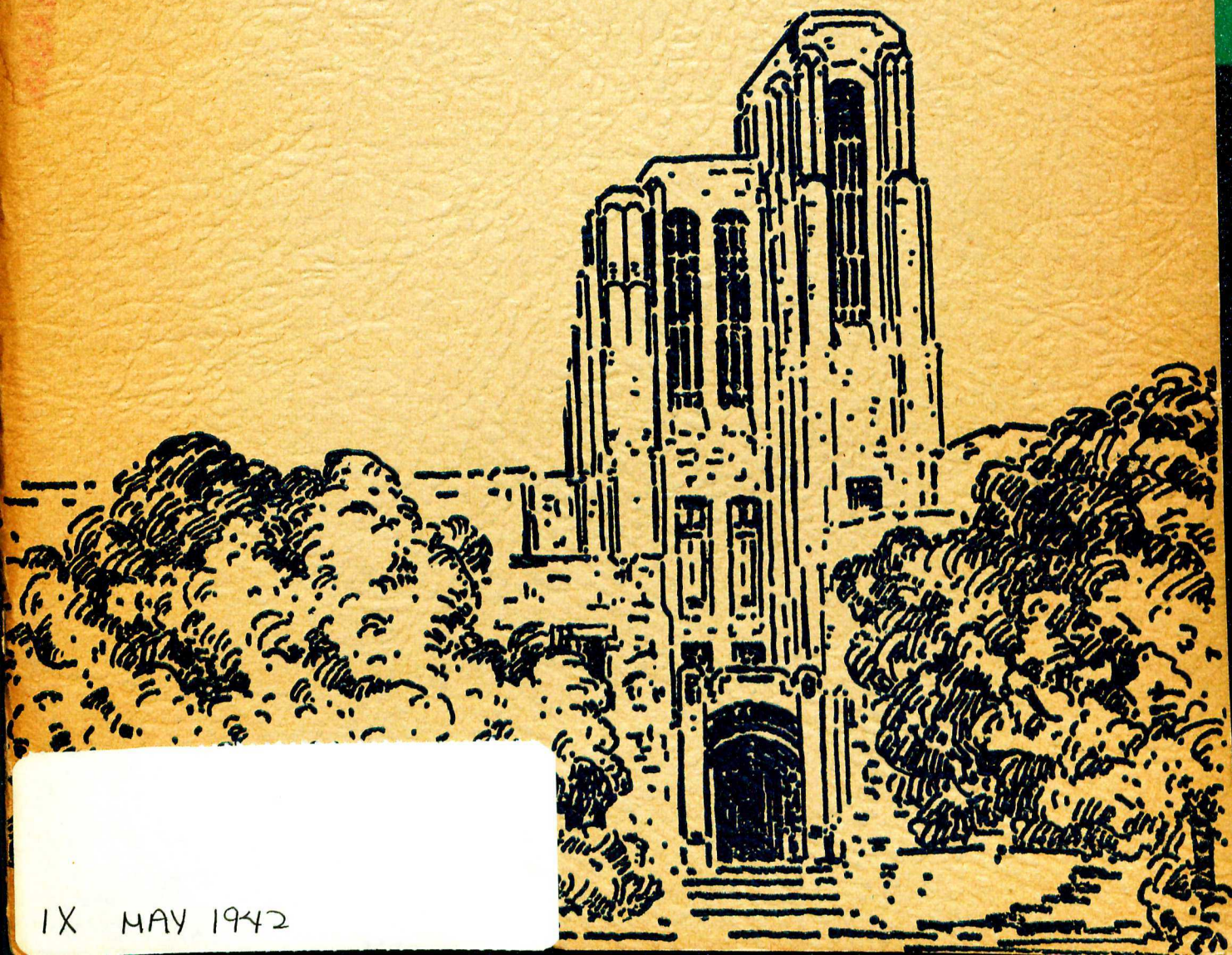


MSS

Vol. IX

MAY, 1942

No. 4



IX MAY 1942

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B R I E F L Y

This, the last issue of MSS for this school year, may well be considered our gala number, since it is sixteen pages larger than the three preceding issues, and it contains four of the prize-winning works submitted in the literary contests. Helen Hughes and Joe Berry, joint winners of the prize for the best piece of sustained writing offered by the Indiana branch of the American League of Pen Women, have submitted their works for publication in this issue, as have Esther Benjamin and Jack DeVine, who were winners of the Butler Literary Contest in the essay and short story divisions respectively. It is regretted that because of limited space it was necessary to omit the one-act play, "The Third Adonis," with which Jack Kilgore won the Butler Literary Contest in the drama division. However, in the freshman section we were able to print Richard Moores' short story which received much favorable mention by the judges.

At this time the editor wishes to express his appreciation to all those who have contributed so much to the magazine: to Mr. Everett Miller and Mr. Joy Lively, the printers, for their co-operation and painstaking work; to Dr. Stewart and Professor Sparks for their kindness and their advice; to the John Herron Art Institute for its courtesy in allowing the use of plates for the pictures which have appeared in the four issues; to the contributors and the staffs for their interest and co-operation; and finally to the readers for their willingness to disregard the shortcomings of the magazine in finding the good things in it.

APRIL THOUGHTS IN WAR TIME

HELEN HUGHES

Winner of 1942 League of American Pen Women Prize

Sonnet

Blue skies are cruelest now; immense, they bend
Over the lonely land, uncompromising,
Unconcerned, aloof. Unnatural friend!
Whose time is April when the sweet surprising
Daffodils spring up to rival such
A brave and tender blue! We who are used
To turning calm eyes skyward now see much
Of heaven that is alien and confused.
Where once we laughed into the sun's embrace,
Once welcomed friendly rain, once searched the broad
And democratic sky for Saturn's face,
And, searching, strained to touch the hand of God;
We now stand under skies that vomit fire.
Be angry at the blue sky for a liar!

Ballad

My soldier is saying goodbye to me,
With his lips pressed to my hand;
And a whispered word and a kiss to be
Strength in the foreign land.
("Who are you loving, my dear, so dear?"
Lovers in War-time understand.)

My soldier is fighting across the sea,
With a steady heart and a hand;
But my days are full of a fear that he
May die in that bloody land.
("What are you thinking, my dear, so dear?"
Lovers in War-time understand.)

My soldier has written a page to me
With a broad and manly hand;
His ship is coming across the sea,
Homing back to the land.
("Will you be waiting, my dear, so dear?"
Lovers in War-time understand.)

My soldier's ship has come over the sea.
My love doesn't hear the band;
Low in a shallow grave lies he
In a cold and barren land.
("Why have you left me, my dear, so dear?"
Lovers in War-time understand.)

The Search

Now once again in beauty the strange and fragile season walks the land.
And once again we search for the tremendous, the uncommon.
Where shall we find, among these petty days, the secret heart turned toward us in
the dusk?
Whose face has looked at me from dusty pages of a book among my father's shelves?
Whose voice has called to me from the syringa trees when April finds them quivering
with bloom?
Did we meet on a stormy night in angry wind and mounting fear,
Or on a morning, sunny and common with dandelions and fresh clothes hung on a
line to dry?
Oh, ghostly voice, and dim-remembered smile,
Are you shadow or substance, kindled memory or marrow of my bones?
Look here, where I, standing at the window, am waiting, waiting

Songs of Somewhere Else

(A Collection for Children

"The Legend of How Come Islands."

In Maine I heard a farmer say,
(I'm sure he meant it seriously)
That odd things happen every day
In a country that has both the mountains and the sea.

Now men have always loved the hills,
But they have loved the sea no less;
So, clasping hands, the pine-green hills
Walked right down into the ocean just from loneliness.

And that's the reason (as he told me),
That islands flower down the stern Maine coast,
Sprinkled and clustered on the breast of the sea;
And why all the sun-brown fishermen love the islands most.

Plans for Independence

Someday
When I'm a man
I'm going to sail a ship
To Cyprus and Afganistan.
Perhaps I'll stop in Timbuctoo to play.
Don't try to stop me, 'cause you'll fail —
I'll only laugh and dip
One oar, and sail
Away.

Our Gardener

Our gardener tells me when it's going to rain.
He finds out from the violets,
The pansies and the jonquills,
And then he lets
It rain!
And when the sun
Plays with the daffodils
The gardener and I have fun
By splashing through the puddles in the lane.

Our gardener is much wiser than most men.
He understands what flowers think.
He gives the hollyhocks
Water to drink.
And when
He starts to sing
To all the four-o-clocks,
I dance about and make a ring
That none may cross 'till we come back again.

Triolet

A child is nothing much to see,
Except for immortality.
She wakes and kicks and blinks at me.
A child is nothing much to see.
I wonder how a thing can be
Alive and human—and so wee!
A child is nothing much to see,
Except for Immortality.

LIVING WITH THE ANGELS

JACK DEVINE

Prize winning short story, 1942

Butler Literary Contest

Pretty Joe Rainbow was not as pretty as his name implied. He had yellow teeth which were always visible because they lay over his lower lip. Whenever he opened his mouth to smile, which was often, one could see that the teeth were more like dog teeth than those of a man. They were pointed and spaced apart. On the tip of his tongue was a wart, and Pretty Joe liked to try to fit the wart in the spaces between his teeth. The left side of his face was swollen to about twice the size of a man's fist; he could not see from his left eye because it was swollen nearly shut. His left ear was as large as two ears and bobbed whenever he shook his head. His hair was so long it fell to his shoulders. His right eye protruded slightly and was quite crooked. This caused him to incline his head at an angle in order to discern any object. His beard, which grew only on the right side of his face, was stained with tobacco juice. His eyebrows grew straight out. Pretty Joe Rainbow was definitely *not* pretty.

"Gee, I'm a lucky guy," Pretty Joe thought, "when I found that street car ride thing. Pretty lucky, I guess, that's what I am. Yes sir, lucky. It has been almost a long time since I kin set here on this treet car and look out the windows. Yes, and go right along, too, and not use my feet. I know I'm lucky because of the 'thems' which stop him so they, too, kin get on and set without their feet moving—go right along.

"Lots others would have ridden in the Big Light time when the buildings and trees could be seen goin' by. But, me, I like the Little Light time when one kin

see all the little lights and see how different they each are. I like the black color, too. You cain't see that black color in the Big Light time."

Pretty Joe carefully turned to study the other passengers. He did not have to stare. One quick glance and he could see every thing. He knew every detail—the color of a man's clothes, the type of hat and shoes he was wearing, and even knew the color of his eyes. Joe would than look out the window, but he would see nothing. One by one he would recall the people who were riding on the car.

"Them, are awful purty. That man was kind o big to be one of 'them,' though he wasn't quite as big as me and his hands was not so big as mine. The other one is the purtiest one. His skin is sort of a white more or so, I guess. His hands, too, I liked his hands. They are white and soft. His fingers are not long but they looked long because they are skinny but it is a sort of a good kind of skinny. I liked his hands. I've got good hands. I can move every finger in three places except two fingers which only move in two places but all my fingers work and work good. I've got good hands. I can make a fist out of my hands if I roll my fingers up tight in a ball.

"I cain't understand the faces of the men. The faces have no hair, and the hair on their heads is of such a odd shape which I cain't understand. They are so small; never have I seen one of them nearly so large like me. Nor are they so strong like me. I'll bet none of 'them' kin carry a full grown horse over their shoulders as I kin. You gotta be strong in order to do that. I

am strong. I got good muscles. I am strong.

"I was lucky to get that street car ride thing. I don't get to be with 'them' much. When I die, my soul will be a purty young man with hair shaped funny on top and no hair on my face; with soft white hands and skinny fingers. I'll talk with them—when I am one. Funny I ain't dead yet, but here I am on this street car right in heaven, *Living With The Angels.*"

The street car stopped and a man entered carrying a woman in his arms as if she were a baby. Pretty Joe glanced up and saw the couple. "Why, she is sort of like me. She, too, is living with the angels. When she dies, she will come and take this street car. I will be a purty man and she will be a purty lady and I will talk to her, and she will smile and listen to what I say. She will have good legs and I will—. I'm afraid. I know why I'm not an angel. I know. I don't know how I kin know, but I do know. Angels have told me, I guess. Angels kin say things without talking."

Pretty Joe moved his tongue along his teeth and the wart moved in and out the spaces—moved in and out. "I got good legs, though," Joe mused, "I can stand, walk and even run. I got good legs. I had to run when I got my last breakfast out of

a garbage can. I got good legs, good hands, got a strong back, but I ain't got good—. Some people cain't see or hear. I can.

"She couldn't walk. I'll be a purty man and she'll be a purty woman. I wish I could look at a purty woman all day, but I cain't. Their skin is so purty. Their eyes, their eyes ain't like nothin' else at all. There is little lights in their eyes like there is little lights in the black color. I wish I might touch one. I wouldn't hurt her. But, she'd be afraid; so I cain't.

