

WARD-BELMONT

CHIMES

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THE CHIMES

Vol. 7

DECEMBER, 1943

No. 1

WARD-BELMONT COLLEGE, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

EDITORIAL

WE'VE had quite a time getting the size, shape, and color which (we hope) makes CHIMES rise up and ask you to read it. Now that you are reading it, we plead with you, as others have done before us, please to send in some of your carefully tucked away literature. The staff will love to read your essays, short stories, or poetry. With all the creative writing that the English classes demand of us, you should find something to submit. How about that poem you wrote the other night? Did you suddenly have the impulse to write; then after it was scribbled down, did you think it was silly and hide it? Well, it wasn't. Get it out, and polish it up. The CHIMES staff dotes upon such.

We had a wonderful response to our essay contest. There were quite a number of very good entries, but the judges decided upon "Reminiscence," by Fay Maples, a Senior-Middle, as the winner. Some of the runner-ups were Marie Mount's "Quote, Intellectuals, Unquote," which is written about the different types of the highbrow . . . "On Feeling Mean," by Jean Hager, a period through which all of us pass at times . . . "And I Complained," by Carol Bay, which should make every girl think twice before she gripes about her so-called hardships.

The essay contest for Book Week is well represented in this issue. We have the two winning essays in each college class and those which received honorable mention.

Judy Dunham's "Moron versus Molecule" is quite typical of those caught in the clutches of chemistry . . . Sue Russell wrote a very clever dissertation called "The Common Cold," that well-known ailment. These are only a few. The others are just as interesting.

We hope you like our new CHIMES, and don't forget to help us make it better as the year goes on.

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Mammon and Mr. Beamish

By D. A. Crane

• "D. A." is from Wilson, Oklahoma. She did this story as an exercise in composition; it is patterned after a short story which appeared in an issue of *Good Housekeeping* magazine.

Philander Beamish was an average man. He had three average children and a one-story house with modern conveniences. He lived in a town of four thousand five hundred people, paid his taxes regularly and infrequently bought on the installment plan.

He was also a cashier at the Security National Bank, with a greater number of years of service on his record at the bank than any other of his caged brethren. Every morning at eight-thirty Mr. Beamish was there behind the gilded bars. He polished his brass nameplate, he polished the marble surface of the desk top, and at nine o'clock he polished his glasses.

"Can't afford to make mistakes with money," he would smile elfishly when teased about this habit. Then he'd blink his gentle myopic brown eyes, replace the fine gold wire curves about his ears (cupped like fluted pink shells, they stood out from his lightly covered head), and peer inquiringly through the thick lenses. Mr. Beamish always seemed to peer inquiringly.

On one bright October morning, Mr. Beamish rose as usual when the clock clanged boisterously at six-thirty, awakened his wife, threw open the window, and breathed deeply ten times. He sat down to a breakfast of orange juice, coffee, one egg and toast, after which he laid out a suit to be cleaned and pressed (it was Monday). He kissed his wife good-bye at the door, reminded the lesser Beamishes to be model children, and departed briskly for the bank.

The date was October sixteenth (thank goodness, statements had gone out yesterday). Mr. Beamish awaited eagerly the moment when the doors would be thrown open and the business people surged in to deposit, withdraw, and ask loans. Mr. Beamish didn't like people who sought loans. He was glad he didn't work in the loan department.

In the early middle part of the morning—about ten-thirty, that is—one of the new rich farmers whose land contained mineral wealth came in to make a deposit. Mr. Beamish held his pencil poised above the pink deposit slip pad and the man pushed a single bill inside the window. Mr. Beamish put down his pencil. He picked up the bill, frowning. He snapped it several times. He stared. It was a thousand-dollar bill.

"Control yourself, Beamish," he remonstrated with himself in surprise. "You handle that much money every day."

Mr. Beamish mastered the situation, however, and wrote out the deposit slip correctly, and made the proper entry in the man's little black book.

Please do not misunderstand Mr. Beamish. His was not a covetous nature; he was merely fascinated by the bill. Through the morning and the lunch hour, Mr. Beamish glowed with the light of an inner flame. While he minced over his milk, he envisioned the bill, a tiny corner of it protruding from a stock of green, green money. He then saw it glowing quietly as if phosphorescent. He saw it wafted upon an April breeze and lighting momentarily upon a blossomed bough. Finally he arose, cast down his paltry silver and walked out, thinking, "How I pity you, you mere silver coins. How sad that you are not green, soft, whispering."

Throughout the day he moved with a new gravity. Philander Beamish felt lofty; he felt superior and exultant and whimsically pitying of the prosaic world about him.

The day grew old as closing time advanced upon it. As cashier, Beamish's was the duty of placing the money in the safe each night and withdrawing it each morning. This particular night as he was counting the bills, one seemed to cling gently to his agile fingers. Unconsciously he tried to free it, and then he gazed more attentively. It was The Bill. With a sly, satirical cunning, it seemed to stare at him. He felt a certain affinity between his flesh and the slightly worn paper. He smiled indulgently and shoved it into his vest pocket, where it released its hold upon him and seemed to nestle in warm quiet felicity there.

Quickly he looked up and about him. The clerks were busy helping in the counting. They bent over the stacks of bills, and showed no evidence of having seen that which would have aroused suspicion—nay, accusations.

Philander Beamish loitered on his way home that evening. Not that he paused along the way. Oh, no. He merely sauntered along in his beaten path. That evening Mrs. Beamish and the wee Beamishes found Philander quite masterful. They were puzzled and rather delighted with the new Mr. Beamish. Once during the evening he transferred the bill from his vest pocket to the side pants pocket. He did not look at it, but now and then he fingered it unobtrusively and glowed.

On the next day, October seventeenth, he returned it secretly to the company of the other common bills, but allowed his thoughts to stray to it, pluck it up lightly and smooth its wrinkles gently. That night he again purloined it and the next night and the next. For five nights he carried it away with him to a clandestine

rendezvous, and returned it each morning. He always thought of Romeo stealing from Juliet at the break of day.

Then he began to be afraid. Harsh thing, which spoke of man's belief in man's cupidity, of man's faithlessness to man's idea's, arose within him, and for one week he did not leave with it in his vest pocket. During this time he liked to think that he was as much missed as missing, and this idea warmed him though not so much as the feeling of its proximity warmed him.

Then suddenly he could stand it no longer, and he took it home again on October twenty-ninth. The joy of it had not diminished. It had grown. The next morning at the bank he was counting the money as usual, and he slipped his fingers deftly into his pocket and withdrew the bill to place it in the stack.

Throughout the morning, during the pauses between customers, he allowed his thoughts to stray to it, mentally allowed his fingers to caress its soft pliant, slightly wrinkled surface. He could vividly recall the sensation of touching it—it was like a good worn kid glove.

As though by some deep-rooted primitive intuition, he decided to take it out to lunch with him. He could feel its radiance, the warmth of its personality, its whole being lying at the bottom of his pocket.

That afternoon the man came back. Beamish was assailed by a seething, chilling dread. He knew. He felt dead, empty, cold. Then he realized that he had known all the time that his wan sweet angel had allowed him his last rendezvous at noon and he felt that she too was now weeping quietly.

The man took his bill.

Mr. Beamish was Mr. Beamish again, but Mrs. Beamish felt both regret and relief.

But something went out of Mr. Beamish's life.

Ward, the Pure

By Betsy Bishop

• Betsy is a Senior in the junior college and a day student. She wrote this piece while sick in bed and was persuaded to bring it out of hiding only after much coaxing by her friends and the staff. She wants to write essays and short stories for her career, but on the side, the gal is "nuts" about horses.

"Mon'gom'ry!"

"Yas'm?"

"Cme in heah dis minute, an' carry out dese ashes."

"Yas'm."

Montgomery, without exerting himself in the least, dragged his skinny, brown form toward the doorway of the cabin. When he set one bare foot inside the bedroom of the little shack, his mother, Maggie, confronted him with, "You am the slowest black nigger Ah evah seed. Looks lak you jes' crawls erlong when somebody asts you ter do sompin fa 'um. Caint you git eny mo' fo'ce den dat behime vou?" Maggie stood there, with stout arms fo'ded across her ample bosom, and glared at her son, who was a twin and next to the oldest child. There were four younger children after the twins, who were twelve years o'd.

Montgomery said, "No'm, Ah ies' allus feels tia'd." He trailed around Maggie and went over to the stove. There, after due consideration of which would be the easiest way to do it, he shoveled the ashes from the stove to a battered, rusty can and slowly carried them out, as if each step would be his last. When he reached the fence at the back of the yard, he dumped the ashes on the other side and leaned against a tree to get his strength back.

Under that tree sat his four younger sisters: Gladioli, aged ten; Violet, aged

nine; Chrysanthemum, aged five; and Narcissus, aged two. They were playing house. They liked to play there because it was near the trash pile and they could use all the odds and ends dumped on it. The tree was a big oak, which shaded a large space; and the grass was soft beneath it. The little girls were having trouble. Gladioli was the mother, Chrysanthemum and Narcissus were the children, and Violet was the visiting neighbor. It was supposed to be Narcissus' nap time, and she was flatly refusing to take a nap. She didn't realize that her older sisters were just playing and she only had to pretend



that she was asleep. She only knew that it really wasn't time for her to take a nap and she wasn't going to miss anything by being asleep. Upon her refusal to take a nap, Chrysanthemum had shoved her down and was now blandly sitting upon the baby's bare stomach. The shrieks of outrage from the poor sufferer could be heard for miles around. Montgomery gazed upon this family scene with an expression of disdain. He couldn't understand the sissy games of little girls, especially since he was twelve years old.

"Why does yo'all allus wanter play house?" he asked. "Git up offen Narciss' stummick, er yo'll push her innerds clean outa place."

Chrysanthemum, who thought her big brother knew everything, immediately got off Narcissus, who immediately stopped crying. Violet, who thought she knew more than anybody else, said, "Aw, that caint push her innerds outa place, 'cause they's 'tached ont'a her stummick."

"It *kin*, too," said Montgomery.

"It *kin not*!" said Violet.

This could have gone on all afternoon if Maggie had not called to Montgomery to hurry on back with that can. After he had gone, the little girls resumed their playing, deciding that they would pretend it was later in the day and Narcissus had already had her nap.

When Montgomery finally returned with the can, Maggie had already swept out the cabin. She was very tidy and prided herself on her clean cabin and yard. The bedroom was papered with newspapers, which, after they had begun to turn yellow, were taken down and replaced by new ones. There was a fireplace on one side of the room, and one could see daylight coming through the cracks where the stone chimney was beginning to lean away from the side of the cabin. At

each end of the mantle stood tall, slender rainbow-colored vases filled with faded artificial flowers. In the center of the mantle was a clock, which hadn't run for at least fifteen years; but it was light blue with roses painted on it, which attracted Maggie, even if the paint was peeling off in places. Beside the clock was a chipped china tray which held odds and ends of broken jewelry, a curiously shaped top to a perfume bottle, and two red-and-yellow buttons. To the left of the mantle stood a dresser with a defective mirror which made a person look distorted if he didn't stand close enough. On the dresser were two brushes and combs, used to get the tangles out of kinky plaits, and another china tray containing a piece of red string, some straight pins, a Red Cross button, a nickel, and two pennies. In one of the double beds slept Maggie; her husband, Paul; and Narcissus. In the other slept Nasturtium, aged fourteen; Gladioli; Violet; and Chrysanthemum, the latter lying crosswise at the foot. In the single bed slept Montgomery and his twin brother, Ward. In the center of the floor stood a pedestal table with a coal-oil lamp and some old magazines on it. Two straight chairs, one rocker, and a rickety, three-legged stool made up the rest of the room furnishings. Directly across from the fireplace was a door leading into the kitchen. This small room was not papered, and it contained a wood stove, a wobbly table, and five assorted chairs. There was a not unpleasant odor of clean clothes, scrubbed wood, cold food, and wood smoke always about the cabin. On the outside, the yard right around the house never produced any grass, because the chickens and seven pairs of bare feet continually pecked and stomped it.

Maggie said, "Fo' Gawd's Sakes, Mon-'gom'ry, howcum you caint move erlong

eny faster'n dat? Heah Ah's bin a-settin' evah since you lef', waitin' fo' dat can so's Ah kin tek some slop ter dem hogs. An' you gotta run up ter Miz Brady's ter fetch Ward. He's bin a-cuttin' kinlin' fo' her. Dat boy's got some gumption 'bout him. Dat's sho' mo' den Ah kin say fo' you."

But Montgomery didn't have to fetch his brother, as Ward was just then seen running around the corner of the lot with a sack in his hand. Taken together the twins could not be told apart by a stranger, except that when one looked closely he saw that Ward had a more energetic expression. Ward also had religion, which might have been the cause of his working harder. He was sanctified, and believed that idleness was the root of all evil. As he drew nearer, he shouted that Mrs. Brady had given him some candy to divide with the rest of the children, besides his twenty-five cents pay.

"Looky yere," Ward said, "Miz Brady say dis am some kine o' candy dat we ain' nevah hed. She say hit's dif'funt. Wheah's evahbody else? Les' eat it."

The four little girls were promptly called. Everybody was there except Nasturtium, who was out ironing for Mrs. Dillihay. Maggie said that the rest of the children had to save some candy for their big sister. So they started the dividing.

"Gimme th' biggest piece," shrilled Chrysanthemum.

"They ain' no biggest piece, pig," replied Ward. "They's all de same size, wropped in lil' slick papers," and he poured the caramels on the ground. "Now, Ah'll do em' out."

"No sirree, no sirree, you won' do eny sech thing," shrieked Violet. "You'll keep de best uns fo' yo'sef."

"They ain' no best uns, an' 'sides, Ah's

sanctified. Ah caint do dat," said Ward.

"Well, jes' hurry up an' give us some," said Gladioli. "Ah's hongry."

At last the candy was evenly distributed, with the correct amount put away for Nasturtium. Grubby brown fingers "unwropped" the papers and quickly thrust the brown squares into red mouths full of sparkling white teeth. At the first "chomping down" there were twelve wide-open, surprised eyes staring out from six tightly closed faces. The first one able to speak was Violet, who said, "Mah mouf dun stuck togever."

Then Montgomery said, "They's stuff all ober mah teef. Wha' zat mean?"

Sanctified Ward began to pray, "Oh Lawd, Ah ain' dun nuffin wrong. Wha' fo' does You do dis ter me? Ah's wukked. Ah didn' mean ter be bad. Ah's tried ter be good an' holy, Lawd."

The little colored children might not have eaten the rest of the candy if Maggie had not heard Ward praying and come out to see what the trouble was.

"Yo' chillun am goner be da deaf ob me yit," she fussed. "Heah Ah thot sumpin tur'ble were wrong, an' come ter fine out dat yo'all jes' don' know whut sticky candy am! Ought not ter let you eat da res'!"

Convinced that the candy was supposed to be sticky, the children quickly ate the rest. That is, all the children except Ward, who unnoticed gave his to Mo, the yellow dog. The four little girls went back to playing house, and Montgomery and Ward were sent to the store to buy some meal. On the way Ward stopped to wait for Montgomery, who was characteristically lagging behind. While sitting down in the shade, Ward looked up to the blue sky and said, "'Scuse me, Lawd. Ah won' never tek no mo' candy fum offen Miz Brady's table. No sirree."

And I Complained

By Carol Bay

• Carol has already received recognition of her writing ability in that she won a bond for naming a war rationing pamphlet and writing an essay explaining the title she chose. She was valedictorian of her class in Albia, Iowa, and she is a Senior-Middle at Ward-Belmont.

No butter on our toast again this morning; no seconds of meat for lunch. We were told to "go easy" on the sugar for coffee.

No metal-ringed notebooks; no rubber bathing caps for swimming; no weekend date because a long-awaited furlough has suddenly been cancelled; and to make matters worse, those "cute brown spectators" would just have to stay in the shop window, as the precious number 18 coupon had already been used.

"But this is war," the shopkeepers and saleswomen tell us. "This is war," the grocer says. When I went to my room and switched on the radio to relieve the monotony of the oft-repeated words, a masculine voice boomed out, "This is war!"

I started to turn the dial to some kind of music: it didn't make any difference what kind, so long as it would take my mind off the grim, warring world. But I stopped in spite of myself; and, with my hand already on the dial, I stood and listened.

It was the story of a war correspondent just back from a scene of action somewhere in the South Pacific. He was making an appeal for the people back home to stand united behind their fighting sons. He told of the conditions they had to endure on their island fortress: the hard, rough ground infested with poisonous snakes and covered with scratchy bushes—their only bed; the tasteless dehydrated foods they cheerfully ate, although without much relish; the streams, their baths,

which they had to share with crocodiles and lizards; the inadequate hospital supplies; the exhausted sleep interrupted by the shellfire they were all expecting; the tense moments of complete silence, in which they breathlessly awaited the next move of their wily enemy; and, last of all, he told of the men themselves.

There was Dick, the tall, husky blond with a Texas drawl, who kept talking of Jeanie and how she could bake apple pie that fairly melted in your mouth. The guys in the outfit all liked Dick, and they really missed his familiar drawl after that first encounter.

And Ed, the one they thought at first was a coward. He was a professor's son, who wore thick glasses and didn't smoke. He could have finished at the university, but instead he enlisted after Pearl Harbor. They all thought he was a coward till the night he crawled out into an open field strafed with enemy fire in order to save a buddy. When his thick glasses fell off, he couldn't see the menacing Jap figure. He saved his buddy all right—but the next day the boys a'l got together and wrote the professor of his son's heroic death.

These were just American boys, like the kid next door or the neighborhood grocery boy, who suddenly found themselves fighters, heroes—and, above all, men. Men who would always respect the precious liberty for which they were fighting and dying. Men who had sweated, cried, and died. Men who had bits of their buddies' bodies plastered onto their own, who had seen and endured inconceivable tortures. These were our American fighting men at Bataan and Corregidor and every other outpost where the symbol of liberty was being challenged!

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On Feeling Mean

By Jean Hager

• Jean is a Junior-Middle from Nashville. She is vice-president of the Pen Staff Club, and she wants to make something of her writing.

All of childhood is a mixture of vague memories and well-remembered emotions. Anyone can easily recall the breathless delight that accompanied any wonderful or exciting event, or the ashamed, hopeless feeling arising from a guilty conscience. One of my earliest memories is the way I felt the day I received my very worst spanking. I shall never forget that sick heat-wave that swallowed me when Mother picked up the hairbrush and shut the door behind us.

I think I must have gotten up in a mean mood that morning. Playing in the back yard with the neighborhood children, I took an immense delight in pushing over sand tunnels, throwing dirt at the assembly of dogs, and occasionally whacking someone with his own sand shovel. And it was a fiendish pleasure to send my company home, one by one, in tears or a purple rage. Mother had gone to town early in the morning, so for a little while at least I reigned in peace, alone with my nasty disposition. I was perversely happy.

Everything was quiet during lunch, as Maggie, the maid, didn't especially care whether or not I ate my carrots. It was not until Maggie informed me that I was to practice my music for an hour that I blew up. I told her, very calmly at first, that I was going to do no such thing; I was going up and play with Sue. Maggie resented my flat statement. Soon we were shouting at each other. I yelled wildly that Maggie had no right to order me around, and she retorted, "T'll tell yo' mothah th' minit she get hyar." This threat quieted me in short order. I didn't

want to play with Sue, anyhow; I'd much rather be alone. But I had no intention of practicing the music.

I marched into my room, ejected my little sister, and slammed the door with all my strength. But instead of the loud bang I was expecting, a pain-crazed wail struck me like a brickbat. I turned to see Polly still in the doorway, her hand dripping blood. I was terrified. My meanness disappeared instantly when I realized that I had slammed the door on her fingers. Since Polly was much smaller than I, this, I knew, was a major crime. And I also knew that this episode could not be passed off as an accident.

Polly continued to scream, and my generous offer of my newest doll, two pieces of hoarded candy, and the personal possession of the kitten next week, did no good. I grew desperate and pleaded. I knew what was in store when Mother arrived—and arrive she did, just then. She

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Reminiscence

By Fay Maples

• Fay, whose ambition is to be a commercial artist, is at present concentrating on making a good record at Ward-Belmont. She comes from Gulf Port, Mississippi, and is a Senior-Middle.

When it is raining or time hangs heavy on my hands, I take down my memory book from the shelf and thumb through the pages. Each faded token signifies something that cannot be erased from my memory. There is one page with just a bit of yellowed ribbon pasted in one corner; this ribbon brings tears to my eyes, for I remember——.

I can see him now coming across the field toward me, his figure tall against the darkening sky. I was only a little girl, and I sat on the rail fence every evening waiting for Grandpa to come home. He used to toss me into the air, scolding all the while about my being out so late.

Then there were the long summer evenings when he would take me on his knee as he sat in the old rocking chair on the porch. While we watched the stars peek through, he talked to me about the beautiful things in life. Occasionally a whip-poorwill called from the vale; the sweet scent of pine filled the air. Lulled by the whispering breeze and the familiar, droning voice, a little girl was soon fast asleep in her grandfather's arms.

AND I COMPLAINED

(Continued from page 8)

And then the program ended. There were no commercials, merely a significant silence followed by organ music. But I turned the radio off. I didn't want to hear music now. I didn't want to escape from this world of reality I had just found.

And there were the big collies, Shep and Dallas. Shep, a faithful servant, followed Grandpa to the field every day and slept under his bed at night. Sometimes the old dog would lay his head jealously across my lap, begging to be petted. Then Grandpa would reach down and scratch his ears affectionately.

The ribbon came from a funeral spray, one of the many which lay clustered about a gray coffin. I had never seen death before, and my beloved grandfather looked so pale against the satin lining. I just couldn't realize that never again would we laugh together, sit in the old rocker on quiet evenings, or watch the dogs race across the open fields. I leaned over and kissed him on the forehead—just as I had done when he said, "There are some things that God didn't mean for us to understand."

When summer comes and I return to the old house, a big collie greets me at the gate. Another collie lies by an empty rocking chair on the porch. His ears rise each time the gate creaks, and he looks hopefully at every newcomer; but I know his hopeful expression is in vain—I know he is waiting for a master who will never return.

And I look at a bit of yellowed ribbon—and remember.

For a long time I just sat on my bed and thought while twilight deepened. I have the plentiful food, clothing, and shelter of a land unmolested by bombs; I am untouched by the horror of battle. And I complained.

Another Nudist

By Mary Madsen

• Mary is a Junior-Middle from Kewanee, Illinois. She wishes to be a foreign correspondent, but her main ambition in life is to write a "Fireside Chat" for President Roosevelt.

It all started one hot, one very hot, afternoon in July when I was three. My friend, Joan, and I were in my backyard building forts in the sandpile, which was located so we could see the automobiles whizzing down the highway and they could see us. We loved to sit and watch the speeding cars, though the occupants never so much as gave us a glance.

This particular hot afternoon we soon tired of our sand forts, and being hot—very hot—we took off our shoes and socks. Finding this very refreshing, Joan soon suggested we do the same with our sun suits. It was not difficult for us to slip out of them. We then found ourselves cool, and we also discovered it was fun to run around in just what God had given us.

After a while we walked over to the spot where we always sat to play our game of watching the autos. We sat down on the grass, and to our astonishment we discovered the cars were no longer whizzing by, but going very slowly. We were quite thrilled when the occupants of the autos honked and waved at us. To our great glee every one of them smiled at us; in fact, some of them were even laughing.

This notice from the public might have furnished an afternoon's entertainment, but as luck would have it, mother was sitting on the front porch knitting. She noticed the smiling motorists, the continual honking of horns, and the repeated

waving at someone or something. After about ten minutes of this, she drew the conclusion that the scene of interest was her very own backyard. Rushing out, she saw the two of us sitting on the grass without a stitch of clothing on.

She didn't say a word; she just looked. Jumping up, we ran over and got into our clothes as fast as we could. Then my friend, Joan—my *good* friend, Joan—left for home.

Mother and I walked silently into the house. Nothing was said till dinner that night, when she related the whole story to Dad. He managed to keep a straight face for a while, but he burst out laughing when she had finished. After a swift kick from Mother he stifled his laughter and tried to look reproving. He and Mother agreed, after sober discussion, that I was not to be punished this time, but if I ever did such a thing again, all my clothes would be taken away from me for ever and ever. That really frightened me and destroyed all desire on my part to be a nudist.



BOOK ESSAY CONTEST

SENIOR WINNER

THE ARCH OF THE FUTURE

By Jean Howerton

• Jean won her first literary prize at the age of nine, and went on from there to be editor first of her high school paper, and now of the *Ward-Belmont Hyphen*. Her hometown is Louisville, Kentucky. If asked her ambition she'll very earnestly answer "to be editor of *New York Times*."

The slogan "Build the future with books" makes one think about how important a part books will play in tomorrow's world. Never before has such an avalanche of economic, social, practical, philosophical, governmental literature flooded the bookshelves of America. Never before have so many men already prominent in other fields taken pen in hand to convey to the masses the essence of all their thinking. William L. Shirer's *Berlin Diary* and Jan Valtin's *Out of the Night*, for instance, have helped to inform the people and make them cognizant of just what lies behind Germany's paranoiac brutalities. One of these men writes as an observer, one as a persecutee. Wendell Willkie's *One World* has done a great deal to unite the people to one way of thinking and to instill in them the spirit of co-operation and the desire for a unified world which is one in liberty, equality of opportunity and brotherhood.

It is not such books as these alone which can be utilized to mould the world which is to come. The Bible must be the keystone in the arch of volumes. Christ's teachings can never be surpassed

for use in establishing the future. Not only his, but those of men like Paul and Tychicus also. Take, for example, this thought from the latter: "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God . . . your loins girt about with *truth* . . . with the *breastplate of righteousness* on . . . your feet shod with the preparation of the *gospel of peace*, above all taking the *shield of faith*, the *helmet of salvation*, and the sword of the Spirit which is the *word of God*." (Ephesians 6:12-17.)

It is such advice as this that will profit us more than any volume of economic problems could, for we need to know the basic things before we can learn the complementary ones. It is from the Bible alone that we will learn the basic things; from the Prince of Peace himself.

With such a keystone as the holy book, we need in addition classics, reference books, periodicals, histories, geographies, science manuals, all sorts of informative volumes on every subject. The subject matter of these need not be entirely heavy nor purely factual. Any type of book or magazine which expresses contemporary thought of any period is required for the strong arch of nations which we are attempting to build. We must know why the League of Nations failed the first time in order to realize how to strengthen it this time.

All authorities agree that to form a "better" nation, education of the masses is imperative. And how are these masses to become literate except through books? The primary debility of America's public is illiteracy. As long as it persists, there can be no government set up which will be entirely democratic. People who have not learned the value of books, or the thoughts which can be gleaned from them deserve no voice in the government. Experience may be the best teacher but some things have to be learned vicariously.

Even those who are literate are not above reproach, for they need to familiarize themselves with the library. Many are the persons who are considered intelligent who actually do not know their way around the library, who are not even familiar with the card catalogue. Librarians can stamp cards and look up an occasional book for us but they cannot think for us.

As for our arch, we need information not only on modern problems but on ancient ones as well. We have the opportunity to capitalize on the experience and conclusions of others. To turn this wealth to practical account we must be able to read and extract the most important thoughts which may be applied to our own situations.

It is with painstaking study and careful selection that we will weld the arch of the future. We must choose the soundest stones which leave no loopholes and each one of which will bear the weight of its fellow stones without cracking. We must cement these stones with the mortar of intelligence and deep thinking, of scanning and application. "Build the future with books" and make it a future of precious realities as well as glowing possibilities.

SENIOR-MIDDLE WINNER

EVOLUTION IN READING

By Elizabeth Wailes

• Elizabeth hails from Long Beach, California. Her hobbies are music, cartooning, and sailing, and her ambition is to write a book and get it published. But get this, the gal wants to make law her career! We predict a full life for her.

"Mama," I begged, trotting into her room carrying my worn old book, "Read me a story." She looked up from her letters, smiled like only Mama could smile, and lead me over to the love seat. We nestled comfortably together before the blazing fire and I opened the frayed volume to the story, "How the Leopard Got His Spots," complete with funny pictures and dirty finger prints smudging the pages. It was a hard thing to come down from that marvelous world I had been in for the past half hour. I sighed as I went back to my room to brush my teeth and go to bed, but then I thought gleefully—tomorrow night another wonderful story—maybe about the El'phant with the 'satisfiable cur'osity. I scampered happily into my little bed, to dream of marvelous animals and beautiful princesses that lived in marble palaces and ate ice cream all day long.

This was my introduction to interest in literature—from a very early age to six years. There had been opened to me a marvelous world, complete with all the wonders of fantasy, through story books—with pictures. I loved to sit and look at the pages, trying to remember what they said, and I would watch the pictures, fascinated, expecting the characters to move any minute and speak to me. Like any young child, I found most appeal in the stories of the fairy kingdom and talk-

ing animals. I used to walk up to my pony and demand that he speak to me. And when all he did was snort sleepily and chew his hay with a meditative expression, I would storm out of the barn and go tell Mr. Tom, the stableman, that my pony wasn't any good, he couldn't say anything. Mr. Tom would spit a dirty stream of tobacco juice, thoughtfully scratch his grizzled head and drawl, "Wal, Miz Betty Anne, I jus' guess he's been a-talkin' to so many other hosses he jus' don't want to do no talkin' to jus' an or'nary hooman." And I'd go off, very disgusted, and determined to make the poor Shetland talk to me yet. Yes, story books do much for the imagination, and no childhood is complete without these wonderful impossible tales. If the little girl or boy is given an early appreciation for literature, his cultural development has an excellent start and a well-rounded individual will normally result.

With my learning how to read, the wild world of funny books opened to me. And in those days it was Dick Tracy, Tarzan, and Tailspin Tommy—thrilling, lurid, impossible. I can well remember the nights I went to bed, shaking with terror as I expected some mad scientist to burst into my room and boil me in a test tube. Those pulp classics were our delight and we would often go down to the river bed and pour over the hair-raising adventures, trying to understand the words and clutching each other's hands for fear. Later in this era however, I developed an inhuman love for Shakespeare. I would read him by the hour; I spoke in archaic English terms; I secretly wrote stories of deepest tragedy that I felt would make me immortal; I even wanted to stab myself because Juliet did. However, this latter attempt was luckily thwarted by my watchful father who knew something was

drastically wrong when I started to recite speeches or gloom and death. But to this day, I remember a startling amount of those once adored passages, and I cannot help but believe that I benefited much from my Shakespeare complex, even though I had to be fitted for glasses the next year, and the parents truly worried about my sanity when at breakfast, for instance, I would despairingly cry, with gestures, "Oh, thou lamentable day, thou foul oatmeal . . . Hi thee hence 'ere I become sick to my tummy."

From twelve to fifteen my age may be characterized as one of deep interest in the nineteenth century writers, wherein I was a great admirer of Dickens, Eliot, Thackeray, and, of course, Poe. After patiently reading practically all of Dickens from the musty, leather-gowned, gilt-edged set left us by some long, dead aunt, I felt that he was incomparable. I wanted to reform England; I fell madly in love with Sidney Carton; I wanted to hang Mr. Carker. And too, I scared myself half to death reading Poe. His stories of the supernatural, reeking with blood and heavy with death had an alarming amount of appeal to me. On a certain night after reading "The Fall of the House of Usher," every movement of the trees outside my window, the vague sighing of the wind, the clammy slow-creeping fog, the distant howling of a dog out near the marshes—all served to make me one truly frightened, little girl. I lay there in bed, expecting to see any minute before me the awful decaying figure of a shrouded corpse rise from the blackness of my room and twist my neck with maniacal, savage hands. Yet that story has a fascination for me today, and I am going to read it again—just to see if I can take it!

About this time studies really became concentrated, and I found less and less

time for intensified reading. However, there came into my life the "Book of the Month Club" with its novels clad in colorful jackets, the risqué plots, and the modern style of writing. I really enjoyed them, the easy reading, the daring stories, but nevertheless I noticed the difficulties of a transition from the world of fine old literature to the one of the new and revolutionary writings. In Hemmingway I found too much sordid realism; in Lewis, a tiresome preponderance; in Shaw, a scathing and bitter contempt for all the world. Nevertheless through reading many contemporary writers, I developed an appreciation for their styles and an understanding of the motives behind many of the plots. But it is the poetry of this age that really fascinates me. I love the fresh and salty tang of Masefield, the feeling of the wet sea wind and the dancing water; I thrill to the simple yet thoughtful beauty of Emily Dickinson's works. Sandburg's poetry is human and earthy with a great appeal for the masses, while Vachel Lindsey's ditties are charming and whimsical and make a person want to laugh and laugh for sheer joy.

At last I have come to realize that without all types of literature being appreciated, a person's cultural background would be lop-sided and poorly developed. An excess of the old school of writing can make a person take on something of that heaviness and become ponderous and boring, while too much of the new can result in a complex of dissatisfaction, sarcasm, and a lowering of mental standards. So we must be well-balanced if we would have a true love and appreciation for the literature of this earth. Fairy tales and involved essays, we must enjoy all forms of writing inclusive.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lutton has expressed his thoughts on books beautifully, "Lo, the world so loud, and they, the movers of the world, so still."

HONORABLE MENTION

ON BOOKSHELVES

By Mary Jane Sherrill

• "Jay" is from Little Rock, Arkansas, and her hobby is collecting perfumes. A history major, she may open a dress shop someday, but she's not exactly sure.

Have you a bookshelf? Most everyone has. I do not mean the family library or some impersonal one in the parlor. I mean your own special one, the one where the books are kind of ragged around the edges from so much handling. Not at all like the grand, impressive encyclopedias or the very prettily bound set of Shakespeare on the family shelves.

Mine happens to be under a window (personally, I think everyone's should be there) right in the reach of an easy chair. This arrangement is cozy in the winter. I can curl up in the chair, read, and maybe sip hot chocolate, and ignore the blizzard outside. Dicken's Christmas Stories or a sonnet to snow just seem to fit. In the summer there is always a pleasant breeze blowing through the window, and it ripples the curtains just enough. For this season I shall choose a Coca-Cola and maybe poetry, for instance, Wordsworth's "I Wander'd Lonely as a Cloud."

Of course, you realize that your bookshelves must be arranged according to your own ideas about the books that you choose for this special honor. It seems that even if one is not a very neat person he likes to be able to put his finger right on the book he wants. Some of them may be standing vertically and some horizontally, but they are in a certain place. If this bookshelf is really a personal thing (as it is to me) then there will not be an accumulation of dust because the books will be removed so often.

My particular arrangement is almost a standard one, that is, I have my favorite

books on the top shelf, where they may be reached easily. On this shelf I have several collections of poetry because, to me, poetry is something you can read anytime, no matter how many times you read it, you enjoy it once more. Novels are different; you tire of them easier. Also on this shelf I have an extremely ragged book called *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*.

This is used as a reference book. It is used to memorize quotations on a lazy day when you find a bit of wisdom, or just on its general contents. And I love it. Next to this is my Bible. This is not as worn as some of the others—as worn as it should be, I am afraid. But it is always there in case I need it. Funny thing, but the Bible always fits in with your favorite books. The next is quite a shock. *Gone With the Wind* is its name. It is worn because it took me such a long time to read it, but I do like it, and there is so much of it, I am always able to find something I can enjoy all over again. This is my first shelf. I could name the other books, but that would not make them mean as much to you as they do to me; so you had better pick your own first shelf.

The second shelf has novels on it. These books are like friends. Take, for example, my old copy of *Alice in Wonderland*. Even though I am in college she is still one of my best friends. Next to Alice stand *Jane Eyre*. They seem to get along beautifully, but confidentially, I do not know why, because to me they are very different. There are some more, and most of my novels are about people that I especially admire. It does not have to be the main character, but someone that—well, someone to whom I can almost tell my troubles.

Now we come to the third shelf. This one is a little more dignified, and there is just a faint suggestion of dust about it. Here are my Encyclopedias *American-*

na. They are very nicely bound and they really give my room an intelligent air. Of course they are not read for pleasure; they are used entirely for reference work. They are not exactly friends, they are more or less teachers, and they can always straighten me out when I am on the wrong track.

To me bookshelves are very important. A book on someone's desk is a guide to the sort of person the owner is, what he likes, and how he likes it. If I had to, I feel as if I could almost choose my friends by the books they read. As a matter of fact, I think a person that does not have a bookshelf has missed a part of life.

HONORABLE MENTION

"COME LET US READ"

By Margaret Lawler

• A Kansas City girl, Bunny is an old timer in this journalism game, having won several awards in high school. She has no particular hobby and her life-long ambition is to be a writer or actor.

The first story in our Bobbs-Merrill primer was "The Gingerbread Boy," and oh, how proud I was that, due to much training and helpful prompting by my mother, I, on the initial day of my career in the first grade, was able to read "up to the part where the fox comes in."

Since that first day in school, reading has been one of my greatest pleasures. To be able to pick up a book, open it, and begin reading is like being transformed into a completely different person living in a completely different world . . . a world full of new faces, new scenes, and new experiences. From "The Gingerbread Boy" to Cronin's *The Keys of the Kingdom* (which, incidentally, is one of the most beautiful stories ever written, in my estimation) I have flown half way 'round

the world with the Lindberghs; I have seen the horrors of the rape of Nanking with Pearl Buck; I have struggled desperately through the Civil War with Margaret Mitchell; and I have lived a lazy life in the Florida swamp lands with Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Surely there is no greater pleasure than this.

Also, reading is a diversion, and though I realize that I, at sixteen, am too young to seek an escape, reading is one for me. Books are an escape from people as they are, to people as I would like them to be. People in books are never run-of-the-mill. They, like the little girl with the curl, are either very, very good or horrid. In fact, the two fictional characters that are my closest friends are at opposite poles of disposition. One is Father Francis in *Keys of the Kingdom*; the other is Scarlett O'Hara. This reveals another of my reasons for loving to read: variety . . . variety in person, place, and situation. I like to meet new situations in stories and decide what I would do under like circumstances, then read on to see how the character involved reacts to the experience.

For me, each turning of a page is like opening a door to new adventures, and after I have finished a book, when I put it down, I feel for a few minutes that I have lost a friend. Then I remember that I have not lost one, because, like a true friend, the book will always be there waiting for me to come back and relive the exciting, happy, or sad times we have had together.

When I was very small, my family had a set of bookplates on which a little poem was written. I have always remembered that verse, because it so aptly expresses my feeling towards a good book:

"Books are the keys to wisdom's treasure;
Books are paths that upward lead.
Books are gates to lands of pleasure;
Books are friends. Come, let us read."

HONORABLE MENTION

AMONG THE MANY

By Betsy Bishop

It seems that no other subject has claimed an essayist's attention more than that of books. Writers, old and new, great and small, some time or another have put down their thoughts on this intriguing subject.

George Gissing, on surveying his bookshelves, writes in "My Books" of the struggle and triumph they recall—a struggle as to whether to buy the book or his supper. The book seems always to have won. Agnes Repplier writes "Books That Have Hindered Me" in direct contrast to Robert Louis Stevenson's "Books Which Have Influenced Me." Miss Repplier's essay is a salty accusation of those books which laid the burden of the world upon her young shoulders as she was growing up, instead of comforting and helping her as everyone said they should. G. K. Chesterton once wrote in "A Defense of Nonsense" of the absolute absurdity of Edward Lear's poetry in contrast to Lewis Carroll's intellectual *Alice in Wonderland*. H. M. Tomlinson tells in "Bed-books and Nightlights" of the sheer enjoyment he gets from reading travel books in bed by candlelight.

There are a great many others. William Hazlitt's "On Reading Books," Charles Lamb's "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading," and Leigh Hunt's "My Books" are among the many.

Though the essay is far more common, many of our clever authors have devised ways to write a charming book on this fascinating subject. A. Edward Newton has written an illustrated volume which is in its fifth edition, called *The Amenities of Book Collecting*. In his delightful introduction, he tells how he came to write

(Continued on page 32)

I Am His Retribution

By Joan Russell

• Joan is a Senior-Middle day student. She began to write when teachers began to require themes. Her hobby is conversation; her career is to be some sort of a job in South America; and her ambition is marriage and four little boys!

A recurring, throbbing pain hits sharply between my eyes. Something so transient as a pain, however, will not allow me escape from these pictures of a hideous clarity, that keep playing on my brain. I'll go mad if my thoughts keep threshing this thing over and over. Damn you, mind, if you would only become a nerveless blank, and let me stay here peacefully, waiting for the guards to come and lead me to the block. I can see it now, there on the hill; the cruel, blood-stained means for legal murder my exalted husband has so frequently used on others before me. They'll come marching in here, those Machiavellian devils, their faces grim and determined—ready to take the head of their queen, Catherine Regina. Yes, the Judases, itching to kill for only the measly wage our liege lord, the accursed King Harry, metes out to them. May the sin of this deed rest heavily upon the heads of all those who plot my death, and especially may God condemn Henry Tudor to the worst eternity that is to be. I hope He will have Satan's imps feed from the living flesh of our ruler, my spouse, until Henry's beefy fat face draws up in severest pain. I hope God puts him away into the remotest corner of hell, and sends down visions of the diabolical crimes of our King to prick his hardened conscience into a mass of writhing self-accusation. Curse him, God! I call upon you to put his slimy small soul through all the agony and torture that Thou has invented for the punishment of wrongdoers! Humble him unto Thee—make him crawl on his ponderous

belly and cry out for mercy just as the pitiful people he burned at Smithfield cried to him! I hate this eighth Henry, King of England, with a passion in me so intense it almost amounts to an insanity!

Perhaps it is better for you, my brain, to cull over my life to me now, for too soon who knows where you will be? With one swift blow of his as, the executioner will sever my head from my shoulders, and you, brain, will go rolling aimlessly into the bloody basket that has caught wiser heads than mine. Then, brain, they'll put my head on my shoulders again, stuff all the limp and gory mess into a box; and, if Henry is in a lenient mood, the remains of Catherine Howard Tudor will be buried in the chapel as were those of my overly ambitious cousin, Anne Boleyn. After that, if what the priests declaim is true, my soul will be beating its wings wildly against the bars of purgatory for a few thousand centuries.

I have not been a good woman. The charges of adultery my husband preferred against me in the courts are true. I have from youth been a willful, capricious, enticing enchantress. It is not from conceit that I term myself enchantress, for life has proved to me that I possess some intangible power which draws men. Nor have I ever known why any man should be physically attracted to me—my face is not provocatively beautiful, and there is no statuesque beauty to my figure. I am a frail and fleeting creature, possessed of a certain brittle vivacity which is my chief charm. I dance extremely well, I gayly and bewitchingly play the role of trusting girlhood, which farce inflates the ego of man to the bursting point, and he falls, like a ripe plum, into the plans I have for him. True, I do know the tricks by which

to snare men, but they are learned the hard way. The price I paid for this knowledge was far too high, for if I had not been so promiscuous in my loves and free with my favors, I would be the Queen of England for many years to come, instead of waiting in this chill, deep silence for the axmen. I have sinned many times and deserve my death, but Henry has not trod the straight and narrow path of virtue for one minute since he first knew how to crawl. Therefore, my sentence does not rest fairly or justly upon me, coming from such a judge. I have contaminated the royal blood, he says. Contaminate a Tudor? 'Tis impossible.

