMBER 2

The Chimes

WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL

Nashville, Tennessee

March, 1942

Victory

Victory --- oh intangible word
In the leaden pot of Vulcan 'twas stirred
Then, borne on the breath of Mercury
To a forest still, and a crowded city.

It sings in the heart of a country lad.
It breathes in the prayers of Mother and Dad.
It whips through the sails of a frigate trim.
It churns in the oceans with vigor and vim.
It speeds from valley to rocky crag.
It swings in the furls of a billowing flag.

Softly it hums in the fireside kettle.
Proudly it praises a soldier's mettle.
Blithely it skips with child's small feet.
Harshly it frowns on an easy defeat.
Brightly it sparkles in children's eyes.
Slowly it shrinks in a soul that dies.

Victory, oh intangible word ---
In the leaden pot of Vulcan 'twas stirred.
Let it live and thrill in the heart of man
As only a word of its meaning can!

The Chimes

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VALOR

Valor is not a word made only for men on the battle field. People everywhere who are sacrificing and serving, that the cause for which they fight may be won, are just as valorous as those who bomb the enemy and trap armies. It is not the duty or the ability of every citizen to take a place on the front lines of war. Positions at home are equally as important and must be filled by those who have the courage to keep on against any odds. It is upon this home support that the front line depends for morale, energy and spirit as well as for material things. If the home line fails, the front defense is powerless.

In today's struggle, it is the privilege as it is the duty of the present generations to witness a new phase of an old battle . . . the fight of right against wrong. We have, by common consent, cast our lot on the side of right in a final attempt to forever extinguish the fires that would burn out Democracy and Life, as we know it. It is now our duty to stand firmly behind our decision, no matter what may come, and to give freely of whatever is asked of us. Some may give in heart-breaks and disappointments; other in service and sacrifice. The manner in which we give determines our valor.

When the victory is accomplished, we shall reap the rewards of our courage and valor and service. For high above us, the torch in the hand of the Statue of Liberty will burn brighter than ever before and offer new hope and encouragement of freedom to the now enslaved peoples of the world. The days that lie ahead may be dark or they may be gloriously lined with the stars and stripes. Whatever they be, everyone of us can contribute something now so that the future will be a product of the bravest and best in us all.

And in a spirit of sacrifice and faith, we will win the victory, and with renewed hope in mankind, we will make the peace. We do not know when it will come. We only know it will be won by valor, service and courage. We only know it will be great.

INDEPENDENCE

"We hold these truths to be self-evident . . . " "We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union . . . " " . . . the government of the people, for the people, by the people . . . " and on and on we could go indefinitely, with these famous old words, words we all know by heart and have come to take for granted, words we repeat again and again, every day with hardly a thought for what they mean, for what they really are. And what are they, really, these immortal documents, these words we know by heart? They are simply definitions and elaborations on the Yankee Doodle way of life, the way we do it, with Freedom, Liberty, Independence.

True, Freedom, Liberty, Independence are just common everyday words, familiar to us all. But what is it that makes them familiar to us? Usage? Yes, perhaps, but more than that, a great deal more. For these words have been written across the lips and hearts of every American citizen with the indelible blood of our ancestors. And they are the words that have given us life, and for which we, in turn, would give our lives to preserve.

Freedom, Liberty, Independence! Words? These? No! No, they are not words. They are a fishing trip in summer, a concert in the park, a radio band at midnight, a movie after school; the book of an unknown author, a high school band on parade; they are hot dogs and cokes, rhythm and jive; Santa Claus and fairies and pumpkins on Halloween; a trip to the zoo, an airplane ride, the Army-Navy game ---

These are the things we mean when we say Liberty, Freedom and Independence, the things we salute when the Stars and Stripes go by, and the things that bring tears to our eyes when we join in our national anthem. These are the things that gave the Rebels the **Liberty** to declare "We hold these truths self-evident"; that gave Jefferson and Lincoln the **Freedom** to keep it the "government of the people for the people, by the people," and that will give us the **Independence** to answer the dictators, "we did it before, we'll do it again."

LOOKS AHEAD

COOPERATION

Co-operation, "the act of working jointly together" is not an easy lesson to learn. In times such as these, though, it is an absolute must. It means doing without that extra cup of sugar (it's better for your complexion, anyway); it means conserving automobile tires; it means giving up that new spring outfit to buy defense bonds so that our soldiers will not have to go into battle insufficiently equipped and be slaughtered on that account. And doing it cheerfully is important, too. Civilian morale is such a vital cog in the machinery of a successful campaign that by unselfishness and not complaining about things we can't have, we are contributing measurably to bring about a lasting peace.

This is the way we ourselves can best cooperate, but others, older than we are, are giving up their full time to the service of their country. Since the outbreak of war, government offices have been swamped with people, wanting to do their part. Women, who have been shunted to the rear in previous wars, are proving their usefulness in numerous fields; in Red Cross work, factory work, by ferrying planes, and even by working in the fields. Such eager and spontaneous cooperation is our key to victory.

Our nation was founded on the belief that our people were far enough advanced and intelligent enough to take part in this work of self-government and we must prove that we are. We must have no more laxity and petty bickering such as that between the personnel of the Army and Navy at Pearl Harbor, which, at least partly, was the cause of the disaster there.

A sinister example of the success gained by the efficient coordination of forces is the Nazi technique, both in military attack and in "fifth column" activities. There are parts of their system that we might copy, but others that we must avoid. Their system is based on regimentation in its most tyrannical form, but forced cooperation will never have the success that voluntary help will. America can and will show the whole world what a free, united, determined people can do. Our national existence depends on complete cooperation, for as Benjamin Franklin says, "We must all hang together or, assuredly we shall all hang separately".

TOLERANCE

Once there was a man of great ambition, yet he was lowly born. By working and slaving, constantly prodding himself onward, he was able to surpass others in ability. Step by step he ascended the ladder of success. Power was his goal --- and that goal is reached by few. His determination drowned his reason; he forged on and on. Nothing must stop him; nothing could stop him. He was fired by the desire to show the world that he could succeed by his own method where others had failed.

Those who saw him and were assured of his rapidly growing power joined him. This band of men increased day by day. The leader inspired them by ambition, desires, promises. And he ruled absolutely ---by fear. He could not keep his people without threats intermingled with those promises. He reached the top --- and stayed there.

He must go on, or lose what he had. He would not lose it. While he had once been sustained by ambitions, promises, he now used force --- the sheer might of superiority. He stamped out all opposition. He disregarded individual rights. Men were reduced to a mere reflection of his will. He had no superior. He was worshipped and feared by all.

Yes, this man was all-powerful; therefore he could do no wrong. He set himself up as an ideal. He knew what he wanted; he took it, regardless of men's lives or men's countries. Even his enemies dared not lift a finger to bring about his death.

Because he had never had much with which to work, and now even less, he became selfish and mercenary. He was fanatical, determined to stop at nothing. He dreamed of the world at his feet; and his actions were cruel and merciless in a constant attempt to verify that dream and change it into reality.

He had no conscience. He would not allow failures. He permitted nothing that did not coincide with his beliefs. He prohibited opposition. This man, in every way, was utterly intolerant.

OVERSEAS

We are told that our world is made up of vast bodies of water which are only one-fourth covered with islands. We live on a large island in these oceans, and our land-conscious minds have given several different connotations to the expression, "overseas". in the progress of time through the ages.

In the Seventeenth Century, the Pilgrim Fathers and their Tidewater cousins considered the sea a vital artery through which coursed the blood of their civilization and the necessary mineral of European news. But, as development progressed, the blood which came from this "artery of life" was no longer desired or needed by the child in whose veins already flowed the quicksilver of democracy.

With American proclamations of neutrality, and the growing force of our navy, came our idea that the seas connoted protection and an impenetrable defense.

Cocksure that sea strength was sufficient for defense, our young nation began depending on the seas as channels across which communications and rich trade routes could be laid. Because of the spirit born thus, commercial gains became connoted by mentioning "the sea."

"Overseas" lost its pleasant connotation when horror and death, connected with our attempt to "make the world safe for democracy", became synonomous. Even then our assurance of isolation was never challenged --- until, out of these smug ideas, came the seeds of the conflict which today tests our sea power.

Today "overseas" means the battleground on which the husbands, brothers, and sweethearts of American women of 1942 are struggling for the supremacy of the ideals which will make our seas and land routes safe for the free way of life.

RED CROSS

Today we are greatly concerned and interested in the Red Cross. As in the World War I the Red Cross has come to the front as the great humanitarian group, helping those who are in need.

When nations are faced with the tragedies and hardships of war, it is a great comfort to know that through our contributions, this organization helps our boys at the front. Right now, in our emergency there is a need for trained women to help in this work. We are being offered many opportunities to study first aid and nursing in classes that are being sponsored by the Red Cross in our schools.

Several evenings a week groups meet to roll bandages for the "cause". Many of us have put as much time as possible in knitting sweaters, caps, and socks for our Army boys. It takes many hands to help in this task of clothing our boys in service, and the people of the United States have offered their help with enthusiasm.

There is an international headquarters of this organization, which serves as a center of communicating between Red Cross societies throughout the world. In emergencies of great need there is a Royal Red Cross that is given as a reward for women who have exerted themselves in aid of sick and wounded soldiers and sailors in time of war. The Royal Red Cross was instituted by Queen Victoria in 1883.

The Red Cross experienced a tremendous development growing out of the last World War. It needs your help now. Have you done your part?

YOU

National success is a goal achieved not by one, or a minority group, but by the collective efforts of the whole group united. Unity is a big word. It binds together, it wields into one great force all the infinitesimal parts of the whole. Yet, how can true unity be obtained if even a few of the tiny parts are not drawn within the minor fold? Each of the segments must have its own niche in the scheme of things. We do not appreciate the metaphor which compares the individual to a bolt or screw in a machine. We had rather feel that our place as individuals is of more import than implied in this comparison. Yes, you and I are entirely necessary to unity --- and then to success. We are needed in all that we can do. Those of us who can be more than mere screws in a machine are of great value to our nation; but you, even if you must be the tiny screw in the huge machine, hold fast to your place and don't let the giant machine fall apart when the test comes.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any form of government becomes destructive to these ends, it is the right of the people to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundations on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

Poetry Contest Winners

First Place

I MAY NOT TELL

MARJORIE NILES

I love you so, my darling,
How may I tell you so—
How may I say those little things
That I would have you know—

How may I tell of silver skies
And silver straws of rain
That shatter down to earth at night
To pierce my window-pane—

How may I tell of winter trees
That steep the iris trails—
Or how each starlet casts its light
Each night when moonlight fails—

How may I tell of winter trees
Etched black against slate-blues—
How summer adds a shawl of leaves
To screen out deeper hues—

How many things one can't describe,
. . . one may not say aloud,
Things once beloved, yet soon escaped
In to some wordless cloud—

Yet—words there be, stored deep away,
Heard only by my heart—
They tell the story of my love
And live—a thing apart.

And so, my dear, I'll never tell,
In words, my love for you—
It is so great—my words so small
That it would never do!

TO COLONEL CHARLES A. LINDBERGH

By JANE SCOVERN

Mind not the laughs you hear
The mud and dirt they throw,
Selfish men! They must not, cannot know
Of that far off time, that year
When German farmer and English peer
Joined hands and united here.
Together, one, allied. Just so—
Should the arrow fight the bow?
The only answer can be no.
America is our cause today,
Isolation is majestic, free,
Stronger than Great Britain's sea.
Instead of seeking men to slay
Someday they'll see and say.

Second Place

THE TROOP TRAIN LEAVES THE STATION

SUZANNE ADDINGTON

"Look at the people, Margie,
They're crowding in there so . . ."
"Pardon me, lady, I must get through,
The troop train's loading you know."
" . . . The troop train, sir? Track number
E."
"Look, here come the boys!"
"Hey, Sergeant, look at the people,
How bout a little noise?"

"Granny, look at the soljer man,
See his buttons and braid.
Come on, Granny, let's go, let's go."
"Aye, Son, but it's not a parade."

"All right men, get on board!"
"But Sarg, can't I kiss me gorl?"
" . . . Sara, my darling, you came, you came."
"Damn, don't dat beat de woild."

"Mother, don't cry, it's just the coast.
We won't go over yet."
"My son, my son, why must you go . . ."
"Why, Margie, your cheeks are wet."

"Some music, some music, let's cetebrate,
"Where's that bugler boy?
" . . . Honey, kiss the kid goodbye,
And give him this soldier toy."

" . . Say, Max, ya ever seen the sea?"
"They say it's the islands soon."
"Come on, boys, let's hit the trail."
"It's just Elmer's Tune".

"Why, Margie, you kissed that soldier there."
"Yes, and is it a sin."
"But, Margie, old girl, he ain't your man."
"No but he might have been."

"The brakeman's calling, it's time to go."
"Wave the flag so Daddy can see."
"One last kiss." "So long, old girl."
" . . . My country tis of thee"

Third Place

I PRAY

REBECCA DAVIES

God, come take me by the hand
And walk with me down through the sand
Of ages, and show to me
The wonders of Eternity.
Show me the signs by which to know
The why of life, and how to go
Untouched through the stormy slimes—
Teach me the chimes
To play
Upon the miracle of day.
Come walk with me through forests green
Where trees stand straight, and in between
The grass runs thick and holy clean.
Take me where the hills and mountains lean
Against the sky—and where the green
Of fields blows true
Because they are a part of you.
Let me run unhindered down the street
Where boundless earth and heaven meet;
Where the soul is free, and the world is wide
And love and compassion dance side by side
God, come walk along with me
Down through the lanes of Eternity!

Fourth Place

SEA MOODS

MARY McKENDRICK

Black night—
Dripping, driving rain,
Heaving surf
Pounds
And moans
And sighs,
Telling its age-old secrets
With melancholy voice.

Far off cried in the darkness
Showing through the mist and fog.
Whose voice, whose voice?
A gull, you say? Or perhaps
A lost soul crying for escape.
Who knows, who knows?

Black night—
But the angry clouds
Are gone.
Gone is lightning, thunder
And dripping, driving rain.
The stars appear, quietly, one by one.
The waves no longer whipped
By nature's frenzied lash.

Fifth Place

A PARODY ON THE WHITE CLIFFS

SUZANNE GIBSON

"So, Suzanne, my dear," the letter began,
"You have failed your French and English exams.
It seems that they'd be an interesting lot,
If you happen to like them, which I do not.
It took hard work to get into my head
How to say veuille as it should be said.
Whenever it came to writing a theme,
My work was rewarded with the teacher's esteem.
If you don't believe me, cast your mind
On my creative ability, what do you find?
All original, that's more than I can say
For your parody written the Miller way.
Your grades may be all that grades should be,
Only don't you bring them back to me,
All E's and D's for me to see.
But you slipped up without reason or rhyme.
You could've gotten good grades this time.
And in the last ten days 'fore you could come home,
You sat and dreamed, let your mind wander and roam,
Or played a tune on the teeth of a comb.
That E in Algebra seems to me
About as just as a grade could be.
How could you possibly have made any more,
When on a monthly test you made twenty-four?
Yes, you made twenty-four with no other reason
Except that you were nearing the holiday season.
Why I can remember when we had to do
A hundred problems, not just twenty-two,
And we'd have one day to translate LE CID,
And maybe one week in which to read

The CONCILIATION WITH AMERICA by Burk.
But, we never thought we had so much work.
Whenever I go up Ward-Belmont way,
And see the changes since my day,
I think of Mrs. Blanton's saying the Golden Rule,
And, it becomes Ward's Seminary, my old school,
Where I learned to look facts right in the eye.
So about this English and French say I,
You'd better settle down and keep a steady pace,
For you have to keep on plugging to get any place,
And you must remind yourself now and then
That the power to study is the privilege of men.
From all of which you'll think this another lecture. It is.
Your devoted
MOTHER."

OH, COME WITH ME

ANNE FRASHER

Oh, come and take a walk with me
And I will show you pathways three.
One goes over a winding hill.
One leads on to an old gray mill.
One goes down by the river bank.
None are conscious of race or rank.
Yes, you and I can walk in peace
While cries of war and death increase.

Oh, come and read a book with me,
And I will show you secrets three;
How life goes on in mystic ways,
How people lived in ancient days,
How history goes on and on,
On battle ground or peaceful lawn.
Yes, you and I can read a book—
Across the seas we dare not look.

Oh, come and sing a song with me
And I will show you measures three;
A lovely song from bluebird's throat,
A running brook with silver note,
A symphony of falling rain,
That sings upon my window pane.
Yes, you and I can sing a song
While guns increase, and men grow strong

Oh, come and watch the stars with me
And I will show you beauties three;
The vastness of our universe,
The stars that twinkle and converse
With golden moon and Milky Way—
I wonder what they have to say.
Yes, you and I can watch the stars
While bloody lust our mad world scars.

Oh, come and view the world with me
And I will show you horrors three.
How treacheries of war unfold,
How souls of men grow hard and cold,
How mocking guns our peace defied—
Humanity is crucified!
Yes, you and I must view the world
And keep our battered flag unfurled.

FLORIDA-LAND

MARJORIE NILES

A bit of scrub-oak nestling by
The stately pines that brush the sky—
A green palmetto springs from sand
Large-grained and white — sea-washed to land—
Warm sun, warm leaves, warm cyprus root—
Ling'ring in shallow pools that put
Red sap into the pale grey bark—
A panther's calling through the dark—
White herons lounge at water's edge—
A young buck graces through a hedge
Of brush-wood piled with branches high,
A slender pathway carves whereby
The native hunter may
Creep on along his quiet way.
Wild grape and wild persimmon grow
All through the thicket spread below—
Pine-needles blanket reddest earth
Up from their lacings springs a dearth
Of pale peach-dipped azaleas.

Florida swamp-land—Florida wood
A paradise where once there stood
The Cherokee and Seminole
Who felt the very heart, the soul
Of fire stirring through the South-West breeze,
Heard words from the wind-swept trees
—The words repeat a steady tune
They sing it out at sun-parched noon
They sing it when a tropic storm
Has lashed its ice along the warm,
Soft-winded fury of the Gulf
As it resists.
One hears that tune so seldom now
We've lost the secret way of how
To listen in and capture things
Which needled boughs and resin strings
Sing out.
And yet—it's there—the tune remains
All night and day repeats refrains
Of how the Gulf beats on the shore
An echo from Atlantic's floor.
It doesn't tell of man-made splendor.
It doesn't tell how some pretender
Took glass bricks and bolts of steel—
An orchestra—a roulette wheel—
Show girls and New York night club stunts—
Tall buildings tied with chromium fronts--
Of avenues built to the sea—
They tossed—and called it Miami!

The song sings on through all the trees
Florida's only a sun-warmed breeze—

THE COMMONPLACE

REBECCA DAVIES

God grant me this—
That people always know
The love for the little things—
The breeze that lifts the paper from the street,
The silly song a well fed cricket sings.
Grant me that people always love
The commonplace—
A star that danced into the sky too soon;
The smell of candy on a steaming sotve;
The silver ring that sometimes hugs the moon.
Make people want to hear the wind
That talks like children bickering at their play;
Make them love the grass that clothes the earth,
The way a pencil whispers words,
The warmth of day.
Grant me that people never lose
The love for the little things—
The love for old clothes too long worn,
The sound of motors climbing in the air,
Perhaps a dream with edges that are torn.
God grant me this—that anytime or place
I may find those who love the commonplace.

THE DANCER

MARJORIE NILES

Mona, with great dark blue
Velvet eyes—
The color of pansies,
Of sapphire skies—
Sunken in settings
Of silvery hue,
Two platinum nests
To cradle the blue.
Mona, loveliest of them all,
Loveliest at Havana's ball!
When sherry lips she parts to smile,
Slowly, deliberately
To beguile
All hearts
That pass her way,
Seldom it's words she has to say.
Slowly she dances
The rhythmic sway
As Cuban drums
A rhumba play.
Her perfect body gliding by
On the dancer—every eye
Sees her shimmering garb of satin
(Same wine-red of her lips)
Moulded tightly to the hips
Then cascading
In an avalanche of ruffles.
Row on row they fall—and fuller
To slightly glance the floor.

TO AMERICA

ELIZABETH BOMAR CLEVELAND

Though poets have written about you
Many and many a time,
To you, "my own, my native land",
I dedicate this rhyme.

To a land which stands for Freedom dear
And liberty, world-wide,
May thus posterity have you
And God with you abide.

May always you be guided
By the Shining Light afar,
And nothing to your children
Serve as hinderance or a bar.

Land of such glorious heritage
Who had sheltered many a soul,
May always Freedom reign supreme
As your years of age grow old!

HOPE

SUZANNE ADDINGTON

A tiny brooklet wends its way
Amid the rustling trees.
Evening's hush has followed day
With gentle sobbing breeze.
Star-studded heavens wait behind
Fierce clouds, which all too soon
Disturb the brook. It does not mind,
Behind the clouds there shines a moon.

I sought this brooklet midst the trees.
I sought the sobbing wind.
I longed to watch the stars, the breeze.
My heart was troubled deep within,
My thoughts were blacker than the skies.
Then suddenly I heard the tune
The brooklet played; I raised my eyes.
Behind the clouds there shone a moon.

WATER LIGHTS

MARJORIE NILES

The lights streamed out
Across the bay
In their sparkling,
Slicing way.
They danced like prisms
Flashed on jet.
The white ones
In precision met
As row on row
They seared the tide.
The other gayer, colored ones
Were slender, pastel straws
Of glistening cellophane
Slipped down
Into the shallow waves.

NIGHT PAGEANT

MARJORIE NILES

A thousand stars come out to play
On velvet lawns of night,
To dance across the milky-way
In frenzies of delight.

They blink and twinkle as they go
In throngs down moon-beam trails,
At hide-and-seek bob to and fro
To hide 'neath vapor veils.

Some lightly in precision fall
Like diamond chips on blue.
In ancient molds, symetrical,
Each night they spring anew.

Spilled from the jewel-case of the moon
They dot the evening stair,
Attendants marking time in tune
To frame the solitaire.

The sentinel moon leads calmly on
As she inspects the skies;
First up—then oer—then down she's gone.
The ghost of night soon dies.

Each tiny star, its light snuffed out,
Goes down to greet the day.
The darkened screens are turned about,
Replaced by palest gray.

MISTRESS NIGHT

ANNE FRASHER

Lovely lady with a lamp
Glides from out the twilight mists
Comes to wrap the sleepy earth
In blackest swirls of silken drifts.

Cool sweet smelling clouds of hair
Held aloft with starlit crown—
Gentle rustling of her cloak
Spun from threads of angel down.

Swift her course across the earth
Silent as a breath of air—
Spreading dreams in gay profusion
Bringing comfort everywhere.

Soft and cool her gentle touch
Upon a tired and worried brow,
And her kiss on fevered lips
Gentle, cool and soothing now.

Embracing tired and weary hearts
Sighing softest lullabies
Breathing prayers to inner souls
Bringing peace to tear-dimmed eyes.

Now the world is wrapped in sleep—
Cradled in the arms of Night
Who gently draws the curtain, then,
While smiling soft, she snuffs the light.

We,
The People of the United States,
In order to
Form a more Perfect Union,
Establish Justice
Insure Domestic Tranquility,
Provide for
The Common Defense,
Promote the General Welfare,
And Secure
The Blessings of Liberty
To Ourselves
And our Posterity,
Do Ordain and Establish this
Constitution
For the United States of
America.

YOUNG AMERICA

My Most Unforgettable Character

I was at Grandmother's and Grandfather's. After this house had seen six children come and then go through the years, it had settled into a restful solitude. Coming down the stairs to Sunday dinner somewhat bored, I longed for something to set life anew. According to the ratio mixture of dullness and excitement it was high time for this to come

Grandma carefully cleared her throat, and peeked out of her eyes at Grandpa, as if to say what can we do about it. "Elaine", she said, "Your Uncle Charlie is coming for dinner. He always does on Sunday". Now I'd heard that Uncle Charlie was ninety-two years old and I immediately assured myself that this was not the excitement that I was wishing. In fact, I had come to believe that elderly people were the only trace of humanity left on the earth.

A streak, with identifications of a car flew past the window, and Grandmother gave an inward shriek.

"There's Charlie", she said. "I hope he'll make it again this Sunday. He has no business with a car. There ought to be a law about people our age driving automobiles."

The streak then hit the driveway with a sound of jamming, screeching breaks, like the kids coming in the driveway at home. "My goodness", I thought, "He's ninety-two, someone must be driving for him." Our of the car bounced a six foot two figure, looking like that of a football hero yet topped with white hair. And when he arrived upon the porch after taking two steps at a time, I was shocked. I just didn't know what to think because I had never seen such vigorous action in a person ninety-two years old. I knew that Uncle Charlie was still a practicing physician but had no thoughts about his personality.

In the door walked a creature rarely seen by humans: a curious mixture of seriousness and maturity that comes from knowing the suffering of two generations, and sharing the impishness of a bad little boy.

"Good Sunday and Howdy, Lorna and Robert", he said to my grandparents. "So this is Martin's daughter. Well, I'll soon find out if she's made of the same devil as her dad."

Startled, I meekly said, "Hi", and he returned a radiant wink.

"You're right on time", said Grandma, "Although I wonder every Sunday what doctor we'd ever be able to get for you if anything ever happened to you in that land flying machine of yours."

"Ha, ha," he replied, "Let's have some of your everlasting food quick, Lorna. I've been saving on my meals since yesterday's breakfast."

We made our way to the table and Grandmother signaled me to say grace. Out of the corner of my eye I concentrated on that startling appearance on my right. As I said the blessing I realized that he was taking me in, too. Those eyes were the grey of a spotlight on silver cloth and the white hair curled like a tiny child's. Two hands of long surgical fingers touched each other. The chicken was passed, and he took a leg.

"Here, if you're what I think you are you'll want a chicken leg, or else I don't know you", he said.

"Oh, Uncle Charlie, I love chicken legs."

"And eat it with your fingers no matter what your Grandmother thinks," he defiantly added.

This was too much for me. My thoughts became mingled and as a last resort I told a joke.

"Knew it," he said. "She'll keep us from growing old."

Dessert was soon before my eyes and when I had eaten my share, he said, "Lorna, what are you doing, starving her? Ought to know young things want more, and so do I."

We had two helpings of ice cream and three pieces of cake apiece before Grandpa and Grandma could look each other in the face and mentally and telepathically communicate that I was being rather corrupted in my ways.

"Sorry to have to leave so soon this Sunday", Uncle Charlie said, "but the German settlement on the other side of town has a bad diptheria epidemic, and I'm needed. See you again, Elaine, and thanks, Lorna, for your welcomed food."

And he was gone, a long-legged streak, out of the door and off in his sporting car. No one said anything, but Grandmother and I dutifully cleared the table.

I never saw Uncle Charlie again. I left before he could get away from his twenty-four hour routine of breaking the epidemic. I promised myself, however, that one of my life ambitions was never to grow old, but stay like my beloved uncle.

Uncle Charlie reached his ninety-fifth birthday with flying colors, and one day I read a letter.

"Charlie died last week", it said, "after an illness of two days. It was his age you know."

For the first time in my life on hearing of death, tears did not blur my eyes. I could see Uncle Charlie going to heaven in a twentieth century rocket. Nothing could ever stop him.

CREATES

The Newsmonger

Stealthily, she approached a small group of "ohs" and "ahs" in the corner of the room. The group had formerly been known as the receiving line, but since the supply of cookies and punch was exhausted, the "line" had become disorganized in form. Perhaps it would be better to say that the "line", having found itself the shortest distance between two points, had evolved steadily until it now resembled a triangular circle. It was to this figure that she made her way.

Slowly, slyly, she squeezed in. Her anticipating beam altered to a mask of disappointment, for lo, the tale had just ended with the curiosity-arousing, ear-pricking, provoking remark that Mrs. Brown had called her sister in Reno. It was now the task of the intruder to obtain the details. As this was no new enterprise for her, she immediately resorted to Plan B. Plan B consisted of telling HER version of Mrs. Brown's famous call. With gestures and grimaces, she interpreted to her big-eyed audience a conversation between her maid and Mrs. Brown's cook. Now and then she paused for further imagination. Gloriously, eyebrow-liftingly, she ended this dramatic dialogue. Then, as she had known (what slick intuition she had!) the REAL story came forth. Notes were compared. Contrasting evidence was heavily punctuated by a chorus of "ohs" while points of comparison were quickly accented, diagrammed, and paraphrased by the "ahs". And BOTH stories together --- well, that was practically a novel.

She gave herself a pat on the back, in spirit. Again she had hit the "jack-pot". What a thrilling, lengthy, expanding story she would have now. At once she decided to have a "coupla" tables of bridge tomorrow. On second thought (her brain was working overtime) she devised another scheme for adding material to this mere skeleton of scandal. She would see Mrs. Brown personally. Quickly, happily she hurried from the "figure" in an altogether different manner from her approach. With hops and strides she made her way two blocks down and into Mrs. Brown's living room. The poor lady reported herself ailing and she had called her sister in Reno to come out for a visit. As though stark tragedy had stalked in a single minute through her life, the face of the visitor became a visible expression of woe. Stunned, she finally made her departure with a promise to visit the sister when she arrived.

Slowly, sadly, she walked home. And then, suddenly, optimism overcame her counteance once more. To be sure she would have the girls for bridge tomorrow. There was always SOMEONE to talk about.

Omen

After the slow, lingering departure of day, the final minutes of twilight, there came the night, penetrating and dark. Quiet reigned. Not even a plane droned in the blackness. A few birds huddled together near the rock tower, as though seeking protection from the darkness.

A soft, even thud could be heard in the tower. It was the sea waves, breathing rhymatically on the shore. This was the only sound to penetrate the night. And strangely, there was no breeze blowing, even gently, to interrupt the black pattern of stillness.

A shadow appeared on the balcony of the tower. It was the shadow of a woman. She touched the balcony rails with her hands and lifted her face to the sky. Suddenly, a meteor shot by, like a fleet bright bird in the dark. The woman gasped, audibly. It was also like a falling fire --- a bomb. It reminded her of the mainland, not so far away; of the two mounds back of the church, the church that was no more. Her hands gripped the rails. Her silhouette seemed to fit into the design of solemn stillness. Her profile, if closely observed, showed signs of strength and courage. It was the profile of one who had learned to endure.

It was quiet, quiet on the once lively little island. That was in the days of festivals and celebrations --- days that now seemed dreams, truly days of dreams, scattered here and there, to interrupt the present nightmare. Those past times were so happy, so gay. That was why the quietness now was so strange. It seemed to those who knew to hold tales and histories of those who had gone forever. But where Death had stalked only Quiet could reign. Human hate could do no more than kill. That was all within its petty power.

The woman's face was still lifted up, as though she were pitying, perhaps, these little human insects with their deadly toys. That she knew their meager minds and feeble bodies were turned to dust --- a soul. And someday they would know the word, Peace.

The woman crossed herself, as if in farewell to the One beyond, as she turned to enter the tower. A flicker in the quiet caught her attention. It was a dove. It paused briefly on the rock wall as the woman gazed in awe.

With a slight rustle in the dark silence, the dove flew on toward the black heavens.

All In The Way You See It

You know, it's funny the way different guys will look at a thing. Now take me and Mike. Yesterday I seen him for the first time in ages, and he says to me, "You still driving people around in that tiny taxi of yours? Say, what makes you want a job like that, anyhow? Now I can give you a job that will really pay." I told Mike I liked it, and he laughed at me. Nope, him and me don't see things in the same way. Now take me, I wouldn't trade places with Rockefeller. There's something about that cab that gets me. I feel sort of close to it, like a friend. I know its moods and tempers, and I can kick life into it anytime. And the scenes that go on in that back seat. Say, if I was a poet or a writer like some of them guys, wouldn't I have stories to write about. I like to sit by myself when I get off work and think about what's happened to all my passengers.

Yesterday; take that. I didn't have a dull case all day. First I took a kid, I'd say about fifteen with a pal of hers to the J. P. Can you beat it, she was going to get hitched! Them two girls laughed and giggled all the way. The girl doing it kept saying she couldn't wait till she saw Bill's face when he found she'd married Dick. Said she was going to live in a little white cottage with pink curtains, and cook for the guy. If she could have boiled an egg, she would have been doing good. And yeah, she said whenever she ran out of dough, she was going to her pop. Said he wouldn't mind once he cooled off. I began t feel sorry for the guy getting into this, but when I got to the J.P.'s office and saw him, I wondered who was getting the worst deal. He was only a kid about seventeen, and good-looking, too; but he knew it. Kept making eyes at the other girl when his bride-to-be wasn't looking. I was sure glad to let them kids off. I don't like getting mixed up in funny stuff like that.

And if I could tell this sob-stuff, you know, and understand people and get real deep and all, I'd write about an old woman who got in yesterday. Real plump and motherly, but her face looked so sad. She was one of them friendly souls that talks to everybody, and she told me about how she was going to see her oldest son. She looked real proud when she said his name, and I could tell he was the apple of her eye. I asked her where she'd just been before. Said she'd just been with her younger son. Said the oldest didn't have much money and couldn't afford her, but the younger one had a pile. I asked her why she didn't stay with the other one, and she said her daughter-in-law was too busy. She got a hurt look in her eyes, and I pretended not to notice. She went on and said, though, how pretty and young she was, and how she had to entertain to help her husband's business. Then she started crying, just a little at first; and when I asked her what was the matter, it came out a lot; you know, like it is when you've penned it up inside you for a long time. Well, it seemed the older one was sick, and the other son wouldn't help with the bills --- one of those chiselers, you know. She had to pay them out of her allowance, and she didn't know if they were going to make end meet. She wasn't telling a sob-story. But usually people confide in me. It must be because I'm sort of sympathetic looking, and don't interrupt them. By the time I pulled up to the station, she looked real happy. I guess that son must have been a mighty good man to do that to a mother.

