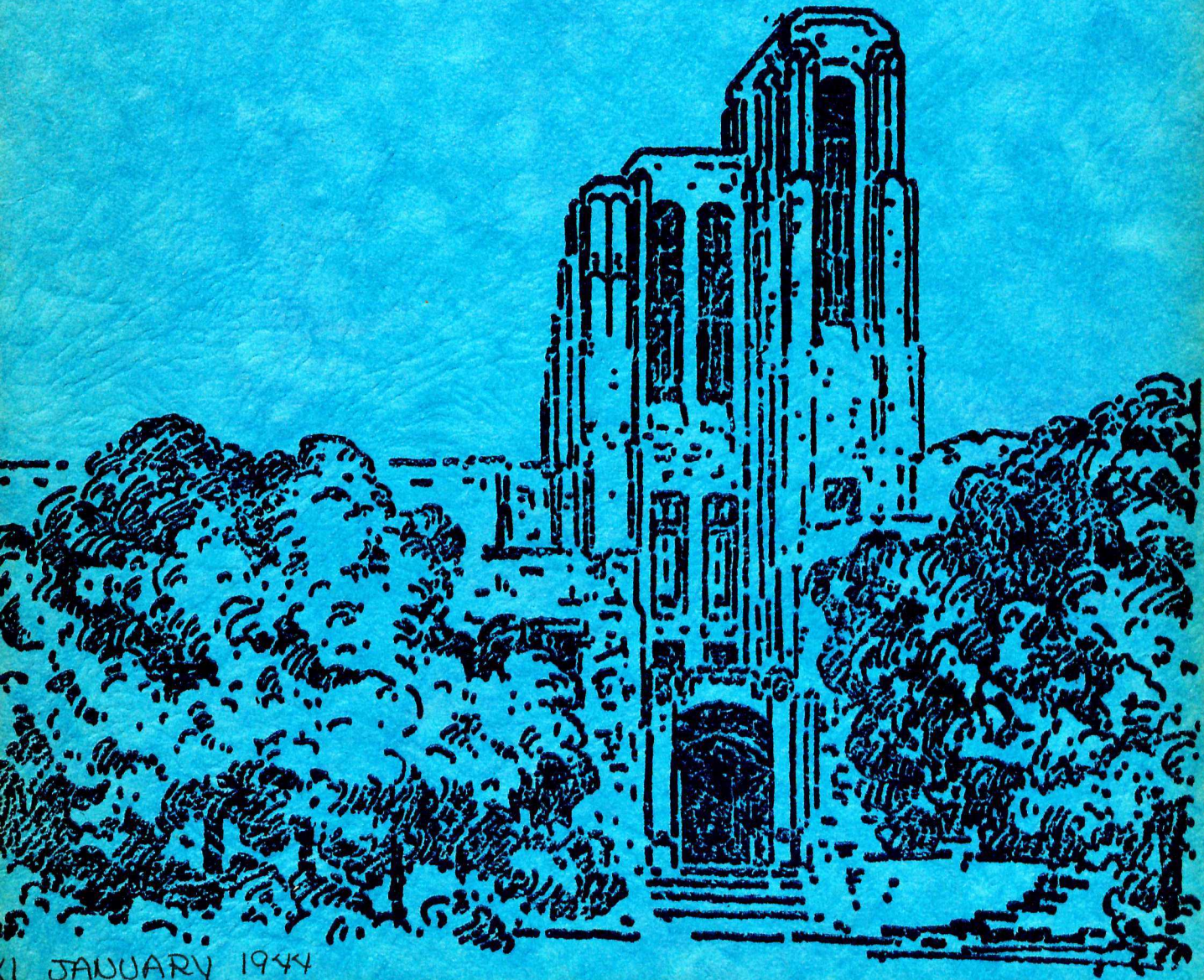


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No. 2



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The Meetin'

ROBERT CORNETT

The folks in the little meetin' house was beginnin' to git the sperrit. The meetin' was goin' along just like the Lord would want it to go. It was hot in that little one-room buildin' settin' there on the side of the mountain, but nobody cared about that. Fact is, folks had to be a little too warm to really git the sperrit.

Little, short, chunky "Shoutin'" Isaac was havin' more influence on the people though, than the weather was that night. He was doin' the preachin'. His little jay-bird eyes was flashin' as he stormed back and forth across the floor, stoppin' ever now and then to jump up and down when he was overcome by the Sperrit. The words was just leapin' out of his mouth and tumblin' over each other, they was in sech a hurry to convert somebody.

"Ther ain't a one uv ye here tonight that ain't hyeard this gospel preached before," he was sayin'. "Why do ye set back there like ye've never hyeard it, and don't know what it's fer? Oh, bruthern, I'll tell ye why. It's the old devil a-holdin' ye back. That's what it is."

Somebody back in the corner said, "Amen." The Sperrit was really beginnin' to work on some of 'em. One of the women began clappin' her hands and rockin' back and forth, with her eyes shut an' her lips movin', but nobody could understand what she was sayin'.

All this made old Shoutin' Isaac just preach that much harder. He was breathin' real fast now, just like he didn't have any time to waste in gettin' his breath. The words was just pourin' out of his mouth; almost sounded like he was singin' as his voice went up and down. A lot of his words he was just sayin' over and over,

and they didn't add any meanin' to what he was sayin', but that's the way a good preacher's supposed to preach, and the faster he c'n talk the better preacher he is. Well, Shoutin' Isaac shore was a good one. He never wanted fer anything to say. If I ever seen anybody full of the Sperrit and runnin' over, it was Shoutin' Isaac.

"Yes bruthern, it's the ole Devil there in yore heart," he was sayin'. "It's him a-tellin' ye, praise the Lord, that there ain't nothin' in what I'm a-sayin', and Amen. It's him a-tellin' ye to keep on a-wanderin' out there in darkness an' sin, strayin' out yonder on the mountain, away from the Shepherd's fold, Hallelujah! Out there on the mountain, bless the Lord, lost in darkness and sin, Amen. Yes, sir, lost in darkness and sin. That's where ye are, my bruthern, when ye turn thet bottle up to your lips and drink that poison that'll send yore soul to the depths of Hell, praise the Lord; "where the worm dieth not and the fire is never quenched!" I know bruthern, "cause I've been through it all myself. Yes, praise His name, I've been through it all. Oh, how I suffered when I was bound in the fetters of sin and my soul was goin' down the valley to the eternal fires of Hell. There was no hope fer me, praise the Lord. I was lost! lost!! lost!!! — And then I hyeard this glorious gospel, and now I'm a free man tonight, Hallelujah Praise His name!"

All at once a pistol shot rang out in the night outside the buildin'. It was follered by another, and another, and somebody hollered loud and high, kinda like a dog howlin' but not exactly. You could tell it was *somebody*.