My greatest satisfaction in this ignoble murder of which I am the victim is that I serve as retribution to my husband. I am the fifth, and the most wicked of his wives. Who knows, with Henry's lust for women, whether or no there will be more? At any rate, he has caused much real and terrible suffering in the hearts of all those whom he has taken to wife. Poor old Catherine of Aragon, the Spanish lump, whose daughter is six years older than I at this very moment, and gloating at my demise, as she did at the others who followed her mother's banishment from court; the fresh, hard young Anne, whose ambitions were tutored and nurtured first in the court of the French, and whose child Elizabeth is of the identical pattern as her father; sweet uncomplex little Jane Seymour, for whom Henry had an honest and a healthy respect, and who gave him his only legitimate son; the great Flanders mare, Anne of Cleves—a fool, a simple fool, accepting what our black-hearted monarch decreed to her, as an unreasoning, well-trained animal accepts his orders from his master in the barnyard; and I, who was to have been the dearly loved wife of the King's old age, the woman around whom all Henry's thoughts revolved, and revolve still. The

world, in years to come, will tell that Catherine Howard was the love of Henry Tudor's life, and to save his face he needs must put her to death, though it take from him his last breath of youth.

I'm Henry's equal, or superior, by lineage: One of the venerable and honored Howards, closely allied with the Norfolks and many other powerful families of the English nobility. Indeed, if it had not been for my famed family, I would not have been obliged to carry out this disgraceful marriage. That is also true of Anne, the innocent. If our clan had not been glutted with the potentialities of the political powers almost within hand's reach, provided Anne and I cooperated, then both of us might have been happy. I, as the wife of my beloved Culpeper, and she, the mate of our mutual cousin, Thomas Wyatt. I shall not dwell upon the happiness that might have been, for if I did, I would go mad with the hunger of my desire, and the futility of that wish. My lover is dead, dead by Henry's wicked hand, and because of me! I do not mind death for myself, as much as I hate the thought that I instigated beheading. If it had not been for that damned serving woman who told of our lingering kisses, and lover-like intrigues, he would be alive today. I hope her soul scorches in hell, as will Henry Tudor's! Death would find me more brave, if only I might have gone to the block first, knowing that my memory would be revered in the mind of my lover; but perhaps he died easier by leaving me behind him on this earth to mourn, if it be but for a few days after he was butchered. A comforting thought.

I am calm now, and resigned. My mind has stopped its hellish turmoil, and is steeped in waves of peace. That is well, for I *must* die quietly and bravely.

(Continued on page 21)

BOOK REPORT

By Betsy Anne Rowlett

JOURNEY AMONG WARRIORS

Eve Curie

Doubleday, Doran, and Co.

New York, 1943

• Betsy Anne likes to write but her real interest is in photography. After the war she plans to go to Paris and do photographic work. She is a Nashville girl. She has a prize collection of classical music records.

One of the most brilliant of the new books is "Journey Among Warriors" by Eve Curie. Daughter of Pierre and Marie Curie, co-discoverers of radium, Eve Curie is one of the foremost women journalists and authors. This is probably her last book for some time, since she is now a member of the women's auxiliary of the Fighting French Army.

"Journey Among Warriors" is Mlle. Curie's account of her recent trip through Russia and the Near East. Because of the prominence of her name, she was able to secure entrance into circles which the ordinary reporter is unable to penetrate. Her task was to learn more of two of the most important fighting fronts of this war. She is well equipped to handle this assignment.

In Russia, she visited factories and talked with the man in the street as well as the leading minds of the government, among them Stalin. With some persuasion the authorities allowed her to make trips to the defense lines and interview Russian soldiers and their sullen Nazi prisoners.

She suffered the hardships of a Moscow under seige, and witnessed the fortitude of her people under terrible privations. In China a talk with the Chiang Kai Sheks made her realize once again the incredible faith and tenacity of the Chinese people and most especially, their leaders. Realizing the tenseness existing between the Chaing and Indian governments, she made her way to India to learn what she could of that country's questionable position in a fighting Orient. She was particularly impressed with the two great leaders, Mohandas K. Ghandi, and Jawarhalal Nehru, brilliant chief of the All-Congress Party. Between them these two men control the great number of Hindus, which battle constantly against the Moslems under Mohammed Ali Jinnah. Mlle. Curie was particularly charmed by the young handsome Pandit Nehru. She was fortunate in attending his daughter's wedding which was celebrated during her stay in true Hindu fashion. The home rule question is also presented with sympathy toward the Indian viewpoint.

Mlle. Curie brings to a language not her own the clarity and force of French prose. Hers is a brilliant and incisive mind. She takes trouble to present the characters of the men who are shaping the destinies of these countries as she sees them. Gossip and hearsay have no part in her decisions. "Journey Among Warriors" contributes a great deal to the knowledge of this world war, its fighting fronts, and its ideals.

Transcriptions

By Billie Hailey

• Billie, a day student Junior in high school, has longed to be a newspaper reporter ever since she can remember. She began to write, as others, before her, because of required themes.

How many Americans would be well and happy today without the aid of transcriptions? These little "helpers" require only about fifteen minutes of a thirty-minute program.

The murderer is approaching his victim; we hear a scream. At this crucial moment we pause for the transcription: "If you are embarrassed by dry, scaly skin, try our Woodbury Beauty Night Cap. If you do not have a lovelier complexion in seven weeks, your money will be refunded."

A mother is telling of the telegram she received saying that her son was missing in action. The audience is deeply moved. The familiar voice of the announcer interrupts, "Are your nerves jittery and on edge? Try Carter's Little Liver Pills."

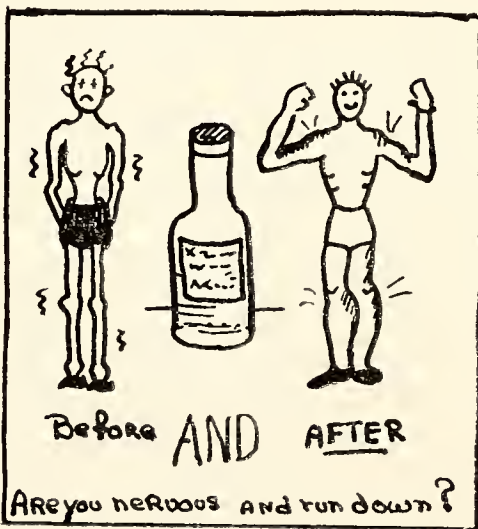
Sighs and dreamy eyes characterize the audience as Bing Crosby croons. You go entirely out of this world when he

starts whistling. But suddenly a shrill voice interrupts:

"Rinso White, Rinso White, happy little washday soap.

Its dazzling suds make it lots more fun. Buy a box today."

Incidentally, have you ever tried Blue Horse notebook paper? It is marvelous for writing essays.



I AM HIS RETRIBUTION

(Continued from page 19)

Oh! Oh, my Christ, my God, there is the great ringing noise of the headsman's boots in the corridor. My judgment is upon me! Give me strength, in these last few moments; a great abiding strength to hold me erect in the little time that is still

mine. The door is opening. I see their hateful, vengeful faces! Catherine, control yourself. Do not become panic-stricken. Rise, and royally go to meet them; not as a captive, but as the Queen. Into Thy hands, O God, I commend my soul.

Quote, Intellectuals, Unquote

By Marie Mount

• Marie is from Park Ridge, Illinois, and is a Senior in the junior college. Her ambition is to write fiction as a career. She is making a great start, as one of her sonnets has already been published.

"Intellectuals" come in two varieties: the ordinary—or garden—type, and the super-superior—or long-haired—category. But before I discuss these groups in detail, the presence of the quotation marks fencing off my subject must be explained. I wish it clearly understood that I have no bone to pick concerning the sincere scholar whose sole reason for seeking knowledge is the private and unproclaimed satisfaction he receives from the pursuit and cherishing of that knowledge; however—the disagreeable individuals who harry university professors by sitting in their classes semester in and semester out or who fiendishly globe-trot for the express purpose of later inflicting themselves on a defenseless public in the guise of someone who knows something, no matter how irrelevant to anything in the universe, (just a moment, while I catch my breath) ought to take a walk in the Atlantic Ocean until their Stetsons, whose primary use is to provide an instrument through which to talk, float. These characters thus deserve the "quotes" as a substitute for *pseudo*.

Now to elaborate upon my two classifications of this menace to society:

First I will consider the garden variety "intellectual." Typical of this group are the more overbearingly energetic club woman and the armchair military strategist—she shrilly raving over John Steinbeck's latest penning while in reality profoundly shocked and he stoutly maintain-

ing that the only way to start an effective second front is by dumping an army on Berlin by parachute. Also included herein are the artists who cannot make a straight line with a ruler and the musicians with a tendency toward tone-deafness; of course, these are the first to offer (I should say force at the point of a six-gun) criticism of the really fine, but less self-laudatory artists. These intellectuals are usually graduates of a university who while there leaned toward such aesthetic pursuits as pasting together the pages of the professor's text or carrying on experiments to discover how many exam notes could be crammed on a thumbnail. At least if not bound by "old school ties," this citizen is fiercely proud of his self-education which would be definitely more appealing if it didn't exist. This thirsting after and spreading of knowledge is with them a malady peculiar to more advanced years.

Infinitely more complex is the member of the long-haired contingent. This individual's desire to startle the masses with his Learning and Inside Information dangerously approaches sadism. He not only pesters his friends and neighbors but actually issues forth on lecture tours so that he might be certain that an even greater number of human beings is having the benefit of his self-satisfaction. This personage is an inveterate wearer of the frock coat and striped trousers or, in his more informal moments, the loud tweeds three sizes too large and outrageously padded in the shoulders. Oxford spectacles are absolutely essential. He of the long hair assiduously cultivates a special lecture voice which soon becomes a habit as he grows more and more infatuated

(Continued on page 30)

Kin Folks

By Helen Suddoth

• Helen is a Nashville girl who writes only because the teachers demand themes. After graduating from high school she plans to study dress designing.

Kin folks are a queer lot of people. Take Aunt Sarah, for example; she is never satisfied. All she does is complain about how fleshy she is; but if she loses so much as a pound, she thinks she is wasting away. To me, Aunt Sarah is the epitome of all the idiosyncrasies of a maiden aunt.

Cousin Agnes, however, is the one that I avoid. My heavens, I'd hate to be the person under discussion when she is present; for the way she gossips would baffle even Herr Goebbels. When she fixes her keen black eyes on you, there are only two things to do: politely excuse yourself; or, if you have an unusual amount of patience, perhaps you can outstare even—Cousin Agnes.

Our most frequent visitor, however, is Uncle Wilbur, with never a penny to his name. My goodness, he has a job (or so he states), but he is continually borrowing money. "Just this one time, I must have it for this or that," is his usual routine. Then the next time comes, and are you repaid? Don't be ridiculous. It would break Uncle Wilbur's heart to have to pay his just debts.

Cousin Edgar is the type that comes for the week-end and spends the rest of the year, dyspepsia and all. Each day that dawns he is going to leave; but where do you find him that night? In your best

bed snoring loud enough to rattle all the windows.

Last, but not least, is Aunt Ophelia, with her heart palpitation and assortment of medicine bottles. If she placed all of those bottles end to end, they would probably reach half way to heaven. She is God's gift to the doctors, bless her!

However, don't get me wrong! Kin folks are usually a jovial lot, and are not so bad as I have made my fictitious relatives appear. I have always found it expedient to be on speaking terms with all of them at Christmas time, although I must confess that a majority of the gifts they place on the tree for me cannot be put to any practical use.



Moron versus Molecule

By Judy Dunham

Just what this tiny mystic mite
Can have to do with me,
Can bring to bear upon my life,
I fear I fail to see.

Or do you think in later years,
When kiddies wail and cry,
I could amuse the little dears
With gram-atomic formulae?

I fear me that my survey
Of the atom and his brothers
Would be a little scurvey
To inflict on saddened others.

Where then apply the complex skills,
I am so slowly learning,
That will not heal my frequent ills,
Or keep my home fires burning?

That will not aid me in my quest
For someone darkly handsome,
Nor guarantee that he'll at best
Be worth a rajah's ransom.

How horrible to picture me
In some cobwebby lab,
An aged "prof" of chemistry,
A-stirring dab with dab.

No longer caring for a world
Where violets and sables
Have proved to be more popular
Than metric weights and tables.

Oh, someone save me from this end,
This inartistic fate.
Who made this course compulsory
That I might graduate?

May down upon his head descend
A stream of Bunsen burners.
I wish one week could number him
Among us suff'ring learners.

So as I sit here strapped and chained,
Within my padded habitat,
Please weep for me, you stronger minds,
For science put me where I'm at!

• Judy is a senior from Los Angeles, California, and she insists that this is her first serious attempt at writing poetry. She wants to make a career of poetry writing.

To a Haunted House

By Ann Sharp

There by the turbulent river's bank,
Watching its eerie rise and fall,
I saw through Night's dull moonlit glow,
Shrouding its stillness like a pall,

A house where Time's destruction lay
Her spectral fingers on the door
And softly shook with withered hand
An ancient dust upon the floor.

They called it haunted and were afraid,
They who dwelt in the city's light;
Afraid of memories that never die,
Afraid of dreams that star the night.

They couldn't know those forms were real
That drifted through the silver haze;
They couldn't know the creaking floors
Remembered steps of brighter days.

And when the wind on lonely nights
Would shiver down the dusty walls,
They couldn't know an echo sighed
Its empty note through shadowed halls.

Like those who come and those who go
To linger on that distant shore,
It is not dead, nor can it die;
A soul will live forevermore.

• Ann, a high school Junior and a native Nashvillian, has picked a full career of artist-author. She began on both of these accomplishments at a very tender age. So we may look forward to seeing more of the gal in the future.

The Common Cold

By Susan Russell

• A Senior from McMinnville, Tennessee, "Russ" has an art scholarship here at Ward-Belmont. Her ambition is to work on a newspaper or magazine. She started to write for fun, worked on the yearbook in high school, and she is a staff member of the three publications at Ward-Belmont.

That dread disease known as the Common Cold is prevalent in all parts of North America, Iceland, Siberia, and probably Lapland and Greenland. It is characterized by an unpleasant, stuffy feeling about the nasal passages, a desire to sneeze and even cough upon occasion, and a maddening inclination of those not afflicted to be unsympathetic and cold-bloodedly casual about even the most severe cases.

One finds, upon consulting the dictionary, that there is no high-sounding name for the affliction. At least, if there is, Webster was so unimpressed by it that he neglected to include it in his book. Evidently he was not a Cold Sufferer. He does define "cold" as a low temperature, and this definition will serve our purpose here.

The first definition of the word "cold" is: "Unemotional. Not easily moved by love or enthusiasm." Now really, how could one be expected to become romantic while grasping a damp Kleenex in a clammy hand and sneezing violently at two-minute intervals? Certainly a Cold Suf-

ferer could hardly be expected to cheer loudly at a football game or to exhibit any excitement at all.

So we shall pretend we didn't see the first definition, as it does not really prove our point; and we shall go on to the next. It is: "Chilling, discouraging, dispiriting, and unenlivening." This is more like it. We are now coming to the point.

The last definition, which Webster has so obligingly given us, is: "Of a color bluish or greenish in tone." I should hate to contradict the learned man who so explains the word, but if I were describing the color which most Cold Sufferers of my acquaintance generally affect, I believe I should say, "Of a color reddish or pinkish in tone." However, we shall not quibble over so minute a detail.

Suffice it to say that the Common Cold is a disordered bodily condition caused by lack of boots in rain or lack of protection from drafts. The cure is to take large quantities of soda, aspirin, Penetro nose drops, and anything else in the medicine cabinet not marked "Poison"—and maybe a little of that. Helpful, but sometimes rather difficult to arrange, is a month or so in bed with a hot-water bottle carefully placed under the feet and a copy of Robert Benchley's *Ten Years in a Quandary* near the bed.

A Prayer of Thanksgiving

By Betsy Anne Rowlett

I thank thee, Lord, for many things:
The tormented sea and a strong wind,
A sky at dusk and a silhouette remembered,
Knowledge of a great love, not mine,
Far places and strange countries,
An exultant melody and a cathedral, hallowed,
Hope for wisdom, love of fatherland,
For peace and mercy, and the years to come.

My Mother's Christmas

By Virginia Luebbe

• Virginia's hobby is collecting classical music records. After the war she wants to travel extensively. She has never before done any writing.

Short days of December; spruce powdered with frost; the watch in the evening by an open fireplace; a distant ringing of bells; and I live over the Christmas of my childhood in a small mountain village a few hours, by rail, from the city.

The thick pine forest was like something out of a fairy tale, and the snow-covered village street led directly toward the mountain, which seemed unbelievably near. There by the moonlight the fir trees were silhouetted against the sharp whiteness of the snow. Deep in a crevice stood the church. In the house there was a smell of Christmas greens, baking ovens, and apple strudel to bring joy to a child's heart.

This was the night the children did not have to go to bed early. They prepared goodies for St. Nicholas to eat when he appeared, while the elders were busy behind closed doors. At last the hour arrived—the children were led to an enchanted room where stood the Christmas Tree with its red and green candles, its gold and silver festoons, and the eternal miracle of those long-desired presents. There was a table arranged with pine branches which was laden with gilded nuts and Christmas delights. The glasses were filled with golden wine, and even the children were allowed to take a sip. Aunts, uncles, cousins, grandmother, and grandfather joined in the singing of "Silent Night, Holy Night," softly played on a zither. After the last strains of the hymn died away, the lovely wrappings were torn from the gifts.

Midnight approached; hot punch was served; then all were snugly bundled into their coats and mufflers to set out to the village church. On the nearby slopes they saw dancing lights which slowly converged toward the sanctuary. They were the lanterns of the villagers, each a star. A pale moon sailing through the clouds watched as the children laughed and fell in the snowbanks along the way. Betrothed girls walked on the arms of their gallants and followed the fiddler whose joyous airs scraped beneath the clear ringing chimes from the chapel.

The members of the choral society climbed the spiral stairway in the tower. They passed the lovely window, glorified by candlelight, on which was pictured a miraculous virgin with a newborn babe on her knees. At her side a bearded peasant tended a donkey and an ox. Three kings, their robes seamed with gold, offered rich presents while a shepherd, leaning on his staff, prayed to the new Savior.

Suddenly, from the choir came the swelling tones of "Silent Night, Holy Night" in which the congregation joined. Nowhere were the Christmas hymns sung with more vigor than in that little chapel softly being covered with snow.

After the service they went home through the cold night where the Christmas log was still burning. The children tumbled happily into bed, as "Merry Christmas, dear people" was being exchanged between parting friends.

The dawn brought Christmas day and, for the well-to-do, the traditional turkey and champagne. The poor had beer and chicken, or perhaps sausage. But in every home there was mistletoe and red-berried holly and in the fireplace a warm Christmas log.

Transformation

By Genella Nye

• A senior day student, Genella has as a hobby collecting two very fascinating things: Jon Whitcombes and Frank Sinatra records. Her ambition is to make writing her career.

He was sixteen, and I was twelve; and I developed a severe case of hero worship, high blood pressure, or whatever-you-call-it. I tried to persuade myself that there wasn't such a great deal of difference in our ages; but I was afraid, deep inside, that a boy of sixteen, practically a man, would never think of me as anything but a child. He didn't realize how mature and sophisticated I felt. Just being in the same room with him made me feel at least sixteen. Gosh, sometimes seventeen!

One certain night stands out as a milestone in my life. I had been invited to eat supper with his family. Oh, happy day! Oh, divine ecstasy! I wore a snaky little number. Seersucker, I believe, with a kind of Hungarian stripe in it. Before supper we sat in the swing on the front porch and talked about a new orchestra just formed by a man named Glenn Miller. The conversation seemed too impersonal to suit me, and I did my best to direct it toward more personal topics—Bob and me, for instance. Things were

going badly indeed. I had never felt so awkward and childish. I racked my brain to think of something brilliant and staggering to say. I had once read, "Just dazzle him in the glare of your personality," but alas, my personality had retreated, leaving me in a desperate situation. His mother rescued me from this difficult predicament by summoning us to supper. No time was lost in mobilizing, for although my personality had deserted me, there was no lack of appetite.

And then my life was changed. Instead of diving into his chair and waiting impatiently for the meal to begin, Bob came around and pulled out my chair for me. Oh, the thrill that was mine! My childhood dropped away from me. At last I was old enough to be treated like a lady. At last Bob realized the true "me." I could actually *feel* the years pile themselves upon me. And Bob smiled at me! Not the childish grin of the other boys I knew, but a kind of mysterious half-smile that was all for me. Well, anyway, I thought so. I sat on a cloud and ate the food of the gods. I walked out of the dining room that night a new person—a Woman of the World!

ON FEELING MEAN

(Continued from page 9)

walked in the back door, arms full of groceries, to find her youngest child pointing a bloody finger at me and howling at the top of her voice.

I began to feel weak. After Mother had bandaged Polly's hand and quieted her, she started for me. I burst into

tears. Mother disregarded this and continued to advance. Of course Maggie's account of the day had not helped matters any. In a miraculously short time a hairbrush was produced. The rest was too painful to describe—but it was years before I felt quite that mean again.

Twenty-nine Iced Milks and a Plain Milk!

By Jean Howerton

"Aha!" thought I when informed that Seniors were to be table hostesses. "Here's where I get myself the choice cuts of meat and the end rolls and the extra dessert. Oh, boy, oh, boy!" It wasn't VERY long till I was aware that table-hostessing doesn't pan out quite like that.

In the first place, I either get a table that diets collectively or one that gorges collectively. I really don't know which is more deflating to a hostess. The former are always thin as rails and they sit and shoot sparks out of their eyes at me, healthy little moron that I am, as I proceed to stuff my face. Finally I become self-conscious after three dishes of ice cream (none of them having touched a morsel during the entire meal, mind you) and daintily wiping my lips (a la Prior-esse), I ask demurely, "Shall we . . ." Before my lips even form the g for "go," the little abstemers zoom out of the dining room in a cloud of hunger.

But the gourmands are also very annoying for when I lick my chops expectantly over a succulent morsel which I am reserving for myself, they peer threateningly at me, toying suggestively with their knives. Finally one crude child will scream, "Gimme *that* piece!" Cowering and submissive, I slap what was to have been my tidbit on her plate with a sigh and bid it a lugubrious farewell as it travels down her eustachian tube.

One of the main problems of presiding

at a table is keeping the conversation going. If there *is* a conversation. The two genres here are the tobacco auctioneers and the clams. To the former, all you need to say is, "Well, what . . ." and they're off for the rest of the evening. This is a boon in a way but then again it becomes irritating if you find it necessary to ask for the salt. Of the latter genus, you can ask everything from "And where are *you* from?" to "How old is your Aunt Petunia?" and still receive only "yes" and "no" in reply.

Nothing is more downright irking than to have the little girls get the drinks mixed up. The maid hovers disconsolately about till almost time to bring the dessert while they wrangle and exclaim, "Well, it was two iced milks and a butter-milk when it got to me!" or "I gave you two coffees and a milk," or "Did somebody order tea?" The ultimate solution is to bang importantly on the table and shout, "Now, girls, let's be calm! Start the drinks over!" By this time the maid has drawn up a chair and has wilted into it.

After looking at the same people for three or four weeks a hostess feels a pronounced urge to wear at least a blind-fold to meals. But there's always the day tables change to look forward to. Then you can sit and slowly exhale as the table fills up with gourmands, abstemers, tobacco auctioneers and clams.

A "Night" in Armor

By Marilyn Morrison

• Marilyn is a Nashvillian and a Junior in the preparatory school. Her primary interests are in the fields of science and music, and her hobbies are nature study and art.

It was the night of the "open house," the most important night in the life of a Freshman; and I was in a plaster cast from neck to hips. Undaunted, however, I decided that attending a dance in something not unlike the armor worn of old might prove an interesting experiment.

The dress selected for the occasion was a high-necked creation, designed especially to conceal that which needed concealing—in this instance a rather bulky shell. As I labored to get into the dress—a process requiring some time and endless patience, I thought disparagingly of a certain horse named Blaze, who made this cast necessary.

My spirits rose as we arrived at the scene of the dance. I was so excited I

could hear my heart pounding against the interior of my encasement. I must admit I felt a bit self-conscious as I walked erectly onto the dance floor. Then the fun began!

When I was introduced to a strange boy, I made no mention of my little plaster jacket. As the music began, he placed his arm around my rigid form. An indescribable look crossed his face. All attempt at conversation ceased. We danced in silence for a while—and then I told him. A sigh of relief escaped his lips, the smile returned, and the conversation was reopened.

Thus it was all evening. . . . I had an unusually enjoyable time. There were some who could not understand how I had so much fun in a cast, and there were doubtless many who would not have ventured out to a dance in such a fix. But we are valiant souls—we who wear armor.

QUOTE, INTELLECTUALS, UNQUOTE

(Continued from page 22)

with its low-registered, sonorous casualness; however, it usually sounds much as if it had just barely survived a particularly acute attack of laryngitis. When the lecture booking agency is obliged to put the modern scourge of true culture out to pasture (vacation or retirement to the general public) by the extreme, but sadly belated indifference of the nation's women's clubs, he usually hits upon the highly unoriginal idea of writing a book or series of essays as vent to his egoism. These masterly opuses are intensely boring but all too often manage to find their way

into print by sheer persistence in preying on the gullibility of Mr. Average Man.

Ah! Wisdom! what despicable frauds go forth in thy name! To anyone who experiences the slightest symptom of the mental weakness described here, I respectfully (and hopefully) submit this prescription: Have your college diploma framed in gold, hang it over a candlelighted altar, write in a journal everything you think, place this epistle on the altar—and leave it there for the doomed but unsuspecting posterity three milleniums in the dim future!

Eyes

By Peggy Freeman

I watch your eyes to know
What you are thinking:
The way they glow and
Sparkle—sometimes glinting
With your private brand of humor;
Ofttimes thoughtful, still,
Holding a light that seems divine;
Showing indomitable will.
Then, too, they blaze with fire
Which shows, better than words,
Your anger—or the dusky glow of your desire.
All these lights becoming merged
Make your eyes as they are now—
Dark, fiery, thoughtful,
Filled with the light of your
Love.

Golden Leaves

By Peggy Freeman

Golden leaves that flutter down
Make a lovely autumn crown
For the cool, dark earth.
A touch of red—the blood of years,
A drop of rain—the flood of tears,
Brown, crushed—to become dust.
Leaves that in autumn must
Crown the cool, dark earth.

• Poetry seems to be one of Peggy's chief interests, as her hobby is collecting it. She is a Senior-Middle from Bramwell, West Virginia.

AMONG THE MANY

(Continued from page 17)

his first two papers, "Book Collecting Abroad" and "Book Collecting at Home," and to send them to the *Atlantic*. His essays hit upon everything from old catalogues to Oscar Wilde, and upon telling you to go buy a book, and finding yourself dissatisfied with it, he says that you have the inalienable right of damning the author.

Virginia Woolf has given us a book called *The Common Reader*. It reflects the taste and sensibility of a talented writer, yet it is distinguished from merely competent journalism by the bite and tang

of comment. Here she ranges from Greek literature and Chaucer to Joseph Conrad. The book is dedicated to Lytton Strachey, who himself wrote a collection of essays titled *Books and Characters*.

Nor do all these people always write on fiction, poetry, biography or drama. The more one reads, the more one is conscious of this fact. Although you don't find many books on them, some delightful essays have been written on beauty pamphlets, on love letters, on telephone directories, on almanacs, on cook books, on . . . ?



Chimes

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WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

FOREWORD

Isn't it grand that spring has come? You budding writers should find all the inspiration you could hope for. Just going outside and sitting and watching and listening and breathing should make you want to put your feelings down on paper—even if it is for that English theme due tomorrow.

War was first on the list of subjects these past few months. It seems that everyone has been affected in some way or another by it. Ruth Dale Goldsby has written a beautifully sincere story about the death of her only brother, entitled "And the Planes Fly Overhead." Vanda Nelson's "Armistice Day" deals with the reflections of a captain in the United States at the end of the last world war, and Joan Russell's "Until Death" is quite clear in showing the mature thinking of our youth today.

But the entire magazine is not dedicated to the war. We have two hilarious, mock-serious dissertations by Sally Read and Mary Ann Hailey titled "How Door Knobs Came About" and "On Doodling." Belle Mead wrote a pleasant character sketch about a lovable old character called "Pop" Cochran. "Early Frost," a short story by D. A. Crane, shows the strange relationship between a college professor and a romantic young girl.

Our poets are well represented; we must say that they have really blossomed. "Finality," by Peggy Freeman, questions the unknown and the unrecognizable, while Coleman Douglas wrote a narrative poem in the style of the old Scotch ballads titled "Lochniven."

Our last issue of *Chimes* was sent to the National Scholastic Press Association for criticism, and the comments were very favorable on the whole, with special attention to the story "I Am His Retribution," by Joan Russell, and the poem "A Prayer of Thanksgiving," by Betsy Anne Rowlett.

It's too bad that we can't talk about all of the articles in this issue, but in closing let me remind you all to be sure to enter that poem you wrote a little while ago in the *Chimes* poetry contest. This is an annual event for the last issue, and we really do want some exceptional poetry. Thank you.

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-And the Planes Fly Overhead

By Ruth Dale Goldsby

• Ruth Dale Goldsby is a Nashville girl. She is a Senior-Mid, her ambition is to be a good housewife, and her hobbies are photography and men. This story is the true account of the death of her only brother, and we consider it a fine tribute.

It was a peaceful Sunday morning. The world seemed to be lulled by the sunny warmth of mid-August. As we sat in church our souls were at peace, although the world was at war. The only reminder of the stress of the world was the mighty roar of engines as the planes flew overhead.

These planes had grown to mean a great deal to us. A year before, my brother, Larry, had joined the Army Air Corps. For months he studied and struggled in preparation, and at the first of the summer he won his wings and bars. So proud he was to wear those wings; so proud he was to fly his plane; so proud he was to be one of those men who scorn the earth and prefer the sky. We, his family, were proud, too. Each plane in the clouds was an object of our pride. And on that Sunday morning we were thankful for Larry, and we prayed for his protection—as the planes flew overhead.

As the morning had been beautiful, the afternoon was lovely. Several of my friends had planned a movie party for the afternoon, to be followed by a dinner at a little inn just out of town. We had a wonderful time that day. Every one of us was keyed to the slightest idea of pleasure. We laughed and joked, we were serious and gay, we were happy.

After the movie the group stopped at the home of one of the girls before starting to dinner. As we sat there singing, playing, still in a gay mood, the telephone rang. Frances answered it. Very strangely the room hushed quickly. I heard her

say, "Yes, she's here," and unconsciously I moved toward the phone. I don't know why, but a terror gripped my heart. And as I heard her gasp and saw her quickly look at me with eyes widening in horror, I snatched the phone from her hand. I heard the choked voice of my aunt say: "Ruth Dale, come home quickly, child. Larry has been killed!"

I guess the message echoed in my eyes, for although no one else had heard those brief, heart-shattering words, each one knew what they had been. The boys stood as if they were petrified, and the



girls began to cry softly. I do not know what motions I made. I do not know what words I uttered. I do not know what thoughts leaped through my mind. All I could hear was "Come quickly; Larry has been killed. Larry has been killed. Larry has been killed."

I don't recall the trip to my home. I remember running across the porch and into the room where my parents were waiting. They were there, my mother and father, Larry's mother and father, the two people who had spent their lives making us happy—the two people who loved two children more than anything else on earth. And one of those children was dead. My father handed me the telegram. I shook as I read:

"I deeply regret to inform you of the death of your son, Lieutenant Lawrence Alvin Goldsby, as a result of an airplane accident of the fifteenth of August, 1943 . . . The officers of this command join me in expressing our sincere sympathy." It was signed by the colonel. I had read of such messages. I had imagined such situations, but never had I dreamed what agony printed words on a piece of yellow paper could wring from the heart.

Such news spreads fast, and within a few minutes our house was full of people, our friends who had known and loved Larry, our neighbors who wanted to help. It was very late when most of them left. About three o'clock in the morning we persuaded my mother to lie down. My father and I left the house and walked. The air was cool, the sky was soft, and the stars shone with a brilliant light that seemed to be trying to comfort us. As we walked, Daddy talked about Larry. He talked about the fat little blond baby, about the funny ways of the little child, about the tricks of the growing youngster, about the fun of the high school boy, about the young man in college, about the man who was a pilot in the army.

He told things that had happened years ago, and he repeated words Larry had said during his last furlough. Thus we walked, the father pouring out his heart in memories, the daughter listening and remembering. And as we walked, the planes flew overhead.

The next day and night were filled with waiting. This period was a haze of people who came in and went out, people who comforted us by being there, by sharing our grief. Finally, the message came that the body would arrive on Tuesday afternoon. At the appointed time we left for the station. So many times we had gone to this same station to meet Larry. So many times we had welcomed him home from trips or furloughs. This was the last time we would ever meet Larry; never again could we take him home. We stood at the top of the steps and waited for the train to arrive. As it pulled into the station, we grew tense. Then we saw the casket taken from the car, placed on a cart, and pulled to the waiting elevator. The men in the crowd stood uncovered, the women were quietly weeping, and the children gaped with wide eyes at "the box covered with a flag." This was Larry's last homecoming—and the planes flew overhead.

The house was filled with flowers. A never-ceasing stream of trucks brought wreaths and sprays, the most beautiful tributes the living can make to the dead. For one so young—he was only twenty-two—he had an enormous number of friends. And each one loved him for what he was. The air that night was heavy with sweetness, the rooms were filled with beauty, and Larry slept in peace for his last night at home.

The funeral was held early the next morning. The age-old music and prayers poured comfort into our souls. I thought of the Sunday morning, three days be-

fore, when I had been in this same church, praying for his safety almost at the very hour of his death. The sun streamed in through the stained windows. Outside the birds sang a beautiful farewell. And, as if in mute tribute to one of their own, the planes flew overhead.

We took Larry home to bury him. Home to us is a little tract of land in West Tennessee which we fondly call "the farm." Five generations of our family have called it home. Five generations of our family are buried at the little chapel near-by. There we took Larry. Surrounded by another host of friends and relatives, he was lowered into his final

resting place. As the notes of "Taps" died away on the still country air, the body of a man of the sky was laid to rest in the earth.

Almost eight months have passed since those August days. Our life has attained a semblance of normality. We do our work, study our lessons, live in the prescribed fashion; but part of us is not here. And though Larry's body may rest in the bosom of the earth, his spirit is not earth-bound. So when we hear the motors in the air, we look up and smile. They bring back our sorrow and our grief; but more than that, they make us proud—those planes that fly overhead.

Nature's Revolt

By Shirley Jeanne Hunt

Turbulent showers drench the creaking structures
As the bare fingers of the trees scratch their nails on the
aging planks.
With sudden violence the rain beats down like thousands
of tapping feet,
And the cowering trees bend as bows to shoot droplets
released by the wind.
Rolling, grumbling, the thunder makes known its entrance,
Preceded by sporadic flashes of lightning.
All human eyes focus on the raging sky.
Things become silent now except for the voice of the storm.
Scorning not the objects in its path, the storm continues:
Then, as if all power had suddenly ceased, the clouds settle
down,
Milling to and fro, they slowly part, allowing a golden
spear to descend to earth.
Once more everything is peaceful;
Only the echo of the rumbling thunder recalls nature's
sudden revolt.

• Shirley Jeanne Hunt is a Senior-Mid and comes from Staten Island, New York. She would like to be a poet and also to join the WAVES soon. Green is Shirley's lucky color, and from it she has derived her nickname of "Irish."

On Doodling

By Mary Ann Hailey

• Mary Ann Hailey is a Sophomore who resides in Nashville. Her attention is focused on art and music, her hobbies. Mary Ann says she has never written anything before; however, she is making an excellent beginning. Let's hope we hear more from her in the future.

Everybody can sing. Of course, it may not sound like singing to anyone but yourself; but you call it singing. Similarly, anyone can draw. Most people's drawing, however, goes no farther than the particular phase which I shall discuss here; namely, doodling.

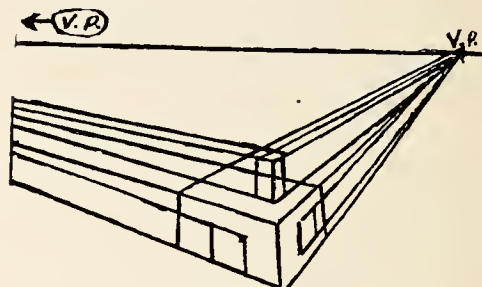
One of the most convenient places for doodling is in a committee or club meeting, provided there is a speaker who does not particularly hold your attention and your chairman is thoughtful enough to provide you with pencil and paper.

Another favorite place for this pastime is at the telephone. Usually you can find on a telephone table a scratch pad and pencil which will serve very nicely. The most entertaining things to doodle on a telephone pad are flowers and elaborate scrollwork with which you decorate the names and numbers. If your conversation lasts long enough, the numbers will finally become illegible and the whole page will



become a mass of your own personal doodling.

Other familiar places for doodling are the top of a test paper when you can't think of the answer and—if you will excuse me—in church when a pencil just happens to be in your hand and there is a nice wide margin all around the edge of your program.



They say doodling reveals character. I don't know what each type means, but these are some of the more common doodles. Of course everybody has his favorite curlicues and geometric designs, but aside from these are others—stick figures, for example. Some people draw stick figures with extra large heads. Others draw them with large hands and feet. Stick figures are the best medium for expressing action, since they are much easier to draw than lifelike figures.

Trees are another interesting doodle. You may draw trees without leaves, but trees with leaves are much more fun. If you are ambitious and are listening to a long speech or are unusually ignorant of the facts covered by a test, you might even attempt a whole landscape.

Perspective can be a great deal of fun to doodle if you begin in the right way. I highly recommend that you use vanishing points (which will be referred to hereafter as V. P.'s). Place one V. P. on each side of your paper. Now let all the lines in the same plane terminate at one of them. The best objects for this doodle are houses, boxes, and railroad tracks.

If you are in an especially long committee meeting, you might try to draw

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Taking It the Hard Way

By Martha Jean Quinn

• Martha Jean Quinn is a Senior-Middle from Nashville. If asked her ambition, she will reply, "I would love to reach the state finals in tennis." She is planning a career as an air hostess and collects match covers as a hobby.

Most of the men who fly fighter planes are in the air corps, but Jeff Randolph wasn't. Jeff tested these planes before they were handed over to the army.

On this May morning Jeff looked at the thin clouds that hung straight before the plane's stubby nose rather fixedly. The motor's roar was a vast, numbing noise. He found that he could think clearly enough about the tests outlined for the ship, about the new test suit he was wearing for its service tryout, about everything connected with his job. But these thoughts were only secondary. What he really knew was that Diana was dead. For three—nearly four—hours she had lain in quiet and peace.

It made for ironic humor that, aloft in his combat plane to get just as many G's (miles per hour) as the human frame in the new suit could stand, he was safer than Diana had been, and he was a test pilot, which is supposed to be a risky job, while Diana had done nothing that thousands of other women don't do every day. But Diana was dead, leaving him with a numb aching.

The altimeter said enough. Plenty of altitude for his dive. He was so high that the motor was gasping for breath. He pointed the small, fast ship's nose downward, with the feeling that everything was about to end.

The sound of the engine rose in pitch. It became a bellow. A thunder. A part of Jeff's mind noted the instrument reading. A man should not be able to pull out of a dive at this speed. Not in just

any ship. Not an ordinary test pilot. But this ship could stand it, and so could Jeff if he wanted to. This new suit would be a great help, too. Almost—almost! Jeff would have liked to try, for professional interest alone. The instruments quivered over to quite impossible figures. No man before had ever moved to fast, even downward. Certainly no man had lived to report it. No man could. Jeff felt peace descend upon him.

But then, very startlingly, a voice sounded in his brain. Not his ears. His brain. An illusion; it was not real. It couldn't be. But he heard it. The voice said tenderly but reproachfully, "Sissybritches."

Jeff knew what it was. Unreal. Untrue. Imagination. But he finally said, "I'm not! I'm testing this ship! I have to make a good test for the other boys. And, too, I get a bonus for every extra G on this pull-out meter. Leave me alone!"

The voice—and he knew it was imagination—said reproachfully, "You can't lie to me, Jeff. Sissybritches!"

Then Jeff replied fiercely, "All right! What of it? No one will ever know."

"I'll know," said the voice in his brain calmly, "and you won't like that, Jeff. And there's someone else to think of. He'll need you, and he'll know, too, when he grows up."

"He will know I loved you," said Jeff. "That's enough, isn't it?"

"No," said the imaginary voice. "He'll know that his father was a sissybritches who needed a woman to give him backbone. A weak sister. I'll love you, regardless; but he'll know, Jeff."

Jeff wavered, while the instruments
(Continued on page 12)

The Land of the Living

By Betsy Bishop

• Betsy is a Senior in the college and a day student. She wrote this piece for the *Atlantic* contest and says that it is quite appropriate to these last days of school. She wants to write essays and short stories if she has a career, but on the side, the gal is "nuts" about horses.

"College years are the easiest, happiest, most carefree years of your life." I think if I ever hear those misleading words again, I shall calmly walk into some quiet stream with a "Fare ye well" to humanity—that remarkable abstract idea in which one is supposed to have absolute faith.

Easy? Happy? Carefree? Heaven forbid! Not that we don't stay up during the dull, tedious hours of the night trying to make grooves in the gray matter. Not that we don't find the next morning that those grooves have been smoothed out when we, unhappiest of creatures, sit down to a test. Not that every time we turn around we are put on a committee to collect notebook-paper covers for the paper drive or to decorate the mere twenty acres of campus or to write a skit for the Senior Class in one afternoon.

And these creatures who make up humanity! I have never heard such a squabbling, loud, erratic mass of people in all of my life. Oh, for the peace and the quiet. As I sit in this clamorous classroom, I long for the country, where only last week I found myself sitting alone on a very high round hill, covered with tall dried Johnson grass and totally devoid of trees, slightly resembling the head of a rather large, sandy-haired giant. The view from the hill on a clear day is one of the best rest cures that I have found. I could see for miles around. The peacefulness of the place got into my brain and forced me to daydream. I sat with my arms wrapped about my knees

and gazed across the patchwork valley and over to other blue-green hills. I could see tiny white houses half hidden in clumps of trees and whitewashed out-buildings in the distance. Some of the barns had red roofs, some green, and some just pure, shiny, silvery tin. Horses and cows and sheep were grazing in the fields or grouped in the cool shade, and tranquillity reigned. I heard the bewildered bleating of a wee, lost lamb, the gay chattering of birds in the field just below, and all the other indistinguishable sounds of the country at noon on a bright spring day. The things I saw and the things I heard brought on a gratifying feeling of relaxation, and I succumbed to my aloneness and my thoughts.

Did I say aloneness? Whatever was that pinching at my shoulder? Surely there was no one there! But I distinctly had felt a nip from behind. So I turned around, a rock in my hand for protection, and gazed into the large, devilish brown eyes of that crazy black horse, Dan, who was apparently most insulted because I was not on his back tearing all over God's green earth.

"Go away, Daniel. Go away! No, I don't have any sugar. OUCH! Oh, here! Take your old sugar, but just see if I ever give you any more. This is wartime. Can't you realize that? No, you just want to eat your sugar and to be loved for all your silly, idiotic little ways. Well, I love you. Now please go away! All right, all right. Eat all around my feet. Get in my way so I can't see. But don't step on me!"

In order to keep from being trampled and still to enjoy the scenery, I turned around and looked toward the river bluff.