Smetimes I nearly bust my sides laughing. After I let off the old woman, I had a call to go to the hospital. I got there and seen a young man and woman with a baby, and I knew I was in for a lot of fun. I've seen too many like that. They're all alike, especially when it's their first. And you could tell this was. The husband had the baby and didn't know what to do with its head. His face had the funniest mixture of fear and pride. The mother tried to look like she was an old hand at it, but she wouldn't have fooled no one. She had a book with her; and every time that baby let out a holler, she opened it and tried to find some reason. She liked to worried herself to death because the bottle would be fifteen minutes late. Said it was bad for a baby's nervous system to be kept waiting. If you've ever had a kid, you know how they can cry. Well, this one like to have screechel its head off. The father got real worried then. Wanted me to turn around and go back to the hospital. He said he was scared she'd break her lungs, or burst a blood vessel. The kid was purple in the face. I figured she had gas on the stomach, so I stopped the cab and patted her for a minute. She quieted down, and them parents couldn't thank me enough. Said I'd saved the baby's life and wanted to give me ten dollars. I didn't want to take it; but when I let them off, he took a look at that baby sleeping in his arms and and gave me twenty dollars. And all for burping a baby.

Sometimes, but not often, I get to see a whole story. Not just a part but the whole thing --- like a movie. That's what happened last night. I got a call out to a real nice section of town. I pulled up upside a nice-looking house, and a young woman comes out of the house real quickly. Has a big bag with her and says she is going to the station. She got in without looking back, but when I drove off, she nearly broke her neck

looking out the back window at the house. She looked real disappointed when she turned around, and she took out a cigarette. I could see she was real nervous. Her hand shook, and her breathing came hard, but she didn't say a word. She was a good-looker, had real quality about her, and I wondered what gave her that nervous unhappy expraession. We got to the station, and she still hadn't said a word. She'd been looking back out of the window all the way, but she never seemed to see what she was looking for. She got out and gave me a nice tip. Not too senger. I drove up, and there she big, but just enough to make me want to have a passenger like her every day. I got out her bag, got her a nigger red-cap, and she thanked me and walked off. I got back in the cab feeling like the devil. I wanted to help her find what she wanted, or who she wanted. But there was nothing I could do. So I drove off, and went back to the stand. There was a lull for a while, so I got in the cab and went out toward the station. I thought maybe I might see her; and I knew if I couldn't I could always get a pas- was, standing outside! But she wasn't alone! Oh no, she had a big strong-looking guy with her, and she looked at him like she couldn't get her eyes full. I picked up a woman and drove off just as this guy and her got into his car and drove off. I guess they must have made up.

And Mike says he wouldn't be a cab driver! Well, it's just all in the way you look at it. Me, I love that cab and everything to do with driving it. But next to that I'd like to write stories, about people, you know. But then I ain't a deep enough guy for that.

The Letter

Jody sat at her desk, her hands cupped up under her chin, staring at a picture on her desk. "Oh, Chris; you've been so sweet to me, and we've had so much fun. I **do** hate to hurt you. But in the past week, I have come to realize that I just don't care for you the way I once did. Oh, Chris, you know I still like and admire you in so many ways; but Chris, don't you see. Since Ihave come away to school, things have changed. I mean --- Oh, Chris, how can I write and tell you!

"I've tried for days now to write you and tell you all of these things that I am sitting here saying to your picture, but somehow, I just can't seem to get up enough nerve to write you of this change in me, for I know I will hurt you terribly. Maybe if I'd put your picture away, it would be easier for me to sit at my desk and write the letter. But everytime I look at your sweet, smiling face, I realize that I am the one who would put a hurt look into your clear eyes. Oh, I've no right to hurt you, but, Chris, don't you see that if I would just go on and write the letter, tell you of my changed heart, that it would be so much better if I just take your picture and put it away in my drawer. Then maybe I can write the letter.

"It's so hard to put away your picture, Chris. You gave it to me the night of the Senior Prom. We did have fun in high school; but after all, I am in college now --- a woman, and this affair of ours was merely a high school crush. I now have my career to think of. Yes, your picture must go in my drawer now, with the rest of my cherished memories. And now the letter . . . . . .

"Well, it's written, Chris. I feel so much better, now that it is all done. I know you will be hurt, but I do hope you understand. Now I guess I can put your picture back up on my desk. After all, there is no reason why we can't be friends. --- Oh, my heavens, you've gotten a hurt look on your face while you were in the drawer! I feel so ashamed hurting you like this, but it is for the best, I know. I guess I'd better hurry and mail this, or else that look in your eyes will cause me to change my mind. And remember, Chris, it was a hard decision to make --- but I simply must say goodbye."

Jody hurriedly and nervously sealed and addressed the envelope, placed a stamp on it and ran out the door.

All day long she worried. How would poor Chris take it? She knew he would be so terribly hurt, but since she had decided to be a "career-woman", she felt justified in writing the letter.

Next day at noon, she knew Chris had received her letter. Oh, poor Chris, she thought, as she opened her box and found a letter from him.

"Oh, I hate to open this letter. He will say how much he misses me, and need me. Oh, I feel so ashamed. Maybe I should have waited and talked to him. I guess I might as well read it now, and take my medicine."

Slowly and sheepishly, Jody opened the letter. As she read, a frown came upon her face, then a scowl, and suddenly, anger.

The letter read:

> Dear Jody,
>
> I am terribly sorry, but I feel that being away from you these three months have made a difference. Maybe we had better say 'goodbye', and just forget everything. I hope you will forgive me, and will understand.
>
> Chris.

"Oh, Chris," said Jody crying. "I hate you. How could you do this to me!"

The Surprise

Gayle Wayne lay across the bed with her head stuffed in the pillows. Her mother was standing by the bed with an anxious look on her face. "I'm sorry, dear," Mrs. Wayne said, "but you will simply have to go. Your father says you must."

"Oh, Mother, I can't, I can't!" wailed Gayle. Her voice was thick from crying and she plunged her legs and feet heavily down on the bed.

"Darling, I know you'll have a grand time. Just plan to have a good time," coaxed her mother. "I know all the boys will want to swim with you."

"Oh, but Mother, Connie Day is coming over from our school and you know how popular she is. You don't know how Connie Day is; I'd rather anybody see what a complete failure I am than Connie Day. Connie would see what a complete flop I am and then have the pleasure of telling the whole school about it."

"What's my daughter crying about?" asked Gayle's father, standing in the doorway of her room. "What's this nonsense about nobody wanting to swim with you? Aren't you a good swimmer? You won the cup last year. Aren't you as nice as the other girls? Of course, you are."

Gayle pulled the pillow up around her ears so she couldn't hear her father. "You don't know anything about it," she sobbed. "I can swim all right, but the boys just don't like me. They don't like a girl just because she's nice, as they did when you were young. They like you just because other boys like you, and other boys don't like -- -- -- ."

"Snap out of this, Gayle," interrupted her father. "You must swim with the young crowd this afternoon. We are guests in your cousin's home. He has been kind enough to ask you to go to his club's swimming party, so you must go."

Gayle rose from the bed: "So I have to go because my parents say so. Well, I just hope I drop dead before I get there," thought Gayle.

An hour later Gayle was riding with Lynn in her uncle's car. Neither of them spoke. Gayle was thinking that Lynn probably hated her for having to take her along. She could imagine the scene between Lynn and his mother.

"Lynn, dear, you must ask Gayle on the swimming party, now that she is a guest in our home," His mother probably said.

"Gosh, Mother, she'll ruin my fun! I think Gayle is a lovely girl, too, but she's not popular with the boys, and I'll have her on my hands all afternoon."

It was dreadful to think about, and Gayle got sick at her stomach every time she thought of the ordeal before her. Lynn had always beaten her at everything and how she had longed to show him how grown up she was this week-end. That was a thing of the past now. The party was spoiled for Lynn and for her, too.

At last Lynn spoke up, "I hear a knockout of a girl is coming over from your school to the swimming party. Let's see --- what's her name?"

Gayle answered weakly, "I guess it's Connie Day, the glamour girl of our school."

"Guess I'd better give her the once over," replied Lynn.

"So the boys gave the girls the once over here," thought Gayle. The party was a hideous nightmare. Gayle wished they might have a wreck or that something would prevent them from getting to the party. "Lynn must hate me for having to take me," she thought. At last they reached the beach. Some of the boys and girls were milling around the beach, happy and carefree. Even the water held no thrill for Gayle, though she was an excellent swimmer. After the car was parked, Lynn directed Gayle to the temporary locker used by the girls. "That's where you go," he said and then disappeared.

Gayle went into the dressing room. Several girls were there. They noted Gayle's arrival with anxious stares at her dress and shoes, and then turned their backs upon her. Gayle wanted to run out of the locker room to hide, to do anything but stay there. Instead, she pushed through the bunch of girls with an "Excuse me please," and edged her way into the smaller dressing room. The sight of the daring yellow bathing suit that she let her room-mate talk her into buying did not revive her spirits. However, like a soldier in battle, she determined to put on her suit and go out.

When Gayle came out of the small dressing room, all the girls had left the locker. Before Gayle realized it, she was staring into a long mirror. "Is this really I?" exclaimed Gayle. For the reflection of the mirror gave back a picture of a beautiful girl with dark hair and eyes in a daring yellow bathing suit. "I am beautiful --- why don't the boys like me?" She was beautiful, but somehow, when boys were around her she was stiff and scared and everybody knew it, so that, although she was pretty, they did not like her.

At last Gayle was outside the locker. If only she'd break an ankle, faint, or something terrible would happen to her --- what a relief. Her eyes searched for Lynn, but he was nowhere to be seen.

She stood alone for several minutes. Several boys passed and looked her over. "I know they feel sorry for me," Gayle thought. Gayle's hands dropped to her sides and she threw her shoulders back. "No one knows me here at this party and they don't know what a flop I am.

I believe I'll just smile and turn my head from side to side as though I am looking for someone I like very much. I'll look happy, until Lynn comes for me. Heavens, where is he?''

''How does it happen that you aren't swimming, beautiful lady?'' asked a deep masculine voice behind her.

''Well, you see I -- -- ''

''None of that,'' said the boy whose name was Pete. ''You are having the first swim with me.'' Pete took Gayle's hand and off they started toward the water.

''I am here with ---'' she stopped short, for at that moment two more boys came up begging for an introduction.

This being surrounded by boys was something that happened to other girls, but never to herself. A thrill ran up her backbone. She felt her face melt into a big smile that wouldn't come off.

''We sure heard good things about you,'' the boy told her, ''and talking about glamour, girl, you've got it.''

Gayle was at ease with these boys, because they didn't know what a wall flower she was. ''Wonder where Connie Day is,'' thought Gayle. ''Isn't it too bad she couldn't be here to see how much of a rush I am getting.''

''May I take you home from the party?'' Pete asked with a smile. Gayle's feet felt like wings as she flew to the dressing room to change. She was laughing as she seated herself in the boy's car. She had never felt so at home with a boy. It was so easy to think of something to say to him. Gayle liked him better than anyone she had ever met. ''You have so many friend here,'' she said wistfully.

The boy looked at her and laughed. ''Yes,'' he said, ''but no one around here knew I existed until I went away to college and got on the football team. I was miserable in high school. It seems rather funny to me now, but it was tough at the time.''

Gayle knew just how tough it was. She wanted to tell the boy that she knew just how he felt, but she wouldn't tell him yet.

This was the most glorious evening she had ever spent. ''We'd better get started before the mob comes,'' said Pete, as he threw the car in gear and drove off.

Just as they drove off they saw the crowd coming out of the water. Lynn put in his appearance. He hoped Gayle wouldn't be too hurt because he hadn't come around. ''Where is my cousin?'' he asked some of the boys. ''Have you seen her?''

''No, we don't know your cousin, Lynn; but boy you should have have come around sooner. That knockout from Danville was here, Gayle something-or-other.''

''Gayle?'' Lynn asked.

''Yeah, that glamour girl,'' one of them answered.

It dawned on Lynn all at once that Gayle had been mistaken for the glamorous Connie Day, Gayle, who felt that no one liked her. She had gotten away with a big rush.

''Boy, that was swell,'' thought Lynn. ''Come to think of it, she's not so bad.''

The Tell-Tale Odor

I am sitting in my cell at this time, and my last hour is drawing near. The thought of my doom is driving me insane, and I write this confession, not seeking sympathy, but to occupy my mind and keep me from going utterly mad.

On November 5, 1937, I met young, handsome, debonair Jack Freeland. You who do not believe in love at first sight need not read further. I fell madly in love with him. He returned this devotion. I danced with him, and something I can not explain came over me. I was nauseated, and I could not determine the reason. He took me home, and still the feeling did not pass.

This went on for three years. I realized I couldn't marry him, yet I was tormented by the thought of leaving him. One day it struck me. The odor was Mennen's Talc. I could not bear it.

I persuaded him to give me his knife, using my nails as an excuse. Often I would pass the keen blade along his throat and enjoy the thrill it gave me to watch him shiver and shake as if he had a chill. He joked with me about letting the knife slip, and I had to turn my head to conceal the gleam in my eyes.

One night when he arrived I was alone. The night was December 5, 1940. The air was filled with talc. It was in my eyes, my hair, my throat. My mind kept repeating, ''Now is the time! TIME!'' It kept risin ginside me until I could endure it no longer. My hand shot out, and I felt the skin give under my hand. He fell prone at my feet. The tumult within me ceased, and a deep peace came over me. I stared dully at the knife, and at beautiful red blood on the blade. I rushed madly to the windows, then the door, yelling, ''Air! air! I must have air.''

My heart beat wildly as I cried, ''I did not kill him, I did not, I didn't.'' The rest is a nightmare. I was taken to jail. My sentence was passed. Death was to strike me, who was young, vivacious, gay. The irony of it all strikes me now. He too was young, and gay, and his only fault was one that could have been corrected with a little restraint or even soap and water. Ah, Mennen's, mennen's.

Sounds in The Ward-Belmont Music Conservatory

As one approaches the rubber-floored hall which leads to the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music, he hears a medley of sounds which please his ears despite their dissonance and dissimilarity. If he will pause for a moment, he can distinguish between the throaty tone of the organ, the tinkling of a harp, the indistinct cadences of numerous pianos, the clear notes sung by sweet young voices, and the countless noises which make up the composite sound picture.

The majestic crescendo of a Bach toccato resounds from some distant chamber where an unseen person manipulates the swelling tones of the mighty organ. Closer by and more distinctly can be heard the lilting tune of an Irish air played upon its native instrument, the sweet toned harp. A few steps farther down the hall, one hears a sound like a breeze trees. This, one recognizes also to softly sighing through tall pine be a harp, but one played in a more dreamy mood.

From across the hall comes the sound of many pianos, each with a different tune, tempo, and expression. Here, the confident, unhesitant rendition of a difficult composition mingles with the pausing groping efforts of the novice. If he listens closely one can distinguish the dramatically sonorous tones of Sibelius' VALSE TRISTE, and the native longing expressed in Chopin's PRELUDE IN E FLAT. The perfectly modulated rhythm of Mozart's SONATA NUMBER ONE merges with the exquisite pathos of Beethoven's FIFTH SYMPHONY. The majestic hymn-like character of FINLANDIA, which expresses the sorrows of Jan Sibelius' native land, the precise, alternating melody of a Back invention, and the droning bass of a Grieg composition --- all vie for the listener's attention. The powerful chords of Verdi't QUARTET from RIGGLETTO lend an element of hauntingly hysterical tragedy, while the rhythmic chant of the PILGRIM'S CHORUS from Wagner's TANNHAUSER and the pure notes of Brahm's CRADLE SONG show the versatility of the pianist.

As one listens, his ears will be assailed by bits of exercises played in a methodical but determined manner, by etudes tinkling from a thin treble worn scales which indicate automatic action rather than deep feeling. He will hear unbelieveable velocity and technique displayed in the execution of studies. He will detect dissonant tones and hard grating errors, and be startled by a few riotous notes of CHOP STICKS, pounded out by some rebelious soul. He will be held spell-bound by the resonant tones of Beethoven's SONATA PATHETIQUE; he will suffer with the sorrow told in its haunting melody, sway with the rhythm of the lighter movements, and reach untold heights in its crashing climax.

From another section come the lilting tunes of the students practicing voice while playing their own inadequate accompaniments. A crystal-clear voice singing Schubert's AVA MARIA, a rich coloratura voice, and an immature, childish treble display the various ranges of different singers. A soprano straining to reach a high note, the irritating sound of someone's singing off key, and a mature voice caressing each note of a difficult chromatic--- all mingle together and drift out to become a part of the whole sound which is the essence of musical study.

Here noises as well as melody are prevalent. The listener will hear the incessantly droning voice of a patient teacher, the muted closing of doors and the rhythmic patting of feet keeping time with the music. The squeak og a pedal crying out for attention and the restless turning of pages can also be detected. He will hear the even ticking of a metronome, and will know that some day the noises will cease and beauty alone will remain.

Words I Like

There are certain words that bring to my mind a flood of pictures, ideas, and emotions. These words are not unusual, nor are they connected with one another in meaning. Each has a character all its own.

Ever since the days when Captain Blood was my hero, "galleon" has been one of my magic words. To the swashbuckling pirates of the Spanish Main, it meant plunder; to me it means adventure and excitement. I read all kinds of blood-curdling sea stories, when I was younger, and made the acquaintance of all the famous buccaneers from Sir Francis Drake to Teach, the Cutthroat. fabulous Spanish treasures coveted by the reckless pirates, but also the elegant Spanish ladies who so often appeared to complicate matters. No doubt, however, those times were not so romantic as they seem from a distance of three centuries.

A word completely opposite in connotation but one that points just as clear a picture is the simple, unassuming word "gentle". It is personified in a woman with soft brown hair and an innate dignity and grace. It also suggests a room beautiful in its simplicity with the added charm of age --- delicate old china and graceful polished furniture.

He Wanted Wings

She did not look afraid and she took a strange, wry comfort from that. While waiting, she glanced out the window and noted a young mechanic dressed in white overalls, leaning over a bright yellow trainer. An inner voice gave her intermittent reassurances that perhaps he can't fly. He would be disappointed at first, but afterwards he would be resigned. Yet, she felt that Terry was not a failure. He had always had a set determination in everything he undertook. She knew this would not be a stumbling block in his path.

The orange training plane swooped into her line of vision, through, the bank of windows. It slipped smoothly to earth, skimmed the flat surface and finally stopped, its propeller still whirling. Candy went outside into the sunny cold to meet him. Terry grinned at her, and she knew that look; it was elation, it was triumph. The instructor walked over to them and casually remarked that Terry was a born flyer. Candy's heart sank. Why did she feel this way when she had a premonition that Terry would be a success.

As they drove home, Candy sensed a victorious air about Terry. She felt a rising nausea each time she thought of Terry up there in a plane, flying through space. All of her sense of security that had taken six years of married life to build had fallen with one pfft. As they turned into the long driveway, Candy looked at their new home that she had begun to enjoy, but now there was a fear of being left alone in it. They had agreed in the beginning that neither of them would mention Terry's flying to their families. That seemed the best way. It would be unthinkable to give them the news, for it would add to her imaginary grievances against Terry.

That evening they were to entertain at a dinner party. Candy had looked forward to this evening, but now she dressed with an utter lack of enthusiasm. She actually dreaded it. The sound of Terry's voice as he hummed in the shower did not soothe her nerves. This feeling of anxiety was getting the best of her. She dropped into a chair feeling weak and spent. These black waves of sickness came oftener now. Fear made people sick. She had read that many times. But knowledge alone seemed powerless to conquer it. She studied a moment, then she thought she would tell Terry. Quiet, undramatic words, no hysteria, no playing up of fear. But they would be enough. Terry would never fly again. She felt a thrust of impatience remembering their dinner party tonight, and that she would not have a chance to speak to Terry alone till very late.

The conversation that night drifted to Terry's flying. Bill Townsend greeted Terry rather enviously as he called him Ace. Mary Lawrence chattered continuously about how brave Terry was, but she couldn't see how Candy could stand it. This drill of questions and ans- left her mind limp. Everyone spoke of the change in Terry. During the entire evening Candy had one half of her mind on the pleasant small talk; with the other perplexed. She stared at Terry, the stranger, her husband. She knew she would follow him anywhere --- even into the sky.

The next morning it was raining, definitely not flying weather. Candy felt an exhiliration because she knew he would not be able to go up. But after lunch she was puzzled by an indefinable change. The sky had cleared and the sun was pouring down like liquid light. Her first intention was to call Terry at the airport. But there was a better way. She ran from the house and jumped into her car. She kept turning over in her mind what she would say to him. She parked outside and went into the office to wait. A tall, long-limbed girl dressed in flying togs walked in. The girl looked at Candy and noticed her uneasiness.

"Scared?" she said suddenly.

"Yes," Candy replied.

The girl gave her a reassuring look as she jumped from the table at a signal from a hardheaded man outside. Candy's heart beat painfully. She saw Terry standing by the orange training plane. A mechanic had started the engine. Candy could hear the words, "O.K. take her up." The orange plane took off, smoothly, beautifully in an untrammeled curve of flight. She knew he had found freedom, exhaltation --- and having found it, he'd never take less. The plane became a speck in the sky. Then Candy was on the field when the plane slipped easily down. Terry asked her anxiously if she were nervous. She looked at him whimsically and said, "Be nervous and spoil that perfect landing. Not a chance."

She felt bold and wise enough for both. Terry was a part of tomorrow's world, but so was she in her separate way. He had his wings. Hers were invisible, but they had lifted her as high, as far in a sky above the boundaries of fear.

I Put Away Childish Things

Last summer I twisted my knee badly and was sent to a hospital for an operation. I was away at camp at the time, far from the comfort of my family; and it was a dismal morning I awoke to the stale odor and bleak walls of my hospital room and looked with revulsion upon the insincere smile of my homely, red-faced nurse.

Nothing broke the monotony of my recovery until one afternoon I heard crying and screamed insults issuing from a room across the hall. Watching, I saw an expensively dressed, older woman flounce out the door and hurry down the corridor. Through the open door I glimpsed a young girl, rather dissipated looking, pale. When she caught my stare, I impulsively smiled at her.

Later, I had the nurse take some of my flowers to her. It was no generous gesture; simply, I was tired of them, and the piece I sent had stood in dark dignity on its wire legs, exuding a funereal air until I was sickened of the grotesque thing.

It meant much to her, though, too much, for she had no others; and in an uncultured scrawl she thanked me extravagently and pledged her friendship in a dramatic, yet sincere fashion.

Hers was a pitiful story which I gleaned from my unsympathetic nurse and old doctor. It seemed that her family lived in a houseboat on the water front; and she, Mildred, had never known a society beyond the wharf-loafers and transient sailors. A pick-up was expected; so one evening when she andher best friend were strolling along and a black limosine swished up with an eager face at the window suggesting a ride, they hopped in, naturally. The glowing dash-board fascinated them; as did the oval, mild cigarettes in a wafer-thin platinum case. He drove fast and surely to a roadside tavern to collect some intoxicated comrades. Just kids with too much money, looking for excitement but incapable of a premeditated wrong, dangerous only in their stupidity.

The usual tale: a gay party, a crowded car, tragedy in a moment at a sharp curve. Everyone was injured but the driver, and Mildred's friend died in her arms.

The blame, despite clever lawyers and powerful backing, fell on the youthful driver, I won't say how justly), and he is serving a fifteen year prison sentence.

Mildred now lay in an uncertain condition, her back injured perhaps permanently. She suffered the accusations of society and the fury of his unforgiving mother, whom I had seen that afternoon across the hall.

I had smiled at her and unknowingly made a fast friend, perhaps a strange one; but I had judged not her promiscuities.

She sent her mother over to see me, and the gray, older woman stood beside my bed, twisting a word bag in gnarled, roughened hands. So good, so truly good, and dedicated only to serving her children; but trodden under the heel of poverty until she was scarcely an identity. I accepted her thanks and reluctantly, for though I was an idle, selfish child, I sensed a certain beauty and reality in her tattered dignity and composed face.

I shall never forget that next afternoon when I was bundled on the train for home. Cramped, miserable, my leg a torture, I sat insensible to the fact that I had no ticket until the red face of the conductor leered over me, threatening and angry. He seemed to swell and wheel above me demanding the ticket. Tears rolled down by cheeks as I futilely pleaded with him. I must get off. He glanced down at my bandaged leg and suddenly his expression changed. "You're Ann Cleveland, aren't you?" he said. "I'm Mildred's father. I'll get you the best on this train and see you safely home."

He carried me to an empty car and built a nest of cushions, and later when he deposited me in my father's arms, he thanked me.

Ocean

It was summertime, and I was twelve years old. The place was a strip of beach in the state of South Carolina. I had never seen the ocean; so I stood there that first morning and tried to wrap up its meaning so that I could retain it like a gold coin. A guilty feeling came to me because I felt that I should think some profound thought while standing before this overwhelming presence, but no worthy thought was forthcoming.

After I had looked at what I called eternity for a while, a sense of harmony came over my being. I was no longer an entity. The limitless waves, the vivid atmosphere and the soothing breezes seemed to be repeating that here was complete peace; here one could be lulled into such a sense of rest as mortals seldom experience.

The waves suggested that one shouldn't hurry this existence, but should let the laws that ruled the ocean also rule our progress. There was not a wrinkle on the brow of the horizon, and this smooth line that joined the heavens and earth could be depended on never to worry about the next day's duties.

The following morning I left, but to this day I have a thorough respect for that definite personality that we call the ocean.

My Country, 'tis of Thee
Sweet land of Liberty
Of Thee I sing!
Land where my fathers died,
Land of thy Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring!

A REVIEW OF FLOWERING WILDERNESS

By John Galsworthy

(Reviewed by Louise Lasseter)

England—the John Bull of cartoon, the White Cliffs of Alice Duer Miller, the landed monarch of the world—ruler of mandate and crown colony, bulwark of a power and spirit that is and could be only English—here is the England of which John Galsworthy writes. Although **Flowering Wilderness,** one of his later novels, lacks the greatness of his **Forsyte Saga** and falls far short of becoming a classic, it most clearly portrays the mighty influence of a powerful nation on the pair of a cross section of its upper classes; and composes a rather moving and charming novel.

The first chapter seems to plunge immediately into the "wilderness" of Foch. Two are to become the lovers about which the story unfolds—Dinny Cherrell, who is a symbol of all that is England's beauty, and Wilfred Desert, whose travelling in the East has weaned him away from patriotism.

Into this scene a small remark of the third stranger, Jack Muskbam, that "at least Foch didn't leave us in the lurch!" brings a sudden stiffening defensive caution to the younger man; then Muskham saunters away.

But Dinny, the favorite daughter in all the Mont and Cherrell clan, has for the first and only time fallen, and admonitions of all the family conclave, enters into a courtship and then promises to marry Wilfred Desert.

All the objection of the family lie in the recent apostasy of the young baronet when he saved his life from a band of Mohammedan fanatics by recanting and professing Mohammedanism. In the eyes of all Englishmen he has acted the "pukka sahib" and betrayed his countrymen, who have kept up their honor in the East since Clive set the standard by his famous words, "Shoot, and be damned!" Though Uncle Adrian, curator of a museum, Michael, a cousin, Sir Lawrence, another of Dinny, and other typically English gentlemen are not quite so indignant as Jack Muskham and Wilfred's club members, who black-ball him for his misdeed, they all see what is ahead for their beloved Dinny because of the harmful publicity Desert's poem, "The Leopard", brings about.

As Adrian so wisely expressed it in thought, the Gobi desert seemed to learn like the rose in comparison with the wilderness across which his favorite niece was moving, and she was of the type who only flowered once.

Wilfred's character is more directly explained than that of Dinny. He is first described as having a "strange, beautiful, tortured, compelling face." The conflicting forces which tear at his soul and cause his ruin are explained by the author as "his rebellious contempt for convention, an ingrain of typical English conception, and a disillusioned bitterness and skepticism of Christianity." He is also betrayed by a tenderness which causes him to pity his would-be executioner. He is a Byronic, pathetic figure who is stubborn in facing the world with his beliefs, yet torn by a haunting fear that he actually is the coward people say that he is.

Dinny is the strangest of all the characters and the most tragic, because her strength cannot brook the chasm of traditions set down by her ancestors; and yet it is on an intrinsic love of her destroyer that she finally builds her peace.

The many other characters have little to do with the plot individually, yet collectively compose the opposing force. They are more important as a vivid picture of English life in the upper classes. Sir Lawrence, Aunt Em, Fleur, so far as this book reveals, and Uncle Hilary are likable and unchangeable characters whose lives are worked out in the every-day fashion and only disturbed by the troubles of Dinny.

The servants in the different households are personalities themselves and their relations with the family is clearly set forth. Dinny says of Stack, Wilfred's butler, "He gives me the impression that he is confessing me before I have anything to confess"; yet he became her strongest ally.

In the end, England is the victor over Love, and it seems that Galsworthy would have us believe this a mere repetition of thousands of such situations. If Galsworthy had lived only a decade longer he might not have been quite so sure, of the timelessness of tradition!

Flowering Wilderness is just what its name implies in lovely descriptive passages of English scenery, both outdoor and indoor; yet the phrases and metaphors often seem a little time worn, such as Dinny's wondering at her "lucky star" in the conclusion. To a reader who is not familiar with **Forsyte Saga** and other books in the series, there are many loose threads in character and in plot; and, though they are not necessary to the author's purpose, they leave the reader with the same disappointed expectancy as does the plot itself. One feels Clare's ominous marriage is mentioned like a teaser, then dropped; similarly, Fleur's past. The author seemed to offer the reader many reasons to hope for a solution to the problems of Dinny and Wilfred and then lets him down at the end.

The Men Around Churchill

By Rene Kraus

(Reviewed by Jane Scovern)

Rene Kraus has already made his name familiar on the tongues of book readers by his book "Winston Churchill". Again he turns to the English scene with this recent book "THE MEN AROUND CHURCHILL".

Mr. Kraus, in order to have a distinct plan in which to introduce these Englishmen, has logically grouped them under their various classes. The book is divided into five parts. They are: Old School Tie, Labour, Soldiers, Eccentries, and Symbol. Into the lives of fourteen important Englishmen he takes the reader, and each person is certainly given a colorful picture.

Viscount Halifax is presented as an Imperialist, an old-school-tie Tory. He now is the English Ambassador to the United States and has what Mr. Churchill terms "the most important post at this time which any British subject can occupy outside the United Kingdom". During his stay here he has done much to shake the platform of the Isolationists. Mr. Kraus describes him as being somewhat a mysterious enigmatic figure. Halifax is a religious man, politics only coming second. He represents one of the many who are the rulers of an outworn feudal system. It seems almost impossible, but Rene Kraus would have me believe that the people of Yorkshire look to the Halifax family almost as did vassals look to their lords of the old feudal system centuries ago.

Anthony Eden is England's Prince Charming, whom the author of this book calls an infant prodigy. He is today the Foreign Secretary of Mr. Churchill. Like Halifax, Eden is of the old English breed. Some call him a violent individualist, others, an eccentric Englishman. Unlike a prince charming, Mr. Eden is in this book given a very matter-of-fact life. It is made up entirely of war activities, parliamentary and military battles.

Churchill's Man Friday, Sir Archibald Sinclair, is a leader in England today. Strange enough he is half American by descent. Mr. Kraus calls him, 'something of an intellectual version of Jimmy Walker in his prime." Of soldiers Churchill has the finest. The man at the head of Britain's fighting is Sir John Greer Dill, briefly, but concretely a sketch of King George VI. Outside Great Britain the King's share in the war goes almost unnoticed. He inspires the nation that Churchill leads.

Because the author of this book believes this war to be one not only of machine power, but also strength of character, he has joined together the cream of England's ruling crop, and has told briefly of fourteen of them. He seems to foretell the outcome of the war, as he sees it, through the activity of these men. The transformation that has come over Britain, in order to win the war, is shown in the test cases of the characters of the book.

It is written in a highly interesting style. Anything that tells of a present crisis is almost of necessity colorful. This is certainly no exception. The lives of these men who are at the helm of the British Ship are told in a clear, authentic style.

If this book should have appeared ten years from now I would have read it as an interesting biographical bit of England's great men. It is an appealing and readable book. But there's where I wonder. It is so appealing that when I put it down I felt almost like a brother to the English or even an Englishman myself. "THE MEN AROUND CHURCHILL" is one of the best books of propaganda I have read since the war began. The plea for aid to this great empire of courageous people is given in such a subtle way there is no desire to revolt from it. For example, Sir Dill says, "God willing, and neither Britain nor American faltering, darkness and tyranny will be swept away by this freedom-loving peoples." I liked the book yet I draw away from the theme. I feel as if England's people have just marched by carrying the English and American flag, loudly beating drums and blowing trumpets, and shouting "We are a great and worthy people, do help us!"