Shoutin' Isaac stopped fer a minute,

but only fer a minute. I guess he figgered that now was the time to prove which was the strongest, the Lord or the Devil, so he started preachin' again, just like he was before, only louder.

He was preachin' on the Devil that night, and outside, from what some of the boys told me later, and from what I actual seen myself, some of the boys was full of his subject. I'm not meanin' to be funny, but I reckon if ever any boys was full of the Devil, them boys was. I hieard later about what happened outside, before what I'm goin' to tell ye about really happened.

Dan MacDowell was one of the boys out there (I was on the inside all the time, so I didn't see this, I only saw what happened later, but I found out from good sources that this's how it all started.) Dan MacDowell was the one who shot the pistol and hollered out like that. He was a big tall, broad feller. You couldn't help but like him, when he wasn't drunk but when he was drunk he would do just about anything. He had a kind of a sparkle in his eyes that made you like him, but he usually carried a pint bottle 'a moonshin in his hip-pocket and that was all time gettin' him in trouble.

"Come on, boys," he said to some of the others standin' around ther. "Let's get thangs a-movin' hyere." He pulled his pint bottle out'a his pocket. "Right hyer's some of the best 'white mule' this country's ever seen. Hyere, boys, take some uf it. Wet your whistles a little."

All the boys took a drink, some uf 'em givin' a little whistle after they swallered it and one or two uf 'em kinda coughin' a little like it just about strangled 'em.

"Good stuff, ain't it?" Dan said.

I guess they all thought so because they passed it around again and ever-body took another drink.

Dan walked over to one of the winders and looked into the church. "Old Isaac's

struttin' his stuff tonight, ain't he?" he said.

"Yeah, I think he's a little too cocky fer his own good." Bert Jones was the one that said that. He was a tall, lanky, stoop-shouldered feller. He always wore a old broke-billed cap and his yaller, stringy hair hung out from under it, and he was always prushin' it back out of his eyes and wipin' his nose with the back of his hand. He was just plain mean and nobody liked him.

One of the other boys, Abe Somers, said, "Well, we could take some of that out of him." His head was kinda down as he said it, he'd been whittlin' on a stick, and he just kinda looked up without raisin' his head and rolled his eyes around at all the boys, then spit out of the corner of his mouth and went on whittlin'. Nobody said anythin' fer a minute, just kinda looked at Abe and watched the ambyer trickle out 'a the corner of his mouth and drip off his chin as he shifted his chew from one side of his mouth to the other.

After a minute Dan said, "I think it's a good idy, fellers. Let's break 'er up, and throw Isaac out."

Well, that was what started it, I reckon, and the rest of it I seen with my own eyes. The first thing I knew about what was goin' to happen was when I hieard a scufflin' on the steps. Of course, I was about the only one that hieard it because I was settin' on the back row and then ever-body else was tryin' to get saved or shoutin' because they was saved. Some of 'em was on their knees prayin'. Others was dancin' around, throwin' their hands in the air. A little group was gathered around one of the women prayin' over her and cryin', tryin' to get her saved, and Isaac was still prancin' back and forth across the floor and makin' things purty hot fer the Devil. It was sech a noisy place that it's a wonder I ever hieard them comin' in.

And they didn't waste any time after they got in. Dan fired his pistol a couple of times, shootin' two holes in the ceiling and one of 'em yelled out above the clamor, "Look out, Isaac, hyere we come!"

Of course the shoutin' and prayin' stopped as soon as the pistol was fired an' the boys had Isaac and was already draggin' him out before he, 'er anybody else, knowed what was happenin'. But when Isaac did realize what was goin' on he began to kick and struggle fer all he was worth. It just looked like he was fightin' against the Devil and didn't figger to give in to him. Then some of the men who had been shoutin' and prayin' just a minute before got a different kind 'a light in their eyes and they grabbed them boys,

and I tell you, you never seen such a fight in all yore life as they fit right there. All the women and children got back out of the way, up in front of the buildin'.

Well, finally, you could tell that the men was gittin' the best of the ruckass. Isaac was on his feet now and joinin' in the fight. One by one the boys was forced outside. The fightin' went on out there fer a minute 'er two, but the boys purty soon gave up when they seen that they was outnumbered. Purty soon the men started comin' back in and I could hyear Isaac sayin' somethin' out on the steps, about gettin' the sheriff after 'em. Then he come back in, went up in front and kinda pantin' a little, said, "Somebody start a good ole song. How 'about you, Sister Mary."

An Afternoon

MARY CHAPPELL

Now the cab was leaving the downtown area and was entering the residential district. I sat forward in my seat and looked out the window. Apparently this was not a fashionable neighborhood, but middle class and decaying. I had never been there before and looked at the big, dirty frame houses, old, stone churches with dead ivy clinging to them, and maples, bare of their leaves and dripping in the rain.

The afternoon, the dreary neighborhood, the strangeness of the whole situation both depressed and frightened me. I had spent the morning and night before on a dirty day coach crowded with soldiers. Now through my tired brain wandered irrelevant memories — the blond soldier who had sat next to me, the flat, meaningless landscape, the bewildering station, this cab taking me somewhere to a room

Stephen had reserved for us. And I was so utterly alone. The houses I saw from the cab window became great living things, hunched together and aching in the November rain. The maples, too, were living things; didn't they look like human beings standing sad and resigned in an indifferent world?

Why couldn't I think of Stephen? I twisted the wedding rings on my finger. Why couldn't I think about how happy we'd be together tonight? The weather, the neighborhood wouldn't matter when we were together, and we had been apart so long! But it was useless to try to think of him. Somehow he didn't exist now for me; he wasn't a reality. I was in a strange city, alone, and I was frightened. The cab stopped in front of a tall narrow house, once painted white, but now gray and wet in the rain,

"1807 Fenton street. This is it, lady," the cab driver said.

I looked out. Yes, this must be the place Stephen had got for us. Disappointment was fast making me ache harder inside. Couldn't Stephen have got a better place? I knew we couldn't afford much, but . . . The place was so unlike what I had hoped to find! I knew rooms were hard to get, but . . .

I pressed the doorbell. A thin boy, about eighteen, answered. He was wearing corduroy trousers and a dark red sweater. Blond, uncombed hair fell over his forehead. His face was pimply and greasy. In his hand he held a detective magazine he had apparently been reading.

Surely this can't be the place, I thought, not with this kind of boy . . . Surely Stephen could have found a better place . . . My throat was aching.

"I'm Mrs. Stephen Campbell," I heard myself say slowly. "I think my husband has arranged with a Mrs. Hoffmann for a room here for us over the weekend."

The boy replied, "Uh, yes. Just a minute, I'll call her." He turned and almost yelled, "Hey, Aunt Clara, the woman's here."