"Maybe I'm asleep and this is a dream. Maybe I ain't Pretty Joe Rainbow. Maybe I'm—Who kin I be? Some angel, I guess. I'll pretend that I live in their houses, ride the street cars and go places. I wonder what angels do in their houses, where they go on street cars. I don't know. I cain't even be one of 'them' asleep dreaming about me, because I don't even know if they dream. I reckon that I'm just me after all."

"Say, Bud," the motorman said pointedly, "we're at the end of the line now."

Pretty Joe Rainbow flicked his tongue around his teeth, the wart moving in and out the spaces. "Yes sir, I just seen that I was at the end of the line. I just seen I was."





DETAIL — ST. JEROME

BY GIOVANNI DI PIETRO

John Herron Art Museum



STILL LIFE

BY EMIL CARLSEN

John Herron Art Museum

THE ELDEST OF A BAND

ESTHER BENJAMIN
Prize winning essay 1942
Butler Literary Contest

I am a P. K. I was born a P. K., and I suppose I shall die—a P. K. I have known the obligations and privileges, the sorrows and joys, the tragedies and comedies of membership in the Royal Order of the Society of P. K.'s, all because my father is a minister, and I—a PREACHER'S KID.

Itinerant life with its varied experiences has been mine to know as a P. K. The thrill of packing—denuding the walls of their brown pictures, robbing the shelves of their badly-thumbed books, hiding the dishes and clocks amid the billows of old clothes in the washer; the tearful regrets at parting with a beloved doll too tattered to take along to a new community; that woebegone feeling as the moving van, groaning under its load of furniture, finally lumbers down the street; the haunting sound of footsteps among the mocking echoes of the deserted rooms — all these have I known. Locking the door, finding a seat between the bags and boxes in the "Lizzy," and waving a final farewell to the kindly neighbors have been an oft-repeated ritual in my life. I have known the suspense of the journey and the excitement of our arrival in the new town; I have known the sorrows of unpacking—finding new scratches on the piano and new cracks in the glass of the china closet. I have known the turmoil as we puzzled over how to turn the piano to hide the worn place in the rug or how to make three bedrooms out of two. But eventually that certain shyness at meeting inquiring glances of strange faces in the new church and that terrible fright on the first day in the red brick schoolhouse on the corner have been overcome; the cycle has then been completed.

Once more life as a minister's daughter has begun for me in a new town.

This life, on the whole, has been one I would not have traded for all the gold of Midas—and yet, as I look back over my childhood, I remember that the restraints imposed on me as a P. K. often were very annoying. I disliked being reproached for some misdeed with the remark, "And you are a minister's daughter!" Right for right's sake appealed to me, but right merely for the sake of my father's church members was a bit distasteful. I can easily understand why P. K.'s often go astray when I think of those whispers, "And did you know that the Minister's little girls—" —whispers that spread so alarmingly whenever we children misbehaved, either at home, at school, or at church. Like normal children we were sometimes noisy in our play; unlike noisy children we were called to account for desecrating the church parsonage. Usually it was some old soul subtle as an elephant, well-meaning but forgetful of her own childhood, who singled me out as the oldest and began in a quavering voice: "You know, our other minister didn't have any children. As I walked by your house the other day, I couldn't help remarking to Mrs. Jones how different the air of the parsonage is now." At school we had to be on our guard not to displease any children who attended our Sunday school—not so much because it was wrong, but because we might annoy some of their parents, causing them to "quit the church." At church little short of cherubic behavior was expected. The baby frequently defeated this expectation with shrill shrieks during the sermon. Daddy himself some-

times gave the lie to our angelic characters by "calling us down" in public for the benefit of other little harumscarums. Sitting in a row of children reading *The Junior World* in church, we would hear him say, "Now, Rachel and Lois, put away your Sunday-school papers until after church. You can read them when you get home." If my father failed to see our misdemeanors, however, he was promptly informed of them. I remember that at four I was often the recipient of a yard-sticking after a church session. Daddy was determined no one should complain of my behavior in church in vain. Model children—perfect specimens of ladies and gentlemen—these were the standards so many unthinking church members demanded of us.

And no matter how displeased we were with our "judgment-sitters," we learned to show partiality to them. Every barber-shop operator, every groceryman, pharmacist, mercantile salesman, or what have you, attending our church, was in line for preferential treatment. No matter how much I disliked Mr. Dusseldork for telling Daddy of my attempt to cross heavy traffic without looking both ways, I had to screw up my courage and ask him for that 10-cents' worth of bologna. When Mother wanted a box of hair pins, I walked past Rohm's Drug Store and bought them at the store two blocks further which was owned by a member of the Official Board. In every world affair, preference to church members was required of me. Those people in the church, however, we had to treat exactly alike. Every Sunday-school teacher was as interesting as any other so far as we were concerned. Showing my preference for the company of Sally Smith as opposed to that of Georgine Boren, both pupils in our Sunday-school, was unthinkable. One of the great tragedies of my life was the refusal of a birthday party because Mother was afraid she would offend some child by omitting him from the ranks of the chosen.

Of course I could have invited only my immediate Sunday-school class, but there were only eight of us—obviously too few for a party of any proportions. The whole department invited, our house would not have recovered from the shock for days. All these, I say, were childish grievances.

At an older age, however, I learned to accept being a P. K. philosophically. I took my responsibilities as a matter of course. As the oldest of our family I expected to find burdened with tasks no one else would or could perform. "The pinch hitter" was my role. If the Sunday-school superintendent needed a teacher for a class, I taught. The ages of the pupils and the extent of my lesson preparation made little difference. Because of the knowledge of this responsibility, a teacher's tardiness created in me a paroxysm of fear. Sitting tensely on the edge of my seat, I thumbed frantically through the *Quarterly* to scan the comments on Paul's missionary journeys or Samson's escapades. I still remember the halo that seemed to envelop the teacher of the "wiggly boys" class as she cautiously opened the door and slipped into her seat. If the pianist was absent or tardy, I played. Knowing this, I have, more than once, cut off my conversation at the last stroke of the 9:30 bell to glance hastily in the direction of the "anxious seat." No one occupying it, I prepared for the sinking feeling that swept over men when Daddy gave me the "high sign"—that certain anxious look that meant "Begin the prelude." (I will confess, though, that it was sometimes a pleasure to have the opportunity to play on a piano with keys rising and falling individually; at home they rose and fell en masse.) If an alto was needed in a quartet for the Sunday morning services, I sang. If no special number was available for the church services or an unexpected funeral service, it was my job to corral my sisters and by dint of pleading, cajoling, or threatening per-

suade the other two-thirds of our Allison girls' trio to perform. Convinced that Mary Ellen really had the toothache, and Lois a sudden case of laryngitis, then I sang a duet with Daddy. If the committee for the Ice Cream Social or the Children's Day program needed an assistant, I served *ex officio* — occasionally to the extent of accepting three different roles in a single dramatic performance.

Pinch hitting in the menial tasks of the church fell to my lot also. In an emergency of the Ladies' Aid or the Fellowship Dinner, I donned an apron and went to work in the kitchen. I cannot cook, but I can slice cabbage. And at one dinner I did—tons of it. In the absence of the janitor I collected the papers and dusted the pews on Sunday morning. The climax of my pinch-hitting career came, however, when I accepted the janitorship of one church for a whole year because everyone else living near the church refused to shoulder the burden of its time-taking duties. At the end of the year I understood why all the other ex-janitors had considered their salaries inadequate. Occasionally I was a pinch-hitting secretary. When my father required an assistant with the temperamental mimeograph machine, I was drafted. My hands and face covered with black smudges, I patiently pulled each bulletin off the cylinder as Daddy turned the crank, and later, as patiently folded the readable copies. On those days when Daddy was attending a county meeting of some sort, my task involved typing the announcements for the newspapers or preparing a form letter to remind folk of their stewardship obligations. In the light of all these responsibilities surely no one could suggest that I had hidden my talents or wrapped them up in a napkin. That opportunity is denied to a **PREACHER'S KID**.

Anxieties on Daddy's account were another feature of my membership among

the P. K.'s. On some occasions I have suffered with him; on others, for him. The delivery of his sermons were frequently anxious occasions, especially when I knew he had kept vigil the preceding Saturday night at the bedside of one of his parishioners who lay dying, or had spent the week shocking corn for the farmer injured in the tractor accident. Secretly I prayed that the Holy Spirit would guide him, even though I knew he had failed to help him out with his diligent sermon study at home. Listening to his sermon illustrations sometimes filled me with a vague uneasiness. By the time he had told the tragic story of the sinking of the Titanic four times in eight weeks, I really feared lest some of the members had heard it more than twice. Church attendance was another concern. On bleak wintry mornings the story of vacant pews told by the handful of cars filled me with melancholy before I entered the church. On rainy mornings I resolutely turned my attention to the side wall in order to avoid seeing the gloomy attendance record. In mining sections I have looked anxiously over the congregation wondering, wondering whether the men had had to work or had agreed to leave church-going to the deacons and elders.

The presence of some people, however, made me more nervous than their absence. As a very little child I shared in Daddy's concern over problem people. When he prayed, "Lord, help me as I lead my flock," I knew he was thinking in particular of that butting ram who annoyed all the other sheep. Sometimes it was that generous-hearted, good-natured old man who made the anthems sound like bass solos and exasperated the teacher of the Men's Bible Class with such foolish questions as "Where did Cain get his wife?"; sometimes it was that Mr. Mean-well who insisted on singing solos on Sunday morning, even though the church members threatened to get up and

leave; again it was that self-righteous farmer who angered board members with his sermons on the fate of tobacco-users in the hereafter; at other times it was that elder who went around proclaiming the doctrines of another church. Whoever it was, I supplemented Daddy's prayer with one of my own, "Lord, help Daddy to know what to do with Mr. So-and-so."

The peak of anxieties, however, came with the board meeting. On those Tuesday evenings once a month I waited in suspense for Daddy's return home. I listened eagerly for the merry whistle telling me everything had gone well. It was at those rare Sunday night board meetings, when Daddy asked for a raise in salary, though, that I suffered most. Sitting on the back seat, waiting for Daddy to take me home, I watched the progress of the meeting impatiently. Time seemed to move with leaden feet. All sorts of forebodings raced through my mind: What if the treasurer insists that the finances of the church are at a low ebb; what if Mrs. Marner reminds the board that a new carpet for the rostrum is more imperative than any raise in salary for the minister; what if Daddy forgets to mention all the gasoline he has used on nonessential errands for the church; what if Mrs. Thompson makes a motion to lay the matter on the table! That fatal signal—the clearing of Daddy's throat—terrified me more than a perilous mountain descent.

But there were bright spots in my career as a minister's daughter. Membership among the P. K.'s is not a doleful burden. The thoughtful acts of kindness on the part of the congregation were load-lighteners. Invitations to Sunday dinner we received with exclamations of delight. And no wonder! Such feasts as were prepared for our "orphanage!" The table fairly groaned under its load. Sometimes there were three meat courses and four kinds of dessert. Because of that old story that chicken is a universal favorite with

preachers, we nearly always had it. I have never doubted that Lamb was unacquainted with chicken a la Indiana when he sang the praises of the roast pig (although at butchering time that tenderloin is "powerful good.") My brother, of course, was chiefly interested in the dessert. He had a jolly time gauging his potato consumption accurately enough to "take in" the chocolate cake, marshmallow surprise, cherry pie, and ginger cookies. Yet it was not the food alone that made these occasions memorable—it was the glorious fellowship. Sitting at the dinner table, Farmer Brown forgot his anger at Brindle for kicking over the milk bucket and swapped, with Daddy, anecdotes of their childhood days. We laughed until we cried at some of the pranks confessed. As for Mrs. Brown, she surprised even her husband with her amiability. When one of the "kids" dropped his fork repeatedly or knocked over his his water glass, she smiled and said, "Well, those things will happen." (They frequently did, too.) For the younger set, Sunday afternoon was often more pleasurable than Sunday morning. Occasionally Ruth Ann whispered irrelevantly during the sermon, "Won't me and Paul have a good time riding on Sally Dreen's pony this afternoon?" As we older ones played and sang after dinner, troubles vanished in thin air.