Oh---say can you see
By the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed
In the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars
Through the perilous night
O'er the ramparts we watched
Were so gallantly streaming.
And the rockets' red glare,
The bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the fight
That our flag was still there.
Oh---say does that star-spangled
Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the Free
And the home of the Brave?

The Chimes

Ward – Belmont School
Nashville, Tennessee

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VOLUME VII NUMBER 1

The Chimes

WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL

Nashville, Tennessee

November, 1942

"The Bells of Ward-Belmont! Oh, hear! they are calling
The Old Girls, the New Girls to meet once again;
And so, my beloved, with autumn leaves falling,
Our Alma Mater sings to us its old refrain."

". . . With autumn leaves falling" . . . bits of vividness floating down, lilting as they bounce from air-cushion to air-cushion, somber olive green changing to warm cinnamon brown and smoldering rep, wisps of gold flashing in the still-warm sunlight . . . the condescending majesty of the oaks in front of Acklen Hall as the brisk little squirrels play hide-and-seek on their gnarled, beautiful branches . . . the incredible blue of the sky . . . this is autumn . . .

Football games with blazoned pennants and shaggy chrysanthemums and enthusiasm which takes one's breath because of its youthful, valiant gaiety . . . the tangy nips of cold insinuating themselves into the air to give promise of crackling bonfires and early morning rides when the horse is frisky and eager "to be given his head" . . . the pert happiness of W.-B. girls as they run to breakfast, laughing and vivacious . . . the joyful shouts from the sturdily contested hockey games . . . the saucy veiled hats on Sunday morning and the plaid skirts flickering their multicolored brightness . . .

The radiant sunsets which tinge the clouds with hues from birthday-party pink to fluffy delphinium blue . . . the orange moon making the clouds luminous and ethereal . . . the brittleness of the clear night air and the rustle of dry fallen leaves . . .

Yes, autumn leaves are falling and "our Alma Mater sings to us its old refrain": the Bells of Ward-Belmont!

MARIE MOUNT
COLLEGE, '44

The Chimes

VOLUME VII NOVEMBER, 1942 NUMBER 1

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Those Who Ring The Bell

We begin another year of *Chimes* publications, its sixth. As we read forewords of issues we see pleas of all sorts to the student body from editors: Grace Benedict, Jean Banigan, Suzy McDonald—

This issue, you'll see a quantity of "college '44's" and very few of anybody else's. The editors are counting on more of you to be represented next issue. . . .

You'll find the South and the West clearly depicted by Virginia Terrett and Hallie Martin . . . Margaret Burk has offered a perfect picture of all those men with wings . . . Little Bunny Holcomb tells you of her impressions of England, and Polly Fessey introduces you to a most amazing colored friend, "Mai Mai" . . . .

Anotner suggestion to all you Shakespears and Shelleys: Don't hide your poetry behind a bushel . . . We want it . . .

Margaret Hay reviews a current best-seller, and Betsy Ann Rowlett interprets Debussy in a poetic paraphrase . . .

We nope you like the way we've rung the bell.

Because of Him

HALLIE DECKER MARTIN
College, '44

"There was a South of slavery and secession. That South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom. That South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour." Some prominent person said that on some memorable occasion. Some reason or fact gave him ground for such words. If challenged, he probably could have proved them.

My grandfather could have proved them. He is the proof himself. He was a child of ten at the time of the Civil War and his varied experiences had all the dash and glamour one could desire.

His father freed his slaves before he donned his gray uniform and marched away to defend the South he loved.

The war ended, grandfather finished his education, established his business, reared his family, and retired to watch his grandchildren grow into true, steady, loyal Americans, as their parents before them. There is nothing unusual about this. Thousands of men had achieved more than grandfather—or had they?

My father died before I was born, and my mother and I made our home with my grandfather in a small town. It was not difficult for me to understand the close comradeship that existed between my grandfather and his children, for I knew the tales which my young imagination so eagerly lapped up were the well-loved ones told around the family circle years before.

There were tales of a young boy dashing madly to the pasture to drive the horses into the woods before the enemy found them. There was the day when he faced the blue column with a pistol in one hand and the bridle of the only remaining horse in the other, and threatened to shoot the first man who touched it. And the blue column marched away. I could almost see the small crib where his family hid their winter's supply of cornmeal. It seemed I was with him when he dug the dirt from the smokehouse floor and boiled it to get salt. I was glad he helped the wounded Yankee lad to elude the pursuing rebels.

But these were but a few of the stories. Others were of Daniel, David, the baby Jesus, and an Easter morning. Before I was four I knew all the words to "Dixie," "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the Twenty-third Psalm. I knew also that a negro was as good as I was, and deserved the same rights and privileges. I knew that the South had lost its war so that there would be a strong enough nation to deal with the Germans in '17-'18, and I knew that the German people were not to be blamed for what their leaders had done.

I wonder whether other boys who watched the invader cart off their pigs, chickens, and flour, leaving them nothing but cornmeal, ever explained to people that the South was wrong, too. I wonder whether, remembering their own hunger, other boys taught their children to give more than was demanded of them.

Aware, as our family is, of a sense of duty and honor, it is difficult for us to break the Golden Rule, which has been the only family law. Because my grandfather saw the effect, and endured the hardships of war—not ordinary war, but civil war—there is one family group which realizes that this country must stay strong enough, kind enough, and free enough for all kinds of people and religions. To this end we bend all our efforts, as did my grandfather.

Cadet Dances

MARGARET BURK
College, '44

Cadets come in three varieties: fair, worse, and the worst. Being No. 13 on team 27 of the G. S. O., I have met numerous cadets at the cadet dances that our team is required to attend on Wednesdays and Fridays of each week. Hopefully, I venture forth on said nights "to do or die for the dear, old G. S. O." (mostly, die).

Speaking of worse, I will mention only a few of the characters I invariably attract at each dance. Let there be a fat, red-faced cadet who pumps his arms so vigorously I expect to strike oil, I get him. Let there be a wobbly, affectionate, red-nosed drunk who thinks of "dear old mother" when he sees my fixed Mona Lisa smile, I get him. If there is a short, little cadet that comes to my shoulder on his (usually my) tiptoes, I get him. He invariably asks, "How tall are you?"

"Oh, 'bout six feet."

"With or without stockings?"

At this point he is trying to shove me around like a moving van. Let there be a fugitive from Listerine with a dash of garlic added, I get him. This type usually leaves me breathless, if you know what I mean. If there is a truck driver from Pittsburgh who still likes to shove people around, I invariably get him. Let there be a Brooklyn taxi driver who enjoys bragging about the Dodgers, I get him. If there is an Italian from the Bronx full of "youse guys" and "no kidding, kid," I get him. I have finally decided my magic (?) No. 13 draws them all.

Perhaps the worst are the middle-aged married men who dote on talking of Junior. They usually do a dragging two-step, that went out with the bustle, to "Rumboogie." Then there are always the jitterbugs from New York who insist on dashing me off one cadet onto another.

Fate has sent me a few reprieves in the form of "fair" cadets. By "fair" I mean the rough and ready ranch hand from Texas, the solemn undertaker from Boston, the bespectacled professor of math from the University of South Dakota, the playboy from Chicago who hasn't quite learned that college and the army are two different matters, the serious artist from Philadelphia, and the cadet from Utah. How did I know he really was a Mormon when I blithely asked him how many wives he had!

I laugh at some of these cadets, yes. I also realize that they are giving up much to help see this war through. Since I cannot knit and I cannot fight, the least I can do is to have them step on my feet, while I grin and step right back on theirs.

Mai Mai

Polly Fessey
College, '43

Willie Mai, or "Mai Mai," as my little sister insisted upon calling her, was for nine years our maid. She was really very attractive and extremely neat. Her hair (on which she must have spent hours, greasing and straightening) was rolled around her head. She took special pride in her white uniforms and would starch and press them until they could stand alone, and then at attention.

Physically, she was as impeccable as Chaucer's nun who never spilled grease on her faultless wimple; yet she had the charm for the other sex that the Wife of Bath had. Even though she was only nineteen when she began working for us, she had had a current husband and her next lined up. When she went to a dance there would be about five to take her, and then she would ask another to avoid going with one of the five.

"Mai Mai" had a flare, too, for the romantic in speech. She referred to her first marriage as a "childhood romance," since she was only sixteen. However, when she met Allen, she knew for certain this was the real thing. But Allen was a chef, and this time it took only one cook to spoil the broth; so, soon, this marriage also came to a sad ending. However, by the time she had her divorce, another wedding was being planned. There had been "boy friends" before, like "King Kong" and "Slugger Joe," but there were none like James. By now she had decided that this must last, and that James would become number three only when he had sufficient funds. By the trial and error method, she had learned that this was an excellent idea.

Even without Vitalis, "Mai Mai" had talents that helped her to "win the love of men and the admiration of women." Like most negroes, she had a rather good voice. Often she would entertain me in the kitchen with words to her favorite, *Moonglow*. She would get a faraway look in her eyes, gently fold her hands, breathe so as to spread her nostrils even wider, and really put her heart into this "liltin' melody," as she chose to call it. But her abilities did not stop here.

No medieval lady ever took her dream book more seriously than did "Mai Mai." It was no less important to the other cooks in the neighborhood, to me, and the rest of my family. In the afternoon her spotless kitchen was a mecca of troubled people. There was no dream so far-fetched that she could not tell exactly what it meant, and why.

"Mai Mai" was quite a dancer, too. Many is the time I watched through a half-closed door when she thought she was alone. She would turn on the radio, crook her left elbow high in the air, place her right hand in the hand of her imaginary dance partner, and "truck on down." In an undertone, I would hear her utter such phrases as "Blow it out, boys," or "Swing it, you red-hot trumpeter." Of all of her dancing partners I had heard of, "Big Brown" was her favorite, but unfortunately he was married.

The climax of her career while working for us was her part in the ball her club gave. She was a member of the *La Soiree Social Club*, and that organization and the *Gardenia Club* gave a dance. Each was to select a queen, and the club selling the most tickets would have its queen crowned. Willie Mai was elected, and for weeks tried to sell everybody she saw, whether colored or white, tickets. A special balcony was to be reserved for the white people who wished to watch.

Finally the big night arrived, and since we had purchased about a dozen tickets, we decided to go. As my family entered, Irene, the president, came to greet us and assure us that we had nothing to worry about. She alone had sold nearly a hundred tickets. Yes, Irene was a worker—all two hundred and fifty pounds of her.

At last the time for the announcement of the winner came. The five-piece band got the attention by sounding a long, loud blast, and then began playing a waltz (at least that is what we imagined they were playing). The two clubs marched in, all dressed in white evening dresses, with their respective queen leading them, and stopped in front of the orchestra to await the result. Irene, of course, was to name the winner. Willie Mai was now breathing hard; her lips were drawn in a tight straight line; her nostrils were spread wider. At last the winner was named, and "Mai Mai" was crowned with a wreath of white carnations and presented with a five-dollar silver tray. This was really the biggest thrill I believe she ever had, because now she had actually been named queen of the ball. However, she was little more thrilled than the excited people in the balcony.

Several weeks later, early one morning, the telephone rang. At last the inevitable was to happen. Willie Mai was calling to tell that she was quitting, and on her way to Chicago to get married. Yes, "Mai Mai" was actually gone. With her went the perfect maker of lemon pies, the totally successful social person, the interpreter of dreams, only to be traded for cooks who furnished nothing but nourishing, plain, dull food for the body.

La Cathedral Engloutie

BETSY ANN ROWLETT
College, '44

The cold green waves lap gently on the coral;
The pale tides slowly tremble and grow still.
A wav'ring form appears amid the depths,
A great cathedral, sovereign and hallowed.
See! Her mighty arches cast huge shadows;
Her towers imploring fingers heavenward stretch.
Hark! Her mighty chimes are pealing now;
The vasty waters shudder with the blow,
And earth reels with discordant harmonies.
Why is she prisoned in the icy depths?
Was it a vision? Shall I ever know?

Pupil Teaches Teacher

BERNIECE ERWIN
College, '43

"Have you had any camp experience?"

"No," I replied, "but I'm very fond of children, and—"

"Have you had any courses in nature study." I was rudely interrupted by Miss Johnson.

"Two years of biology and one of forestry."

"You realize, if you take this position, you will be responsible for the teaching of nature to twenty children for one month, do you not?"

"I'm sure I could do it," I answered confidently, and, so saying, I rushed home enthusiastically to pack my trunk.

Just think. A whole month to be spent in the mountains with nothing to do except look at the beautiful butterflies, birds, and wild flowers.

Upon my arrival, I was warmly welcomed by the children in my group. One little girl, Betty, asked what we'd do in our nature class the next day, and I told her we'd go on a hike.

"She's just the type to enjoy all the beauties of nature," I thought.

"Where shall we go?" I asked.

"To Hickory Spring," cried six childish voices in unison.

To Hickory Spring we started. When we were halfway there, someone yelled, "I've caught a lizard!"

A lizard! A lizard!

"Betty! Betty! Put that thing down! Put it down immediately!" My word!"

"But look."

And before I could move she was waving the thing in my face.

"Isn't it beautiful? Look at its tail. It's as blue as the sky, and as beautiful."

A lizard. The sky. Beautiful. And this was my sweet little Betty talking!

The next day I found her down by the lake joyously catching and studying frogs. The day after that it was turtles.

Much to my horror, she came to my cabin one morning with one of her wrists draped in baby garden snakes.

"Betty!" I practically screamed at her.

Mistaking my outburst as one of surprise and joy at her findings, (she was only half right), she started talking about the snakes being the color of grass in spring.

For three weeks I bit my nails, and agreed with Betty on everything she said. After all, wasn't it my job to teach the campers the beauties of nature? But just who was teaching whom?

By the end of the fourth week, Betty had a collection of lizards large enough for a museum display. One day I heard myself saying, "My, isn't that a beauty!" Imagine my surprise when I found they actually had my stamp of approval.

Wedding Bells

GENELLA NYE
College, '44

She surveyed herself in the full-length mirror with excited eyes. Then with all the candor of her nine years pronounced the verdict, "Umm nice!"

How many times she had stealthily opened the closet door, pulled aside the white sheet, and caressed, with grimy hands, the dress—a sophisticated, swirly dress of pink net. Not just a dress, but an evening dress! And there lying beneath it on the floor, shining and glistening, were the shoes. Silver evening slippers! All pink inside with silver writing and heels a good inch high.

But now the hour was approaching. She turned politely to look at the bride and exclaim over her tulle and satin, but the pink-clad figure in the mirror called to her again, and she gave it her immediate and wholehearted attention. She tossed her head as she had seen the older girls do, and she tried to make her hair brush her shoulders a la Jon Whitcomb style. However, she was confronted with a difficulty. Her hair, most unfortunately, had been cut so that only the vision of a scrubbed pink ear was the result of her effort at tossing. She allowed a faint, elusive smile to play upon her lips and she tilted her head at a devastating angle—so it seemed to her. She looked much too glamourous to be only a junior bridesmaid. Now, if I can only remember this *pose,* she thought. It was good. No doubt about that! Yes, she'd use this one instead of the ethereal effect going down the aisle.

I feel exactly as if I were twelve, she thought. Just exactly! With a sigh of contentment she relaxed to watch the fly crawling across her gardenia.

As the bridal party started to the church, she was only aware of the way the moonlight shown on her silver shoes. As she stood in the big arched door at the head of the aisle, she was only aware of the deep swelling of the organ, the shaking of her knees, and her hands icy with excitement. . She felt a gentle nudge and she knew that the fatal hour had arrived. All the excitement had died away. Only a sick fear was left. Her stomach felt as if someone were stirring it with a spoon. She felt goose pimples climb up her legs and cover her arms. Suppose she stumbled in those beautiful little shoes and tore her adored dress. Oh horrible thought! Another sharper nudge brought her out of her panic. Drawing a deep breath, she clutched her bouquet tighter and started walking toward her goal. How far away the flickering candles at the altar seemed. She felt lost in a sea of faces. Her feet were like lead. Suddenly, she almost stopped as she remembered the key of her whole entrance. The *pose*! Of course! Her family, watching anxiously, were surprised to see the pink-clad image transformed before their eyes. With head tilted back and eyes shining, she briskly bounced down the aisle. A titter ran through the wedding guests as the mouth, which had been so set, broke into a smile that Shirley Temple could never have equaled. The flickering candles were close now, and she was covering that distance like two feet instead of twen-

ty. As she took her place, she glanced over the congregation. Surely those smiles on their faces were ones of approval!

Miss Luzene

MARGARET HAY

If you could personify Miss Luzene into an inanimate object, I think the most apt description would be a a slowed down tidal wave. It's a rather amazing procedure when she once decides upon some action because a small bolt seems to slip into place somewhere in her head, and then it's too late for a mere human to divert the conclusion. She expresses no ill will toward the people who gently try to change her mind, nor does she ever raise her voice in contention when her friends try reasoning with her. She just calmly and persistently does what she sets out to do.

A paradox enters into the scene where her appearance is concerned. Most people imagine stubborn people to have tight little faces with small eyes and thin lips and a chin protruding out like chiseled granite. This individual blasts to bits that mental picture, because she looks like the epitome of gentleness. Soft white hair is waved around a face which tells of nothing if not good will toward all her fellow beings. Her smile endears her to all onlookers because it crinkles up her face and causes her eyes to shut. Everyone agrees that she looks to be the most kind-hearted person in the world. Her greatest enjoyment is inviting people over to have chicken and hot biscuits.

But in order to make a well-rounded individual out of her, I think it's only fitting to illustrate her willful side by some concrete examples.

Just pretend you're riding with Miss Luzene in a big city—say, Chicago. Well, she decides she wants to look at Lake Michigan, so she picks the outer drive where all cars are supposed to go at least 40 miles an hour. This fact doesn't appeal to her, because she can't enjoy the view at that rate of speed. What does she do? She does the very thing ten thousand Chicago drivers don't want her to do. She drives at 15 miles an hour so she can see the lake. Now all this time, you don't say anything, because you realize what a sweet lady she is. But in another five minutes you're also realizing that there's a line of 150 honking cars behind you that want to get home to supper. You meekly suggest that a car is trying to pass, but are told that it's silly for people to go fast, and that what's wrong with the world today is that people are in too much of a mad rush. This sounds logical, but you're still cringing at those dirty looks people are throwing in your direction. Then you timidly venture, "Gosh, these cars sure go fast; maybe we'd better step on it a bit." In a minute you get your answer, which is a flourish of the hand in the direction of the lake and a remark concerning the sheen on the water. You finally gain a little composure by pushing the dashboard with your knees.

It gives her rather a thrill to have people do small things for her. For instance, she decides to take a friend some fruit. The lady lives a hundred miles away and it seemed rather doubtful what condition the fruit would be in at the destination. Arguments are useless since Miss Luzene has made up her mind. You can succeed in discouraging her from stopping at the first six fruit stands by telling her how wilted the fruit looks. In fact, you're feeling pretty confident that you've won the decision. She doesn't talk much during this time, but just looks rather sad and hurt. The first ominous sign comes at the next intersection. Whenever she's planning a campaign she waits in the middle of the street to see if any car is coming. The more the streets, the longer she waits. She really slips up on you this time. She waits until two or three cars are creeping behind her, and then all of a sudden she stops and starts talking real fast. The general idea is for you to run over to that very clean fruit stand and buy four pears, six oranges, eight peaches and a dozen plums. You are caught and you don't even have time to talk back. You solemnly promise yourself never to go with her again, but her sweet innocence wins over and you find yourself doing her precarious biddings time and time again.

Prelude to Manhood

VIKI DAVIDSON
College '43

It was a regular fall day. A frisky breeze was blowing and a deceptively warm-looking sun was shining brilliantly. The whole world was refreshing and alive, but Jeffery reflected rather cynically that this clear weather couldn't last; things that he enjoyed never did. Jeff Whelan was morose, sullen and highly dissatisfied with life. His mind was on other topics when suddenly the motor of the so-called automobile he was driving coughed consumptively and, with a small apologetic sigh, settled down into a disgusting silence. Swearing softly, Jeff extracted his gangling bulk from between the steering wheel and the seat, and fished ungracefully beneath the floor for a wrench.

With an unnecessary flourish he lifted the hood and stuck his tousled blond head into the intricacies of the motor. The fact that he had to close his eyes to keep from having them jabbed out did not seem to hinder his optical powers, for he deduced wisely, with a sage nod of his head, that the fault lay in the carbuerator. "Well," he muttered, "that's that. I'm now convinced that I am the most unlucky guy on earth. The fates are against me!" He had heard this line in some movie and now as he said it, the sound pleased him immensely. "That's what it is," he continued. "The fates are against me."

Pushing the chariot of his dreams to the side of the road, he took his stand beside it, eagerly raising his thumb and grinning idiotcally at every passng motorist. There is one Good Samaritan in every rural district, and Josiah C. Brown happened to be just that. When he saw this fine, upstanding, seventeen year old youth waving

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Xavier

RAMONA COOKE
College, '44

Four years ago I was a freshman, too, and the experiences of that year will long live in my memory. The most outstanding incident was the first big formal dance to which I had a date with the Prince Charming of the senior class.

I was all "hepped" up about going with such a "smooth guy," and I went down and splurged my whole month's allowance on a darling (if I do say so) fireman's red formal. With much coaxing, I got Mom to promise me her evening jacket, the red wool one, and waited for the day.

You know as well as I do that "tempus" doesn't "fugit" when you want it to, and this "tempus" was no exception, but Friday finally rolled around. I'd promised to meet Judy and Kate there, and all through ninth and tenth study halls I subsisted on divine dreams and visions of their faces when they saw me sweep up that night with my Romeo. I couldn't make up my mind whether we'd be going in a cream-colored convertible or a black Rolls-Royce with a chauffeur. If you will ponder a moment on this subject you will find it quite difficult. A creamy convertible is more modern; but if the guy is new and doesn't know his way around, and my sense of direction can't be relied upon one bit, maybe it's better that he doesn't drive. Anyway, a chauffeur is more ritzy. I finally arrived at the idea of letting "him" decide.

He lives in a big brick house on Sheridan Road and goes to school in the East. That ought to mean something! At least I thought it should. So when he came knocking at my door Friday night, can you blame me for telling the family to take a gander out the window at the swell car "he" probably had standing out in front?

I almost died when he led me out to a 1914 Packard gas buggy and proudly introduced me to Xavier. Get that! He introduced me to Xavier.

"Xavier," he said, "I should like you to meet Ramona. You'll probably be seeing a lot of her from now on."

All this time I had been looking around for another cute guy—probably a foreigner from the sound of his name. Then it dawned on me. This—this rattletrap, this can-opener on wheels, this destitute, despicable tin cracker-box was Xavier, and Chris and I (no chauffeur), you'll notice; in fact, almost no car) were going to ride to the dance in it.

"Shake hands," Chris said to me, and motioned towards a piece of protruding fender that he evidently considered one of Xavier's hands. Somehow I became master of myself, and the situation, and grasped the metal and gave it a good pumping. Xavier was evidently pleased, for it jerked and rattled and squeaked conversationally for at least five minutes afterwards.

Meanwhile, figuring that if this phenomenal beast had hands, it probably had ears, nose, feet, I began to look around for something that looked like the back of its lap, so I could kick it.

So we got in. All along the way Chris howled praises of Xavier above the deep rumblings and shrill croakings that accompanied us. It seems it cost only fifteen bucks, runs as well with tires as without (only wish had said machine now).

We charged up to the front of the country club, and the doorman stepped forward to open Xavier's door without cracking a smile. (Those fellows must have a bit of the great stone face somewhere back in their ancestral lines.)

Things weren't so bad at that particular minute. We were late enough to have missed the alighting crowd, and maybe if I was lucky we could make it without being seen. Chris didn't seem to mind at all if we were seen near Xavier. The doorman laid hold of Xavier's front door and calmly lifted it off. I guess the darn car just didn't want it anymore. The doorman sputtered, went a bit wall-eyed, and then he and I died a thousand mental deaths together. Kate and Judy rolled up behind us in Jim's big, black Buick.

Chris chuckled, took the door from the doorman, tossed it into the back seat, guided me to the front steps, and charged off to park his problem child.

Now you wonder why I told Chris to go take a flying swan dive into Lake Michigan and to take his blasted buggy with him? Oh, I know he's a swell dancer and, gosh, he's a nice guy, and, gee, how did I know that his new blue coupe was being shipped from the East, and that Xavier was only a temporary measure? But when Xavier's bolts dropped out going over that bump in Sheridan Road, and I had to drive the roaring, reeking raspberry cart home while Chris sat on the hood to keep it down—well, that was the last straw!

Maybe I was a bit unreasonable, though, and maybe I shouldn't have referred to Xavier quite as harshly as I did, but it's all right now, because Chris came over in a week with his sky-blue convertible, and we both apologized and smoothed things out. And we also kept Xavier—but not to go to dances in.

Imprisoned

Louise Lasseter
College '43

The waves lash their anguish
Hard against the steep
Of cliffs relentless
To waters that should weep—

The last torrent ebbing
As deathless tears die—
I hear my heart's crying,
And still can't cry.

Trouble Arrives in England

Myra Holcomb, College, '44

As we left the harbor I remember I cried terribly. I didn't want to leave daddy standing on the pier looking so lonely, but I really couldn't cry long, for everything was so new and intriguing. There was the half-size bunk I slept on, the handsome teller, the vulgar crew I talked to until my mother found out. Even yet I can't forget Johnny, the steward.

Later on in the voyage, I was a rather privileged person, for being nine years old I was looked on as too young to do anything truly bad, and yet old enough to know when to stay out of the way. Little did they know!

People's thoughts about me never did influence my actions; so I would cheerfully go down into the brig and proceed happily from there to the bridge uninvited. But our favorite sport was pouring water down the ventilators onto the people in their cabins below.

That was a wonderful trip over. Still two things stand out in my mind: first, they made us wash in salt water, and, second, they served billious lemon ice cream at every meal.

Of our arrival in Liverpool I recall nothing. From Liverpool we toured southeast to London to see the regular sights prescribed by our guide book. Glimpses return: the changing of the Guards, most impressive, as all are over six feet tall; Nottingham Palace, a dull and uninteresting-looking house; Westminster Abbey, an empty church inside; and pigeons of Saint James park who promptly found a place to sit on my bright red beret.

Mom then decided that we should not take a regular tour of England, as most honest tourists do, but visit the quaint places of historic interest. So, our American instincts getting a bit misplaced, we proceeded to lose ourselves in England, Scotland, and Wales. My memory not being very clear on most places, I shall mention three.

First, we went to Illfracomb, whose cliffs contest Dover's famed white ones. The tide there rose about five hundred yards and almost completely covered these mountains of rock. One day, climbing up on the cliffs, I found hundreds of miniature lakes with fish and seaweed growing happily, waiting for the tide to come up and wash them out to sea or bring food to their hermitage.

From these we went to Clovelly, an enchanting town sprawled down a lazy hillside till it looked as if it might slide into the sea. As we stood on the shore and looked up and sighed over the long flight of steps, an angel offered us a ram in the shape of three sturdy donkeys. Lazy Americans that we are, we rode up the cobbled steps and thereby shocked the citizenry.

After Mother's mildly shocking that town by riding a donkey, we hopped a bus to Scarbourough. Ar-

riving at the hotel, the first day we labeled ourselves ignorant by wishing to know what these "bathing machines" were that we had seen advertised for rent. My sister, finding her courage, asked the doorman. Looking her up and down as if she were a savage, he said: "I believe in America you would call them swim huts." They were, of course, bathhouses.

When we arrived back in London I was set to go home. I did not like the frozen custard they called ice cream. I wanted dinner at six-thirty, not eight. I did not drink cream in tea, and I definitely would not eat poached eggs for tea. So what if I ate with my fork in my right hand, not my left! The nasty English did not have to glare at me! Besides, what if we do like to talk and laugh at dinner? That is no reason that is wrong, even if they don't talk. I was just plain tired of traveling in England!

We stayed another week in London, sandwiching changing of the Guards between every two experiences. There was Nottingham Palace and the Changing of the Guards; Saint James Park, Changing of the Guards—over and over and over again. I was bored and did not appreciate England any more.

But, as I think back, I feel a lump rising in my throat. Are the ivy-covered castles still keeping watch over the countryside? Are the seagulls still soaring over Illfracomb? Can I ever see the Regent Palace Hotel again in its musty dignity? Do the pink sheep with the long tails still play happily in the fields, and the sway-backed mares look over the stone fences? May I some day go back and find it all the same? Gratefully would I eat poached eggs for tea, and love it.

Sure I Love Him

Betsy Bishop
College '44

Sure, I love him. Well, who wouldn't? He's just about the best guy I've ever known. He's good-looking, tall, blonde, and airy. He's a swell dancer. Everything he gets into, he ends up at the top—president or chairman, or something. He can also show a girl a good time. But—he knows it. Lawdy, yes, he knows it. Conceited? I should say so. Girls take one look at him, he "sort of" winks at them, and they follow him around for the rest of his life. Sure, I love him. Well, who wouldn't? He's my brother.

"Birddog Franklin"—that's a fine name. It fits him to a tee. You've heard people say, "Yeah, he's a birrr-dog." That's where the name came from. He picked it up in military school and it has stuck. It went through college, insurance business, field artillery, and now in the Army Air Corps with him. Yep, Birddog flies a B-24, and he's darn good too. Sure, I love him. Well, who wouldn't? He's my brother.

About two months ago when he received his wings and commission, he came home for a couple of days. Of

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The Modern Florence Nightengale

HALLIE DECKER MARTIN
College '44

She carries no lamp, nor does she force hard bitten, callous medical officials to bandage open wounds, yet I think Florence Nightengale would gladly, perhaps even a bit enviously, approve her modern counterpart.

Certainly she is not one staunch individual braving a storm of criticism and opposition alone. Probably any enthusiastic American would readily agree, maybe even boast, that there are hundreds of her kind, Yesterday she was "The Rose Of No Man's Land" and today she is an "Angel Of Mercy." As typical of her contempories I present a young lady, who, doubtless, you have "met" in your nightly meanders through the funny sheet of your daily newspaper: Miss Taffy Tucker, of Milton Caniff's comic strip "Terry And The Pirates."

Florence Nightengale would probably envy Taffy, not only because our Blonde heroine was joyously welcomed into the foreign service division of the American Red Cross, so that she was on hand, alert and ready to serve when disaster struck, but also because Taffy is now a commissioned second lieutenant in the United States Army.

Going beyond and above duty, Taffy escaped from the beseiged Phillipines, with a group of ill and injured refugees, who pressed their way through jungle wilderness and as many perils as the most daring western thriller affords, until they came at last to a forlorn medical unit in the China interior, with Taffy still in possession of her starched white uniform.

As the only experienced nurse of the army medical station she organized and trained a staff of Chinese nurses, assisted at all operations, supervised hospital supplies and assumed a vast number of other duties so that she was often on thirty-six or forty-eight hour duty, without rest.

The feverish, suffering, "Fighting Tigers" do not kiss the shadows of their ministering angel who soothes their brows and eases their hangovers. Instead they "dish out" a good bit of "kidding" and "razzing;" yet as she "hands it back" Taffy Tucker feels her reward well worth her efforts, for she understands the mixed emotions of thanks and gratitude which are veiled behind those teasing "jibs."

And so I give give you a modern Florence Nightengale: Today the nucleus of the army's morale, a God-sent angel of efficiency in a field dressing-station, and a "queen" of the army canteen.

Pullman Pandemonium

CONSTANCE PEARSON
HIGH SCHOOL, '43

My eyes strained to hold that last vision of things familiar and stretched the limits of sight as we sped away into the blackness, an almost tangible blackness that held none of the things or people I had been so close to all my life. It was a pitiless blackness that engulfed the image that had been so material only a few seconds ago, though I cried out for it with every fifiber of my being.

I stood at the top of the steps as the porter clanged the door shut; the banging and screeching of the train connections as they settled in their positions for their trek across-country, seemed to envelope me in a chaos of sound and confusion. The night whirling by outside seemed to whisper, "Hurry, hurry, hurry," and I felt as if the train were leaping ahead at a dizzy speed as I strained every sense in the opposite direction.

Finally, I pulled myself back to reality and turned blindly toward the nearest light, struggling to keep my balance on the lurching platform as I clutched the doorknob and pushed . . . The door gave way just as the train shot around a curve, and I was literally thrown through the door into a pompous, portly gentleman who looked as shocked as I was. We both muttered a few indistinguishable words of pardon as we vainly tried to recover ourselves and our belongings in the swaying narrow passage. Just as I would reach for my purse, the train would give a particularly energetic lur-u-urch, and the object of my attention would slide in the opposite direction, as I skidded skittishly after it, coming perilously close to bumping heads with the pillowy gentleman with whom I had collided. I had rash thoughts of not caring in the least whether I did collide with my companion in this nightmare again, as long as I got out of there with the sanity and possessions I had entered with.

By this time I was numb to any more humiliating experiences and made my way determinedly in the general direction of my berth, wondering how I could stand four, long, gruesome days of this. Just as my imagination reached its height, the train came to a bone-jarring halt, and I plunged, suitcase first, into the nearest berth. I felt someone thrashing violently around, and I thought desperately of crawling under the berth and spending the night with the suitcases, but since this proved impractical, my next impulse was flight, and quickly, too, for by now the occupant was muttering inarticulate words through gritted teeth, and I knew quite well the thoughts that prompted them.