I stood awkwardly in the doorway while the boy fingered the magazine. Now I was annoyed. To be referred to as "the woman"! Why didn't he offer to let me into the house and take my bag?

When his Aunt Clara came from the back of the house, the boy withdrew to a chair, sat down, began reading, and paid no attention to either of us.

I heard the woman approaching before I saw her. Her footsteps were heavy; then I saw that she was enormously fat. Her weight made her walk awkwardly pointing her feet outward. She was much taller than I. Her nose and mouth were prominent in her fat face, and short permanented gray hair made her almost ridiculous.

What impressed me most were her eyes, large, blue, and staring emptily at me.

"I'm Mrs. Stephen Camp—"

"Uhuh, I know. Been expecting you. Come on in, and I'll show you your room."

She sounded indifferent, and yet not uncordial. I followed her through the living room and into a corridor where she opened a door and indicated a room as mine. The house, I had noticed, was poorly furnished and hot. I could smell the heat and smoke of a furnace.

"I guess you'll be all right. You must be tired." She stood in the doorway and watched me as I took off my wraps.

I placed my bag on a chair and began to open it. I was grateful to have some one to talk to.

"Oh, yes, I'll be fine. I'm tired after that ride on the train, but I'll take a nap before my husband comes. It's only three now." I was getting out my green wool dress and shaking wrinkles out of it.

"That's a pretty dress."

"Oh, I'm glad you like it. My husband likes it, too. I'm going to wear it tonight." I found hangers in the closet and hung the dress there, along with my coat.

"We're going out to dinner when he gets in town, he told me in his letter. He thinks he can make it at six-thirty, if the busses aren't crowded and late," I added somewhat inconsequentially.

As I turned I saw that she was watching me, no longer with that empty expression, but with an actively interested, greedy look in her eyes. Her mouth was smiling, but her eyes had a brightness that frightened me. I winced.

"Young to be married, aren't you?" She had stopped staring, for she must have seen my discomfort. She meant the question kindly, I supposed.

"We've not been married long," I said a little embarrassed. I began taking cosmetics out of my bag and placing them on

the dresser top.

"Well, looks as if you got a nice enough young fella from what I saw of him when he came here to get this room for you. You say he's in that camp outside the city?"

Her crudity didn't offend me; I brightened at talk of Stephen.

"Yes, he's stationed there in the Quartermaster Corps. I think he's going to be made a serge—"

I was becoming enthusiastic when she said dully, "Uhuh, I see." I could tell by her tone and again vacant expression she understood nothing of quartermasters and sergeants. She turned and left me alone in the room and walked heavily towards her kitchen.

I finished unpacking and walked towards the window to draw the shade. All I could see outside was a dripping shrub or two and the side of the house next door, with gray paint peeling off. What was I doing in such a place? But I refused to think, pulled the shade down, and stretched myself out on the bed.

I couldn't have been asleep long when I was awakened by a loud masculine voice:

"Aunt Clara, where'd yuh put my lunch box? Fergit it, I found it. Goodbye." Then lower: "I ain't workin' this damn' swing shift again next month, I bet."

The voice, I recognized as belonging to the pimply boy. The front door slammed. He was gone. Only the fat woman and I were here.

I had difficulty getting to sleep again. The room was too hot; the bedclothes had a clean but scorched smell, and again bits of my journey kept recurring meaninglessly: the blond soldier on the train became confused with the pimply boy in the red sweater; Mrs. Hoffmann's stares were like the big, stupid, phlegmatic houses, and Stephen didn't exist at all. There was no Stephen, and I was there alone, and there

never had been a Stephen. I slept uneasily at last.

When I awoke the second time it was at the sound of noisy conversation. It broke in painfully on my sleepy brain. Why did people have to talk so loud when I wanted to sleep? Who on earth would Mrs. Hoffmann be talking to like that anyway? Weren't we two the only ones here? I forced myself into wakefulness and lay on my back and tried to listen.

Whoever they were, they were in the kitchen, I concluded. But I couldn't understand what anyone was saying. Mrs. Hoffmann did all of the talking, of that I was sure. But her words ran together and said nothing I could comprehend. She was almost shouting. But to whom? I couldn't hear a second person say anything.

Slowly I came to realize that there was no one else in the kitchen. Mrs. Hoffmann was talking — arguing — raving — all to herself. And only insane people did that . . . I understood then those blank stares, the sudden greedy, interested look, the smile . . . I was alone with an insane woman!

I grew stiff. She didn't like me; I could feel that. Maybe she'd bother me. She was so big, so much bigger than I. I knew — she was jealous of Stephen and me; we were young and happy, and she was fat, ugly, and middle aged. She still was shouting. I knew I couldn't lie forever on the bed, but I was afraid to move. Oh, silly, she couldn't hear you in this room. Perhaps she wouldn't molest you if you're quiet and keep out of sight.

She was quieting. I crept cautiously off the bed and stood up. Now she was merely humming as she rattled dishes and pans in preparation of her supper. I reflected whatever was the matter with her couldn't be serious or she wouldn't live here as she did. Just a poor woman who probably had had a bad time of it in her

life. I couldn't let myself worry about it.

Later when I was fully dressed and combing my hair, I overheard Mrs. Hoffmann again. She was alternately whispering and half screaming. This time I could catch some of the words.

"A quartermaster coming to my house, a girl, too. In my house! They haven't got any business in my house, sneaking around and spying on me! I won't let 'em," she finished screaming.

Then she began mumbling almost wistfully: "She has a pretty dress. He's going to be a sergeant. A green dress." Her thoughts returned to the idea that we were spies; her voice became louder, and she screamed again about being watched in her own home.

She was pacing down the corridor — to my room, where the door was half open. I couldn't move; a power held me fixed before the dressing table. She was at my door. I clenched my comb in my hand until its teeth dug into my palm. I caught the words "quartermaster," "green dress," "my house" when she whispered loud enough for me to hear. She stood outside my door. I could hear her breathing.

It seemed an eternity that we stood,

Mrs. Hoffmann in the corridor, I in my room. Mind and body I was numb. I waited. I think I must have expected her to enter and either choke or stab me. Unbelievably, then, I heard her turn slowly and go back to the kitchen. At intervals she mumbled something.

Quavering with relief, I dared to move enough to look at my watch. Six twenty-five. Almost time for Stephen. But there was no Stephen. No Stephen had a part in this hideous jumble of a train full of soldiers, the pimply boy, the black maples in the rain, this hot smelly house of crazy Mrs. Hoffmann!