100 "Airdales"

By Emily Caldwell

• A native Nashvillian and a college Senior, Emily started to write because her loving grammar school teachers requested it. She had one short essay, forced from her by Mrs. Souby, published in *Chimes* and entered in the Girl's Hobby Fair to win second prize. She hopes to be a fashion or advertising writer, and she has a budding hobby of photography.

There was a picture which takes one back to the old Greek myths. The trees were tall and covered with mists of buds and tender green leaves. The branches seemed to entwine themselves to form an arbor. On the ground were tiny shoots of young grass bravely coming from under their cover of dead leaves. The wild flowers, dainty and delicate, peered from behind rocks and tree trunks; and some quite boldly clustered in the middle of a clearing. The oddly shaped rocks were grouped around and appeared to be waiting for the cupids to come and recline upon them. If I looked closely I could almost see a rather long rock change into a golden couch under the sun rays, with the fair figure of Adonis upon it waiting for his Venus to awake him.

But while I was waiting to see the goddess glide through the trees, I noticed that the world had grown gloomy and sultry. Then came the first drops of a cooling, sudden April shower. I had been brought out of my dreams and found myself racing down the hill toward the house, wondering all the time how soon it would be over so I could ride Dan before going home.

It wasn't long, for April showers are short-lived, and I went out again into a bright world fresh with glistening grass and trees and rejoicing birds. Dan came slipping and blundering down the hill at my call and waited impatiently to be rubbed down. After a long struggle over whether the bridle would go on, Dan decided to give in just this once, so he held his head down. I then began to curry him off.

"Oh, stand still, silly. I never saw anything like you. Stop shoving me with your head, idiot. I'll snatch on the reins! It's hard enough for me to stand on my own two feet without being knocked around by you. Quit pawing. There's no use making holes in the barn

(Continued on page 26)

She stared at the paper, seeing but unseeing. It was only a brief item—"10 planes missing and presumed lost"—and that was all. Not as bad as the thirty of a week ago or the frightening sixty on the raid of Frankfort. It was an autumn twilight as she sat alone in the living room. One foot slipped out of her loafer-moccasin and triangled under her. A favorite half-hour of dance music lulled over her consciousness.

Ten times ten—a hundred lost on one mission—not even a battle, just a day's work. And 300, 600 the other times. Blond heads, red cropped heads, dark curly ones slipped through her mind; and despite herself, the film of a flattened-out tear flooded her eye momentarily. She blinked it back hurriedly, lest any of her family should see it and think her soft for feeling so about people she didn't even know. But was she sure they were people she didn't know? Then—

Why should the radio pick just then to play "White Christmas"? That would never mean anything but Warren to her. It brought back a year ago, when the song first came out and they sat seeing the show it was featured in. Twice he left his hat for her to keep as he went out to try to put through his phone call home to Syracuse. She would take the hat and finger it—the large wings and the blue braid that covered the olive-colored band. All that constituted the change from cadet to second lieutenant was re-

moving this blue band—and a little more. She fingered it out of a sense of newness—the first cadet she had dated since that reception center had been built near her home for the classification of wild, “blue yonder” boys. Warren was very young; they were to come even younger, and so obviously homesick. He never did get the call through, and now—maybe he was the navigator of one of those bombers. Navigators have blue eyes, he told her flippantly. I guess the psychologists saw behind his steel-blue eyes the calmness and intellect that bring home lost bombers through fog and mist and hells of flak.

And then there was Frank from New York—Fordham. Very sophisticated and with a very deep voice, he was smooth as a Latin rhythm to dance with. But there was something little-boyish about him, too. Through him she came to know what the real Air Corps was. Flying had been bred into his blood, though he’d “been up” only once. At first he’d been washed out of gunnery school because of a minor back injury from baseball. The determination to be a pilot and nothing else, was back of his eyes; and he wasn’t ashamed to admit it. This arrogant, defiant young American eagle was made cadet on a second personal interview.

Frank wouldn’t have been a bomber pilot, reflected the girl, but Wayne—quiet and reserved, yet friendly. Every other step down main street those August weeks, they would stop for him to kid a minute or so with fellows from the barracks.

Now that she’d started, she’d finish her imaginary crew. Bombardier? Why, Chick of course. A chap with red-blond hair whose personality overshadowed his very obvious good looks. He was a curious mixture of laconic energy—as Southern as they come. Like Joe Wheeler at San Juan Hill, over his bombsight he probably forgot sometimes; maybe in con-

tinuing his digs at the Yankees, the enemy probably assumed the Yankee form to his mind.

Chick’s bosom-buddy would be Buzz at the turret guns. Buzz had two or three other nicknames, notably “Sleepy” and “Texas.” Washed out as a pilot, his motto was never to worry. He and Chick, despite their differences in rank, would keep the interphone system hot. They would be the ones to make all the clever cracks that the Air Corps is legended with, flippant remarks to keep them from thinking of a time when—

And the girl’s eyes, which had passed unseeing through the paper in front of her, refocused on the headline of the column. It mustn’t be any of them; it mustn’t! The gloomy dusk outside stifled any ray of optimistic thought. Suddenly “Coming In on a Wing and a Prayer” burst forth from the radio. There were Buzz and Chick back and at it again, inspired anew and pretending their near-fatal sorties to have been just another Sunday-afternoon picnic.

ON DOODLING

(Continued from page 6)

a head. I find ladies easier to draw because you don’t have to draw ears and you don’t have to join the back of the neck to the head. My heads which face west are always better than others, a fact for which I have no explanation. If you like you may choose a model for your drawing, but don’t expect your version to resemble too closely the original. People with interesting noses, especially hooked noses, are excellent subjects.

Don’t make a habit of doodling, because you might be sorry some day; someone who could read your character might find a sample of it. By the way don’t ever try to doodle a head front face, because it just can’t be done.

Armistice Day

By Vanda Nelson

● Vanda is a Senior-Mid from Louisville, Kentucky. She started her writing while in the third grade, and it has grown into quite a hobby. She wants to use her knowledge of Spanish, which she is trying to acquire, in a job with a big firm's dealings in South America. When it comes right down to her ambition, she hopes to be married someday in the not too distant future.

I woke up just a few moments ago from a deep sleep, a sleep with something of the depth that death must hold. It's funny, but I keep on thinking, eternally thinking, about the quick end of man's flimsy life. Perhaps mine is a morbid thought; how can I help it when I am surrounded by death and its companions—hatred, pain, filth, and despair? I know only that now dark shadows are weaving through my exhausted brain. Even though my mind seems clear, too clear, I am probably delirious; I don't care.

My drawn and aching eyes are fixed steadily on the faint, wavering light that fitfully penetrates the room. How long have I been lying here on this high, white bed? Life is very intense, very new and strange to me. I feel as if I am born again, am seeing the world for the first time. The realization that I am alive in a hospital somewhere in France and not in a lonely grave on a battlefield has slowly pierced my consciousness.

I am an American, a captain in the United States Army, until now on active duty with Pershing at the front. When last I remember, I was at the front with my battery. My outfit is a heavy field artillery unit; the men who operate the big howitzers, until a year ago clear-eyed kids, are the finest group that an officer could command, good soldiers.

Robert Mallory, my first lieutenant,

came from a well-to-do family in Philadelphia. He was an only son and had everything a man could ask for. Graduating from Columbia, he became a promising lawyer. I found this out from someone else; Mallory would never have told me. Never complaining, he was quiet and very earnest about his work. His wind-tanned, brown face with its steel-gray eyes is the steadiest I have seen in a long time.

Joe, top sergeant, joined the army after he left a farm in Iowa. He used to talk about brilliant sunsets, green fields of tall, waving corn, and his father's excellent cattle. His most prized possession was the picture of his girl that he carried with him always in his worn wallet. He was a born leader, capable of taking on responsibility.

The others—why do I lie here thinking coldly of the things that I remember about them? How automatically I slipped into the past tense! They're dead, and I am mentally picking them apart! Why don't I feel any anger, any pain, anything? My heart is numb; I am beyond all feeling.

I still must force myself to believe it actually happened. German shells had been coming over all day; the thunder of the distant guns had rolled continuously. We hadn't been able to sleep for days, and the whining scream of the shells set every nerve in my body on edge. An electric tenseness, which seemed more unbearable than usual, filled the air.

Toward dusk, to my great relief, the order "Cease firing" was given. The noise of the big guns died away, a deep stillness taking its place. Eighteen of the men collapsed in tired heaps beside our gun. The late afternoon light played on pale, haggard faces; exhaustion had left its mark.

My orderly came up and asked to speak to me. We walked slowly to a spot no

farther from the emplacement than across a room. As we stood quietly talking, I relaxed for the first time in days. Suddenly I heard with horror the long-drawn-out screech of a shell. I wheeled quickly just as a violent explosion rocked the earth where the gun had been. The ground came drunkenly up to meet me; blackness overcame my reeling senses. My last thought was, "Those filthy devils!"

Now I am in a room in an overcrowded hospital. I have seen eighteen men die before my very eyes; there was nothing left of them to bury. It is only a miracle

that I am alive! I shall never know why I alone was spared, but the question is torturing me.

There is a coward in the bed next to me who yells in terror in the night. The thought of him makes me ill. I can't stomach contemptible weakness after what I have been through this last year.

A newspaper, which I haven't noticed before, is lying beside me. Its glaring headlines proclaim, "The Armistice Is Signed!" I can't help laughing. What irony! What good will an armistice do Mallory and the rest?

TAKING IT THE HARD WAY

(Continued from page 7)

trembled over to readings that were more impossible—and more impossible still.

The voice said, wheedlingly, "Make me proud of you, Jeff. Just sit still, and it will be simple. But pull out of this, and you won't be a sissybritches. It won't be easy! There's not another pilot on earth who could pull out of this dive but you. You're the only man in the world who could. Jeff, darling, show them what you really can do."

Jeff said desperately, "Maybe I could pull out. But Diana—it's not only now. It's weeks, and months, and years ahead! Years!"

"I know," agreed the voice serenely. "If you really were a sissybritches, I wouldn't ask you. It won't be fun. But, please!"

Jeff felt the peace leave him. His lips twisted bitterly. "Darn you, Diana, why don't you leave me alone?"

But he began to fight savagely, resentfully, and then with embittered fury.

Men on the ground saw part of it—

the latter and easier part. They saw him fighting his ship all over the sky, and their bones and muscles ached in sympathy. But their necks ached with better reason by the time they watched him come out of those last incredible evolutions, in which he put the ship through stunt after stunt. The men saw him come to a complete stop in his descent, a bare 500 feet from the ground. They saw him make a clean if groggy landing.

He got out of the ship, staggering. His eyes were bloodshot. His hands were puffed and swollen. His heart pounded so that he shook visibly. But he was alive, and he glowered at them when they would have supported him.

"What the hell were you trying to do?" demanded one of the army officers who was watching the test. "Trying to kill yourself?"

Then the man stopped short, because he remembered, and so did everyone else, that Diana had died only that morning. He looked apologetic.

But Jeff said harshly, "I get a bonus for every extra G I put on that ship. I put plenty. I can use that money now, since I have a son to raise."

How Door Knobs Came About

By Sally Read

• Sally Read, who comes from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, has not yet decided on a career. Her ambition is to be able to spell. Sally, a Freshman in high school, says her hobby is dogs. She is not positive why she began to write, but she modestly claims "it could hardly be called writing, anyway."

I don't suppose you ever stopped to consider how door knobs came about. Very few people ever have, stopped to consider I mean of course. But by careful, prolonged research over an extremely long period, I can state on authority that they were invented, and what's more that there is a past; of course you know of the present, and there is also a possible future for them.

Let us first stop to consider the looks of a door knob. First there are many different sizes, shapes and colors, depending, of course, upon, of all things, the door knob itself. Actually there are too many kinds in existence and it would take too long to describe them all, so let us skip that phase of the door knob.

Now that you know what a door knob looks like, let us go on to something else on this fascinating subject. Mainly, where they are found. I quote from volume 107 of a certain encyclopedia, page 1451, paragraph 4, line 6. "Door knobs are found on doors." Unquote.

Now for the history of door knobs. In long ago days there were doors, transoms, walls and floors. You may have noticed the omission of our subject. It is quite possible that you can realize how awkward having to climb up one side of the door and through the transom and down the other side might have been. But how could they open the doors without door knobs?

Now it so happened that there was a

certain Pubulos Dryos Hemlock Caesar who had the art of walking in his sleep. One night Pubby, as we shall call him, was parading around his room in his usual state of slumber when he accidentally banged into the door. I forgot to mention that he had a habit of walking with his head extended from his shoulders as far as possible. Thus you can see how his knoggon hit the door before he got there. Therefore he was unaware of his nearness and proceeded forward. Pubby had a very headstrong head and it went completely through the door. All of his servants came to see what the matter was, and being partly asleep, they began tugging vigorously at Pubby's head. The door opened and then began the trouble. Men from far and wide came to see the "open door." They hired men and pushed their heads through their doors so that they might be opened. This was also the beginning of the well-known headaches.

The wear and tear on heads was rather appalling, so some bright soul decided that it might be a good idea to put some large object through the door instead of the well-worn heads. Through the passing years there have been modifications of these slightly overdone objects. Thus the door knob of today.

You of course know the present state of the door knob. No one can guess the future of them, so we have come to the end of our talk of how door knobs came to be.

Look for your last CHIMES in the mail this summer.

Until Death

By Joan Russell

• Joan is a Senior-Middle day student. She began to write when teachers began to require themes. Her hobby is conversation; her career is to be some sort of job in South America; and her ambition is marriage and four little boys!

Slowly the clouds drifted over the sky, occasionally blotting out the sun. A bird warbled a few sad notes to the world beneath him. Silhouetted high on the hill was the Administration Building, a modern monument to the alumni's love for the college.

The girl sat there on the bench idly. A neat pile of books lay stacked on the grass. Gravely she surveyed the school grounds, as if she were seeing the place for the first time. Its beauty seeped in through the solemnity of her thoughts. Today a decision must be made that was to shape the rest of her life. The girl took cigarettes from her pocket and lighted one. As she inhaled, she let her mind slide back a year.

It was early June again, a hot June, and she was at home. High school graduation had left her small group of friends bewildered by the sudden independence thrust upon them. There were so many things to do. The boys were leaving for colleges with accelerated programs, or were enlisting immediately in the armed forces. Some of the girls got jobs; some of them just loafed; and others, like herself, studied diligently for their college boards.

The small Southern city in which she lived was surrounded by army camps, and war was a very real thing to the community. Thousands of lonely and homesick boys packed the town on week ends and filled the high school gymnasium for the weekly dances.

She went to all of the U. S. O. parties

religiously with her friends. She liked the smoke, the heat, and the excitement there. The boys were from such varied backgrounds, and meeting so many different kinds of people was interesting. Her limited knowledge of America grew.

The night, the magic night, was hot. The heady atmosphere hung heavily over the youthful gathering, the scent of magnolias was strong in the room, and the music was low and sweet. She was having a marvelous time. There was something intangibly provocative about her. She herself felt it; she threw back her head and laughed from the sheer joy of being alive. Her face was radiant. Then it happened. She looked up into the brown eyes of the boy who had just cut in, and a surge of anticipation shot through her.

"Hello, darling," he said.

She knew she would never meet anyone again who really mattered. She didn't say anything at all. When the music stopped, they looked at each other; and he motioned toward the balcony.

"Would you like to go sit down?" he asked.

She nodded, and holding hands they walked up the stairs and sat side by side on the unstable little chairs.

"My name's Jane Byrne," she said. "What's yours?"

"Bill," he answered. "Bill Rowland. Home: Wilksburg, Pennsylvania. I have a mother, father, sister, and brother. I love the South. Yes, I think Southern women are better looking than Northern girls. Winter is my favorite season, and skiing my favorite sport. I do not write good letters. College: Dartmouth. I don't jitterbug. T. Dorsey is the best. Please tell me about you, Jane."

There was little she could say. She told him about the things she had done when she was a little girl: how odd it felt to have high school finished; how deeply she loved the South, and in particular, her

own town. She asked him if he knew her cousin Lon at Dartmouth and found he did. Bill and she stayed there, talking, until the orchestra played "The Star Spangled Banner." At the door he asked her for a date the next Tuesday night.

Every night for the next three weeks he had an open post she had a date with him. Bill was an Army Air Corps cadet in pilot's training, and he stayed in the city only four weeks after he was released from quarantine. They danced, played tennis and golf, and just sat in Jane's home, listening to records. Bill told her he loved her. When he kissed her, she caught her breath from the white singing beauty of it. She cried for hours the day he was shipped.

The rest of the summer was empty. She still went to the parties, and danced and flirted, but it didn't mean anything to her. She became more and more anxious to get away from home. She looked forward to the day school opened.

Fall came, finally. She spent hours shopping for bright skirts and sweaters, pretty shoes, and queer hats. Her trunks were nearly packed, and her thoughts flew frequently to the days ahead. Mrs. Byrne scurried around, adding last-minute touches to the clothes and muttering motherly admonitions. Mr. Byrne took Jane aside in the library and secretly gave her twenty-five dollars. Two days before registration her parents put her on the train for the long trip. Mr. Byrne cleared his throat several times, and Mrs. Byrne openly wept as they watched the train pull out, carrying with it their only child.

She wasn't sad. She wanted to be somewhere, any place where she could get something done; somewhere that kept her so busy she wouldn't have time to think of Bill constantly. The trip was long and tedious. When she had gone as far as New York, she had consumed innumerable sacks of popcorn and juicy red

apples. Once she had left Grand Central Station, the other three states rushed picturesquely by the windows. Late summer still held sway. Chaperons with soft cultured faces met the train and herded the girls into cars. When she saw the stately old school, she knew she would love it. It was just as beautiful as the catalogues had pictured it.

Her first few days were filled with meeting people and making schedules. Her roommate was a funny little fat girl from Ohio. After she became used to the newness of "dorm" life and the constant contact with strange girls, she settled down to her work in earnest. The professors liked her. Her receptive mind and willingness to learn gave them the rare opportunity they welcomed. She was also popular with the students at the school. They flocked after her for help in their school work. Invitations from boys in the surrounding men's colleges came to her often. She went to all the Harvard games, the M. I. T. fraternity parties, and drove down to New Haven for a Thanksgiving dance.

She wrote to Bill almost every day, and he wrote her often. His picture stood on the bookcase where she could see it the first thing every morning. He was in Texas now. When she went home at Christmas time, he was unable to get a



furlough to come to see her. His gift to her came the day before Christmas. It was a massive silver bracelet with their names on it.

After she returned to school, Bill wrote and asked her to try to come to his graduation. She knew she couldn't, and told him so. In February he wrote her, and said, "Janie, I love you so very, very much. I haven't known you long, but I know you well. It's been eight months since I first met you, but it seems much more. Janie, I'm supposed to get a furlough next month. Will you marry me?"

She put the letter under her pillow the night it came, and thought about it for several days. She knew she would marry him, but she wanted time to think about it before she answered. When she wrote him, she told him very simply that she would. She was only nineteen. Nineteen, so young; and nineteen, so old.

Bill got his furlough in the middle of March and went directly to his home for three days. The school gave the girl a long week-end permission to visit her Aunt Leah in New York, and she went there, but not to see Aunt Leah. The train seemed to inch along; because she was so eager to see Bill she thought she would never get there. He met her at the station, and before she was really off the train steps, had her in his arms, kissing her hungrily. They were married that evening in the study of an old-fashioned little church, and their happiness was wild and exultant. It was a gloriously gay week end. She had never laughed so much and so deeply as she did then. It was so wonderful, just being with Bill.

* * *

The girl on the cool stone bench stirred at the memory of Bill, tense and nervous in the little church; Bill and her, eating their wedding dinner on the roof of the Waldorf. His dark lean face was as vivid to her now as it had been then.

No one had known of their marriage. She didn't write her parents, and Bill didn't tell his family. She wanted to go back to school, and married women were not admitted. Bill knew he was to be sent overseas almost immediately, and they both thought it wiser to keep the marriage secret for the time being. She went back to school, with her wedding ring on a chain around her neck. Bill went to Texas.

Too soon after Bill had returned, a letter came, saying that he was under shipping orders to go across.

She concentrated on her studies, helped in the Red Cross station, and tried to keep her mind from the fact that Bill was leaving. She wrote him daily, and in the evenings sent up little prayers for his safety. Several weeks passed, and she didn't hear from him. Eventually a V-mail letter came, sent from North Africa.

There was nothing for her to do but wait while the lovely New England spring-time unfolded. Bill wrote to her infrequently, always telling her how much he loved her, how much he missed her.

Late in May a letter came from North Africa, but not from Bill. It was a brief, direct little message.

DEAR MRS. ROWLAND,

You've never heard of me, though Bill has told me so much about you that I really feel I know you personally.

What I have to tell you is a very hard thing to say. Bill was killed in action yesterday. I am his best friend and, I believe, the only person who knows that you are his wife. Please let me say I am sincerely sorry to have to be the one to tell you this. I think Bill Rowland was the grandest guy that ever lived.

TED ANDREW

(Continued on page 24)

Lochniven

(A narrative poem in the style of the old Scotch ballads)

By Coleman Douglas

Whaur the heather blooms bricht i' the springtime
And the ivy climbs dark a' the year,
In a vale far awa' i' the Hielands
Stands Lochniven; but nae mon cumes near,
For a' the shepherds and peasants about
Stand in awe o' this castle sae auld,
For i' moonlight, they say, a spectre maid walks thaur;
And this is the tale I was told:

Oh, this maiden i' Lochniven dwelt lang agae,
And white as the snow was her hand,
And her lips were like roses, her hair was like gold,
The fairest in a' the land.

Oh, monie's the suitors fro' afar i' the land
Wha courted and fought for her hand;
But her heart luv'd but ane, a dashing young knight,
Though he was o' a hostile clan.

But her parents, they hated young Robert of Doone
(For such was the young knicht's name);
They'd hae naught to do wi' his name nor his clan,
Though daring and wide was his fame.

But monie's the time he wad climb o'er the wa'
To her garden to meet at midnight,
And thaur 'mid the flowers they'd pledge their true luv
By the silvery, pale moonlicht.

Ane nicht when the wind skirl'd o'er the moor
And the moon shone pale o'er the lea,
Young Robert came riding to his lady fair,
And at her casement window was she.

Thaur i' the moonlicht he tauld o' his luv,
And thaur they pledged their troth;
But the laird o' Lochniven found them thaur,
And his brow was dark wi' wrath.

"Oh father, dear father, pray let him be!
Have mercy!" on her knees she cried.
"Nae daughter o' mine will e'er wed a Doone!
Varlet, tae arms!" he replied.

He took three trusty men and true
And placed them at his side;
Young Robert fought and stood his ground,
But "On, men!" Lochniven cried.

His first blow sent the young knight back
Wi' blude flowing fro' his crown;
But Robert drew his dirk and struck
Sae hard it sent ane mon down.

Oh, Robert fought baith brave and well,
But the odds were a' too great;
Lochniven was wounded, another mon killed,
But alas! it was a' too late.

For Robert had fallen whaur he stude,
His heart's blude was staining the groond;
His lady-luve saw and heard him not;
In her father's arms she had swooned.

Oh, from that day forth she ne'er did smile;
She had become sick at heart;
And ere the month passed her luvver she joined,
For but a while did they part.

But Lochniven was like a haunted mon,
In remorse for his deed did he suffer;
Her face, it haunted him day and nicht,
'Til a penance for his crime he did offer.

The maiden would stand by his bedside,
Like a ghastly pale shadow she stude.
"I killed her, my daughter!" he'd cry in despair,
"On my hands is my daughter's blude!"

In a craze he threw himself o'er the cliff
And was dashed on the rocks below;
And ere the year passed his wife died o' the plague.
So o'er Lochniven the ivy did grow.

The weeds and the ivy grew o'er the ruins,
In the halls lived the wild-fowl and deer;
And naught but silence and the ghosts of the past
E'er dwelt or wander'd near.

And e'en yet when the wind skirls o'er the moor
And the moon shines pale i' the heaven
And the fitful shadows flit across
The moss-grown ruins o' Lochniven,
Wi' the drifting mist, and the moaning wind
That sighs round the towers ta',
Then the pale maiden floats o'er the loch
And along the castle wa',
Awaiting her lover who never comes,
'Til her shadow is chased by the dawn.

• Coleman Douglas wants to be a commercial artist or possibly to write, as she enjoys it so much. Coleman, a Freshman who lives in Nashville, has made drawing her hobby. She wrote this story for fun one day and then decided to hand it in for an English composition.

From the Realms of My Wealth

By Fay Maples

Mother, were I a poet, I would sing
your praises to the skies; were I a queen,
you should have diamonds for your hair.
But I am only your little girl, so to you
I say:

The moon kissed you with its soft light,
The breeze blessed you with its whispering
voice,
The night endowed you with serene peace,
God gave you his heart.

• Fay, whose ambition is to be a commercial artist, is at present concentrating on making a good record at Ward-Belmont. She comes from Gulf Port, Mississippi, and is a Senior-Middle.

Early Frost

By D. A. Crane

• "D. A." is from Wilson, Oklahoma, and she did this story to send to the *Atlantic* contest. The thing that D. A. detests most is athletics—any kind—while her hobby is writing.

It wasn't right. The classic features were there, the jutting brow and noble nose, but there was no personality, no character. She laid down the charcoal and chamois and quietly folded her hands, musing, "Creative hands, yes, but not beautiful in a way termed graceful or exquisitely molded." She turned to the open window and regarded gravely the harsh, brilliant green of the lawns. The afternoon glare of the late May sun fell obliquely on the buildings of the campus, and the shadows were gradually extending their benign protection to the tired, bright flowers planted in static, formal patterns. "Like Victorian virgins passive in the face of convention," she thought.

"Don't you care for our medium today, Miss Fielding? Or is it that Moses doesn't appeal to you as a model? We thought Michelangelo's sense of proportion rather good. You have achieved a faithful reproduction there. Too bad we can't arouse your full interest. Now about the mouth—the nether lip might be a little fuller . . ."

March listened dutifully, blushing in the flare of the instructor's clumsy sarcasm. After making certain minor suggestions, he moved on, pausing momentarily at the other easels to recommend alterations. When the bell sounded, March hurriedly arranged the charcoal sticks and cloths in the light wooden box and left the studio.

The shadows had claimed more territory now, but the heat had abated none of its intensity. She thought again, un-

willingly but inevitably, of other late afternoon shadows, shadows arriving slowly at an autumn sun's reluctant departure. The vivid old tableaux then came quickly, one upon the other, like the slides of a magic lantern appearing and passing in succession too rapid to allow lucid impressions of each but creating from the flying shades and shapes a singular effect.

"Yes, I know I must think through it again, but why? There's no solution; why do I seek a solution?" Her throat was tight; it seemed swollen with the force of a captive cry. The heat was almost stifling as March hurried on. But it came as she had known it must and as it had before. It began at the beginning and, resigned, she knew again its natal peace. . . .

The first time the English composition class met, she entered room 208 feeling self-conscious because the newness of the textbook under her arm marked her as one of the Freshmen. She settled herself in an empty chair on the second row and looked about her curiously. It was a small class, the course being elective, and she wanted to survey these people who possessed her own inclinations and interests. The blond boy next to her smiled shyly and began conversation by offering conjectures on the possible nature of the course. Dr. Larsen strode in and stopped behind the desk, bending over several mimeographed sheets. When he looked up, March was surprised at his comparative youth. A Ph.D. at his age? But on closer inspection she found no discrepancy between age and title. The features had lost none of their sharp definition, but the face wore a settled look of assured maturity.

"I had hoped to see more Freshmen interested in writing this year. I had hoped that my reputation for exacting certain standards of quantity and quality had not yet been spread among the new students," he ventured. "But, actually, I'm certain that you'll find the work expected of you in this course is not beyond your capacities. And certainly the actual study and use of the mechanics of composition are not alone the aim. To be quite familiar with the qualities of an art, one must develop basic, innate appreciation, for emotion precedes perception. . . ."

As his modulated tones and careful inflections broke the hot, still air of early September, March felt each implication of his words and believed them and was amused at this new step in her impressionability.

"Your first paper—the subject is optional—will be due one week from today; and since we have no work for today, class is dismissed."

March walked from the building across the soft, matted grass with a new sense of a significant, brave young world. Sensual impressions seemed to deepen spiritual responses until the sermons in stones and books and running brooks became something too great, too complex to be expressed with noun and modifying adjective.

The brown and gold days were long and complete, made of moments busy dealing with growing awareness and moments of leisurely and uninhibited self-regard. The weeks flew, however; and autumn, passing uncertainly from late summer, finally detached its form completely and assumed its own distinctions. As autumn made itself steadily discernible, she established for herself a higher place in Dr. Larsen's estimation of the relative abilities of the individual students. Her talent was still young, still feeling its way in uncertain passages, but the potentialities there were nonetheless

undeniable. It grew from no divine flame, no boundless joy of inspiration, but rather from a quiet elation in the satisfaction in a response successfully expressed.

She was neither a Keats nor a Guest, but she expressed the potentialities of a kind of deceptively practical cerebralism—sleek, modern, superficially wise, yet containing beneath this lacquer a modern dissonance and sometimes a faint cry of confusion.

Dr. Larsen quickly perceived her desire for experience proportionate to her developing facility of expression; but Dr. Larsen, lofty as was his place in March Fielding's estimation, could not provide a substitute for the empirical deficiencies of some of her productions. There was so much time yet for maturity, which alone could give full remedy. Early dehiscence, he felt, would not be to her disadvantage. Precocious development could have no undesirable aftermath; the same materials, the same phases would be known, would be reviewed and discarded or kept, according to their worth. The only independent variable would be the subject's capacity for enduring all of these essential metamorphoses in concepts, spiritual, moral, intellectual, and social. He was anxious to aid March with every agent in his control, but was cognizant of the fact that only self-administered treatment would have the desired effect.

Her early stories were beautifully planned and written. The first was an exquisitely subtle satire of pseudo-intellectualism, "Finite-Clod," and she had molded the theme into the figure of a supercilious pedant. There were no bitter invectives of a frustrated pupil but sly thrusts at a supposedly concealed Achilles heel. Dr. Larsen's lectures became a little more interesting and a little less abstractly didactic. March felt deeply the gratification of knowing one who experienced the same proud moments of an original idea

perfectly perceived. When they went over the paper together, she was delighted by his criticism, because to her Dr. Larsen was a second self, though one armed with far greater wisdom and a capacity for entirely objective judgment.

"In His Own Inimitable Style," a psychological study of a frustrated esthete, and "Don't Spare the Horses," a humorous little story of her mother's Edwardian mind and manners followed and were received with the same unspoken commendation and the same mutual agreement on their relative values. March was charmed by this sense of an affinity of minds and found herself writing now under the direction of such thoughts as "He'll love my hero; he always likes character development that is subtle and gradual until the climax, when it bursts upon the reader, catching him almost unaware" or "I know he'll like this denouement; he'll say it's really the most plausible solution." Their conferences were never uneasy with self-consciousness; there was no feeling of the distinctions of position; Dr. Larsen and Miss Fielding could have been author and all-important technical advisor.

Her writing grew somewhat more mystical now, incomprehensible to an undiscerning mind. A small group of philosophical poems, "Today Grieves; Tomorrow Grieves," was written next. Although Dr. Larsen was not quite sure of its message and its figures, he said nothing, fearing to restrain a natural bent, lest in doing so he abort a quite normal phase of development. These immature creators, he felt, will—and should—make their own little explorations into mildly radical ideology and experiment with unpunctuated free verse. When she tires of this experimentation, I must be ready with a plan for redirection of her energy. He interested himself in grading the papers of other promising students and found



that a majority of them expressed the same young sobriety and wide-eyed earnestness with the same somewhat confused figures. "A phase," he thought resignedly, "just a phase."

March, too, saw it as a new stage, but she was fascinated by its mushroom growth and now wrote with an increasing excitement in the words which flashed so startlingly into her mind.

A group of short stories and a few poems followed, among them the questionable "Cry What I Can Cry" and the weird, dissonant "Dead Geraniums in the Hand." These selections made the transition from meaning obscured to meaning incomprehensible. They were mystic, obtuse, often too consciously intellectual, and seldom possessed the old, lucid, sensitive, flowing style of the earlier March.

Dr. Larsen felt that he must speak now. He must tell her that this radical surrealism, this obfuscation, must not get completely out of hand, or if the thing was already loosed it must be leashed again. Nothing could be allowed to distort her fundamentally faithful concepts and accurate perspective. He reread a few of her earlier papers and felt reassured.

"In a Brown Field Stood a Tree" was

the name of the group of three poems for discussion at the next conference. The cycle began with the classic appeal to the Muses, then quickly and irrelevently degenerated into a discordant shriek of utter chaos of thought. Dr. Larsen had no idea of its original purpose, and he felt that the author herself was deaf to her own cry rising there.

For some minutes before March arrived he stood at the window, gazing absently at the bare trees and the short dead grass of the campus. He tried to formulate a clear, constructive criticism of the poems and definite suggestions for directing future efforts. He wanted to make his comments casual but firm and sincere, matter-of-fact but not too unfeeling or aloof. "Oh, dammit," he thought, "she's upset me with this new incoherency of sense and style. What does it mean? Were there symptoms I should have recognized?" March came in then, and he had an uncomfortable feeling of total unpreparedness. He passed his hand over his eyes and sat down in the light oak chair at his desk.

March was trembling with suppressed excitement, and her movements were awkward, uneasy. She had been writing frantically in a chilling, white glow of desire she had not known before; and although "In a Brown Field Stood a Tree" confused her somewhat with its occult meanings and strange, angular figures, she looked upon it in awed reverence, a mother staring at her genius child.

She put her books on the desk and sat in the other chair, gazing fixedly at her tightly folded hands. Dr. Larsen was the first to speak. He cleared his throat and began.

"March, I don't know what's happened to you."—Too harsh, try again. Softer now—"I think you've been reading too much of this modern hocus-pocus. . . ."

Then it came bluntly: "March, what's happened? You were going so well, and then this utter incoherency!"

He was aware of her feverishly brilliant eyes fixed upon him and stopped. Another possible solution came to him. "What have you been doing outside of school? You aren't getting yourself mixed up in any odd business, are you?"

Her dry, racking sobs broke the strained stillness, and Dr. Larsen was horrified. She was shuddering and choking on the harsh sounds from her constricted throat, and he gripped her arms with cruel strength, drawing her upright. She clutched the lapels of his coat and buried her face in his shirt front.

"Oh God," he thought, "what do I do now?" The raucous sobs grated upon his ears, and he could feel the streaming tears dampening his shirt. This was his favorite tie, too. "She's exhausted with a kind of creative fervor. I should have perceived it and been more careful."

He cursed himself and shook the limp form gently. Her cries were subsiding and she finally loosened her grasp of his wrinkled lapels and raised her wet, flushed face ashamedly. He saw then her pained, guilty expression and realized that no creative fervor had caused this outbreak. He was shocked and agonized at the bare, mute testimony there; and he released her arms.

It was then that he saw the girl standing at the door. It was Esther Leahman, a student in the third hour English literature class. Her myopic eyes shone with an unnatural brilliance, and a faint flush suffused her round face. Her ill-concealed amazement bore a faint trace of delight.

Dr. Larsen automatically regained confident composure and it was with an expression of professional interest that he said, "Come in, Miss Leahman. What can I do for you?"

Esther still stood uncertainly at the door. She was confused now, he knew from the faint frown. She managed to utter a few syllables which might be understood as "Oh, excuse me," yet seemed hesitant to leave.

Reassuringly he explained, his voice laconic, "Miss Fielding here seems quite upset over a rather poor paper, but don't let her lusty lamentations disconcert you. I beat my third hour students only on Tuesdays."

Esther smiled vaguely upon him, but returned her curiosity to March. "Well, I have a paper here you corrected and gave back to me today and. . . ."

He smiled encouragingly, "Come in and we'll see about it now, or rather as soon as Miss Fielding collects herself. Of course, I'm glad to give all the encouragement and criticism that will aid my students in their literary efforts, but at times this seems to be so construed as to entail more than I bargained for. It is enough to be engulfed in the penned outpourings of a mistaken sense of spiritual heights without being engulfed in the melodramatics of the same."

Miss Leahman seemed acutely uncomfortable. "Well, I think I'll come back sometime tomorrow, maybe—when you aren't—uh—busy." She ducked out of the doorway, and he heard the receding staccato of her heels on the stairs.

March gazed curiously at the crease of annoyance between his brows, at the stern, downward line at the corner of his mouth. He was, after all, a professor, rumored to be next in line for the chairmanship of the English Department. Although it occurred to March that she ought to feel some compunction for provoking the unfortunate situation, she found instead a completely benumbed conscience, an utter lack of emotion. He was so careful to make Esther understand, to make it right.

He was obstinately silent, flipping importantly through his lecture notes. There seemed to be no need for words, and March left the room.

She never saw Dr. Larsen again, except from a distance. Whenever she caught sight of the familiar, slightly bent shoulders, she didn't remember her face on his shirt, the nubby feel of his woven tie, but his face—bland, confident, regarding Esther Leahman with coolly cruel purpose.

UNTIL DEATH

(Continued from page 16)

She read it through twice, but she couldn't believe the words she found there. She was stunned so badly at the news that her whole being was numb. When the impact fully hit, she cried until no more tears could be wrung from her heart. Two days later a pitiful note from Bill's mother came to her, confirming Ted Andrew's words. Bill had told Mrs. Rowland about her, and that he intended to marry her after the war. Mrs. Rowland asked her to come down for a visit as soon as school was out.

And now school was out. The train for home left tonight. The girl was making her decision. Only one other person in the world knew of her marriage. Should she go on with college, as Miss Jane Byrne, and make a career for herself, perhaps build an entirely different life, or should she go to Bill's mother, as Mrs. William Rowland, III, and live in the memory of Bill's love for her?

There was no doubt in her mind. The girl broke the thin gold chain around her neck, slipped off the plain wedding ring, and put it on her left hand. She stood up, turned, and walked toward the dorm. She must write home tonight.

Finality

By Peggy Freeman

Is it soft and lilting,
Tender as a babe's first smile?
Is it harsh and sad,
Painful as the first burn of a blazing fire?
Is it age-old,
This aching to touch—to hold—
To realize?
Is it twentieth-century,
This aching to know, to feel
That all is well,
That we can still go on?
Will it be overwhelming,
Shameful because of so much feeling?
Must we go on,
Knowing and yet unknowing, sensing
As we watch the last, last drop
Of red blood pour from the wound,
The last tear shed,
The last fragment of a memory disappearing,
The last rays of sunset,
The last note of a lovesong,
The last kiss—
That this is the end?
Still knowing, we must go on and on . . .
Waiting and waiting . . .
For oblivion,
The unknown, unrecognizable . . .
The Finality.

• Poetry seems to be one of Peggy's chief interests, as her hobby is collecting it. She is a Senior-Middle from Bramwell, West Virginia.

THE LAND OF THE LIVING

(Continued from page 9)

floor. Don't move over there, the wind blows dust in my face. Oh, all right. I hope you're satisfied. Now be still. Umf! There, the saddle's on. No, I won't buckle it too tight. Is that loose enough to suit you?"

It's a good thing I broke this young gentleman or I wouldn't know all of his ridiculous ways. I'd have been left standing there with my left foot waving in the air while he blithely strolled away. But we understand each other quite well, so I was prepared for the worst. We went off in a brisk walk which easily turned into a canter as we rounded a curve. After passing through a couple of gates and jumping a spring branch we came to the level, wide river bottom. There I let Dan have his head, and we seemed

to fly from the ground—a black Pegasus and his rider. Oh, it was glorious! The wind blew my hair back and all of the cobwebs out of my brain. Finally we turned around and reluctantly went back to the house. I unsaddled Dan, kissed him on his velvety nose, and guiltily slipped him another piece of sugar. He was simply overjoyed—and licked my neck with a rasp-like tongue to prove it.

A delicious dinner was waiting, and I enjoyed everything from the thick steak with its rich dark gravy to the fluffy, golden brown biscuits. After eating till we could not swallow another bite, my family and I packed up the old grip and, loaded down with milk, butter, eggs, and ham, we—

What is that awful noise? Oh, the bell ringing to signify the change of classes. Maybe I can get through one more hour and then go to work on the Senior skit. Will this day never end?

"Pop" Cochran

By Belle Mead

• Belle, a Senior-Mid, comes from Odessa, Texas, and has had one or two of her early poems published. Mary Beth Mead, popularly called Belle, has chosen physical education for her career, and her main ambition is to teach it here at Ward-Belmont. Her hobbies are athletics and stamps.

"I granny, that's right! Yes, sir!" Strange that I should remember this old Western expression. Yet it is even stranger that I should remember the person who said it. But when I connect the words with this person, a smile finds its way across my face. I smile because I remember an old "Jack-of-all-trades" who ran a fishing camp fifty miles above Creede, Colorado, and about a mile from the head of the Rio Grande River.

"Pop" Cochran ran this camp and managed it well; that is to say, he made it pay.

He had horses to rent, cabins to rent, food to sell, fishing tackle, flies, and all the other implements a fisherman would ever need. He also had his cribbage and poker games every night, in both of which he always won. But then his first name for a "Dude" was a "Sucker."

Pop's physical characteristics were not outstanding ones, but put together, they made a colorful figure. He was medium in stature, thin, and he walked with a slight limp, credited to an encounter with a mountain lion. His playful eyes were not just an ordinary gray, but a gray that was colorful. His hair was also gray, with a decided thinness on top where his hat had rested so long. And this hat was no ordinary hat either, but a ranger's hat that sagged in the back as well as in the front. His clothes were just clothes, and old ones at that. No, he wasn't good-looking at all, just a typical old Western-

er, the kind that is so rapidly vanishing today.

Pop's greatest pride was his little telescope, kept in front of his store. He could be seen many times a day scanning the surrounding mountains for goats that were so numerous there. When he found a few he would joyfully yell, "I granny! Here's a bunch of 'em!" Quickly we all ran over and took our turn in line. After we had seen them, he would take the telescope again and find a bright patch of raspberries up on a nearby mountain. Off we went with our pails and spent the rest of the day trying to find that patch we had so clearly seen in the telescope.

Pop always found some way to keep us busy, even if it was giving us a dime for every twenty-five grasshoppers we caught after our first seventy-five. My, but we

thought he was generous!

The stories he told us were just the right kind, very little fact and a lot of fiction. These stories were about his mining days, his ranger days, his trapper days, and his hunting and fishing days; when he told us a story about his fishing days, you could just see him teasing a demonic trout on the end of his line. If you were ever to doubt the truthfulness of his tale, he would always say, "I granny, that's right! Yes, sir!" So you took his word for it and went back to your attentive listening.

Pop is alive today, charming the Eastern "dudes" with his humor and his tales of Colorado. If you were to meet him on a city street, you would think him odd and out of place. Nevertheless, like the lion, he is king in his own environment.

I Remember

By Genella Nye

• A Senior day student, Genella has as a hobby collecting two very fascinating things: Jon Whitcombes and Frank Sinatra records. Her ambition is to make writing her career.

Knowing you changed my whole life. You were older than the other boys I had known, and consequently your entire attitude was different. I had no doubt at the time that you were without flaw; now that I'm older, I realize the way I looked up to you was a kind of hero-worship. Now I see your faults and weaknesses, and yet I overlook them.