I picked myself up and stumbled hastily down the aisle. I imagined furious, indignant eyes literally boring holes in me from between drawn pullman curtains, as I bumped into first one and then the other. I resolved that if I ever found my berth, I would shut myself in and hibernate for the entire trip to avoid the vengeance of my victims. I wondered if *this* was the manner in which one made social contacts on the train.

At last I discovered my berth after a long expedition up and down the car, peeking furtively at the numbers in the half light. I drew the curtains apart and threw my bag in and then clambered in on top of it. I was exhausted now and I just sat, or half-sat and half-lay, considering my next move of brilliant strategy. Here I was

imprisoned on four sides, racing on at a mad pace to somewhere I'd never been and to people I had never seen. For the first time I was in a situation where I was entirely on my own, where no amount of need could bring familiar aid or support. My first feeling was one of poignant, desolate loneliness, but before this had me inextricably in its clutches, I realized I was really awfully sleepy and that, after all, sleep could polish all my tarnished first impressions.

So I struggled laboriously out of my clothes and curled up, by necessity, for my first night on a pullman with the rhythmic thunder of the wheels for a lullaby.

First Love

MARGARET BURK
COLLEGE, '44

He was thirteen and I was twelve. It was the summer of 1937. We were both spending the summer at a camp in Delafield, Wisconsin.

He might have been considered good-looking if he hadn't had his black hair cut off within a half an inch of its life. It stuck up in stiff bristles all over his head, giving him the appearance of an embryonic criminal. His sparkling, beady black eyes were always crinkled in a laugh or frown. His height was perhaps his worst feature, as he was exactly as tall as I. In fact, when I had on high-heeled pumps, I was taller than he.

Our love began that evening. My sophisticated roommate, elegant in new blue shorts, backed into a freshly painted orange canoe. The color scheme was too much for my primitive sense of humor. I collapsed totally into unrestrained mirth. When I came to, I found my hero equally limp from the scene. The deed was done. I had a beau. Promptly he asked me to go canoeing on the lagoon. Oh, thrill! Oh, joy! My first beau! Of course, I went canoeing with him, but *I* was forced to do the paddling. It was a bit strenuous, but I enjoyed it thoroughly.

Our second date he paddled the light canoe around the lagoon with me languidly trailing my hand in the water (and being languid is not one of my gifts). He took impish delight in directing the boat under the willows and practically having me brushed out of the boat, doubtless a demonstration of his love. Of this attention I grew wearied, and we cemented our love by a violent water battle. Then we planned our honeymoon. He called me "wife" until I thought "fiancee" sounded better. I don't know why, myself, but I had a silly impulse to build a railroad through China. He decided we could build it on our honeymoon. Sounds romantic, doesn't it?

I remember one day in particular when he chased me around the tennis courts with a fly swatter. I think now it was a public demonstration of how much he loved me. It was that day that he gave me his boy scout pin. I wore it religiously on all my shirts. He also promised to give me a silver bracelet with the camp crest on it when camp was over. He never got around to giving it to me, as our beautiful romance was doomed to an early death.

Our romance was a well-known topic of conversation at camp. It gave me a thrill of pride to read little squibs about "the typical camp couple" in the camp paper. I couldn't quite realize I had a sure-enough, real, live beau. He was an excellent swimmer. He gave me several ribboned medals he had won in big swimming meets in Chicago. Proudly, I wore those gaudy ribbons on my shirts.

A prettier lass came between us. She had freckles that only added to her charm; vivacious, sky-blue eyes that twinkled when she smiled; and a cute little pug nose that wrinkled in the most devastating way. I was utterly crushed when I realized that he liked her, not me. All my happy dreams came crashing down around my ears. I knew I would be blighted for life. I swore never to look at another boy. I spent several days composing a scorching epitaph for our dead love. I could not decide between the melancholy, "It was fun while it lasted," or the sad, "It was nice to have known you." I decided on the former and sent it with the little boy scout pin back to him. How unhappy I was. I knew I would never love again, not really whole-heartedly, anyway.

Boys have come and gone in my life, but I haven't forgotten him, my first love, with the bristly black hair.

Tonight Reminds Me

VIKI DAVIDSON
COLLEGE, '43

Tonight reminds me of a year ago—
Of a night too much like this,
Of a snow-bound mountain and a glowing fire,
And an innocent first-love kiss.

You greeted me with a sudden smile
Of boyish but knowing charm.
And after I'd changed to my skiing clothes,
We rushed out arm in arm.

The tumbling snow raced through my hair
And twinkled on your brow.
We talked of the life that had filled our months
Or all that time would allow.

Back at the house, we dimmed the lights,
And relaxed in a comfortable place,
Where the fuzzy rug stretched across the hearth
And the fire light danced in your face.

Finally the embers ceased to glow,
And our voices were tired of talk.
You helped me on with my winter coat,
Suggesting another walk.

This time the sun was about to arise
In a background of flaming red.
We stood there facing the village below
Without a word to be said.

You kissed me then, and I heard you cry,
"I'll love you all my life."

Those words cut through the still of the day
Like the blade of a sharpened knife.

I haven't seen you since that day
Of snow and warming cold,
But no matter how new my new love is,
It will never blot out the old.

There is always a feeling down deep inside
Of a half reluctant bliss.
You don't want to remember—you can't forget
That exciting first love kiss.

If you ever returned, and I know you won't,
For you are fighting across the sea,
My heart would jump—then settle down.
What was, can never be.

But if it could, by the hand of Fate,
And an untold prophecy,
I would turn away and tell the truth
That my new love is all to me.

A Winter on a Western Ranch

VIRGINIA TERRETT

I think our ranch is the most wonderful place to be both summer and winter. Of course, winters are cold and sometimes, not very often, we did get snowed in for a couple of months. Perhaps to some people that previous statement would sound dry and colorless; but, to me, it brings back pictures of my childhood, especially the last winter I spent on the ranch, when I was in the seventh grade.

That particular winter we were snowed in, and I wasn't off the place for two months. We only got our mail once a week, and every Tuesday morning, about ten o'clock, I eagerly watched the bend of the road to look for the mailman, either horseback or on snowshoes.

There was never a dull moment, and although some mornings it was sixty below zero, we who could stay in the house never suffered, because my father had kept the fire up in the furnace during the night, and it was warm and comfortable when we got up. The men did freeze their faces one fiercely cold, windy day while they were out on the hay wagons, stacked high with pungent smelling hay, which daily in winter is fed to the large bunches of white-faced Herefords.

Many Saturday mornings my sister and I, and sometimes our teacher, would go out with the men to help feed and call the cattle down from the high, snow-covered hills to the waiting hay. It is really a beautiful picture on a bright morning, with the sun making diamonds on the crystal white snow, to see the cattle so peacefully eating their daily meal.

During the week my sister and I went to school in our own home to a private teacher. Although the enrollment was extremely small, our school and discipline was conducted much the same as a larger school. Each afternoon, after school was over and Priscilla and I had finished our piano practicing, we went out to play for about an hour before it turned dark. While there was snow, we skied or went tobogganing. On the warmer afternoons we either rode horseback or went for long walks, climbing hills and looking for interesting rock formations. When we came in, we could smell supper in the process of being cooked. Often I would help Mother cook. When we heard the bell of the separator from the back porch we knew supper should be finished, for the men were through with their day's work.

I think the evening was the most looked forward to part of the day. After we had finished the dishes (and, oh, how we did hurry with the dishes), the whole family, including teacher and maid, would gather around the fireplace and radio to listen to our favorite program or to have Mother read to us. No one with the weekly picture show to see could ever enjoy the radio quite as much as we did. It has seemed to me that programs have never been as good since that last year I spent on the ranch.

Saturday nights were eagerly waited, for on those nights Daddy allowed the boys from the bunkhouse to come over. We had wild and exciting ping-pong games out on the back porch, played never-ending monopoly games, or perhaps made fudge or had taffy pulls. Daddy is an expert taffy puller.

Sunday was a kind of lazy day. We rose later and always had an extra special breakfast of pancakes, eggs and bacon. Although the men had to feed the cattle in the morning, they had a long, restful afternoon. Daddy's whole week is upset if he doesn't have that particular Sunday afternoon nap.

Some people might think themselves terribly deprived if they had spent more than half of their lives on a large ranch, some sixty miles from town, had a private teacher and only a sister as a playmate; not I, though. I feel that I am one of the extremely lucky to have had the experiences that I have had, and to have formed such a close companionship with my sister. My only hope and wish is that I may have the opportunity to spend many more or at least one winter again on the ranch.

Sure I Love Him

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course, he'd been through a pretty tough time. It's hard to end up as a pilot in the Air Force. You have to have brains, spirit, intestinal fortitude, and mighty good health, but Birddog came through. I might add —with flying colors. Naturally, he was a little cross and bearish, after such a strain. Still, he was cockier and more conceited than ever. He started ordering me around, and, like a goose, I jumped quicker'n lightning to do whatever he said. He called up girls to go out, and they broke dates for him. He knew they would, but, just the same, it put the final touch on his already highly inflated ego.

Ha! Funny thing—one night he called a girl (she was engaged, by the way) to ask her for a date. She had already gone out. That irked him.

Boy! That really got his goat. So he left his number, and said, "Please tell her to call Joe Franklin." She called —not once, but five times, the next day. He had been in town helloing everybody all day, and didn't get home till six o'clock that night. I met him at the door. "Hey, Bird," says I, "Mary called. She wants you to call her back." You should have seen him strut. Reminded me of a poor, unsuspecting gobbler the day before Thanksgiving. He strutted for an hour and a half. That makes the time exactly seven-thirty—too late to ask a girl for a date. I told him that. My gosh, you'd think I had kicked him with my spurs on. He drew up and said, "Well, she called me, didn't she?"

I said, "Sure, but maybe she just wanted to tell you she had a date."

"The devil! She wants a date with me!"

"Just how do you know, *darling?*"

"Just because I do!" Wow! What a blast that was.

Right here, I'll stop and do a little explaining. For eighteen years and three months, he had always gotten the best of me, if he tried. He could tease me, and I'd get mad and yell at him and cry. He was always the angel and I was the black sheep of the family. Just the same, though, we never really fussed or fought. I'd get madder'n a hornet for a few minutes, but I'd soon cool off and start waiting on him again. You might say I had, and still have, a bad case of hero-worship, but, no wonder, he's such a wonderful guy. He liked me pretty well too.

However, let's come back to this particular night. I was sitting on the porch with Grandmother and he was standing in the living room. Grandmother had sooner take up for Joe than for General Lee. Here's where she butted in.

"Well! Why shouldn't the girl want to have a date with *him?*"

"Grandmother, it's not that she doesn't *want* to have a date with him; she just *shouldn't* when he calls her at such an unearthly hour."

"I don't see why. Any girl should be proud to be seen with Lt. Joseph Franklin, Jr." She stressed the "Lieutenant" because she knew he would beam at the mention of his newly acquired position. It brought on a response from the owner of the handle.

"There! Grandmother ought to know. She's more experienced than you."

Oh yeah?

"Well, I think the girl's crazy if she does give up a date; and if she does, I wouldn't have one with her. I wouldn't have a date with any girl who'd give me one after calling her at such an ungodly hour." That was from me. You might know it.

"That just shows how smart *you* are." Very primly from Grandmother.

"It sure does. It just shows how much you know about these things. I'll go call her, and we'll just see what she does." Very superior, the general has spoken.

"Yes, go on, Sonny, and get your date." Confidently said by guess who?

"Sure, go on, old boy, and call her, but just remember what I said."

Into the hall he goes. Grandmother and I sit waiting, tensely, as if we were hearing for the first time bits of news broadcasts about the bombing of Pearl Harbor. Every once in a while, particles of conversation drifted our way, "Hello, sugar, where *have you* been all day?" Like she hadn't been sitting at home hanging onto the telephone. "Your eyes still as blue as ever—say, chick, I have a date with you tonight." Always soothing, endearing, you'd-better-come-on-cause-I'll - show - you - a - swell - time - but-I-know-you-will-anyway tone.

At that point Grandmother and I both began to talk very fast and at the same time about the weather. We were afraid to listen to the next words because our stakes were piled so high on opposite horses.

Sure, I love him. Well, who wouldn't? He's my brother.

What? What did you say? How did it turn out? How did what turn out? Oh! Oh, that. Why, don't you know? You should. I knew before he called. He got the date.

Prelude to Manhood

(Continued from Page 8)

an expectant thumb, he could not drive on without so much as a backward glance. "Hop in, Son," he said, as he brought his slick new roadster to a halt. With an approving glance he sized up the boy, missing nothing.

Jeff wavered. It was not often that people who drove such cars as this offered him a "lift," but when he peered into the upholstered interior and beheld a figure clad in overhalls and a straw hat, he quickly opened the door and with a hasty "Thank-you, sir," settled back comfortably.

At length the driver spoke. "Goin' anywhere in particular, son? You don't look like you belong to these parts around."

Jeff shook his head. "No, Sir, I don't live here. I just drove out to think—and try to forget," he added dramatically. "As a matter of fact I was on my way back to Greenwich where I live, but my car broke down; so here I am. It was awfully nice of you to pick me up."

Josiah G. gave him a quick glance. "Oh, 'twarn't nothin'," he said. "Do it for anybody in your shoes. But looka'here, what did you want to come all the way out to Danville Junction for? It certainly ain't no place of beauty."

Jeff agreed that the Junction wasn't exactly scenic, but it was quaint and simple; and that's what he needed—something simple. He was tired of sophisticated people, of their superior attitude, especially women!

Josiah smiled. He had been seventeen once, and like this lad had suddenly realized that women were fickle. It had shocked him as it did Jeffery, but he had grown out of it.

"The trouble is," continued Jeff, "I really believed her. When she said that I was the first boy whom she could really talk to. I read all the new books and consulted the daily papers so that we always could have some-

(Continued on Page 16)

Robert Trumbull. *The Raft.* New York: Henry Holt & Company, 1942. pp. 204.

Reviewed by MARGARET HAY
College, '43

"The Raft" is the true story of the trials that befell three people when they were thrown on their own in the middle of the ocean. The people in this situation were three navy fliers who lost contact with their carrier. As a result, they were forced to retire to a small rubber raft. Had there been just one person in this conveyance he might have been able to stretch out, but since there were three, you may use your imagination as to the cramped quarters.

The men had no food and no means of obtaining any unless a bird came flying by close enough for them to shoot it. The bombardier loved cheese so the other two had to put up with enormous imaginary menus loaded with cheese.

They were in the middle of the Pacific Ocean and could expect no earthly help, since it was enemy territory. The oldest of the three, Dixon, did a noble job of keeping their minds off this fact and soothed them each night by relating a Bible story. They realized that the only thing they could rely on was God's help; so they prayed each night, although they had not thought much about religion before.

"Then the prayer for rain having worked so well, we decided to ask for food, and, incidentally, a little more rain. After our prayer meeting we felt much better, and we talked until well into the night."

Their skins were burnt to crisps, and their complete fare consisted of about two fish and two birds. Their only water was the rain, which forced them to shed their clothes in order to bale out the raft. Despite this they never gave up hope that they would eventually reach safety.

This story is told in such a simple, direct way that it could almost be called an understatement. The facts are put before you with no emotional pull, and yet by the time you've lived through the 34th day with them, you feel that the American has what it takes when it comes to real tests of fortitude.

These three men, being practically washed ashore over a coral reef and coming out alive, standing up straight at that, was perhaps the greatest miracle of all. They decided that they would stand up if it killed them in case there were any Japanese around the island. The tiny island in the Pacific happened to be American-owned and possessed at the time, however, and they were cared for and later sent to Honolulu.

In Honolulu, Robert Trumbull, city editor of the *Honolulu Advertiser,* heard their story, particularly Dixon's interpretation, which was related during the course of several nights. On these facts, as the leader of the little band related them, "The Raft" was written. Trumbull's fine job of writing was recognized by the book's being accepted by *The Book of the Month Club* as one of their issues.

George Moore's "Heloise and Abelard"

By LOUISE LASSETER
College, '43

The English novelist, George Moore, who was born in the middle of the nineteenth century, and died only a decade ago, added, in "Heloise and Abelard," to English literature one of the most artistic and noble pieces of all time. His basic material for the main characters and the plot is historically true. A great and brilliant disputant and lecturer, Pierre Abelard lived from 1079 to 1142 and preached Roscelyn's heretic doctrine of nominalism to a widespread following of worshipful students in the Parisien schools of St. Genevieve and Notre Dame. This actual figure in history was the founder of scholastic theology and much persecuted, particularly by St. Bernard for alleged heresy. He was engaged by the canon of Notre Dame, Fulbert, as tutor to his niece, Heloise. Subsequently, just as in the novel, they fell in love and fled from the wrath of Fulbert, to be, later, finally separated. Heloise died in 1163 and was buried in the same tomb with her lover. Pope's poem, inspired by the same story, *Eloise to Abelard,* is much celebrated.

Moore studied art as his first interest. Although he was not destined to become an artist, this training is evident in his prose and poetry. His "artistic consciousness" makes his work spoken of by a scholar in the *Britannica* as possessing "copper certainty of an etching."

Moore felt that in his work done after a stay in Paris, he had brought the French philosophical novel back to England. It was after a trip to Palestine that he composed the two novels usually considered his masterpieces: *The Brook Kerith* and *Heloise and Abelard.*

The period with which the novel is related occurs two centuries or so before Chaucer's time. The historical background so intimately and finely pictured is described at length in the gradual unweaving of the story. At the first we find Fulbert, the scholarly, wealthy old ecclesiastic in his home in the Rue des Chantres. His servant, Madelon, a Briton, her relations to the canon, and the sumptuousness of the meals she prepares, and abundances of wine, along with the ever-increasing luxuriousness of the canon himself, give a clear, if not too happy picture of the stalwarts of the church. The great power of the church over the lives of its people permeates the whole novel, though we see the first signs of weakening of this power with the opposition set forth by the scholars in their rationalizing. The fervor and intense religion of the Crusades is felt behind the action of the plot at the beginning of the novel. Philippe, Heloise's father, has been killed in the latest attempt to restore relics to Christian hands. It is only through a disguise as a friar and two nuns that Abelard, Heloise, and Madelon can escape to Briton. The commoners' re-

spect for the church is evident in their special attention to these three in the rough, dirty inns in which they are obliged to spend the night.

We find that Abelard's parents, in their old age, have absolved their marital vows to enter the monastic life. It is to the convent that Heloise goes to free Abelard for the philosophic career she feels cannot be achieved without his becoming a priest. Fulbert's canonical influence is a great factor in the shaping of the lives of the lovers, and we should also note that it is a spirit of *theological* inquiry which dominates the thought of intellectual circles. The remarkable education of Heloise during her six years at the convent of Argentueil is proof of the real source of learning of the day. The type of study she received is interesting. Latin being the language of literature, and French only just beginning to grow from jargon into a written form*, Heloise had read Horace, Tibullus, Ovid, and was introduced to Aristotle and Plato by her uncle. He also allowed her to read Virgil, and that, it seems to me, is symbolic as the introduction of appreciation of worldly beauty into the convent-narrowed perspective of the sixteen-year-old Heloise.

The general scorn of students in Paris is shown in Moore's relating of rioting and mass revelry by the students. They are also represented, in contrast, as an eager, alert, but easily led group, attending lectures in the cloister and heated with the passion of scholastic revolt.

As Abelard tells Heloise of his years of wandering, we are intrigued by tales imbibed with the fantastic romance of the middle ages. As a gleeman in the Comte de Rodebeuf's train, Abelard has traveled through all the gay, ribald "Courts of Love." He tells many tales of the romantic courtiers vying for the highest honors in the most romantic of escapades, songs, or poems. We hear of the injustice of Lady Malberge as told by Gaucelen, her hermit lover, in the second half of the book.

The main significance of these tales in our study of English Literature is the disclosure of the type of French poetry developing at this time. The greatest of achievements was to compose the best Albes or sirventes*, or simple love-songs, to be accompanied by the lute, gittern, sackbut, or virginals. Abelard was adept at all these and, besides, could shame any gleeman with his baritone. All these French poetic forms had an influence on English literature; for, beginning with Chaucer, we see them seeping in to become a part of English heritage.

Interesting social customs are brought into the story in many instances. During the flight to Breton, Heloise questions Adelard concerning a hunting party they encounter returning from the hunt. This was a quite popular medieval sport. The ladies and the knights and squires would hunt hawks, palfreys, magpies, and cloughs. Heloise was sensitive to their hunting anything as beautiful as the heron.

The pardoner is an interesting figure also brought into the story during the trip. He is a wandering representative of the Pope, selling pardons to the sinners he meets along the way. This also reveals the superstitious hold the church had over the people. The holy relics, believed to have the power of healing, were visited by pilgrims, and penance included visits to saints' shrines. The pardoner tells of a miracle when a workman, mending the statue of a virgin, is caught in the virgin's arms and saved when the ladder falls to the ground. A phial containing a pint of the virgin's milk brings about much excitement among pious people!

Architecture is another element dwelt upon by Moore. It seems natural that he, as an artist, would draw it into his work. Abelard points out the Romanesque round arch and then pointed, which raises the roof (and the new Gothic superseded by the the congregation, he says) nearer to God.

For a real store of first-hand information on this period in history, and true entertainment in a delightful story, *Heloise and Abelard* is unequaled.

Prelude to Manhood

(Continued from Page 14)

thing to talk about. Gosh, I was awful entertaining! But women are all alike, I suppose." He sighed a la Barrymore.

Josiah agreed readily, but "right now," he said, "there's something more important than the ways of womankind." Jeff was fifty miles from home, and just a block down was Josiah's house. The latter politely invited the younger one in to call his folks and let them know where he was.

A flurry of long arms and legs heralded the approach of the new comer to the Brown household. He tripped over the first step, knocked down a flower pot, and, apologizing profusely, picked his way cautiously to the telephone. As he was explaining his predicament to his anxious parents, his roving eyes dwelt upon a brown-haired figure in an old sweater and skirt, sitting in a huge wing chair. When their eyes met she flashed a beguiling adolescent smile which he snatched from the air and returned exactly as it had come.

Into the telephone he was concluding, "Well, don't worry; I'll be all right." Then softly, almost reverently, he lowered his voice and continued. "And gosh, Mom, have I met a swell girl!"

CONSTANCE PEARSON
High School, '43

The rain came down in racing
rhythms,
The lightning flashed and flew,
Then all was still; like a sparkling
prism
The evening breathed anew.

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The Staff

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Those Who Ring The Bell

When this deadline arrived, you writers were far from being "caught napping." The deluge of material was truly gratifying to your staff; in fact, we had such a time selecting the best that we delayed printing.

You will find interesting material from a good cross section of the students in this "middle issue," but many of the best articles we have saved to brighten the pages of our third and last and we hope our best issue! You will have until March twenty-second to contribute your outstanding work for the year. The staff will be especially interested to read your poetry, observations, and reflections on the *war*! Remember that's right away!

You'll enjoy laughing with Jean Howerton over "Swimmer's Hair," and with Ann Buchanan's "Household Crisis." . . . You'll be introduced to the charming characters, Joan Veatch's Grandfather and Frances Hamlin's Grandmother. . . . Margaret Hay's "Tinkerbell" is well worth remembering, and Frances Johnston's "American School Girl" will make you blush. . . . Encore to another phase of Western life by Virginia Terrett is in order, and a fascinating book is reviewed by Ann Johnson.

Here it is . . . our second *Chimes*. Don't forget next time to help us ring the bell as loudly and as clearly across the W. B. Campus as the bells from the Tower itself.

Life With Grandfather

Joan Veetch

Grandfather is by profession an extremely active physician. His conversation is always brief, very rapid, his words enforced with a blustering voice; when concluded, it leaves the listener breathless and amazed that a man could be so abrupt and yet so friendly. His daily morning visits have always been objects of wonderment to me. They last only five minutes, at the most, and leave one feeling as though an affectionate comet had passed through the house.

Versatility is one of Grandfather's outstanding characteristics, and he could be called a "Jack-of-all-trades." These have been numerous and varied in their fields of interest and cover everything from inventing to ranching. They were inspired from many sources but generally may be traced to the admiration of some personality connected with an interesting diversion.

The spring of 1929 found a local health boom and provided many restful hours for the country doctor. Thoreau's *Walden,* or *Life in the* Woods, so inspired Grandfather, that he found it difficult to resist the call of the wild.

After building a comfortable cabin and stocking two or three neighboring ponds with various species of fish, he discovered that he also had a personality and skill which proudly could be compared to that of Daniel Boone. He deserted Thoreau, the philosopher, for Boone, the pioneer.

No fisherman or woodsman was ever more fully equipped. Apparatus ranged from minute flies and casting rods to the rugged and favorite bamboo pole. For every fishing pole there was a gun, but hunting did not become a hobby with him until two years later when fox-hunting, on some of my grandfather's special palimino horses, became quite popular. The latter pastime was the result of seeing a movie about exciting English hunting parties. Grandfather usually prepared each diversion with appropriate costume, but he felt that the English riding habit did not suit the Western horse.

During the winter months of 1930, the woodsman began to crave the comforts of home and the title "handy man to have about the house." Besides being inspired by a copy of "Popular Mechanics," he felt that the previous experiences could be counterbalanced by reducing my grandmother's household expenses. Because of this fact, it takes the skill of a great speaker to convince her that a new hobby is worthwhile, and the subtle manner in which Grandfather brings in his new materials, whatever they may be, always amazes me. His purchase is always made first; and, after they are safe in his care, he carefully explains the benefits that he will receive from them. The bargain that was made is always his strong point, but I have never heard him quote actual prices. A good example of one of his bargains is the purchase of a beautiful set of carpenter's tools complete with bandsaws and work benches.

Plans were drawn up for a pair of glass-door cabinets for dishes, which would be installed in Grandmother's breakfast nook. Late office hours became unknown, and the cabinet work progressed rapidly. Late at night or early in the morning the vicious noise of sawing could be heard, and, from the sound, one could visualize the determined flushed face of the "handy man." He was fighting against time and a stubborn saw blade in order to finish his work.

While he was thus engrossed, the most patient and persistent spectator could not lure a response or glance from the craftsman. It was as though the minutes were rushing by, and none could be wasted on idle conversation or obvious answers to foolish questions. Grandfather's eyes never left his work, and he asked for tools with outstretched hand as a surgeon asks a nurse for instruments. I often stood fascinated as I watched him create the delicately carved frame and was greatly satisfied when I received an audible answer to a bold question.

I believe my grandfather's biography proves the quotation, "Variety is the spice of life," for his active interest in his surroundings and continuous desire to gain knowledge have made his life profitable and successful.

My Last Farewell

Ramona Cook

I remember my last good-bye to the beach. How glorious it was that day! It was as though it knew I was leaving and wanted to keep me there. The crisp, clear sky above fell into a deep haze as it touched the horizon. The lake was a liquid aquamarine that spattered into foam when it reached the shore. As the water thinned out over the sand, the green turned to purple, and then receded back into the green again.

Myriad gulls rested far out on the lake. All I could see was a broken line of white. When a shot rang out, this tranquil scene was disturbed. The specks of white rose up in a body, circled around, and floated away out of sight. On the beaches, ghost of driftwood lay in their graves of dull yellow sand in silence. Lady bugs sunned themselves for the last time. Butterflies were having their last fling. A dozen planes winged across the sky as if to sting it with their buzzing. All the world was quieting itself for winter.

The color had almost vanished from the bluff. The somber tones of brown and faded green predominated instead of the brilliant color that inspired many a poet in the weeks before. Even so, the outline of the bluff stood out against the misty depths of the lake until it, too, was driven into the grey nothingness of distance.

AN AFTERNOON AT WARD-BELMONT

JANE ALLEN SMITH

The hands of the clock in Big Ac point to three-fifteen, and to a large majority of Ward-Belmont girls, the school day is over. Misty rain and a blast of cold air greet the student body as they emerge, a mass of raincoats, reversibles, and rubber boots. Pairs of legs, of every size and shape, carry their owners briskly to another shelter. Brief glimpses of brilliant reds, dramatic yellows, and multi-colored plaids may be seen under the swinging coats. Gay snatches of chit-chat drift back and forth. The girl with the bright, red hair has her gymnasium shorts on under that baggy coat. She wore them to class, but her teacher didn't know it. She just wants to be ready for her dancing class. Time must be used to the best advantage here.

Slender puffs of smoke drift skyward from the club village, regardless of the rain. Groups of girls here and there form miniature smokestacks. The village rings with quips, that fly fast and furious from scarlet lips.

In Middle-March, there is a buzzing. Sparkling eyes and smiling faces give evidence that the long-awaited letter has just arrived. A quivering mouth and a deep sigh tells the opposite story. Nickels clink into the coke machine, and cool, green bottles find their way to many dry lips.

A note of "Why Don't You Do Right" drifts up from the Chatterbox, pulling many would-be study-ers down for a few minutes relaxation. Big apples and doughnuts hit the spot, as do more cokes and a wealth of candy. The room is appropriately named, for here the latest hits of What's-what and Who's-Who are discussed. The juke box throws eerie lights upon the walls as the shadows within the room deepen. Scores of dirty saddle shoes keep tune to the tickling notes of the newest blues songs.

The dacing class is in full swing in the gymnasium. Pairs of legs swing accurately and systematically to the tinkling key of the grand piano as it plays "Be Careful It's My Heart." Numberless navy-clad hips roll from one side to the other. Upraised arms sweep the floor, and circle round and round. Whispering rubber soles bounce methodically on the hard-wood. Limp necks carry blond, brunette, and titian heads lazily from side to side, then back and forward. Grace is being developed!

Lights blink on in the four halls. As dusk settles quietly and peaceful over the campus, the misty rain continues and makes the day dark before its time. A few, late day students make their way homeward through the wide gates. Another afternoon has passed at Ward-Belmont.

HOTELS

MARIE MOUNT

Hotels are really an institution, a fine, ancient, world tradition. Since man first began venturing into the world beyond the bounds of his own community, he has sought hospitality in any strange new situation. Not only has he wanted a place to lay his head, but also he has unconsciously desired a refuge, impersonal though it might be. The realization that someone is concerned about his comfort and safety, even if for only a night, sets at ease man's inherent desire for something—almost anything—to cling to with reassuring faith. It somehow takes the edge off that feeling of being too entirely independent, with no one to lean on mentally, and leaves just the wistfulness one always has when thinking of a fondly cherished home life.

Hotels and inns have a vividly romantic quality about them also. The scenes of many historical crises have been laid by chance in an obscure rustic way-side inn; and many a political coup has been conceived and executed in a suite of some large hotel. "George Washington slept there" is now a laughable statement because of its redundancy and its ability to come cropping up in the most ridiculous places—say Kentucky, for instance; however, it does show that historical significance is commonly used as an advertisement of hotels. I recall one hotel like that in particular. It was in Galena, Illinois, which is famed as General Grant's home. The pudgy little proprietor took special delight in pointing out the interesting features of his establishment. It thrilled me ever so much when he said that a certain room, quaintly furnished and decorated, was where Jenny Lind gave her concert in that little city. Strangely, I could almost hear the ghosts of those perfect, heavenly tones still reverberating in that old-fashioned, mahogany-panelled room. General Grant also made that hotel his headquarters while he was in Galena during the Civil War; everywhere were significant reminders of this all-important fact: statues, portraits, paintings of Grant and Lee at Appomatax, and many other "sly" hints.

I like to stay at large hotels in strange cities. I do believe it draws forth my secret, suppressed desire to be a celebrity; I can just imagine myself being casually incognito, trying to avoid autograph fiends and newspaper photographers, entering the lobby at the head of my luggage, agents, managers, maids, and general "hangers-on." When I am at a hotel, I wonder about what goes on behind the closed doors on my hall, about the meek little man who peeps timidly into the hall before going out and closing his door, and about the lady at the next table—she looks like a clever spy to me, and probably isn't, because she does. The people in the lobby are equally fascinating: the gruff business man whom the service never pleases, the middle-aged lady with the profuse veiling and fluffy collar who is always waiting for someone, the savage children whose parents have not the slightest ability to cope with their infantile whims and projects. I believe I shall never stop anticipating a breath-taking scene when the bell-hop throws up the window with a

flourish—instead of a non-flattering view of the local Wall Street!

Also I certainly appreciate the sincere desire to serve which manifests itself in the owner of a small-town hotel. He is eagerly accommodating and as hospitable as the proudest Southern host. One of Charles Dickens' most classic and charming characters, to my mind, is his faithful, delightful picture of the Old English inn-keeper. The finest example of the hotel keeper's kindness is found in the only perfect and most beautiful book in the world, the Bible. It tells of an inn-keeper of Bethlehem who, when there was no more room in his inn, provided beds for a carpenter and his wife in the manger. It was there that the most perfect gift man ever received was bestowed.

Hovel or palace, a hotel is a comfort to man whether he seeks refuge from the storm's stinging fury or from his own spiritual loneliness.