I felt dizzy and sick. Stephen, hurry, please hurry! But there was no Stephen. I clenched the comb in my hand tighter. I felt as though I were about to fall. Stephen! But I knew there was no Stephen, and Mrs. Hoffmann was screaming, and there never had been a Stephen

The doorbell rang. My thoughts sped crazily through my mind and then were suddenly ordered. He *was* real. I burst through the corridor, through the living room, opened the door, and fell against him.

Lucifer and The Light Lady

JOY HIGDON

Lucifer was a very young lightning bug, but although he was very young, he knew his way around. All the lady lightning bugs were acquainted with Lucifer and they were fond of him.

"That Lucifer," they said. "He's quite a lad. He knows his way around," they said.

But although Lucifer had taken countless young lightning bug things out for dew sodas, with a little sparking before he took them back to their mamas, Lucifer was not at all happy about his love life.

"Some thing's lacking," he often observed to himself. "Yes, some thing's definitely lacking."

Frequently he had long talks with the oldest lightning bug, who had lived for at least a week and whose opinion was, therefore, highly respected. Frequently Lucifer said to him, "But, Grandfather I can't find a girl who isn't fickle. They all go on and off; one moment great brightness, the next, complete darkness. I want a flame which is constant.

"You go on and off yourself, son," the oldest lightning bug sagely observed.

"I know, but it's different with men," said Lucifer, and nothing seemed to satisfy him.

One cool, summer evening Lucifer was flying in the trees, gleaming greenly, when he saw the man walk into the garden and seat himself upon one of the lawn chairs. The man lit a match, and, strangely enough, there appeared an odd orange red glow about two inches from his face. The glow

never went out. Sometimes its intensity diminished a trifle, but it never went out. It flew about in downward and upward arcs, remaining always close to the man.

"Aha," said Lucifer. "This is what I have been looking for. The constant flame. Here is a lightning bug with great capacities for fidelity."

Swiftly he flew from his leafy place and approached the new variety of lightning bug.

"Dear me," he said to himself. Do I have the courage. She may not like me." But that seemed so completely improbable that it served to encourage him.

"The next time," he said, "she flies down from the man's face, I'll go make friends with her."

Impatiently he waited. Finally, however, the glow moved downward in an arc, and Lucifer, greatly excited, flew toward it and put his nose against its red side.

When he regained consciousness, the oldest lightning bug was sitting by his side.

"It burned me," said Lucifer confusedly. "When I tried to make friends with it, it burned me. And I thought it was the constant flame," he added sadly.

"I know," said the oldest lightning bug. "I was there, and saw it all happen. You'd better go with the ordinary girls, Lucifer. They may not be so much on the gleam, but when their light goes off, it always comes on again. I observed," said the oldest lightning bug, "that when the flame of this strange lightning bug went out, it was out for good!"

“Saturday’s Child Has Far To Go”

MARY ELIZABETH BLACK

The courthouse square of our town is always crowded on summer Saturday nights. Cars are wedged neatly around the four sides of the square in every available parking place, the shops and groceries are ablaze with lights, and horns honk wildly as little children dash across the streets to join their friends in playing tag on the courthouse lawn. As one makes one’s way through the crowd, women with bundles of all sizes and shapes and grocery bags with celery peeping out of the tops jostle one from all sides. Farmers dressed in faded overalls and toddlers licking ice cream cones bump elbows with girls in too-short skirts and soldiers in from the nearby camp. Everyone seems in a great hurry to go nowhere, except the teen-age boys and girls, whose destination is well-known.

In every town there is a rendezvous for the younger set, where they meet on Saturday nights. In our town it is “Pop’s.” The boldly-winking red neon sign and the sound of Harry James’ trumpet blaring above the din of the crowd make the place unmistakable as one walks toward it down the street. Then is seen the gleaming plate glass windows on which is written “S. J. Papadakos’ Confectionery.” Lolling in front of the door, looking at the array of candies and nuts or, more often than not hooting and whistling at the passers-by, are groups of boys in soiled cords, clodhopper shoes and bright plaid shirts.

One has to elbow through this crowd to gain the entrance. Just inside the door is the soda fountain and its fascinating display of metal spigots. Opposite is the candy counter. The rest of the available space is taken up by booths and white-topped tables, with a small space left in

front of the gaily-colored juke box where couples are dancing in a close proximity of heat and noise and smoke. The light is dim, coming from soft yellow and green lamps placed along the side of the room. The walls are painted in faded scenes, comparable to those on a calendar sent out by a mail-order house. Alternate with these pictures are mirrors on which are plastered “Try Our Sundaes—15c,” or “How About a Luscious Malt—20c?” Above the strains of “Cow-Cow Boogie” come the rattle of dishes, the sharp ring of glasses and the dull metallic clink of silverware. There is a monotonous undertone of talking, broken by loud laughter and, now and then, a piercing shriek.

And everywhere, sitting with their feet propped up in the booths or leaning on the juke box or dancing on the postage-stamp floor are boys and girls in red, yellow, or bright green sweaters.

Sitting in the corner with a crowd of boys listening eagerly to her every word, and sipping daintily at a coke, is Jill, the “glamour girl” of the crowd. She wears only Station wagon sweaters in soft pastels and would walk all over town to get a hair ribbon to match them exactly. She wouldn’t think of wearing anything but Pancake makeup, and her collection of turquoise Indian bracelets reaches from her wrist to her elbow and is the envy of every girl in town. She wears her hair long and drooping over one eye like Veronica Lake. Her pet peeve is not wearing lipstick and nail polish to match.

Standing aloof to the crowd surrounding Jill is the football hero of the town, Johnny. He talks avidly to old Steve, the proprietor, of how Tony Hinkle’s team beat

the great Notre Dame, nonchalantly trying to appear unconscious of the admiring glances of all the girls. He knows he can get a date with any of them. A letter sweater with padded shoulders is his bait. His language is full of "T-formations," "blocked kicks," and, most of all, Johnny. The least of Johnny's worries is the fact that he usually flunks all his courses.

From the dance floor, Judy's voice can be heard above the blare of the music, as she tries to attract Johnny's attention. He is her idol and Frank Sinatra her ideal. Judy has the dirtiest pair of saddle shoes in town and the largest number of autographs on her Panda bear. Her pet raves, next to Johnny and "Frankie" are Sonny Tufts and Helmut Dantine. Judy can always be found here on the dance floor at Pops learning the latest jitterbug steps with Joe.

Joe is the best dancer in the town, meaning he can do the most contortions. He is never seen without his little red and green cap perched precariously on the back of his head. With a total disregard for Esquire, he wears Argyle sweaters and covered with painted names and slang expressions, and on a very conspicuous spot, is a bright red patch. Joe dotes on boogie woogie and Harry James — and, incidentally, doesn't think Harry did so bad when he got Betty Grable.