There were unexpected gifts of the congregation that brought us joy, too, whether they came as donations, showers, or, as they are dubbed in West Virginia, "poundings." Nothing could be more thrilling than opening a box left mysteriously on the back porch. Such a box sent the family frenziedly searching high and low for a knife, a pair of scissors, a razor blade—anything to cut the heavy strings around it. Even more exciting than individual presents was the genuine surprise shower. The so-called surprise shower was some-

times a painful ordeal. It was hard to act astonished when some well-meaning lady had already warned us, "Now I just thought I had better tell you folks not to go away on Tuesday night; the Ladies' Aid has something very special for you." There was always that fear, too, that one of the "kids," growing impatient, would blurt out, "Are you all going to have a shower on us?" Of the genuine surprise shower we were completely "in the dark" until the event came to pass. Then the sly winks and smiles exchanged by the congregation just before the close of the prayer meeting or church services were our only source of enlightenment. What the presentator said at these events we never remembered. We were too busy wondering if that jug really had sweet cider in it and how many cans of peaches there were. At home we looked for the tags on the sacks of flour; the cans of peas, beans, rhubarb, pickles, and apples; the bags of beans. The name scrawled on each one gave us the feeling, "God's in His heaven; all's right with the world." These occasions will ever be happy memories.

But some of my most treasured memories are those of the family that was ours because of Daddy's profession. Out of the experiences we shared as a minister's family grew a "tie that binds." We came to realize that in a minister's family as truly as with states in a union, "united we stand; divided we fall." We worked together. Moving could never have been accomplished without the combined effort of all. We played together, when we had time. In winter we often gathered around the table for Chinese checkers; in summer we made excursion trips in the woods and hills. We

laughed together. At the dinner table each one told of the humorous incidents that had befallen him during the day. We cried together. Every misfortune of my father depressed us all. This bond, I say, grew out of the itinerant life and the problems and pleasant phases of church work which we shared. But it was not only our experiences that tended to draw us together. It was a common belief in spiritual values. For us children ours was the rare privilege of learning to pray at Mother's knee. As youngsters we were told of God's protecting care and, also, his sorrow at our naughty deeds. At the age of five I had a slight conception of the function of a Supreme Being in the world when I prayed in Daddy's presence, "God, bless Daddy and all the other poor folk." An appreciation of the literature of the Bible and the Christian principles set forth in it united us. Early in the life of each of us we were taught the names of the books of the Bible. When Ruth Ann was four years old, she could lisp, "Gensis, Exodis, Biticus, Numbers, Deuteromony." Out of this training grew a disregard for material possessions as such. Of course, we never objected to a higher salary. It was hard, too, for Mary Ellen to have to wear cardboard in her shoes so Lois could have a new dress to wear to the party. But we learned that "money is not everything"—that happiness can come to those with little of this world's goods. "I'm the Child of a King" became our theme song. My philosophy has been based upon my home training and upon all the joys and sorrows of being the eldest of a band of P. K.'s.



THE SILVERSMITH

JOE BERRY

Winner of 1942 League of American Pen Women Prize

I

The child was born unto a silversmith,
born son and grandson both of silversmiths
in the small room behind the dusty shop.

The old man stopped his pounding on his bench,
his son turned down the fiercely blasting fire
when the child was born. But when he breathed, cried
and howled, they worked again, as they had done
all morning — and as they had done
for years before, the old man and his son:
silver sculptors, bracelet makers, fashioners
of all small articles from gleaming blocks.
Now they were glad; not for two hundred years
had the house lacked a son, and once again
it was not disappointed.

“He is strong
and stout, and hale,” they said. “He’ll do good work,”
the old man said. “Not for a little while,”
the father laughed — a goodly man himself,
who looked as though he should have been the other
sort of smith, to work the sturdier stuff.
A man of brown was he, with waved brown hair
in restless locks, smiling with brown eyes
from a brown face. His hands knew well the touch
of steel tools, both of the clanging hammer
and the subtle file. His hands were long and broad—
to grasp a virgin block of gleaming silver,
hold the wedge, and trace designs, or cut
the pattern out. He was a workman when
he raised his sledge to shape the shining sheet,
or drive a rivet fast. But artistry
enough was his when, bent to see
more clearly, he would mould a tiny rose
or set in motion miniature ladies
dancing daintily a silver dance.

And now he straightened, first a father, then
a smith, and cleft in two a shining sheet
of purest silver, and precisely made
a tiny ribbon, round of edge, and with a sheen
that sparkled with reflection from his fire.

"A bracelet!" he exclaimed, and laughed aloud,
"The lad's first introduction to his trade!"
and laid the tiny circlet on the bench.

And then his father, grandsire of the child
just born, an old man silver as his art,
took pains to fashion out a tiny cross
and to the bracelet welded it secure,
and polished once again the tiny ring,
in order that the introduction of
the future workman to his noble trade
should be its very finest sort of product.

II

The boy held fast the silver to the bench
and, hands white-knuckled, traced a simple figure,
working while the years filled out his youth,
steadied his hand, and sharpened his brown eyes.
He sank at work, while nearby stood his father,
watching the light brown curly head bent low,
watching a fine hand, finer than his own,
work carefully; he saw a little box
take silver form, and saw a little joking
pattern on the top take form — take startling
form, if once you viewed it carefully.

But when the singing stopped, the childish voice,
and irritated muttering replaced it,
'twas then alone the father interfered.

He walked at times like these across the shop,
to where the boy was working at his bench—
a new-made bench, already bearing scars
from fire and tool, and holding several bracelets,
and not a few good boxes. He would see
his son dejected, staring at a ruined piece.
"Ruined?" he would echo, "Why, my boy,
you've barely scratched it. Cut the groove
a bit more deeply now, and file it so."
"But that's not how I wanted it at all."
"No difference: who buys it will not know."
"But I know!" cried the lad, and bit his lip.
"Still you must finish it," his father said,
and sometimes there would come into his voice
a silver ring of coldness, and an edge
of hardened steel to cut and chill the boy,

who slowly, silently returned to work.
But then there came the day — a ruined piece,
a tool thrown to the floor with young impatience,
“I cannot finish this one, father. Cut it down
for trim.” The father brushed aside some tools
and sat upon the bench. “My boy,” he said,
I understand; you want to do good work;
I’ve always tried, as my own father has.
But silver costs us more and more each day —
we must not waste, but work with what we have..”
“It’s cheating when you do a thing you didn’t
start and didn’t mean to do. This notch,
see how it crowds and cut the band? I can’t
file down the band that way — it won’t look right.
It was my own design!” and shook his head.
The father, sighing, took the piece and strode
across the shop toward the oldest bench.
The silver grandsire worked no longer standing,
but sat upon a stool, and watched the boy,
and smiled with pride, took the rejected piece,
and, shear in hand, cut out some bands for trim.
“The boy is conscientious,” he observed.

III

“But, father, I just can’t! It’s hideous!”
He frowned and squirmed and wrinkled up his nose.
“But that’s the way he wants it, son. I know
he’ll wear it at the court and show it off.
And he himself conceived the whole design.
I know he’ll like your work, so do it well.
Of course if you can’t make the little flowers,
or carve the inlay for the circle” — now the father
taunted sharply, and the boy was hurt.
“But I can make them, father, just the way
he wants them. Why, you know I can.
But why don’t you do this one, just this once?
or let grandfather do it? I — I’ve a box
to do, and necklaces, and other things, and —
I just won’t make anything that ugly!”
“Do you know how much he will pay for this?”
He told the boy, and brown eyes opened wide.
“But—that’s more than we ever had before
for just one piece, or two, or even three!”
“A wealthy man, my son, will pay good prices.
You must do this one for him, for you make
the flowers better, and the inlay smoother
than can I . . . Grandfather’s eyes no longer . . .”
“Father!” came out in a little gasp,
“I, make better flowers? You are teasing—”

And then he saw the look of tired years
and pride and envy in his father's eyes;
remembered days of lessons, grinding, filing,
polishing until his hands grew stiff—
each day, implanted in the deep brown eyes—
and knowing he had seen that look before
he was engulfed with pride and love and shame,
and mutely worked and made the hideous thing.

It sat ornate and gaudy on his bench;
the rich man came and raved and highly praised,
and paid. So when the boy returned, there sat
a little bag of gold. It really was
a very little bag, but it was gold.

The boy looked at his father silently,
and at his silver grandsire, who pretended
not to watch him carefully. He then
took one bright yellow piece from all the rest —
“To buy again the silver I have used—”
and set the gold upon his father's bench.
“Three pieces for your labor, son,” his father
offered his brown hand. The curly head
shook slowly, and the young voice was manly
when he answered, “No, not my work, father.”

IV

He wore it on a thong around his neck—
a tiny bracelet for a baby arm.
He knew his father made it, that his grandsire
made the cross, and so he loved it more.
And when there came the day that son and father
lifted the oldest bench, and carried it away,
and moved the little cabinet in its place,
and hid from one another manly tears,
the boy alone worked late into the night,
and fell asleep at dawn before his bench.
So when the dead man in his coffin lay,
there lay a silver band on silver locks,
a sort of crown, with thread-like tracery
that mingled in itself like wisps of smoke,
and formed a graceful outline in the front
around the ornament upon the brow.
The decoration was a simple silver cross.

The grieving father, going late that day
to the small room behind the dusty shop
in which his father lay, beheld amazed
the bright reflection from the setting sun,
a brilliant splendor from the fire of heaven,
the peaceful face surmounted by the crown—
and since he was a simple, pious man,
he wept, and kneeling prayed beside the coffin.
And it was with regret he realized
the crown was justly not his own reward,
but both reward and product of his son;
and he believed the old man understood, and would
prefer that it be so, for it had been
the boy's grandsire, with patience born of years,
who taught the learning lad the special art
of making perfect crosses out of silver.

V

The young man's light brown locks were darker, and
the dark ones of the father now were silver,
when the king asked for a pair of silver cups.
The father never fashioned for the king,
nor had his father ever wrought for royalty;
but shining fame attended his son's work
and had been spread abroad considerably.

(Some years ago, a petty earl in court
had worn a brooch, whose poor design he boasted,
fashioned by an unknown beardless lad;
the king had long ago worn dull his fancy
over brooches and such regal trinkets,
but had observed with care the tiny flowers,
and noted with amaze the inlaid circle,
and swore it was the best of workmanship.
He vowed that when the boy was older, when
he knew his trade a little more completely,
that he, the king, would render him the honor
of working out a pair of cups in silver).

The fearful father gave instructions to his son,
and said the cups were for a nobleman
who would remain unknown, but must be pleased.
He did no work himself for many months,
but loitered, restless, idling round the shop,
trying vainly to divert his eyes
from the artist working slowly at his bench,
and the ever-growing cups, assuming form,

a wondrous form, if once you viewed them closely.
A sort of beauty struck him like a fist
and rendered him a little bit afraid,
and yet the cups had hardly been begun.

The son had some intentions of his own
concerning line, and form, and such affairs,
and worked extremely slowly for perfection.
There soon were two plain cups, bare of design,
which stood together on the bench by night,
and grew together on the bench by day,
and filled the father's soul with calm delight.
His own work seemed to him to be
the tragic triflings of a palsied hand
or meddlings of an amateur or novice
beside the ever-growing pair of goblets,
and yet the cups were not half-way completed.

The son had some intentions of his own
concerning tracery, and slightly raised design,
and gracefulness of trim, and so worked slowly.
The cups began to live, and breathe, as though
the artist granted to them silver souls
and had imbued them with a spark of life.
The night before the final firing process
the father for the first time let himself
examine closely both the cups, and saw
the beauty of finality to come,
and yet the cups were not completely finished.

VI

Two silver cups sat on the bench—summation
of all the art and skill of generations.
The design they bore was somewhat similar
to that one which the family always used,
except for one detail the son had added:
the side of each cup bore a silver cross,
a silver gleam of bright simplicity.

And then there came the most unwelcome task
of telling to the son who made the cups
by whom they had been ordered months before.
Before the father did so, he remembered
many years before, a curly head
which shook defiantly, a single piece

of gold upon a little new-scarred bench —
a notch filed down too deep — a band too narrow—
and wondered at the nature of his son.
He walked to where his son was standing silent,
gazing at the cups, and started speaking.
“Now I must tell you who the cups are for:”
His eyes still on the cups, the son replied,
“It makes no difference who the buyer is;
I don’t intend to sell them. They’re the best
I’ve ever done, and I must keep them here.
I’ll make some others for your noble person;
it won’t take long, and he shan’t mind the wait.”
“The time is over, though, and these must go.”
“But I must keep them—would I sell my soul?”
“For your own good, your father must command.”
“And I for my own pride cannot obey.”
“You have no choice: they’re for the king, my son.”

The silence followed deathly and unbroken,
until the son spoke soft, “If I refuse?”
“The king nor me may you refuse, my boy.”
His son spoke coldly: “These will go to him—?”
“Tonight,” the father said, and turned away.

The bearer of the cups returned in haste
and brought a letter with a heavy seal:
the king’s approval, and requests for several
pieces—and a pension for the father.
The old man sat upon the bench and sighed;
and turned toward his son, who stood before
the door, and glared forbiddingly at space.
And it was only then he saw the streaks
of silver in the other’s curly hair:
a family sign of true accomplishment
which rested prematurely on the son;
but newly as the fame his work had brought
now rested in his name, so in his eye
there glowed a dull resentful gleam of steel.