SHES A WOW

JUANITA BROWN

You've all heard of WAVE's and WAAC's, everyone has, but have you ever heard of the WOW's?—No? I didn't think you had. It's a new name for the wives, mothers and sweethearts back home, and I might add a suitable one. They *are* wows to be so brave and keep up the spirit of their brave men at the front. However, the true meaning of *WOW* is Women of War.

I don't know how these women got this much-desired name, but I am going to tell you how I imagine it.

It's about one o'clock in the afternoon and one of these war mothers is answering her door bell, which rings less frequently since Bob left. It was a Western Union boy with a telegram for Mrs. "Bob." She took and read as follows: "We regret to inform you that your son was killed in action at Guadalcanal January 20, 1943." She reads it over again trying to realize that this is really true. She sat down and looked at Bob's picture on the mantel—that smile on his face seemed to tell her it wasn't really true, but the telegram in her hand told her it was. She sat silently for a long time, not really knowing how long, but her silence was disturbed by the cheery whistle of the postman. She walked to the door, opened it and he said, "Letter from Bob, hear from him right often, don't you?" She only smiled, took it, and returned to the chair in front of Bob's picture. She opened the letter and saw that date January 19, 1943 and she read.

"Dear Mom:

"It's been raining all day, but it's cleared up now. Sort of reminds me of those April showers at home."

The letter went on in the usual way but here's the end.

"The cake you sent was swell, but a little stale after its journey—but anything from home and you is swell and knowing there's someone thinking about me. I've got to run now, this clear weather calls for a little raid—can't say where, but we'll show those little fellows, huh? Mom! Must close now so until next time I am as always,

"Your loving son,
"Bob.

"P.S. Mom you're a WOW"

She folded the letter and a tear rolled down her cheek as she tucked this letter, a little more carefully than the others, into the drawer where she'd kept all his letters. She glanced at the clock, put on her coat and went out the door. She boarded a bus going to a bomber factory—yes she went to work as always, to keep on making bombers for boys like Bob to fly and win this war.

Now can't we say women like this are truly WOWS?

CAPTITATED BY FEAR

ELEANOR SEAVEY

Slowly the ferris wheel began to die down and soon eased itself to a standstill. Humbly grasping my precious ticket, I stood silently by and gazed—entranced by that magical contraption. A loud "you next" shattered the spell, and I jumped, realizing that it was now my turn to sail up, down, over, and over.

Still fascinated and at the same time somewhat apprehensive, I cautiously approached the huge, steel monster. After being strapped securely in my seat and heartily assured that I was really quite safe, I began to feel very important. I condescended to cast proud and haughty glances at my unfortunate friends who were merely remaining on the dismal earth below.

Suddenly the ferris wheel gave a jerk, uttered a few squeaks, and began to rumble and shake. Fear seized me. Soon terror dominated my entire being, and I quaked with fright. What would happen to me now in the possession of this huge silver giant? Slowly, very slowly I felt myself rise up, up, high in the air. All the people below appeared like crawling insects. Quite suddenly I began to drop down, way down to earth. Immediately I was swooped up into the sky again. The ferris wheel gathered speed and soon I was flying—constantly whizzing up and down, up and down, up and down. I became more alarmed and screamed in my terror. My stomach gave a lurch, lost its moorings and seemed to sail away, leaving only a deep, deep vacuum in its original place. My heart and all similar organs must have followed suit because I felt completely empty and hollow inside. All the earth swam before my dazed eyes. One moment the sky seemed to swallow me and then suddenly the ground would jump up at me. I grew very dizzy, and my head began to spin. I longed passionately for the safety and security of the good earth below.

Gradually the ferris wheel slowed down until it finally stopped. Trembling and shuddering, I wobbled off that hateful contrivance and stepped thankfully on terra firma once more. Running as swiftly as possible, I sped from the scene of my torture. Suddenly I stopped short, turned, and hurried back. I flew to the ticket office and screamed, "Another ride on the ferris wheel, please."

HOUSEHOLD CRISIS

ANNE BUCHANAN

It was one hot July day, and Mother and I were sitting listlessly on the porch when the phone rang. I must confess that I was lazy enough to sit there and let Mother answer its insistent ringing. When she came back on the porch, I knew something was up by the pained expression she wore. She said, in a rather trembling voice, "Anne, something very important has come up, and you must help me." This was all the dramatization she allowed herself on this occasion; for she immediately sprang into action.

The case was thus: My father's boss and his wife had come unexpectedly into town; and daddy, without a thought of the consequences, had invited them to dinner. Mother began her organization by summoning my little brother, Ramsey, protestingly from a baseball game next door. He was to run and engage Dimples, an efficient but jolly colored woman, to help with the serving. Mother had learned from experience not to depend on our cook, Maud, who does everything from trying on my shoes to answering Mother with a flippant "O. K." After this was done, I was sent to the store; and my older sister assisted Mother in arranging a few wilted flowers and polishing the already over-polished antiques. (I could mention here that Mother is practically radical on the subject of "beautiful old things".) By the time I returned, the house was in perfect order, but Mother and Audrey were near a state of collapse. I took my purchases to Maud and Dimples; and completely worn out from my three-block hike, joined Ramsey, who was reclining on the back steps alternately playing with a revolting caterpillar and popping his bubble gum. Mother, in the meantime, had managed to get back to the kitchen and succeeded in making the favorite little lemon tarts for dessert. The time was about six o'clock; so mother herded us upstairs to dress.

By six forty-five, we were ready and had gathered in the drawing room awaiting our guests' arrival. I could watch Mother giving the room a slow, scrutinizing look; and then on her face appeared a look of serenity, and I knew she was gloating and inwardly patting herself on the back for her capability. It wasn't long before daddy came with the Moores; and after several minutes of conversation, dinner was announced. We entered the dining room, which was very lovely that night, and, after seating ourselves, drank the cocktail. This was all done very smoothly; but from the time daddy started serving there was chaos. My father, as is his habit, said to Ramsey in his "father to little boy fashion," which makes him feel younger, "Son, what piece of chicken would you like?" Ramsey replied, "Either the lizard or the giver." Well, I blush to think of how childish and silly I must have seemed, but this confusion of the gizzard and the liver struck me as hysterically funny, and being unable to swallow my mouthful of water, I proceeded to spray the whole table. Of course, this would be inexcusable to my own parents; so I know what the Moores must have thought.

Audrey, who was sitting next to me, received the full force of my "fiasco." Up until then, she had remained quite aloof to Ramsey and me, and was being her most sophisticated self. She turned to me and said coldly, "Do you furnish towels with your showers?" That was the limit; Ramsey and I both were just overcome with laughter; Ramsey displayed his shining braces and I my every filling. The remainder of that course was torture, as we were both practically choking to death trying to muffle our giggles, thus distracting any attempts at conversation. Mother's cutting glances and daddy's steel blue stare only made it seem funnier. Mother managed to maintain a little conversation with Mrs. Moore. The part that stood out distinctly was mother's comment on how nice the strawberries were this year, but how tired she already was of them. Mrs. Moore agreed and said it was just comical the dinners that they had been to recently where strawberries and cup cakes had been served. Mother slowly gained some of her poise, thinking of her lemon tarts, and what a hit they would make.

In the kitchen, unknown to us, Dimples had removed the tarts and discovered that the frigidaire had defrosted on them and they were ruined. Always efficient, she immediately spotted some strawberries; and, finding enough cup cakes in the bread can, she, feeling rather pleased with herself, got them ready. The dishes were removed from the table, and in she came triumphantly bearing this dessert.

I can't attempt to describe the various facial expressions at that table; but this resulted in Ramsey's and my being sent from the table, while the rest hurriedly swallowed a few bites and left for the drawing room. I don't know anything that occurred behind those closed doors the rest of the evening, but the few days that followed were far from pleasant. Mother remained practically hysterical, daddy settled into a morbid silence, and Audrey gave Ramsey and me accusing looks, as if to say, "It's all your fault."

Seventeen

MILDRED JOY

I think at last that I've grown up,
Sure signs have told me that—
I comb my hair more often,
And I even wear a hat.

I've put away my dolls,
High up on a closet shelf,
And now I'm trying very hard
To be a doll myself!

I've read some ponderous books
On music, love, and art,
And how to walk, and how to talk,
And how to break a heart.

I want to be a lady,
Yet still put this across
Now that I am so grown-up.
I'd like to be the boss!

TENNESSEE TRAVLER

JEAN HAGER

It was in early September that I took my last trip through Middle Tennessee. It had rained the night before, and the somewhat bitter smell of damp earth, together with the haunting odor of wood smoke, hovered in the air. Traveling rather slowly (our tires were mere shadows of their former selves), we were able to notice many more interesting sights than ever before. Nothing can compare with a Tennessee highway for variety.

Although the trees were still green there was an autumn flavor in the air, and we passed many pastures where dignified cows stood kneedeep in goldenrod. The purple of the ironweed and the yellow goldenrod made a royal mantle for the poorest fields. Far off in the distance, the foot hills of the Cumberland Mountains were wrapped in their fall blankets of mysterious haze.

The country stores, once the social life of the countryside, have long since given way to filling stations, which also serve cold drinks, short-orders, or practically anything you ask for. But the same overalled dusty-shoe-ed farmers sit in the doorway and talk and spit.

Along the highway, we passed many small houses, unpainted, plank shacks that belong mostly to Negroes or share croppers. All had the same large porches, each of which invariably held a large lapful of small children. Most were old and weather-streaked, but almost all of them had a morning wrapper of heavenly-blue morning glories. Many of the larger houses, though often gray and half fallen down, had lovely gardens with huge, old box bushes and crepe myrtle and zinnias.

Hay in the fields had already been cut, and soaked by the rain, gave forth a fragrant, musty smell. The now deserted highway stretched on ahead, like a white scar on the face of the green earth. Then from around a a bend, an army convoy swung into sight. The enormous trucks crept along looking very much like some sort of rumbling, growling, brown animal. The tiny jeeps bounced like merry little insects.

When we had passed the convoy, we left the highway for an unpaved side road leading to the small town of Bell Buckle. In spite of last night's deluge, dust rose in suffocating clouds and gently sprayed the car with white powder! Goldenrod and dog fennel, having escaped from under the straggling wire fences, banked the road. There were few houses along the road, and with the exception of men working in the fields, we passed almost no one. Once two small boys on rusty bicycles passed us and turned off at a small path leading to a nearby creek.

It was now late afternoon and the sun was setting lingeringly. Because of the bad road, it was dark before we reached our destination, this being the usual small town with its drugstore, filling station, and railroad depot. There were very few people on the street, and a deep feeling of peace seemed to have descended on the town. Coal oil lamps gleamed from the little wooden houses, and the smell of wood smoke and frying ham, mingled with the cool night air, brought a feeling of loneliness to a traveler.

We stopped at the hotel, a two-story, frame building with the usual wide verandah and the usual high-backed rocking chairs full of old men and newspapers. The dinner was a typical Sunday dinner for every Southerner, chicken, cauliflower, sweet potatoes, hot rolls, pickles and preserves. Later, as I climbed into the hard, flat bed in the very small room, a late katydid fiddled his final encore, and I fell asleep, still with the smell of coal oil and damp hay in my nostrils.

American School Girl

FRANCES JOHNSTON

Thin was too mild a word to describe the figure that stood before me. Just plain *scrawny* seemed to fit better.

The girl was standing in a pose typical of the schoolgirls of America—feet apart, shoulders slightly slumped and, midway between the two, arms cupped around the inevitable school boks, carelessly held and appearing to rest more on the stomach than in the arms.

Long, almost straight hair accentuated the thinness of her face, as did wide grey eyes and dark eyebrows. There were still faint traces of lipstick on her mouth which made it look more unwashed than attractive.

Her red sweater sleeves were pushed up above chapped elbows, and the plaid skirt, the bias seam in front twisted slightly to the side, was a little too short, displaying to the world knotty knees and spindly legs. Dirty saddle oxfords and socks a little loose around the top completed the picture.

Finally with a shudder of disgust I turned from the mirror. My own reflection was too much for me.

Someone I Will Never Forget

FRANCES HAMLIN

Grandmother was delicately small, and her tiny face was always filled with happiness. I can remember her sitting very erect and quiet in her rocking chair. Usually she wore a lavender dress with a dainty white collar. Her hair was snow white, and combed back in a knot at the back of her head. She sat in her chair hour after hour, dreaming of things in her beautiful, yet mysterious world.

Grandmother's world was calm, dignified and quiet, with no blotches of red, orange, and purple to mar the exquisite beauty of her dreams—dreams of the quiet pastel shades of daisies, of the tranquil blue-grey of the sky, and of the murmuring brook that ran by her childhood home.

Her ability to recognize footsteps in the distance has always amazed me. Sometimes when I was talking to her we would hear a person walking in the next room, and grandmother could

always identify the person by the sound of his tread.

Yes, I still wonder at Grandmother and her remarkable manner of living —for Grandmother was blind.

MY BROTHER AND I

Anne Massie

My brother and I have always been extremely close to each other, although we never realized it until we were separated.

We lived in the country until I was five, and he was seven. We were unusual in the fact that we could amuse ourselves alone or together. We were each other's only playmates, except for little "pickaninnies" who would stand and gaze with such longing at our toys that we would ask them over to play with us.

I have recollections of my trying to get Owen to play dolls with me, but he always preferred to play with his slingshot, or ride in his toy automobile. Whenever we played together, things would go smoothly enough for awhile, but sooner or later there would be a disagreement, and one or both of us would end up crying.

Despite the fact that he did not appreciate my dolls, I enjoyed his toys hugely. We always liked "little cars," and would make roads and tunnels in the sand, thus amusing ourselves for hours. His bigger trucks, tractors, and trains intrigued me doubly. We would stack up books, and make the tractor pull over them, or put blocks in the freight cars, and see how heavy a load the engine could pull.

My mother would give us each a nickel when we were in town, and immediately we would go to the toy counter. The nickel was never quite satisfactory, though, for all the things we particularly wanted were a dime. We always came out somewhat deflated, for our eyes were bigger than our pocketbooks.

Mother and Daddy had a slide built for us; and we would take a panful of meal out, and pour it down the slide to make the slide slick. I often wonder how we slid down without injuring ourselves for life.

We adored playing "Hide and Seek" with the "little niggers," and every year, as soon as possible in the spring, we occupied ourselves building tree houses. We loved riding horses. When we moved to town, I can remember waking up crying for "Lou," the horse my daddy rode with me in front of him.

My brother started to school two years before me, and I learned to read his books. School fascinated me, and I could hardly wait to start. When I did start, I didn't want to stop, even for Saturdays. My brother thought something was slightly wrong with me for he stoutly maintained he did not like school.

There were various times when we particularly wanted different things. One year it was a croquet set; one year, roller skates; once all we needed to make us completely happy was bicycles; and when we were older we absolutely had to have a tennis court.

When my brother got his first gun, he wasted many shots trying to teach me to hit a tin can on a fence. When I started taking piano lessons, I did my best to teach him all I had learned. After a while, I gave up in disgust. He never used the right fingers. I can remember one piece he finally learned. It was called "Cherry Blossoms," and had a range of about four notes. My Daddy still sings it.

All through grammar and high school Owen kept his eye on me, always giving me what he would term "constructive criticism." Unfortunly, I usually took it the wrong way. I didn't appreciate it then, but now when he voices his opinions, I carefully weigh them in my mind.

When Owen first went away to school, home wasn't the same place. Now we are both away at school, but he will soon be in the Service. I shall hate to see him go, but I would hate it worse if he didn't. When members of our family have to go, it is then that we realize we are truly in a war. The war may last a long time; but, while he is gone, I shall remember the good times we used to have—my brother and I.

HURRY UP, SLOW POKE!

Lucille Barbour

(To be read in a hurried manner)

You know, it seems as though I'm always in a hurry; yet I never get anywhere on time. From the minute I get up in the morning until I sleepily fall into bed at night, all I can ever hear is, "Hurry up, slow poke!"

I'm usually forced out of bed about five minutes to eight o'clock every morning that rolls around. I'm never on my way to breakfast by the time the breakfast bell rings. I have to start moving in a hurry; therefore, I leave on my pajamas, roll up the legs, throw over my reversible, and hurry on to breakfast. But I'm always late!

After breakfast I hurry back to good old Hall and go down to the smoker. There I hurry through one cigarette. Then I hurry on back to the room, hurry into my clothes, hurriedly make up my bed, hurriedly scrub a little, hurriedly hang up my clothes, and hurriedly hurry some more until I'm all out of breath. Gee! What a life! I usually make classes by the skin of my teeth.

The time is coming soon when I'll be afraid to go anywhere with my roommate. She takes such long steps that I never can keep up with her. Down the street we go—Tuck in front, Fatwood about a half-block behind yelling, "Plee-ease wait for me!" She waits, but it's not so very long until I'm far behind again. When I'm coming back up that long hill from Hillsboro is when I almost give up. She just plows up that hill, and I'm blowing up a breeze trying to keep up with her.

Oh! But getting ready for dinner is worse than anything else. I hurry to take my bath, but somebody is always in the bath before I am. When it finally is my turn, I hurry like fury. I try to dress like a "streak of lightning." I skim through my hair "quick like a rabbit." Make-up goes on as

though wild horses were chasing it. No soak! Tuck may have started getting ready thirty minutes after I did, but she's always ready to go to dinner before I am. All I ever hear is, "Hurry up, you!" *So* I hurry. Finally, everyone gives up in disgust and goes down the stairs. About halfway down they yell, "Fatw-o-o-od!" (Sometimes I wonder.)

I'm always in a hurry. I'm always having to hurry with everything. I never finish anything. I never accomplish anything. I never get anywhere on time. If I never learn anything else during my sojourn at W.-B., I hope I can learn to be *punctual*!

SWIMMER'S HAIR

JEAN HOWERTON

Worse, oh, worse
Than the curse
Of despair,
Is the diabolical curse
Of swimmer's hair

Maybe you think you've got something if you have flat feet or bowlegs. Listen, sister, take it from me, you ain't got nothin'. When you contract a disease like "swmmer's hair", then you got worries. Take me, now . . . I have had this malady for two terms . . . not one, but two. Bright child that I was (and innocent as well, alas!' I signed up for Life Saving the first term. That did it, Marie!

The class met three times a week, and I soon learned that unless you have naturally curly hair, sister, you're doomed. I'd emerge every Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday looking like a refugee from the Johnstown flood. People meeting me on the way to the dorm would inquire naively (the rats) "Been swimming?" After a tough hour or so of dragging people several tons heavier than you around the pool in an attempt to save their lives, you feel ready to knife the next person who addresses you anyway. But such an infuriating remark as "Been swimming?" is absotively and posilutely the last straw. No answer at all is necessary . . . just an icy stare. Or, if you prefer, there is a set of self-formulated replies which are guaranteed to squelch.

Number one: No, I just fell in the pool (to be delivered very sweetly).

Number two: No, this is my new hairdo (haughtily).

Number three: No. I just had my hair straightened (earnestly).

Number four: No, just water on the brain (resignedly).

After your hair dries and ceases to look quite so much like wet dog fur, there are still some idiots who cast their barbs at your appearance. All through dinner you are forced to listen to such cracks as, "What happened to your hair?" or "I like your hair better the other way." A glass of water dashed swiftly into the face of the one behind the onslaught will immediately force her to subside.

But, as I was saying, one term of torture wasn't enough for me. I'm now taking meet swimming two days a week. I presume I shall suffer for the remainder of my natural life for "there is no rest for the wicked" and heaven knows I'm wicked. However, I have discovered a method whereby I at least avoid innuendoes at dinner. I put my hair up on top of my head. Would you believe that I've actually had girls tell me it looks nice? Nevertheless, there is still a great deal of humiliation involved. My advice to you is this:

"Stick close to the shore
And never go to sea
And you'll never be a wreck
Like poor little me."

TINKERBELL

MARGARET HAY

Talking about looks deceiving, Miss Tinkerbell is the epitome and originator of the phrase. She possesses a beautiful white coat and a pair of the most dramatic dark brown eyes that ever gazed. To say that her character does not match her appearance is a ghastly bit of understatement. In her own world her categorical nomenclature is *Spitz*. In the six years that she has affected our environment we have acknowledged her status to be that of a female Hitler. She has only to express the slightest desire and her slaves scurry to obey. Her reprisals for disobedience are anachronisms. When her ego desires praise she assumes poses of the innocence unequaled by babes.

Here are a few of the things that displease her. After she has retired for the night on the empty twin bed in my room she hates to be disturbed. My parents may not come any farther than the bedroom door to say goodnight, or the neighborhood will be awakened by her howls and the parents will suffer minor injuries. She intensely dislikes having the rugs swept or the floor mopped and has lost several teeth in the process of attacking the wooden culprits. The sound of the telephone so completely unnerves her that she insists on riding the legs of the person who volunteers to answer it. If you race her to it, she takes double revenge by scratching the legs as she rides. If she happens to be in another part of the house she will stand by you and bark. The telephone has not been answered by a happy and complacent voice in many a year.

She despises children under fifteen years of age. When three-year-olds gurgle "nice doggy", she growls menacingly while the fur on her neck rises to an amazing height.

When boys come to the house to see me, she races down to their car and escorts them up, demanding attention from them until they leave, covered from head to foot with white hair.

The farther we walk her the louder she growls when we take off her chain. Her kindest attitude is one of benevolent condescension which seems to imply that she is the one who is doing the favor.

She refuses to sit on the floor and generally occupies the best chair with her head resting languidly on its arm. Every afternoon from two until three she is to be found on the pillow of a bed in a Cleopatrian pose, one arm stretched gracefuly out with the side of her face resting on it.

Three days out of a year we es-

cape her tyrannies while she fasts under the bed after having been clipped of her beauty.

The only time she lets her formidable offensive go is when she greets the lady next door with five minutes of hysterics. We believe this is because the lady brings her dainty tidbits, and it offers Tinkerbell an opportunity to show her disdain for the simple fare we set before her.

The only reason we have for keeping her is that it is a subconscious effort on our part to make up for that original sin of man.

Her love life has consisted of only two emotional relapses. One of these centered around a villainous black terrier who peered from behind trees when attempts were made to chase him away with rocks. There is no doubt that she admired in him the qualities that are so characteristic of any Silk Hat Harry. Often were the times when I would wake up in the middle of the night and see her sitting on the bed looking out the window while he would be outside murmuring a love chant.

Her maternal instinct trotted out whenever her love-smote eyes spied a certain three-legged dog. She always managed to pass his house when out walking. It has always been beneath her dignity to learn tricks that most dogs revel in, but one day I did see her walk slowly across the living room on three legs.

Her chief recreations lie in the realm of torments. One is to follow on the heels of the colored woman who comes twice a week and dare her to pick up anything. She never eats lunch except on these two days when she can stare the woman out of half of hers. She gets a manifold delight out of stealing into the front room late at night and wallowing wads of her fur on the rug. Happier still is she when this procedure may be pursued while you are taking a bath.

I like her because I believe a deep understanding lives between us, and anyway I'm the only one she will wink back at.

I am a truly beautiful white Spitz. I live with three very queer people who do not have the slightest interest in my future development or my present happiness. No doubt the law of compensation will eventually take care of them, but in the meantime I'm slowly going to pieces. Never have I had to live with such nagging two-legs.

The minute I am at peace with myself, they start pushing me around. I'm really a highly nervous individual, and anyone with the least degree of understanding would know that above all things I must not be jarred from my reveries, especially when I'm stretched out on a soft pillow. No one can say that I have not tried to explain my temperament with the utmost patience. After all, if people insist on being as obtuse as my housekeepers, there is a limit to endurance. I reason with them in a low even tone, and only after repeated failures do I resort to crescendos of pleading.

When I was younger I was more tolerant of bipeds, but the fact is the longer I am in contact with their inconsistencies the more I desire my own race. They have the most peculiar habits that could possibly be thought up. There is a funny black object that sits on a high thing and screams continually. My keepers go dashing to it and then start making the most inane faces. You'd think they'd have more control. I have earnestly tried to stop their childishness by chasing them and fussing at the same time; but as you probably know, humans fall into ruts so very easily.

My intelligent brown eyes really do attract a lot of praise. Often when I get too bored I let them smolder and then everyone runs about entertaining me by walking behind me down the road or waiting patiently while I talk to my friends. My keepers are very jealous of my friends and seem to resent them. My naturally benevolent nature has saved them many a time when they have rudely jerked me away when I was in the middle of a conversation. I also become very wretched by their condescending attitude when they undo my chain which is the thing I lead them by. Quite often I can't control myself and scream at them.

There is one person who is really kind and seems to appreciate me for what I actually stand for. I will give her credit for seeing that I'm comparatively comfortable. She realizes the fact that I look much more beautiful with the proper diet and so conscientiously prepares my meals with the utmost care.

All in all, I think that I could be leading a lot freer and happier life, but I'm holding steadfastly to that old saying,

"Time wounds all heals."

By TINKER BELL HAY

PRICE OF A 'C' CARD

Jo CONN

"Now, I do hope Dick is ready this morning. For the past three weeks he has kept me waiting just long enough to arouse all desires to tell him just what I think of him."

That was what ran through my mind every morning that I pulled up in front of Dick's house and very delicately honked the horn so as not to wake up all the neighbors at that ungodly hour.

The trips from Springdale to Nashboro were beginning to turn from bad to worse. If transportation hadn't been so bad, Truman wouldn't have fooled with taking five passengers. Yet that was one way of getting a "C" card.

"Good-morning, Mr. Long. No, I don't think it will rain today." (Now, how can I tell about the weather when all I can see is darkness. Gosh, I wish I could have slept longer this morning.)

"What, Mrs. Fyke? You left your glasses at home? Well, it's only a mile back; so guess we can go back for them." (Of course, that extra little trip is going to make me about ten minutes late to work, to say nothing of the gas I will use.)

The glaring lights of the big trucks and the blasting of the horns on the cars trying to pass were most annoying early in the morning. It would have been better if there had not been a ban on the rate of speed. At least

if Truman could have driven over 35 miles, he could have gotten the ordeal over with sooner. The sudden urge to go faster might as well be forgotten. Just because Mr. Hornberger was the district manager of O.P.A., he had to sit like a hawk watching the speedometer.

"I don't think the news broadcast comes on for another thirty minutes, Mr. Matthews. It's just seven now. Yes, I have the radio on. Of course, I can turn it up, but the program that's on isn't very interesting." (Nope she enjoys the Greenwood Quartet. If she does she will be the only one. She never does listen to the news when it does come on. Even if she did stop talking long enough to hear it, she wouldn't know what it was all about. Why don't they try to sleep and quit talking so much?)

"I think I have a match," Truman very faintly told Mr. Hornberger. He wasn't thinking about having to go through all his pockets looking for the match; it was the terrible stifling odor his cigar would produce that made Truman turn a pale pink.

(Honestly, I don't think I can take that cigar smoke any longer. If I put the window down just a little, Dick would complain about its blowing on his neck. If I leave the heater on, it will circuliate all the smoke around my head. Grin and bear it, I guess.)

Cough! Cough! Poor Mr. Long has been coughing like that for ten years. Sometimes it was just a hacking cough; other times he would have a coughing spell that would last for at least five minutes. When he did have one of his spells, he would resort to using his medicine. All could tell when he brought the medicine out because of the pungent odor of creosote.

"It certainly is smoky this morning."

"I don't think its any worse this morning than any other morning."

(Certainly would be nice if they would all do something about the smoke if they are so anxious to get rid of it. I don't see how they expect the situation to change over night.)

Eek! Did you see that man pull right in front of us? Why, I thought he was going to hit us in spite of everything," shrieked Mrs. Tyke.

"Yes; I saw him, Mrs. Tyke. Just calm down." (Oh, my, why doesn't she let me drive?)

Very cheerfully, Truman sang out, "Here we are, people." (Hope they couldn't hear my sighing that breath of welcomed relief!)

"See you all at the same time, same place. That's all right, Mr. Long. I'll slam the door." (Maybe I'll get drafted before I go crazy.)

A CHANGE OF HEART

Betty Lamb

"June is here at last," said Jane, as she rolled from one side to the other trying to even her tan. "Now I can go back to Monteagle to live again."

Her reveries were interrupted by her Mother's voice, asking her to come inside. She went obediently enough, unaware that Fate was up to his old tricks.

Jane's mother had been planning for a long time to send her daughter to a church camp. When she heard that the Methodist young people were leaving on the following Thursday, she called her daughter in to state her plans. Of course, Jane had plans too; swimming parties, picnics, a few hopeful dates in mind, and most important—to perfect that tan before going to Monteagle.

You can imagine how she hooted at the idea. "What would my crowd think? Why, there are only two in the church going, and they are years younger. If some of my friends would go, I wouldn't mind—but, oh mother, how silly—and you know all the things I have planned. It's too funny."

Her mother took a more serious tone. When Jane realized how much it meant to her, she consented to go. After all, it was only for five days, and the location was said to be beautiful. It was Beersheba; on top of the mountain, with good iron water to drink, and the young people were to occupy the hotel.

Jane's friends thought it was just too funny. "What are you going to do for excitement?" "Can you have dates?" "Oh, Jane, you just aren't the type."

The dreaded day dawned. The little crowded bus rolled up in front of the church to pick up its three passengers. Jane found a seat on a little stool in the aisle; Dan had to stand up, and Frances sat on a suit case. Jane looked around at the other passengers. "They are all so young," she fumed. By the time the righteous band reached Winchester, she was sick of the preacher's buoyant good humor, and the love sick glances of the little boy and girl beside her.

The old bus lumbered up the mountain, and at last, gasping for breath, pulled into Beersheba. Jane's reaction was as you would imagine. She wanted to leave instantly. The view was pretty, so what? The smokies were prettier. The old hotel was beautiful in Civil War Days; but since then, it had not been touched—except with soap and water. Dancing was not allowed, and they just sang religious songs. Ping-pong was the only sport, and you were not allowed to leave the premises.

When the newcomers were assigned rooms, Jane and Frances were put together. The girls had to carry their own luggage to their rooms—and what rooms—a double bed, a wash stand with a bowl and pitcher, and a dresser. Frances didn't like it either. She looked for a light and found candles. "This," thought Jane, "is the last straw." But no, another blow coming—no running water. Jane felt cave-womanish. She wanted to crash that pitcher against the wall—the pitcher with rust an inch thick, because it had once held some of the famous iron water.

I don't want to burden you with Jane's woes, but you can imagine she had a good deal of readjusting to do. With the readjusting came responsibilities, as she was one of the older girls. The classwork was boring at first, but gradually Jane became interested. She was ashamed at being the only one in the class who didn't know anything

about the church. These people, whom she looked down upon and laughed at, knew something that she didn't know. It was then that Jane determined to find out why they were so friendly, so in earnest, and so happy.

Instead of cutting morning meditations, she rose at six and attended the prayers. She listened to the twilight services, which were delivered by a very dynamic and inspiring preacher. She sought to understand the meaning of religion, and the need of it. The lack of modern conveniences became a joke, and sleeping without a pillow was fun. The hikes were invigorating, and the general prevailing atmosphere was one of wholesome happiness, and an inner joy.

The night before the campers left, they sat around a bon fire while Brother Wiley delivered the most stirring sermons. When they all sang, "Climbing Jacob's Ladder," Jane felt tears coming to her eyes. She was still haughty enough not to want to show her emotions in front of these people, but she was not the only one who had 'seen the light'. There were many others about her who had tears in their eyes, and a willingness in their hearts to strive toward a better way of life.

ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY

HELEN MACINNES

Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1942. pp. 373

Reviewed by Ann S. Johnson

Here is what has been called the most exciting adventure to come out of this war. Helen MacInnes possesses the background of extensive European travel necessary for conjuring up of such a nerve-wracking situation. This is her second book of war intrigue. Her first, *Above Suspicion,* skyrocketed into the best seller class and *Assignment in Brittany* follows in its footsteps to fame.

The plot concerns one Martin Hearne, British Intelligence officer, sent on a spy mission to Nazi occupied land. But there is further deepening. Hearne is substituting himself for a wounded French soldier whom he resembles perfectly. British Intelligence makes sure of this, even to tatooing birth marks and knocking out a tooth! In the cold darkness of an early morning, he lands by parachute near the small village of St. Deodat with one purpose foremost in his mind, to find out how and when the Nazis were going to use the coast of France. Hearne risks everything he holds dear. As he goes through his performance at what is supposed to be his return home, he finds dangerous, startling complications in the Frenchman Corlay, he is portraying. What kind of a man is Corlay really? Martin finds Anne Pinot, Corlay's fiance, accepts him as "bona fide" as does beautiful Elise, his clandestine sweetheart. But not everyone does.

This is the setting for as tense and as fast-moving a tale as you have ever read. The brave, clever people of France daring to give their souls to the underground movement; violent scenes between desperate men and their would-be conquerors in battle; stealthy murder, gunplay and escape make up the mounting suspense. Fifth columnists and Gestapo, above all Nazi big-wigs, hang a desperate curtain over the lives of these patriots.

And in the midst of this tumu'tuous trial of Hearne's, there is an idyllic love story, as courageous as life, shutting out for two people brutal torture and traitorous deeds.

Miss MacInnes is not limited to plot. Her characters have depth and charm. They are very real—even in disguise we know them, by a manner of walking, a habit, or an accent. Her country, too, is real. Small farms and fields around ancient churches, tiny quaint villages in white mist from the morning sun on grass, reveal the author's love for Brittany. Court yards, apple trees, narrow windows, add to the picturesqueness of French home life.