This is the future generation of America. In these seemingly aimless hands lies the destiny of the greatest nation on earth. All over America, in places just like "Pops", they congregate and laugh and smile and dance. But are they as worthless as they seem? They have their own lines of slang, their own special likes and dislikes. They want fun and love crowds and people. But they are simply normal and human and healthy, just as America is normal and human and healthy.

Yes, this is what they are today, but what will they be tomorrow?

Five years ago on every Saturday night "Pops" was filled with a similar group. They did "Susie Q" to the tune of "Flat Foot Floogie" or dreamed to the strains of "I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart." The Jill of that day wore a tight sweater with a triangular scarf knotted around her neck. She clumped about in wooden shoes and had her hair done in page boy a la Ginger Rogers. The Judys five years ago sighed over Nelson Eddy and Tyrone Power, and over the football hero of the crowd who strutted around with his varsity letter just as Johnny does now. And another Joe argued avidly over the relative merits of Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw.

Today that Joe is lying face down in the swamps of Guadalcanal, and the swing music that once rang in his ears is supplanted by the drone of an occasional scout plane as it flies over the remnants of the battlefield. And Johnny is leading his squadron in nightly attacks against Fortress Europe, and is wearing medals instead of letters. Loud-mouthed, good-natured Judy is working twelve hours a day — no longer in saddle shoes but in nurses' oxfords. Jill has settled down to one man, an army lieutenant, and has exchanged her vain dreams of wealth and position for hopes and beliefs in their future together.

And when that future comes the Judys and the Johnnys of today will prove their worth just as the Jills and Joes of yesterday have done. And five years from now, on Saturday nights, a new group of boys and girls in just as bright clothes will pack "Pops". They will lean on the counters and sip cokes and talk and laugh and smoke and dance on the crowded floor as the juke box sends forth some popular song of tomorrow. And life will go on as usual in our town.

The Spot of Ink

LUCY KAUFMAN

Looking away from his book, Peter stared at the hard hot brightness of the one lighted lamp. He liked the yellow compact circle of light thrown from the unshaded bulb, for although it was adequate for reading, it was too small to illuminate the room. For a long time, almost it seemed, from the time of his first coherent thought, he had wanted to burst the bonds which chained him to the room. And each night he read to forget the soiled cracked wall-paper and the thick film of dust which smudged the window panes and slid along the edges of the floor. Each night he read, for reading was the one escape he knew from the room he despised and the house he had never called home. But now these were only phantoms in a deep darkness of shadow, and that is why he liked the small unshaded lamp which obscured the corners of the room.

He looked away from his book, and his eyes fell upon the blue ink spot staining his cuff. Odd that the thing should annoy him still. It had happened that morning while he had been grading papers for Dr. Hayward. His pen freshly filled had leaked, and a huge blob of ink had dropped on his sleeve. He could not say why, at the time and later — during the day when he chanced to notice it, a searing resentment blazed through him. Perhaps it was a manifestation of the resentment which was forever a part of him. Or perhaps the ink spot infringing upon the crisp clean whiteness of his shirt stung his sensitivity. He dressed with such care each morning, and he diligently endeavored to maintain a fastidiousness alien to his fellow students. In that at least he could take pride.

He had been tempted to roll up his

sleeves in order to hide the spot of ink, but for some reason which he could not explain, a strange perverseness prevented him from doing the thing he desired most to do. So he only stared at the spot despising it as he despised all of his limitations — with resentment and a bitter sense of inadequacy.

The door of his room opened, and Peter turned his head. In the dusky half-light he saw the heavy figure of his father outlined. Silently he waited for the words, knowing what they would be.

"So you're up here reading again? Apparently you find your books better company than your parents. It's remarkable that you condescend to flatter us with your presence even at meals."

"Yes, I'm reading," Peter answered quietly. The light from the hall had slipped through the open door and was crawling along the walls in yellow streaks. He could see the places near the ceiling where the plaster had broken.

"You act as if this house weren't good enough for you, — you with your superior attitude that everyone laughs at. And what have you ever done to prove you're better than we are?"

"Nothing," he replied. The room became smaller and smaller, until he was surrounded and squeezed by a band of tightening space. Once more he looked at the spot of ink, and it grew larger. It was liquid and blue, and he felt that he was drowning. Furiously, he struggled toward the top of the wild dark whirlpool, and at last he broke the surface.

"You're right. I've done nothing," his voice was high and filled with anger. "And I never shall, unless I have the time I need

in which to work. You criticize the time I spend reading, but you also want me to be successful, not for myself but for you, because I'm *your* son. Of course, I want to write, and that in your esteemed opinion is not a profitable career. You would have me tie myself to the miserable dusty office where you and your father, and your father's father ground out their lives fifty weeks of every year. And what has it brought you? Forty dollars a week, a stifled soul, and this beautiful home in which I am so proud to live." He suddenly stopped, and look down at his book almost timidly.

"As long as you live in this house, you will treat it and the people in it with respect. If, however, you care to quit school, leave home, and find a job, you are free to do so." The lines around his father's mouth were tightening, and his eyes had narrowed.

Peter knew that there was no argument. It was the old misunderstanding between them, the same noxious weed of contempt which was deeply rooted in his hatred of the mundane and which had formed a gap that could never be bridged. Lately it had been widening, and although he knew that the only solution was to leave, he could not bring himself to take this step, because he was afraid. Most of all he feared loneliness, the kind of loneliness which came with the realization that he did not belong and that no one cared what became of him. Yet it was in this room when he was reading late at night that he would suddenly throw down his book, rush to the window, and lean against the sill gazing out at the lights across the town. And always there was the sound of laughter or of footsteps in the darkened street, or of music drifting over the night from some happier place, and he felt that he was lost, forever to be the stranger and inquisitor. It was then that he was lone-

lied. But he could not express these things, consequently he was resentful toward the people he knew as well as toward the thoughts which he could not put into words.

His father's voice came to him like a dream. "If you can segregate yourself from your books long enough, I wish you'd run an errand for me. I need some tobacco. Here's the money, and you'd better leave now. The store closes in a little while." He came closer to hand Peter a paper bill. In the light his face looked flushed and swollen, and his grey moustache was stained from his pipe. He stood staring at his son for a moment, then exclaimed with obvious sarcasm, "I see you have a spot of ink on your cuff. How did that happen? Don't tell me you were careless for once."

Involuntarily, Peter moved his arm so the spot did not show. He wished that he had rolled up his sleeves, but even now an odd kind of self-inflicted punishment restrained him. As he took the money, he said merely, "I'll hurry back."

It is quiet and warm in the street. Low in the east a full red moon scorches the sky. The April smell of moist earth and new grass clings to the wind, and a million stars hang over a sleeping town. But as the boy walks through the darkness, he senses the beauty of the night only vaguely if at all. He is concerned with the memory of a house which he has left and to which he must presently return, a house with cracked wallpaper and dusty floors. He is thinking also of a man whom he despises, a man whose stereotyped two dimensional life has been thrust before him as a standard of achievement. In the darkness the boy's mouth twists, as the hot ball of hate burns the corners of his mind.