When we were together we didn't talk about things that boys and girls usually talk about—orchestras, movies, and all manner of things that make up adolescent conversation. Somehow our conversations went deeper than that. It seemed so important that we share our ideas about life with each other. I remember that you were the only one to whom I could tell my dreams without being afraid of being laughed at. No, you didn't laugh, be-

cause they were your dreams, too. Only it was I who put them into words for both of us.

I first met you when I was fifteen, and although that sounds terribly young now, I remember feeling very grown up. At that age things make a very deep impression, and you were the one who made me grow up.

At a quarter to three every day I started counting the minutes until the three o'clock bell rang, indicating the end of our class. I would jump up eagerly, impatient to get outside and to cast off all thoughts of school. You arose more slowly, deliberately, having first put your pencil in your pocket and arranged your books. Your steps were long, steady, slow, with an athlete's natural co-ordination and sense of timing. Mine were hurried, half-running, half-walking. That characterized our natures. You see, we were very different; but basically we shared the same ideas. It was I who worried and fretted over things. It was you who accepted life calmly, even when

it seemed to deal you an extra hard blow. Always you recoiled and came back fighting. To me you were an inspiration, a symbol, making for me a goal to strive for and reach toward.

As we grew older and left school, we became even closer. I can remember long rides in your car on summer evenings under a shower of stars and a full moon. We were together constantly that summer, but even then I had no illusions of your being in love with me. For that matter, I wasn't in love with you. I knew I was your friend, your confidant, and that was enough. Neither of us wanted, or sought, more. I knew other boys, of course, but compared to you they seemed shallow and superficial. You were my yardstick by which I measured every other man I knew.

The day that war was declared you called me up and suggested dinner at a little road house where the steaks were thick and the music was soft. You were



very quiet, and I knew you were thinking the same thoughts that millions of others, including myself, were thinking that night.

Suddenly you leaned across the table and said, "I guess you know that I've got to do something about all this." I knew. We discussed it calmly, sensibly. No hysterics, no talk of parting. Two weeks later you joined the marines.

The night before you left we took one last ride. Everything was very gay, and we toasted your going with Coca-Colas and popcorn. We joked about the situation's being well in hand, the hardships

of boot camp, the possibilities of O. C. S.

Then our laughter died abruptly. I remember sitting very still, wondering if I could control the tears that had sprung to my eyes. With a sudden movement you turned the car around and headed toward home. You said briefly, gruffly, "You'll write, won't you? I'll want to know how everything is back home."

And I did write, often and lengthily. I kept all your letters in a box and hardly a day passed that I didn't reread the last one and count the days on my fingers to see if it was time for another.

I remember your joy when you heard that you were scheduled to go overseas. "I'll be back all the sooner," you wrote. Your letters, so vague in address but so real and like you inside, were full of your hopes for the future. And the "after the war" days. You lived for the future, and I think I was living for that future, too.

But now I hold a slip of paper, short and to the point. "We regret to inform you of the death of—," and your name is inserted there. Suddenly I realize something that I must have known for a very long time. I love you. Oh, darling, I've loved you for so long. Ever since that history class, through all the summers and winters, over the great oceans that separate us. And now you are dead.

It is strange to say "you are dead" and feel absolutely no emotion. Tomorrow I shall get over this feeling of unreality. Tomorrow I shall cry. Tomorrow the tears will come uncontrollably and I, too, shall want to die. Perhaps in time I shall get used to the idea. For the present it is enough to realize my love for you. If I could only let you know. Somehow I think you do know. Didn't we always know each other's thoughts without putting them into words? You must have known, and I am glad. All your plans, all your bright hopes for the future—was I a part of them? I shall never know.



Chimes

S U M M E R 1 9 4 4

THE CHIMES

Vol. 7

SUMMER, 1944

No. 3

WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

FOREWORD

Perk up, gals, it's almost time to go pack to Ward-Belmont or to that other school if you were one of last year's happy graduates. Summer's nearly over, and haven't we had fun? The Ed. took a rather long, involved journey, and, after having promised people all along the way that she would write it up and print it, she had to do so, and at *such* great length since she had to mention all of the people she had seen and those who would see the finished product. But it was fun, and this vacation has been an eventful one for her along with the excursion and the arrival of her big brother from the South Pacific. Well, she liked to have never seen anyone quite so handsome, and he's to be stationed in Nashville for two or three months! If it's humanly possible, she'll try to drag him over to school to let some of those who have heard so much about him take a short look. However, this is far too much rambling about the private life of Ed., so we had better glance through the magazine.

Hare Howerton's description of her visit back to the campus accompanied by one Winky Andrews will bring a smile and a tear to many eyes, while Phyl Harrison has done a reflecting sketch of the village. This year's Editor Freeman has contributed a snappy, little poem about spring and a short story about James Thomas Montgomery III and his lasting troubles. We happened to run across Vanda Nelson's character sketch of her father, and we decided that he must truly be a wonderful man. Kathleen Norris gave us a vivid picture of small town religion, and it's too bad that more people can't worship in that way. And Carol Bay wrote a heart-rending story of the war and the return of the soldier. It has a different twist from the usual homecoming tale. So there is a thumbing-through of the contents, and you'll like all of them we're sure.

There has been lots of pleasure and lots of work for all of us who have helped to get out the magazine during the past year. We only hope that all of you readers have enjoyed reading it as much as we have enjoyed putting it out. And now this party bows out with a "Have a good time this year" to you all. So long.

BISH

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Lost—Two Youths

By Jean Howerton

Oh, for crying out loud! (as they said in the last war). Like you ever to have seen a summer toot by so fast? Why it was but a scant two months ago that my old school chum, the dear Iolanthe of my heart, Florence Andrews, and I paid a last and ultimate visit to what the letter-head designates as Belmont Heights in an attempt to recapture our so recently lost youth . . . lost, to be exact, on graduation day somewhere between the "Bells of Ward-Belmont" and the "Y" Room.

Nonethehowever, we had managed to keep the flame of our youth afflicker (but blazing) while rowdying around McMinnville, Tenn., visiting poor ruing-the-day-she-ever-asked-us Sue Russell for two days immediately following gradage. (Informal reference, true, but you must remember that this is an informal article being tossed off by owl-eyed, lantern-jawed Bone Howerton.)

Back to the flame . . . we discovered, on our return to Nashville to catch our respective trains for our respective homes, the truth in the old adage "You can't burn your candle at both ends and eat it too."

We clambered noisily aboard a "Belmont" and dangled our bobby sock and girl scout shoe-clad feet. It wasn't, you understand, that our bobby sock and girl scout shoe-clad feet didn't touch the floor. Not for nothing do we denote one another as "Iolengthy." No, truth was that our rather elongated fibia (tibia? femur?) protruded through the floor and dangled down among the gears and such.

A rather large tear rivuleted crazily down the side of Lodestone's rather large nose as we drew nearer our destination. We made Odom's our first stop since we have found it to be true on innumerable occasions that Florence Andrews, Jean

Howerton and the Army move on their respective stomachs. Our ultimate aim here was to imbibe an ultimate and large fudge sundae which we did, jealously numbering one another's pictures in one another's MILESTONES all the while. Ultimately, I won!

Sam Odom did not quite understand our presence but evidently decided not to resist and brotherly signed our annuals, which by this time were quite bespattered with fudge from his sundaes.

Once more we traversed the well-traversed path through the gate. The Wink insisted upon convincing me frenziedly that we two unscrupulous rascals (where-upon I screamed at her piquedly "Speak for yourself!") had cut out first hour and that everybody else was in class, which explained the abnormal quiet.

We two old school chums (even as Elsie Dinsmore and Tess of the Storm Country) sat in the swing by F. F. and fell a-remiscing, weeping in unison on one another's shirt fronts.

Our next stop was Senior Hall but it wasn't the Senior Hall we had known, with the Roberts throwing water down off the roof or with the Ham Club perched



on the railing and laughing till they thought they'd split their sides. This wasn't the Senior Hall we knew with Mrs. Powell busily pinning dispatches from the Home Office on the bulletin board, and Polly leaning over the railing and shouting from third floor, "Anybody in the smoker?"

A vain search for a transient tennis racket took us to third where the absolute end was the sight of Proffitt & Sanders, Inc., with its cupboard for once bare.

We betook ourselves up the Middle Walk one ultimate time to the P. O.

Miss Lester was still functioning as a thriving concern and most willingly sold us a scrapbook and wrote in our annuals "Don't forget me."

Ah! But lest I wax maudlin, I needs must close. Ultimately our respective train times approached so we bid one another adieu in friendly fashion. While Winky's back is turned and while you're on your feet, let me caution you . . . never return to your alma mater with an old school chum who is sedimental. YOU'll end up being sedimental also. I found this to be true.

I'll Always Be Around

By Betty Hughes

He was young, really not yet a man, and yet he had seen the horror of war. He left home with a smile on his lips and a song in his heart. Yes, I was brave. I didn't let him see the tears that were about ready to spring from my eyes. Leaning over and kissing me he said, "Mom, be brave and don't worry. I'll always be around." That was all he said, but the look in his eyes told me all I wanted to know.

After he left, I sat for a while with my eyes closed and head bowed. I asked God as every mother does to keep my son safe from all harm.

I looked forward with the greatest happiness to the letters I received from him. Often in the evenings, Peggy, his young wife, would come over and spend several hours with me. We would sit and knit while we talked about the one nearest to both of our hearts.

A card arrived one morning with his A. P. O. number on it. He had finished his training and was now needed on the other side. I was dreadfully unhappy of

course, but I knew he wanted to go. He had said he did so many times.

Through his letters, I was able to see how it felt to go into battles, the way it felt to walk through mud knee deep, to see your buddies shot before your eyes. I saw my son turn from a still young man to a person hardened by war. In one letter he told me about a particularly fierce battle. He said shells were falling all about them, but they had orders to advance and to take the beachhead. "Mom," he said, "I was scared to death, but I am glad I was scared 'cause only fools aren't scared and fools don't make good soldiers."

His letters no longer arrive. I have only full and pleasant memories and the sound of his voice when he said, "Be brave and don't worry, I'll always be around." I'll be brave because he was and because Peggy is. Peggy will soon have his child. She will have something of him for her own. I have nothing, but to me he will always be around because he will always be around my heart.

"Now Voyager"

By Betsy Bishop

Grandmother plunked the mail down upon my peacefully sleeping body, saying rather disinterestedly, "Hmmm, three letters—one from Boston—Ken in Boston now?" I muttered, "Mulmphf, huh uh, don't think so, said he'd wire from Denver—mam? Boston?" And I, who at one moment was so quietly slumbering out on the sleeping porch, hit the floor the next with a house-shaking thud when I heard those mighty words. They could mean only one thing—an invitation from Ken's mother to come to Massachusetts and spend his furlough with him and his family. For months I had dreamed and made plans not really believing down deep in my heart that they would ever materialize, because everything was so uncertain. But here it was! Now I could go to work in earnest. But, no, in my wild moment of glory I had forgotten one thing, such an important thing—my brother. He had spent fourteen months in the South Pacific as pilot on a Liberator and was now on the way home. We didn't know exactly when he was coming, so I couldn't decide anything till I knew. I had to write a very indefinite, very pleading letter back begging them to understand and to still want me when I could get there. But at last my brother called from San Francisco on the night of the invasion. The Allies invaded France, but Captain Arch Bishop invaded the United States, which gave us just as big a thrill. Two days later we met him out at the airport, and I declared to myself that he was the best looking creature that had ever hit Nashville and I adored him. About a week later Ken's furlough started, and I prepared to take off for Boston.

Take off is right, except I didn't. After checking over my list four times, rummaging down to the bottom of my bag to see

if I had put in that yellow handkerchief, and finally going to bed for all of two hours, I got up again, dressed, and along with Arch and my mother, went out to the airport. The passenger clerk met me with a sorrowful face. She didn't have to tell me, I knew. But 2:17 A. M. is such a disheartening hour to be put off a plane. So I dolefully turned and walked away. The clerk called cheerily that as soon as something came through she'd let me know. I was too despondent to answer. I felt that I would never get to Boston. I went home and to bed again knowing that I wouldn't go to sleep. The next thing I knew, my mother was shaking me awake clattering something about catching the 5:20 plane if we could get to the field in time. So again we dressed and rushed out and this time I was actually given a seat; then the big airliner took off. I waited patiently and expectantly for the much talked of sensation. None came. I only got deaf and I was dreadfully disappointed. I watched the sun come up over the horizon turning the earth blue with gold flecks and the sky a beautiful rose color. Looking down upon my beloved Tennessee hills, I thought, "I don't want to miss a minute of this," and then it was two hours later and the stewardess was waking me by asking if I wanted coffee or milk for breakfast. She served ham and it was the best meat I had ever eaten, which astonished me because anywhere else ham tastes like dry pig leather, and I won't touch it. Maybe it was the climate. After a fifteen minute stop-over in Washington we were off again to New York, and half way there I had a terrible, sinking feeling. Why in heaven's name was I going on this wild-goose chase? I felt that I hardly knew Ken; I was going to spend a week in

stuff, reserved Boston, and be shown before his family like a prize filly. I pulled out my air conditioner and almost asked for a parachute. At LaGuardia Field the terror finally wore off because a very pleasant lieutenant from Quincy calmly told me how nice the people really were, and that I needn't to be afraid, little girl.

From the field I had to take a cab into Grand Central Station as my second reservations took me only as far as New York. And that cab driver! Well, I'd heard about them and seen them in the movies, but this was my first person to person contact. As we started off, the individual turned around and with a greasy, foreign leer, croaked, "Wher to, goilie?" I had to say "Grand Central Station" three times before he understood me, and he interestedly asked where I was from. I should have known better than to tell him I was from Tennessee because he looked as if he wanted me to take off my shoes. He asked, "Foist trip tuh New Yerk?" I answered yes but I had to catch the three o'clock train for Boston. He said he'd get me there, but he'd have to take the longer way with less traffic and less lights. When informed that that was all right with me, just so I got there in time, he settled down to screeching through traffic and showing me the sights at the same time. Wheeling around and pointing over my head through the back window with one hand and steering with

the other, he'd grunt, "Youse see that bridge over der? I soived muh toime der." What time, I'll never know. I was too busy dodging cars. After the wildest twenty minutes I've ever experienced, I arrived nerve-shattered at Grand Central, tipped the driver a quarter, and he drove off with his musical, "Cheez, tanks, goilie," ringing in my ears. With the help of a sympathetic red cap, I secured my ticket and a seat on the train, and for a very enjoyable five hours, talked to the people in the seats around me and lovingly looked at the roses growing along the tracks. Our roses are early in Tennessee and had long since withered away.

Ken met me at the South Station and insisted that we go eat supper. I was so weak upon seeing him that I said that was perfectly all right with me. Then we were driving through Cambridge and he was pointing out the house he'd lived in while at Harvard and looking for a place where he used to eat. When the big sandwich was brought in, I found that I had absolutely no appetite, even without lunch, which I had forgotten, so he had to help me eat it, muttering at times about certain chicken appetites. At last we walked around the corner and sent a slightly incoherent telegram to my poor, worried mama and papa. And then we set out to pick up his sister and her husband, who was a direct descendant of General Sherman and I from Tennessee, and at last on to Cohasset—to his summer home.

It was 12:30 that night when we reached Cohasset, and I was a mighty tired, bewildered girl by then. Going up the steps to the house and meeting Ken's mother and Cynthia, his other sister, is still rather hazy, and Mrs. Moller soon took pity on me and led me to my room. There I slept dreamlessly all night and was awakened in the morning by a clatter outside the window. Dazedly raising my head from the cool, soft pillow, I squinted



out into the yard. There stood Margie and Barbie, Ken's nieces, aged five and three. Margie looked up and twanged, "Who *are* you?" and after grumping something about Betsy, I heard Barbie shrill, "Is you sawn my rubber dolly Sherman?" In answer to my question of what does she look like, Barbie replied, "Rubber." I knew then that I was going to have a glorious time.

That was my first taste of Cohasset, and I loved it. It was the beginning of the happiest and most fascinating week I've ever known. The rambling, white house was built "up in the trees," and the beach was just a short walk away. There the water was cold, the huge rocks were warm, and the people were nice, and who should I run into but Jane Gray Knowles! The New England food was different, and Mrs. M.'s fresh, baked salmon was a delicious surprise to me. Margie and Barbie called me "Great Aunt Betsy" while Henry, their little brother, gleefully pulled my hair. Ken and I celebrated the Fourth of July by walking to the village and eating ice cream cones on the way back. We spent the one week-end in Weston with his brother and his family, stopping on the way to visit his Cousin Sarah and Cousin Mary who were delightful and just what I had been led to believe that all Bostonians were like. On the way back to Cohasset, we stopped at Ken's home in Milton which was built in the 1700's, and I adored its character with the wide floor boards and the huge fireplaces in nearly every room. The first of the week Cynthia departed for camp, and I began to think about leaving—leaving Massachusetts and the people I had grown to love. And so the day came, and we were back in South Station. I told Ken goodbye and that I was happy, then when I got on the train and felt myself moving in one direction and saw him moving in the other, I began to think what had made me happy and proceeded to stagger up the

aisle of the lurching train, feeling clothed in sack cloth and ashes. Oh, it was dreadful almost all the way to New York until some poor, unsuspecting man turned a glass of milk over into my lemon pie, and I, wishing so hard for something funny, cackled hysterically. He was so upset and so frightened at my peculiar outburst that he gobbled up the rest of his supper, and scurried away, glancing back once nervously.

In Grand Central Station, I was met by Titter and Anne and we went to a little sidewalk cafe and then to their home in Greenwich, Connecticut. The next day they went to work, leaving me alone, and I wept into quiet corners at odd intervals thinking about Cohasset, but soon decided that that wasn't exactly the right way to spend a vacation and stopped. That night Anne secured us dates and we went into New York to take in the big city. I was introduced to Russian food, Russian entertainment, "Nick's" in Greenwich Village, and A. Mumble Glump, who is the person you meet upon first waking up in the morning. Bill and I wanted to stay at the Cafe Russe for the "Intimate Entertainment in Enchanting Atmosphere," but that didn't start till 2:00 A. M., and Anne and Que thought that was a little late. The next day after sending a telegram home as to my time of arrival, we went to the beach, then to the boys' house for supper, and to my amazement I found that there were six boys there instead of two, and I had my first mint julep—in Connecticut of all places. Before eating, Roy took me down to the dock to see the fiddler crabs, and later Roger and Harry insisted that I eat the squash, which closely resembled Clapp's Baby Food to me. After dinner Jim and I praised the South to the rest of the group, Jim being from North Carolina. We had a wonderful evening. Benny Goodman's version of "Where or When" was almost worn out because the boys played it so

much for me. But at last we had to go, as it was getting late, and all of the girls had to get home.

On Monday, while waiting in the Grand Central Waiting Room for Rose, the sister of Arch's radio-gunner on his bomber, I realized that I could spend a whole week in there just looking and listening. At first I happened to overhear a juicy bit of conversation behind me. Three women were talking intently, and as their voices became louder and louder I became more and more interested. Then to my horror I heard this choice bit of gossip, "Gialondo gron nothi morbe sempre expertial." I guess they were foreigners, but I'd still like to know who they were talking about. Next I nearly fell out of my seat as a sassy, little Pomeranian simpered on its hind legs across the floor sneering at everybody. A man was trotting happily behind it gently holding a leash, and about five minutes later the procession skittered by again. I began to wonder what the world was coming to—dog leads man through Grand Central Station. But the final and most tragic incident was a young girl tearing wildly through the crowd to catch a train—hair, coat, and suitcase streaming behind her, as in Winky's cartoons, when just as she got in front of a group of soldiers and sailors her bag fell open and the entire contents scattered to all corners of the building, due to the tile floor and the shape, form, and fashion of

the many different jars, wearing apparel, curlers, and so forth. She was in such a hurry that she skidded ten feet before she could stop, and then had to get down on her hands and knees to pick up all of that stuff, while the boys stood and looked and made remarks. If it had been me, I'd have just dropped my suitcase too and kept on running, because I couldn't have disappeared through the floor no matter how much I'd have wished for it. But at last Rose came in and after eating in the Hawaiian Room we spent the rest of the day shopping and trudging on Fifth Avenue. Jack, her husband, met us later, and we went to an Italian place to eat. Well, I simply gorged, and caused quite a sensation when I ordered milk to go with my spaghetti. The waiter looked at me queerly, and in a few minutes came back balancing a beer glass full of milk magnificently on three fingers, while over a hundred pairs of eyes followed to see who that eccentric was who had ordered such a thing. I was terribly embarrassed, and hurried to leave. So after enjoying Radio City Music Hall we took a cab back to the station, and I, an old hand at it by that time, wondered why one picture wasn't used for all of the drivers' identification cards as they all looked alike. I slept in exhausted jerks during the forty-five minute ride back to Greenwich, and was more than glad to crawl into my little bed in Titter and Anne's comfortable apartment. But the next morning Anne woke me with, "Betsy, don't you want to go back into New York today? I'd like to." We went. So I saw "Oklahoma!" and for once was not disappointed in at last having seen something that I had heard so much about. It was delightful.

Upon arriving back in Greenwich, Titter, pleasantly informed me that my plane reservations had been cancelled, which didn't bother me much except for the sad fact that I was rapidly running out of money. But we went to bed, not worry-



ing about such a trivial matter, as I could always wire for more. The next morning, after eating a leisurely breakfast, I, in my melon-colored pajamas, leisurely sat down to read the paper intending to get dressed later. The telephone rang. A crisp young voice rattled to me that the American Airlines—bless their souls—had secured a seat for me as far as Cincinnati, and they were working on a clearing to Nashville. I stammered, "Do you think I ought to take it?" and The Voice snapped, "Of course, be at the city terminal by 12:50 today to catch the limousine out to the field." I called the train station to ask what train I would have to catch to get to New York by 12:50, and the good man sourly replied, "11:13 'un." I said, "Thank you" glancing at my watch, "11:00 o'clock, well, I'll just—WHAT? 11:00 O'CLOCK! OH, NO!" Oh, yes. And so I fumbled for what seemed fully ten minutes trying to find the taxi number only to discover that it was smack on the front cover of the telephone book staring me in the face. The man I talked to didn't mince words when he claimed that I was crazy and how in the world could he be expected to get me to a train in thirteen minutes; but he finally reconsidered when I almost wept into the telephone, and said, "Okay, if you're ready right now!" And I, an unbathed, unpacked I, in my red pajamas, said "Well, of course I'm ready," wondering desperately how in heaven's name I was going to do it. I did though—throwing clothes upon myself and into my smaller suitcase (the larger one being already packed and checked at Grand Central). I scribbled a hasty "Gone in a hurry" to Titter and Anne and hustled down in the elevator as fast as the little car would carry me to the waiting cab. We made it somehow and after buying the ticket I had to wait for the train for three minutes. And it was on time! After getting on and settling down, I noticed

people looking at me strangely and for a terrifying second I wondered if I had forgotten to put on my dress, but glancing down I was reassured. Then I realized that I had no make-up on so must look like mud, and my hair wasn't combed. Thus I hastily applied lipstick and a comb, and upon arriving in Grand Central I washed and fixed my face decently, and then went over to the airlines terminal. While checking on my ticket, I happened to step back on someone's foot, and turned around to beg her pardon. "Oh, that's perfectly all right," she quavered, flapping her hands around. Glory! Zazu Pitts! And then while standing in line waiting to board the plane out at LaGuardia Field, I peered over my shoulder to appraise the naval officer behind me and stared straight into the steely blue eyes of Lt. Commander Robert Montgomery. I gulped and smiled, and he—smiled. Then a reporter came up for an interview to which I listened unashamedly. But after we had gotten on the plane Commander Montgomery's seat was just across from mine, and he leaned over shortly and asked me if he could read my "Coronet." I was so excited I almost threw it at him, so he stayed buried in MY magazine all the way to Washington, and there he gave it back to me with a "Thank you ever so much," then smilingly said, "Well, good-bye," and he was gone. Maybe I should frame the magazine.

From Washington into Cincinnati we ran into a storm. I looked out the window at the lurching wing and had the same sensation as I had had about three years ago while riding a roller coaster in an amusement park near Chicago. Then I heard smothered moans from all around me and thought fearfully of what Arch had told me about the purpose of the little cup placed under my seat. But my dignity simply would not let me do it; and so I put the idea of being sick out of my mind forever and ever.

At 6:40 P. M. in Cincinnati we learned that the plane I might have been able to get a seat on was held up for at least seven hours in New York because of the storm that we were caught in. Many of the passengers had to get to a certain place by a certain time so they cancelled their reservations and took a train. I had all the time in the world, so—hooray—I got a seat, and spent a very conspicuous, very travelerish few hours in town at a movie and at the Gibson Hotel waiting for the 12:00 o'clock taxi to take me back out to the airport. After sending another frantic wire home, I again got on the plane for the last lap of my trip.

Of course, I went sound to sleep again, and didn't wake up till we were just a few miles out of Nashville. It gave me quite a thrill to be actually landing in Berry Field. I'd met so many people out there and watched them get off the plane, but this time it was I who was being met. As the big ship taxied to a stop, I could see my mother and grandmother bouncing all over the walk with excitement. And so I tried to glide off the plane and down the ramp as sedately and sophisticatedly as possible even though I was bubbling over inside.

We went home and all of us talked at once till almost daybreak. After going to bed I looked up to the window and the waning moon was shining directly in my face, and I had a sudden flash of my last night in Cohasset in a kayak on the ocean when the moon was full and I was so happy. Then it hit me—the trip that I had been living for and planning for for such a long time was over, and I had really been away nearly three weeks and was back home. And then I began to lament, "like Niobe, all tears."

And now it sort of seems like a dream, a wonderful day-dream that I've made up. But when I see the dress I bought in New York or the small photograph of Ken with his little boy look, taken just before he left Harvard, incidents come back to me. And when I'm listening to the radio and hear "The Surrey with the Fringe on Top," I'm back in New York enjoying the color and music of "Oklahoma!"; or if the song happens to be "I'll Be Seeing You" I'm living over the days in Cohasset when Ken and I were singing and would always end up with that one. Then I know it wasn't a dream. I know that it was something I lived and loved, and I only wish that I had it all to do over again.

A Prayer

By Julia Carreker

Lord, would that I deserved one half
Of all Thou hast given me—
The friendships rare; the loving care
Of parents sweet and true;
The sight of home when evening comes;
A summer sky of blue.
These things my heart with gladness fill;
But still, I ask, how can it be?
Why hast Thou been so good to me?

Sketch of the Village

A REVERIE

By Phyllis Harrison

Spring night—
Its warm coolness speaks—
Softly, caressingly—
The village throbs, screams—
With distant nearness—
In its great heart holding
So many others—
Young, carelessly, flippant, diverse—
Yet held together
By force and by friendship
Voices—light, trivial, not caring—
Trees—majestic silhouettes—
Well fed by rich earth's generousness—
Music—defiant, soaring
Like a star-bound soul—
Then tender, haunting—
Hurting with poignant memory—
Lights bright with nearness
Dim with distance—
A flash in the earth-touching sky—
Ink—indigo—
Ripped by a fickle whip of fire—
Soft, sudden wind—an upstart—
Murmurs sweet secrets to the grass
That stirs with new tenderness—
A plane overhead—
Twinkling with far-away comfort
And roaring protection—
The young hearts hear
And longingly fly to a hundred "hims"
With a humble, fleeting prayer—
Please, God—
The tower-ivy clinging—
Reminiscent of other days—
All-seeing—
Stands—symbol of loyalty and courage—
Like a fervent hope—
Like a reverent trust
In the lasting peace of all things to come.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

By Nancy Ross

Three nights ago I saw you fly over the city and out towards the ocean. As I sat on the steps and watched the stars, the Big Dipper suddenly became a squadron of planes. Your plane was the third on the right wing of the formation. Its light had a special brightness. It blinked with a rhythm all its own—the rhythm of the rain the day we met, the rhythm of the music the last night we danced, the rhythm of my heart beating as I sat and listened. The air vibrated with the continual throb of motors. The sound radiated from those planes like tiny waves rippling from the spot on the water where you have thrown a stone. Each particle of night hummed with reverberating motion until even the moon was shaken into a blur. When the roar of engines had faded off into the distance, its echo still rumbled in my ears.

The tiny light of your plane hung motionless in space. I thought of your cigarette as the light glowed and dimmed and then glowed again. Just as I have seen you in the darkness behind your smoldering cigarette, I saw you then in the blackness of the sky beyond that burning drop of light. And the Milky Way formed a spiral of smoke.

I wondered if the light would fade into the distance before it dropped over the

horizon. It did not fade. It went up, up, until it had dissolved into a star and the star dropped over the horizon.

I sat there watching the spot of emptiness into which you had disappeared. Hours passed as I watched until, with the striking of the hall clock, the minutes caught up with me and I realized it was time to go to bed. That night I fell asleep with the whirr of motors still in my ears and a twinkling star of light imprinted on my closed eyelids.

These three days I have watched the planes fly overhead, just as some one else must watch you overhead in some other upturned bowl of blue sky. A bomber flew over so low today that I could see the star stenciled on the fuselage and the broad gray wings dip in the undercurrent of air. The propellers spun a silver-gray web around each motor.

These last three days the news reports have taken on a new significance. As the commentator told last night of Allied raids over Europe, I could picture the planes, hundreds of them, weaving a pattern between the threads of search lights and the splashes of anti-aircraft fire. Might not your plane have been one of them? "Five of our planes were lost." The words from the radio condensed like sleet in the still air. I had to keep busy or the tips of my fingers would freeze.

Three days have passed. You said your cablegram would come in three days, and three days have passed. Tonight my heart began to feel as though it had frozen and left only an ice cube.

I again sat on the steps to watch the sky; there were no stars tonight. My eyes ran along the horizon and found the notch I had cut in the hills to mark the spot where you had disappeared. The ice-cube feeling was still there. Three



days have passed and I haven't heard. Then I looked up and saw that tiny, glowing light above the hills. For a second I thought it was your plane coming back, but it was only the star you touched three nights ago. It glowed and twinkled at me the way your plane lights did that night. And I realized that those lights on your plane were winking tonight in rhythm with that star, somewhere up in this same sky.

You don't seem far away now. I think I could see your plane over there if I

could only see beyond that notch in the hills. Three days have passed, and I haven't written to you. So now I'll send this letter sealed up with love and soft, dark sky, and stamped with that little twinkling star. I can see the star from my window now, and some day I'll see your plane rise from behind those hills. I'll see the lights from your plane blinking in rhythm with that star. And when you come back that way and pass by that little star, reach up and pat it on the nose, won't you?

Night

By Charlyne Edwards

It's dark now
And I'm alone
With the stars
And the moon.

Thoughts are vague
At this hour.
All that's earthly
Seems far gone.

Then it comes.
Slowly, creeping,
Dreams of other worlds
Here to stay.

Cool night air,
Dreams and mist.
No longer do I fear
The vast unknown.

A Still Small Voice

By Betsy Bishop

The Greenwoods had built a new house in the lot across the road from the Arnolds, the lot in which nine-year-old Vicki Arnold for so long had played lost-girl-in-a-jungle because it had so many trees and vines; but many of these had now been cleared away. Although Vicki was sorry to see that happen, she had had fun playing in the new house. Now she had neither the lot nor the house because her neighbors had moved in, and Vicki was resentful of people's crowding her. All of her life she had had almost all of the country around to herself as she lived about eight miles from town. Now houses were beginning to spring up like toadstools. She especially resented this new house across the road for two reasons: not only had it deprived her of a much loved spot, but there was another girl over there now, a too clean, too demure, too tranquil girl, who obviously did not fully appreciate that sacred yard. This strange child sat in the house almost all day, and when she was outside she quietly walked around and explained at the proper things if older people were present, and sometimes she picked a flower. What was worse, she carried a pocketbook everywhere she went.

The very day that the new family arrived, Mrs. Arnold went over with some cold fried chicken, sliced tomatoes, cheese sandwiches, and lemonade. Vicki didn't go. She refused to have anything to do with them. She wasn't even curious for at least an hour, because she was engrossed in the laborious task of washing Junior—Junior being the dog. But finally, after having sat for fifteen minutes under a bush at the edge of the yard, her curiosity overcame her pride, so she threw a ball across the street and told Junior to go get it. Junior, of course, not having seen her throw the ball, ran around barking

wildly at imaginary squirrels, cats, tramps, or whatever he thought he was supposed to see. Vicki shouted at him, informed him loudly that he was quite dumb, and glanced around to see if she had attracted any attention, then went over to get the ball herself. She had a hard time not finding it. Once she even had to kick it into the weeds because Junior and his keen-scented nose were getting too close. At last, Junior having given up in bewilderment after knowing that he had smelled it once, the two of them stalked up to the porch, and Vicki banged on the door. Her mother came to open it, and before Vicki could offer a word of explanation, she was ushered into the house.

Once inside she took everything in at a glance—the bare floors with rolled-up rugs in one corner, the scattered furniture, the pretty, unruffled, young woman, and last, the quiet, clean, little girl, who was meekly sitting in a small chair near the opposite door.

"I lost my ball. Who got it?" were the first words that came from Vicki. After a firm prod in the small of her back from her mother, she remembered and said, "Hidee" to the room in general. The pretty, young woman smilingly said, "Hello, Vicki, I'd like for you to know *my* little girl. Lucy, this is your little neighbor, Vicki." Lucy got up from her chair and gracefully walked over to the other three without tripping over a single thing as Vicki surely would have done.

"How do you do?" she said. "I'm so glad we have moved here. I have seen you playing in your yard with that great, big, awful, dirty dog. Aren't you afraid to get near him? I would be. Mother doesn't like for me to play with dogs. She says they're dirty and they bite. I like to—"

By this time Vicki was fairly bursting with indignation. She loudly interrupted, "Dirty! Awful! Junior's not dirty! He's a lot better'n an ole sissy dog! An' anyway, I just gave him a bath, an' anyway, he don't even smell doggy like other dogs do—not even when it rains. You don't know wha' chur talkin' about. Why, Junior wouldn't even live with you!" To Vicki this last statement was the most degrading insult she could bestow upon a person.

But she had received a better aimed, more forceful prod and she vaguely heard her mother hastily apologizing, "I'm sorry. Vicki just loves that dog so. She has had him since he was a puppy, and we can't make her leave him alone. I don't know what we're going to do if she doesn't soon grow out of it." And Mrs. Greenwood answering, "That's perfectly all right. Vicki is only a little tomboy. She will soon get older and realize that she will be a young lady in just a few years."

"Huh!" thought Vicki, "I'll never dress up and put stuff on my face and act silly like those ole girls as long as I live."

Lucy meanwhile had regained her composure and she said, "Wouldn't you like to come back in my room and see my new paper dolls? Mother and Mrs. Arnold have fixed it up. Or else we can sew on some clothes for my other dolls if you'd rather."

Paper dolls! Sew! Vicki thought, "I gotta get outa here. I don't wanna play dolls." She doggedly turned toward the door. "Excuse me," she said, "I gotta go find my ball. Junior's waitin'." She opened the door and scurried out of the house.

"I'm sure Lucy and Vicki will become inseparable," said Mrs. Goodwood, a little optimistically, to Vicki's mortified mother; then as she saw Lucy looking longingly out of the door, "Come away, dear, you might get dirty."

A few nights later, Mrs. Arnold was

talking to her husband. Born and reared in Tennessee, she was a perfect example of Southern hospitality, and she felt that she must do something to show the Greenwoods how delighted they were to have them in the neighborhood. Mr. Arnold found himself the unwilling victim of circumstances, and after considerable discussion as to the disadvantages of dinner and bridge parties, they, with the help of Vicki, finally decided upon a picnic. Plans and preparations were thought about and made—the park or the country, fried chicken or hamburgers, lemonade or cocolas, and at last the day arrived. Vicki was simply beside herself. She loved picnics better than any other kind of party. Her only blight was that stupid Lucy, but maybe she wouldn't always be in the way.

The six of them piled in the Arnold's car and they drove out the highway about ten miles till they came to a narrow, shady, gravel road. Here they turned off and went their way till they found the place they had dreamed of. It was close to the farm that Vicki and her father visited, and was high on a hill, under two big oak trees. The view was overpowering. There was a magnificence in its quietness and its beauty—in the green, green hills and valleys, in the white toy houses and barns, and in the horses and cows grazing in the peace and quiet of their world. Vicki was speechless with the awe and fulfillment she felt. She sat absolutely motionless and just looked until she was rudely brought out of her trance by the shrill, thin chatter of Lucy, "Mother, we're so high! What are all of those things eating? Oh, Mother, look at the big hills!" The elders all exclaimed accordingly. Vicki felt a shame and a pity for such people who could not *feel* what they saw. She wanted to be alone where she could sit and look and think and not have people desecrate something she regarded as almost sacred. Then her mother asked her to spread out the cloth. All

of them ate the chicken and sandwiches and drank the lemonade with great relish.

While the parents were cleaning up, the two little girls strolled off, Vicki in the lead. They were near a small, wooded spot and so they made their way in that direction. Lucy was a bit scared and bit expectant at this point. She was trying very hard to remember what her mother had said about keeping her dress clean, watching out for snakes, and not getting near water—if they found a creek. Vicki found herself pointing out things to Lucy as they went, "See that yellow cup-shaped thing? That's a Jack-in-the-pulpit," or "Look over there by that rock, that's a toad. I'm gonna catch 'im." With that she began to creep upon the little creature, then Lucy shrieked, "Don't touch that! It'll make warts!" Vicki turned around to hush her up, but when she looked back again, the toad had hopped away. "Now look what you've gone and done," she reprimanded, "scared 'im. He won't make warts." But just then a squirrel came out on a branch and began to chatter furiously at the intruders. Lucy jumped and ran to throw her arms about Vicki screaming, "What is that noise? Make it go away!" Vicki jerked herself from Lucy's grasp and said scornfully, "Aw, it's nothin' but a little ole squirrel. You're just scared of everything that comes along. It's not any fun playing with you." So she glanced around and saw a tree with low slung limbs. "Now, I can get away from her," she thought, "She sure can't climb trees!" Up she went, scraping her legs and staining her dress, but not caring in the least.

Hanging by her knees from the wavering branch of the tree, the red-faced little girl screamed in a rather choked voice, "I'll bet you can't do this, Lucy Greenwood! I'll bet you can't do this without holding by your hands." The skirt of

her wash dress was flapping under her chin showing scratched but sturdy, brown legs, and her small pigtails, one beginning to come unplaited, hung straight downward.

Lucy, meanwhile, was quietly leaning against another tree, her freshly starched dress smoothed just right behind her, the clean whiteness of her skin and her perfectly waved, blonde hair contrasting with the bark of the tree. She was smiling a strange smile—half pitying and half envious, but it was obvious that she had no intention of even trying to hang by her knees from the limb of a tree. Lucy was a little lady. Her mother had seen to that. It wasn't right for girls to get dirty and show off. From the time she was a baby, Lucy had been kept spotless and sheltered and she was only allowed to play with the "nice, little girls." Because of this she had a very mild imagination and not much sense where nature was concerned. She didn't know of the pleasures that came from wading a creek in the middle of March, or of crawling through dried Johnson grass pretending that her big shepherd dog was either an injured, young hunter or a traitorous spy, whatever the occasion called for. But after watching Vicki and the fun she had, Lucy began to wonder what it was like. Vicki had her versatile dog, her cat that was quite resigned to his fate of being dressed in a gown and night cap and put to bed where he would patiently lie for hours, and she was also continually coming up with some other strange animal; such as, a baby pig with Saint Vitus dance. And the man who lived out in the country had a horse which Vicki had grown to love. Her daddy took her out there sometimes when he went to see the man about cattle for a sale. The man's horse, whose name was Satan, was a fine, black gelding, rather spirited and excitable, but without

a vicious streak in him. Vicki loved to go stand on the lower rail of the white fence, talk to the horse and feed him carrots. Satan loved carrots, and between the two there grew up an understanding that is seldom found between such a small, dependent child and such a big, imperious animal. Lucy had none of these. She had only her dolls and her sewing just as her mother wished. So she wandered off alone to think about it, disregarding Vicki's dares of holding by the hands.

Lucy soon found herself out of the thicket and in a clearing. She saw a black horse eating not very far away. Now was the time, she thought, to show Vicki that she was not afraid of animals either. She walked slowly and a little fearfully toward the beast, and just as she got very close to him, he flung up his head and let out the most terrifying snort that a small child could ever hear. Lucy screamed and ran as fast as she could toward the thicket. The horse, now really frightened, bolted to the other side of the field where the fence turned him and he headed directly for Lucy. The horrified little girl turned and ran back to the middle of the field, screeching loudly the whole time.

Upon hearing her cry, both of her parents dropped everything and ran out across the hill, with the Arnolds close behind, to look for her. When they reached the field, there was Lucy, face down on the ground, sobbing and screaming with every breath while the horse raced wildly around a sort of circle. The raising of voices, the flinging of arms, and the throwing of stones only fed his excitement all the more when they tried to stop him. Mr. Greenwood was starting to run over to his daughter when suddenly Mrs. Arnold shouted, "Vicki, Vicki! Go back!

That horse will kill you!" For Vicki, who was forgotten at the time by the Greenwoods, had emerged unseen from the grove of trees and was standing almost in the path of the disturbed animal, coaxing, soothing, with her hand stretched out and steadily saying, "Whoa, Satan, whoa, now. Nothing's going to hurt you. Whoa, Satan; easy, boy." The horse, at first not having noticed the child, began to look her way; then he dropped his gait into a trot. Finally he stopped altogether, and stood trembling and panting, obeying the kind, little voice. Vicki gradually and easily walked up to him still talking and with her hand still outstretched. As she stopped nearly in front of him, the great creature arched his neck, and when his nose touched her fingers, he started, then relaxed as the quiet voice kept on and the hand gently rubbed his nostrils. "You do remember me, don't you, Satan? I wish I had a carrot for you."

Mr. Arnold had reached his precious little Lucy and had carried her back to her white-faced mother. Vicki's father was running toward her, but she called to him, "Don't come, Daddy, don't come. He's so scared." But Mr. Arnold insisted that he also protect his daughter, so Vicki hastily kissed the velvety nose beside her, and went to meet her frantic father.

On the way home after such things as "Brave, little Vicki, you might have been hurt" and "Lucy, don't you ever go out like that again by yourself" had quieted down a bit, Mr. Greenwood remarked to his wife, "I think, my dear, that we should perhaps give Lucy riding lessons. She needs to know a little about such things." To which his wife replied, "Yes, Alfred, I think we might, and—Alfred—do you—well, do you happen to know where we can get a clean, reliable pure-bred dog?"

Anything Else, Sir?

By Ruth W. Hoe

Slowly and unsteadily his large hand crept over the whiteness of the sheets, groping for some unknown friend. Gently, yet firmly, Lieutenant Bryman touched his wrist, counted his pulse, and returned his hand to the darkness between the sheets.

Looking into his half-opened, unseeing eyes, she said, "Are you all right now? Would you like a drink of water? Major Scrapple has been waiting for you to wake up for three days." It was not the subconscious condition of the patient which caused her voice to fall harshly upon his ear. Lieutenant Bryman spoke with deliberate and painstaking effort, for it had been but two short months since a Japanese sniper had fired upon her.

Forcing his lips to co-operate with his tongue, the patient whispered the word "water," took the proffered glass with unsteady hands, drank as though he had never before tasted the waters of that tropical isle, and dropped exhausted upon his pillow.