With continuous interest you reach a smashing climax. *Assignment In Brittany* has become your adventure and its characters close associates. You have lived, suffered, hated and laughed with them—they are yours. For thrilling entertainment read this book.

BEING YOUNG

MYRTLE DURHAM

This subject of "Being Young" might be rather difficult for me to write on, as there are just a few outstanding events or happenings that I can remember from the time I was exceedingly young. But I cannot even now laugh at one great tragedy of my childhood. It was when one Sunday, while visiting my Aunt, I was presented with a shiny new twenty-five-cent piece to spend as I pleased. It was a grave responsibility, for with this immeasurable wealth I might buy practically anything. After dinner I wandered out into the yard to my favorite spot, the fish pond, where I could be alone to decide what my purchase should be. In the depths of my pocket was buried the miraculous coin in a collection of pebbles. As I stood by the pond, in the deepest of thoughts, I tossed the pebbles into the water, watching the widening rings they made. Finally, I threw the last pebble—and, as it sped forth in the sunshine, I saw that it was my shiny new quarter. The waters closed over it with a little splash I can hear yet, and I saw its silver sheen as it turned and sank. I did not cry. The disaster was too great. I stood awhile dumb, then went back into the house and told no one. Darkness had settled upon my life with a sorrow so great that I felt it invested even with a kind of dignity. It was an irreparable misfortune—too terrible ever to forget.

As I ponder more over my childhood days, I can remember a much more pleasant occurrence. In my first love affair I was quite unsophisticated. Bobby was twelve; I was ten. He was wonderful, I thought then, with big brown eyes, light wavy hair, and natural coloring. He was short and almost as pudgy as I! The whole affair began when he asked me, "How'd ya like to go for a ride on my bike?"

At my nod he quickly drew out his clean white handkerchief, wiped off the crossbar, and waited until I was seated; then majestically we rode off. We had gone several blocks when Bobby inquired, "How'd ya like to go to a movie tonight? 'Tom Sawyer' is on."

I answered, "I'd like to if mother will let me." Then we started home.

"I'll come about seven if you think it'll be all right," Bobby called from the street.

That evening the door-bell rang about a quarter of seven. I wasn't ready; so Mother went to the door. It was Bobby. Nervously, I finished dressing and went downstairs. After our good-byes were said Bobby opened the door, let me go out first, and walked along beside me down the street. "I've got twenty-five cents," he said. "That leaves a nickel for candy." I was allowed very graciously to pick the kind I wanted. "Now on to the movie," Bobby said. After the show, we blissfully wandered the few tree-shadowed blocks to my house. Unfortunately the entire conversation centered upon Tom Sawyer's predicaments. As we came closer to the house, Bobby blurted out, "Are you going to kiss me goodnight?" Timidly our lips met—then he was gone. I ran into the house, my eyes fiery, my face flushed, and my heart pounding like a jungle drum. I had had my first kiss.

THIS IS WAR

D. A. Crane

The sun and Mr. Bisbee beamed benignly. And why not? Mr. Bisbee, Mrs. Bisbee, and the two Bisbee scions were basking—no, wallowing in the felicity of (1) the unseasonably spring-like morning, (2) the prominence (a) socially, (b) financially, and (c) politically of the Bisbee clan, and (3) their delightful basement. Perhaps I should qualify this last source of delight. The Bisbee basement was a well-concealed cornucopia of sugar, coffee, frozen meats, and gas. Wherefore, I ask you? Why shouldn't the Bisbees be about the happiest family in the bright, warm, Martin glow? Wouldn't you be so?

The beaming Mr. Bisbee began the breakfast greetings—his exclusive prerogative.

"Good morning, boys—and Stella. Sleep well?"

"Very well, papa," in a chorus.

I just couldn't sleep for thinking about this rumor of shoe rationing, Bill."

Stella began "Do you suppose we could . . . ?"

Papa Bisbee leaned toward her, frowned significantly, rolled his eyes toward the Bisbee brats, and uttered in a stage whisper, "Not here, Stella."

After a pause, he burst forth: "I didn't awaken you to tell you when I came in last night, dear, but I have great news!"

"Yes?"—the chorus.

"Yes! Your father, boys, and you hubby, dear, will be appointed, it is rumored, to a position of political importance in a new government bureau. Its nature is not yet to be revealed."

We leave the Bisbee chorus lifted high in a hymn of rejoicing. I guess anyone so well-starred would rejoice.

The sun beamed fully as brightly upon the Dillinghams, and the Dillinghams beamed in return. And why not? The well-fed, well-clothed, and well-stocked Mr. and Mrs. Dillingham and daughter were wriggling in the joy of (1) the lovely spring morning, (2) their (a) financial, (b) social, and (c) political omnipotence, and (3) the subterranean store-room. Need I illumine the nature of its contents?

Mr. Dillingham, I repeat, radiated joy. "Good Morning, Deborah. I trust you enjoyed yourself last night?"

"But of co'se, Papa, 'deed ah did." (Debby had been to a boarding school in the South.) "Ah had my pictuh taken three times, an' it'll be in thuh rotogravure Sunday."

"Charming, charming;" he erupted gleefully." You are indeed upholding the Dillingham standards, Deborah."

After taking the customary three teaspoons of sugar in his customary third cup, he leaned forward and murmured in a manner unmistakably confidential:" Mr. Dillingham, it was inferred last night at the conference, will be elevated to a position of utmost importance in the government. The nature, of co'se, is purely confidential as yet."

We leave the Dillinghams in a state of unlimited prideful joy.

All of the sun shining in the cream of the elite of the exclusive Back Bay section seemed to glow in concentrated rays upon the terrace of the Beerbohm estate. The Beerbohms were breakfasting there. Or perhaps it was, not the sun's rays, but the radiant quality of the Beerbohm five that rendered the impression. It could be. Yes, the Beerbohms beamed—and so would you. The sources of the Beerbohm glee were (1) the spring-like quality of the atmosphere, (2) (a) socially, (b) politically, and (c) financially important position, and (3)—Well, I won't say it, but the Beerbohms still gave great banquets, and made cross country trips in their Packard.

Mr. Beerbohm was abrupt in nature. Ignoring the breakfast table amenities, he plunged forward. "Last night at the conference, J. B. told me—in strictest confidence, of course—that I was selected for appointment to a big government bureau. Guess I'm upholding the Beerbohm standards—eh, Lyda?"

Lyda beamed appreciatively upon her spouse.

"By the way, cut down on the gas, won't you Lyda? After all, this *is* war, and we've used fully a fifth of that tank under the house."

This was passed as incidental, and excited babble rose from the Beerbohm terrace. So much for the bustling Beerbohms.

In the Capitol, the conference was again met. The meeting having been brought to order, the chairman announced his selection, Bisbee, Dillingham, and Beerbohm; men of distinction, experience—and honor, of course. Yes, gentle readers, these were his selections for a new war-time rationing board.

Do you wonder that the Bisbees, Dillinghams, and Beerbohms beamed?

DROUGHT

Virginia Terrett

I have lived through the droughts of 1931, 1934, and 1936 on a ranch in eastern Montana. The one in '36 stands out most vividly in my mind, since I was old enough by then to hold the anxious and deep felt feelings that each one of us knew each day. In the morning when we awoke we wondered what the day would bring; in the hot noonday sun and in the coolness of the evening, we knew. Each evening we hoped, but hardly dared to hope that the heavy black clouds might bring us that almost sacred thing, rain. Instead there would only be a bad electrical storm and choking dust and wind storms. The everlasting wind only helped to dry up the already dry and cracking ground.

Along with the drought came millions of grasshoppers that infested the ground. They ate every green and living thing in sight, even stripped the leaves from the trees. Don't doubt my word when I say that the only green spot for miles around in the usually fine grazing country was a stretch of short and bristling alfalfa in the meadow below the ranch buildings.

The old saying, that work is never done on a ranch did not hold true that summer. My father let every single hired man go. There was no hay to put up, a job that usually takes all summer; and there was practically no riding to be done until late August when the fall roundup would begin. What riding did have to be done, my father and cousins could do easily. The cattle were turned out on the forest for sumer grazing. They ate and drank what they could find. The cattle on the forest reserve fared much better than those close in, where the grass had been cut to the ground by earlier grazing. Many of the ranchers shipped early in the summer, fearing that the cattle would practically starve before the summer was finished. Sometimes the poor, little, half-starved calves would die while traveling before they ever reached the railroad. When the cattle did reach the market, they only brought a few cents a pound.

A really great fear lived with us each day. All summer there were awful forest and prairie fires. They were not started by cigarette stubs or accidentally, but by lightning. Everything was so dry that fires would sometimes burn over a thousand acres of heavily timbered land before they could be stopped. All the ranchers fought fire with the well organized forest department. For two or three of the worst fires, bums were brought out from the streets of Miles City to help fight the fires.

Many times there is a crashing break in a drought with a cloudburst and flood, but not that summer. There was no let up until fall when cooler weather came and finally one of the bitterest of Montana winters landed upon us.

Somehow the ranchers and their families, at least most of them, bear up under such conditions of drought, grasshoppers, and Morman Crickets until finally years become better, and slowly, but surely the rancher gets to the top again. The cattleman is either on the very top or the very bottom; he never reaches a happy medium!

NOW TAKE THE INTERNE

Genella Nye

Up until about a year ago, my knowledge of the medical profession was indeed limited. But eight weeks in a hospital changed my view point about doctors, as well as other things. I have come to the conclusion that there are three main types of doctors, and every man that wields a stethoscope must fall into one of the following categories: the country doctor, the city doctor, or the interne.

Not much can be said concerning the country doctor that would not be a repetition. If you have not met him in a book, then it was surely in a picture show. He is the old white-haired fellow that hitches up his nag to the buggy at the urgent call of a distressed mother, and through rain and snow, hurries to the side of the dying child. We all know him so why go on.

Next let us consider the city doctor. He is the prominent M.D. that you see by appointment after waiting some two or three hours. He is the one that spiels off your ailments in terms of Latin. Even if you did manage to struggle through *Virgil* in high school, you are still in the dark. The big city doctor is never anywhere for over five minutes. From his home to house calls, from house calls to hospital, from hospital to office, and from office to house calls again. It is the life of a merry-go-round, on continuous circle.

And now, take the interne. He is perhaps the most important of all. He is the doctor-to-be, the embryonic doctor. I should say that the trade-mark of all internes is the stethoscope. It is the interne's pride. It hangs out of his back pocket, as he walks briskly down the halls of the silent hospital and is whisked out immediately, and put into use the moment he enters the room of his patient. There are two other things that they pride themselves on: their optimistic attitude, and their newly acquired bedside manner. Both are necessary but can become a bit of a burden to the patient. There was one interne, who every morning on the stroke of ten, as if by machinery, would burst in the door of my room with the unfailing, "Well, how are *we* today?" Not just one morning, nor one week, but for every morning for one month I stood that unvaried cheerful greeting. Finally, one morning I said, quite calmly and in a most squelching voice, "I'm all right. I wasn't aware that you were sick." Do you think that silenced him or that he even took the hint? Oh no! I had to stand it for another month. I sometimes think I have wonderful self-control. That was one of the times. How many times I have wanted to choke the throat that produced that cheery voice that reminds me of his!

As to the bedside manner, it is really the interne that determines whether it is a good one or a bad one. If the interne is blond, curly-headed, and looks like a football player, I most thoroughly approve of a bedside manner. But if he is kind of insignificant looking and definitely lacking in "oomph," the type that even his white coat does not help, or even add charm to, then I would prefer to dispense with any attempt at pulse taking, or anything like that, which could be made really interesting by a different type of person. The interne is an interesting study. He would make a good topic in psychology. Maybe some day I will take up psychology, and I will analyze him.

CHIMES 1943

Volume VII Number 3

The Chimes

WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL

Nashville, Tennessee

May, 1943

IN MEMORIAM

Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past,
Still thou performest the word
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live,
Prompt, unwearied, as here!
Still thou upraisest with zeal
The humble good from the ground,
Sternly repressest the bad!
Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse
Those who with half-open eyes
Tread the border-land dim
'Twixt vice and virtue; reviv'st,
Succourest!—this was thy work,
This was thy life upon earth.

RUGBY CHAPEL

Matthew Arnold.

Those Who Ring The Bell

That it's been fun working on the "Chimes" staff is putting it mildly. We have all gotten a big kick out of working together. Those four-thirty Wednesday afternoon sessions in the library reading room were unforgettable. The staff enjoyed reading the many excellent articles, poems, essays and short stories submitted. Understanding Miss Ordway with her ever-ready wit was more than a faculty adviser; she was our friend.

Here at Ward-Belmont is an undeveloped reservoir of good writing. With all the creative writing we are called upon to do for our English, there are some narratives, book reports or essays that you can submit to "Chimes." Remember those moments when you had a sudden impulse to write poetry and did? Maybe you thought the attempt was childish and tucked it away. Get it out and polish it up! Who knows, maybe "Chimes" can use it. Think of the thrill of pride you feel when you see your name in print. The sensation is even more satisfying when you see your thoughts and ideas in print, also. Aside from the personal achievement, "Chimes" should be a reflection of life here at Ward-Belmont. This magazine should be an expression of the students, as a whole, not just the thoughts of a few who take time to submit articles. It should present a typical, up-to-date picture of the thoughts of Ward-Belmont girls. "Chimes" should be a part of *you*.

The poetry contest ended with forty-seven entries, a large majority of which were written by high-class girls. Miss Ransom, Miss White, and Miss Norris acted as judges. Due to a different choice from each judge, three high-school entries tied for first place. Honorable mention in the contest goes to the work of Betsy Bishop as a fine piece of prose writing with poetic feeling. "November 18, 1942" was not originally intended for publication, but "Bet" consented to its use as *Chimes* material when "Bird dog," the brother you read about in the first issue of *Chimes,* came home as hale and hearty as ever. There is a wealth of material in this issue which presents different phases of life as it is affected by the war. Hallie Decker Martin writes with sincere understanding of a typical little town in wartime . . . "David" is a charming character sketch of one of our little British allies here for the duration. "Rationing In China," "Some of These Days," "Crash," and Margaret Burk's "All This and Wings Too" show varying reactions to the sudden change in civilian life . . . Marie Mount's short story, "Barter," was entered in the Atlantic Monthly contest . . . *Chimes* is indebted to Adelaide Bowen for the cleverly executed cuts. Especially timely are those spotted in this issue.

Winter grays have clung tenaciously this year, and we mortals, impatient for spring, have grown weary of waiting. But the transformation was inevitable, and probably exceedingly more beautiful when it suddenly appeared. The campus is glowing evidence of the mad extravagance of loveliness a long-imprisoned spring can bring with her . . . A world gray with war can quench the spring fire only for a limited period of time . . . For spring, the *Virginia Quarterly* pays beautiful tribute to Thomas Jefferson in this bicentennial anniversary . . . A general trend in all current writing may be felt—a world-wide interest in the problems of peace . . . Dr. Burk has done an interesting piece of work on *Who's She?* a sort of *Who's Who* of Ward-Belmont alumnae . . . We hear that last year's talented poetess and winner of the annual *Chimes* poetry contest has just published a volume of poetry . . . A luncheon guest in downtown Nashville was introduced to a surprised Ella Sykes as Corp. Vincent Sheean . . . and, as the most appealing of spring photographs which have come to rest in the *Chimes* files, we recommend *The Wesleyan,* whose cover is filled with a glorious spray of Georgia's dogwood blossoms . . . and now just as inevitable as spring, the goodbyes. The *Chimes* staff, everyone of us, would like to say that you, our readers, have been the end and the means . . . We hope that we may have contributed in some way to your creative spirit and to your pleasure, and that you will continue to ring the Chimes when we are gone . . . So long.

To Any Yet Faithful

Last spring a small volume of poetry with this striking title and the name, "Corol Morgan," came to Miss Ransom with the compliments of the publisher, *The Kaleidograph Press.*

After a long and diligent search through old records and files, Corol Morgan's identity was made fairly certain as Clarice Dix, a charter member of the Ward-Belmont *Wordsmiths,* the creative writing club which died before *Chimes* was born. A promising composition student at Ward-Belmont and then Vanderbilt, Miss Dix has included in the volume many of the poems written while attending both schools. The poems are arranged in seven units of thought and are extremely colorful and rhythmic, "Corol, the Morgan" is typical of this lyrical style of the author. The last poem in the series is a timely preface to war: "September, 1941." "Call Them With a Roll of Drums From School In September." The poetic preface addressed "To Any Yet Faithful," introduces the reader to a unique field of thought, and is answered with the strange conclusiveness of "Look No More."

Miss Ransom has placed this work of an old W.-B. girl in the library for you to read.

Gamin at the Department Store Window

GARNETT GAYLE

When you first looked at him you could tell he was a "big shot." The boy's stature extended a foot and a half above the base of the department store window, as he stood scornfully looking through the window with his hands on his hips. A jockey cap was slapped over one eye, giving the little figure a look of determination. The pockets of his small, worn and ragged jacket were bulging with equipment he considered necessary in his life, such as paper wads and chewing gum. His stance was with feet spread apart. The patched brown pants were five inches too short, and his sturdy legs extended below them. The shoes were from the same wardrobe and were three steps from being completely worn out. As though he was the best dressed man on the street, this boy stood proudly in front of the window.

The scene in front of his intent brown eyes was filled with mannequins of women and children dressed in the most colorful and eye-catching clothes the store could produce. In the center were children who didn't play like their fifth cousins in the outside world, but always as if they forever attended genteel parties. The girls were exquisitely aloof in their pink net dresses and blue velvet dresses. The boys were modern Lord Fauntleroys in their dark blue wool suits with small caps to match. Haughtily watching these stock figures were debutantes and society mothers with looks of boredom and superiority painted on their faces. The debutantes wore gowns protected by ermine, mink and silver fox fur jackets. The mothers wore heavy and uncomfortable three-piece suits and black afternoon dresses with sequin and fringe on them.

The boy felt sorry for the models in the window because they were not human and did not enjoy life. He turned and strutted disdainfully away from the window, leaving a frost which his warm breath had formed on the glass.

My Place

By PETER HART

My place is between the trees and the stars were enchantment's a hair's breadth away. You can hear the sigh of the wind-whispered pines, the breeze blows soft, and the sound of the water comes too. It's there that I go when I'm feeling low—to untie knots of mistakes I've made and somehow, someway, the tangles straighten out for me.

If you'd like to go, we'll take the key from the shelf, and come whatever, we'll go there together—just you and me.

For This They Fight

HALLIE DECKER MARTIN

On first glance everything seems about the same. The usual assortment of white-haired, shirt-sleeved speculators with their mellowed cob pipes occupy the creaking split-bottom chairs, sitting on the cracked sidewalk under the green-striped awning of the West Side Hotel. It is necessary to draw very close to the group before one realizes that the conversation is now entirely taken up not with the coming county election or the advantage of farm loans, but with the North African campaign.

For Saturday afternoon, the square seems rather deserted. The wooden farmers' wagons which usually line the asphalt street before the red brick court house, their bottoms filled with hay so that the small gingham-clad youngsters may sleep when they become exhausted from chasing one another back and forth among the dusty wagon wheels, and likewise, the bushel baskets of their fresh home-grown produce crowding the wide sidewalk, are strangely absent. One misses the humming swarm of neighborly shoppers that usually mill around them, calling good-natured sallies to one another and choosing their purchases deliberately, only after they have sufficiently thumped and pinched the respective contents of several wagons.

A glance into the lather-scented barber shop reveals that the sagging horse-hair sofa, which is pulled before the plate-glass window in summer and again in winter is placed near the round, black, pot-bellied stove, is crowded with its usual Saturday allotment of the sticky, fidgeting, younger generation, their chocolate-streaked faces buried deep in month-old comic books. The irregular slashing sound of the deftly wielded scissors blends with the steady drone of the electric clippers. At the inquiry in the shop about the absence of the farmers' hay-filled wagons a bass voice, issuing from beneath a pile of steaming towels in which its owner's face is swathed, informs one that the hardpressed, overworked farm finds that the precious Saturday hours can no longer be spent selling vegetables to the humming swarm of neighborly shoppers. The farmers, the voice continues, have pledged themselves not only to the task of raising enough to be carried by our great seafaring transports across the open, white-capped ocean to the wasted, bloodless, out-stretched hands of the parentless children of Europe, who will in tomorrow's world be the Churchills, or, if neglected and ignored, the Hitlers.

On going back through the swinging doors into the warm glaring sunlight, one faces the scrap metal heap piled high on the plot of grass which encircles the monument of the Confederate soldier in the center of the square. In spite of the weekly West-

ern, which the movie is featuring, most of its youthful Saturday patrons are busy heaping on more scrap, which they have dragged from remote corners and which only the active spirits of their youth could have found.

The floating flag above the marble post office recalls snatches of one of those new V-mail letters, recently read:

"I'd name the new collie pup "Pal." He must be getting pretty big by now. And, say, if anyone asks you what we're fighting for, you tell 'em that World Congresses and trade agreements are fine things and I hope we fix 'em so that everyone gets an even break, but after talking things over with some of the fellers, we decided that we were really fighting so that L. H. S. can lick the hell out 'o Dover next fall in football. We think a lot about the old school, with its big study hall, and the initials we carved on the library tables and the mock orange tree by the front steps where the gang used to meet. . . . Hope there's still room in front of City Drugs to park Blender . . . How are Mom's yellow roses along our drive? . . . And remember how we had those crisp waffles with thick maple syrup and milk from the blue crock pitcher every Sunday morning? . . . And remember the Fourth of July picnic, and the smell of damp ink and new paper around the Democrat office where I used to set type? Perhaps we're wrong, but most of us boys seem to be fighting for about the same things—just so no one can change that town of ours."

The bank clock chimes five, and ten minutes later the Mill whistle blows. Miss Kirby, with her old-fashioned leather handbag and her twisted-handled umbrella, starts with a bouncing trot across the Square. The City Cafe turns on its red neon sign. Fletcher's ice truck rumbles back toward the plant, and by the smell of warm yeast one knows that the five o'clock bread is finished at the bakery.

Yes, at first glance every thing seems about the same. The usual assortment of white-haired, shirt-sleeved speculators occupy the chairs in front of the West-Side Hotel, It is necessary to draw very close to the group before realizing that the conversation is entirely taken up by the North African campaign.

An Angel With a Dirty Face

By Martha Davis

If anyone wants to know what it is to have an eleven year old brother, ask me. It isn't everyone who is blessed with this good fortune; I happen to be one of the lucky ones. He isn't an unusual boy, just a typical "roughneck", who loves baseball and thinks his teacher isn't capable of teaching the sixth grade. He has a marvelous sense of humor and usually has a sunny smile. However, he isn't perfect by any means and is a little cross and irritable occasionally.

At first glance you notice his true brunette features of dark brown hair, eyes almost black, and dark olive complexion. He has had child-like desires, as all boys do, as to what he will make his profession when he grows up. For years he wanted to be a street-car conductor, then a fireman, but now he wants to be a professional ball-player.

The extent of his interest with the females is strictly on a mutual basis, but he isn't exactly what you would call a woman hater. However, there is a girl in his grammar-school life. Since all his other chums have a girl, he thinks it's the style. He seldom mentions his love-life at home, but when anyone asks him if he has a girl he says, "Yes, I've been going with her for five years in January". Well, it's taken five years for him to ask her for a date, but finally last fall he popped the question. I imagine her reply was, "This is so sudden!". Nevertheless they caught the bus and went to a show and Candyland. It seems there was another show in town they would like to see, so they went to a second movie; only she paid her own way. He said he'd done enough. I think there have been a couple of other dates since then, but I have an idea his life with the women will never be so terribly glamorous.

The bane of his existence is dancing class, still he went every other Saturday night. Once I asked him how many times he danced with Margaret. He said, "Only once. It's best to play hard to get".

Just recently, I have been closer to him than ever. Six weeks ago, he was enjoying to the fullest the beautiful snow, when he took a fall from his sled and broke his back. It was quite a painful and unfortunate accident. While he was in the hospital, on several occasions I sat with him a couple of hours when all the other nurses were busy, and I saw how much he was suffering. All the time I kept wondering why a little boy who loved to play so much should have to be so still for so long. Right after he came out from under the anesthetic, he said to the doctor. "Can I play baseball?" The doctor replied, "Sure you can—as soon as you get your back well." As the doctor left the room, he looked up at daddy, smiled slightly, and said, "Ain't he a wonderful guy?" Then he was off to sleep to wait for those twelve long weeks when maybe he can play again.

All through his youthful life, he has been cursed by a nickname which I gave him as an infant. I tried to say "little brother," but all that came out was "wittle buzzard". So he was called "buzzard" for years, later changing to "Buzzer", then "Buzzie", and now its just plain old Buzz. When he started to school, he gave his name as Buzz, so he's condemned by that horrible name rather than William Lipscomb, Jr. or something more civil. It seems tragic to grow up known as Mr. Buzz, but as far as he's concerned, he'll always be just plain Buzz Davis.

Red Hills and Cotton, Up Country Memory

BEN ROBERTSON: ALFRED A. KNOPH
New York

Reviewed by MARGARET HAY

Ben Robertson knew the South. having been brought up in the red hills of South Carolina, he naturally understood and respected the Southerners' attitude toward this world as well as the next. His forebears were among the earliest settlers of this red hill country and Daniel Boone was a remote uncle, therefore it is easy to understand Mr. Robertson's deep love of the soil and the way of life that goes with it.

This book deals with the innumerable kinfolk of Ben Robertson, and he starts by stating how his grandmother felt toward being born in Carolina. She said, "we and all of our kissing kin were Carolinians, and after we were Carolinians we were Southerners, and after we were Southerners, we were citizens of the United States. Our kinfolks had gained their personal consent to the forming of the Union, we had voted for it at the polls, and what we had voted to form we had had the right to vote to unform."

From his description of the land about him, one gets the feeling of what the Old South meant with its spaciousness, and peace of mind, and its people who loved to spend their days dreaming.

Mr. Robertson spoke of his people as being Southern Stoics who believed in "self-reliance, self-improvement, in progress as the theory of history, in loyalty, in total abstinence, in total immersion, in faithfulness, righteousness, justice, in honoring our parents, in living without disgrace. As Southerners, it is essential to my kin folk that they live by an ethical code, and with dignity and honor." He goes on to say that the Southerner is more interested in the individual and his differences rather than the type. This explains why people from other sections think the Southerner merely inquisitive.

Robertson's grandfather was the essence of a true Southern gentleman who felt that as long as land was in the family, a spirit of freedom was inevitable. He continually advocated education at whatever cost or sacrifice. He wanted the Southerner to learn to think, and he also felt that there was nothing that America could not accomplish in the way of becoming a perfect state. "He did not believe in the new factory system as a civilized way of living, and did not believe it would last. He felt men should control their own time and make of work a means to an end. He believed that someday the United States would come back to the South for the key to its culture."

Every Southerner should feel grateful to Ben Robertson for putting into such flowing prose his conception of the South and for what it stands as a cultural unit of America. With his wit and charm he brings the Southerner right to your doorstep while telling you of his many blessings.

Just a few weeks ago, the South lost its staunchest admirer when Mr. Robertson was killed in a plane crash on the coast of North Africa.

Sentiment and Sentimentality

By BERNICE ERWIN

Sentiment is a mental attitude, thought, or judgment permeated or prompted by feeling. It is a refined feeling; a delicate sensibility. Sentimentality suggests exaggerated or affected sentiment, usually to such a degree that it is unpleasing to others.

Chesterton says: "This is the essence of the Sentimentalist, that he seeks to enjoy every idea without its sequence, and every pleasure without its consequence."

For instance, a boy may love his dog, feed him well and be kind to him in every way, thus showing sentiment; but if the dog goes blind and is practically dead with old age, yet the boy refuses to chloroform him, he displays sentimentality.

Sentiment is an old gentleman with refined, dignified qualities. He keeps his thoughts and sentiments to himself. They are for his own pleasure and use, and not for the public eye. Sentiment is the smell of grass after rain. Sentimentality is the suffocating odor of a dime-store perfume. Sentiment is genuine. Sentimentality is a synthetic something to be sold to the public. Sentiment is as pleasing as a mockingbird in a magnolia grove, whereas, sentimentality is as obnoxious as the loud, shrill twitter of canaries in a crowded, stuffy room. Sentiment is a beautiful hand-stitched blouse, but sentimentality is a cheap, chain-store imitation. Sentiment is the wind-swept meadow full of daisies, but sentimentality is an ornate rock garden with too many fossilated rocks.

In brief, sentiment is a fine, wholesome restrained quality, and sentimentality is a cheap display of feelings.

THE MOM IN FAIRMONT TOWN

ANNE CLINTON

There lived a Mom in Fairmont town,
And a wealthy Mom was she;
With three stout and pert daughters;
Sent one to W.-B.
She hadna been a week from her,
Or maybe two or three,
When word came to this faithful Mom
She was homesick as could be.
She hadna been a month from her,
Or maybe three or four,
When word came to this faithful Mom
That she could stand no more.
"I know the lessons are quite hard,
But you keep on the track,
And work real hard in this first term
To see just what you lack.
It fell about the Christmas time,
When nights were longer'n day,
The daughter came from W-B
Came home, but not to stay.
She neither grew in height nor width
But gained in fields of knowledge.
She left the gates of W-B,
Prepared for some fine college.

Some of These Days

ELEANOR NANCE

I am sitting up here on the mountain tonight, all alone, and thinking about the times in the past our crowd has been up here and all the fun we've had. Things seem awfully different now, which is, of course, quite natural. It really seems like centuries instead of only a couple of years . . . not even that yet.

I waded in the stream tonight where we used to get water for coffee, and I built a small fire down by Devil's Den . . . kept expecting Bren to complain about the smoke! Funny, our little idiosyncrasies (you used to call that a $4.98 word, after that etymology course, but to be sure!). I turned on the carlights and am sitting here in the sand, right next to Mr. Kim's cotton field, where we used to do the Big Apple. Have you forgotten the time Cane Burroughs shot at you all when Bren got a "chunk" out of his watermelon patch? And the time we rolled the tire down to the garage and brought it back on Mr. Kim's wagon? And then found the old machine out of gas!

I thought of the first date we had . . . the dance at the club. You sent me violets and I wore a red dress! I later found you had a yen for purple, but after that it was orchids, and Christmas you broke the monotony with a white one and a pin attached. I wore it 'til January second, when the posy deserted the pin, literally. And do you remember the time we coaccidentally met in Yorkville, visiting aunts and uncles, respectively? You were so surprised to see me that you bought a bottle of vodka to test your vision! (I never quite understood that!) And my aunt and your uncle knew each other, and we all went to the Stork Club. And we bought a monkey down on the "Jersey side" from the captain of a fruit steamer and Aunt Louise made a suit for him . . . (her son has him now in Australia). You went up to Maine, and I went home . . . I thought you were going to Yale; so I started going with Bill. Our gang really stayed together, didn't it? Until now, of course; but somehow even at this minute I feel that we're all right together. Speaking of Bill, you remember how he always wanted to go to Manila, and when he got to Arizona once he said he'd get all the way next time? Well, Bill was with MacArthur in the Phillipines.

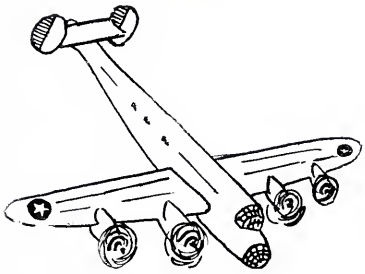
I know you remember the big scavenger hunt we had when my folks had the cabin in Panama City and the time Mother caught the tarpon. And how Bill bought and paid for a glass-bottom boat at Silver Springs to cruise around in the Con Secour river hunting a treasure. We really had fun playing pirates . . . until we tangled up in Dad's fish traps!

Have you forgotten the argument we had over whose family had the most money? And we decided yours must because your father made more stir about taxes than mine? Which led to that big talk over the Democrats and Republicans, and I called you a carpet-bagger! I don't think you ever got over that!

And I know you remember the summer of '41 when I had that dance and the Japanese lanterns caught on fire. You poured bowls of punch on them and we had to drink cokes . . . but that was when they were easy to get. And that Easter morning we came up here for a surprise breakfast. Bill played a trumpet solo just as the sun was coming up . . . without asking, I know that all of us will remember that forever.

I felt awfully queer in December when you all left . . . it seemed to be the end of a great big thing. Maybe I could even say "end of a way of life," for never can it be the same again. But back to your leaving . . . at the station Mary's record player got you off to a good start with "Anchors Away," and I bought you all lots of Dick Tracy comic books . . . remember? And everybody laughed and you said, "I'll see you in Tokyo," and were gone. Well, every minute of our crowd was exciting and lots of fun. Why, at this very second I see all of us right out there cooking steaks by Devil's Den and eating "chunks" out of Mr. Kim's field!

And tonight, even though you're reported missing, I know we'll all meet again somewhere. Until then, let's "carry on" wherever we are, and won't we have lots to talk about some of these days? Be seein' ya!