Suddenly the silence of the night is

broken. From the open window of an apartment building slips the chime of laughing voices. The boy stops a moment to listen. Then as the hot salt water scalds his cheeks, he rubs his eyes and runs swiftly down the sidewalk. The sounds grow fainter, until he is out of earshot. Finally he stops again, for in the street lies a dog. The animal is motionless and whimpers softly. He approaches the dog and notices that the hair around its neck is matted with blood. The sad brown

eyes look up at him, inarticulately begging for help. For an instant, perhaps the boy knows pity, for he stares down at the crippled animal. Then with all his force he lifts his foot and kicks the dog on the side of the head. With a loud yelp it tries to rise, fails, then falls back and is very still.

Slowly and with deliberation the boy rolls up his sleeves and without looking back walks silently away through the night.

The Banker

DORIS DALEY

Sylvester scowled at the traffic light because it was detaining him for a valuable moment or two; even though he could have crossed safely, he waited because that is the law. When the light changed, he hurried across the street with others who had eight o'clock appointments with destiny, and, just as he did every morning, looked in all the smart shop windows.

In all except the very worst weather, Sylvester walked the six blocks between his hotel and the office; exercise was good for him and it helped shake off the stagnant clinging atmosphere of the young man's hostelry. He really disliked the place, but it was convenient and not expensive, and was thoroughly respectable.

"Some day", thought Sylvester, "I will move into a big apartment, with a valet and cook of my own, and I'll have a limousine to drive to work in, and I'll be rich and famous, like the executive vice-president."

He smiled to himself as he hurried

through the big bronze and glass doors; he continued to smile as he benevolently greeted the elevator-boy, and the look of pleasure had not left his face when, closing the office door behind him, he nodded to the stenographer and errand-boy. Sylvester always strove to maintain his dignity in their presence because a private secretary must be worthy of the respect due him from such underlings.

He carefully hung up his correct black coat and lovingly placed his new derby on a peg — all big executives wore derbys. Adjusting his conservative red print tie in the mirror, he hurried to his desk and seated himself deliberately.

There were reports to fill out — endless reports — and letters to write and documents to check; some would have found it very dull, but Sylvester loved his work — it required neatness and accuracy, and Sylvester was proud of his neatness and accuracy. At home they had said he had no imagination — that he was a grind and

a prude — but he knew that it was the qualities of hard work and competence that made for success; imagination might help an inventor, but he was a businessman.

A harsh buzz disturbed the even rhythm of his writing, and Sylvester rose and hurried into the vice-president's leather-scented, book-lined office. In a moment he re-appeared with a huge envelope, walked out to the coat-rack, carefully donned coat, gloves, and derby, and hastened to the elevator. He smiled again at the elevator-boy, and thought what an exceptionally fine day it was — he always thought it so when the vice-president sent him to the bank, and today he was to deliver some important papers to the bank president himself.

Sylvester delighted in going to the bank — the massive, towering building, the brass doors and tellers' cages, polished until they were almost white, the thick steel doors in the vaults — all made him

feel important just looking at them; he belonged here and some day he would be a power to be reckoned with by the bank. He smiled at the two guards as he walked over to the stairs; they knew him now, — he came quite often on errands for the vice-president.

He walked up the flight of polished marble stairs to the bank president's office and entered hurriedly, importantly, but, as always, awed by his surroundings. A short while later he retraced his steps through the president's reception rooms, out through the heavy oak doors, down the stairs with their wide, graceful railings, past the guards, and, finally, through the huge outer doors, back to the restless dingy crowds who never have any business in banks with marble floors and polished steel vaults.

Sylvester smiled to himself as he hurried along — he smiled until he came to the traffic light, but he waited for it because it was red, and the law says you must wait.

Mariclon's Cove

MARY ALICE KESSLER

It was a bright, brisk day. The foaming sea crashed gaily against shining rocks. The wind blew high and strong. My hair was torn back from my face; my wet face, so clean and free. I was free. The wind and the sea and I were free . . free . . free. Life had thrown me into a tossing, black-green world. A windy spray-world of clouds and burning sun and screaming gulls. My wet dungarees clung to my legs and I tasted the salt of a day at sea.

Suddenly I spied Mariclon's Cove. Ah, yes, that was it. Musical. The name was music. Mariclon. And what peace and subdued, happy solitude awaited me there. Cool, dew-carressed beachhead. Cool and green bathed in soft sun magic. No jagged boulders or crashing surf. Just lovely sun-kissed peace. I pulled hard on the keel handle. Too often had I missed the cove and been carried farther into an angry, treacherous ocean. Pull harder, me laddie. Heave. There, now. Ease her. Let her sail majestically, white sails billowing, proud. Steer her straight to shore. Lower that back sail. Slower . . . slower . . . drifting . . . lazy . . . easy . . . slower. The sand grated neath her hulk. Now, jump into the icy-green, lapping wavelets. Pull her fast. Steady. The hot white sand. Soft and sugary.

My head was hot and blond from long hours in the glaring sun. Hot and wind-blown. I ran from the cove onto one of the big rocks. A mad crash of surf sprayed me . . . cooling, refreshing me. Another . . . another. Beyond the cove stretched endless rock-bound beach. Tearing coastline — stark and friendless — frosted with sudsy sea. Far out, the water became black. Closer in, it was green and blue,

almost robin-egg blue near the cove. Shallower.

That bold, beautiful sea! Proud killer of men and ships. Spasmodic, sinister. Calm, smiling. I've seen you wild and black — tearing at the cot like some savage beast. Yes, and I've seen you gentle, mauve. Early morning. Silent, questioning. Come out and try me. Sport with me. Laugh at me — with me. Come out and try. Few, who have ventured into a gray sea of nothingness have ever laughed at you. Few. And I've seen you bright and green and bounding as you are now. Playful, cold, salty. Forgotten are the rotting ships and tear-stained faces of those left behind. The last gurgle of the drowning. The last heave of a settling stem. Forgotten. My proud sea, arch your back and fling waves of spray in my face. Wet me, and laugh with me.

I dashed back to my stretch of beach, where the thunderous breakers were quieted and only the shriek of gulls stabbed the slow laziness. I stretched on the sand and lay very still. My happy heartbeat. I loved all this so intensely that it hurt me inside. It made my stomach feel hard and sore. My passion for the sea.