THE CURSE OF SABINA

J. ROBERT DIETZ

"Good evening, lad"

It was a strange voice. Loren stopped his work and turned. An old woman peered at him over the fence. She frightened him; he dropped his hoe. He wanted to run.

She spoke again. It was in slow, drawn syllables, "Have you seen Marna?"

Loren had never heard of Marna. And he had no idea who the stranger might be. She was old, her back was bent, her dirty gray hair hung long and loosely over her cheeks. In the setting sun it was difficult to see her face, but the features appeared sharp and hideous. She carried a bundle on her back. Finally, Loren found his tongue, "Who . . . Who is Marna?"

"Marna? Marna is my little girl. Have you seen her?"

"No . . . no, I haven't." Loren began to feel sorry for the old woman. "Where did you lose her?"

"Lose? . . . lose Marna? Oh, I didn't lose her. Someone took her away." The stranger stretched her arm over the fence. "Come here, Lad."

Loren hesitated a moment. He didn't want to get near her, but in spite of himself he stepped closer.

She laid her heavily veined hand on his wrist. "Would you give an old lady a cool drink of water?"

No Christian had ever refused the thirsty a drink of water, Loren had heard his father say many times. The stranger was thirsty; it was his duty. She surely could do no harm. "The well is out back of the house," he said, stepping away from her. "Come down to the gate. I'll let you in."

As they walked along the fence Loren noticed that it was not a bundle she carried, but a large grey cat perched on her shoulder. As he held the gate for her Loren decided she was not as ugly as he had thought. Her eyes were sad and almost kind. He hurried up the little path and around to the back of the big red farm house. He found his mother in the kitchen preparing supper and he told her about the visitor. She reprimanded him for being friendly with a stranger when his father

was not at home, but handed him a fresh dipper for his Christian duty. When he came out of the house he found the old woman waiting patiently at the pump.

Loren handed her a full dipper then sat down on an overturned bucket to get a better look at his visitor. She drank greedily and noisily as the clear water drooled down her chin and onto the dusty calico dress. When she had her fill she held the dipper down for the cat which was now standing at her feet. "Clotilde is also thirsty," she said to the boy. He thought it was an extremely queer looking creature. The ash-colored fur was shaggy and seemed to hang loosely over an empty carcass. He had never seen a cat with such eyes before; they were glassy and blue. When the cat finished it looked up at its mistress and opened its mouth in a gesture of sound but made no noise. Loren noticed that some of its teeth were missing. The old woman picked up the dipper, drank the remaining contents and handed it to the boy.

Mrs. Alexander was drying her hands on her apron as she came out the back door. "Good evening, has Loren taken care of you?" she addressed the stranger, eyeing her with some curiosity and suspicion.

"Oh, he has been very kind. I don't think I could have walked much farther without that drink. He's a very fine boy . . . he is your son?" Loren's mother nodded proudly, and the stranger continued. "I never had a son . . . I had a daughter, though. That's who I'm looking for. Have you seen her? . . . Have you seen my Marna?"

"I'm sorry but I'm afraid I haven't. When did you see her last?"

"I don't remember," she said gazing blankly into Mrs. Alexander's eyes. "It was a long time ago. She was four years old. She had long golden hair. It was real gold. Marna was so beautiful. I was beautiful then, too, and my hair was lovely. It was the color of buttercups."

Loren's mother was silent. She was staring in amazement at the old woman.

Finally she motioned for her to sit down on a work bench. Sitting beside the pathetic figure Mrs. Alexander's heart softened. "What happened to your daughter?"

The old woman was quick to reply. "They took her away from me. They came into my house and took Marna away. And they beat me and kicked me."

"Who could have done that? Where did this happen?"

"I don't remember who . . . I can't remember where . . . but it is the truth. I swear it."

Mrs. Alexander found herself weeping for the old woman and before she realized why, she had asked the stranger in for supper. She was convinced that the old woman was harmless. Albert would be late for his meal this evening for he had taken a wagon load of chickens and eggs into town late in the afternoon. Her husband disliked leaving them alone; their farmhouse was so isolated. She was sure, however, that after he had heard the woman's story he would not object to her staying for supper.

"Loren, go out and call Patricia so we can eat. She should be in the barn. She was out playing with the lamb."

"So you have a daughter, too. How old is she?"

"Patricia is five, and a very helpful little girl for her age. I also have another son—Donald, nine and a half months old. He's had his supper and is sound asleep by now."

They were interrupted by the children laughing as they rushed through the doorway. Patricia's brown eyes gave the woman and her cat a thorough inspection as she poured fresh water into the wash bowl. The old woman returned the careful glances and spoke softly to herself as she walked over to the wash stand.

"What a beautiful child. Just like gold," she said running her bony fingers through the child's blond hair. "Just like gold. You must be Marna. You are Marna, aren't you, little girl?"

The child rushed across the room and threw her wet hands around her mother's waist; her terrified eyes glanced back over her shoulder to the woman's stare. The feeling of apprehension returned as Mrs. Alexander clasped Patricia in her arms.

"Don't talk so foolishly. This isn't your

child. This is my daughter, Patricia. She couldn't possibly be your Marna. Do you understand?"

The old woman muttered inaudibly to herself and wandered back to the table. The matter was considered dismissed and they sat down to supper. The Alexander family did not eat very heartily but sat silently watching their dinner guest. The old woman ignored them completely except when she occasionally asked for more food. She kept the cat on her lap and from time to time would feed it morsels from her own plate, speaking with child-like understanding to the animal. She told Clotilde how fortunate they were to find such kind people and that they must do something to show their appreciation. The cat would open its mouth and try vainly to make a noise in answer to its mistress.

Mrs. Alexander's attempt at conversation was incoherent and useless. The woman seemed unable to remember anything else about herself — where she was from or where she had been. The children, watching with amusement the old woman's barbarous table manners, soon forgot their fear, but Mrs. Alexander remained very uneasy until she heard the wagon wheels come up the road.

The children rushed to the back door to welcome their father. He gave them each a quick kiss on the forehead then addressed his wife.

"Sorry I'm late, Martha, but I started talking to some of the men on the square and you know how that is—" Mr. Alexander's voice dropped as he saw the stranger at his family table.

"Albert, our visitor here stopped for a drink of water; she was tired and hungry so I thought I should—"

He interrupted, "God forbid! Old Sabina! It is Sabina under my very roof. Martha, didn't you realize? Of course, you didn't know, but . . ." The surprised old woman was staring madly as he shouted at her, "You are Old Sabina, aren't you?"

Breathing heavily, the old woman pulled herself up from the chair. "Why did you have to come here? I was so happy . . . they were so kind to me."

"Martha couldn't you see—. Old Sabina . . . that's all the town is talking about. They said she was seen in this dis-

trict, but little did I think that I'd find her in my own house."

"But Albert, what has she done? Who is she? Tell me."

"This woman — this wierd creature— sitting at my table wanders around the countryside begging kindness and then leaving destruction. You feed her and then she burns your barns and poisons your cattle and carries off your children . . ."

"You lie, you lie," she shouted rushing at the man, beating her fists in the air. "I do not burn nor poison . . . I am not wicked. I'm just a good old lady do you understand? . . . a good old lady."

"A good old lady! Hah! You're a witch; that's what you are—an old witch that has traveled over the country for thirty years claiming to be looking for a daughter and you leave death and misfortune wherever you go. I've heard about you."

"You lie. You lie!" She screamed with a hateful tongue. "I'm not wicked. I'm not a witch. I wouldn't hurt anyone. I wouldn't hurt anyone . . . unless, they tried to keep Marna from me." The cat crawled up on her shoulder.

"Get out of this house." He clenched a meat fork from the table in his fist. "You daughter of Satan, you'll not harm my family. Get out! Do you hear me?"

The old woman pursed her lips and then spat in his face. Brushing past the mother with her terrified children she paused at the door.

"Curse you, man; curse you. By the forty-seven devils of Sodom I swear vengeance upon you and your family. The sun shall not rise without your regretting this."

Mr. Alexander followed her out the door and watched as she went down the yard, through the gate, and into the night, laughing and screaming and cursing at the top of her voice. As he closed the door, he thought to himself, "She's sure to come back . . . what shall I do?"

His wife was thinking the same, for she asked, "Albert, what are we going to do!"

He realized there was only one thing they could do — keep on their guard all

night. The children, the house, the barn, all must be watched. He gave his wife a pistol to keep a vigil over the youngest members of the family and sent Loren to guard the barn. The father intended to keep a careful watch over all.

The hours of the night were long and tense. And every minute of every hour the thought of the woman's last words beat in their minds. ". . . The sun shall not rise without your regretting this . . ."

It was difficult for Loren, sitting in the eerie silence of the barn, to convince himself that a thirteen year old boy with a gun in his hand should not be afraid of anything. But he was afraid. He was afraid of what might happen to Patricia or to Donald or to his mother. He thought of himself falling asleep and the old woman coming. He thought of the horrible things that she might do. He almost hoped that if any evil would occur that he would be the victim. If he had remembered what his father had always told them about strangers all this would not have happened. The old woman would have gone on her way, and there would be no curse on the Alexander family. With fear and with hope he watched the eastern sky as the morning hour approached.

Loren's mother prayed silently as she sat at the open bedroom window, the children asleep at her side. She was praying for the dawn.

As the stars disappeared from the morning sky Mr. Alexander began to wonder about the old woman's curse. Perhaps she was not a witch after all. Maybe she would not be back; maybe her threat was just a foolish ejaculation. Could it be that he had showed such an injustice to an innocent woman? He, too, prayed for the dawn.

And the dawn finally came. Never before had the first dim rays of a dawn meant so much to anyone. It was with a prayer in their hearts that the Alexanders stood hand in hand watching the morning sun rise slowly above the eastern horizon.

MY HERO

GLENN H. FISHER

I wouldn't read this if I were you. Before you get any farther than this you should know that although I started to write a short story I never got it finished. I almost did though. It would have been a poor story any way — it's just the idea that I didn't finish what I started that irks me.

You see, it's like this. I'm a night clerk in a hospital. I work from five till twelve each evening — according — and since it is easy work I have time to study while on duty. I take some courses in a college nearby and one class is one in which we study writing, plots, and the like. I was writing my story for that class — that was last night in my office. It's a good place to study — at least from the standpoint of quietness — no one in the halls of the Administration Building after nine o'clock — no lights except for my desk lamp now that the war is on. The silence hurts sometimes but not often — only on nights like last night when the rain kept pecking on the window and the wind played hide-and-go-seek among the pillars out front. Last night was one of those nights when I like to go to bed because I sleep so well — the wind and rain, you know. Anyway, I was studying. I was walking around and around the room thinking about a plot and all of a sudden I had it. Without hesitation I sat down at my desk and began to write. Maybe I wrote ten or fifteen minutes before I paused for ink. My pen had gone dry. Someway I read back over what I'd written. It startled me — even me. I read again. It sounded much like a three part hybrid composed of True Story, imitation Shakespeare, and some of Gertrude Stein's better work. This started me thinking about the plot. I got up and started walking again because it was almost as impossible

as the dialogue. How I get such plots I couldn't say — inverted genius I suppose. I pondered. It wouldn't be so bad if only I could get the hero's dialogue to sound like a college professor — which he was — rather than something akin to a combination of a Brooklyn fan and Romeo in the Balcony scene. I paced the floor again as far as the water cooler.

"Having trouble?" asked a voice.

"Yes," I said flatly — truthfully. Then, thinking, I whirled — startled — and faced the intruder. I hadn't heard the front door open so naturally I was surprised. Instantly I was all business and at my desk.

"May I help you?" I asked as always to strangers — businesslike.

"Maybe." He leaned against the door-jam.

"Name, please?" I asked politely. There was a pause.

"John," he said firmly, "Professor John Barton."

I wrote the name down on the blank before it registered. Then I looked at him but before I could speak he spoke.

"Yes, I know — you think coincidence. But it's not really. I'm here to protest about my part in the story you are trying to write — my dialogue especially. You don't need to stare, I'm as harmless as I am truthful." I stared.

I had to admit that he was a dead ringer for my Professor Barton who was giving me so much trouble. I watched him in silent awe as he sat himself down on the edge of my desk. I handed him what I had written involuntarily. He handed it back without even a glance at its contents.

"Now," he started vigorously, "here I am in love with Mary Jane — a very nice girl by the way — and I'm supposed to find

out where she goes every Thursday at four and stay till five-thirty. It seems that I'm the jealous type. Is this right so far?"

I nodded affirmative and remained silent.

"Here is where you stopped. Mary and I have been eating dinner and we are still at the table. Now to go on. I'd say, 'Mary, you and I are happy, huh?'"