CRASH

March 3, 1943

LOUISE LASSETER

Eritrea's sands can never claim your soul
Nor Dead Sea fold your burning body close,
For Chile's earth your silver beauty stole.
Reluctant toward the earth you fell morose,
The jealous earth, that skyward sent her taunt,
And snared you with her highest mount to end
Your boldest flight. Might skies have ceased to flaunt
Their bluer blues if they did this intend?
Now you no longer may the round globe span,
No charted routes now lead to shores afar
From which you homeward bore an ivory fan
As if from heaven you had plucked a star.
The Dead Sea cries and mourns for you, the dead,
And in your memory stars burn deeper red.

Our Grandfather

SONIA WHITE

Every home needs a grandfather. Grandfathers have a mellow outlook on life. They want to comfort the young instead of chastise them. Don't you remember how yours was? Didn't he bring you surprises, either colorful spring flowers or red apples, tell you jokes, maybe stale ones, but still jokes, and listen to your tales of woe when the rest of the world seemed a bit disciplinary? Ward-Belmont's grandfather had this same generous trait and a perpetual habit of telling jokes that were good, but stale.

He was a man of great knowledge, a research chemist, but being this did not seem to prevent students from greeting him with a cheery "hello" as he passed through the dimly-lit hall. This distinguished looking, grey-haired man had deep faith in his students and for this, they respected and loved him.

Without realizing it, he made a considerable reputation for himself by doing the little things in life that mean so much to each and everyone of us. Every year, when spring finally decided to poke its head around the corner, and Northern girls' thoughts turned to the idea of taking "week-ends at home," he never failed to pack boxes of beautiful Chinese orchids for them to show their families that spring had really arrived in Nashville. If he was not spending his spare time doing this, he was busy "puttering" around in his garden and picking great bunches of flowers to distribute among his students. His kindness did by no means stop at the sharing the beauty of flowers. It continued further. When girls were homesick or feeling as though they had lost their last friend, they were suddenly cheered by his offer to take them to the local parks. On the exact minute that they were to go on this promised excursion, he would appear on campus in his little black Ford and pack them off to the park where they could gaze with wonderment upon splendid arrangements of blooming tulips. When class sports became the main interest on campus, this same lovable man was always the cause of many an argument as to whose class colors or hat he would wear on that chosen day. He was a familiar figure on the sidelines of every game and never failed to attend one, whether it was baseball or bowling, hockey or tennis.

When this learned man took his position of teaching chemistry in Ward-Belmont, he fitted right into the scheme of everyday campus life without once having to adjust himself to his new surroundings. Since that first day he had become as much a part of the school as his famed chemistry has. Perhaps his method of "putting a certain explanation across" to the average student may have been appalling, but nevertheless, he kept the same problem until every last one of his students understood it. Maybe his class lecture suddenly turned into a heated argument, but when all had been simmered down and peace reigned again, he would continue his explanation in the same quiet voice that he started with. He wanted students to enjoy his class and not think of it in terms of drudgery. To accomplish this, he often enlightened his students by showing illustrations of an experiment, such as, a miniature of the first "neon" light, or asked leading questions that involved everyday problems. Sometimes he would use a few precious moments of class to tell a joke, and thus relieve the tension, so that the student could feel free to think clearly. Often he would serve cool lemonade in one of his final examinations to comfort his hot, bare-legged, hair-tearing students. He seemed to possess those qualities that enabled him to understand students. When one glanced into his small, cramped office, while he corrected piles of papers or was just sitting, that person never failed to visualize him as holding all the world's troubles on his own broad shoulders.

This valuable grandfather, this learned man of the Ward-Belmont faculty, and this man of understanding always greeted the students with a thoughtful smile and a twinkle in his eye, whether they were walking on the campus or producing vile odors in the chemistry lab., if they would just say, "Hello, Doctor Hollinshead!"

The Land of the Sky

JANE DOSS

A trip to the mountains is the most invigorating trip I know of. Some people pick the seashore, but that's not for me. If you don't think the mountains can do something for you, just spend a few days in East Tennessee or Western North Carolina.

Maybe I love the mountains because I lived in a little town, surrounded by them, for the first six years of my life, and have spent a few days there every summer since. But, whatever it is, this love is in my heart.

I'd love to be there now. As you near the slopes, the road begins to wind. The mountains seem to grow as they get higher and higher. You ride along cool spots where the tree limbs frame the highway. The fragrance of pines is very strong. A little stream runs along close to the road. The pines are a deeper green than they were before. You can almost feel the tiredness fading away. This is where the mountain's effect starts.

You pass more cool spots. Cooler than before, and now the air is sweet with the fragrance of mountain laurel or rhododendron. The streams are glassy clear. They fall swiftly now, over the jagged rocks, and foam into little pools.

The road climbs and climbs. Higher! Then the top. What a glorious feeling! The mountains become a part of you. The air is clean. Breathe deep; it makes you feel alive. The air is cool and damp up here above the clouds.

The color harmony alone is a beautiful sight. The trees or the near mountains can be clearly seen. Their leaves are beautifully colored. They fade into the trees that are farther away. The green gets lighter until it

fades into purple, fainter and fainter until it fades into the sky.

One of the most dramatic scenes in the mountains is that made by the bare trees at Beauty Spot and Ephriam Place. Over ten years ago all the chestnut trees there were killed by blight, and they were left dead and naked. The winds, rains, and snow of the succeeding years have stripped the trees until they are left white and startling against the dark blue sky.

By the magnificent work of the engineers of our time, roads have been built and the scenes I've already mentioned can be seen from a car. But I like to climb mountains on foot. The top of a mountain is more beautiful when you have to climb to see it. Grandfather Mountain, the third highest mountain east of the Rockies, near Linville, North Carolina, is a very rocky place. It is impossible to go to the top in a car; so you must climb most of the way. It isn't an easy journey, either. There are trees, rhododendron bushes, and ferns growing in the lower part of the mountain. The atmosphere is heavy with moisture and little particles of water cling to the wild honeysuckle, so that each clump looks as if nature had prepared it for a color photograph. The odor of the damp, black earth is clean and strong. Toward the top the rocks get larger, then huge. Several brave trees are growing through the crevices of the rocks. It is stimulating and invigorating up here where it seems that even the rocks try to grow.

The high wind blows the clouds up and over the top of the mountain. I could sit here for hours watching the clouds and the tiny winding highway far below, between clouds.

After a journey to the top and back, what an appetite you have! The mountain's damp early-morning air, mingled with the fragrance of blossoms covered in dew and woodsmoke from a crackling fire, could make anyone eat. Fried ham, eggs, coffee, and grits, flavored with the woodsmoke. Food naturally tastes better in the mountains.

The dim lights; odor of a wood fire and sound of crackling logs; odor of rhododendron and honeysuckle blossoms, and pines; mist; moonlight; cool, damp air; cool sheets; warm blankets; mountains; sleep, sleep, sleep.

And who couldn't sleep in the mountains? There's nothing like the mountains.

No Pencils Allowed

By Hortense Forman

Pencils are definitely a necessity, and the girls at Tennessee School for the Blind found them particularly valuable. Every girl in the dormitory knew that pencils were forbidden; so owning one, and using it right there in the school, was quite a triumph. However, all underhanded work is disclosed sooner or later. One girl made the mistake of letting her pencil be seen by the supervisor, and then the trouble began.

The principal was immediately informed that certain high school students had pencils. The next day the high school students were asked to remain in chapel after the others had been dismissed. What would be said? Several girls whispered hurriedly a comment to the one next to them, and the strange hush of anxiety filled the auditorium.

Slowly treading footsteps approached from the rear of the auditorium. Instinctively, we knew the principal was giving the matter a final analysis in his mind before speaking. Every minute was torture. Why didn't he just get up there, "blow off steam" (as we had phrased it), and let the matter drop? But that was not his way. He merely repeated what we already knew, that pencils were not allowed, and he asked us to hand in all pencils to the supervisor.

This was simply impossible! The boys could get along all right without pencils, but not the girls. We needed those precious pencils for other things than writing. The question was, "How can we explain this urgent need without embarrassment?"

None of the girls wanted to broach the unpleasant subject to our principal, but at length I was chosen for the dreaded task. What could I say to that big man on such a delicate subject? And would he understand after I told him?

Well, regardless of what he would think, I must speak to him today. Oh —there he was in the hall, just a few steps ahead of me. My courage waned—I think I blushed—and we were face to face.

"Dr. Spellings," I faltered, "May I speak with you privately?"

"Hmm-yes, if it won't take more than a few minutes," he replied in his matter-of-fact voice.

We walked silently to his "office" (a tiny enclosure in the huge typing room). Although the entire class was in the room, I felt safe, for those typewriters made enough noise to cover our conservation. He took his regular chair behind the desk, and I sat fidgeting before him.

"Now, what business did you wish to discuss?" Both elbows were now planted firmly on the big desk, his hands clasped beneath his chin, and he assumed an air of deep meditation.

"Dr. Spellings, I hardly know how to begin." I searched my brain for a possible way of speeding up this terrible interview. "This pencil situation is a bit annoying . . ."

"And you suggest we let our pupils use pencils whenever they like? Do you realize that some students here would soon lose their vision entirely if we permitted pencils to be used freely?"

He asked the questions quietly, but I could see he did not understand.

"No, sir, that was not the point I wished to discuss. It is simply—well, —uh—we girls need those pencils to curl our hair on, and—you want us to keep looking nice, don't you?"

At last the truth was out. I was already beginning to feel relieved. But what did he think?

I looked up. He was smiling.

"Tell the girls they may keep their pencils," he said, "But they must not be sharpened."

And the embarrassing ordeal was concluded.

Poetry Contest Winners

FIRST PLACE

A Picture at Twilight

KARIN ADAMS

Against the gray
And wintry sky
The bare-armed trees
Are stark;
Their gaunt black forms
An etching make
Upon the coming
Dark.

FIRST PLACE

They Will Return

By NORMA EVERS

Spring arrived unexpectedly
and stayed
one short
day.
Seeing the earth
unprepared for her,
she slipped
away.
Peace came too,
and stayed
one brief
day.
Finding the world
unresponsive,
she fled
away.

November 18, 1942

BETSY BISHOP

Do you still gripe about sugar rationing?
Well, if you gripe and growl constantly about these petty things,
Why not try thinking a little?
Perhaps you have a son, a sweetheart, a father, or
Like me, a brother, in the service.
Do you ever stop to think about him—
I mean, really think?
Or do you just feel as if he's on a business trip
And will be back as soon as his work is done?
Well, if you're the second type, why not try to get into your head
That there is more to this work than that.
These boys who go out to do or die for their country, their work,
Their ideas, their homes, and, yes, for you—their loved ones—
These boys are meeting more than just business associates.
They're meeting stiff, regular training (without enough equipment);
They're meeting the Japs and Nazis (without enough equipment),
And giving them the very devil.
They're meeting capture, injury, death,
And you sit here smug and warm complaining about sugar, gas, and tires.
The boys fighting in the hesert are given one cup
One cup, mind you, of water a day.
This is for shaving, brushing the teeth, washing (body and clothes), and drinking.
And you sit here and complain because you sometimes can buy but one coke a day.
The boys in England have no cigarettes,
And you go crazy till the Tea Room is opened to smoking.
So you can shove away about two packs a day.

Another thing. Has your family ever received a brief, cruel message:
"We regret to inform you—your son—reported missing on routine flight—
Every possible search being made—will inform you day by day"?
Have you?
Well, if you haven't, I hope you never will.
It's hell.
I know.

Your father meets you at school, and with a white, grim look,
Hands you a blue and white slip of paper.
You know what it says before you open it,
But still the shock is so great, all the blood drains out
And you actually feel your face go pasty gray.
At first you want to scream, but then you think,
"Birddog! Why, Birddog's all right; he'll come back."
So you hand the paper back with a steady eye
And a firm "I don't believe it."
While you desperately try to control that watermelon in your throat
And that horrible, nauseated feeling.
You go home to a mother and grandmother, who are, of course, grief-stricken.
You watch with a feeling bordering on disgust the sobbing, well-meaning women
Who come in, and really do more harm than good.
When they look on you with pity-filled eyes and sympathetically pat your shoulder,
And say, "We must be brave;"
You want to wrench yourself away, spit on them, and cry,
"Why act that way? Birddog's all right!"
But you can't. You have to smile, and thank them very kindly,
And say, "Oh, yes, we must have hope."

Then, when you go upstairs, something draws you into his room,
And suddenly all your stiff-upperlippness and keep-your-chin-uppness dissolves,
And you with it.
Down on your knees beside his bed, you pray to God to bring him back to you,
Pray as you have never done before.
You didn't think that you would trust in God so. But you pray,
While the lump in your throat melts into tears streaming down your cheeks.
Then, feeling weak and relieved, you go into your room,
Wink at Birddog's picture as though there were a secret between just you two
(Incidentally, he winks back), and you go back downstairs.

At dinner when you try to show you're not worried by choking food down,
The telephone rings. Another message:
"The bomber located on desolate peak of Rocky Mountains—movement and flares
Seen around ship—rescue party started out—will send later details—"
And suddenly you must change outwardly from optimism to pessimism
To keep the family from being over-joyous,
Only maybe to lead to more heart-break.

People keep pouring in, the telephone keeps ringing,
Your face feels as if one more smile would crack it,
Lessons are forgotten, and you wait for more news.
Here it is:
"Rescue party reaches plane—one boy killed, three seriously injured—
The rest a bit shaken up."
The dead boy, thank God, is not Birddog,
But you don't know the names of any others.

So you go upstairs, trying to keep your faith and
A promise made not long ago to Birddog—
Not to ever give up.
You go to bed, thinking, thinking—
I've got to stop thinking.
And just before you go to sleep
These same words come back to you,
"Birddog's all right; he'll come back."
Please, God,

The Wages of Sin

By Joan Anderson

My memories are all of the most unpleasant variety. With very little effort or exertion I can conjure up visions that would make the hair rise on the back of your neck. The imaginative and terrifying qualities of my mother's punishments would have done credit to the most stout hearted Spanish Inquisitioner. Her weapons were crude but effective. Such personal articles as a floppy bedroom shoe or an antiquated hairbrush were much in use, and I lived the early part of my life under the shadow of that ominous and omnipotent nursery threat, the "peach tree switch." But so much for reminiscences.

The chastisement I best remember occurred when I was at the tender age of four. I spilled a bottle of ink on the rug and then, oh, blackest of sins, I told an out and out lie. Mother confronted me with the spot, surrounded by several tell-tale fingerprints, and I staunchly asserted that it must have been "kitty". Needless to say, my persuasive powers were well overruled by the evidence and the unalterable fact that we had no "kitty". My mother, being a very fair woman, once again put the question to me, accompanied by several well chosen remarks about my immortal soul. By then I was a hardened criminal and literally wallowed in my deceptions. I assured my fond parent that it was all the fault of the little black and white kitten who had come with the groceries that morning. These apparently harmless words kindled the spark already flaming in Mother's eyes and the hour of reckoning was upon me.

That whipping was different from her usual haphazard paddlings. It was a slow, dignified procedure which chilled me to the very bone. First my aid was enlisted, nay, shall I say conscripted, to procure a switch, sufficiently sturdy, yet flexible. Many trips had to be made before both parties were satisfied. Then the stage (bath room to you) was set; the scene was cleared; and all non-participants evacuated. My sympathetic grandmother and my loving nurse hovered outside the door. Grandmother was torn between sympathy for me and the moral and maternal aspects of the case, but nurse was wholly on my side.

Mother advanced, brandishing her weapon, and began her usual spiel, which consisted primarily of "This hurts me much more than it does you," and I commenced my blood curdling screams. The blows were quickly but effectively delivered, while I danced madly about the room. Then the tension relaxed and after a minute of silence, we fell sobbing into each other's arms, each very much relieved that the gruesome ordeal had been completed.

Riding the Bus

By Martha Baird

Since the war has stripped us of so few essentials, and left us with such an abundance of luxuries, I hardly feel it is patriotic of me to complain. I'm not, really, but at the present, I am thoroughly put out with the whole bus system. I realize I would be walking most of the time if buses did not exist, and I'm very grateful for them, but it does seem to me that things in general could be a little better arranged.

I walk from school to the bus line, stand around on first one foot and then the other, waiting impatiently to see the broad, silver top loom over the hill. After what seems an hour, the bus comes, stopping several feet from the yellow line. The door swings open and in I fall, my arms full of books. I am relieved, for I have seen the bus tear right on by several stops, leaving agitated people to wave their arms.

Having gotten on the bus, I begin to dig through the dozens of articles in my catch-all, hunting for my nickel. As time passes and no nickel is to be seen, I become aware of the icy stare fixed upon me, emanating from the gentleman seated at the wheel. I can almost hear him say, "Well, well! No nickel, eh? Looks like you'll have to walk after all." Suddenly my fingers close about the coin; I thrust it into the box and demand haughtily, "One transfer, please." Having my transfer safe in hand, I face the problem of seating myself. The bus is usually

packed with old ladies and small fry who take up one seat for themselves. There's always the negro section, always the floor, and always a place to stand. Having eliminated the first two of these promising selections, I stand. Behind me sits one of those menaces to civilization, bus fiends or whatever else you wish to call them, commonly known as *men*, but hated and despised by all women who ride buses. There they sit, slumped in a seat, gazing intently upon the scenery, or their neighbor's shapely legs, or anything but the weary female standing nearby. Some are even so bold and brazen as to look you straight in the eye as if to tell you they intend to keep their seats, and what do you intend to do about it.

There I stand as the bus goes careening or crawling, depending on the driver's mood, through the streets. At an unexpected moment, it turns a corner on two wheels, and I grasp the pole, snatch at my books, and hang on for dear life. Sometimes, it is possible to come out of these acrobatic feats standing up, but usually I find myself lying horizontally across a couple of seats, or in the lap of some unfortunate victim. Suddenly I discover an empty seat. Ah! Rest at last! At the very moment those pleasant words come to mind, I see an old, old, *old*, lady creeping up into the bus. I begin to pray fervently that someone besides me has some manners. No one does; so that the feeble old soul has ac-

tually wrapped herself about a pole, and looked to me for aid, I gather what's left of my strength, pull myself out of the seat and paint a broad and kindly smile upon my face. The old lady pats my hand, blesses me, and hobbles over to what was once my haven of rest.

By the time the bus has reached the end of the line, I am beyond the point of caring what happens next. Now I face the happy trudge of what appear to be several miles to the stop where I catch the shuttle-bus. I am dead tired, so I decide to take my own sweet time in getting there. This is exactly what I do, and I have no sooner rounded the corner than I see the shuttle take off down the road. At this point it is usually customary to cuss quite a bit, shake a fist at the departing conveyance, and violently bless out the whole bus line to a passing dog. Those creatures lucky enough to have caught the shuttle as they came from the city bus, are exceptions, and I never happen to be one.

I then resign myself to sitting down at the bus stop on the cold pavement, and waiting patiently for the return of the bus. Since it will not be around for another half-hour, I must amuse myself. So I begin to kick rocks, throw rocks, and finally scratch around the curbing with rocks. Naturally I soon become bored with rocks. My restless eye wanders over to a field nearby, where a bull resides. Or is it a cow? Peaceful-looking, but still—I look at my watch. Fifteen more minutes, and the bus is usually late. I begin to feel hunger gnawing at my stomach. I untie one shoe, take out the lacings, and proceed to put them back in with the utmost care. As time goes by, I begin to get so interested in my occupation that I don't realize the bus is near until it is practically bearing down on me. It *would* be early! There I sit, one shoe halfway on, the other one minus its lacings. I jump up, dragging my shoe-laces behind me, and grab all my belongings. Where did I put the transfer! It must be somewhere around. Sure enough, there it is, hidden between clauses and phrases in my English book. The bus driver looks at the frayed bit of paper and coldly informs me that I will have to pay a nickel if I hand him another transfer in that condition. I am so irritated by that time that he seems only to rub salt in my wounds, and I reply savagely that if he would get there on time I would not be forced to play with the transfer for amusement. He throws me a perfectly *filthy* look, and I go to my seat where I sulk at the world in general.

At last, after the bumpiest ride I have ever experienced is over, I drag my weary limbs from the bus and stagger up the road to my house. Usually, as I creep up the steps and tumble into my room, I consider the advisability of taking along a lunch box, a radio, and an easy-chair the next time it is my misfortune to have to ride the bus.

What a Life

MAY ALICE BYAR.

Strange things happen to people who are fat. They have lives all their own, and what lives!

My sister often sits me down in a corner and tells me how much happier I would be if I would reduce. She mentions my figure so delicately that I decide I must be fairly nice-looking. I promise her, though, that I will go on a diet the next day and follow it religiously. Then I wait a month or two. It's time for another dance, and I'm still fat. Kacky, my slender, sophisticated sister, gets me a date with an adorable blonde for sorority rush dance. Then she sits down to figure out a suitable dress for me to wear, one to make me look a little thinner, a new way to fix my hair to make my face seem longer. Then she jots down a few pointers for me to sure to remember while dancing. You can see me now out on the dance floor simultaneously trying to hold my stomach in, my shoulders back, and keep a sophisticated expression on my round face.

All this leaves no strength for thinking of clever things to whisper in my partner's ear. By the time I have achieved the first three with only fair success, somebody breaks and I have to start all over again.

Sometimes I feel sorry for myself when I see the girls come out in their new creations, with those narrow skirts, drop shoulders, gathered waist lines, made of big flowered prints. They always look for my gored skirts, full blouse, fitted waist line in a simple dark print.

The worst of it is trying to find a new dress. If I find one fit, it's horrible shade of green or a gaudy blue. The salesladies bring out every dress in the stock room with no better luck. Then, mother and I decide we should have one made, instead of looking further.

I promise myself on the way to the dressmaker's that I shall start on a diet the very next day.

I have tried many different diets—in fact, everyone I have seen advertised or hear another "pleasingly plump" try. I drank tomato juice, orange juice, grapefruit juice, without solid food, until I fairly sloshed. Then firmly I tried the bleak banana and skimmed milk diet. Those two together sit like lead in the stomach. I had to try something else.

"Calories," I read, "are all that matter." So firmly I resist luscious desserts; chocolate pies, ice cream, caramel cake—all my loves. No effort, however strenuous, was long-lived. Five days was maximum for any effort, and the scales always showed the same figure. As it is, I do get a lot out of life. Sometimes I think I wouldn't be as happy if I were skinny. Except for my sister, sweet thing, who does want me to be svelte and elegant, I would not really care. I am so used to the way I do things and the way people kid me that I am afraid I wouldn't be happy slender and elegant. I really don't think I need to worry about achieving that state I imagine I shall be fat for many years to come. My, how I do love to eat. Don't you enjoy it?

"Mr. Walters"

BETTE BROWN ATTRIDGE

Many things can happen to a house, no matter how well it may be built. It so happened that there had been almost continual rain for three weeks that spring in Rockwood. One morning early in the fourth week a leak broke through in the attic of the old Tennessee mansion. It looked as if it would be most troublesome. But there was one saving factor—Mr. Walters. Mr. Walters is the carpenter who did the work on our house for us. He is a completely delightful soul. Having him always added zest to life.

I have never known him to arrive for work on time. About 9:30, or so, he would drive up in his battered Model A, and and if he had had his morning "nip," a broad grin would crease his face. On the mornings when he abstained from his "medicine," he was very gruff. He'd mutter some unintelligible greeting, haul himself into his overalls, and dourly begin the day's work. He has a round little figure topped by a round little head. He still sports an old-fashioned goatee, which, I suspect, he occasionally touches up with some bleaching device. He has keen, dark little eyes and despite his workman's clothes which peer out from puffy cheeks, and his poor grammar, he has an undeniable air of dignity and of an era now gone.

When he was in a good mood, he used to tell me wild tales of his flaming youth, tales which he knew I didn't believe. To hear him talk, there was no better catch in the matrimonial sea than he, and his wife was on her knees to get him. The whole situation was a little ridiculous, because the wife was partly out of her mind, and when one talked to her, she would scream out that he was a thief and married her only for her money. At the time of their marriage, she was a teacher earning twenty-seven dollars a week, so that story falls a little flat, too.

He should have been a plumber. There is no better forgetter-of-tools than Mr. Walters. A trip home for a hammer became a major expedition, lasting well into the morning, and when it was a question of going to the lumber yard for some wood, the day was used up entirely. He loved to chin and spin yards with the boys at the yard on our time. But once of the things that made him dear to me was his willingness to admit all this in making out the bill. He was absurdly lenient and counted but three-fourths of the actual time he worked.

He sang and hummed constantly while he was working, and seemed to be quite happy despite his sad situation at home. He called his deranged wife "the old woman" and treated the situation lightly He often would joke about the time when he would "do away with her."

* * *

Two years later, Andy, our Negro gardener, brought us word that Mrs. Walters had died in the summer.

A pipe in the cellar had burst and a large part of the cellar was under water. We had managed to wrap a heavy rubber belt around it that would hold the gushing water for a while.

Immediately Mr. Walters was in demand. Soon he appeared, coming slowly through the front gate. He crossed the lawn, his head hanging low, with a shuffling step. For a moment, it seemed I had never seen this man before. His eyes showed bloodshot and dreariness, and his shoulders appeared rounded and weighted down by the grief, which seemed actually visible.

He fixed the pipe. But there were no tales; his goatee had grown shabby and gray streaks could now be clearly seen; he made no trips home for any implements; and he no longer hummed or sang while he worked. When the job was completed, he asked no more than the old price for fixing a burst pipe.

Chapel Reverence

HALLIE DECKER MARTIN

Twelve o'clock at last! You'd thought this last period would never end! With a competent swoop you gather books, papers, pencils, and a pocketbook together, and, shouldering your way to the door, make a dash for the stairs. There, however, you're slowed to a creeping pace by the two teachers just ahead. Oh, why don't they hurry? You have to get a coat from the library before it closes. Finally, you squeeze by them and fly into the library, pointedly ignoring the disapproving frown of the librarian.

"Hey, Anne!" you rasp in a stage whisper that thunders through the library, "are ya goin' out t' lunch?"

"Ya should 'uv seen that French quiz," she replies, "Fifteen irregular verbs!"

"Golly!" You are properly impressed, having managed thus far to keep your curriculum free from such monstrosities. "Well, are ya?"

"Huh?"

"Are ya?"

"What?"

"Goin' out t' lunch?"

"Oh. And fifteen sentences, too."

"Gee! Look, I wanna know so I'll know whether o' not t' take my 'kerchief."

"Know what?"

"Are ya goin' out t' lunch?" This time you accent each word firmly.

"Won't have time. Chapel's today."

"Chapel! Oh, no!" You had thought today was Thursday!

"Let's go. We're late already."

Once outside, however, you find that a drizzle has set in, so you return to the library for that 'kerchief.

Finally you're settled in seat 37, and, opening the notebook which was smuggled in under a coat, you begin to copy the lab experiment which was due last Monday. But just then the choir begins a chorus and you struggle to your feet. The next few minutes are occupied with a series of jump-up, sit-down-jump-up again motions which serve only to remind you that today you have dancing; so you whisper to Martha and ask to borrow a shirt.

The speaker having been introduced, there is nothing else to disturb you and you settle down once more

to chemistry. For five minutes your pen scratches steadily, loudly and then gives out of ink. After a diligent search the girl three rows in front of you passes back her pen, which contains a purple fluid that reminds you of a cough syrup which you once took. The idea being amusing, you chuckle, choke on your chewing gum, and cough frantically. Someone behind pounds enthusiastically on your back. Subsiding, you return again to chemistry.

By now, however, Lizzie has gone to sleep, leaning heavily on your shoulder, and your arm is all prickles because she has stopped the circulation. You can stand it no longer and cautiously flex the muscles. She starts, jerks, and cries.

"Has he finished at last?"

Sniggers, piercing glances, a shuffling of feet and a craning of necks ensue, through which you sit, with what you hope is a look of innocence, engrossed in the speaker's words.

Next, Jeanne passes you a cup of chocolate custard which she has brewed in home-ec. Enthusiastically dipping in a finger, you scoop out a slimy portion which is popped quickly into your mouth. Gasp! Sputter! Choke! She forgot the sugar

By the time you've finished trying on Martha's new shoes to see whether they fit, the organ starts. The choir sings again and then there is a thunderous surge for the door. You pass the speaker in the hall and, stopping, declare sweetly:

"We enjoyed your talk *so* much!"

"Oh, it's always a pleasure to talk to the Ward-Belmont girls. They're such a nice audience."

"Why, thank you! Come back again some time!"

The next day you receive a notice: "You were reported absent from chapel yesterday. Please explain."

David

BECKY WATSON

Before the summer of 1941, Britishers had always seemed haughty and conceited to me, but it was a small English lad of eleven who quickly changed my opinion.

My mother and I were spending the summer with relatives in New York when David first arrived. For weeks we had awaited a certain British evacuee, who was to be their son, and brother of my small cousin for the duration. I shall never forget the day he first arrived. My aunt and I were waiting for Dave and his guardian in Grand Central Station, and I sat there, eagerly scanning the crowd, trying to pick them out. Suddenly, I noticed a tall, distinguished man with a little boy at his side. Yes, it was David. How strange he had seemed that day, standing before us, a thin little boy, dressed in his navy blue suit and knee length sox, with a beret pulled slightly over the left brow. But it was his eyes that arrested my attention, large black eyes that seemed to tell of bombings and fears we have never known, and to show disbelief that he was at last in a land that was still at peace.

If Dave was lonely and unhappy those first few weeks, he kept his feelings locked in his brave little heart, for he never cried or expressed a desire to be again with his loved ones across the ocean. At first we refrained from listening to the news in his presence, but soon he begged to hear the broadcasts from across the sea.

Many things were new and strange to him at first. How he loved the American corn, and how he disliked our spinach! I would sit at the table enthralled by his perfect English manners, and I never ceased to be amazed at the disciplined way he quickly drank his milk so he could have his hot tea. David liked best of all to sit in the attic window and watch the city lights at night as they blinked and winked through the darkness. It had been over a year since he had seen the approach of twilight without a complete blackout.

Sunday afternoon was given over to writing home, and that day never ended without quite an epistle addressed to "Mama and Papa." Sometimes I was allowed to read passages describing his new life in America, and it was at such times that I realized the full beauty of freedom and peace throughout a land.

I often sat with Dave on the attic window seat, and with his head resting in his hands, he would tell me in his clipped British accent of England as he knew it; of Crumpet, the cat; of his mother's victory garden, which now completely supplied them with food; of his sister, Daphne, now an officer in the WAAFS; and of Brother Tom, killed in action at Dunkirk. I then saw England.

In school, Dave far excelled his classmates. His knowledge of French, Latin, and German equalled that of an advanced high school student, but American history and geography soon became his favorite subjects.

Last summer Dave visited us in Florida. It was his first trip to a southern climate. While there, he became "little brother" to all the British flyers at the air base, and many evenings our house was filled with "some of the chaps from home."

When the United States finally joined Britain as a fighting ally, it was Dave who became leader of war activities in school; it was Dave who smilingly gave up his sugar and tea, and begged to be allowed to walk to school, long before rationing was heard of by peace-loving Americans.

Is it any wonder that this small British lad, who quietly steals his way into the hearts of all who know him, has made me see his people in a different light, and realize that they have felt and seen what it means to go all out for victory?

FREEDOM

By PETER HART

Demands, pleas, willingness to give, to pay, to struggle, to help, and to save, all for a thing called freedom. This will-o-the-wisp, an essence to be had for a moment and to be ever sought, without which achievement, even life, would be a "golden touch"—forever turning real happiness aside.

An Alumna Visits Ward-Belmont

When I drove around the twisting drive into the quadrangle, and once more stepped down onto Ward-Belmont ground, I saw that it was the same Ward-Belmont I had carried with me for ten years. None of the essential things—those which distinguish it from any other college in America, and make up its warm personality—had been altered. Nor will they be, ever, so long as there is a Ward-Belmont.

If I had called up detailed visions of my own dress and the faces of my friends when I had been a student there, I might have felt a sharp pang of longing for the old days; but this was impossible as the girls streamed past me up the walk through the summer house toward "Big Ac," greeting me with friendly "hi's" as if I were one of them. Instead of sad reminiscence, there was a feeling within me of continuity, timelessness, and the phenomenon of unchanging reality. So successfully did it direct my thoughts toward the delight of my discovery and away from the old, remembered faces that I found myself moving as one in a dream, and merging gradually into the very heart-beat of the school of which I had, once before, been a part. It suddenly occurred to me (I'd never thought of it before.), that I was still a part—and would never cease to be—nor would any of us who had lived the long days of too short days within her walls.

Her "walls" consist of a fence of iron piping over which a mass of rambling roses, shaded from white to red, are entwined lovingly. It stretches from Belcourt on the west boundary, past Acklen and around the curve which culminates with Odom's drug, the campus "hang-out." There is a wire fence along the south side just a vacant lot away from Odom's, with a door perpetually open and inviting, and especially valuable as propaganda for Odom's caramel sundae business.

Ward-Belmont is a synthesis of the most unlike, disharmonious elements which ever went into the making of a college. The very campus itself testifies unashamedly to this fact. In two short minutes you may pass from the sheltering cool of thick magnolias and Old South grandeur into the blazing heat of a Spanish village. Spattered with roguish, red-tiled, stucco houses standing at odd angles on the campus green, it seems to scream in defiance of all the law and order whispered by the classic columns of that other world draped in magnolias. Yet, even here, in club village, that Greek turn in the Belmont character which means order and calm, is inescapable. For there, set quite paradoxically amidst the gay houses, is the Tower. It is a sad tower, with its green ivy groping in a vain attempt to reach the great black bells, and, in its eagerness, obscuring the regular rows of arched windows which reach two-thirds of the tower's height on a bulky, square form. This square suddenly gives way to a graceful octagon turret which terminates in a slender center rod and points skyward. The chimes from this tower strike a familiar note to Nashville folk. Probably more than many of the girls themselves, Nashville, the Cumberland Valley town, dubbed proudly "The Athens of the South," understands and loves the Belmont character.