* * *

The ward was quiet. Only the lantern on the desk was lighted. Moving along the silent rows of hospital cots, Lieutenant Bryman felt herself drawn to the side of the newly admitted patient. Colonel Rowlett was one of the many casualties of the Pacific Area. His right leg had been amputated above the knee, and he had temporarily lost his sight. As the lieutenant neared his cot, she heard the whispered word, "Alice." Turning, she fled into the soft moonlight of the outside.

* * *

Later, when she had been relieved from night duty, Lieutenant Bryman sat by the cot and wrote a letter for the young officer to his family. Sealing the envelope, she laid it beside him, smiled, and said, "Any-

thing else, Sir?" She could not use her easy banter with this man. It was not because of his record of twenty-eight planes, nor of the fact that he had every medal presented by our country. It was not even his rank of colonel, although he was the youngest ever to attain this rank.

A slow blush crept over the young officer's face and, turning his back, he replied, "Yes, there is a young lady in Arizona I'd like to write to."

Taking up her pen, she reminded him that she was not taking shorthand, and he began to speak in a slow, tortured voice:

DEAR ALICE:

It has been a long time since I wrote you, and I realize that waiting has made my task more difficult.

Alice, you have known me for quite some time, and know that I am not one to change my mind without consideration of the consequences. Believe me, I have thought this problem over thoroughly, and I see no other way out.

You know, of course, that I was wounded in action, and that I will soon return to the States. Alice, I must ask you to understand my feelings toward you. I am sorry, but since I have been in the Pacific area I have found—" Slowly he turned toward Lieutenant Bryman, asked for water, waited to regain his composure, and began again.

"I have found that I cannot marry you upon my return to Arizona. You will laugh and say that it is only because of my eyes. It is not. There is something else, which I cannot explain. I cannot quite express my feelings; but I hope that, because I am attempting to express my true

beliefs, you will not be too harsh in your thoughts of me.

I have enjoyed the many hours spent with you, and I will never forget them.

In your last letter you mentioned the fact that you were being shipped to another base. I hope that you will like it there much better than your old station. The best of luck in your work. We could not get along without the Nurses' Corps.

Give my kindest regards to your parents and to the ape you affectionately call "Brother."

I am sending this to your home. I am sure that your mother will forward it to you.

Sincerely,

BILL.

Turning toward the window, he allowed the tropical breeze to fan his hot brow, and then he turned to give the address—

MISS ALICE BRYMAN, F—— ARIZONA.

Fourteen months later Colonel Rowlett saluted Squadron 750, about-faced, and marched to the side of the runway. He watched the new squadron take to the air, accepted their salute of a dipped wing, and then started toward his office.

He was lucky to be in the army still, and for the first time he was proud of his artificial leg and the weeks he had spent in darkness. It hadn't been so bad, except for—well, except for Alice. It still seemed strange that her father was his superior officer, but General Bryman had never mentioned Alice's name.

Turning into the cool, darkened corridor, he saw General Bryman coming toward him with his daughter at his side. Seeing the futility of trying to evade them, he stopped, saluted the general, and spoke to Lieutenant Alice Bryman.

Lieutenant Bryman smiled and said, "Anything else, Sir?"

* * *

Colonel Rowlett still remembers nothing except General Bryman's order, "Head directly for the target."

It was five minutes later that he learned of the raid in which Alice had been wounded. Her vocal cords had been severed, but she could now speak—not with her usual tone, but with a deliberate and painstaking effort.

* * *

Surgery is a wonderful thing. It can give a man his sight, a leg—and the woman he loves.

Footprints

By Joan Russell

Big footprints,

Little footprints,

Fat footprints,

Skinny footprints;

Footprints going north, south, east and west.

Footprints on the living-room rug;

Footprints on the sands of time.

Why——

aren't people more careful where they walk?

The Homecoming

By Carol Bay

To the white-haired conductor of the streamliner he was little more than just another fare—this soldier who was standing on the observation platform of the swiftly moving train. True, he didn't laugh as much as the others and seemed to be more of a dreamer, but aside from that, he was more or less like all the rest—this one who was all alone. He took occasional drags from the cigarette dangling between his fingers; and with the eyes of an old man, although he was probably still in his early twenties, he looked up into the blue depths of the evening sky. To him the air looked different without the white fingers of roving searchlights, and the atmosphere seemed deadly silent in the absence of motors droning overhead.

Now the train was passing through a small town. Stocking-capped children stood on the station platform and waved at the engineer as the mighty engine plummeted on its way along the narrow parallel of steel tracks. Blinds on the village store windows were pulled down and the awnings rolled tightly up against the brick and wooden fronts of two-story buildings. In the houses lights were being turned on, and they shone merrily and bright through the panes of frosty windows.

"I wonder what the people behind those windows are doing now," he thought. "Which of these houses are filled with happiness and which ones are filled with grief? In how many are children laughing; how many have vacant seats at the table?"

After a slight pause he mused half aloud, "Is *she* laughing now? With a reminiscent smile upon his lips, he added, "No doubt she's scrambling eggs. Whenever she was excited or happy, she'd scam-

ble eggs, but she always said she could never stand to eat them at any other time. . . . Funny kid . . ."

Then he felt a tiny pain in his finger, for the cigarette he was holding, and had momentarily forgotten, had burned to a stub. Hastily flicking the short remainder over the rail, he leaned back against the door jamb, so as better to balance himself on the rolling train. He hooked his thumbs over his leather belt, threw back his head, and looked at the sky again. The night had suddenly deepened. The sky was now a threateningly black chasm, and nothing was visible except the tiny orange firefly-like glow of a recently tossed cigarette far down the tracks. Soon even that was not visible, and with a sigh he turned and entered the train.

Slowly he made his way through the dark green curtained aisles of the sleeper, pulled aside the thick hangings of his own "lower," leisurely took off his heavy shoes, and stretched out with both arms beneath his head. There, in the silently sleeping car, he stared into space—and thought. He thought of only one thing—her.

The funny tilted little nose, the loose mop of burnished chestnut hair, the dimple in her right cheek when she smiled, and the giggle that was so original and so contagious—all seemed close and dear. It had been so long since he had heard from her, five months now. Did she still care?

"Of course she cares," he said assuredly, and remembered what she had said the day he left for camp . . .

It was raining, and the whole office force had come down, to the station to see him off. *She* was there, too, proudly leaning on his arm. A new bright blue

hat made a striking contrast with her chestnut curls and lent a note of festivity to the occasion. She wore her short gray squirrel coat, and in one hand clutched a bright plaid umbrella. She had such a general appearance of blitheness that, in the whole crowd, he alone knew that under the lovely smile and lilting voice she was lonely and afraid. Uncertain as to what she would do without him, he could feel her hand on his arm grow tense as the whistle of his train was heard coming around the bend. As the gigantic engine puffed into view, she held him at arm's length from her and looked at him, searchingly, hungrily, deeply.

Then very softly she said, "I know I should be original, darling, but the words I want to say have been said by thousands of others before me. Yet right now I can't think of anything better . . . Take care of yourself, for I'll be waiting and loving you—always."

Blinking back her tears, in the best possible imitation of her usually cheerful voice, she added, "Here's a letter for you to read on the train," and thrust a large white envelope into his gloved hand . . .

He still had that envelope in his breast pocket. Now it was wrinkled and soiled, almost a deep tan in color, but its intrinsic value had increased from the day he received it. It had been in his pocket the day he left for Africa; and he could feel the closeness of it the time he spent all of a tense, breathless night in a sandy, uncomfortably shallow foxhole. It had seemed a protective shield over his heart that night when they attacked the heavily fortified village. It was blurred and unintelligible now, because of the four hours he had spent in the water before help came; but it didn't matter, for he had memorized the priceless words. Now he regarded it as a symbol of promise, hope—and home.

He looked at his watch. It was ten o'clock on the radium dial. "At this time

tomorrow morning, I'll be getting married," he thought jubilantly.

Suddenly he became absorbed in the steady, rhythmical sound of the train wheels. In most of the magazine stories he had read, the hero or heroine could always hear the train wheels say something. Now he tried to construct words that adapt themselves to that rhythm. "She's sleeping now, she's sleeping now," he thought; and the words seemed to fit the recurrent beats. He hoped that she



was now asleep, so that when she met him in the morning her eyes would be bright and sparkling and her step as lithe as ever. Secretly wishing they'd misfit the rhythm, he tried other words, exact opposites in meaning. "She's wide awake and dancing now," he said, and, to his disappointment, found that they also fitted the steady beat of the wheels.

"I guess you can make train wheels say anything you want to," he decided, as he turned over on his side and went to sleep, while the wheels beneath him sang happily, "She's sleeping now . . . She's sleeping now . . ."

When the train pulled into the station, he scanned the waiting crowd anxiously, almost impatiently; but she was not there. Deciding that she had failed to receive his telegram in time, he concluded that it would be more exciting, anyway, to surprise her. After all, she hadn't seen him for over a year now, and he wondered just how many of his numerous letters were able to reach her hands.

He entered the glass-enclosed florist shop there in the station. As soon as the heavy glass door closed, he was engulfed by the odor of flowers, permeating the small shop with an intoxicating, almost suffocating, fragrance. So different was this atmosphere from the stench and smell of the battlefield that he stood for a full minute in the middle of the room, just filling his lungs with the perfume-laden air.

After purchasing his roses—deep coral ones to match her lips—he left the shop, and soon luckily found a waiting cab.

Now the moments truly began to seem like hours. He kept urging the driver to "go faster"; and finally, after centuries, it seemed, he stood before the dark red brick apartment building.

Bounding up the stairs, his heart singing, he rang the bell of number 23A. Her roommate, Cassie, opened the door, and he could tell, by the way she lowered

her eyes as she greeted him, that something was wrong.

Knowing at once that *she* wasn't there, he asked haltingly, "Where—where is she, Cassie?"

The wan-faced blonde slowly answered, "In Oakhill."

She began to explain something, but he wasn't listening. Instead, he turned away and started down the stairs. He could hear the door above him close with a note of finality. "She didn't wait for me, after all," he muttered brokenly. "I—I guess she just—just couldn't wait any longer."

The outside air sent a chill through his body, but he was unaware of the crisp weather. Impervious to the sounds and crowds of the busy street, he walked, as if numb, in the direction of Oakhill. The sky was getting darker, and from the depths of the hazy, gray atmosphere, feathery flakes of snow began to tumble, falling in riotous abandon, in tiny swirls, drifting lazily and languidly down toward the bare, unprotected earth below.

Oakhill was not far from the apartment building, and already he had approached the "richer" section of town. The large Colonial home on the corner was the personal property of the State Treasurer, and the gray stone mansion next to it bore the home address of the Mayor. On and on he went, past landscaped yards and newly washed windows, stone and brick houses pillared and turreted, red and white, with numerous chimneys. This was where the wealthy elite of the town lived. In this large, imposing yellow brick home lived Jans Carter, his most persistent rival, at whose cravat and pearly gray spats *she* had secretly laughed.

Even to remember her laughter, now, made his heart feel heavy and leaden and, with measured step, he walked on while the snow fell harder. Now he had passed all the homes and was finally outside the

city limits. The sidewalk had dwindled into a mere foot-path running parallel to the highway, and even that was partly obliterated by the drifting snow.

The gateway to Oakhill was flanked on either side by tall, cut-stone pillars that formed a high arch under which the man in khaki slowly walked. The gravel on the wide, curving path beneath his "G. I." shoes made a harsh, grating sound that even the covering of snow couldn't deaden.

Characteristic of its name, there were many oaks on the grounds, and after looking around him for awhile with vacant eyes, he went slowly, almost reverently, in the direction of one of the largest white-mantled trees. It was here that he

stopped and knelt down. With his hand resting on the small, vertical slab of cold marble, he silently bent his head.

A lonely sparrow in the branches of the great oak looked down and saw the coral flowers, bloodlike against the whiteness of the snow. Beside the flowers was a kneeling man in khaki, whose sandy head was bowed and whose lips were moving in prayer.

The snow kept silently falling. It gave a statuesque appearance to the immobile scene. A few blocks away the clock in the Bankers' Life Building struck ten, and in the distance, almost as if in another world, ironically train wheels were saying, "She's sleeping now . . . She's sleeping now. . . ."

Journey into Light

Author Unknown

It was I and one black man
Alone in desert spaces,
Waiting for God's perfect light
That would lead to heaven's oasis.

He was tall and lank and ugly
With a black, heavy face,
And he walked with that slow, lazy rhythm
That distinguishes his Negro race.

I kept my yard of distance
'Tween me and this one man
For fear of catching the black contagion
From the sweaty, black touch of his hand.

Then the glory of God came upon us
Like a ray of light from the sky.
When I looked at my companion,
Lo, he was fairer than I.

The One Rose

By Mary Richards

The most beautiful spot in the Midwest is a tiny clearing about eight by ten feet in what was originally a man-made forest. To get to it you go up a grassy hill, follow the narrow path on your left for about twenty-five feet, then take that fork on the right; and after having evergreen and oak branches hit you in the face for fifteen more feet, you are there. The clearing is almost indescribably lovely; the rich bluegrass is mixed with clover, and many varieties of wild flowers lend color to the edges. At the right of the clearing is a perfectly formed rose bush—and here the story begins.

It was because of this bush that Joyce met Smitty. She had had to plant it for Arbor Day and had just happened upon this spot. As she was in the midst of placing the dirt around it, a tall, nice-looking boy of her own age came into the clearing, having lost his way back to town after fishing all morning. Joyce showed him the right road, and each went his way, determined to meet again. Of course Smitty called for a date; Joyce eagerly accepted, and neither was sorry for his aggressiveness.

* * *

Now they had been going together steadily for a year and a half. They were together today in the clearing, which they called "Arbush." Smitty looked at Joyce solemnly.

"It might be an awfully long time before I see you again, honey. The army is a pretty indefinite occupation."

"Funny"—but Joyce didn't smile—"I never really thought about it when other fellows left."

"No, I guess you didn't."

"Smitty?"

"Yes."

"I'll miss you."

The boy put his arm around his girl; he didn't know why, but the world didn't seem quite so dismal that way. They looked at their bush; it bound them more closely together. One rose on the lowest branch was beginning to bloom.

Weeks passed. Joyce was busy, always doing something, running here and there. She was kept very much occupied entertaining the boys at U. S. O. dances. Lots of times she wondered if she was in love; she had fun with the other boys, but Smitty's letters filled her with a quiet serenity. He had such important things to say, such worth-while things; he was a man now, she thought. She missed him.

May came. Smitty was to have a furlough! If you dared to plan, the spell might be broken. Living consisted of waiting and each breath brought him an instant nearer. Time passed so slowly that the hands on the clock almost seemed to move backward. At last he came. It was Monday; he was to be home for seven days. Being with Smitty, watching his eyes, loving the way his nose was made, feeling his hand on hers, was Joyce's life for a week. They were together constantly. Whenever it was possible, out they went to their spot near the river and the rose bush. Still there was only the one white rose, now in full bloom. Smitty talked for days about the army, about home, about life, and about Joyce. There was no longer any doubt; this was love—fine, beautiful, and lasting. Then suddenly the week was gone and life was empty. Joyce watched every day for mail. There was always one letter, sometimes two. Once a week Joyce went out to "Arbush" with Smitty's letters. She read

in the cool quiet, and dreamed. The bush seemed to bring Smitty near. Only the one white flawless flower bloomed.

Telegrams don't always mean bad news! Maybe Smitty had another furlough. Maybe he couldn't get to her. Why would it be from his folks? Why would they put it in an envelope and mail it to her? Maybe it's a surprise. Maybe it's a trick. Maybe—or, why *couldn't* she open it? She would go out to "Arbush," that would reassure her. Without another moment's thought, Joyce jumped into the car and drove madly to the spot

where she must continue on foot. Breathlessly she ran up the hill and down the path, not glancing at the glimmering waters of the sun-kissed river, not noticing the swaying of the mournful trees till she came to the clearing. She stopped short—the rose, their rose, had been trampled! Someone had been there. The rose lay on the ground—crushed, broken, dead. Weakly she sat down, and without opening the telegram, through her screen of tears, Joyce looked at the roseless bush and knew that she had only the cherished memory of a lovely thing.

The Three "Men"

By Doris Croom

One Saturday afternoon two other privates and I had secured leave and, as was customary, we went to the nearest park for diversion. We were walking through the park when we saw a young man sitting on a bench. His head was cocked to one side as though he had nothing to do except listen to the chirping of the birds. He was dressed comfortably and seemed the perfect picture of an indolent son of the idle rich. This impression was further heightened by the fact that we could see the head of a beautiful dog protruding beyond the far side of the bench on which he was seated. As we drew abreast of the bench, I took my two companions by their arms and stopped them.

"Well," I said sarcastically, "here's Mr. Playboy himself. Now wouldn't he make a beautiful soldier?"

My two companions immediately fell into the spirit of the thing. "Yes," answered one, "but I wonder why he isn't."

"Oh, that's easy," I replied. "His father knows the 'big shot' on the draft board."

The civilian just sat there, not even looking at us. But finally he did move.

"You boys are soldiers, aren't you?" he asked.

"Well," I cracked, "he *is* a patriot. Doesn't even know a soldier when he sees one!"

"I thought you were." He stood up. "God bless you, soldiers," he said quietly. He briefly motioned, and the dog sprang to attention beside him. Three dumbfounded, conscience-stricken boys, playing soldiers, watched them go—a proudly erect young man marching through life with his hand on the steel and leather harness that is the universally known insignia of the seeing-eye dog.

As I saw those two real soldiers receding into the distance, I swore before God that never would I again judge a person by appearance or with a biased, prejudiced mind. Whether that boy knows it or not, those four final words he spoke made men out of three boys who only thought they were men.

Was It Worth It?

By Vivian Moss

I glanced feverishly back at the highway, which stretched behind me like a beautiful ribbon shining in the dusk. My mind did not register the scene, however, for the one thought in my mind kept pushing me ahead. My foot pressed down on the accelerator, which by this time was against the floor board, and my eyes strayed toward a little square piece of paper and the writing on it; but I jerked by head away, determined not to read it again.

"I must make it. I must!" was the prayer on my lips as I raced on. At twenty minutes till six, on the afternoon of July 8, 1942, I was twenty-one miles from my destination, and six o'clock was the fatal hour.

Again I looked behind me. I cannot be stopped now, not now. I have come too far! Once again I caught myself gazing at that piece of paper, so little, yet so interfering and big to the law-breaker.

I looked ahead and took a firmer grip on the steering wheel. I hadn't much farther to go, but there wasn't much time left, either. If I arrived a few minutes late, all would be lost.

So many thoughts crowded into my mind in that brief race against time that I hardly remember reaching the obscure little shop called "Patton's." After stopping to regain my breath and to realize that the luck of the gods had been with me in helping me to arrive on time, I went inside; a small bell tinkled to announce my entrance. Behind the counter was a robust, spectacled little man whom any name but Patton would have suited better. He brought forth the prize of my journey—how beautiful and exquisitely made it was—so worth all my pains.

I placed the money hastily on the counter and hurried out of the shop, anxious to be on my way again. The masquerade costume lay on the seat beside me as I drove, where I could gaze and marvel at its workmanship. I'd be the belle of the ball tonight; Susan Bracker would not have a chance beside me.

It was dark now, and the road before me was empty of the usual traffic; here and there I could see the dark outline of a farmhouse. Once again my eyes were drawn by some magnetic force toward the tiny bit of paper pasted in the right windshield—the paper that has an *A* on one side and "Is this trip really necessary?" on the other. I glanced down at the gas gauge; it registered empty.



Small Town Religion

By Kathleen Norris

In the quiet coolness of an early Sunday morning a bird sang just outside of a stained-glass window. The sunlight fell in soft tinted pools on the worn floor rug. A bright warm shaft of light fell upon the alter and the old preacher, picking out beautiful glints in his white hair. Amidst this setting in a small-town Methodist church, I sat with my family and friends. It was to this quiet place that I came every Sunday morning and often during the week—it was our church, and we loved it.

With a seating capacity of only about a hundred, this little church held the townspeople that everyone knew, and that everyone knew everything about. I often sat in the straight wooden pew listening to the old preacher, wondering how Mrs. Smith's little boy was getting along, or whether the preacher was going to have dinner with the Williams family again this Sunday. Then again, many's the time, in accordance with an urgent whisper from a friend, I've turned around to glance at a visitor in the church, and to discuss the possibilities of his being the man visiting the Smiths—or a stranger just passing by.

It was here that I attended my first Sunday school class—separated from the other classes by a screen set up in the corner, because the church was only a one-room building. Finally it was here that I decided, along with my brother, to join the church, and become part of the great work and Christianity—and we were baptized in the river about a mile and a half away.

Now, as I've grown up and come with my family to live in the city, I sometimes wander in thought from the sermon—back to our little church. When once more I listen to hear the little bird outside the small stained-glass window, and

instead hear the screech of city bus brakes; when I look to find the small soft pools of sunlight on the worn carpet, and instead see the cold hardwood floor holding no sunlight because the building next door is too close; when I look across the aisle to see if Mrs. Smith's boy is well enough to come to Sunday school, and instead see a very smartly dressed, tired-looking woman, whom I do not know, and shall probably never know; when I look down over the hundreds of people to see the kind old face of our beloved preacher of the little church, and instead see just a young, but earnest, eager face behind the alter—I know that the old white-haired man has passed away, along with so much of the good, plain living of our small town, and I, too, wonder about progress.



A Prisoner in Heaven

By Peggy Freeman

James Thomas Montgomery, III, stood with his hands in the pockets of his black striped suit. The sun was smiling at her reflection on his pink, bald head; and the brilliant blue sky was losing the contest with his blue eyes. Even the Pearly Gates before him could not pretend to be brighter than his own white teeth. Below him, below the mist, he saw his wife standing by his mother, as always directing him, telling him what to do.

"Thank God," he murmured, "I'm away from their bossing. When I get in here, I'll do as I damn please."

Suddenly there was a fierce slap of thunder. The great Gate swung open, and James Thomas Montgomery, III, saw the bright streams of sunshine flowing into the heavens. A little old bent-up man with a wise, wise face, but no halo, no wings as he expected, stepped from the mist of spring flowers. His face was not only old and very wise, but it had a look that seemed to say "Everlasting."

He spoke. "The prayers of your devoted wife and your kindly mother are answered. You will spend Eternity with us. You would not be here in your own right. Come, let me show you your new home."

"Thank you, St. Peter," said James Thomas Montgomery, III, failing to notice the little twinkle in the old man's eyes.

The couple began to wander, stopping occasionally to chuck a cherub under the chin, smell a dainty flower, or gaze in admiration at a far-off view. The Pearly Gate, much to the newcomer's amazement, was not a gate at all, but a wall which encompassed this space as far as the eye could see. It was perfectly smooth on the inside.

"St. Peter," asked James Thomas Montgomery, "how does one leave to go flying around—or do you fly? I want to wander about in space and drop in on my old friends on earth." He added confidentially, almost aside, "I've always wanted to be free. My whole life has been lived as my 'kindly' mother and 'devoted' wife wanted it to be. Oh, how I've hated it!" His round, pink face was getting pinker as he grew more confidential and more emphatic. "I've always paid them lip homage and have done the things they wanted, but in my mind I was free. There I did as I chose. And I need not tell you that my mind has been a busy place." And he laughed in the same way he had laughed when old Charlie Williams told him that little story at the club. It was a sly giggle that had no place in the peacefulness of his surroundings.

"Oh, those two women," he continued, "they were so good to pray for me. It's a wonder they did. Now I'll get to make up for all the things I've not been able to do." His blue eyes sparkled and his chubby cheeks wobbled as he bobbed his head up and down and repeated, "How do we get out?"

"My dear fellow," said the old man, "there is no way out. The doors open only in. You cannot leave. Why do you think your wife and mother prayed for you, James Thomas Montgomery, III? They were not through ruling you. You died before they willed it."

"You mean," cried James, "that I am chained to them even in heaven? Heaven!" And he began to weep and implore the heights above him. "Heaven—a prisoner in heaven is in hell!"

"Of course, my good man," replied the old one. "But where did you think you were? You have spent a lifetime in sin."

You hid your individuality by woodenly, though unwillingly, obeying your wife and mother. You never really used what God gave you. Your Eternity must be spent following the same principles."

And he smiled. Smiled at the men who

paid only lip homage to everyone and so hid the candle under the basket that there was no longer any flame. He smiled his devil's smile, and the sky became black and overcast. "A prisoner in heaven is in hell!" he said.

Sketch of My Father

By Vanda Nelson

He is tall and so slender that you can understand why in high school his nickname was "Lanky." His shoulders are carried with an erectness that comes only from years spent in the army. You would not think him handsome or even good-looking, but he is distinguished looking. In his appearance and in his actions, he is a gentleman; he grew up in a formal age.

He has a lean, wind-tanned, brown face. The hair around the bald top of his head is dark brown and gray at the temples. Below thick eyebrows, which eloquently express an inward question when he is worried or absorbed, his deep, hazel-brown eyes look straight at you through his rimless glasses. They are wise, serious eyes. His nose, slightly crooked because he broke it playing football, is round and full at the nostrils. The firm line of his mouth and the strength of his chin reveal determination, purpose. As he laughs, the sobriety of his face miraculously disappears; devils begin to dance in his twinkling eyes. His years seem to slip away, and he looks amazingly like a small, mischievous boy.

Like all people whose emotions are at the surface, he becomes angry very easily. Then a storm of masculine expressions continues until suddenly he is angry no

longer. He plans his business and the management of his home carefully, but he likes to do little things on the spur of the moment. When he goes into a grocery store with a list in his pocket, he is very likely to come home with several boxes of cereal or cookies that weren't on the list. When he shops himself or with members of the family, he has definite ideas about clothes. More than generous, he would never be able to save pennies. The most dominant characteristic of his personality is, however, a reserve that often hides his feelings.

His most prized possession is the farm where he spends his summers. As soon as he arrives home from the office, he climbs into old, paint-spattered trousers and puts on a ragged shirt. He immediately goes out to his three hobbies, the raising of several thousand chickens, of huge tomatoes, and of thoroughbred cattle. Perhaps a fourth hobby is his outdoor oven. He is at his very best when he cooks fried chicken, mush bread, steak, and French fried potatoes over an open fire. His farm with all that it brings him means more to him than city life ever could.

This is a sketch of a man who is real, who is very human. This is a sketch of my father.

The Last Night

By Anne Stahl

This is my last night. As I lie here on my cot, waiting for the guard to approach our cell to abuse us again, the dirty gray mist becomes the rain at home, clear, bright and sparkling, and the leaking walls become the drainpipe outside the corner window of the workshop above the garage, where I tinkered with plane models and motors.

I can remember the first day I saw the rain, like sparkling silver, stream from the sunny heavens. I ran home to Mom, startled and unhappy by this phenomenon. Later I realized that I wished the rain to appear always with the sunshine. The rain sounded so happy and warm, and the sun buoyed up your spirits.

The sun could never shine here when it rained, though. There was no use in hoping for it, because the sun never shines on this land of misery.

I don't want to think about where I am. I want to think about where I was—home.

I can remember long tramps through the rain-drenched woods looking for rabbits with Jim. Everything was so green and sparkling and . . . and . . . clean. At that time the whole world seemed so to me. Now I know how cold, and bitter and dirty rain can be. I know now.

Tomorrow I'll be home—home with all its clean, natural beauty. At long last I'll be home. It is about ten-thirty now. In twelve hours I'll be home, away from the guard who is walking down the long cell block now. I may not be home in body, no, but all bodies decay and rot in time. However, I'll be home in spirit. I'll be home to stay forever and an eternity.

The Forest Slumbers

By Ruth Hoe

It is dark within the forest. The last rays of the setting sun are too feeble to penetrate the umbrella of leaves which forms a canopy over the undergrowth. The last small pool of sunlight has long since departed and has been replaced by the cool, dark robe of night. Within the forest there is little twilight, and that small portion no longer envelopes the majestic woods.

The noise has also fled the forest. No longer does the excitement of day fill the enchanted depths. The sound of merry Scouts, the opening of picnic cans, the

bark of a dog, the slam of car doors, the crunch of wagon wheels on gravel roads, the softness of moccasined feet, and the last crackle of the campfires have vanished. As the ranger checks his stations and follows the path, which leads down into the valley, the hum of the insects is hushed.

Rabbits scamper to their holes; birds settle in their nests; squirrels forsake the arduous task of seeking nuts; deer hide in briar thickets; the last plaintive call of the whippoorwill resounds from the walls of the mountains.

The forest slumbers.

Superman

By Kicki Moss

Superman! That name given to the heroic man of our favorite comic strip, who not only flies across continents in split seconds, but dives, swims, and burrows beneath the ground at a speed never believed possible. Wherever there is trouble, there appears Superman, dressed in his characteristic uniform, with cape blowing behind him, and the huge "S" standing out on his mighty chest. Men cower before his piercing eye and run from the embrace of his muscular arms, ever more standing in fear of his presence.

Dressed in civilian clothes in his role of Clark Kent, ace reporter, he appears to be just another person in the multitude of ordinary city folks; but on seeing through the use of his X-ray eyes, a gang of thieves planning murder in an old warehouse, he immediately rushes behind the building, and strips off his outer layer of clothes, revealing the famous suit of—**SUPERMAN, MAN OF TOMORROW!** His introduction to the people both in the paper and over the radio, is the well-known "It's a bird; no, it's a plane; it's Superman!", while plummeting toward earth comes the costumed figure of the world's mightiest man, his body shaped like a well-performed swan dive in order that his great chest might be

foremost to break the flight of bullets and bombs that by chance would happen to stray his way.

From the first publication of the deeds of this hero, he has kept himself before the eyes of the American public, commanding as much if not more sighs and moans from his admiring audiences than the songs of Frank Sinatra. His magnificent physique towering above mercy-begging Germans and Japanese has caused a feeling of pride mingled with one of strength to sweep over the people of the United States. It is as if we ourselves had taken the form of this Superman and were now engaged in the process of proving to our back-stabbing enemies that the United States of America would stand for no such treatment. He gives us that courage and spirit which is so important to a nation fighting a war. In the children who eagerly follow his adventures daily, he implants the knowledge of the necessity of kindness, mercy, and the prevailing power of right and justice to even the most lowly.

Superman is a monument of strength and loyalty to all the people, and he sets the example for them to follow. Indeed, he is truly an American figure.

Happiness

Author Unknown

I reached for happiness
And greedily grasped it in my hands.
It filtered through my fingers
Like desert sands.

I heard somebody laugh
And stood listening quietly.
It floated through the air
And clung to me.

Rain in the City

By Ellen Williams

Slowly the glaring sun of an August afternoon was consumed by heavy clouds. Stubborn little rays struggled to make themselves seen through the dismal masses. They wanted one last glance at the soft tarry streets, the burning sidewalks, and the white-blindness of the many office buildings. These beams of light played a game of "wink" with the office lights that twinkled in the ever-increasing darkness.

Eyes glanced skyward, apprehensive of the coming downpour. A feeling of tenseness mingled with a damp closeness seemed to command the aim. A mask of suspense was worn on every face, symbolic of the watching, the waiting—for the inevitable. The minutes seemed to lag behind as a child not wanting to leave his toys of the day.

At last the nimbus ball was filled. Its thunder made scores of stable foundations

tremble. The very vibrations of its rumble split its walls. The condensed vapor gushed out, splashing over the torrid city. Great sprays bounded in the open windows, but were soon repelled by noisy slammings. The enormous raindrops raced each other down the steep walls of a skyscraper, and merged at its base, gurgling in the gutters of the streets.

Fortunate individuals sported flashy umbrellas to protect themselves from the wind-driven water. Others darted from awning to awning, clutching desperately a soaked newspaper, or an improvised rain-hat. Motorists sat in stuffy cars, afraid to open the windows for fear of being drenched from pond-like puddles. Wildly they blew horns and raced windshield wipers in an effort to peer through the sheets of water.

Momentarily the life of the city was put at a standstill by an over supply of raindrops.

Spring

By Peggy Freeman

A risque little breeze
Wheezed around the corner
Lifting women's skirts
And knocking off men's hats.
A fresh little tree
Slapped his leaves
Against his sides
And laughed.
A busy little bird
Whistled, and was hopping
Mad when
She didn't turn around.
Spring makes everything
So human.

Rhimes



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THE CHIMES

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WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

FOREWORD

*T*he Fall issue of the 1944-45 *Chimes* is before you. We of the staff hope that you will enjoy reading it as much as we have enjoyed preparing it for you.

We have great ambitions for our magazine this year. We can hardly expect it to be an *Atlantic Monthly*, for *Chimes* is a student publication which contains only the work of Ward-Belmont students. It is ours. It should represent the best work we can do. To make it this, we invite your cooperation. If you are a reader, please let us know what authors and types of work you have enjoyed. If you write, don't be afraid to turn your writings in to us, for we promise to give careful consideration to each contribution.

It is our aim to make *Chimes* a magazine worthy of the students. The more students who participate in it, both as readers and as writers, the better able we shall be to accomplish our aim.

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	FAY MAPLES	

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On The Cultural Side

By Bette Pierce

College '46

When I first arrived at Ward-Belmont I was under the impression (under the influence of the catalog) that within the cloistered walls of said institution I would become educated, cultured, and refined to the highest possible degree. Two months of the school year have now passed and with them have gone my idealistic notions. Do I spend long hours in the library stowing away the many facts to be found in its numerous volumes? Most definitely not. Do I sit in Acklen Hall admiring the relics of a dead civilization and becoming imbued with Old Southern culture? Now really! No, I must admit that I do not spend my many hours of leisure (any exaggeration found herein is purely hyperbolic) in these profitable ways. Instead I find myself constantly drawn to the most interesting place on campus . . . the smoker. Here life is real but not *too* earnest; here is to be found the true spirit of W.-B. Take, for example, a typical evening spent here.

I lift my weary eyes from the closely-printed pages of Lucas's

lengthy *Short History of Civilization* and look at my roommate, who is busily being original for a required essay.

"What time?"

"8:47."

"Shall we?"

"Think we should take the time?"

"No."

"Got any?"

"Couple."

"Let's."

"O. K."

And off to the smoker we go, wagging our books behind us.

"Greetings, fellow interneers. Anybody got a match? Thanks. Where's the ciggie, Nellie? What? Oh, nine o'clock. Bye . . . don't study too hard. Anybody have French for English? Well, did she give you all that nasty dictionary assignment too? Gosh, I'll be up all night finding those words. A quiz! Oh, no! Well, guess the midnight oil shall burn again tonight. Who? Not *her*! What the heck was she doing on second floor of the Hermitage anyway? *No!* Think she'll be shipped? And she was just be-

ginning to like that fellow from Smyrna, too. That's really tough. Did I see him at the recital Thursday night! Kid, I darn near *stomped*! Of course he affects everybody like that. Why, Miss Owen's main duty is to revive the girls after their music lessons! Gee, makes me all weak just to think of it. Now, really, did you *have* to mention that he's married? Some people just *like* to take the joy out of life. Quiet, girls—here comes the proctor.”

(Five minutes of very studious silence).

“Well, guess we can relax now. Anybody got a ciggie? Thanks a million. Maybe next week I'll have some for a change. Well, you needn't be so sarcastic about it. What? Did I get *sick*? Honest, I nearly—but I didn't. It isn't so much the cutting on Horace, (that's what I named mine) as it is the smell of that darned formaldehyde. Why can't they pickle them in Chanel No. 5 or something? Well, yours may have had a cute liver, but you should have seen Horace's gall bladder. Honest, Mrs. Dempster said that he was absolutely *unusual*. Going home! Who? Well, of all the lucky people! Me? Heck, I'll be doing good to get home Christmas. Some people get all the

breaks. Jim's going to be there too? Well, isn't it *too* convenient that her tooth had to be filled just when he got his leave? Did somebody mention having a date? Honest, when I finally get back in circulation, all the men between fourteen and forty had better lock themselves in . . . they won't have a fighting chance! Woof, woof! Just know I've completely forgotten how to dance. I do take ballroom here . . . I'm the athletic type . . . but it just isn't the same pushing some girl around as it is to be pushed around by a *man*! Well, you just quit bragging. If I ever got two letters in *one week* from the Ensign, I would probably faint right then and there. Not that he isn't absolutely faithful, of course, but he just doesn't like to write letters. *You* never get any mail! Honest, I never open my box for anything but to dust it out. It may be that I owe twenty-seven letters, but somehow I just can't get around to answering all of them. Who has food? Heck, we're in such a starving condition that we'd welcome even crackers and peanut butter! Guess I might get enough in the dining room if I liked lima beans and apples, but I just can't bring myself to it. Now everybody be quiet . . . I've
(Continued on Page 15)

Fighterpecker

By Katherine Macneil

Preparatory School Freshman

Of course I have had many pets of my own and among them were the usual run of dogs, cats, goldfish and the like, but none did anything especially original. Some ran away, others came into tragic collisions with cars, and a few forgot their manners so constantly that they were given away at Mother's request, so I am telling about one of the pets my father had when he was a little boy.

It all started with Daddy's raising hens. Not that it wasn't good to raise hens—in fact, it was rather profitable at first, but that was before the dauntless Holland McTyeire, the next door neighbor's rooster, came upon the scene. One by one Daddy's roosters became subject to Holland's prowess, while gradually all of the hens departed to join his increasing harem. In time this harem consisted not only of Daddy's hens but also those of the entire community. Holland McTyeire was indeed a proud rooster.

Finally there was only one thing for Daddy to do, and that was to get rid of Holland McTyeire. Daddy did this in a very clever way.

He wrote his uncle, who was at that time specializing in Irish Grey Game Cocks, and explained his troubles. His uncle sympathetically complied by sending a champion rooster, by name, Fighterpecker.

When Fighterpecker arrived, Daddy thought he was one of the handsomest roosters he had ever seen, gallant and high-stepping. He immediately set about proving his superlative abilities as a fighter. He fought most of the roosters in the neighborhood and defeated them all. Daddy was jubilant!

It seems that one night Fighterpecker was not confined to his coop. The next day Holland was found in the alley, lying on his back, surrounded by feathers with his toes stuck forlornly up in the air, the picture of a fallen hero. Poor Holland, he was at last defeated, and a new victor, Fighterpecker, had taken his place of honor. Meanwhile Fighterpecker, minus one eye, — plus the admiring group of Holland's widows, strutted proudly up and down the chicken coop boasting loudly of his triumph.

Fire

By Jeannette Smith

Preparatory School Senior

What is this thing which glows before you?
Define it, tell me, I implore you.
Dancing, leaping, glowing brightly
Something glorious, frightening, sprightly.
Does it live, this thing before you?

Men call it Fire, this undefinable,
Glittering thing, not built, not minable,
Sought not on the ocean's floor
Present now, now here no more,
Gaudy fire, so undefinable.

The whole great earth revolves around it.
No one built it; no one found it.
A glowing ball which burns on high,
The sun, a bonfire in the sky.
Burning mass, Earth moves around it.

We live by it
Die by it
Give by it
Cry by it
Build with it
Destroy with it
Kill with it
Employ it.

We make it a slave
We let it be master
This bringer of grave
And ghastly disaster
Carefully hold it

Cruelly use it
Never embolden it
Always abuse it.
A dutiful slave
A merciless master
A bringer of grave
And ghastly disaster.

Oh, beautiful, wonderful, pitiless Fire!
It can build up a nation, a glorious empire,
But give it a chance, it devours your life,
A blessing at peace, a demon at strife.
This gorgeous, intangible fire.

Color Riddle

By Peggy Freeman

College '45

A little black dog
Trotted down the street
Behind him
And wagged its tail.
He leaned over
And patted its curly hair
And smiled.

A little black boy
Trotted down the street
Behind him
And waved his "shine" box.
He leaned over
And patted his curly hair
And smiled.

"He" must have been a black man
Or God.

ESSAY CONTEST

UNITY THROUGH BOOKS

By MARILYN HARRELL

College '46

This week is Book Week; and this year more than ever before Book Week should really mean something to all of us. Why with the war and all the big, important, real things going on around us now should we be concerned with books and Book Week? We don't have time to read. We're too busy, much too busy to spend our time in a land of make believe. Well, that is just my reason for thinking Book Week should be stressed in this war year of 1944; to show America how very important books are, especially now and in the near future; to show America that it is not wasting its time while reading, but storing up precious wealth to be used in the future. After this war there will be a lot of adjusting to do, a lot of understanding to do, a lot of tolerating to do, and a lot of knowing to do. And books, in bringing about unity . . . the unity between nations that will

prove so necessary . . . will play their part in making this a better world.

One of the most enchanting things in this world is reading a book. Can you imagine anything more delightful than living the long, cold winter days and the hot Canada summers with the White-oaks, sharing each joy and each sorrow with Finch and Renny and Grandmother and Alyane, loving and laughing and crying with them all? Or can you ever forget the tender and valiant story of *The Robe*? The story of gallant and dauntless men and women loving a true and living God and holding to their faith with an unmovable tenacity until death did carry them to a better world. I could go on and on citing experience after experience I have lived in a book that I would not trade for gold. But today there's something more we should get out of a book than pleasure . . . a knowledge, a

knowledge that will help to bring about unity in this world.

What do I mean by unity? I mean a state of harmony existing between nations for the greatest gain of all. But how can this harmony be established? How can we be unified with a country about which we know nothing? How, but through books—books which give us an insight into the lives and the ideas and ideals of another people, books which give us an understanding of another people so that we will have a common base upon which to build. An example is *Mission to Moscow* in which we find vividly portrayed the true picture of the Soviet Union in all its fundamental greatness. In it and other books about other nations we find hope for unity, we find that people all over

honest and are striving for the the world are basically good and betterment of mankind just as we in America are. Thus we have a fundamental basis upon which to build with the bricks of tolerance, unselfishness, and understanding, a world peace.

We are the younger generation and upon our shoulders soon is to be placed this troubled world with its complicated problems and complex life. And it is up to us to cut out the evil that has deformed the world into a cruel and thoughtless place; and to add instead fellowship to make a peaceful and happy union of nations where every man will have a chance for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. I believe that we, aided by unity through books, can accomplish the job set before us.

SECOND PLACE—HONORABLE MENTION

NEW HORIZONS OPENED THROUGH BOOKS

By JOAN FORSYTHE

College '46

How well I remember a certain poem of my childhood, by Robert Louis Stevenson, I believe. Although I cannot recollect its name or full details, I shall never forget the beautiful colored picture and

vividly written poem on the page. The picture, I recall especially: a dreamy cloud picture of a passing parade—Marco Polo, Ichabod Crane, Tiny Tim, The Three Musketeers, Romeo and Juliet,

Peter Pan, Robinson Crusoe, the "Little Women", Long John Silver, Queen Elizabeth—and lying stretched out below, gazing into an open story book, was a little freckled child.

This mirage was her dream world. To her, through books, was brought the beauty, mystery, and excitement of other lands and other environments. Into her warm and peaceful American home was introduced the spicy mystery of the orient; the weirdness of a headless horseman galloping through the New England moonlight night; the warmhearted, cheerful, glowing Christmas of the Cratchit family; dashing cavaliers, tender young lovers, enchanted fairylands, fascinating life on a desert island or in a family crowded with noisy laughing girls, or tossing and rolling on the deep blue in a pirate galleon. She could almost feel the wheel's kick beneath her hands, the salty, clear air making her very blood tingle, the spray flung on her face, and the sea gull's cry.

And now I see that little girl was I; that I too experienced all those things because of my vivid imagination. I thrill to them still.