I was on the alert. "How about that 'huh'?" I asked instantly — always prompt with constructive criticism.

"I say it often," he answered calmly.

"But should a college professor use such language?"

His gaze was withering. "I am the hero of the story, ain't I?"

"Ain't!" I gasped, astounded.

"So what?"

"But a college ----"

"I know. A college professor doesn't usually say things like that. But I'm different."

"But I still think ----"

"I don't give a damn what you think," he snapped.

That was the last straw. A college professor swearing! I couldn't imagine it. It left me a little weak. Then anger possessed me and I put bite and sarcasm into my words.

"John Barton," I said, "I will have no more of this atrocious speaking. Either speak correctly or leave."

He was thoroughly angry by that time. "I am the hero of this story," he roared. "Either I say what I want to say or I refuse to bear the hero's burdens."

I too, was belligerent. "You speak correctly or not at all," I demanded.

His face was crimson. "Then not at all!" he shouted, and went out, slamming the door behind him.

"Well, I'll be damned," I said to myself. No hero, no story. I went home to bed and let the wind and rain lull me to sleep.

SPIKEY EVANS

MYRON SCARBROUGH

In the afternoons, before most of The Sun's staff had come to work, the windows of the sports room were tightly shut and the radiator sizzled merrily. The room was hot to a point well beyond mere discomfort, and the copy boy with the two o'clock mail or the occasional match-maker with his notice of a boxing tournament never tarried long in its unwholesome atmosphere.

While the torrid room and its stagnant air drove copy boy and match-maker from its tropic-like confines in short order, it never got the best of Spikekey Evans. Spikekey

was human, and he knew when he was hot and when he was cold, when he had air and when he didn't. He could open a window when he thought one should be opened, and he could turn a radiator's valve when he thought the valve ought to be turned. But when he was in this particular room, miserable though it was, he was oblivious of the stagnant air and the sizzling radiator. He was in a world apart from the world of the copy boy or the match-maker or the radiator.

Spikekey's world was the world of sports — sports of the past and of the present and

of the future. In his brain, sweaty bronzed pugilists danced and fainted, helmeted men hugged leather balls to their breasts and hurled their bodies into the clutching grasps of other helmeted men, and athletes in flimsy garments and with spikes on their feet strained their every muscle in races against the unbeatable element, Time. So what did it matter if nary a breeze ventured into the room or if the radiator did burst its side in steaming enthusiasm? — Spikey wouldn't notice. He was in a different world.

Spikey — known to The Sun's business office and to his thousands of devoted readers as J. Spiceford Evans, Sports Editor of The Sun — had no regular working hours. So if he were in the office in the afternoon, he was there of his own choice. Spikey always came and went as he pleased, and the Evans pleasure even dictated what he wrote and what he said. He could heap abuse on the managing editor right in his face and get away with it. No one else could. No one else was J. Spiceford Evans.

Spikey had been with The Sun for twenty-two years — he had outlasted four different sets of typewriters and he had seen four different managing editors move in and out of the front office. He was a veritable encyclopedia of sports information ("dope" in Spikey's world), and he knew intimately many of the figures on the American sporting scene and had a professional acquaintance with all the rest.

But all his twenty-two years, all his knowledge of sports, and all his association with the actors in the theater of sports could not hide one tragic fact. Spikey could not write a good sports story. Good, that is, by modern standards. He had written his first sports story in his own particular style. And despite changing times and changing journalistic ideals, Spikey had never altered that style of writing. The "J. Spiceford Evans, Sports Editor of

The Sun," by-line announced in 1941, as it had in 1919, a story crammed with "bromides" and hackneyed phraseology that everyone else but Spikey had long since discarded. But very little criticism ever came from Spikey's readers — on the contrary, his "stuff" seemed to have their unstinted admiration. Spikey's newspaper colleagues could not understand this — they knew his "stuff" was pitiful, that it "smelled to high heaven," but still the readers — the "Omaha Milkmen" — still read and apparently enjoyed it. Usually, they put off solving the mystery with a shrug of the shoulders. It really didn't matter — Spikey was just an old-style newspaper man, and he would never be anything else.

Al Cravens and Bob Decker, whose names were just below Spikey's on the sports room door, often poked a sort of reverent ridicule at the J. Spiceford Evans stories when the "old man" wasn't around. Ridicule in that they were making jest; reverent in that they realized that a man who knew more sports than both of them together had written those stories.

Al would open the file of the 1923 Suns and read aloud to Bob Spikey's classic account of the Washington-State football game, the biggest annual sporting event of Portland:

"As 23,000 sun-drenched spectators cheered in the stands and a bright blue sky smiled down from up above, Washington's husky gladiators ground the State aggregation into the turf of the huge Stratford Stadium here yesterday afternoon.

"A tow-headed athlete of Washington, Jones, rambled 63 yards to hit "pay dirt" for the winners and give the annual grudge battle to the green-suited warriors of Coach Berry.

"The hot weather saw the two teams battle in pools of sweat, just as last year they battled in ponds of mud,

when State's aggregation was triumphant, 35 to 13. The score in yesterday afternoon's battle was 7 to 6 in favor of Washington's mighty gridmen . . ."

After about three paragraphs, Al would break off his reading. Then he and Bob would pick the stories to pieces.

"Sure that wasn't bad stuff back in '23," Al would say, "but get out the 1933 file and read Spikey's write-up of that game, and you'll find an almost identical type of story."

And Bob would read the 1933 story.

"As 38,000 people screamed at the tops of their voices from the stands and a blazing sun poured its rays down on the playing field, the sons of Washington dashed the State gridiron squad to the grass of Stratford Stadium here yesterday afternoon.

"A husky Washington athlete, Smith, from Jonesboro, Pa., waltzed down the sidelines for 39 yards to spell victory for Coach Jones's proteges.

"As the game-ending gun popped, Washington led State, 6 to 0 . . ."

And Bob would quit, too, as if his conscience knew that he was reading the story in ridicule and wouldn't let him go on.

"Gladiators in 1923, sons of Washington in 1933," Al would grin.

"Wonder why Spikey never has bothered to get the players' and coaches' first names?" Bob would wonder.

And they both would laugh at the phrases which were as much a part of Spikey as his Adam's apple.

"Ground into the turf." "Sun-drenched spectators." "Screamed at the tops of their voices." "Pay dirt." Somewhere in the recesses of his brain, Spikey must have had these antiquated shop-worn expressions filed and indexed, ready to be dragged out at an instant's notice.

But, after all, what did it matter if Spikey rarely mentioned a player's first

name? What if he did hide the most important fact, the score of the game, way down in the third paragraph? What if he did use over and over again the same words and phrases? He kept his readers, and that is important.

And Spikey had kept his job, too. More than once, a managing editor had thought of dispensing with Spikey's services. In Portland's other newspaper offices and in its college and high school journalism classes, Spikey and The Sun's sports page—that is, the part that J. Spiceford Evans had a typewriter in—were subjected to unmerciful ridicule. And every now and then, some of it would seep into The Sun's front office to make the "M. E." squirm with embarrassment. But never yet had a managing editor of The Sun had the courage to fire J. Spiceford Evans. Once, back in 1938, Erwin Galloway, had dared ask Spikey for his "resignation." Galloway was never the same after Spikey's thunderous roar: "Go to hell, Galloway! You'll be pushin' up poppies before I'm through!" Galloway, indeed, was in his grave less than two years later, and Spikey was still drenching his spectators with sun rays and grinding State's football teams into the turf just as he had done lo, these many years.

At The Times, the sports room boys often spoke of Spikey.

"If Evans knew how to write a sports story that'd really be fit to put in an up-to-date newspaper, what a whale of a sheet The Sun would have!" one of them said.

"He sure knows his sports!" another remarked.

A third added his contribution to the conversation:

"If he was ever sober for a whole day, I've never seen him. Why, he's always pickled! Don't see how he can write at all, with all that brew in him. I guess he can remember all those facts and figures be-

cause it's part of his life, like liquor. Some-day that old coot'll be in one of his drunks, and a damned street car'll hit him . . ."

It was a cold February night in 1941.

The Portland hockey team was playing Salem in the Coliseum. Spikey never missed a hockey game; it was his favorite sport. Too bad he couldn't see as well as he used to. Alcohol and astigmatism had united with age to dim his vision. He could hardly see at all. But somehow he always seemed to know which team was winning. A sixth sense probably.

Spikey stumbled out of the cab. A driving snow beat into his face as he started unsteadily across the street to the Coliseum.

He never made the opposite curbstone. He didn't see the street car because of the snow lashing at his already semi-useless

eyes . . . and he didn't hear it because he was thinking about the game and wondering if Portland could beat the mighty Salem team. The street car "drove him into the turf."

Al wrote the story for The Sun:

"As 4,000 snow-whipped persons filed into the Coliseum, The Sun's veteran sports editor, Evans, was ground into the icy cement of Parkway avenue by a street car last night.

"An authority on every branch of every sport, Evans waltzed into the hearts of The Sun's many readers with his thousands of stories for over a score years.

"Spikey could not see the street car. He lost the game of life by a score that no man can ever overcome..."

PROFESSOR BLANK

PATRICIA SYLVESTER

He walked into the room, hung his umbrella on the thermometer (on sunny days he used the umbrella as a walking stick) and turned methodically to the speaking stand. Then it came—laughter! laughter! The professor filed through his mind to determine if he "cracked" any of his jokes at the last meeting of the class. No, the last meeting was Thursday, second Thursday of the month. He always pulled his jokes on Tuesdays. Maybe it was the blackboard. Someone had written something on the blackboard, — something funny, maybe even about him. He turned to look at the board, but it was clean, not an erased gray, but a washed black. He drew a little black notebook from his upper left hand vest pocket and wrote on one of the memos labeled "To Tear Out When Done": See if we have a new janitor. But this laughter. It must be stopped. He filed through his mind again and drew out a card under H "How to Stop Laughing":

Closing the mouth — think of death or oysters. No that wasn't it. H "How to Stop Laughter." Ah, that was it. The directions: Cough. He coughed. Demand attention. He tapped his pencil on the speaking stand. Say: "Mr. Blank will you please tell me what's so amusing so I can laugh too. He said, "Mr. Smith (It was so handy to have a Smith in the class) will you state the circumstances causing such hilarity so that I may share in your amusement."

Mr. Smith was rudely awakened. He hadn't been laughing, though his snoring might be taken for a titter. "I'm sorry, prof, I didn't get your question. I was workin' on my thesis."

"Thesis, Mr. Smith—'is.' Very well. Mr. Jones, you may be able to answer my question if you can release the young lady's hand long enough to stand up and reply."

Mr. Jones said he guessed he didn't know.

This process was fruitless. The professor refiled the card and drew out another "Emergency Tactics": Follow the eyes of one of the students, or if their are none of these, watch one of the seat fillers. Their glance will be directed to the external object which is the cause of the laughter.

He looked at Miss Benson. She was looking at his feet. Oh well — Miss Benson was English. Better follow Mr. Sellick's eyes — at his feet, too.

The professor looked down—his feet! How ghastly! How ominous! Had he painted his corns with his wife's "Bleeding Dragon" nail polish instead of the corn medicine? He'd told her never to use that red stuff. Always leads to harm. The parson's wife at the last church they attended, before the one they went to now, wore red nail polish. She always spent her time in church picking it off. It was too reminiscent of his classes and much as he liked the church he had had to leave it. But it was definitely nail polish on his corns — so bright he could see it through his boots — not through his boots — surely not through his boots — no — never through his boots — nor through his socks.

If it couldn't be seen through his boots or his socks — then, — yes then — yes, most certainly then, he was barefooted. He wiggled a toe to be sure. It cracked. Yes, he was quite barefooted — except for the red polish on each toe. (Would the polish have to wear off?) He wondered. But barefoot! He must have forgotten to put on his shoes. — He'd taken his usual early morning walk on the front lawn absorbing strength from the earth through his bare feet. Well, he couldn't just stand there — with the class laughing — something should be done.

The professor picked up his pencil and put it in his pocket, picked up his umbrella, put it up and walked out. His wife met him at the door of their house with his socks and shoes. High shoes, special make — when he had something on his feet he liked to know it. He put them on, and went back to school. He walked into the room, hung his umbrella on the thermometer (It was quite a feat to do it when the umbrella was open.) and turned methodically to the speaking stand. "Today class—" But the class was gone. You only have to wait fifteen minutes—even for a Ph. D.

CREDO

MARY WILEY

In our sad days it is a woman's part
To keep alive the things that ease the soul,
All music and delight. It is her role
To pour out lovely songs to fill the heart
With tenderness again, and hopeful start
The hymnal in the church; amid the whole
Of dark, confusing time out of control
To sing, and let not loveliness depart.