I glanced toward the woods. At least sixty gulls had stolen into the beachhead as I had been dreaming. Lovely white and gray things. Scavengers like the sea, screaming and stealing. I raised my hand, and a splendid gray male screeched into the air, followed by his fellow scavengers. They soared wonderfully toward the water, oblivious of their beauty and their sad part in life's pattern, and settled lazily on bouncing little emerald ripples. They were annoyed with me.

I glanced to the nor' west. A coin-shaped mass of burnished copper was being devoured by black, pine-tipped woods. I had to make it for home. Had to hurry. I had stayed too long. Nose'er out . . . loose those rear sails and steer her to sea. Sea. Now dull and gray.

Palely tinted with a dying sun's blood. The wind, not cool, but cold and frightening. I was cold. Better get my mackinaw out. Cold. Frightening. Black, miserable sea. Stopping me. Wind. Get me home. Blow . . . shove me home.

I knew I wasn't going home I had known it all afternoon. All the glorious sun crowded afternoon. My grandmother once told me that I had premonitions, and I had felt all afternoon that I wasn't going home.

I was heading for those rocks. Those ugly rocks. Black and mystic in the twilight's grayness. Like the wail of a violin,

not quite there, and yet so real . . . and mystic.

My rudder was jammed. I struggled with it. God knows I struggled and worked frantically. Perhaps my grandmother was wrong. Maybe I didn't have premonitions. I was only imagining this. I was really heading straight for home. The rudder would unjam just in time to turn from the rocks (if I were headed for the rocks).

And then I saw them. High, mountainous in front of me. I felt the sea heaving, lurching beneath me . . . the boat's bottom scraped the first rocks. Smiling, gentle, mauve. You proud, tossing thing. You've got me. You'll tear me to ribbons. Ha! Ha! Mad sea. You haven't got me. Ho! Ho! You haven't got me.

It was a bright, brisk day. The foaming sea crashed gaily against shining rocks. The wind blew high and strong. An old, torn pair of dungarees hung from a rock.

Fantasies of The Night

LENA WILLKIE

Night reached greedy fingers across a leaden sky. In the west, a sullen November sunset faded into a melancholy gray. Naked trees swayed and bent and moaned under the whiplash of a winter wind. Leaves whirled and fell in a lifeless dance. Dull, brown, untidy lawns darkened in the fading light.

Darkness crept silently over the whole sky snuffing out what little light remained. The limbs of the trees lost their integrity and became a shapeless mass that bent closer and closer. A strong harsh wind pushed against me like a rude stranger. Bushes along the street reached out to clutch me.

A timid moon tried to assert itself

among enveloping clouds. The whole sullen atmosphere pressed down toward earth as if too tired to support itself. Only the sighing of the wind through the trees and the sly rustling of dead leaves broke the quiet. The arch of the trees over the sidewalk was made cavernous by the darkness. Light from the corner lamppost increased the gloom of the cavern ahead.

Surroundings lost their familiarity, made vague and unreal by the omnipresent night. Even the sidewalk was lost in the blackness. I felt isolated in the listening stillness. My steps quickened. I fought down a desire to run the last block. Home, at last! I ran up the steps, slipped through the door, and quickly shut it behind me.

The Girl With The Tan Hair

JEAN PITTINGER

I was the long desired baby sister with the "tan" hair. My brother, who was six years old at the time of my birth, had ordered me specially. Because he greatly admired the blond baby sister of one of his boy friends, he made numerous and serious appeals and accepted my arrival with the same enthusiasm as he had displayed when given his highly-prized, red tricycle. Although most people called me a "tow-head," Bob still considered me his little sister with the "tan" hair.

I arrived in a small hospital in Muncie, Indiana, in August of the year 1925. Perhaps if I could have realized it then, I would have enjoyed the distinction of being the only girl to share the nursery with five baby boys.

A modern, one-story, ivory-colored house surrounded by a level, green lawn with a terrace that sloped gracefully to the street was my home during the first three years of my life. I can recall distinctly the patience and diligence with which my parents toiled to make our home an attractive one. Mother carefully arranged rock gardens of petunias, planted peony bulbs and set out a line of rose bushes that extended from the garage in the back yard to the edge of the terrace at its descent, while father sodded the yard, rolled the grass, painted, and constructed swings, a sand-pile, and a basketball goal for my brother and me.

I'm sure I shall never forget the view from our front porch in the summer. Our home was situated directly across the street from the most beautiful estate in Muncie, one with which our unpretentious little home did not compare. There was a huge, white rambling house, situated on a ter-

raced knoll and perfect in balance and the construction of every detail—the gigantic corinthian columns in the front, the immense bay windows, the spacious veranda, and the grandeur of the rooms within. The grounds of the estate covered several acres and nearly halfway between the house and the street was an oval-shaped, cement swimming pool. The driveway which curved from the street to the house was constructed in such a manner as to cross over one end of the swimming pool as a graceful bridge. Although all I have described presented a beautiful picture to my childish eyes, there was one thing of much greater interest to me, something that held me spellbound evening after evening as I sat on the porch and watched with fascinated eyes. It was the fountain in the very center of the pool. This fountain cast graceful sprays of water many feet into the air, sprays that turned every color imaginable. First there would be alternate red and white sprays. In a moment these would change to bilowy sprays of soft green, then to lavender, yellow, and eventually back to red and white. I can also remember the bitter disappointment I suffered occasionally when the owner neglected to turn on the lights of the fountain.

As I look back over these first, three years I can recall very few crimes that I committed for which I was punished physically. There were a few instances, however. It seems that I learned to speak fluently at the early age of two. In fact my parents informed me that I rattled verbally from that time on. My continual habit of interrupting others when they were speaking was eventually curbed with a

seriously needed spanking or two, the mental anguish after which far exceeded any physical pain I might have suffered.

My mother began my intellectual training at an early age. I could recite accurately almost every nursery rhyme ever composed as well as the alphabet and a few children's stories that I had memorized word for word.

My brother, of course, was my idol. I felt that he possessed supernatural powers and was superior to all other children of his age. I watched him hour upon hour as he played football, basketball, and other games of skill with the neighborhood hoodlums. There were never less than eight or ten boys in our back yard. I tagged after him to the point that it grew monotonous, however he usually tolerated my presence good-naturedly. I have no doubt that many times I unconsciously took advantage of his unselfishness and generosity.

My city life was interrupted rather abruptly at the age of three when my parents moved to the farm of my grandfather, but I shall never regret the time I spent living close to nature. It was a hundred acre farm containing all of the qualifications necessary to rural life, a dense woods, a small stream, widespread fields, an immense red barn, cows, sheep, pigs, cats, a collie dog, a haystack, a squeaky gate, two corn cribs, and an orchard.