However as I grow older, I find these books hold newer, deeper meanings for me. Not only do I live temporarily in a filmy dream world, and thus find beautiful escape from the dull and commonplace routine of everyday life, but also the world of books opens to me a field of realism: the lives and customs of peoples of other lands, whom, through literature, we come to know as brothers; the unpleasant, sordid, and naturalistic side of life, which although we refuse to think of it, nevertheless is greatly present in our life, which sets us to thinking along lines of social service, to correct such conditions.

Thus books have become an invaluable part of world living. Through books, we can better understand other peoples of other nations and so avert wars and all lesser misunderstandings. Also we are presented with problems of crime, extreme poverty, maladjustment, and all other economic, social and political conditions so that, having thus been presented with the facts through literature, we are brought abruptly to earth and made capable of facing them.

The Right Change

By Mary Richards

College '45

"Two Adults, three children and one service man, please." Robin consulted the charts frantically, as the small man with twinkling kind eyes waited for his change and his tickets. How confusing! Robin watched the group go into the lobby and smiled. It was fun having strange combinations, even though one did have difficulty computing the mathematical oddities and returning the right change. Now the foyer was empty; no one was coming up the street; Loretta, the blond seventeen year old, was busy at the popcorn machine, and Robin could relax for a few minutes.

Directly across from the small town theatre was a garage, forlorn and empty. The remnants of a few antiquated cars could be seen dimly through the clouded glass, but it was just a building waiting for the time of new automobiles. Even the stop sign was battered and blithely ignored; its spirit and power were broken, its domineering heart quite visably cracked. The "Safeway" parking space held only five vehicles, two bicycles. People were walking in small

towns, too. Up on the next corner was a brick house, homey with age and friendly with living. In the front yard sat two people talking, waiting for postman, and missing the third member of their family. The couple faced St. James Episcopal Church, a gray building constructed for the comfort rather than the awe of its members. Robin loved to watch the scene change color as the sun went down. The red bricks of the old house grew fainter until finally she couldn't distinguish bricks at all; then it got so dark that only the dim street light reminded her that there was anything more than a shadow there. Everything was hushed. It was as though everything were waiting.

People, Robin observed, were waiting too. Either this suspended feeling was new for the masses, or she had never noticed it before. Perhaps spending a school year in another section of the country had brought as many changes to the Mid-western town as it had brought to Robin. Once she had known everyone, but now the faces were unfamiliar. Even though she

didn't recognize people, she enjoyed watching them and invented names for them. The dirty giant of fourteen, who insisted he was still eleven, she called Pete. His visits to the theatre were regular, and watching him grin superiorly as his deception was overlooked, Robin wondered why Pete had learned to cheat that soon. Then one Sunday about seven she saw a life-weary couple in factory clothing come for their puzzled little boy who was almost bored with his ninth seeing of the beloved Gene Autry pictures.

The mental picture exploded, for people came in large numbers now. Mr. Wiffington was a wealthy man. He always looked very pompous and austere, as if he felt he were lowering himself to mingle with the dowdy mobs, while he waited for his factory to make more money for him. A large diamond squeezed his balloon-like finger and glared at Robin as he casually tossed the ten spot at her. Robin sometimes wondered if he went into the darkness to see the picture or to watch the diamond glisten. Following Mr. Wiffington was the short, thin, almost bald Mr. Weldon. His small blue eyes peered from behind rimless glasses as he nervously picked out the correct change from the combination of matches

and keys he pulled from his pocket.

"Two adults and . . . we'll hold one of the kids; do we have to pay?" Robin looked down to see a sad rather plump woman beside him with a ragged baby grasping each of her hands.

"No. Two and a half. Thank you."

"Hello, John, what do you hear from Jim?" A tall muscular creature in overalls directed his remark to Mr. Weldon.

"O, not so much these days, Bill, he's missing in France you know . . ." The group wandered into the theatre, and Bill's guise showed he was sorry he had asked.

Carefree youth came bounding in as the high school bridge club cluttered up the foyer.

"Put some more butter and salt on my popcorn, will you?"

"Jane, you get my ticket. I want to talk to Eddie."

"Get your own ticket. I want to talk to him too!" As the name echoed through the foyer all the young women ran to talk to the bashful, formerly ignored boy, who had been known a short time ago as "not too sharp."

"Hi, Chi Chi," Betty, heavy pilot's wings obvious on her sweater, spied an older friend. "What's cookin'?"

"Nothing new. Same old drudge."

"Well, give us a buzz sometime, you big co-ed you!" Then they were gone, and the empty quietness of the lobby was more apparent than before. Only the occasional music from the entertainment inside could be heard now and then.

Robin glanced up to see Corporal Collins limp in. The expanse of ribbons on his chest told the student of today's war that his adventures had taken him to North Africa, Italy, and China, but the careful observer could see the jungles and swamps in his eyes. The way his mouth moved and the dilation of his nostrils told Robin that he was waiting, trying to adjust himself once more to the world of confusion and selfishness he had almost forgotten, but had dreamed of and worked for. He bought his ticket unobtrusively and entered the theatre.

So Robin Marshall watched and found that everything and everybody was waiting. The world was holding its breath. Suddenly, she heard people laughing. At first it was only a scattered chuckle, and then it grew and grew until the whole building was echoing with sound of people's forgetfulness. Robin wanted to see them, to see their faces. Knocking for an usher to take her place, she hurried from

her booth to the side aisle and slowly started down. It wasn't that the picture was very amusing, she found, but someone had laughed and everyone wanted to. It was the release that they all needed. Although all eyes were on the screen, there was a feeling of comradeship, of oneness. Pete wasn't proud anymore; he unconsciously offered his popcorn to the boy next to him. Holding the baby between them, the Weldons were laughing, to each other mostly, but with real happiness. For that few minutes Mr. Wiffington forgot his factory and stopped his mighty guffaws only when he saw the wounded soldier next to him grinning quietly. The bridge club were always screaming together, but this was different. They were laughing with everybody. Robin felt a change in them all. For a few moments they had forgotten themselves, and in that releasing of their sorrows they were aware of each other. All the Weldons, the Petes, rich and poor, young and old were laughing together. For just that instant they had stopped waiting. They had felt God's hand for only that second, but Robin looked at these people in a different way. Smiling, she felt a warmth inside for all of them. A change had come over Robin, and this change really was the right change.

Thoughts at Night

By Harvel Linde

Preparatory School Senior

I sit at my window
And I take in the night,
The calm, the cool, the peaceful night
That brings respite to minds
And hearts.

Long since
The lights have gone.
The people sleep
And only the autumn moon
Gazing down serenely
And the softly whispering wind
Are waking with me.
Peace, peace on earth;
That is the night
Strong in its quietitude,
Beneficent in its rest.
The moon is a mystic goddess
Giving to me of her pale silver beauty,
Of her love.
Ah, Endymion,
The moon gives poesy
Or madness.

Near me
The trees bow down before their god,
The Wind.
Whispering of his greatness,
Trembling at his passing

Are the rustling leaves.
Truly, the dryads speak
At night.

The night sky,
Infinite, boundless,
Holds in its heart
The soul of God
Looking up to it
With faith,
With love,
I gather strength.

Around me, close,
Is the allness of the night,
The allness of God.
He gave the day for work
And worry.
He gave the night
For peace.

ON THE CULTURAL SIDE

(Continued from Page 4)

simply got to finish this chapter
on the Etruscans."

(Seven minutes of comparative
silence).

"What time?"

"9:36."

"No!"

"Yes."

"Guess we'd better go up."

"Yeah."

"Well, 'night you all."

And thus ends another evening
of educational and cultural im-
provement in a smoker of Ward-
Belmont. All right, so it isn't.
But who wants to be Hood and
Gown anyway!

Peace

By Minnie Carter Bailey

College '45

It was all just as he had planned . . . this homecoming of his. Through the tense excitement of two years, spent for the most part in the air, a dream had grown in some sheltered corner of his mind, of the way it would all be when he came back. The memory of his long stay in the hospital blotted out his dream for a while. He remembered quite clearly being wounded, but he could not remember about the armistice . . . it must have come very suddenly during these endless days when he had been so tired. Soon, however, his thoughts came back to the present . . . he was home now, swinging quickly down the familiar street. The trees were misty green with new leaves, and the spring twilight gathered in hazy patches in the hollows of the not-too-distant hills. The house was shadowy and quiet, as it used to be at evening. A smile wrinkled the corners of his eyes when he saw

the little light in the window. They had joked about that when he left, but how good it was to see it there. He clenched his fists hard in sudden fear of the reality of his old dream, and then he saw Ann at the door, wistfully looking out into the dim garden. That first meeting after two years was not easy. Tears and laughter vied with each other for attention, and there was much to say and much that could not be said. The night shadows hurried the hours on their way, and then came the bliss of the cool sheets in the old room. The clock chimed eleven, and peace was his at last.

The nurse methodically pulled the sheet up, and, with a glance at her watch, noted "11:00 p.m." on the harsh card that meant the end of a life. Then she quietly closed the door, leaving a small light in the blacked-out window to guard the peace of the room.

BOOK REVIEWS

Kathleen Norris

Between Tears and Laughter

By Lin Yutang

"While the American people are both friendly to China and sincere in their wish to help China in this war, the policy and acts of their government are such as to suggest complete indifference in the whole six years of the China War, both before and after Pearl Harbor."

This is an excerpt from a collection of essays grouped together under the timely title, *Between Tears and Laughter*, by Lin Yutang, Chinese scholar and philosopher. In it he discusses the most urgent issues of our time, the possibilities of an enduring peace after this war, and the future relations between Asia and the Western World.

In what he terms a plea for understanding and fairness, Lin

Yutang points out acts and policies of the leaders of the Allied governments that he says we have or have had explained inadequately. In very plain language the author states his observations, ideas, and criticisms, and the reader is jarred from his complacency, and faced with facts probably unknown before. The passionate earnestness of his appeal and the humor of the philosopher somewhat blunt the sharp critical attitude of the Chinese scholar toward our chosen leaders of the world. The book should be read, even in disagreement, for its voice and passion and special pleading are of a reawakened China, who will play a great part in the peace of the world when it comes.

Pastoral

By Nevil Shute

In *Pastoral*, his latest novel, Mr. Shute has combined his knowledge of the English countryside, the English people at war, his understanding of the personnel of a bomber crew and the technicalities of piloting a plane in combat, with the age-old device of boy-meet-girl to produce one of the first-ranking novels in the highly-competitive deluge of war-literature. As a Lieutenant-Commander attached to the British Admiralty in London, as an airplane engineer and aviator, the author knows what he is talking about when he writes of pilots and planes. A simple love story in a new setting, it is the romance of an English bomber pilot and a pretty WAAF officer. Peter Marshall, pilot of the "R for Robert," and his crew become interested in fishing as a means of relaxation between missions over Europe, and through this new-found interest he meets Gervase Robertson, also a fishing enthusiast and WAAF Flight Officer in charge of Hartley aerodrome.

Before long Peter is proposing,

and when Gervase doesn't respond properly the result is the demoralization of the pilot and his crew. He storms at his men, becomes unreasonable, and on their next mission almost brings them to disaster over a German city. As Gervase remains somewhat demure the crew of the "R for Robert" goes gradually from bad to worse, until the plane is shot up on an important mission and is unreported for a time.

How much Peter means to his crew . . . and how much he means to Gervase is never fully understood until the crash-landing. The tenseness of the hour, the vivid relation of the circumstances, and the thoroughly human understanding of young people by the author give the conclusion an originality not achieved by the average writer of short stories. As F. H. Bullock remarked, "If you want to understand a bomber pilot's life . . . which is new . . . and a young man in love . . . which is old as the hills . . . I commend to you *Pastoral*."

The Lone Traveler

By Katherine Macneil

Preparatory School Freshman

When I was seven, I thought it was very necessary to see the World's Fair. In fact I considered it so necessary that my parents had no peace for weeks. Finally, after a good deal of discussion, Mother and Daddy decided to send me up to New York to be met by my aunt . . . alone! I was very much excited by this news and felt that I was most important. Even my brothers, who had traveled on the train to New York the year before, had gone together and not alone.

The day of the departure I was quite sure that I was going to miss the train. Daddy and Mother just had to talk forever with the conductor and the porter. Finally they helped me on the train with many little pieces of advice and then, to my horror, got on with me. They stayed in the car so long that I was terribly scared that they might be aboard when the train pulled out and I wouldn't go by myself after all. At last the train did pull out and, very much to my relief, without my anxious parents.

All went well for the first few hours while I industriously read

the book Mother had provided for the trip until I got interested in the little buzzer. It took some time for me to screw up enough courage to ring it but I finally did, and to my surprise, the porter really came. I was so pleased with this performance that the buzzer became quite a game for me. After about an hour of constant ringing, the porter didn't come any more. This didn't bother me in the least because there wasn't anything else for him to bring me anyway.

Since the buzzer game didn't bring the porter any more, I began looking around the car and discovered that almost all of the occupants were Ward-Belmont girls headed home for a vacation. Later one of them told me I looked like her little sister and very kindly invited me over to her seat to watch a card game. From then on, my trip "alone" was very carefully chaperoned. I couldn't even order my own dinner because of vitamins. As a matter of fact, left to my own devices, I would undoubtedly have concentrated on chocolate ice cream, but as it was I had five amateur dietitians sup-

ervising my meals. All the rest of my trip they were my guardian angels who, I soon discovered, loved to talk about their life at Ward-Belmont. I was so much impressed, I then and there resolved to be a Ward-Belmont girl when I was old enough. They didn't mention the homework and themes, I must admit!

My arrival in New York was apparently very amusing to my aunt. It seems that I was quite the thing, all spruced up, with my gloves on, every curl in place. I even tipped the porter, being such model traveler. Little did she know that my perfection was the handiwork of the girls of Ward-Belmont.

Little Bits

By Peggy Freeman

College '45

Your smile comes so easily
That I can almost see
The little gremlins
Pushing up the corners
Of your mouth
And running up to your eyes
To leave stars and little tracks
That the unpoetic would
Call crows' feet.

Raindrops cling to slippery leaves,
Roll a bit, catch hold of their pants,
And draw back.
Then they smile in glistening glee
At the poor old bent down tree.

NOVEMBER • 1913



CHIMES

THE CHIMES

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No. 2

WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

FOREWORD

With this second issue of CHIMES we are presenting a greater variety of material from new contributors, most of whom are new members of our staff. We welcome them.

Settling down to real winter work, our writers have found many inspirations, and have worked upon them and polished them until they gleam most satisfactorily. From almost every class we have representative work.

We hope you will find CHIMES readable and worthy of your attention.

CHIMES STAFF

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They Also Serve

By Margaret Lawler

College '45

I only stood and waited last night and I believe, in doing so, I served. You know, Milton said, ". . . they also serve who only stand and wait." I hope he was right, but even if he weren't, I served myself at least. My wait gave me time to think over the past, something which I've been much too busy to do of late . . . much too concerned with "matters of consequence," as Antoine de Saint-Exupery called them.

Mrs. McPherrin, a neighbor and friend . . . that sounds strange, like "your friend and adviser, David Copperfield," but it is very fortunate to be able to add "and friend" to "neighbor," nowadays . . . called and said, "Johnny's calling us from Alaska tonight, and would you come over and say hello to him?"

"But, Mrs. McPherrin," I replied, "Johnny's calling to talk to you and his father. I don't want to take any of that valuable time!"

"No. In his last letter he asked that you and Jay and Harry come. He just wants to hear your voices."

I accepted rather uncertainly, replaced the receiver and thought a while. Johnny just wanted to hear our voices! Jay, Harry, and my-

self. It seemed strange to me. I couldn't quite comprehend it. The four of us had grown up on our block together . . . the three boys and myself. I laughed. "And myself," like an "added attraction" at a movie. Well, added, but hardly an attraction. I was just a nuisance: ". . . the only girl in the neighborhood, and she hasn't any little girls to play with, so you boys be nice to her," I remembered hearing Mrs. McPherrin herself say, the day they showed me how to climb a certain tree in Jay's backyard and then left me with not even so much as a hint as to how to descend. All my life there had been the three boys, treating me like the proverbial sore thumb in grammar school; treating my house as Grand Central Station through high school, and now treating me as if I were a long-lost sister, an equal, at last.

The three boys: Harry had always been the least of the three evils. He was the one who offered to sell his scout flash-light to pay for the window they had been using for a bebee gun target. At least, I think they were using the window.

The fact that I was sitting just inside couldn't have had much to do with it. Slender, blond Harry, never afraid to assert himself, just too lazy to do so; but never too lazy to grin out from under his eyebrows. Harry . . . always looking a little too thin in those corduroy pants that bagged at the seat, but now his blues certainly did justice to those slender hips. Funny, easy-going Harry, who never walked, but ambled. He had some excuse about conserving his energy. I wondered if perhaps he had known that some day he'd need it when he released the torpedoes from his submarine.

Jay was the gay Lothario, the Casanova of the three. Even when I was ten and he was eleven, though he tripped me and attempted to run over me with his bicycle many more times than the other two put together, when we happened to run into the same hiding place during one of our usual spring twilight games of Punch the Icebox, he was the first one to try to kiss me. Being quite young, I was outraged that he even attempted such a thing, and he was outraged that I refused him. Dark, almost to the point of being sinister-looking, gay, reckless Jay was my first love and I was his. He led the other two, who followed as willingly as I. He, too, was tall, and though he lacked Harry's ready smile and gentle

ways, he made up for it with quick wit, and a gracefulness of movement that stemmed from hours on the track and basketball court. Jay left us early to go east to school, but returned at the age of eighteen, holding an English-made pipe in one hand and a ticket to the Naval Training Station at Farragut, Idaho, in the other.

Johnny was the oldest. When I entered high school, I was quite impressed by him, because I was only a freshman one; whereas he was a sophomore two. He was the middle-man. Being older, I suppose he considered it his duty to settle all the many squabbles which invariably followed any sort of game we began. Johnny, though ever-present, seemed to hold himself a little aloof from us. His interests were always broader than that of the other two boys; he always knew just a bit more than they; and Johnny must have realized what we had, the four of us, while we, the ignorant three, only took each other for granted. One of Johnny's main interests was guns; consequently he was very adept at imitating, by means of vocal chords and pantomime, the various sounds and reactions on both the "shooter" and the "shot" of the gun, as he called them. Many's a quite afternoon that was disturbed by sounds that were enough to cause the other neigh-

hors to think that surely the Gestapo itself had descended en masse upon our block. Johnny wore glasses which accentuated the size of his brown eyes, because the lenses, of necessity, were quite powerful. However, they were not quite powerful enough to keep Johnny from going into the Army first—before the other two even reached their eighteenth birthdays.

Now Johnny was spending his second Christmas in Alaska, I was home from my second year at college, Jay was home on his last leave before shoving off, and Harry was . . . well, we didn't know where he was, but we did know how he was. Fine. Because wherever Harry went, he would be fine. His mother had expected him home for a few days during the holidays, but the Navy had had different plans. So that left Jay and me.

I didn't know whether or not we were going to the McPherrins together. I had seen him only once while he was at home, and this was his last night; but he came over about five-thirty, to tell me about his New Year's resolutions, he said. I never heard the resolutions, but I felt them. Mother and Dad came into the living room with us, lit the Christmas tree, and, without being asked, Jay took out his cigarette lighter and did the same to the red candles on the piano and mantle. Then we turned out the

electric lights. It was lovely. I have been proud of our living room at Christmas time always, but last night it seemed to be outdoing itself for Jay. The fire-light had a rendezvous with the candlelight on the ceiling and their union produced that soft warm glow that seems only to prefer to show itself on a Christmas twilight. The blood flowed into our faces, aided by Dad's special egg-nog, and all eyes seemed to glow along with our cigarettes, making that interlude of friendship an even more shining jewel than it already was. The conversation was about all the familiar things: Jay's new watch, our Christmas presents, Harry's rating, Jay's desire to be in the hospital corps, in order that later the training might help him in medical school. I remembered that even at the age of ten, he had wanted to go to Yale and be a doctor. Not until Jay's father came after him . . . he had to make some good-bye calls . . . did Mother inquire about his cousin who had been reported missing in action the day Jay had arrived home.

Jay came back at seven to walk with me to the McPherrins'. The operator had called Mrs. McPherrin and told her that the call was scheduled for seven-ten that evening. We had just finished dinner and were sitting at the table talking, family-style, when Jay came.

Mother previously had asked him to stay to dinner, so she called, "Come on in, Jay, and see what you missed."

He went into the dining-room. "My," he replied, "isn't that beautiful?"

I glanced up at him and saw that he wasn't looking at the turkey, but at the candles' reflection in the mirror. During this, his last time there, Jay had learned the meaning of home.

We left for McPherrins and though it took us only about three minutes to cover the half block, I began to find out what Johnny knew, through Jay.

I began the conversation, since he seemed very quiet, unlike himself. "I hope the call comes through in time. You should be home, since this is your last night to be with your family."

"Uh, huh."

"What'll we say to him? Honestly, it's going to be kind of hard. We haven't seen him for so long."

"I don't know. We'll think of something. He just wants to hear our voices."

"But why ours? That's the part I don't understand!" I said almost querulously.

"That's the most understandable part to me. It should be to you, too. We all grew up together. We're the familiar. Don't you remember all the times . . . ?"

"Yes, I remember all the times, but we were always so nasty to each other. We never really got along very well."

"Not always, no. But recall that we always stuck together if anything happened. Remember the day we'd been teasing you about your first permanent, and that fella' from Sixty-second Street came by on his bicycle and chimed in, too? We told him he was crazy, and that your hair looked darned good to us."

I was beginning to feel ashamed for not understanding in the first place, so I merely nodded and rang the McPherrins' doorbell.

Then the wait began. Johnny's aunt and uncle were there, and one of Mrs. McPherrin's friends from her college days, to whom Johnny also wished to speak. At first we were quite gay, with Mrs. McPherrin telling Jay that his duty was to step on the tail of Tux, the cat, at the correct moment, since Johnny had also asked that he hear Tux yowl. Seven-ten came and went as did eight-ten and nine-ten. I could see Jay growing restless. He wanted to talk to Johnny to hear Johnny's voice, to help Johnny, but he also wanted to be with his family on this, his last night at home. At nine-thirty the phone rang. As one, we all leaned forward in our chairs, Mr. McPherrin's eyes grew bright, and Mrs. McPherrin rose from the

couch and walked almost mechanically into the dining-room and picked up the receiver.

It was Jay's mother. They had held dinner for him . . . his favorite: steak and French-fried potatoes. So he had to leave. He left with a hope that he might return, but somehow we all knew that the call wasn't going to come through. We all knew, except Mrs. McPherrin, and if she knew, she didn't believe. I realized when Jay kissed Mrs. McPherrin good-bye and walked out into the snow, which fell with an almost beneficent gentleness on his blue pea jacket and on the gayly wrapped Christmas present which Mrs. McPherrin had given him and which he had tucked under his arm, that I wouldn't see him again before he left. That was when I came into full knowledge of what Johnny and Jay had known all along: that we were friends: that each one of us to the others embodied all that home and friendship and love meant: bicycle rides, trees especially good for climbing, roller skates, rings like the one Jay gave me when we were in seventh grade, cold cokes and chocolate cookies, the street light on our corner which, when we were old enough to date, the boys hated so much, high school football games, whistling at the corner in the morning so we could all start to school together, trudging home through autumn

leaves, winter snow, and spring rain, and all the time their laughing or not speaking to each other. I finally knew why Johnny wanted just to hear our voices, and suddenly I wanted to hear his. I had an insane desire to rush out into the snow after Jay and call, "Come back! Wait a little while longer. He'll call, and we can pretend that Harry's here. Oh, please, Jay, come back, and we'll all be together again for a little while!"

That thought made me remember that a year ago that very night, Harry had been home on leave. He and Jay and I (Jay was still in school, then), had gone to a party and at midnight we were sitting eating a hamburger in one of our favorite coffee shops downtown, when we conceived the idea of thinking of Johnny at the same time. We thought that perhaps he could feel it, and think of us, too, and it would be as if he were with us. It had been Harry's idea, so now I realized that Harry had known, too. They all had known, except me, and now that I knew, it was too late, for I was the only one left.

Perhaps it wasn't too late, though. What was it Jay had said when he left? "I'll leave you as Harry's and my representative. Do us justice." Their representative! I felt as proud as I had the day so many years ago, when they had let me

help them sail their boats in a toy sailboat race at the little pond up on Ward Parkway.

So I remained: the fourth musketeer. While I stayed and waited I talked to Mrs. McPherrin and told her about all the things we used to do together. It grew late and I grew more certain that the call wouldn't come. The uncle and aunt left and Mr. McPherrin went to bed. They knew, too.

At midnight we reached the overseas operator. She told us that the call had been cancelled from the other end. There were no tears, because, somehow, we all *had* talked

to Johnny. Mrs. McPherrin, Jay, Harry, and I. Jay had lost two precious hours with his parents, I had lost five hours in which I could have been writing an essay for my English composition teacher, but we had served, for we had talked to Johnny, and I had discovered that, in the words of George Du Marier, though "I have not talent for making new friends, but oh! such a genius for fidelity to old ones!" I had discovered that those three boys weren't just childish playmates, just people I once knew, when I was very young, but they were old friends. And what could be more important?

Snow Fantasy

By Peggy Freeman

College '45

The angels moulted late last night.
Their feathers on the ground
Are airy feathers, light and soft
That blanket sleepy towns.
They stop to shake their pure white wings
And watch the fluffy down
Drift lazily and dreamily
To earth without a sound.
The angels moult, then cry to see
Their feathers on the ground,
And make the coats of crystal ice
That on brown trees are found.

A True Fish Story

By Margaret Anne Funk

College '46

When I came back from bowling, I walked down the hall in the dorm, and casually glanced into all the rooms, greeting the occupants. I walked on down the hall and heard sounds of sobbing and wailing coming from one particular room. I wondered what terrible tragedy had befallen my friends. There was not the sound of one person crying but of three or four. As I paused in front of the closed door, I saw there a sign printed with huge black letters which read:

HERE LIES POPEYE, THE
WALL-EYED FISH
WHO HAS COME TO THE
END OF HIS LIFE;
NO LONGER WILL HIS FAN-
TAIL SWISH
'ROUND HIS THREE LITTLE
FISHES AND WIFE.

To the right of the door was an enormous spray of dandelions which was tied with gorgeous green ribbon.

Reverently opening the door, I entered slowly and with downcast eyes. As I approached the bereaved group of girls, the foster-mother, whose name was Theresa, saw me. She gave a little sob, ran to me and put her arms around me. Then she asked me if I didn't want to come and have one last look at poor Popeye.

She took me to the place where the girls were gathered, and there on a raised platform on the study table, was poor little Popeye, the dead gold-fish, lying in state. On the right of the bier was the glass fish bowl containing Popeye's wife and his three little sons swimming blithely around. Of course, they couldn't be persuaded to stop swimming, but in order to give a solemn note to the occasion, a wide strip of black velvet ribbon was tied around the bowl.

I extended my sympathy to the bereaved foster-mother. She was so pitiful. She blamed herself for

not taking better care of poor Pop-eye, and made a vow that he would have the most elaborate funeral any gold-fish ever had, immediately after dinner.

As I left the dimly lit sanctuary, the stillness was broken only by an occasional sob. I went to my room, where my roommate told me that everyone invited to the funeral was supposed to wear black. She also provided a beautiful wreath for me which was to be taken to Pop-eye's room by the porter.

After dinner we went to the room where Popeye lay in state and Theresa awaited us.

We all stood around while she raised up the fish bowl so that Pop-eye's wife and children could have one last look at their beloved husband and father. We could see the tears that flowed like white wine into the fish bowl.

Theresa produced a velvet cushion to which were attached eight streamers of black ribbon, and on it was placed Popeye. All the guests filed around to look at Pop-eye for the last time. To think that no longer would he look at us

with those soulful, bulging eyes! no longer flirt with us by flipping his beautiful tail! Ah . . . life was bitter.

Theresa now covered the cushion with a small flag symbolic of death at sea, and we proceeded to the bathroom at the end of the hall. From the sitting room came sounds of a mournful dirge that filled our hearts with sadness. We walked down the hall being very solemn as the occasion demanded. It was rather difficult, because the streamers were so short we stepped on the heel of the pallbearer in front of us. But finally we came to the place where Popeye would leave us forever, and there the procession came to a halt. From our midst was heard a solemn prayer for all dead fishes read by Theresa's roommate. Holding the cushion in one hand, she gently pushed Popeye down into the bowl of the water-closet, where he was flushed to his watery grave. It can certainly be said that Popeye had a most patriotic funeral, as was fitting to such a swimmer and sailor of the seas.

We Are at War

By Nancy Hollingsworth

Preparatory School Senior

I am a Belgian.
We are at war.
Songs and stories
Are written on
The horrors of war.
In Belgium we are
Acquainted with them.
To travel
We walk . . . if we have feet.
We walk in wooden shoes,
Or barefooted.
We eat once a day.
We eat black bread
And cabbage soup.
We live in piles of rubble.
We wonder
What has become of loved ones.
We work for the Boche.
We are at war.

I am an American soldier.
I am at war.
Songs and stories
Are written on
The horrors of war.
I live them.
I crawl on my belly

Through slimy mud.
I eat "K" rations
And drink muddy water
Sterilized with chlorine tablets.
I live in a foxhole.
I dream of home.
I receive fifty dollars a month
To die for my country's
Forgotten ideals.
I am at war.

I am an American.
We are at war.
Songs and stories
Are written on
The horrors of war.
We know them . . .
Through two-inch newspaper headlines.
We sacrifice.
We drive on thin tires.
We walk in two pairs of shoes
In a year.
We eat meat only once a day.
We eat oleomargarine
Instead of butter.
We buy War Bonds.
We yearn for our loved ones
In foreign lands.
We slave in war plants
For one hundred dollars a week.
We are at war.

A Parable of Gateways

By Jeanette Smith

Preparatory School Senior

The morning had been a trying one. From an extremely early hour I had been vainly endeavoring to work but without success, until at last I flung my pen across the room in despair and fell to reading a stray book which must have happened upon my desk by chance. It was a mysterious romance of times past, and I realized from the strange manner in which the characters of print were formed that the volume itself was ancient. The plot was intricate and the print tedious, and so it was that I must have fallen asleep and started dreaming, for suddenly strange things began happening. A voice addressed me from somewhere in the room, but I could not discover the speaker. Whose voice was it? I knew I had heard it a thousand times but where I could not say. The tones were those of a very old person, dry and cracked, and everything was said in a monotonous, whining verse with a completely irrelevant refrain at intervals. The refrain, which had the same meter as the whole, was as follows as nearly as I can remember:

"Death, my friend, is universal,
Sleep is but its dress rehearsal
Beset by eerie dreams,
Shapes from out the shadowed
regions,
Marching on in countless legions
In dark enshrouded streams."

The musical, nonsensical quality of all that the voice said almost maddened me. Fame, fame, fame, that word seemed to be repeated in every line of the verse. What did it all mean, and who, who was it? I racked my brain for the answer to this last question, but it eluded me.

Suddenly I was surrounded by a multitude of voices, and they were all the same voice that had addressed me before. They seemed to issue from millions of pieces of paper and inkwells and pens that danced crazily about before my dazed view screaming, "Fame, all you are seeking is fame!" I awoke at this point completely worn out and very much troubled. That voice in my dream, where had I heard it before? I saw clearly that I was going to work no more that day so I decided to take a walk

through the hills surrounding my home to clear my mind and shake off the fit of unutterable depression which had settled upon me.

My sleep must have lasted for some time, for the day had advanced to late afternoon, and a thin curtain of gray clouds had fallen between the sun and the earth. As I walked, I tried to straighten out the events of the day in my mind. I fell asleep while reading and had a strange nightmare, a trivial incident, true, but was that all there was to it? First, that book I had been reading, it was certainly not a part of my own library, and I had no knowledge of having borrowed it from anyone; yet, it was surely an old and probably valuable piece judging from the peculiar printing and the style of writing . . . one mystery which seemed insoluble. Then there was the voice of my dream, so very familiar and still beyond my mental grasp. Who had a voice like that? The answer was lurking in the back of my mind, but try as I would, I could not bring it forth. Scraps of what this elusive voice had said were whirling about in my brain, and I found my feet practically keeping time to the rhythmic lines. I particularly found myself repeating, "Death, my friend, is universal, Sleep is but its dress rehearsal." I quickened my steps to break the rhythm but to no avail;

the lines seemed to adjust themselves to my pace.

It struck me suddenly that I had been virtually running, and I did not know from which direction I had come. I stopped and looking about me discovered to my amazement that I was on utterly unfamiliar ground. I knew that I must have traveled a long way, for I know every inch of ground for some distance from my home. The realization that I had no inkling of which way to turn came as a most unpleasant shock, for the sun was drooping alarmingly close to the horizon, and a thick fog was quickly blotting out the countryside. I paused and gazed about me in a complete quandary and with growing uneasiness. Then I became aware of voices not too far distant, and I started toward them with untold relief. But what had happened to the landscape? Surely even the fog could not change so much; the country through which I was now passing was unlike anything I had ever seen in my life. I was surrounded by a forest of weird shapes in giant proportions only dimly visible through the mist and deepening twilight. I presumed them to be boulders, but I could not be certain.

I realized with relief that I was following a well worn path, and that the voices were coming closer. As I drew nearer to the commotion,

I became less certain that I was approaching a haven for the night, for the shouts were furious in tone, and I judged that there was a quarrel or battle of sorts in progress. I could not wander about all night, however, for the dusk was growing thicker with undeniable promise of rain, so I hastened toward the guiding sound.

The trail looped and wound and retraced, but in general I think it was leading uphill, though I could not be certain since by now I had lost all sense of time and direction and stumbled blindly along in near darkness in the general direction of the voices. Just as I was about to lose hope of ever reaching the source of the sound, I rounded a sharp curve and came suddenly upon a scene unlike anything I had ever observed. For a second I had that odd feeling that it was something that I had witnessed before at some forgotten moment, but the sensation was a fleeting one, and I fell to studying what now spread before me. I was standing on a piece of ground slightly elevated above the general plane; this put me in an excellent position to view the scene as a whole. A strange light seemed to hang like a mist, with no certain origin, bathing the whole in a dull reddish glow. The action or commotion was centered about a heavy wall which rose with impregnable grandeur at the op-

posite end of the roughly rectangular clearing from my vantage point. A motley group of people ranging from early youth to doddering age were gathered about the wall, but no one seemed to take note of my presence, so I stood watching in undisguised wonder. Some were kicking at or hurling themselves against various gates in the wall and cursing and emitting shouts of impotent rage. These sounds were what had led me through the darkness to the spot. The remaining members of the group were seated in various positions of utter dejection and defeat watching the futile efforts of their companions with languid half interest. I had never seen any figures so desolate and despairing.

I noticed that words of varying lengths were carved in ornate characters above each gateway, but I could not make them out in the hazy half-light. One gate at my extreme right was standing slightly ajar, but it was smaller and simpler than the others having the proportions and appearance of an ordinary door. Even the lettering above this opening was simple and clear, clear enough for me to read the inscription, PEACE. At the time, I saw no cause to puzzle at this word as an odd title for a doorway.

My attention was drawn back to the actors on this scene by a sudden silence which came as a sharp con-

trast to their former shouts and profanity. Several of the huskier members of the group had joined together for an assault on one of the two largest gates while everyone else stood by to watch. "What fools they are," I thought, "to waste their energies and break their bodies against such a seemingly impassable barrier when the small gate to the right is standing open inviting them." Then began a methodical process to crash through the gate. The men fell back, charged forward, flung themselves against the door and fell back again. While this procedure was being repeated innumerable times, I drew nearer to make a closer study of the participants in the siege. One figure particularly caught my interest, for he seemed so very familiar to me. Who was it, though? The same sensation that I had had on hearing the voice in my dream returned, a thing so very familiar and yet its identity was just beyond my grasp. The figure was a powerful one, though very old and noticeably tired from his vigorous activity. From my closer range I found it possible to decipher the characters, FAME, above the entrance in question.

As I was about to approach and make my presence known, a loud splintering sound rent the air and a murmur arose from the crowd. To my amazement I saw that the seemingly immobile gate had shat-

tered, and a single member of the party had fallen through the opening. All his companions stood around as if they were blocked by invisible bars from taking the fruits of their conquest. Why did they not help their companion who lay so motionless before them? He seemed sadly in want of attention. At last I could bear it no longer, so I started forward to administer what aid my small knowledge would allow. The milling crowd, which had by now turned its attention to other matters, took no more notice of me than of the air about them; therefore I passed through the open gate unhindered, and knelt beside the prostrate figure. I noted with surprise that the form before me was the same one which had attracted my attention before . . . the familiar figure among the besiegers of the gate. As I reached his side, he opened his eyes and murmured, "Death, my freind, is universal." That voice of my dream repeating its own words! I realized that the voice and the person before me belonged together, but who could it be? I tried in vain to arouse him again, but all sign of a pulse was gone, and I realized that the character before me had died without disclosing his identity.

I looked about for some form of help, and I saw that I was surrounded by numerous people sitting
(Continued on Page 26)

On Rationing

By Minnie Carter Bailey

College '45

In the millions of years since the world's formation, it has passed through a series of so-called "Ages." There has been the Ice Age, and there has been the Iron Age; geologists, with a wise air, say that such and such rock strata was formed during such and such Age. It is my opinion that the world has entered an Age more terrifying than any before. This Age is undoubtedly going to result in the gradual breakdown of men's minds, and thus lead to the gradual decay of the basic foundations of civilization. This is the Age of Rationing.

In the United States the first contact with "points" came with the issuance of Ration Book I. Few, if any, men realized as they viewed the rows of numbered stamps that therein lay the key to their destruction. Not with the brutal instruments of war, but by a subtle undermining of his sanity was man to be destroyed.

Vanished forever from the dining tables of the country were the cheerful little china sugar bowls and the graceful silver sugar shells. The housewives, with a wary look in their eyes, a newly acquired look,

would take the sugar from its hiding place at mealtimes and nervously watch the grains vanish into oblivion in the bottoms of coffee cups. Thus, the housewife developed a strange side to her usually generous nature. This was a more or less squirrel-like instinct to hoard . . . not nuts, but sugar. The man of the house was virtually unaffected by rationing until a new step was taken by the rationing boards.

One night men nodded before their fireplaces, after a dinner that had been very satisfying not to have had a dessert winding it up, with visions of spending the next afternoon chasing little white balls around a golf course ten miles out on the highway floating through their minds. The next morning they awoke to the harsh headlines announcing tire rationing. His golf game out of the question with tires worn as smooth as his were, man as a whole resorted to the pleasures of a nearby bowling alley. The owners of golf courses tore their hair and mumbled wild things about sabotage. They went out and kicked jagged holes in their beloved turf and wondered where they could get a job.

Soon the owners of bowling alleys met a like fate, when headlines again destroyed man's peace with the news of gas rationing. Even if the bowling alley was nearer than the golf course, it was still too far away when one had only three gallons of gas a week. Men's minds became a jumble of A and B cards and hastily pushed aside thoughts of black markets.

Did I say a "jumble"? Well, women's minds were in a worse state than that as red and blue stamps were issued. Sane women lost all control of their senses when the grocery boy demanded red coupons by the score, and they promptly counted out the required number, only to find they were blue. Normally well-balanced housewives drew dangerously near the borderline separating sanity from insanity when they spent hours figuring up "points" to be sure they had the right number for the day's shopping, only to arrive at the grocer's after a brisk walk of several blocks, without the blank-blank books.

Children's lives were not to be untouched as the wave of rationing swept the universe. Little faces wistfully peeped out of windows at

the deserted back yards. Mother said playing wore shoes out too quickly, and the next stamp wasn't good until some time in the far distant future. The younger generation thus felt the pinch of rationing, and their minds were already weakened, at that early stage, by the thoughts of points. Their bodies were likewise weakened as meat vanished from the table, and bewildered women hung round the meat counters, with despairing eyes focused on the harassed butchers.

This state of affairs has gradually become worse; additional books, through Book IV with its ominous rows of stamps, have appeared. Blue tokens were issued, and then cancelled, but a climax of some kind came at twelve o'clock Christmas night. After having advised the poor housewives to buy slowly and not use all their points as they came in, the mad little men of the OPA gleefully cancelled those points that had been saved. How long men's minds can stand the strain is a matter of conjecture. Scientists are puzzling over the problem now. As my mind, in its unbalanced state, needs rest, I will end my discourse. By the way, have you a few extra brown . . . no, I mean red stamps?

Or So She Thinks

By Barbara Kemper

College '45

"Paging Mrs. Nolan, Mrs. Fredrick Nolan."

"Boy."

"Mrs. Nolan?"

"No, no, I'm not Mrs. Nolan. Mrs. Nolan is a tall . . ."

"Excuse me, m'am, but I must find Mrs. Nolan. The message is urgent."

The bellboy was gone. Everyone seemed in a special hurry. Ordinarily things moved with a little more composure in the lobby, but today every revolution of the glass door seemed to sweep in some of the confusion and scurry with which traffic moved outside. It was the crisp November air, Mattie decided, that filled the city with this urgency.

"Now, may I do something for you, m'am?" The bellboy had returned, eager to be of service. He was off duty in another fifteen minutes, and a dollar more in tips would mean that he and Janie could go to the big dance at Fairyland tonight where Tommy Dorsey was playing. He could just hear her over the phone when he told her! Janie got excited over even the little things. This would really send her. She

was the cutest girl in his high school, and he took eighteen-year-old male pride in showing her the important things in their world.

"I didn't want anything for myself. I was going to tell you that Mrs. Nolan is a tall, black-haired lady in a grey coat and hat." Mattie was displaying naivete in her effort to be helpful.

The boy eyed her curiously. Where was this character sketch getting him? Here was only a loquacious old woman who wasn't going to demand any service from him except his time, and he certainly wouldn't get tipped for that.

"Thanks, lady, but I found her." He hurried away, making it obvious he didn't wish to be detained by further conversation.

Taking his position in front of the desk, he thought about her. The woman didn't make sense, but a man was registering. He looked like the seventy-five-cent type. There wasn't time to think about an old woman . . . Tommy Dorsey was here, and he was still a dollar short.

Mattie saw the man, too, but she didn't find time to pay close at-

tention. Mrs. Nolan had just come in from the cocktail lounge. This striking woman had been Mattie's favorite all week. She sighed. Of all the people she had observed recently, this lady was the loveliest. Had Mrs. Nolan only known it she had been paid a very high compliment according to Mattie's standards. The old woman had watched people for years, greedily gathering up a few crumbs of happiness they unconsciously scattered by moving in front of her.

Mattie existed meagerly. She had never married because the boys down in the south end couldn't give her what she had wanted. She'd been known as "Old man Fisher's daughter, with the high ideas." Mattie hadn't been daunted, though it had finally occurred to her that she must accept for her own what life and fate gave her. There had been the son of the butcher at the district market, but she really wasn't interested, and had gone on stitching meticulously for people like Mrs. Young and her children, only now all the children had grown up and were having children. To many such an existence would have been wearying and endless but not to Mattie. She had given strange vent to her desire to be a fine lady. She could at least watch those who lived off the fat of the land. It stimulated her to sit quietly in a

hotel lobby and make believe she knew those who passed her.