Unflinching faith is difficult to keep
When futile tears fall on the changeless earth
And still are dried by the recurrent sun.
Mankind may perish if its women weep
Too much, too long. We will allow no dearth
Of Song; there is much singing to be done.



SUN ON THE STEEPLE

RICHARD MOORES

*Ranking entry in 1942 Butler Literary
Contest*

The man rolled over in bed and woke up. He opened his eyes slowly and carefully and immediately closed them. Bright yellow sunlight came through the second-story window and struck the bright yellow ugliness of the wall paper. The man put his hand in front of his eyes and blinked a few times, then he took his hand away and looked at the clock on the table beside the bed. It was 10:15 and the post man always came by at 9. The man decided to take it easy. He shook the last cigarette out of the pack on the table and lit it slowly. He inhaled deeply and his head and stomach felt like hell. The man smoked the cigarette about half way down and put it out in the ashtray on the table. Then he saw the whiskey bottle on the table with about two inches left in it. He leaned on his right elbow and slammed the bottle against the wall with his left hand. The yellow wall paper turned a kind of muddy brown. He sat looking at the wall for about five minutes and then he got out of bed.

He walked over to the dresser and he stumbled a little bit. He pushed his hair back and looked in the mirror. He hadn't really taken a good look at himself in two weeks.

He ran his hand over his chin and pinched the ends of his eyes and decided to clean up. The man washed almost his whole body in the little basin and then he shaved and dressed and he felt a lot better. He started to shake a little bit and he wanted a drink badly, but he remembered the muddy brown of the wall paper. He decided to go downstairs and look in the mail box.

The man was down to thirty dollars

when he thought of the idea for the story. He had worked on the story for four days and nights and he knew it was good. Too damn good for the pulps. He had written for the pulps twice under another name, and he got a hundred dollars for each story, but he wouldn't do it again. This story was good and he had sent it to a good magazine. He had sent the story to the magazine over two weeks ago and he had been drunk ever since.

It wasn't easy to get used to cheap, rotten whiskey, but he had gotten used to it, and when he was drunk he forgot about the rat-trap he lived in and about being broke. He remembered the nights he staggered up the narrow stairs softly whistling "The Marseillaise," or screaming it at the top of his voice. He knew he had a woman one night too, but he couldn't even remember what she looked like. He just remembered that she was soft and white. He had sent the story in and then everything had been darkness and light and he had lost all sense of time.

He stood at the top of the narrow stairway and thought about his drunkenness and his head was spinning and he felt very sick. He began to walk down the stairs—he had to stop two or three times and lean against the bannister, and he wondered if he would vomit on the stairs. When he reached the first floor he felt much better, and he leaned against the front door and felt the dizziness go away. Then he opened the door and stepped out into the sunshine and there was no sickness in his stomach, and he blinked at the houses across the street. The yellow sun was on the little houses that were always so dirty and slovenly and the

sun made them look all new and bright and shining. He looked up at the bright blue sky with the bright white clouds and he looked down the little street that was so strangely quiet with only a few people on it. The sun was behind the steeple of the little brick church on the corner, and he watched it climb in the blue sky until it hurt his eyes. Then he went over to the little row of mail boxes nailed on the front of the house.

He found the one with his name printed unevenly on a dirty white card and he put his hand on the rusty little latch and opened the little door — it made a tired squeaking noise. He looked inside the small black box and saw the black paint flaking off the box where it had rusted and the gray paint flaking off the front of the house when the box was fastened and a broken

brown left in the bottom of the box. The man looked at the leaf for a long time and then he carefully closed the little door and looked down at his feet. A brown ant was running around his shoes and he stepped on the ant and opened the front door. It took the man a long time to get up the stairs and he didn't look back at the sun on the little houses across the street.

The sun climbed in the blue sky until it was above the little brick church on the corner. The bright yellow light bathed the wooden shingles on the steeple and made the little weather-cock shine with a light that was almost heavenly. The sound of a shot split the quiet of the morning. Then the church bells began to ring, the doors of the church opened, and the people walked out into the bright sunlight.

MY EXPERIENCE WITH POETRY

RACHEL WHELAN

Poetry? A strange parade of multi-colored, grotesque and unique figures begins its march through my mind. Far down a misty street of reminiscence it is headed by a gingham dog and a calico cat, and passing the reviewing stand at this moment is the pitiful crowd from the "Fall of the City" led by the mysterious woman. My parade is distinguished from all others because its end is never viewed, and the beginning never stops, for there will always be spectators for this parade, and though the street is winding and narrow in spots it never terminates.

The beginning has long since passed from view with its "rain that's raining everywhere," "Radiator Lions," and "cocoa and animal crackers." The formations are rather thin at points, or perhaps they're just

too far away to see clearly. Hiawatha is there though, and the little girls from the "Childrens' Hour." There's a bareboot boy and Little Orphaned Annie. That wicked black bird of yore flies over the winding file. The twelve Canterbury pilgrims plod slowly on telling and retelling their stories. Lady MacBeth and Brutus walk stealthily together while the wedding guest listens tirelessly to the ancient mariner's tale. The walrus and the carpenter are chuckling as they watch Belinda lose her precious lock.

There's a ponderous accompaniment for my pageant. It's a wild melody made of songs from the hearts of a multitude of composers. First there must be marches, "Aye, tear her tattered ensigns. . .," "The people will go on. . .," "and heard the shot fired 'round the world." There's the wail

of laments, "the saddest are those 'it might have been'." Tones harmonize in calm resignation, — "stand alone and think 'till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink." Lost and forgotten humanity sends up its song, — "many a flower was born to blush unseen . . ." There are love songs, "Love me for love's sake. . ."

And so the melody goes on as the parade goes on, the immortal parade whose participants have been drawn from life by

their supersensitive creators to show the rest of us what life really is. How can the spectators around me grumble and become bored? They criticize the evenness of the lines, the costumes, and the formations, but perhaps they haven't heard the music yet.

Poetry? The parade is moving more slowly now, and I am trying to see into the future, but the ranks seem full. Will there be a place in the melody for my song?

MY ATTITUDE TOWARD POEMS

RICHARD OUTCALT

I am not interested in most poems. At one time I disliked poetry to the full extent of my ability, but as I grew up I became aware that to many people, poetry was all right. On careful consideration of this awakening, I decided that there were undoubtedly merits to poetry, but that you had to be in the mood to really get anything out of them. This mood to me seemed to signify a pale thin fellow skipping with gaily outstretched arms and fingers, romping through sunny fields of buttercups chasing gorgeous butterflies, then, tiring of this strenuous exercise, sitting under a tree to contemplate the wonders of poetry. This, I decided, was no substitute for baseball. So I let poems alone.

When I was in the sixth grade, I was exposed to John Masefield's "I Must Go Down to the Sea Again," dramatized with gestures, by our teacher, the assistant principal of the school. I rather liked this, except that I thought she overdid the gestures. She was evidently very sincere in her liking for this poem however, and

transmitted some of her enthusiasm by a kind of radio-telepathy or something to the class. This seems to be the only poem that comes to my mind readily. I don't remember ever being exposed to a poem in high school. Undoubtedly I was, but being as I said, not interested in poems, I quickly forgot them.

Last semester, we (the class) were exposed to narrative poetry. This is not the buttercup type of poetry as I understand it. We read most of the poems required for this course so I need not enumerate them. I particularly liked the one about the three fellows chained in a cave. I was interested in their reactions to such a situation.

I rather liked narrative poetry via Mrs. Wesenberg, but I don't believe she will have much luck with the buttercup-butterfly type this term. The world at present is too matter-of-fact. Imagine me, tripping gaily through a field of whatever the Japanese use for buttercups, happily stabbing Japanese butterflies with my bayonet. No!

TWO POEMS

MARGARET BYRAM

On Discovering a Book of Shelley's Poems

A portion of the feeling that once hallowed Keats
when he kenned the vast unknown
And stood, a Watcher, rapt, alone,
Came to me, a vision, swift, unbearable
In beauty scarcely born.

The joy of fusing with a master's soul,
The searching bliss of first discovery
Swept my mind, and left me tense and free,
A spirit treading the fresh-dewed grass
In early morn.

Muse of an Old Man

Gray day, gold day,
Rays of dimpled sunshine streaking through the
clouds—
Bleak tree, blithe tree,
Delicate web of bare twigs flung against the sky—
Dead love, dear love,
Half-remembered songs that linger in the stars—
There is a light which blends the day into the deeper
blue
And sweet forgetfulness which merges laughter,
pain, and you.

HITLER AND WAGNERISM

JANET GREGORY .

To the average person the name Wagner means nothing more than the name of a German composer and writer of operas. However, that name means to the German people almost as much as the name of Hitler. Wagner's music is so impressive that it has lived through the past century and has come to be one of the most outstanding influences on modern Europe. It has been said that whoever expects to understand National Socialist Germany must know Wagner. Adolph Hitler has often told his friends and the whole National Socialist regime, which finds its foundation in the Germanic myths, that Germany would be impossible without Wagner and all he represents. In that sense the whole present war resolves itself into a super Wagnerian opera turned into grim reality.

Wagner was a romanticist who has now been taken over by political realists. He was the first artist who strove to combine art, science, and life, music, poetry, grammar, philosophy, sociology, and politics. He implanted German myths far more successfully in the subconscious German mind than all the German philosophers and historians.

Hitler himself has been a personal devotee of Wagner all his life. He witnessed "Lohengrin" when he was a small child, and has had a deep interest for Wagnerian operas ever since. He reads Wagner's

scores as a pastime and notices any slight changes in the performances.

Today the people scarcely realize that the internal economic and political structure of Nazi Germany is almost entirely the result of the twentieth century interpretation of Wagner's theories. More powerful, however, than any political or economic ideas of National Socialism are its deeper emotional and mythological elements which raised it far above a purely political organization. These elements came from Wagner, from whom other details have been taken, such as "heil" of the Hitler salute, the National Socialist slogan, "Germany Awake," and many of their celebrations. When Hitler came into power, he raised Bayreuth, a little Bavarian town, to the position of which Wagner had always dreamed. Bayreuth and Wagner's festivals are in charge of an English born woman, Winifred Wagner, widow of Wagner's son, Siegfried.

In America, people class operas as a luxury, but in Germany they hold a place similar to our motion pictures. There is an opera house in nearly every Germany town. The people witness Wagner's operas from childhood throughout their lives; therefore, his ideas are thoroughly implanted in their minds. As long as the German people are compelled to witness Wagner's works, they will not realize that Hitler's ideas are merely interpretations of the originally harmless librettos.



THE PLEASURES OF EATING

JOSEPH A. TRENT

Eating is necessary, and in most cases, pleasurable. If one derives pleasures from eating, one has reasons for doing so. These pleasures, the foods that make eating pleasurable, and the people who eat such foods will be discussed in this paper. The pleasures of eating is an interesting topic and should provide you with some interesting and amusing thoughts.

I have heard of people who love certain foods because of their dainty and beautiful appearance. And then, too, I have heard of people who have favorite foods because they have such a pleasurable feeling after having partaken of these foods. Frankly, I think that such people derive no pleasure at all from eating. I eat my favorite foods because I like them, and not because they look pretty. When I eat them, I eat too much, and to hell with the after effects. I may not live so long for eating in such a manner, but I really enjoy it while I do live!

The chicken wandering around the farmer's yard fails entirely to excite the flow of my gastric juices, however, take that same fowl, fry it to a beautiful delicate shade of brown, garnish it with mashed potatoes and chicken giblet gravy and my hunger becomes ravenous. In the same manner, a cow on the hoof doesn't appeal to me at all, but show me a pound slab of that cow's posterior (or is it in interior?) surround it with a heap of French fries, and I'll eat right through it and start gnawing on the bone. I have also heard that some people like sea food, but not I! To me, sea food is very unappetizing. Deep sea scallops have a peculiar taste rather, I imagine, like that of bilge water. Clams are even more of a mess. But as an exception to the general of the sea foods, I must

admit that I like shrimp. I know of no better way to start a meal than with a spicy shrimp cocktail.

In this modern day and age we continue to find and adopt new things, but in the line of desserts my favorite dishes are the old fashioned ones. Strawberry shortcake, homemade pie, and ice cream and cake may not be your idea of super delicacies, but to me they are veritably the monarchs of the dessert world. What is more tempting than cake heaped high with luscious strawberries? If that doesn't appeal to you picture a deep pie, piping hot as it came from your mother's oven. Do you remember waiting on the back porch and watching Mom putting them out on the window sill to cool? And then, the final proof was in the eating. And now, like then, those pies never fail to fill that last little corner; they provide the final touch that makes a meal perfect. Lastly, if either of these hearty finales to an excellent meal fails to entice your palate, why not try some delicious ice cream made of fresh peaches and produced by the old fashioned hand turned freezer? A good companion for this ice cream is a tall, fine textured, angel food cake that melts in one's mouth. These desserts are, indeed, fit for a king.