On Hillsboro (the "village" to Nashvillians and "H.B." to Belmont girls), the townspeople have listened curiously to the laughing chatter of girls clad strangely in both the most hideous and the most charming of "up-to-the-minute g a r b". The morning shoppers have seen the athletic strides, and heard the nasal tones of "alien" voices, and dubbed them "Yankees" and "Ward-Belmontites". The little hat shop supplies the demand for three or four hats a girl as spring rolls around with a mixed reaction of incredulity and diabolical glee. The little bakery affords special afternoon treats in honor of these campus customers, and the "five-and-ten" brightens at the sound of a Ward-Belmont foot on the pavement.

But not even in the busy hub of the downtown shopping districts is the Ward-Belmont personality obscured. Indeed, it is more easily recognized—to the country people who come to town on Saturday afternoon, and the high-school boys and girls who gather in droves to devour chocolate cream and bathe in blue smoke at Candyland's. You might hear something like this: "You can spot 'em a mile off, them Ward-Belmont girls!" Even the Candyland menu is sacred praise, boasting a thirty-five cent Ward-Belmont special.

Actually, Nashville can see only half of the Ward-Belmont character. The city which so rudely chastises with a special blend of bituminous smoke and fog during the winter months sees only some of these traits of the Ward-Belmont girls; for the first of the fundamental elements of the Ward-Belmont character is a reluctance, even an unwillingness to relinquish her individuality and her almost cloistered mode of living.

As I revisited the scene of my college days, this intangible characteristic, barely perceptible in those undergraduate days when I resisted it so violently, and with such constant complaint, struck my consciousness with a revealing force. I recalled a scrap drive, heard again the suggestion that the iron in the west fence be donated. How indignant had been those patriotic young enthusiasts at the complacency and inertia of a "decadent institution, smelling of tradition, and Young Ladies' Seminaries"—a place to whom chaperonage of young ladies and young men was sacred, and where family records were vital to the evaluation of a young man's suitability—a place quite out of tune with the day, and with the previous training of many of us who crossed the country to go there—a place to which few of us should ever have gone in the first place!

Strange, to look back and see how expectantly we beat against windmills—as deluded as Don Quixote. I think we fought the word "tradition" more than any other force. And how

formidable an enemy that word was! As for me, I had never stopped to realize that this new school, which would introduce me to college, might digress in the slightest nuance from my own Texas State University! A girls' Junior College had been to the high school senior a far-off place in the glorious realm of the American Gothic tradition. There the absence of a boys' dormitory would be irrelevant and in no way diminish the abundance of the men on the campus. I had been rudely awakened from the dream, and had rebelled against those who awakened me like a child who is first told there is no Santa Claus.

Tradition opposed me on many a battlefield. I encountered it when I read that gangrenous blue-book embellished with gold ink, when I found that "Ward-Belmont girls dress for dinner", and "Ward-Belmont girls do not smoke in public", and when I received a major for leaving my light on until midnight, even though I had carefully imitated full civilian defense blackout precautions. I encountered tradition when Greek mythology was stuffed down my throat, and when A's in English were denied me unless I worked like a Trojan for them. I encountered it when I was told to wear white for some ridiculous celebration three or more days out of every month.

But tradition was not my true enemy. Tradition, I know now, was only a convenient tag for all those trivial but irritating accessories to a system of order. The system had been created to make it possible for a heterogeneous group to live together peacefully, and to impose upon them a discipline for that "unchartered freedom", of which good lives are never made.

Returning, I sank softly into the wine-red carpets which stretch the length of what used to be Adelicia Acklen's Belmont Mansion; I was able to see now with a clearer vision, in that "recollected tranquility" of which Wordsworth wrote, this quality, tradition, in a concrete form. It appeared as a thing quite different from Greek simplicity and serenity, the first quality I had noticed. Here was an almost Spartan dogma for sternness, and staunch adherence to the straight path set down by august forebears. Here was the very thing I had felt to be so unreconcilable with the Greek simplicity, but which I could now see as the very steel which prevented the Corinthian pillars from crumbling into another Athenian ruin.

And yet Ward-Belmont is far from being mere solemnity and serenity. In fact, I think "riotous" is at times the adjective most descriptive. Here, in my return tour of the campus I could glory in the same riotous spring color which had taken me by surprise in my freshman year and for which I had waited impatiently through the winter months of my senior year.

For, in the spring, at Ward-Belmont, the perennially green magnolia welcomes the lighter yellow-green surrounding her. Rejoicing, the magnolia responds with the gift of the magniflora, and by June is bedecked in sparkling white for commencement. The spring greens form the background for miracles of color which appear in rapid succession as May approaches. The peach blossoms form the setting for early sun-bathers in

Club Village, and the cerise of the azalia clashes madly with the red tile roofs. The statuary which seemed forlorn and gaunt against the winter landscape, now blends peacefully with that of spring. The summer houses become a haven of shade and dappled sunlight, and hockey players of muscular prowess become nymphs, feting in graceful dance their most beloved and most beautiful senior.

But not all of this gaiety is as ethereal as that I have described. There is some which borders dangerously on ribaldry. There are cat sessions in the smoker which are unequaled by any bull session in a boys' school; where foul language flows freely and coarseness abounds. There are strange April pranks played the year 'round down the long, drab dormitory halls, where not hair-pulling, not pillow fights, not pugilistic fisticuffs are barred. There are strange disorders between roommates, and the most mystical of rituals performed in the middle of the hall at late hours with peanut butter and Ritz crackers. There are wrestling matches on the fire escape, a perch used also by those who would study the stars, discuss the Supreme Being, or write poetry.

There are dry, deep, and boring concerts in the great white chapel, where young animals are forced to take a serving of culture. There are milling, chattering rows of laboriously assembling girls quite oblivious of the beautiful strains of Arthur Henkel's organ. There are ravenous young swine pushing their way into the sunny dining room, and then sitting stiffly and eating cinnamon rolls delicately beneath Corinthian columns. There are assiduous, scholarly creatures at the library tables, intent enough upon their books until the sound of a passing plane draws their eyes magnetically toward the skylight overhead. There are girls learning many things more important than Spanish from a don whom they tease incessantly; and girls bending lovingly over a beaker with a kindly old gentleman in a chemist's smock watching over them. There are frantic, last-minute rushes for reserve books, and boisterous loitering in the halls in the six-minute interim which separates classes. There are violent flirtations with a chance male who may appear after a famine of many days, and there is just as violent a demonstration of "griping", chafing, and dissatisfaction of an extreme character, which involves differences between students and faculty, day-students and boarders, parents and children, and, most of all, the students and their own perverse natures.

I cannot help remember, whenever

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Chivalry---Dead?

JANE CLARK

It all started with a broken ankle. I had been playing basketball at school and, after many a graceful spill, had ended up with a bad ankle. Having had a cast on my foot for two days, having been out of bed for three hours, and having but two days left before Christmas vacation, I began to formulate ideas. And what ideas! I decided home was the place for me, which, to you, might be the natural thing, for it was Christmas, but, to me, it was not. For, you see, home was 3,500 miles away—and if I couldn't go with two good feet, how was I to go with one? But I solved this by a rush call to my parents, who, after due deliberation of ten minutes, all confused and a bit bewildered, said, "O. K., come home." And so, after a dizzy two hours of rushing, packing, and tearful goodbyes—I was gone.

But all did not go so smoothly as it sounds, for, in these war days, one is made to realize that transportation is a bit complicated. With my unplanned trip, I, of course, had no reservations. Here, though, the school personnel rescued me by arranging my trip as far as Chicago—but, have I told you—I was going to San Francisco. Once I arrived in Chicago, I was on my own.

For once I was glad to have my crutches, because as I stepped off the train in the booming Chicago station, red caps pushed forward (and not just for the tip, I'm sure), conductors asked to assist me, and, finally, as I hobbled through the gate, I was pleasantly confronted by a cherry-faced elderly man who had "so many times before helped W.-B. girls with their transportation difficulties." He was so eager to help me get reservations at once that I soon found myself inquiring my way through that station of rushing, pushing, plowing people. This was an experience I'll never forget. The "elderly man" led the way and my roommate followed me with an assortment of hat-boxes, bag, magazines, and coats. Here, I mustered up all my courage and started battling my way through the milling throng. And I will say that for a girl but two days on crutches, I did a remarkable job dodging porters, hurried businessmen, official-looking young naval officers, startled, wide-eyed children and the usual slightly intoxicated station bum.

In the seclusion of the ticket office, I relaxed and poured out my troubles. With a confident grin, Mr. Strange winked at me and picked up the phone. Sitting there, listening to him, and watching intently for any expression that might assure me as to my ticket, I thought what a grand bit of luck I was having.

"Well, Miss Clark, here's the proposition," was the sharp remark that brought me back, "if you want to leave tonight you can have an upper on the Challenger as far as Omaha. From there on, you're again on your own. Or, if that doesn't suit you, you can wait possibly three days—then go straight through in a lower. How about it? Frankly, with your bad foot, if you could possibly wait—"

"Jane, do stay with me. You were going to till you broke the ankle. What say?" was the eager, rushed question of my roommate. So here I was, 3,000 miles from home—December 18th—and almost in the state of financial embarrassment, and to top it—on crutches! Again, as I was so often to say, what I wouldn"t do for two good feet. Suddenly I heard myself saying:

"I'll take that upper, sir." At the sound of my voice my roommate's face dropped, as did mine.

Mr. Strange winked again—picked up the phone—and made my reservations. With that settled and with my thanks becoming a bit tiresome, I'm sure, we departed and started out for eight hours of fun.

Finally, at eight that night I said goodbye and boarded the train, looking forward with a sort of childish eagerness, to my new adventure. It was an adventure, too, traveling halfway across the continent on crutches—and, too, attempting to climb into an upper berth with one foot. But here, chivalry once stepped in. As I started my climb, I was stopped by the conductor, who told me to take the lower.

"But how? Why?"

"A young p r i v a t e, smiss, ha switched with you and that'll carry you straight through. And, too(don't worry about him; he's under army orders."

And here's my point! Thanking that young soldier the next day, I wanted so much to tell everyone. For to me, chivalry isn't dead, but just beginning and you'll find it anywhere—in a busy train station or even on a crowded train, but it is there!

(Continued from Page 17)

I hear the Dallas Symphony Orchestra in concert, that I learned to enjoy what Mr. Riggs called "symphonic poems" in Row 26, seat 563 of the Ward-Belmont chapel. And I have noticed that I am not alone among my fellow W.B. graduates in that peculiar capacity for enjoying older people. I have run the gamut from a sneer at the easily-shocked, sensitive old ladies of Ward-Belmont who thought the younger generation was going to the dogs, to a desire for older companionship and a thankfulness for all that I can glean from these associations. I know that I acquired that power in the same place where I first sneered thoughtlessly.

A flood of memories seized me as I gazed once more upon this hallowed ground. I had felt four distinct natures which make up the spirit of Ward-Belmont: serenity, tradition, riotousness, and something else, which a song, that all students sing at least once while there, expresses as "Giver of Gifts, Treasurer of Beauty."

And here is the real essence of the Ward-Belmont character.

How often this character has been obscured by all the petty grievances, hatreds, and rebellions in my heart while I lived there, I cannot tell you—times without number. But now as I stood, looking out upon this place which I had left ten years before, I was humbled, and could think only of the once stiff, meaningless words

I repeated for the first and only time ten years before that day. These words came tumbling involuntarily from my mouth. "To transmit this school not less, but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to me."

There it was. This was what it all came to, after all. This was what it meant to be a Ward-Belmont girl—

Rationing in China

KAY WOODRUFF

When Mrs. Lydon, our chapel speaker, spoke of rationing, and how nicely most of the nation was co-operating with the rationing program, I recalled our visit in China. Rationing seems to be a custom in that great land of antiquity, though it is not called rationing by the Chinese.

In China, wood for fuel is extremely short, and to the masses of poor, coal is unknown. Because of its expensiveness and the difficulty of transportation, wood for fuel is only such scraps as straw and rakings from the grain fields. Fuel for heat is conserved to the utmost. Heavy quilted clothing (such as we are wearing now in various parts of the United States) and closed doors are taking the place of house-heating whenever it is possible. Every scrap of vegetable matter which can produce heat is saved for cooking.

In China, the utmost economy must be practiced by everyone. The food is prepared as seldom as possible during the day, and the cooking utensils are of the thinnest iron so that none of the precious heat may be wasted by absorption. The absolute necessity for conserving fuel has been a factor in determining the diet of the country for years. In the southern part of China rice is the staple food; in the north, some form of noodles is their daily meal. For both of these foods take little heat. Another conservationist of fuel is the hot water vendor. He goes through the streets of China with large wooden buckets slung between the ends of a pail and carried over his shoulders. As he goes from house to house with his ware, the housewife who has planned only a cup of tea for her daily meal finds him a friend indeed.

In the villages and towns, a great part of the population never prepare food for themselves, as there are public food shops and traveling food vendors who carry with them meals. As certain amounts of food are allotted to each family, usually only the middle-aged family is able to buy an adequate supply of food.

When one in the United States looks upon these conditions of peacetime China, our own present problems of rationing seem of little consequence.

For in our country, when we do ration, there is a plentiful though economized supply for us all. And, too, we Americans, after the war, have the privilege of again living in a nation of bountiful supply. Since our problems are so slight in comparison, can't we give the Chinese also the hope of a plentiful supply of food as well as peace?

MAID MISCHEEVER

MARY FLORENCE SHOFNER

(Any similarity to this masterpiece of that little-known "Danny Deever" is purely intentional—F. S.)

"What are he bells aringin' for?" said our new high school maid.
"To let you out, to let you out," the chapel proctor said.
"What makes you look so white, so white?"
said our new high school maid.
"I'm dreadin' what I've got to do," the chapel proctor said.
For they're callin' up a student. You can hear her best friend pray.
The girls are all in silent tears—they're
callin' her today;
They've all made up their minds that there is nothin' she can say;
And they're callin' up a student in the mornin'."
"What makes the Council think so 'ard?" said our new high school maid.
"Because she's bad, because she's bad,'
the chapel proctor said.
"What makes you sure, what makes you sure?"
said our new high school maid.
"Because we have the monitor's word," the
chapel proctor said.
They are callin' up a student. They'll invite her to sit down.
Then they'll throw the questions at her
till her head swims 'round and 'round,
And 'twill likely turn to something like
a game of hare-and-hound.
O they're callin' up a student in the mornin'.
" 'Er room was right next door to mine,"
said our new high school maid.
" 'Twas best you did conceal the fact," the chapel proctor said.
"I've drunk 'er cokes a score o' times," said our new high school maid.
"She's drinkin' now of deep remorse," the chapel proctor said.
They are callin' up a student, and there's
none what likes her place,
For she caused a big disturbance, that's
a fact that you must face;
The faculty's and students' and her loyal club's disgrace
While they're callin' up a student in the
mornin'.
"What's that so huddled on the steps?"
said our new high school maid.
"It's her afightin' back the tears," the chapel proctor said.
"What is that mumblin' that I hear?" said our new high school maid.
"Ah, that's her prayin' she'll get off," the chapel proctor said.
For they're done with her for this time, you
can hear Miss Murphree say;
She only got a minor, from suspension quite a way.
The Council is adjournin' for the classes of today,
After callin' up a student in the mornin'.

High School Senior

Barter

MARIE MOUNT

A chiffon-like mist hung over the farm when Peggy walked out to fetch the wood for the fire in the range. She paused for a second on the top step to see what kind of day it would be; the sun was just sweeping the mauve sky with its long rays as if they were long brushes dipped in coral pink pigment. Peggy knew it would be an exquisite day, warm with sunshine, sparkling with light, complacent in serene and unpretentious loveliness. Skipping down the porch steps, she felt the tingle of damp, nocturnal coolness which the sun had not yet dissipated. The faint sound of her mother's preoccupied humming as she measured out the flour for biscuits seemed part of the early morning stillness in the country, so well did it blend into the quietitude. Down in the shady river lot, the swish of the water tumbling over the rocky shoals seemed hushed and the birds' trillings muted. Now and then the soft-eyed calves bawled anxiously for their mothers and then were quieted by the deep-throated responses. The enfolding placidity gave Peggy a sense of incomprehensible joy, and she smiled a little as she picked up the last stick of clean, dry wood and started back up the flagstone path.

"Hey, sis, wait up a second."

Peggy turned to watch her younger brother swinging along in easy, lithe strides, his collie pup gamboling at his heels in playful exuberance. Timmy had been down turning the sheep out to pasture. The flock was nearly all his now, built up since the time when he had been given a lamb as a present on his seventh birthday. Sheep-raising was his hobby and his own responsibility on the farm; and the pride he took in it was apparent in the gentle, careful attention with which he shepherded them.

"Thanks, Timmy." Peggy smiled up at him fondly as he took the wood from her. Often it surprised her to realize how much like his older brother Timmy was—the same gravely frank eyes, the same red hair that shone like burnished copper, the same arrogant tallness made sturdy by days of work in the fine air and by bountiful farm meals. John was flying bombers now, leaving the younger brother to help his father. Timmy longed for more than his sixteen years that he too might fly and fight, but he said very little and cheerfully worked harder to make up for his brother's absence. Peggy, between the two boys in age, was endearingly proud of them, and she knew that they keenly felt a protective affection for their sister. They indulged in expansive pride at the way their friends were charmed by her pretty, daintily-molded face and curly auburn hair and magnetic disposition.

When they went into the kitchen, Peggy and Timmy found their father back from milking, and soon they were seated at breakfast. They bowed their heads while Mr. Shelby asked grace in the solemnly reverent voice he used as elder of the Presbyterian church in town. He was a large man, powerful not only in build but also in mind; the intelligent penetration in his gaze manifested the keenness of his will, and the set of his mouth showed the determination to enforce it. It was not this, however, that endeared him to the people of the community; it was the laughter lines around his eyes and his quick perception and full understanding of their problems. He was definitely a man who had won admiration and respect through good deeds wisely performed. Folks in the neighborhood could cite a hundred instances of this—such as the time when he had gone over and harvested Mrs. Wilson's crops the summer her husband had died, even though he had to hire an extra hand to complete his own harvesting.

Peggy and Timmy sat across from each other and carried on the accustomed cheerful banter that in the days before John left had been three-sided. It was through this medium that their parents kept well-informed on the gossip of the younger set and the latest modes in slang. Timmy suddenly leaned across the table and looked at Peggy with all the soulfulness he could muster—which was enough to be ridiculous—and utter, "I love you with all my heart and think of you eternally!" and then added, "'Course even *that* isn't much thinking when a fellow's feeble-minded."

"Timothy Shelby! He is not—I mean—Daddy, make him stop!" she wailed in despairing confusion. Timmy's first statement had been a quotation from Larry's last letter. He had started off the day with this gem every morning for a week so that Peggy found it difficult to feign ignorance of its source or to try any other pretense to thwart him in his glee.

Mrs. Shelby glanced sympathetically at her daughter and fondly reproved Timmy, "Now, son, don't tease your sister." She was a woman of beauty that comes from motherly tenderness. Her gallant optimism had carried the whole family through many a crisis that might have proved tragic, had it not been for the courage they derived from her faith that there was a force to work everything out all right.

"Well, if no one wants anything else, I suppose we'd better get after these dishes, Peggy."

As Mr. Shelby started out the door, he said, "Now, Peggy, when you go to get the mail, if there's a letter from John, ring the bell and Timmy and I'll come up from the field."

"Yes, Daddy. I sure will."

About ten-thirty while Peggy was doing the dusting, she broke off in the middle of whistling "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes." She pushed aside the curtain to see the mailman's little black car bouncing along the country road. She hurried out and started down the gravel drive to the road from the big, white frame house. By the way the mailman waved Peggy could tell that he must be leaving a letter from John. When she took it from the box, she found another letter there—from Larry! Larry had been one of John's team-mates in college football, and since then the two

boys had been best friends. They had joined the air force together and had been stationed at the same centers—Randolph, Kelly, and the others—all through their training; even now they were in the same squadron in the battle lines. Peggy had met Larry when John had invited her up for an S. A. E. dance, and Larry had bargained with him for the privilege of escorting her. She had known then by that lingering appreciative smile, that he admired her! and there had existed an indefinable link between them from that time, a bond which was constantly growing firmer and more important to both. Now, as she looked at the tiny V-mail envelope, she experienced around her heart that familiar little racing feeling which slyly insinuated itself into her consciousness at the mere mention of his name.

She ran back up to the house, and the little family congregated on the shady front porch where the white-trellised wistaria vines made a cool green screen. The family had developed a little ritual for so auspicious an occasion. Mr. Shelby would put on his glasses, clear his throat, and with due pomp open the envelope. Mrs. Shelby would lean ever so slightly forward in her chair and smile faintly in anticipation. Peggy and Timmy would squat on the floor in impatient eagerness.

John said very little about encounters with the enemy and with studied casualness mentioned routine flights. He wrote of the men and their living conditions and of amusing incidents of camp life.

"Well, he seems very happy, doesn't he," Mrs. Shelby would say, with doubt faintly tingeing the hope in her voice.

"Yes, I think he is," Mr. Shelby would answer her while marveling at the maturity shown in the letter. Yes, his son was a man.

Timmy as well as Peggy could see through this careful matter-of-factness; he knew that the "routine flights" were very likely missions over enemy territory, but it was typical of Johnnie to strip the situation of all elements of danger or excitement before letting his mother know of it. Timmy and Peggy remembered how John had written home from college that he would not be in the game the next Saturday because he had turned his ankle in practice and it was a little stiff. And how angry John had been at the newspapers for stating that the team would probably lose because John's ankle was seriously fractured and Larry wouldn't have anyone to throw him those well-timed passes!

After John's letter had been thoroughly perused, Peggy allowed them to hear bits from her letter, because it was from someone who was with John. Try as she might to assume a nonchalant tone in the reading of those excerpts, Timmy would go around for the next week with that silly twinkle in his eyes and at the most ridiculous occasions pop up with one of the more personal quotations from the affectionate epistle. Then Mr. Shelby would soberly remonstrate, "Now, Tim, don't tease your sister," but amusement would crinkle the corners of his eyes. It was nearly time for lunch when the letters were again enclosed in their censor-stamped envelopes and Peggy could turn her attention to helping mother fix lunch while her father and Timmy washed up. "When Johnnie comes marching home . . . " Peggy as she took the fresh warm loaves of bread from the oven. That afternoon the world looked particularly beautiful to Peggy. It seemed as though Nature were putting on a parade in John's honor, having been flattered by John's asking fondly whether the apples were ripening and whether Bessie's new calf was as fine as the other had been. Feeding the chickens, Peggy noticed the hens' plump complacency and the roosters' strutting conceit and the chicks' long-necked, long-legged gawkiness under their baby down and new feathers. As she strolled back to the house, Peggy glanced at the distant hills veiled in lavender and those nearer mottled by numerous shades of green. The corn waving in the breeze looked like a host of marching men carrying floating green pennants of triumph. The wheat was turning yellow and the breeze rolled over it with slow, rhythmic caresses. The sky was so clear and high that one almost searched the lucid expanse for a tiny break which would reveal heaven. Wisps of cloud sailed along before the wind like lacy, beplumed fairy barges gliding over a serenely smooth blue lake.

Peggy gave a long quivering sigh of delicious exuberance and ran back to the house. She swung open the kitchen door and called, "Oh, Mother, it's such a beautiful . . . "

At that moment Peggy met an all too well known tragedy. Horror, terror, consuming grief, despair snatched at her and transfixed her heart in an instant. Terrified, she stared at her mother's stupified gaze. Tears dripped from the g l a z e d eyes and fell on the yellow paper in her lap. Her hands hung loosely at her sides and her breath came in short, choking gasps.

Peggy dashed to the bell on the back porch and rang it hysterically. It semed to peal a dirge frenzied with grief to the lavender mountains and chill the warmth of the sun and infuse olive drab into the fresh green.

The white farmhouse mourned that night. John would never again watch the sunrise poke its rosy fingers through the lacework of trees and tickle the river to sparkling, tinkling laughter; John would never again help his father bring a calf into the world and stand it on its long wobbly legs, and wonder at the glorious mystery of that new life; John would never again sit on the top porch step resting his head on the post and re-

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In Memoriam

Cornelia Fort

mark a little self-consciously how like the rhinestones on Peggy's black net evening gown the stars looked. No, John was dead. John had gone forever into his beloved "wild blue yonder."

Peggy noticed how her father's shoulders drooped a little as he tried clumsily to comfort her mother, who sat silently weeping. She noticed that her brother's shoulders were stiffly squared as he tried to be manly when she knew he wanted to shed a boy's tears—he would tonight, she thought. Her own eyes filled—against her resolve to be brave as John would want—whenever they fell on the least reminder of him. In the corner bookcase, there were several volumes on aeronautical engineering; even during the summer John used to study those in the evening. The sight of the book brought back with poignant clarity a picture of him as he sat in rapt concentration, a slight frown between his eyes, intently poring over an extremely technical chapter. But not the books and the big chair alone—there were countless little things of John's own which were so much part of the house that it was almost impossible to believe that he could have gone. Many of those things—such as his phonograph and collection of records—were just as he had left them, unchanged since his hands had last handled them.

The neighborhood, Peggy knew at once, felt a troubled sense of loss. It was strange to the neighbors to realize that John Shelby would no longer ride by on his bay mare and wave to them or stop on his way to town to see whether anyone had an errand for him to do. Farm folks they were, all of them, now trying to prove their kindness and helpfulness. The women disregarded rationing and any other personal considerations to take over cakes and baked hams and the like so that Mrs. Shelby wouldn't have to worry about cooking. Even old Mrs. Winters, who always fussed about the way John's bird dog had played too roughly with her little spitz, sent over a pie. The men when they saw Shelby down at the little general store at the fork in the road would say sometimes with husky voices, "He was a fine boy—you must be mighty proud of what he did." They seemed to know without deliberation what words would help. There was a sort of innate understanding and insight growing out of the fact that they, too, had loved John. They all understood why Jean Canfield cried in church the next Sunday and why so many boys tried to enlist the next day.

The days went slowly and painfully for the Shelbys and they endeavored to adjust themselves to their loss. They could not conceive of the stark reality that over on the other side of the world a plane had crashed into the sea and in that plane, a man, who was John, had died. John, who had been always so vigorous and lived his life so gallantly, was dead? How could he be? Life had been rich for fine and intelligent and good-natured John; but he was dead—a little slip of yellow paper said so. Mrs. Shelby no longer smiled in her fleeting way when her eyes met someone else's; no, the eyes kept asking, "Can this really have happened to my son?" Mr. Shelby seemed unutterably weary as he tried to maintain strength enough for both. His eyes no longer were piercing, but rather it seemed to require all his force of will to hold the grief in check so that his glance was perplexingly impersonal and detached. Maybe Timmy would have incurred a greater loss than the others had it not been for his age and traits of character, for he had lost his hero and his model. He had the impressionability of youth, yet it was tempered by the maturity into which he was growing. The resiliency of his youth would not allow bitterness, but neither would the developing firmness of spirit let the lessons from his admiration of his brother's gallantry and valor be forgotten.

Peggy saw all this. As for herself, she somehow believed that John would have wanted her to act as he would have acted. Thus she assumed responsibility for the house and did many of the chores. In this feverish activity she found that she could force her rebellious sorrow back into her subconscious mind. It was only during the nights, which tormented her with pangs of cherished memories, that she would yield to this seething, angry grief. Over and over and over she would sob indignantly and pray, "Oh, God! How *can* life be so ugly? How can it have been best to take him? Could such wrong be Your will?" She could not reconcile this deprivation with her religion and thus had no comforting power to which to turn. And so she would toss and turn, fighting and fretting, until utter exhaustion would finally bring sleep. Sleep was a gently embracing tide, drawing the tired spirit onto the depths which never drown but lull the savage rages to restful oblivion. Only morning would cast the spirit again upon the arid sands of sorrow.

On one such morning Peggy listlessly walked to the mailbox. There was a letter from Larry. Even under the leaden mood which pressed down upon her, Peggy could feel that little quiver of excitement, but it was instantaneously smothered in the fresh longing for John. Indifferently she ripped open the envelope.

"Sunday

"Dearest Peggy:

"First I want to tell you that the men and I must surely feel this grief just as you do. We knew John and loved him for his courage, which was an inspiration to the rest of us. All of us extend our sincerest, deepest sympathy to you.

"It may be some small consolation to you to be assured that he died happy and a hero. We could tell by the way he flew that there was joy in his work that day. He gave his life willingly, without any dramatics, for what he had loved—you know, he was fighting for the fineness of his life at home and he died so that others might live in the freedom to experience the beauty he had known.

"Please do not let the mourning at your loss—how great even I cannot

fully realize—cloud your eyes to the loveliness for which he died; if you do, his death will lose all its glory and become merely a useless sacrifice to an ideology.

"I am sure his last thoughts were of you all, for his affection for you was boundless. If you are proud of him, he would not feel he had given his life for naught. I wish that I could be near you to comfort you and tell you of John's courage and bravery and how the men respected him, for your pride would be, as the Chinese say, 'mountains-high.' Remember always that this is the way John wanted it; I can recall so clearly the intensity and sincerity with which he spoke to me one night when we were in our senior year at the university. I have forgotten what prompted him to make the statement, but I shall never forget the statement itself. He said, 'Larry, if a thing is worth doing at all, it's worth giving the best that's in you toward its accomplishment.' Well, he felt that what he was doing was worthy, and so he gave the best he had in him—his life.

"I think of you all the time and can't help wishing it could have been me instead in order to spare you this sorrow. Your eyes are lovely and they shouldn't be sad. I do hope this grief will not embitter your sweet spirit but leave it even nobler than it is—if that can be possible.

"I love you with all my heart.

Larry

Peggy had paused on the drive. Slowly, reflectively she raised her head when she had finished reading. It was as though a heavy shade had been removed from her eyes so that they saw with wondrous clarity after an eternity of blighted groping. When she looked up, the sky was vivid blue again and the corn was cool, bright green and the wheat was liquid gold and the lavendar no longer looked like a dusky shroud thrown over the hills. Something in Larry's letter—a something she could not have defined—took the futility from her grief. The tears began to flow, easily now in truly comforting release, and her breathing came full and deep and steady in her emancipation from the poignant, hopeless yearning. Now she had the answer. Larry had made it all so simple. There was a fine and noble purpose in John's death which Larry had grasped and passed on to her, because, through his love for her, he had sensed her need of his strength.

Clear again was the precious loveliness for which John had died—clear again, even though changed; in it now she could perceive a pensive, solemn grandeur. Like countless others, John had seen and supremely valued that she now looked upon. Like others he had completed an exalted bargain—his life in barter for his soul.

All of This and Wings Too

MARGARET BURK

None of it made sense; months of dating cadets, and suddenly two officers; years of bus riding, and now a taxi; a lifetime of Candyland, and now the Officers' Club. But here we were, Mary and I, with two bona fide officers. They wore beautiful pilots' silver wings, too. With the first daze over, we settled down, waved to our enemies to make them envious; our friends, to make them happy, and settled back into our chairs.

While in the Officers' Club, we encountered two of their fellow officers from the same air base. As they did not have dates, they found consolation in bottled spirits, if you know what I mean. The older of the two men spoke to me, "Care for a drink?" Such a simple natural question, yet with this one question I was brought face to face with my code of morals. All of a sudden I felt myself grow from an adolescent to a responsible adult. I had to make this decision by myself. There I was entirely on my own without mother to make my choice. Well, did I drink? I didn't know. I was confused. In all my dating days the matter of "to drink or not to drink" had never come up, as the boys I dated were too young to have the problem come up in their lives. Besides they didn't need bottled spirits to have a good time, as they had plenty of natural, inner, buoyant spirits. As though I were a spectator and only witnessing, not participating in this small drama, I heard a voice, my voice, without a tremble answer, "No, thank you. I don't drink."

When we finished our Coca-Colas, we decided to go to Hettie Ray's on Hillsboro to dance. You can't imagine the thrill of pride I felt as I leisurely walked into Hettie Ray's with my second lieutenant. Mary and I saw several of our school friends with lowly buck privates and worse still, civilians (draft-dodgers, no doubt). We gave one and all our toothiest toothpaste smiles. Such glory! Officers! Lieutenants!

As the evening advanced, our spirits soared. Not even the fact that by benefit of nature and of heels I was two inches taller than Mary's date served to dull my joy. Frankly though, we did make a sweet little mother-son scene. Such a starry, cold night it was that we walked home through choice. (Of course, our choice was somewhat affected by the fact that there were no buses running and taxis could not be had.) Walk we did, under starry skies, singing lustily every foot of the way. When the lock of the door clicked behind our officers, we started upstairs with shrieks of joy. There was still the rest of the night to talk about those two certain lieutenants, *our* dates.