The man who was registering when Mrs. Nolan came in stepped out of the elevator. He was engaged in serious conversation, telling the man with him something about alloys and the government cutting the gold quota. Mattie thought they both looked bored . . . anxious to complete their business in the city and return to their homes. They joined a large group that had congregated in an ante-room not far from Mattie's seat. The smoke from their cigars circled around her head. During these many years, she had learned to detect an expensive aroma. This must be the lawyer's convention that was scheduled on the hotel bulletin.

Presently Mattie turned in her chair. The man was staring abstractedly in front of him while listening to his companion discuss a case that had held him in a county court for six months. His mind kept wandering back to the youthful freshness of his lovely nineteen-year-old daughter, and how she had looked last night when she came into his study to tell him she was in love. The picture was stamped firmly in his mind. What a child she seemed sitting there in jeans and a plaid shirt, her arms hugging her knees. A child . . . and yet she was asking his permission to take the adult problem

of marriage upon her thin shoulders. Her hair was the identical shade her mother's had been twenty-three years ago. He missed Emily so. She hadn't lived to see her own delicate beauty repeated in their child. But what was Fred saying . . . something about a surprise witness from Baltimore appearing and swinging the case? He really didn't care; he was tired.

How tall and distinguished he looked in well-cut English tweeds. His face was heavily lined and his eyes, deep set. Something, perhaps a look of discontent on his face aroused a pity in Mattie. Why did a man who apparently had the best of this world's goods show such definite unhappiness? She felt an inward urge to console him in some way. Tired, worn hands wanted to smooth out the wrinkles in his forehead and bring a look of peace and satisfaction to those eyes. While watching him an old tune kept running through her mind. She began to hum it, and the man cast a preoccupied look her way. The refrain had caught his attention! What . . .? Fred wanted a drink. Fred would . . . he drank too much. Mattie's eyes followed them across the lobby.

The late afternoon lull fell upon the lobby. Mattie looked at the dignified old grandfather's clock across from her. It was five-thirty. She must go. Regretfully she got

up. If Mrs. Hemingway's dress didn't have to be finished perhaps she could come back tomorrow afternoon.

Back in the unattractive, dull rooms Mattie couldn't see the lawyer's face when he received the news that his daughter had been thrown from her horse and killed that afternoon. Could she have understood the despair that filled the heart of a man who felt that he had been handed the world's worst rather than its best? That knowledge severed the last tie that had kept him from hating his useless existence. His mind and soul had been weary for some time. Life was futility in its very essence . . . he didn't care.

The bellboy didn't understand why the man in 927 just sat staring at the wall and drinking. He had taken three bottles and mixers up there in the last two hours. Each time he watched him sign the check the effort seemed almost too great for the strong hand. He didn't know that a man was trying to waste away a life in those few long hours. Thoughts stalked like huge black beasts through this man's mind. Living was only a pretense at happiness . . . full of a tortuosity that exhausted you . . . only allowing you to reach, never to grasp. If you could just hold on, sink your fingers deep within . . .

(Continued on Page 32)

So Young

By Jean Horner

Preparatory School Sophomore

My brothers were then at the ages of six and eight respectively, and consequently were into something every minute of their dear little lives. I honestly do not see how Mother lived through it.

One of the favorite tricks of Jimmy, the oldest, was to gather all the eggs out of their resting place, take them to the back porch, and there drop them one by one on the concrete floor. (Yes, he is quite all right now.)

You may, therefore, be able to understand some of the concern Mother felt when she and Daddy were forced to take the boys with them to place flowers on an ancient relative's grave at the cemetery one Sunday. The boys had never visited a burial ground before, and had that anything-can-happen-and-probably-will look about them.

Mother's fears were somewhat relieved, however, when the two boys, like frolicsome, tumbly puppydogs, having sniffed the strange air and satisfied their curiosity, settled down on the corner of a dilapidated tombstone. Mother should have known them better than that.

Of course, like the true blooded boys they were, and the mischievous pups they resembled, they became restless and soon were seeking a way in which to satiate their wants. It would happen that at the very moment they were feeling idle and in a rather playful mood, they should spy a funeral proceeding down the road a bit. Teasing Mother, eventually they persuaded her to let them go and watch, since Mother had pictures (if she made them stay around their car) of their falling into an open grave or tramping down the lovely shrubbery which ornamented the well-kept grounds.

Daddy and Mother finished draping the flowers and watering the plants which dotted that particular plot, and prepared to leave. Now they really should have known things could not happen that smoothly.

Mother, beginning to feel a little *wary*, started to search around the bushes and even peered into a few freshly dug holes expecting the boys to be lodged in one playing "cops and robbers" or some such

feat. But, no, it was not to be that easy. Fearing the worst, Mother proceeded to the spot where they had been seen last. This was the place where they had been watching the funeral across the road. They, of course, were not there; but Mother saw two little sets of muddy footprints tiptoeing across the road. (Following them with her eyes), to her horror she saw they led to the tent on the opposite side of the road. Maybe they were just standing on the outside of the canvas, (that would have been bad enough); but, no, down in the very

front row on the mourner's bench sat, yes, Buddy and Jimmy.

Leaning forward in their seats, practically falling into the opening which yawned at their feet, and eyes wide open, not missing a thing, they presented two very ridiculous figures in spite of the seriousness of the affair. Meanwhile, the people who were authentically attending the burial were whispering, "The poor little things; so young to have this come upon them." And I am told those words did not fit the situation so badly, when Mother got them home that night.

Winter Mystery

By Bonnie Friedman

College '45

The child knelt by the frozen pond,
To gaze in wonder at the scene
Of icy whiteness cold and still,
Where once a flowing lake had been.

The day before the sun had sent
Soft rays to cheer this peaceful place;
And fish's golden bodies shone,
That swam about with slippery grace.

The child more closely bent and peered,
And silently she touched the snow;
Her breath made patterns when she said:
"I wonder where the fishes go."

Fishing in a Deep Lake

By Peggy Freeman

College '45

The sun shone with a dazzling brightness on the still, small pond. From where she stood, Nellie saw the water as a silver plate with an occasional golden gleam on it. The day was hot, sticky hot, and beads of perspiration stood out on her upper lip. Her faded red dress had dark wet stripes down the back and deep circles under the arms. She looked down at her bare feet and watched her toes making patterns in the deep layer of dust on the path. As she looked up, she saw one of the pigs belonging to the Farner family ambling toward the little body of calm silver water, followed closely by another, the two finally reaching the pond and settling gently into its shallow waters. The effect of the silver plate vanished immediately, and the water returned to its normal brown state.

A shrill whistle sliced through the heavy summer air, coming from the left, up the hill, in the first sparse group of trees. She pursed her lips and replied, beginning to walk slowly toward the place from whence the sound had come. She walked silently, her eyes watching

each step, her feet moving mechanically upward.

"Hello, Nellie," said the man, setting the two fishing poles and rusty tin can on the ground. "Better rest a minute." He smiled, his eyes shifting from her face to her feet, then back again. "Didn't much 'spect you this evenin'."

"You knowed I'd come effin you whistled." She smiled back at his eyes.

"Come on, Petey. We cain't set around here. Somebody might see you. Enyway, I ain't tired." She shouldered one of the poles and stepped ahead of him.

The trees were thicker and it was cooler as they began the long climb up. Occasionally a bird chirruped cheerfully. They walked silently, following no real path now, judging their direction by certain large trees.

The man's dark eyes left the ground to look at the girl.

"You ain't heard anything else, Nellie?"

"Nope. Thing's pretty quiet now, 'bout you enyways." She turned to meet his eyes, looking at

his coarse, straight hair, his heavy brows, his full, sensual mouth.

"She died yesterday. The baby never breathed."

"She . . . died?" His features stiffened for a moment, then regained their passive expression. He swallowed convulsively, looking straight ahead.

"I shoulda married her," he said. "She wasn't nothin' but a little dim-wit, but I shoulda married her. She woulda at least had a husband."

"Don't talk about it. Wanta set here?" She indicated a level spot on the shore of the lake. The water shimmered under the hot rays of the sun and made little slop, slop noises against the gray stones and slippery wet earth. All was still, except for the continual drone of insects which only emphasized the quiet. The couple sat down, baited the lines, and stuck the poles into the unresisting ground. The tall pine trees across the lake seemed to touch the blue of the sky, and their stiff straight shapes made fantastically caricatured outlines.

The girl looked over at the strong brown hands with which the man hugged his kneecap. The blue veins twisted along them like serpents, rippled and writhed as he tensed and relaxed his hands.

"We could go away from here, Pete," she said. "You and me could go over to Barstow, and no-

body'd ever think of us agin. Why don't . . .?" Her voice faded as the man remained motionless, gazing at the trees. The stillness settled over them.

Suddenly there was a jerk on his line, and the water began to ripple and make miniature waves. He moved with alacrity, gathering in the string line with practiced sureness. The sun glistened on the plump body of a red-eye, which he grasped easily in his hand. In a moment he had the fish fastened to a short stick, ready to carry back. He eased into his place beside Nellie without a word.

He didn't look at her or seem to feel her eyes fastened on him. Her mouth opened to speak but she closed it and turned to jerk her line up and down in the water. She didn't raise her eyes as she spoke again.

"Pete . . . you said you was goin' to take me to Barstow after things quieted down. Ever'body's busy with buryin' plans and won't be thinkin' 'bout us now. Her paw put his gun up. They won't ketch us. We kin go now." She was looking at him.

"We'uns kin git our own little house and have our own babies. You won't never have to think of her agin. Petey . . . Petey . . .," she was calling to the man who sat so close to her that he touched her, but it was as if he were deaf.

He made no move, continuing to look over the water.

Nellie jumped to her feet, pulling his hand up with her. The man rose slowly, his eyes finally resting on her face. She pulled his head down gently.

"Ya gotta come with me. I cain't stand livin' this close to you and always bein' afeared for you. Git away whilst ye kin."

His features showed the thoughts running through his mind. Here in the mountains was a moral code

which demanded that a life be given for that taken of an innocent. The woman had died. He pulled himself from her and shoved both of his hands deep into his pockets.

"Ya know I cain't. I'm agoin' back to 'em. If she'd a lived that woulda ben different. . . ." As the last words were clipped from his lips, he turned from her and began to walk back toward the path.

A heavy fish jerked at the line. Nellie leaned over and began to pull it in.

A Parable of Gateways

(Continued from Page 16)

with their faces buried in their hands in despair and defeat. I tried to speak to several of them, but they remained unheeding absorbed in their own secret griefs. I returned to the corpse, which I had turned face upward, and began to examine its features again. Whose was this face so familiar to me? Suddenly a chill of terror swept me, freezing my very heart. I leaped to my feet and stared down aghast into the still, lifeless features of . . . of my own face! The truth was now beyond all doubt; it had been my own voice that had spoken in my dreams, and my own self that had battered

through the door of FAME. It was I, under a disguise of age, who lay there so still and lifeless. Who, then was this creature staring down on me and thinking with my own mind? I knew that I, or at least one of me, must escape or lose the reason left me. I turned toward the wall, but the gate had vanished and a smooth, blank surface rose before me. At first I pounded upon the barrier and screamed for help, but my efforts were useless and my cries were lost on the deaf ears of my companions. Then slowly came the realization that I had wilfully lured myself into a trap . . . that I had forever shut myself off from PEACE behind a wall of FAME. I turned and staggered to a nearby stone like a drunken man to sink upon it limply and assume the position of my fellow watchers.

Career Conscious

By Carol Bay

College '45

The Seniors are just now . . . perhaps for the first time since their arrival at Ward-Belmont . . . realizing that it won't be *too* long until this last year is finished and they will no longer be within the sheltered walls leading a more-or-less cloistered life.

The world which faces them is not exactly a pleasant one, and is far different from the future which, as children, they had planned for and looked forward to. But what . . . if anything . . . does this war-torn world have to offer?

For the majority, it will probably be another two years at the college or university of our choice; for many it will be marriage, and the task of turning a house into a home; and for still others, it will be the opportunity to make their own living, to get a job, to become independent. It is this last with which we want to concern ourselves in this article . . . the problem of choosing the right job: the one that will give you the most satisfaction and pleasure.

Perhaps you who are wisely planning to continue your college work are not faced with the immediate

problem of looking around at the various jobs offered to women today; but you, as future business girls and . . . as we all hope . . . business successes, must now begin narrowing your interests to a few specific occupations so that you will be better prepared to choose and concentrate on the subjects which will be of most benefit in your later occupations.

Looking at this picture of women's place in the post-war business world, we discover that not only will the number of positions open to women be greater than anytime in the past, but many new occupations will be introduced after the wheels of war turn once again to the peaceful production of civilian goods. Jobs which now seem dimly in the future will suddenly become a part of the practical, workaday present in which we live. Naturally, such occupations will offer numerous chances for ready advancement.

And which of the many fields offer the best post-war opportunities for women? According to the Director of the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of

Labor, the greatest opportunities lie in the fields of human welfare and community service . . . social work, vocational rehabilitation, city planning, occupational and physical therapy, teaching and medicine . . . as well as those in the constructive field which include such occupations as interior decorating, architecture, and landscape gardening. Many positions will also be found in the companies reconverted from war production to the manufacture of consumer goods needed in the reconstruction of devastated countries and to replenish our own depleted supplies of such items as radios, washing machines, tractors, and automobiles. These companies will not only offer jobs along the production lines, but also in the firms' business and administrative offices. Then there are always the service industries with such positions as restaurant hostesses, dietitians, and department store workers ranging from the salesgirls to buyers and store executives.

As for the most promising sections of the country in regard to the business girl's chance for advancement, the War Manpower Commission Reports and Analysis Service has found the following areas will offer the best job possibilities: San Francisco, Washington, Miami, Baltimore, Detroit, St. Louis, Buffalo, Syracuse, Cincinnati, Columbus, Toledo, Providence,

Kansas City, Houston, Seattle, and Richmond. The Commission's report is not based on sectional prejudice or favoritism, but at the present time, it looks as if these cities could convert back to civilian production most quickly. Surprisingly enough, the two cities which have always attracted business girls . . . New York and Chicago . . . are not included in this list.

Two relatively new industries which not only already show vast opportunities, but promise even greater possibilities are: radio and the airlines. Taking last things first, we will concern ourselves with air travel and the opportunities for jobs that it offers the modern college graduate and future business girl.

There are numerous jobs on the ground, such as radio tower operators, receptionists, and even mechanics, as well as those jobs which you're literally "up in the air about." Lately there has been a surprisingly large increase in the number of test pilots who are women; and of course, the air hostess or stewardess is a necessary part in the expanding airlines industry.

It has been only recently that the air hostess has truly gained the recognition which she deserves. For over 15 years international air transport used all-male flight crews, but with the draft came the introduction of women to replace the plane

stewards and live up to their established reputation for efficiency and tact. In the post-war world . . . a world that has become very air-minded indeed . . . air travel is even more promising, and the job of being an air hostess more fascinating and appealing. At first, the hostess made short runs only, but now she accompanies the plane on long, oceanic flights, and the future promises many such trips to Europe, South America, and even the far East.

On the more exciting international flights, the jobs for which the hostess is responsible are many and varied, for she combines the functions of a steward and the purser on an ocean liner. Vital and important state papers are in her charge, as well as passenger valuables and precious cargoes. She supervises the loading of mail and cargo before the take-off; handles code messages that deal with reservations; deciphers airway bills and government bills of lading, manifests, and consular invoices. She must also be familiar with our own customs and immigration service requirements as well as those of foreign countries.

The hostess knows where the various items of regular and emergency equipment are aboard the plane, and how and when to administer oxygen. She provides reading and writing materials, helps

mothers traveling with children and elderly people making their first trip by air, serves three meals a day as well as light snacks between regular meal hours, sees that all passengers are aboard with baggage and effects, and that all personal belongings are delivered to them when the trip is finished. She must know how to answer any question about the plane, the airways, and points of interest in route.

Naturally, a job which entails such responsibility also carries with it strict qualifications which the prospective air hostess must meet. She must have looks, charm, brains, poise, perfect health, and a character record free from even a minor traffic violation. Different airlines vary greatly as to their specific qualifications concerning height, weight, and previous experience. Most do not require any more than that the girl be a graduate nurse, but nearly all state that she must have two years of college work or its equivalent. The local branch of a main airlines would be glad to offer further information to those interested.

Before the hostess is given her cap and wings and fitted with a smartly tailored uniform, she must go to a school offered by the airlines for a certain number of weeks . . . the length of time varies with the airlines . . . and there she is taken through every department of

the company dealing with the handling of freight and passengers. In the commissary she is taught how to prepare food attractively so that it is appetizing to the often air-sick passengers. At last, she must take a written examination which contains more than four hundred questions, and go through several practice flights.

Thus, it can readily be seen that exciting and daring as the job of air hostess is . . . and it promises to be even more so . . . the girl who acts as stewardess has really earned those wings, and her job includes much more than simply "handing out refreshments and smiles."

In the world of radio, television is the big name . . . and one which offers numerous possibilities. Future circulation of television receivers has been estimated as around 30,000,000 within a decade; and already last fall, over eighty stations had applications pending before the Federal Communications Commission for new receiving and transmitting equipment.

Television isn't just part of a hazy future, either. Right now there is a network relay service in operation between the Philco Corporation in Philadelphia and the National Broadcasting Company in New York which carries programs to the General Electric Company in Schenectady. There are nine active television stations scattered over the

United States and located in New York, Philadelphia, Schenectady, Chicago, and Hollywood, and theater television is also expected within a year or so after peace. Here the pictures will be projected on large 15 by 20 foot screens where major sports events, parades, and similar celebrations will be shown.

It is rightly assumed that an industry which shows such promise and vastness will naturally have many openings for the modern business girl. One authority estimates, in fact, that "television will offer an overall potential of 4,600,000 jobs within a decade after full commercialization." It also seems clear that those far-sighted girls who wish to work with television will do well to get in on the ground floor while it is still in little more than experimental stages of development.

There are many different branches of the industry, such as manufacturing, broadcasting, servicing, and advertising; and the wise girl will begin now to prepare for the one to which her aptitudes point. For instance, perhaps the best way to get started in the broadcasting phase of television would be to get an office job now in a station or advertising agency which has a television department and train yourself by part-time courses outside. For prospective actresses, the best advice would be to first get an established theatrical background, either by

way of a stock company or a reputable dramatic school.

The stations now active employ women in widely diverse capacities: administrative, technical, and programming. The best way to find out about such jobs as secretaries, camera operators, studio floor workers, control room technicians, and production assistants is to apply to any of the active stations, some of which are: WNBT (NBC), New York—John T. Williams; WPTZ (Philco), Philadelphia—Walter Merkle; WBKB, Chicago—Helen Carson; WGXYZ (Paramount), Hollywood—Klaus Landsberg.

The few courses in television now being offered center around New York where evening courses are given at Columbia University, The City College, School of Business and Civic administration, and New York University. In the practical engineering side of television, there are privately operated schools all over the country which are off-campus, cold technical schools. Rated tops among these is R.C.A. Institutes, Inc., of New York, a subsidiary of Radio Corporation of America. Here the fundamentals of radio are first taught as a stepping stone to television.

In the choice of a future job, three questions seem to be uppermost in the mind of the modern business girl. These are: Which fields will offer the most security,

the least turnover? Which fields offer the best opportunities to women who wish to work abroad? And which ones offer women the highest individual earnings?

It is generally thought that the fields offering the best security and least turnover are those with a stable record and well established employee policies in regard to sick pay, pensions, and retirement. They are usually conservative fields including large companies, examples of which are: banks, insurance companies, public utilities, teaching, and government service.

In regard to the fields which offer opportunities to work abroad, it must be remembered that there is a general trend to hire or train native personnel wherever possible. Thus it is seen that the best chances are in some specialized training—preferably technical or scientific—where the skill you offer will be in demand, and yet is not likely to be found in the country where you wish to work. Examples of these fields are medicine and all its branches, economic and social research, accounting, agriculture, and engineering.

And now we come to the question which is usually uppermost in the minds of prospective business girls: which fields offer the highest individual earnings? Obviously, the highest salaries are in the entertainment field, although top people in

retailing and cosmetics run a close second. A study made some years ago by the American Association of University Women and the Women's Bureau showed that best earnings were received, in order, by lawyers, business owners, personnel workers, and physicians; although very high salaries are also found among home economists, sales and advertising people, and executive editors.

So there you have it . . . a

thumb-nail survey of the jobs available both now and in the future. Perhaps the vast number of positions available has you confused and you frantically wonder, "Will I ever find the one in which I'll be both capable and content?" But the question doesn't dangle hopelessly in mid-air, for from a vast army of efficient, smart-looking business girls from Massachusetts to Montana comes back en masse the reply: "You bet!"

Or So She Thinks

(Continued from Page 21)

His thoughts moved concurrently, it seemed as if to a tune. That song . . . God! There was not any room in his life for songs. But that woman in the lobby this afternoon, that woman had been humming it. Why did it bother him? Gradually his mind cleared. It was a long time ago. His mother used to sing that to him. What was it his mother always said, something about life being richer and more beautiful in a small country village in Iowa? His mother had believed that. She really had been happy there. Could he? Maybe if he

went back . . . no, that was ridiculous, and yet maybe . . . look around him, he could see that other men obtained what they were seeking. He should try once again. The man lifted his head, the refrain still running through his mind . . . *the refrain and the picture of his mother*. He had completely forgotten about the old woman.

Early the next morning Mrs. Hemingway called Mattie. Her reading club was having a called meeting the following day, and she must have the dress to wear. Mattie sighed with disappointment and started on the buttonholes. The day was sunny and warm. She had so hoped she could go to the hotel.

BOOK REVIEWS

Good Night, Sweet Prince

By Gene Fowler

The biography of such a spicy character as the late John Barrymore would naturally be appetizing fare, but *Good-Night, Sweet Prince*, written by Gene Fowler, Barrymore's friend and fellow Bacchus-lover, is unequaled among recent biographies for sheer enjoyment. It is filled, but not crowded, with anecdotes and is in no way limited by inhibitions of the author. The life of the Barrymore clan and the personal drama of John are told in the robustly entertaining style of Fowler, the raconteur, and with the respect for factual detail of Fowler, the reporter.

The author knew Barrymore well, but he has not made of his subject a sugar-coated idol. As *Time* commented: "No facts of Barrymore's character were left unexposed by Fowler." The actor's enormous capacity for pleasure, his cutting wit, his passion for the theater, and his tragic inability to be understood—

all are approached objectively and yet sympathetically by Mr. Fowler.

This book is not only the life story of one great man but also a study of theatrical history. The author's aptitude for vivacious narration is complemented by such vigorous characters as Louisa Lane Drew, Maurice Barrymore, and the three children—Lionel, John, and Ethel. Mr. Fowler's lusty tales of theatrical life and the Barrymores' love life passes at times into the risqué, but, as the *New Yorker* commented: "the fuzzy, raffish style of the book had its special appropriateness to the subject."

The book is alternately humorous and pathetic, but the final effect is one of tragedy. If you like gaiety, gaudiness, and tears in your laughter, I commend to you *Good-Night, Sweet Prince*, from which "the Great Profile emerges both more tarnished and more dazzling, more fantastic and more real."

—Bette Pierce.

The Yearling

By Marjorie K. Rawlings

The Yearling by Marjorie K. Rawlings has no outstanding plot. I would say it is a character study, with setting greatly emphasized. Yet being written in such a vivid, true to life way, it presents a moving, feeling picture of both human and wild life in the forested marshy land of central Florida during the generation following the Civil War.

The pattern for this book is a familiar one. The story compares the growth in mind and body of a little boy, Jody, who is the principal character, to that of some animal; in this case, a deer. That is, at the beginning of the story we find Jody a fawn, so to speak, escaping his duties for an afternoon by retiring to some favorite nook in the surrounding secluded Florida wilds. His life is a happy one made delightful by the presence of nature in all its magnificent dresses and colors. To strengthen the comparison of Jody and a deer, the author has Jody adopt one after the opening of the story; and as the deer grows, so does Jody.

One of the main attributes of this book is the lovely and vivid

descriptions which fill practically every chapter. I think perhaps the most beautiful of these is the one describing the dance of the white cranes. This is truly a gorgeous thing, and one can really picture the strange group of white dancers performing their weird almost human dance, with a pink sunset for a background.

Herein lies the secret of the book. The author depicts so vividly, not only scenes of equal beauty like the one heretofore mentioned, but also such realistic illustrations of the hunt and chase that one lives and breathes every minute of them, and finds himself thinking and calculating, or being inspired, right along with the characters in the book. I feel the author, who to my surprise is a girl, most certainly lived in that region for many years to be so well-informed upon the characteristics, the ways of that land and its inhabitants.

My favorite character is not Jody, however, but his father, Penny Baxter. Penny is so-named because of his small shape and bone structure. Having come from extremely strict parents, he never was able to satisfy

and fulfill his boyhood curiosities and indulgences in nature and the peace thereof. Therefore he respects and understands Jody's interests, which seem more like pure idleness to his wife. Penny, when a young man, retired with his family to a secluded spot on an island seemingly surrounded by an ocean of trees and wilderness. One from a distance can see the small high piece of land protruding from the trees which is known as Baxter's Island. Penny is known and respected by all as the ruler of his island, the most skillful and the fairest hunter of these parts, and for his complete honesty, integrity, and down-right humaneness.

I mentioned before that Jody has a fawn of his own. The warm relationship between the two is practically that of brothers, Jody having no one else with whom to play. As the story develops so do the boy and the fawn. The fawn grows older and will soon be a yearling. Jody learns more each day and will soon be able to take his father's place in the care of the island as Penny's health gets steadily worse.

The story, of course, cannot go along this smoothly to the end. It does not. The deer eats all the Baxters' spring crops in spite of all their efforts to stop him. There is only one thing that can be done

. . . destroy the deer. Here is the place for a great climax or rather outcome of the plight. By some miraculous way the deer could be saved and everything end well and happy. But no, nothing intervenes. The author has it happen as it no doubt would in real life, the deer is shot. It is a terrible let-down. Jody is greatly saddened and shocked by this, but eventually realizes that life must go on, and thus the fawn becomes a yearling, a full-fledged yearling.

Some people may like this kind of story. I do not. After such a wonderful and beautiful build-up, it is a very sad let-down. This is the kind of morbid material that makes one have a strong desire to leap off a bridge or some such feat. In the long-run, though, I suppose it is good for us. One needs to realize that he must accept fate and hard knocks, and in spite of the personal blow, life must go on.

When I finished this book I had the impression of Jody standing in the year, grinningly facing the tasks before him. He could see the wild eyes of the wilderness, and he must go on so as to keep the island a haven from that all around him. He must keep those hungry eyes of the wilderness, always in the wilderness. . . .

—Jean Horner.

The Razor's Edge

By Somerset Maugham

A current best-seller, *The Razor's Edge*, is a moving story of a young American who, being unable to forget the horrors of the war, travels throughout the world in search of a faith. As an ordinary adventurous boy, Larry Darrell had joined the Air Forces during the first World War and had seen his best friend killed in a dog-fight with a German plane. Returning to the United States at the close of the war, he becomes aware of the superficialities of the society in which he moves and refuses to settle down and become a part of it, though it means giving up his fiancée, Isabel Bradley, who is unable to understand this strange man that speaks of death and the dead and his desire for knowledge. His quest takes him all over the world, but he doesn't find a satisfying answer to his questions until he reaches India, where he attains the experience of the Absolute which he has been seeking.

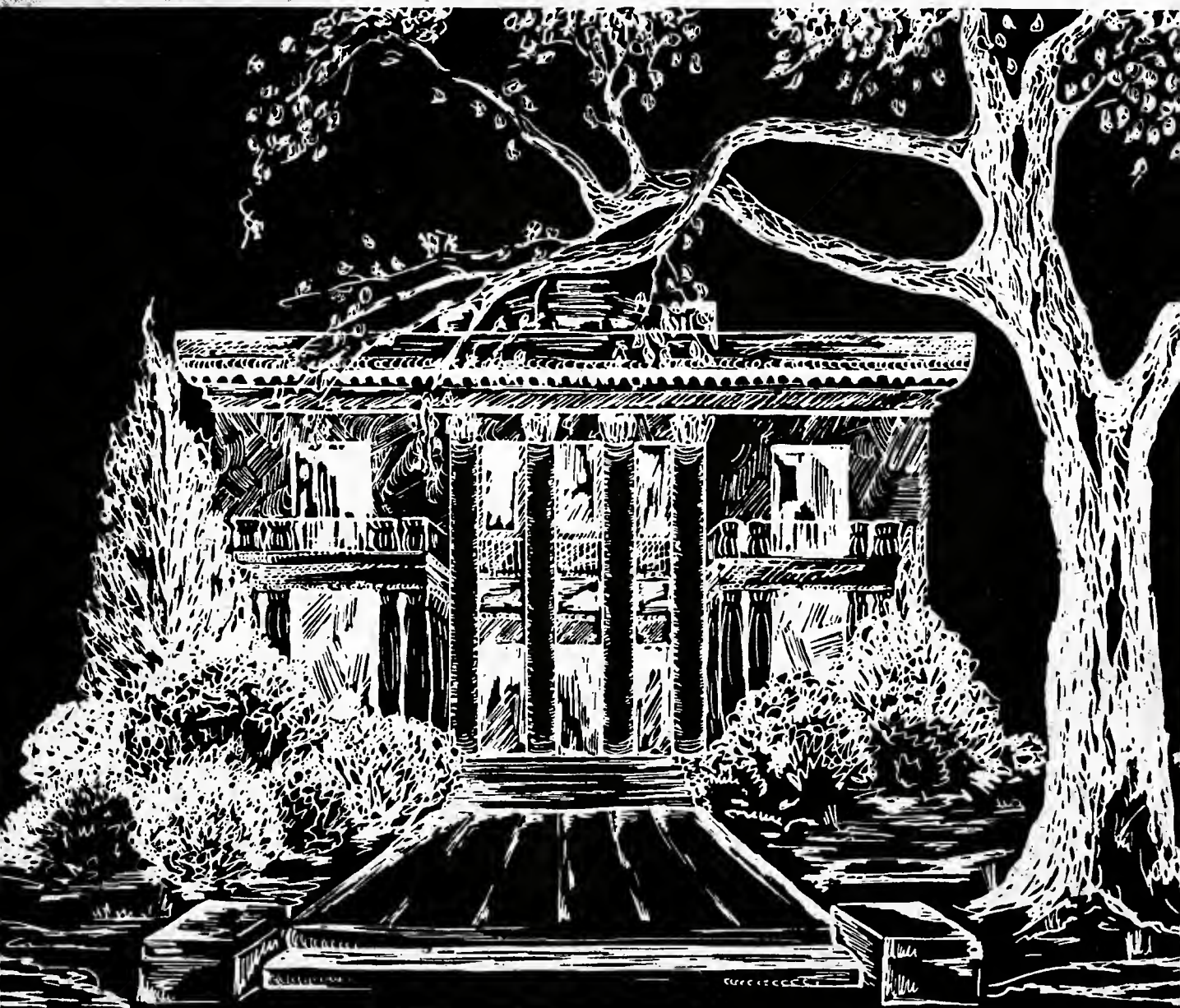
Having renounced his position in society and circle of friends, he eventually returns to exert a great influence over each of the them through his spiritual power; Isabel,

who has married a very wealthy young man and is pleased in her role of riches—Elliot Templeton, her uncle with no aim except that of maintaining a prominent position in society—and the others, who, with such abandon accepted life as one whirl of cocktail parties after another.

Mr. Maugham tells the story in the first person. He has moved in Larry's circle of friends and he is merely relating to the reader the incidents in a young man's life from the last world war to the present one. But the novel is much more than that—it is a challenge to this generation, to the young men returning from the present world war, and to those who have waited for them. There will be doubts and great sadness through which only faith in God can carry us. Somerset Maugham has given us the beautiful story of Larry Darrell's quest for the Eternal Truth and its fulfillment, and this generation which seemingly has so little time for religion, might gain something from its reading.

—Kathleen Norris.

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FOREWORD

We of CHIMES Staff have enjoyed bringing our magazine to you this year, and sincerely hope that you have enjoyed your part in it, whether it was in writing or reading it.

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Not Too Bad

By Ruth Evans

College '46

"Now think about what I told you." The words followed him up to the piano. One glance was sufficient to attain the vision of the scene . . . a little different from the many others that had previously appeared in the course of his interminable eight years.

To begin the program celebrating Christmas vacation, a teacher had just led the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner." At the rise of the rocket's red glare the emotions in the room took a parallel ascent, and things were quiet.

Ken modestly walked to the appointed spot. He was a normal looking boy. His round face, capped and partly hidden by unruly brown hair, was formed with fine lines. Blue eyes shone above a pair of rosy cheeks, and his healthy countenance at once made you think of the country in the summertime and apples in a trim orchard. His lips were thin, his jaw had an obscure set to it, hinting that his short life-time had been spent in the presence of grown-ups. He did not present a sad picture; it was, instead, a rather deep one.

His good clothes testified that he was no urchin; yet a loosened shirt-tail and a crooked collar assured you that he was a boy. His movements were not nervous, but they were somewhat lacking in grace. His knees, emerging from short pants, were rather thin from over-use, and his shins were bruised from misuse. He was well built but thin from constant physical activity. He was strong but indescribably simple.

The back muscles of the teacher seated at the piano stiffened slightly. Seventy pairs of childish eyes turned towards the instrument. The gay flames of lighted Christmas candles winked and coquetted at the wind from a loosened window pane. Tiny pieces of evergreen fell upon a cotton covered sheet. One child emitted a wondering sigh as the ringed fingers at the keyboard sought the right notes. "Now think . . ." The words still echoed as the syncopated introduction drew near a close. A mouth opened and a heart beat fast.

"Say a prayer for the boys over

there," a clear, childish voice penetrated the very elements of the flame; the tree ceased shedding its coat; sighs were repressed.

In a simple silence the room listened. The miniature chairs lent ear. The pictures leaned a little to one side . . . towards a piano. Presents surrounding the molting tree lost their gaiety as they stopped to hear. The scene became a unity, an atom, a single thing . . . the nucleus, a little boy, a little boy singing a song at a Christmas party. A little boy obeying his mother's words . . . "Now think . . ."

A shrill ring, a shuffled walk, a sharp click, an exchange, and a voice. "Hello, Mother, how are you? Yes . . . No, it was melted by afternoon. No, Wyatt said it wasn't freezing when he came to work. Oh? Well, we plan to come by this afternoon. Yes, we got a letter today. We'll bring it. All right, goodbye!"

"One, two, three, almost four hundred. We're doing pretty well today, girls. Our quota is much larger this month . . . European casualties, you know. I hear Elizabeth has almost finished her Canteen Course. Isn't she conscientious about this thing?"

"Step back! Move to the rear of the car, please! Step back just

as far as you can go! Come on, folks, have to save space these days, you know!"

"Now think . . ." Amidst all the snatches of overheard conversation these words always come back. What is there so expressive about them? What so important? Maybe they have a story.

The first time Ken had heard them was yesterday. Comfortably jostled by fellow street car passengers he had clicked along on his way to meet his mother. The street car man had kept yelling at people and repeating the same dull command over and over. "Move back, move back . . ." They'd soon be out the back door. Wonder what would happen if the emergency door should open all of a sudden? Nice thought for a ride when there was more time and less confusion.

His scurrying feet had carried him through to the door, and he'd managed to escape the booming voice of the blue-capped conductor. Oh, how stupid to ride on street cars! By instinct he had found his way into the foyer and caught himself staring at the directory board as if he weren't definitely going to a very definite place. School was out for the day and the car waited outside the city hall to take him and Mom home.

The ridged metal steps wound up to the second floor. One turn to the right, and a traditional pause at the water fountain outside a black door marked "Private Attorney." Wonder what's so private about it? Some day, when there is more time . . .

A slight push was sufficient to fling wide the next door . . . nothing private here. My! what a scene! Long, low tables, sewing machines, little signs about clean uniforms and no red nail polish, threads all over the floor, rulers and scissors scattered on the tables, a desk at the front of the room, and big women all over the place. Those white things on their heads! Trying to look like angels? Gee . . .

It was no new picture, but each time it leered up before him it held a new fascination . . . and the words in the air "Two hundred, three hundred," "quota," "casualties." There's a word he understood. He'd heard Dad talking about casualties. If these old ladies were helping to ease up casualties, they must be all right. No more time for speculation on the subject. Along came Mom, wish she'd hurry.

As he was walking out to the car half an hour later, Ken was impatient. The day at school had been a long one with no recess out-

doors since it had rained. Now that he had already wasted nearly an hour he really wanted to go home . . . go home and get away from all those fussing, weeping old women.

You see, he had had to sing for them. Mom's friend, Mrs. Colby, had requested it, and all her supporters had forced him into it. That was when he was first reminded of those haunting words, "Now think about what I told you." He'd sung "Say A Prayer" . . . just about his mother's favorite . . . and everyone had cried! But maybe they were like Mom and had Toms in the service too.

And he'd thought all right . . . about the time he and Tom had gone out to get worms for fishing, about the time he'd stood for hours watching Tom make a model airplane (it's right wing is broken off now). He'd remembered the basketball hoop on the garage and Tom's long arms. He'd thought of what his Dad had said about casualties. He'd thought while he sang a patriotic song.

Yesterday, that was the first time she expounded her advice in those six words; and here it was again . . . right in the middle of the program at school.

While remembering events of the day before, events of this day did

not cease. Before long the program was over, and amid many Christmas greetings Ken and his friends parted with high hopes placed in Santa's direction.

"Are we going home now, Mom? Are we?"

"Yes, son, but we have to stop by Grannie's for a minute. I told her we would."

"Oh, Mom, you always have to stop somewhere for a minute. Let's go home! Please, Mom, please!"

"We have to go out and read her Tom's letter. I promise it won't take long."

And it wasn't long until Mom was having an animated conversation with Gran . . . as usual about Tom. "I've decided he's still in France. You see, he talks about seeing Hank, and they know that's where he is. Yes, I was very glad to hear. It's the first time in eighteen days . . . seems like months when you're waiting. Yes, we really do have to go; Ken is simply pawing the air. I'll call in the morning. Goodbye now!"

The drive seemed longer than usual, and there was a strained atmosphere in the car. A feeling of dull and bleak living emanated from Mom, and a series of words played like hammers on the anvil of the child's brain.

A long sweep up the worn

asphalt driveway placed Ken and his mother at the back entrance of the large stone house. Dogs, cats, and maybe a few mice flew out to greet the homecoming hero of the barn. Ken was their dearest friend. Oh my! There's a car parked in front! Hope they're not fancy company . . . and we sure better not have to eat in the dining room . . . gee.

Engrossed in these thoughts, Ken, with the nonchalance of youth trailed off to play, menagerie in tow. Lost upon his ears were the words of his mother, "What a fright I look."

A hasty trip up the back stairs and a few beauty pats transformed the "fright" into a calm, stately woman whose appearance never betrayed the recent melancholy.

Margaret's Buick . . . probably wants to see about the hospital fund. Don't know why it would be that important.

A quick repair to a coiffure, a quick step down the hall, and a quicker change in the lines of Mrs. Thayer's face. She had caught sight of Margaret, and it was quite evident that her business here had nothing to do with the local hospital.

Hospital, hospital, local hospital . . . Tom . . . medical unit . . . same class . . . fraternity brothers

. . . Purple Heart . . . what did it mean? Ken's song, "Say a prayer . . ."

She *was* praying, fervently, with all her heart; for before her stood Margaret's son, a veteran home from the wars. Fred Walters had been in Tom's outfit after their finishing "pre-med" together. He was home on leave! Why wasn't Tom home too, to surprise her as Margaret had been surprised? Bad news? Death? "Say a prayer . . ."

"Hello, Mrs. Thayer, it's good to see you!"

"Fred, Fred, I'm so glad you came; and how are you? We've heard all about your wonderful work, and we're so proud. When did you get in? How long will you stay? Do you have any news of . . ."

"Now, now, Mrs. Thayer, not so many questions. Yes, it is wonderful to be home. I have thirty days for rest and recuperation. Thanks for your compliments. I didn't do nearly so much as most of the guys who are still over there. And to your most important question, yes, I have seen Tom. We were separated about two months ago, but just before I left there was a reunion. You see, I was working in a base hospital, and Tom . . .

It had been good to see Fred. He was a fine boy . . . or man now . . . and he had beaten the official report home. The other part hadn't been too bad. It was good of Fred to come out. He's a fine boy . . . and it's really not too bad . . . fine boy . . . not too bad. He must have been hit just after he wrote this last letter . . . not too bad . . . Maybe the bandages we made yesterday will be used to . . .

"Mom, you know, I think Taffy needs a bath, don't you? Can I give her one, Mom, huh, Mom, can I, Mom, can I?"

"Oh! Yes, Saturday when Nora can help you."

"Mom, did you like the program today? Did I sing O. K.? I did what you told me. Do you think the kids liked it?"

"You sang very well, Ken. I'm glad that you did as I said, and I'm sure Tom knew you were thinking of him over there. Tom needs our thoughts now, and we must send him the right ones."

"Do you think the kids liked it, Mom?"

"Yes, I think the kids liked it very much. You see, they have their Toms and Bills and Jimmys too . . . some of these boys have been lost because of the war, but their kid brothers and sisters liked

(Continued on Page 14)

The Telegram

By Carol Bay

College '45

So this is how it feels! Your heart suddenly nose-dives to your feet, the cup you hold in your hand clatters to the floor, all the blood rushes from your face leaving you a hollow husk of a person, and cold drops of perspiration unexpectedly appear at your temples and in the palms of your hands. Everything blurs for an instant, and you never quite realize how you managed to sign your name and murmur a weak "Thank you" to the messenger boy. The next thing you know, you're leaning feebly against the door while the familiar objects in the room spin crazily in front of you.

Marie Blaydes was leaning against the door in just such a manner. Her whole body was numb, and in one hand she weakly held the crisp yellow envelope with the transparent section . . . the envelope inevitably characteristic of a telegram.

"Telegram!" she thought wildly, "the one word I never wanted to hear . . . the one thing I kept praying I'd never receive."

Once she had lacked such a dread of telegrams, but that was before Travis left. Travis, with his laugh-crinkled eyes and sinewy hands; Travis, from whom she hadn't received a letter in three months . . . and that last to tell her ". . . the fighting here is *really* jungle warfare."

She knew somehow that today she'd hear from him . . . or about him. She knew at the first shrill sound of the door bell, and by the look on the messenger boy's face as he asked "Mrs. Blaydes?" and pushed the pad at her for her signature. In fact, she had known when she first sleepily opened her eyes that morning, and discovered the little sparrow that usually perched on the willow limb outside her bedroom window was gone, and the twig, now vacant, was scratching mournfully against the glass pane. She felt a wet, cold nose nudge gently against her ankles, and looked down into thoughtful eyes which seemed to inquire: "What's the matter?" Absently, she stooped and patted the shaggy black head of Kimmie.

Kimmie, the little black scotty they had first seen in the fly-specked pet shop window that bore the imprint of many a sticky hand and childish nose . . . Kimmie, whose real name was Kansas City Kimmie, since it was in Kansas City that they had found him. Was it actually three years ago? It seemed more like three days, or even three hours. Everything was so clear . . .

They were just two of many college students, both majoring in journalism. He was a senior and she a laughing, fun-loving freshman; and this was a holiday . . . their first together. Since the homes of each were too far away from the college to be reached in the time allotted for a Thanksgiving vacation, they had decided to do the next best thing and spend the holiday with his aunt in not-too-distant Kansas City.