Another way in which people gain enjoyment in eating is by doing their own cooking. A few of the male species (usually bachelors) delight in inviting the opposite sex to their abode in order to demonstrate and prove their ability in the kitchen. Naturally, during the course of the dinner each particular dish is completely explained and criticized by the proud amateur cook, which proves to be either boring or amusing to his guest. Then too, there is the kind hearted Irish lady who insists that her

Irish stew is the best in the world, and in attempting to prove her point eats most of the stew herself, with the result that the delicious but fattening stew blossoms the lady's waist line to a delicate thirty-six or forty inches.

A person's surroundings and occupations during a meal often makes his food more pleasurable to him. Some people prefer to dine in a small quiet restaurant where the food is good but plain, and manners are secondary. Others, however, enjoy the food more if they are in a formal atmosphere in which manners play an important part. Some people, also, like to occupy their allotted time for meals in various other ways in relaxation. Among these forms of relaxation are reading one's newspaper or listening to his favorite music, while others prefer merely to eat slowly and thoughtfully, which is both resting and delightful.

Having sufficiently covered our favorite foods we may now touch upon the methods of eating that food. These methods may be divided in to three general classifications: first, the gluttonous method; second, the convenient method; third, the ultra formal or prissy method . . . To begin with type one, the glutton is the most repulsive of all social outcasts. His eating habits repel both his stomach and associates. Also, as the true epicurean will readily testify, a person who bolts his food

looses the real pleasure of eating. Therefore, we may dispense with the glutton by saying that as a gourmet he is worthy only of contempt. The exact antithesis of the glutton is the ultra formal, or prissy type of eater. Compared to the glutton his appearance while eating makes up in ludicrousness what it lacks in repulsiveness. He may also be dismissed as deserving only of contempt. In sharp contrast to both former types the advocate of the convenient method stands out as the epitome of practicability and pleasing appearance. He shows enjoyment of his food without the revolting manners of the glutton. At the same time, he observes the practical rule of good manners without the ridiculous affectation of the ultra formalist. The true epicurean would surely fall under his classification.

Now I have exhausted my vast sources of study on the subject of pleasurable eating. I feel a grawing at my stomach — my knees are weak from hunger. I think that I had better ease downstairs and raid the ice box to appease my enormous appetite. Ah! the lights are out, no one will bother me at all! Open that refrigerator door quietly! Let me see now — cold beans, cold potatoes, vegetable salad, French dressing, but no meat, no cheese, no nothing! The pleasures of eating — bah! The only pleasure one can get from it is the dry writing about them!



JUST PAST SIX

IONE COLLIGAN

You long to be a big boy, Jerry? Want to be like Uncle John, and shoulder guns instead of sticks and know what's wrong with all the world and how the troubles should be fixed? I see. You don't like being just past six. You want to stride with head thrown back and shoulders square. You'd wear big boots and roar and swear.

Ah, but Jerry, does that grown up uncle many a day wistfully watch you at your play, unaware that all the world's gone mad and Uncle John is baffled—helpless—helpless as a lad? Does he see you hail with glee John Schmidt, Joe Pello,

Sammy Lee, and does he wonder if 'tis you, not he, who knows the meaning of democracy? When you slip softly into church and sing your simple, childish praise to Him who gave us life does Uncle John find dearth of solace, faith a bitter memory, all his world but strife?

You tell me, Jerry, that you want to be like Uncle John and shoulder guns instead of sticks and know what's wrong with all the world and how the troubles should be fixed.

And does he, Jerry, wish that he were once more just past six?

THAT IS WHY

JEANE SISKEL

They were as high as high. Below them, was not that full, rounded form of yellow light the moon—the moon anchored in distant music? Were not the sudden twinklings seen in the distance the stars? Were not those shifting shadows clouds?

No; they were not. He and she were sitting together on the fourteenth green of the local golf course, the green which topped a bluff familiar to everyone. The yellow light had its origin in the local power plant, because what they saw were the lights of the park bandshell, below them only because they were on a bluff. The music was, in reality, the local band pres-

enting one of its infrequent concerts. The so-called stars were the headlights of automobiles, trucks, and busses which were continually passing over the highway that bounded one side of the park. At the foot of the bluff the trees, bowing to the breeze, merely appeared cloud-like.

He and she were talking about the stars—the real ones. Their words, their thoughts, their feelings were as high as high. That is why the physical world about them, when they were aware of it, had to assume ascending mimics in order to reach their plane of consciousness.

STRUGGLES IN SLANG

(With a Slight British Flavor)

JEAN M. CHALIFOUR

"Slang!! Our children do not use slang," emphatically pronounced the Head English Mistress in the G. S. C. School for Girls, somewhere in England. Now, in spite of an extremely exaggerated Oxford accent which usually practically defied the American Exchange Teacher's powers of translation, the meaning of this statement was crystal clear and raised a healthy resentment in the American's heart. Had not the A. E. T. heard much slang at the "digs" among the "diggers" who were well educated, teachers and bank "clarks?" When the A. E. T. suggested this to the H. E. M., she was informed that although British children may have their speech peculiarities, those are merely colloquialisms and not slang. When this argument was attacked, the H. E. M. insisted that if the British children did use any slang, it was that slang which had been acquired from those poisonous American films.

Rather than to have a miniature Revolutionary War on the spot, the A. E. T. withdrew from the staff room. Determined that America should never come off second best even in a small verbal engagement, especially when she knew positively that she was right, she crossed the building to the Head Mistress' office where the only really usable dictionary in the entire school was kept, and which, in fact, was the personal property of the Head. Incidentally, the Head was quite flattered that her "King's English" should be put to use. And she privately confessed that she regretted that the British people were so sure that they (each) knew what was right about the language that they all looked upon dictionaries with deep suspicion.

The A. E. T., armed with this high

authority, hurried back to the staff room to confront the H. E. M. with the fact that her own dictionary proclaimed a colloquialism to be a "common form of conversation," and that slang is a "colloquial mode of expression, especially such as is in vogue with some particular class in society."

With typical British stubbornness, the H. E. M. insisted, without any authority other than her own opinion, that British colloquialisms were not slang.

With typical American zeal to be right all of the time and also to prove it, the A. E. T. set out on a little bit of research work. In less than ten minutes a class of thirty-four girls, when asked to jot down all of the slang or colloquial expressions which they used habitually, furnished a list of 176 different expressions. These expressions were then mailed over to an American high school where a typical batch of high school students checked the ones they were familiar with. Eighty were checked, thus leaving a total of 96 which were purely British. The British girls were delighted with the investigation and willingly listed the places where they had learned the expressions. Only 17 of the entire 176 had been learned from those "awful American movies." The remaining 159 must have been learned in and around their homes.

Reinforced with the results of this bit of research, the American teacher again approached the H. E. M. who looked down her British nose as she said in her most pronounced Oxford accent, "Oh, isn't that nice! But the people of the United States are thought to be particularly addicted to slang, you know."

Honesty forced the A. E. T. to admit the truth of that fact but she also pointed

out that the language of almost every country is full of these picturesque expressions, and that slang dictionaries have been written in all of them as an aid to the understanding of current speech and literature. And as a final triumph, she referred the

British teacher to a lovely volume on British Slang which was on sale in Selfridge's book department, and which only the extreme lack of funds caused the A. E. T. to give up the pleasure of owning.

THIS THING CALLED LOVE

JIM MITCHELL

"What is this thing called lo-o-ove?" wails the radio crooner in his agonized search for the "sweet mystery of life." All over the country, dowagers and damsels alike sigh and shed a tear of pity; and "the poor fellow" is voted to a high place among the ranking stars of radio. As his popularity increases, his paycheck grows about in proportion to the square of his "public," and life becomes a song for the crooner with the "catch" in his voice. What is the first thing our poor love-starved hero does upon landing a spot on a coast-to-coast network? Why, he flies back to Sac City and marries the winsome little lass with whom he has been in love all the time, of course. Oh, it's an old, old story, but it can't fool me anymore. I can see through it all with ease, because my problem is the counterbalance of that of the crooner.

The facts of my case are simple, but the cure is difficult. In fact, it hasn't been discovered as this goes to press. Between the first of April and the last of June each year, I find myself madly in love with every rosy-cheeked maiden with whom I come into contact. Needless to say, this isn't right at all; and the problem is getting worse annually. This Spring, already, I

am in love with the cashier at my neighborhood movie, about three fourths of Butler's coed enrollment, my English professor, a cigarette girl at the Coliseum, and a woman filling-station attendant. All this in fifteen days!!

This disease is somewhat similar to hay-fever in that it is active only a few weeks each year. However, its reaction throughout the remainder of the year is as bad as the disease itself. Throughout the winter months, I look upon women as nothing more than "goons" and hindrances. This, of course, is the opposite extreme and is also very serious.

So, my affliction has become a year round proposition. In the Spring, I spend all my time and money on the ladies. During the remainder of the year, I not only ignore them completely but I find them disgusting.

The situation is becoming more and more acute as time goes on, but even the miracles of modern science are incompetent to cope with it. Now, I appeal to the world for aid. Perhaps a kindred soul somewhere can suggest a cure.

Maybe I should try the radio.

This thing called love—bah!



THE JADE BOWL

BY DINES CARLSON

John Herron Art Museum



THE HOPI WORLD

BY HOWARD MCCORMICK

John Herron Art Museum

APPRECIATION

BETTY FRANCES THOME

My father is sitting at the breakfast table, his left hand raises by degrees a cup of coffee to his lips, his right hand firmly grips the most important part of his morning meal—the newspaper. Suddenly, the left hand goes sharply down, making the china cup click as it hits the saucer, the sports' page is enlightening this morning.

"By God, Galento's going to try it again! Tonight at 8:30!" My father issues this announcement as fervently as a revival preacher heralds the end of the world.

"Who is Galento?" says my mother very innocently from her side of the table. The sports' page is now dropped! My father's eyebrows make question marks, and he sits up, pompous and worldly-wise, saying in a deep voice,

"Now Beth, you know *who* Galento is!"

"No, I do *not*!" My naive mama insists.

"Well, how can you live and breathe without hearing about Galento? He's the guy Joe beat before! Now he's got the nerve to challenge the Brown Bomber again!"

My mama now sits up, alert and awake. She knows *who* "Joe" is.

"Well," she resigns herself, "when is the fight?"

"Tonight, 8:30," repeats Pop, adding "WIRE."

Fight night begins for father to be exact at 6 a. m., when he first sees the notice in the paper. He then leaves for work, whistling at 7 a. m.! The boys down at the office are more sympathetic toward fight night. They know who Galento is! They are ready to lay money on the line that Joe will "do" it in no less than three rounds this time!

At 6 p. m. my father returns, and before he removes his coat, he rattles through

the "Times" until he finds the radio page. Can't be too sure about a matter like this! Why if you didn't know the exact station, you might even miss the first two minutes of the first round! At 7:30 father begins to read carefully the "story." It seems that Joe has had a quiet week-end at camp, but his weight is down to 200. Tony is still drinking beer and boasting.

"Sometimes I wish we took a Chicago paper," my father mumbles from the green chair by the radio. "They cover "things" more completely."

"What "things?" my indulging Mama inquires.

"The *Fights*, Beth," my father replies, struggling to maintain his patience.

At 8:30 we are "silenced" or asked to take a walk around the block, maybe two blocks if Joe is slower tonight. WIRE is located, and my Father listens with great interest for the millionth time to the referee. This man, I have been told, always repeats in husky tones, "A clean fight, boys; shake hands, boys; into "yer" corners, boys; come out fightin', boys!"

The bell clangs and my father is no longer with us. He is seated like a king in a ringside seat at Madison Square Gardens. He can reach out and touch the ring if he wants to. My dad watches intently as Joe leads with a right or a left (or something) to the jaw. With one hand it is always harder. I can't remember which one in Joe's case. My father leans forward, his hands firmly planted on his knees. His eyes are peering up at the spot-lighted ring and the two dynamic figures who are pushing each other around. Joe slips to the canvas (but it is *always* an accident when dad tells it later). At this occurrence, my father starts to rise, but Joe gets up, and

dad sinks back. Well, they go on "lefting and righting," for some time. Often it is to the head, sometimes to the jaw or the nose. Eventually Galento totters, and my father smiles with smug satisfaction. You see, Joe has done it again!

"May I turn it off now," my mother ventures cautiously.

"Yes Beth. That was a damn good

fight. Joe used *real* strategy there in the second round. Can't keep him at the ropes long, can you?"

"No, I guess not," my mother sweetly agrees, wondering how the play was over WFBM.

"No, you *sure* can't," I pipe up enthusiastically. Pop is proud of me when I seem to bend "intellectually" toward prize fights.

MUNITIONS WORKER

a little lesson in love and virtue
a discourse between god and saint peter
pertaining to the soul of a munitions maker.

BOB HARRIS

pete. i have a problem sir
god. indeed
pete. it is a very puzzling one sir
god. so
pete. if it weren't i wouldn't have called you
god. yes
pete. i have here sir a soul
god. a soul? where
pete. here sir in my hand
god. ah yes i see it now
pete. it is a very small soul sir—a soul that
ordinarily i wouldn't pass but never-
theless it is a soul sir—a very puzzling
and to say the least annoying soul
god. and what may i ask seems to be the
trouble
pete. i don't know sir whether i should pass
him or not
god. how many times must i tell you peter
you have absolute control over these
matters.
pete. no wait sir! this is an unusual case
god. yes go on. what is it
pete. this soul is from a place called earth
god. yes go on
pete. he conducted a business there sir—a
er—well—a—uh—a not very reputable
business. he was—
god. yes yes go on. what was his business

peter
pete. he was a munitions maker
god. a what
pete. a munitions maker, sir. he made bul-
lets for guns
god. why
pete. so he could sell them
god. to whom
pete. to the czechoslovakians
god. and why did he sell them to the—why
did he sell them to them
pete. to kill the germans
god. oh and why should he want to kill the
germans
pete. he didn't the czechoslovakians did
god. very well peter. why did the—why
did they want to kill the germans
pete. because the germans were a very war-
like people
god. but who were selling the germans their
bullets
pete. the munitions maker sir
god. i see
pete. he wasn't showing any partiality. he
wasn't taking sides sir. he was neutral
wasn't he sir? what should i do
god. you take that soul over to the gutter
—the one that runs to hell peter
pete. yes sir and then—
god. peter drop him in

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

ALFONSE TAPIA

"A Penny for your thoughts."

What could I answer, when, in reality, I had been thinking of absolutely nothing. I was just looking at nature; nature who has always done something to me. I cannot put my finger on it, but I can feel it vaguely with a certain weakness that causes a disengagement from the powers of description. As mysterious as night itself; like the flame glowing in the fireplace, or the tobacco smoke, lazily drifting along to nowhere. It is in that way that I watch the always vanishing 'something' that is forever there in nature.

Even as a little boy I must have felt it when I used to sit up in bed and stare at the vast darkness through my bedroom window as my elbows rested on the window sill. Usually my thoughts were worries. Most likely I had "skipped" school that day and I was concerned only with the punishment that was sure to follow if my secret were unfolded. Yet, in a way, I was happy because I felt that it was worth it. Soon, as the beauty of the night took command, my worries would gradually thin out and presently I could hear the crickets singing their same song over and over again. The tall grass would rustle and moan in the night breeze. Perhaps I would see a rabbit go merrily bouncing up and down as it dodged bits of shrubbery that rose from the damp-smelling earth. Or perhaps the moon

would be at work with her white beam, casting dim silhouettes here and there. Little images of the moon would gently twinkle in the reflection from the smooth and glassy surface of the leaves, which seemed to play with the little glimmering spots of a moonlight night. Or again, a muffled horn of a distant automobile breaking through the grave-still night where the fireflies danced, blinked, and danced again.

Then, suddenly, the slow murmur of voices coming from the porch of the house, which had been taking a back seat during this time, would be interrupted by the scraping of chairs on the tile floor, thus warning me of my mother's approach. And so, I would scamper under my sheet and make believe that I was sleeping as I should have been two hours ago. After a few clickings and shuttings of doors and windows, mother would shyly tiptoe into my room, kiss me on the forehead, tuck the sheet around me a bit cozier, and gently tiptoe out again.

Restful assurancement of the world at peace, sprinkled with the grains of sand spread by the Sandman, came upon me as the song of the crickets grew fainter and fainter; as my eyelids became heavier and heavier . . . as mysterious as the night itself; like the flame glowing in the fireplace, or the tobacco smoke, lazily drifting along to nowhere.

LIBYA

VIRGINIA HURT

As far as one could see stretched the shimmering sands of the Sahara. The fury of the day seemed to beat upon the earth and the burning glare of the desert set

weaving heat-waves into motion above the shifting hillocks, which the scorching wind swept into being and inevitably demolished with its swaying motion.

Not a sound came from the drifting sand, not a whisper from the breath of wind, not a single voice of nature in all that vast expanse, but at intervals the silence was shattered by the echoing empty booms of bombs, and between them, faintly, monotonously, came the beat, beat, beat, of drums. White men may carry on warfare against other white men and great issues be so decided, but the torpid flow of native life persists undisturbed! Magic was being made, or the entrance of another soul into that unknown realm of spirits was being heralded by the insistent rhythm of those drums. A feeling of suspense, of suppressed fear, hovered over the empty world; a sense of impending disaster, soon to arrive,

pressed suffocatingly upon scorched earth.

To the khaki-clad humans, it seemed they were like two tiny ants inside a great brass bowl-trapped, but exposed to what dangers! Yet there was nothing around them, only the weird throb of the unseen drums and the far-off, hollow explosions! The tropical sun traveled higher in its path across the sky, with an ever increasing glare upon the white reflection of sand. Stillness hung in the air like an evil genie.

At last one of the men stirred, yawned, and raised himself slightly to address the other.

"Tsy, Bill, this is a ripping good mystery story in the *Saturday Evening Post!*"

ABOUT DEFEAT

JEAN EBELING

There they lay, slung back in a corner, discarded from any future use, and looking as if every ounce of strength and good will had been wrung from their very soles. Only a few months before, that old pair of shoes could have held up its laces and thrown back its tongue, unshamefully encountering any other pair of shoes—even those of the higher priced class.

At present, this dilapidated footwear, thankful for the secluded refuge, was embarrassed for itself knowing that its once crisp and neat tongue now drooped wearily over the side of the shoe like that of a dog when gasping for its last breath. The rubber heels had taken on a defeated look, worn down at the edges to mere paper thinness from many miles of hard trudging. A small nail, which as a means of revenge had worked its way to the interior of the shoe, had punctured the heel of the wearer

and was now flattened down to sufficient smoothness.

The high polish characteristic of new shoes had been dulled by acute neglect, fall rains, and winter snows. The once strong and sinewy laces lay limp and bedraggled, their length broken at intervals by hastily and sloppily tied knots.

Only the toes had made a last, rather futile effort at being brave and enduring their inevitable fate with some show of courage. As a last stab at the cruel world, they had feebly turned up whether through their own strength or encouraged by an excess of moisture during those final days of drudgery. The creases formed in the dry, cracked leather by this curling up supplied a somewhat whimsical effect to this completely exhausted footwear. Finally they had been freed from their captivity and were content to await total destruction.

WINTER

ARDATH WEIGLER

Faint, uncertain fluorescence of day struggling to penetrate the murk of man-made atmosphere — pushing through the exhalation of factory and furnace, making silhouette background for life. An occasional, broken shuffle of steps along the gritty alleyways as a solitary devotee gropes his path to the six o'clock mass. Lining the street — drab frame houses point a picket finger of mediocrity. Unrelieved monotony of mansard roofs jaggging against the dun-colored sky, holding the saturated weight above.

Blank panes set in the soot-stained ripples of weather-boarding punctuate the flatness as their gaze keeps vigil with the lamp posts. Paths of broken cement divide the filled-in evenness of earth — setting apart precise squares of front yards. Here and there a few patches of weedy grass have survived the pressure of feet and wagons.

The black asphalt pavement is lightened in places by the gravel-gray of chuck-holes — fluted edges breaking the smooth placidity of man's invention and W. P. A. construction. Presence of yellow-faced stop

sign and matching hydrant at the end of the smooth blackness. A thoroughfare hems in the quiet obscurity of mansard roofs and square yards.

Impenetrable breath of civilization — enveloping odor of smog pushes heavily, crowds the sensations until taste and smell become interchangeable. Sharpness of winter air and sound is deadened by its omnipresence — breath of civilization . . .

The thoroughfare is a pattern in parallel and perpendicular. Scarred woodenness of telephone poles supports the commonplace regularity of wires. Below, the lines of railing lie stolid and substantial. But of the blur — a distant box-car shape looms . . . replica of a candle-lighted shoe-box drawn along the curbing by small children on summer evenings, mimeographed face shapes at the cut outs. Nearing song of steel on steel . . . humming crescendo along the rails. The shoe-box passes.

Decrescendo.

Slight lifting of fog curtain . . . day draining the ugly glass bulbs of their puny electric glow.

MOTHERHOOD

MARY ELLEN SHIRLEY

As she lay in the midst of dirt and squalor she seemed in utter oblivion. To her the cobwebby walls, the cockroaches, the plush chair with springs uncovered, and the filthy blanket were unimportant, because for once in her life, the young colored girl had captured the spotlight.

She was the center of interest in that room; of secondary interest was the baby — her baby — in the next room.

It was a half-insolent and half-scared look she gave the doctor as he moved about taking her temperature, checking her pulse, asking questions, and prescribing medicine.

She was proud of the fact that she could refuse to answer him. She could make him wait. That he was helping her did not seem to matter. It was almost as though she was trying to keep him from helping her, not by actual active resistance but by a passive resistance.

It was impossible to fathom those deep expressionless eyes. At times the only outward sign she gave to show that she was aware of other people in the room was a slow, faintly audible sigh which escaped from her thick lips.

There were none of the usual signs of

a new baby — no knitted suits, no embroidered dresses, none of those garments which show months of planning and love. She could neither afford them nor did she want them. She made no outward show of affection toward the baby. He was merely a tiny hungry body that had to be cared for. The only apparent pleasure she had was that for a short time she alone was the center of attention.

Was this her dream of motherhood — this squalid home, this poverty, this ignorance, this short period of doubtful triumph?

EXCERPTS

- I. . . . a golden ball of magnificence, brilliantly rendering fiery shadows across frosted trees . . . The twisted azure and golden shadows falling here and there . . . *Sunrise Serenade*, by Melvin Kuebler.
- II. Such pieces are the bastards of literature. They are errant misfits . . . doomed never to know a moment's exaltation from a thinker's lips . . .
Some (writers) can swear and never use a profane word. Some can see death, and think only of life . . . These are the few; these are the great, of which the greatest has not yet come. *De Libris*, by Richard Jowitt.
- III. . . . the autumn-blazing landscape . . . Below me in the valley stretched a complete world with browning grass for continents and ponds for seas . . . The day was brown and yellow and the fiery orange of burning logs. It was the yellow haze of bonfires, the acrid smell of smoke. It was the supreme perfection of white and gold asters in turquoise bowl. *My Favorite Spot*, by Mary Elizabeth Black.
- IV. The big busses are like huge ocean liners, gliding majestically, smoothly away from harbor; the little ones
- pitch and toss like skittish catboats on a lake on a gusty day. *Market Street Harbor*, by Quentin West.
- V. The curtain rose on the first act, and flippant little fireflies coquettishly darted back and forth like tiny ballet dancers . . . Over the heads of these flirtatious insects soared the nighthawks and whippoorwills, diving and swooping like trapeze artists, soundlessly, without effort . . . Thus the orchestra of the northern forest prepares and plays its nightly performance. No famous opera goer's jewels can compare with the stars; no brilliant Hollywood Kleig light can illumine a scene like the moon . . . no great orchestra can ever play such a harmonious overture as Nature's children; and no great stage designer can fill in a more marvelous background. *Night Show*, by Edward F. Wright.
- VI. Then mother responds with a gleam in her eye, a dust-cap on her head, rubber gloves on her hands, and such a spirited vehemence that everyone in the family begins to make plans and appointments that will keep them away from home for at least a month. For spring cleaning at our house means a complete rejuvenation of civilized living.

- Spring Cleaning at Our House*, by Margie Ann Hukriede.
- VII. Names . . . distort everyone into the shapes their sounds suggest. How catalogue people then? Give them numbers and register the numbers; but do not try to take beautiful words and fit a living soul into them. *If I Could Choose My Name*, by Richard Jowitt.
- VIII. I had haunting memories of a quiet old lady puttering about a kitchen; I saw visions of tall angel foods, white and fluffy. Once again the pungent odor of hot spices was in my nostrils . . . *Violet Velvet*, by Margaret Dawson.
- IX. While resting, he drew from his torn overcoat pocket a dirty corn cob pipe.

As he stood at the side of the street, the busy throngs hurried by; yet he remained contentedly smoking . . . He did not possess much of this world's goods, but he was the picture of peace and contentment . . . His day's work was done. *The Close of Day*, by Don R. Cutsinger.

- X. Things were so confusing . . . destruction from the same sky which held rain and snow, uniformed men training in muddy brown at the camp, girls entertaining girls . . . knitting and bandaging with serious faces . . . Her young mind searched for a solution to these puzzles . . . *Young Spring*, by Suzanne Van Talge.