What fun it had all been! The ample family dinner spread on the long oval table in the old fashioned dining room, the scarcity of chairs which was compensated for by using a long board laid parallel to the table . . . one side propped up on the second rung of the high chair, the other being laid on a piano stool for support; and the uncontrollable giggle of the freckle-faced cousin with pigtails when the make shift seat had very in-

opportunately broken in two, spilling the librarian aunt and two uncles to the linoleum-covered floor while Uncle Charley was in the middle of a very religious and much too lengthy blessing.

When the last dish was dried and put once again in its customary place within the glass cupboard, they slipped out of the house while the rest of the relatives either talked or cat-napped in the comfortable, over-stuffed parlor chairs.

The air was crisp and invigorating, and they walked for miles of city blocks, finally coming to the little park surrounding the soldier's and sailor's memorial monument on the hill. After climbing scores of cement steps, they took the elevator to the top of the monument tower, and peered over the rim at the buildings spread out below.

"Just an overgrown country town," he said.

"I like it!" she defended. "It's . . . well, kind of friendly."

"Funny kid . . ." he laughed. "That's all you are . . . just a kid!"

She pursed her lips in a mock imitation of a pout; but assured that he was merely teasing her, relaxed her face and laughed while the wind ruffled her short curls.

Although their original intention was to walk all the way back to his aunt's house, after the first three blocks . . . which now seemed sur-

prisingly long . . . they both pantingly decided to finish their "walk" on the bus. Exhausted, they came to the bus stop, and had been there only a few minutes when both were aware of a whining, dog-like sound at their backs and turned around to find Kimmie soulfully looking at them through the dirty glass window.

It was almost dusk when they got back; she, proudly leaning on his arm; and he, with a satisfied swagger and contented air, firmly gripping the suspiciously new-looking leash of Kimmie trotting on ahead . . .

"Oh, Kimmie!" she cried, holding him close to her. "He's dead! We're alone now . . . just you and I. He'll never come back, Kimmie . . . never!"

All the tears welled up within her suddenly flooded forth, and her whole body shook with strangled, ugly-sounding sobs and gasps.

The little black dog, confused, snuggled down into her arms and looked up at her as if she were a stranger. He cocked his ears and tilted his head to one side, and all the while watched her with that puzzled expression that only Kimmie could have. Then, squirming from her arms, he waddled slowly over to the masculine looking, leather covered armchair near the

fireplace and curled up on the floor beside it.

After awhile, her strength drained by the gasping sobs, she weakly raised her head and looked at the room about her. There was his chair, next to his desk with the world Atlas on it, and above the fireplace was the charcoal sketch he had drawn of her and had had framed . . . her first wedding anniversary present. On the top of the bookcase lay his "idea notebook" just as he had left it when he went away. In it were scribbled plots for stories that he was going to write "whenever he found the time." Plots which now, she knew, were never to be used.

"Oh, God!" she cried, "I've got to get away from this room! I can't stand to stay here where everything reminds me of him. I can't! I'll go crazy. I've got to go somewhere . . . anywhere . . . just as long as it's away from here!"

Running to the closet, she grabbed a coat and muffler. The coat thrown loosely about her shoulders, she started toward the door without once looking back.

Kimmie, suddenly jumping up, stood with an eager expression on his little dog face, both ears pointed, his pink tongue stuck out, and his tail wagging furiously from side to side. However, when he

saw he was ignored and that she didn't want him to go with her, he settled down once more as if saying disgustedly in his stiff black whiskers, "What funny things people are!"

The only sound in the now still apartment house was the click of the street door closing behind her as she started down the steps.

The day was beautiful . . . incongruously beautiful. It was typical Indian Summer weather, and in the tiny park across the street, the bright sun had edged with gold the vivid green and red leaves of many trees sharply silhouetted against the flaming sky.

Children were streaming from the gray stone school on the corner, and the third graders had just been dismissed. Up the street they came . . . a noisy, bubbly tide of childish humanity. Standing quietly at the curb, she let them cross the street ahead of her . . . some of them dodging in and out among the passing cars, and others waiting patiently on the curb for the light to change. Hugging their books beneath their arms and occasionally dropping them on the pavement, they all talked and laughed continually . . . babbling bits of news and using childish, unrestrained gestures to illustrate what they so animatedly told. Snatches of conversation fell on her ears as they

hurried past, ". . . at our house," and ". . . daddy said . . ."

"Daddy," she muttered aloud, wanting to cry, and yet not able to. "Daddy. If only . . ." but her thought was uncompleted as she hurriedly dodged a semi-trailer which suddenly loomed before her.

Now safe on the other side, she slackened her pace and her thoughts continued. "It might not have been this bad if we had had children, or even one child," she hastily added, but then remembered what Travis had always said whenever she mentioned having a child . . .

His eyes would suddenly become serious and steady, and he'd shake his head as if his mind were definitely made up on the subject. "Not until after this war is over. Heck, darling, this kind of world is no place to raise kids! And if they *should* start drafting married men, I don't want my son to watch me get on any troop train. No siree . . . a family's all right, and mighty nice at times . . . but not now, honey. You do understand, don't you?"

He would always look so concerned and earnest, and although at first she protested and argued with him, as time went on she realized that he would always remain adamant on the subject; so she

would always half-heartedly agree and talk about something else.

Then she stopped arguing altogether, for one day the doctor had told her she could never be a mother. Dazedly she sat in his office and heard snatches about "a cyst . . . blood clot on right ovary . . . would suggest an operation . . . before infection spreads . . ." Almost as if already under the anesthetic, she numbly nodded her consent. For the next two weeks she seemed to be in a continual opiate sleep that could be permeated only by sudden, intense pains which . . . even though severe . . . could never torture her body as much as the dread knowledge of her loss constantly tortured her mind.

Now she was alone . . . really alone . . . walking in the park, and knowing that there was no one at home waiting for her but Kimmie. Oh, she knew he was entertaining, and very intelligent as dogs go, but *he* could never say "Mommy," or reach up rosy damp fingers to her lips, and at the same time touch her heart.

A dead leaf fluttered down beside her, and she stopped and watched it glide silently to the dry, brown grass below. Numbly, she dropped down to the hard wooden bench and sat there . . . listening and watching.

A young sailor and a girl in a yellow sweater came walking arm in arm across the grass, absently shuffling the rustly dead leaves with their feet. Her eyes were watery . . . partly from the cold . . . and on her hand was a plain gold wedding band. She would look at it, and then smile up at the tow-headed sailor beside her, a smile more wistful than happy, while he reassuringly patted her arm and smiled back. As they passed, she heard the girl mutter in a voice surprisingly mature ". . . so little time left."

"But they're young," Marie thought, "and evidently just newly married. They don't know . . . they *can't* know . . . what it's like to have loved someone for years, to go through sorrow and happiness with him, and then suddenly find he's gone and the home you built together is vacant and echoes loneliness. Your heart aches and your arms are empty, mere memories all that are left."

She got up and began to walk again and suddenly she realized that she could see her breath in the cold air. Her nose and fingers felt numb and she thrust her pig-skin-gloved hands deep into her large pockets. A little chill ran up her spine and, shivering, she turned her tweed collar up around her

neck as protection against the frosty wind.

It was getting darker and the park was now a dusty chasm. The cars speeding past had on their headlights, and the street lamps began blinking on, one by one. As she walked up the steps to the apartment house, she could hear a train whistle in the distance, and an organ grinder playing somewhere down the block.

She switched on the lights to find Kimmie curled up on the leather cushioned chair sound asleep. On the floor near the door she saw the telegram, still unopened, and she stooped and slowly picked it up. Turning it over and over in her hands, she went to the desk and carefully slit the envelope along the top with a letter opener. Hesitantly unfolding the paper within, she read:

"Just arrived in states. Will pass through there at 7:30 tonight. Train has 20 minutes wait. Please be at station.

Love,
Travis."

Dazedly she stood as if transfixed. An electric shock seemed to pass through her body, and her hands trembled as she re-read the words to make sure there was no mistake. Convinced that it was the truth, she hastily glanced at the clock, grabbed her purse from the end table, and started running for the door.

With her hand on the knob, she stopped. Turning, she looked at the clock once more, and then she walked slowly toward the window. Wretchedly, she leaned against the mantle.

It was eight o'clock.

Not Too Bad

(Continued from Page 8)

it too." Those boys . . . lost . . . Harry Carlton, Burma; Bob Watson, Saipan; Roy Thomas, Antwerp; and Joe, and Walt . . . the husband of the music teacher . . . an Air Corps Lieutenant . . . plane crash in Iceland . . .

"No, not too bad," she muttered as she unconsciously began to hum

...

"Say a prayer for the boys over there

When they play 'The Star Spangled Banner.'

Lift your eyes . . .

And ask the Lord to watch over them tonight . . ."

Where Away

**By George S. Perry and
Isabel Leighton**

Reviewed by Kathleen Norris, College '45

Dedicated to "the men who brought the *Marblehead* home and to those who couldn't . . .," *Where Away* is an account of the U.S.S. *Marblehead*, her personnel and experiences from two days before Pearl Harbor until she landed again in the United States on May 4, 1942. George Perry and Isabel Leighton have written in beautiful prose the story of the lives of the individual men on the *Marblehead* gained through hours and hours of research. Though a true story, *Where Away* reads like a novel. Behind each man on a ship is a story . . . of years of living, each in his section of the country, of homes and wives and mothers . . . of reaction to danger and tension of battle.

What are the sailor's thoughts as he watches the white spray rise from the endless ocean . . . the ocean black beneath low-hanging clouds, or silver in the moonlight? What does he feel when he lies in his bunk below deck during the early hours of the morning sensing the tension of the quarter-watch who searches for the first sight of a periscope rising from the cold

sea? The United States Navy, of which the *Marblehead* is a part, is made up of individual people with individual thoughts and emotions . . . boys and men whom we've known in our own setting at home, but whom we do not know in their world of ships, battles, torpedoes, and heroism. George Perry and Isabel Leighton have given us a glimpse of their world . . . not from a landlubber's biased point of view, but one tasting of salt water and sea-lore. "This was the ship they loved . . . a ship a little too old for this war, her stacks a little too tall and too numerous. It was she who had drunk their sweat and demanded their labor."

The crew members come to life, from Captain Robinson (now Rear Admiral) down to the "Bull," a blond, stocky boy from Minnesota. Each one has a love and devotion for the *Marblehead* that reveals itself in the pride that every navy man has for his navy. "This is not the drama of one ship, one action, one group of men . . . it is the spirit of sea men at sea . . . our men, a great monument to the navy for all time."

A Criticism of the Works of Stephen Vincent Benét

By Margaret Lawler

College '45

"Now for my country that it still
may live,
All that I have, all that I am I'll
give.
It is not much beside the gift of
the brave
And yet accept it since 'tis all I
have."¹

This quatrain, "probably one of the last he ever wrote,"² was found on top of a pile of penciled papers on Stephen Vincent Benét's desk, after his death on March 13, 1943, and seems to me to contain most of his purpose as a poet. For Benét's purpose seemed to be to instill in other Americans his own great adoration for, and pride in, his country. Since he did have this overwhelming feeling for his America, it is not hard to see and feel that his works, if sometimes lacking unity, are absolutely sincere. He uses several methods, types of

verse, and a great variety of subject matter to achieve his purpose: poems about the greatness of America herself, as a country, poems about her natural beauties, and poems on her national heroes. "American Names,"³ a ballad, reveals not only his love for America in general, but his love for every little detail of her existence. In fact, he begins, "I have fallen in love with American names." He goes on to describe some of those name as

"The sleek names that never get
fat
The snakeskin titles of mining
claims
The plumed war-bonnet of Medicine Hat,
Tucson and Deadwood and Lost
Mule Flat."

Benét's genius for painting word-pictures plus his absolute sincerity

1. Stephen Vincent Benet, *Western Star*. New York: Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., 1943, p. v.

2. *Ibid.*

3. Stephen Vincent Benet, *Selected Works of Stephen Vincent Benet*. Vol. II. New York: Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., 1942, p. 367.

and simplicity of diction bring to the reader the ability to feel all of the courage of America's history, and this feeling is further heightened by his contrast of those American names to European names:

"Siene and Piave are silver spoons,
But the spoon-bowl metal is thin
and worn,

There are English countries like
hunting-tunes,

But I will remember where I was
born.

"I will fall in love with a Salem
tree

And a raw-hide quirt from Santa
Cruz

I will get me a bottle of Boston tea
And a blue-gummed nigger to sing
me blues.

I am tired of loving a foreign
muse."

In those nine lines Benét condenses and makes vivid all the inordinate differences between Old World and New. How clearly he makes us hear the hunting horn at dawn resounding over an English countryside, followed by a "blue-gummed nigger" strumming his banjo on a bank of the broad Mississippi; or see the old dainty silver spoon lying beside a plumed war-bonnet! By the use of strikingly original and apt figures of

speech, he makes us feel, and thrill to feel, big, spacious, crude, lovable America, in contrast to sophisticated, dainty, smug Europe.

Besides works of the type just discussed, to further his attempt to make Americans appreciate the history and heritage of their land, Benet has written several short ballads on our heroes, and, as Edward R. Schauffler, of the *Kansas City Star* said in a feature written the day after Benét's death, "Benét was the sort of poet who made men and women of the past as much alive as the neighbors to whom you have just been talking. This he accomplishes, again, by simplicity of diction and form. For example, in writing of Thomas Jefferson, he describes that tall, austere-looking gentleman's various talents as being:

"From buying empires
To planting 'taters,
From Declarations
To trick dumb-waiters."⁴

And, when he tells of the many awards which John James Audubon received for his extensive studies, he says:

"Gave him medals and degrees
Called him noble names,
Lucy Blakewell Audubon
Kissed her queer John James."⁵

4. *Ibid.*, p. 398.

5. *Ibid.*, p. 400.

One would never picture Thomas Jefferson "planting 'taters," nor would one suspect an artist-scientist as great as Audubon of doing anything so commonplace as kissing his wife. Benét did, though, and in so doing he helped us picture those things; thereby making those national heroes grow more real; and as they grow more real and more likeable, our history becomes more real too, and Benét has achieved his purpose.

The poet's understanding of human nature, then, adds too, to his ability to see that which he wants us to see and feel that which he wants us to feel. Under-statement, which is powerful because it allows the reader's imagination to play on and enlarge upon what has been said, he also handles beautifully. "Daniel Boone," which, I believe, is the best of his poem-portraits, is a good illustration of this technique. In only four lines it reveals all the beauties of the American wilderness and makes the reader feel a sharp pang of longing for the days in which men were strong enough to conquer that wilderness, simply because they were close enough to it to understand it. The poem is this:

"When Daniel Boone goes by, at night,

The phantom deer arise,
And all lost wild America
Is burning in their eyes."⁶

Benét's restraint merely leads us on. He states no regret for the fact that all wild America is lost, but because he cuts the thought short, we feel his emotion and it becomes ours, which is just as he hoped.

His two greatest works, *John Brown's Body* and *Western Star*, are, it would seem, the climax to his American poetry. In fact, the minor poems could be combined and used as a preface to one or both of the major works. Appropriately, he has taken the two events which did the most to shape American history, the Civil War and the Westward Movement. *John Brown's Body*, the story of the Civil War, is certainly a great narrative poem, but it misses being an epic by a hair's breadth. An epic deals with either a national hero or a national event, and though *John Brown's Body* deals with the Civil War, I'm afraid Benét lost track of that fact several times. If he didn't, the reader does. He looks at the war between the states from all possible view-points, using men and women from different sections of the country to put those views across. That

6. *Ibid.*, p. 402.

is all very well and good, but the draw-back lies in the fact that both the author and the reader become so much interested in each character's *personal* problems that they completely forget the primary object of the whole thing. Also, it is difficult to keep each of the men straight as to which side he belongs, which home problems he is facing, and which girl he is trying to marry. The entire works lack unity, though the historical bits are quite well done.

The description, as always, is incomparable. Little bits such as the metaphor describing a Negro slave who had been a tribal prince in Africa: "His eyes were savage gods,"⁷ and his description of John Brown as being "a tiny blackened scrap of paper soul,"⁸ are phrases that the mind remembers, though the eyes have seen them only once.

His rapid changes from rhyming couplet to blank verse to free verse and back to rhyme again, though creating a definite effect, and placed there just for that purpose, only add to the confusion. Certainly it is fascinating and as full of suspense and breath-taking with its changes from pure idealism and romance to stark realism, as any

prose novel, but if Benét was attempting to write a poem intended to live as an epic of the Civil War, he over-shot the mark.

In *Western Star* I find the same fault as in *John Brown's Body*: concentration on the individual person, used to carry the theme, rather than on the theme itself. However, since the Westward Movement was carried on by, and dependent upon individual people, that is not such a grievous fault. This work also lacks unity, but, again, the Westward Movements were anything but unified, so Benét may have had method in his madness. Here, too, we find the powerful description and use of rhythm to set the mood, which is sometimes fast and exciting sometimes slow and monotonous, then almost nerve-wracking in its suspense, which is heightened by the use of under-statement, just as those New England settlers must have found their lives to be. The poem is moving, but leaves one feeling as if it were a little overdone. Though his Americanism is great and admirable and impressive, anything in too-large doses grows tiresome, and, almost with relief, we turn to his "Nightmares and Visitants."⁹

7. *Ibid.*, p. 10.

8. *Ibid.*, p. 52.

9. *Ibid.*, p. 423.

Benét's "Nightmares and Visitors" are in sharp contrast to the laudatory, exciting poems of America, but still the things for which American democracy supposedly stand are the theme. Benét was a great advocate of democracy and this feeling of his is quite evident in works such as "Litany for Distatorship"¹⁰ and "Ode to the Austrian Socialists."¹¹ The sordid, stark realism of poems such as those and his nightmare poems, which are predictions of the future of mankind, come like a dash of cold water in the face, after his other idealistic American poems. Here he uses rhyme and meter to their greatest advantage, and as he used simple, loose-jointed words to set the tone of his earlier poems, the later ones are phrased so that one can almost hear the big city's rattle. When one reads "Nightmare for Future Reference,"¹² in which he says that mankind will come to an end after the third World War, because babies will cease to be born, one wonders that he ever could have written anything as gentle as "Thomas Jefferson," because one feels that he senses an absolute futility in the

existence of man; however, I feel that those poems are meant more as warnings than prophecies, but whatever they are intended for, by use of rhythm and words, he certainly achieves his purpose. My blood ran cold.

Another striking contrast we find in his "My Fair Lady" poems, all written to, and about, his wife, Rosemary. Though of no great depth, they are the kind of poems which are poems just for poetry's sake, embodying the word-picture at its best. "To Rosemary, on the Methods by Which She Might Become An Angel,"¹³ shows Rosemary, after death, not doing anything conventional like playing a harp, but sitting on a "puff of Autumn cloud," playing a tuba! There not only do we have a delightful picture, but we have Rosemary's personality. Again, in describing her, he says:

"Her ears are pointed at the tips
She stayed so long in Fairy."¹⁴

By the use of light, delicate words such as "puff," "tip," and "Fairy," Benet puts across the idea of a small, dainty, laughing person. The "My Fair Lady" poems make me think that to Benét they were

10. *Ibid.*, p. 429.

11. *Ibid.*, p. 432.

12. *Ibid.*, p. 457.

13. *Ibid.*, p. 357.

14. *Ibid.*, p. 354.

a busman's holiday. He wrote his heavier works because he wished to put over an idea; he wrote to Rosemary because he wished to enjoy himself.

Altogether, Benét's power as a poet lies in his ability to paint word-pictures, his use of rhythm to achieve an effect, his use of understatement, his ability to make peo-

ple of the past, or imaginary characters, come alive, but more especially in the moving force which lay behind both his major works, and most of his minor works, with the exception of the Rosemary poems. That force was his devotion to America, and that, in itself, was his greatest contribution to American literature.

Anything Can Happen

By George and Helen Papashvily

Reviewed by Kathleen Norris, College '45

Anything Can Happen is the record of George Papashvily's twenty years in America. Entering the United States as a Russian immigrant, he married an American girl and began his adjustments to the new world, which he describes so hilariously in his book. It is essentially a series of anecdotes told in story form and written down by his wife exactly as he told them, with his florid language and contagious humor, and with the appeal of George's joyous philosophy of life.

Delightful and humorous but with the sincerity of an account of the experiences by which an immigrant becomes a citizen, *Anything Can Happen* is an interesting study

of the adaptations of a foreigner to our "melting pot of the world." As an instance of this charming narrative there is the ridiculous incident where George found that he could not sleep on the grass in the park because of the police, but the park benches were free. Yet there were iron armrests every two feet along the benches. "How could I distribute myself under them?" Not yet having conquered the English language, Mr. Papashvily's idioms and attempted poetic phrases add color to the already hilarious anecdotes. A refreshing escape from the present-day war novels, *Anything Can Happen* is recommended for a brief relaxation.

Color Impressions of Childhood

By Kay Keggin

College '46

Childhood is a bewildering time but a happy time. Luckily it can never be forgotten; the sense impressions of childhood remain through life to brighten a dull moment, give a crisis some full meaning, or recreate an impression within us. Childhood with all its haze, its fairy-like quality, and its glorious dreams of the future in which we expect complete fulfillment, can always be recalled happily for all its precocious innocence and attempt at worldly knowledge. The complete satisfaction of the child at the few bits of information he has grasped give him a "heady" feeling never again experienced.

My impressions through life have been linked with color and sensitiveness to its beauty. It was the huge scarlet ball on the Christmas tree that first occasioned my pop-eyes and slightly cross-eyed stare at the age of four months.

Color, there was always color. It lay in the forbidding blue-grey dark before a rain and in the rainbow that followed, the immediate flash of light at the touch of a tiny button and the soft glow of

the nightlight in my room, the young green of early grass and the willows in our yard, the soft elfin green of the moss beneath my sand-pile, from which the forbidding green of a large toad blinked, his throat pulsating; the promising green of a pussy willow bud, and the fragrant shiny green of our Christmas tree . . . on these things I came to depend as a child.

The colors of dresses excited me. The softness of a lavender velvet party dress, the shimmer of a lavender ribbon in my straight brown hair, and the soft glow of the silver Lorraine cross that my father had brought back from France gave me a feeling of age, though to an outsider it merely accentuated my youth. The warmth and sunniness of a peach cotton dress with bloomers to match, which I proudly displayed to all who passed by, pleased me.

Color became alive in flowers. The deep color of golden rod, bittersweet, and fallen maple leaves quickly became a vivid and searing part of my childhood. Zinnias with their deep hues particularly

appealed to me as lollypops standing straight and tall. And why didn't roses taste with all their searing brave color? It puzzled me and I failed to accept it. With childish determination each rose was tasted and rejected.

Other color sensations reached me. A lettuce grater and a box of crayons thrilled me, for when grated and allowed to fall upon the steps of the porch, they formed a varied if extravagant mass of tint and shade.

Color; I sensed it and felt it even in sleep. I could close my eyes and tiny pinpoints of it swept before me. I could waken, and it was there reassuring me in the ivory of my bed, the rough tan of

my teddy bear, the sober blue of my robe and the scarlet of my tiny slippers.

The world is color conscious. It is the dull khaki, the "pinks," the forest greens, navy blues, and crisp whites. It is the silver and gold of wings and crossed rifles, the dark green and sienna of camouflage, all too often the dull black-red of blood and the yellow and purple of a telegram, the red, the white, and the blue.

To the child who first noticed a gay scarlet ball, it becomes sometimes sad, sometimes happy but it is the theme of my life, that thing which weaves itself in with all my dreams and all my recollections of childhood.

The Snow Is You

By Shirley Jeanne Hunt

College '45

Swirling, dodging, dancing with glee
Flirting, winking at each stoic tree
Tripping lightly across the ground
Joyfully greeting a new playground.
Silently, peacefully, flowing on,
Mocking the summer recently gone.

You are as beautiful, disturbing, and haunting,
Shy and provocative, your powers flaunting,
Always glistening, radiantly white,
The snow is you in all its delight.

Little Lost Pup

By Mary Hendricks

Preparatory School Senior

"Oh the saddest of sights in this world of sin,
Is a little lost pup with his tail tucked in."

He wasn't a beautiful pup, to say the least. He had more fox terrier in him, perhaps, than anything else. He was a tiny thing, not more than a few weeks old, and so dirty that it was impossible to detect his color. His ears were a little too long, his tail a little too short. His amber eyes were pleading as he gave a plaintive sniff at each passer-by, who either ignored him completely or cast a cold glance in his direction. He lowered his eyes and shuffled on his way, not unlike a poor tramp who has been refused a meal.

I don't know what made me smile at him. Maybe I did it absently, or maybe it was to reassure him that I was not an enemy. At any rate, his whole expression changed. His face lit up, his tail began to wag vigorously, and there was a new spring to his step.

My heart sank at I noticed he was following me. I could not have that. No doubt he was a

very nice pup, but I had been so devoted to my dog that died, I had made up my mind never to get another.

"Go away, pup," I commanded firmly but gently.

He was so pleased at my speaking to him that he actually quickened his pace. He thought I had beckoned to him, and although he was weak for want of food, he was trying to oblige me.

I motioned him back with my hand, and misunderstanding the gesture, he trotted forward and licked my hand with his warm little tongue. I pushed him away.

"Get!" I cried harshly, "go along now. Leave me alone!"

I walked a little faster. Unable to resist a backward look, I turned my head slightly. Out of the corner of my eye I saw he was hesitating. He took a few steps, stopped, then deciding to try me again, he continued.

Becoming exasperated, I picked up a rock and threw it. The pup gave a pitiful little yelp, lifted one of his paws and limped away. The look he gave me revealed surprise,

bitter disappointment in me and utter despair.

"You didn't have to do that," his eyes told me. "I guess I had you wrong."

His look shamed me. I hadn't really meant to hit him, only to scare him. Making a sudden decision, I knelt and snapped my fingers.

"Come on, boy," I pleaded, "come here."

He eyed me distrustfully, then with a joyous yap he bounded into my arms.

"Hey," I laughed as he licked my face affectionately, "cut it out!" "Oh the happiest sight in this world so fair,
Is a gay little pup with his tail in the air."

Sonnet

By Ann Sharpe

Behind me there's a greener slope of hill,
Where echoes from a merry laughter lie;
The careless yesterday I loved until
I saw your eyes and felt the laughter die.
For love was young, and yet across my heart
Fate flung his shadow o'er our glory day,
But the thunder of the times that made us part
Can never keep your soul from mine away.
And though you leave, I shall not say goodbye,
For there will be a dawn of deeper dreams,
A dawn in which a laughing you and I
May roam again the moors and mountain streams,
And see beyond the dark horizon's rim
The light a million tears could never dim.

God Said "No"

By Mary Hendricks

Preparatory School Senior

Through eyes filled with bitterness Scott watched the small children playing by the pond. The day was hot, but in the park it was cool. A huge oak shaded the pond while another shaded the bench on which Scott sat. A wide path lined with stones led to and from the pond. Today the path was frequented by many, old and young alike.

Poor kids! thought Scott, they are so young, so pitifully young. They see everything through rose-colored glasses. Too bad they have to grow up.

He looked down at his wooden leg and his mouth twisted into a wry grimace. His eyes were filled with hurt, torture, and hatred; hatred for his wooden leg, hatred for himself, and hatred for God.

Before the war Scott had been steadily gaining note as a poet. He had loved beauty and everything about nature. How could he help showing this love in his poetry? His joyous spirit had been so contagious that people felt uplifted when they read his verse. No wonder his poems were the delight of

the public! "Interpreter of beauty" he had been called, as, indeed, he was.

Some time after Pearl Harbor, he had joined the Marines and after months of waiting, he had been sent to Guadalcanal. He had fought and fought until he had almost dropped with fatigue. He hated war. Lord, how he hated it. War was ugliness. He hated ugliness.

Then one hot, damp day, as he ran for shelter, his leg was riddled by a Jap machine gun. In the base hospital the doctors had debated the question of saving his leg.

"Oh God," he had prayed feverishly for what seemed hours, "don't let them take my leg. Let me come out of this whole and sound that I might go back and fight again. Please! God, please!"

They had amputated that night. He was sent home in a week. Funny, it all seemed like a bad dream now.

His joy of living was gone. His love of beauty . . . gone. He could no longer write poetry. He was a dreamer, an idealist, with his

dreams taken away, with reality forced upon him. He was of no use on earth. Why hadn't God answered his prayer? Why? Surely, God had granted less important requests than that. Surely, God could see how important his leg and winning the war were to him. Why, then, had He not answered?

Abruptly he looked up. A little girl with golden curls and a round dimpled face had seated herself beside him.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Scott," he answered, trying to smile, "what's yours?"

"Sally," she replied, then she grinned importantly. "I'm going to have a birthday Wednesday."

"Oh, are you?" said Scott. "How old will you be?"

"Six."

"That's swell," said Scott. "What do you want for your birthday?"

"I want a puppy; a little white puppy with a black spot over his eye."

"Do you think you'll get one?"

"Mamma says I might if I pray to God every night and ask Him," said Sally. She cocked her head sideways. "Do you think so?"

"I don't know," Scott said slowly, trying to hide the irony in his voice.

"I'll tell you whether I get him or not," Sally promised. "I'll come

back Thursday afternoon and tell you. I come here every afternoon."

"You do that," said Scott. "I'll be waiting."

What brought him back to the park that Thursday? Scott didn't know. He only knew that something drew him down that stone-lined path to the bench beside the pond. Children were playing around the pond as before, but where was Sally? There she was, running down the path. She skipped toward him eagerly.

"I got a doll and a new dress and a game—"

"Did you get your puppy?" Scott interrupted.

"No."

"Then God didn't answer your prayers, did he?" Scott said grimly.

"Oh yes, he did," Sally said confidentially. "God said 'No.'"

Scott stared at the child dazedly. What a fool he had been! He had believed that God had forsaken when actually he, Scott, had been the one to forsake. He had forsaken everything he loved; joy in nature, beauty, and even God. God hadn't turned His back on him; God had answered his prayers. God had said, "No."

He had said, "No, it isn't my wish that you should go again to fight. Your leg cannot be saved,
(Continued on Page 32)

Gun at Fault

By Mary Richards

College '45

The man's boots swished in the muddy water and a loose decoy floated down the swift moving stream.

"Burt, get it, will you?"

"Pa, I couldn't. I'm sorry." The seventeen-year-old lad looked solemnly at his father, but the man seemed to ignore the incident, shifting the gun to his other shoulder.

"Well, let's try over here, shall we?" The two went up on the bank and started to walk on in silence, waiting for a chance to shoot at a bird. The faithful, trained dogs followed closely too, and their dog faces had wrinkles on their foreheads as did the men's. It was more like four equal, alert hunters, than two men and two dogs.

"There, shoot, Burt!" The boy pulled the gun quickly to position, aimed, and fired. As pilots react to flack, the birds didn't waver, but continued their flight in perfect formation, looking like a squadron of bombers. Burt had been thinking about Jeanne and how much his father hated her and their relationship, when his father

spoke. Failing to see the birds first, he was irritated and missed the shot.

"Now look, son, you have to be quicker; you have to keep your mind on it. Watch me next time. You have to lead it more." Presently the opportunity came and the older man shot. An expression of satisfaction and a feeling of a job well done came over him as the bird fell. He found a release in hunting that he was trying to show his son. Damn fool kid, getting a case on this Jeanne person.

Fetching the mallards as instructed, the pointers laid the dead ducks at their master's feet.

"See how easy it is, son!" His expression was kind, and Burt resolved to try harder. He kept his eyes open and his gun ready.

"There!" The gun went off and the dogs brought back the loot.

"See, that's the way to do it!" Maybe the boy would make a hunter after all. Smiling to himself, Mr. Wendel picked up the dead mallards. Since the quota had been reached, the four figures

started back to the pick-up truck. Something about tramping through the country with the birds swinging from their sides makes men feel important. Burt was almost close to his father for those few moments.

"You know, son, hunting is kind of like life, when you stop to think about it. Your success depends upon such a little thing. A bullet, for example, just a tiny piece of steel."

Burt thought about the way Jeanne's eyes had become like steel when he told her his father had forbidden him to see her. Such beautiful eyes, like the softest gray of a frisking rabbit's tail, to become so cold.

"That's like life, you know." Mr. Wendel was almost carried away by his analogy. "It is the little things that count!"

Little things? Did it matter when Jeanne didn't smile at him, or forgot to thank him for something? Of course not, he knew what she meant. What difference did it make that she sometimes forgot to listen to what he said? He must see her. Even if he had to run away! Even . . .

"Are you listening to me?"

"Yes, sir."

"As I was saying, a bullet can mean so many things. It can either

mean a duck for Sunday dinner, or I could hit a tree, or the bullet could go straight up and not do any good at all. On the other hand . . ."

He almost gets a fiendish pleasure out of all this, Burt thought.

"You might shoot your dog or even a human being. Now the vital thing here is: it is all in your aim and how good a judge you are. All of life is made up of situations like that. The explosion depends on a small finger pulling a tiny lever that makes the bullet leave the barrel, giving you either a dead mallard, nothing, or one less human being on the earth." The old man chuckled at his extended cleverness.

If I'm hurt, think how Jeanne must feel. Burt heard only an occasional word.

"The most important thing, unless you get your mallard, then, is the numbness in your finger and the bruise on your shoulder where the gun kicked, *and* your determination to do better next time. Get the connection? In any situation it depends on your aim, and your judgment which determines how and when you pull, which gets you your results. Kind of deep, isn't it?"

"Yeah, deep." Burt had his clothes packed now and could see
(Continued on Page 33)

Washday

By Iris Turner

College '46

It was Monday morning, wash-day at the Jansens'. It was a long, lazy morning with heat so heavy in the air that it seemed to have stopped the activities of everything on earth except children, "niggers," and flies.

Out in the Jansens' back yard, the sounds of these heat-loving creatures were suspended in the air—the sudsy sloshings from the wash-house, big, black Angelina's mournful chant, a duet with the guttural sounds of clothes being scrubbed over the tin ridges of a washboard, the buzz of flies around the kitchen door, the muted conversation of the children playing.

The Jansens' little daughter, Patricia, and Angelina's, "Bilbo 'n Elly" were parading around the yard in clothes which they had stealthily removed from the pile of dirty clothes Angelina was washing.

The two little girls were sharing a pair of faded blue slacks, the legs of which were not meant to hold even one small girl apiece. Behind them flapped Bilbo, his small body enveloped in a long striped nightshirt.

Suddenly Bilbo, growing tired of this performance, ran over to the high fence surrounding the yard, clambered up to the top of the fence and stood on the top rail.

"Hey Elly," he shouted, "y'all watch me. Ah'm a parachute."

He held out the sides of the nightshirt and jumped. The little girls, not to be outdone, repeated his action until their loud squeals brought an enraged Angelina from the wash-house.

"You no-count chilun! You mus' think I ain't got 'nuff to do 'thout yo sneakin' mah dutty clocs out 'n draggin' 'em all ovuh the ground. You get outen dem clocs!"

She snatched the nightshirt and slacks off the children and stalked back to her work.

Deprived of their costumes, Patricia, Bilbo, and Elly retired to a bare plot of ground out of Angelina's sight. They squatted down on the ground and began to draw pictures on the dirt with sticks.

After a glance in the direction of the wash-house, Elly said, "Pu-

trisha, is you evuh seed a daid nigger?"

Patricia's eyes grew larger and she answered, "No—but I've seen a dead cat."

"Huh!" broke in Bilbo, "a cat ain't nothin's. Why, me 'n Elly has seed mo' daid people than we kin count. I know where they's a daid lil' nigger gal right now."

At this, Patricia was completely overcome.

"Oh my goodness, Bilbo! Will you take me to see her? Please, will you?"

"Naw, Mama'd whup me good if'n I took you down to Nigger Town."

"Oh please, Bilbo. I'll get you a cookie from the kitchen if you will."

With little more pleading from Patricia, and with a cookie in each hand, Bilbo was persuaded to take Patricia where the "daid gal" was, and the little trio stole out of the yard, down the street, down a back alley until they came to Nigger Town.

They scuffed down the dusty road until they came to a shack with a crowd of negroes standing around in front of the building. Here Bilbo stopped, skirted the crowd, and crept around to the back door. He went in, assured himself that no one was in the

room, and beckoned to the girls to come in.

There in the dark room, lying on a broken-down sofa, was the figure of a small negro child.

Patricia walked closer to the sofa. She felt no horror, no emotion at all—only curiosity. She looked at the child's kinky black hair, the starched gingham dress; then, feeling an irresistible desire to touch the child, put out her hand and touched the cold, black face. She was filled with sudden, wild terror, and she turned, ran out of the house and didn't stop until she hit the broad mass of Angelina, who was coming out of the back yard to look for the children.

"Why, honey, what's the matter? You runnin' lak a lil' scairt calf."

"Oh, Angelina," gasped Patricia, "I saw a dead girl and I put my hand on her face and she was all cold and still. Angelina, am I ever going to be like that? Am I, Angelina?"

Realizing what had happened, Angelina led Patricia over to the back steps and sat down with her. She waited until the child had become quiet, and then she began to talk to her.

"Now you hush cryin', Trisha, honey. You ain't got nothin' to be scared about. Don't you know that jus' niggers is like 'dat when

dey die—all black 'n cold? White folks jus' lays up in dey pink cawfins and looks warm 'n purty. An' all dey frends sen' flowers and comes an' looks at 'em an' says 'Don't she look natchel, tho'? Don't you be scared 'bout dat lil' gal down there."

Just then Patricia saw two black heads peeping around the corner of the house. She saw Bilbo's skinny arms motioning frantically to her.

Angelina was saying, "Now you jes' go on back an' play an' fergit 'bout that black chile. I'se gon' whup dat Bilbo good for takin' you down there."

Angelina went back to her washing, and Patricia slipped around the corner where Bilbo and Elly waited for her. Bilbo, always the spokesman for the two, was first to voice his scorn of Patricia's fear.

"Huh—I ain't nevuh gon' show you nothin' anymo'. You 'bout the biggest sissy I'se evuh seed. Runnin' away, an' den tellin' on me. I guess you're jes' an ole coward, thass all you is."

Patricia answered him angrily, "You hush your mouth, Bilbo, or I'll tell Angelina on you. She's already going to spank you for takin' me down to Nigger Town. She said that white children don't have any business down there where there are dead niggers. Anyway, I wasn't really scared 'cause I knew that just niggers look like that when they're dead. If you're going to talk to me like that, though, I'm not going to play with you any more."

With this, Patricia turned, marched back through the yard and into the house; Bilbo and Elly went to receive their "whuppin'" from Angelina.

God Said "No"

(Continued from Page 27)

but that need not interfere with your work. Return home and continue writing of beauty so that people will realize it is still on earth; so that they will realize there is something in the world other

than ships, planes, bombs, guns, bullets, and factories. Make beauty live again."

Scott rose unsteadily and, bracing himself on his cane, limped down the path on the leg he had not quite learned to use yet. His face radiated happiness. God had said, "No."

I Will Return

By Margaret Houston

College '46

I will return
And walk, once more, beside your tranquil shore.
I shall listen
To the roaring whisper of the waves
As they break and rush precipitately upon the beach in the form of
snowy, bubbling foam
To the serene, aquatic lore of your marshes.
I shall gaze
Out over your endless spaces, and dream of that which lay hidden from
me beyond your horizon.
I shall wonder
At the various forms of life which you are forever creating and taking
away.
I shall wish
Never again to part from the magic lure of your aquatic wonderland.
I shall come back to you, someday, O Mighty Ocean, for you are my
life!
Yes, I will return.

Gun at Fault

(Continued from Page 29)

himself sneaking away. The hurt from the kick of the shot was all he had left and he was going to do better!

"Well, Pa, we had a good day, didn't we? You know, someday I'll appreciate what you've done for me."

Mr. Wendel was quite pleased. For the first time since that silly affair his son seemed normal. He would have to have these little talks with him more often! Well, the bullet really got to the "heart of things" that time. He laughed aloud at his unspoken pun, but his son, holding his head high, didn't even hear him. Neither man knew that the gun had backfired.

The Song of God

By Nancy Hollingsworth

Preparatory School Senior

It is Spring in Tennessee.
The sky is blue,
Dotted with fleecy clouds.
Yellow jonquils
Wave gaily
In the balmy breeze.
Red-breasted robins
Bob on the green grass.
I stand at my window
And watch all this loveliness.
And books on the table
Beckon me;
But I cannot reply;
The song of God is stronger.

It is Spring on the Rhine.
The sky is gray
With water-filled clouds.
All the flowers
Have been trampled
Into the ground
By marching feet.
Shells sing death songs
Through the air.
I lie on my back
And stare at all this.
My comrades
Beckon me to follow;
But I cannot reply;
The song of God is stronger.

Kaimu

By Claire Bissell

Preparatory School Senior

The tangible hush of a tropic night,
The sultry air and the whitecap's fright
When the juggernaut roller shoves its way
O'er the dancing waves and the veil of spray
Where coral was once in sight;

Moonlight caught in the thousand cups
Of the eager ripples where phosphorus sups
On a meal of gold from a spangled sky,
While the trill of a night bird tries to vie
With the surf, and interrupts

The crickets' song and the murmured gasp
As wave strikes sand and slips back past
Abandoned shells on the firm, black beach
Which the yearning waters strive to reach
And reclaim with coaxing grasp;

The clouds forming lace across the stars,
A spiderweb veiling Venus and Mars,
An intricate pattern challenged by space
As palm fronds whisper and breezes race
Breathing mystery from afar;

This is the scene a dreamer spies
As he sits at a desk with half-closed eyes,
'Til the oft-rebelling vagabond heart
Is recalled to the present with a start
And the picture fades and dies.

Black Boy

By Richard Wright

Reviewed by Kathleen Norris, College '45

This vivid autobiography by Richard Wright, who is considered the most brilliant young negro writer today, is a disturbing story of nineteen years in the South . . . from his birth until his "escape" to Chicago. Born to poor parents of the lower class, Wright was always an under-dog, and his story is that of a whole tragic race of people who have been stamped as inferior . . . an unfinished story of a problem still to be met.

The book is evidently an actual record as the author attempts to conceal nothing, even revealing his own emotional weaknesses and the tragic situation of his family unrelieved by any humor or brightness; but as bad as the world is, one can hardly conceive of such concentrated meanness and despair completely filling the life of a little boy . . . white or black. Mr. Wright's primary purpose seems to be to indict the whole "Jim Crow" system in the South, and he blames the brutalities and ignorance of his people on the fact that the Negro race is forever cut off from education and culture. It seems odd that through all his nineteen years in Mississippi Mr. Wright never

heard of Fisk University or Atlanta University or Tuskegee or Hampton, and surely the law of averages would have thrown his way a larger number of decent white people than he has known.

In dealing with the racial question though, the South . . . as a people . . . should know and try to understand both sides of the situation, and here is a cry against the whites . . . which, though perhaps a little extreme, is to be considered. In reading Mr. Wright's document, one should try to be guided by one's intellectual side rather than by emotion alone. We who find the racial problem a sensitive spot on our emotions possibly may misinterpret Mr. Wright's intentions, but even so, the book should be read.

As a coming generation we are the ones to whom the problem has been given, and in order to come to any practical solution we must overcome sectional prejudice and personal emotion. *Black Boy* is the story, however extreme, of one Negro of the South out of thousands of Negroes . . . and it is well to know what the "other side" thinks.