The house was a typical country home, but quite a little bit older than the average, I imagine. It has been in our family for a number of years and was built by my Great-grandfather before the Civil War. It was a large house, at one time constructed entirely of logs, but since then two frame additions have been made. Each room contained a fireplace, the largest one being in the living room. There was no electricity. At night the rooms were lighted only by a kerosene lamp and the fire in the fireplace. I recall plainly the kitchen

from which five doors opened into five different rooms, the circular arrangement of the rooms downstairs, and what good times my brother and I had playing hide and seek there. I remember the long, narrow stairway and the frequent falls I took when sliding down the banister, and how frightened I was of the upstairs regions of the house at night.

In the summer our house was shaded and in the winter it was protected by three stately pine trees in the front, a mammoth locust tree on the west side and ailanthus trees on the east and in the back. There were numerous flower beds, rose bushes, and peony bushes. To me it represented paradise.

My daily activities on the farm were quite different from what they had been formerly. On rainy days I passed away the time by coloring and painting in drawing books. I completely filled several volumes at this pastime. On sunny days or in moderate weather, dressed as usual in little blue, striped overalls, I followed closely the footsteps of my Grandfather as he fed the pigs and sheep, milked the cows, or worked in the fields. On one particular occasion I remember taking off my shoes in the middle of a cornfield and not being able to find them when I returned. This called for a search which was none too eagerly executed by the whole family.

During this time spent living on a farm, I enjoyed pleasures of which many children have no knowledge. There were picnics in the woods, hikes to the grave of the Indian boy who had been buried in our woods shortly before my Great-grandfather settled there, egg hunts in the hay mow of the barn, wading in the creek, and successful wild flower hunts.

We had lived on the farm little more than a year when my parents moved once again to Muncie. Perhaps this was for the

best, since I was to start to school very soon, but I shall never forget the feeling of sorrow I experienced when we waved goodbye to my grandfather. Life in the country had offered background and experience to me so that even at so young an age, I had profited greatly. Upon moving

to the city, I resumed a more natural life, playing with other children, going to movies, and eating chocolate sodas. I can think of no other background or living conditions that I would trade for my experiences in a perfect balance of country and city life.

The Heart of America

EILEEN HOOVER

Do not allow Pete to deceive you with his modern ideas and speeches. He is really quite a character from out of the old world with all his old-fashioned ways.

Italy can boast of the birth of one Peter Galbo about half a century ago. Having been reared there until he was eighteen years old, Pete to this day has the dialect and mannerisms of a true Italian. Surprising, yet true, Pete's ancestry has never caused him to be partial to his native land. America has never had any truer immigrant. Pete expresses his greatest pride when he steps into the bedroom of his two young sons, now gone to war, and says, "The best of me and my America is in this war!"

Before Pete came to our country, he had learned the cobbler trade. Today there is no more modern and gay, but small and successful shoe shop on the east side of Indianapolis than his. His only assistant is his wife, Helen. Since so many cobblers are, at the present, in service, Pete's business has picked up so much that he has to work half the night as well as the day in order to turn out his

"small production" as soon as possible.

Although quite a dowdy little man, Pete has a snappy step in his limited gait. His bushy hair is streaked with gray in such a way that it looks as if he has run a chalk covered hand through it instead of a comb. His tongue is absolutely tied unless he uses his hands; therefore, he gestures frantically as he tries to make someone understand a new plan he has for post-war-peace or a new type of gun. The quickest way to insult him is to jest about his ideas or to ignore him.

Truly a religious man, Pete attends every church affair besides weekly Mass. He practices what he believes, too. Most important of all, though, is the fact that he has not an enemy.

Since the war began, Pete has spent every Tuesday night plus extra hours in his one big love, a sector wardenship. Someday when this war is over, America will be able to point with pride at a man like Pete and say, "This man was a perfect example of an American on the home-front!"

The Thicket

JOAN HAYDEN

As I scuff through the fallen leaves these days, I find my thoughts turning constantly to The Thicket, my former home in southern Indiana. Autumn will be arriving there, too, and I wonder what it must be like there now. Indian summer must bring dreams to the old place of all the years that have gone, and of the seasons past now. I wonder if it will ever be spring there again?

Spring in my childhood meant visits to The Thicket when my grandfather lived in the tall white house among the pines. I like to remember it in the spring with its early Ohio River architecture set off by the narrow verandas. Early spring comes with a rush in southern Indiana. Every March on the south lawn a patch of crocuses popped up, sounding the trumpet call for everything to come to life. Tiny green shoots appeared on the weeping willow and the dead grass of winter was blotted out with bright new blades. During April rains, the jonquils and daffodils made golden patches on the south lawn. In May a violet carpet covered the lawn. The dogwood and red bud arched over the long driveway near the wild garden, and golden spirea and spicy flowering quince bordered the path to the orchard. Shocking pink almond blossoms added an exotic appearance to the staid backyard with its white picket fence. Huge, waxy magnolia blossoms with their heavy fragrance near the street lawn were a constant temptation to school children who coveted them as gifts for their teachers. The yellow Russian olive was sweeter than Schaperelli's most daring perfume. I can remember yet that in May the fragrance of The Thicket permeated the atmosphere a block away. A

million perfume bottles could not equal its heavy scent.

Spring holidays were important to my grandfather and the most important day of them all was Easter. The Thicket had perfect hiding places for Easter nests in the limbs of trees, among the lilies of the valley, and under ferns in the wild garden. Grandfather often hid Easter eggs so well that they were not found for weeks afterward. May-day baskets at the thicket were masterpieces if the lady slipper appeared. In the shady wild garden by the picket fence a tiny, golden shoe grew each spring. All the grandchildren watched anxiously for it because the child who first found the elf's shoe was eyed with envy.

Spring somehow slipped away into summer on the Ohio without one's ever knowing how and where it had gone. One spring took my grandfather away from his beloved orchard trees, leaving me at The Thicket as a resident instead of a visitor, with only memories of my grandfather about the place.

Winter always seemed to close in softly at The Thicket. The pines seemed to sigh a bit mournfully then, but the candle spruces beyond the front gate, and the holly tree by the library window kept the place from seeming gloomy even when it snowed. A million holly leaves attracted all the birds which wintered along the Ohio, and at Christmas my father and I cut holly everyday for a week for our friends' Christmas greens. Sometimes I slipped a sheath of ice from a holly leaf to hold in my hand a fairy holly leaf of glass — even to the tiny thorny spines. When we had finished boxing holly for all the relatives away from home we usually raced

back from the post-office to sit by a crackling grate fire and drink egg nog.

I remember the mantel pieces banked with English ivy from Mt. Vernon (transplanted by my grandfather) flanked by holly boughs in tiny red pots at each end of the mantel pieces. Grate fires roared in all seven of the fireplaces at Christmas time and there was much ado about the Christmas tree and Christmas stockings at The Thicket. Presents popped out of hiding places behind the rows of books in the library and the closet under the stairs, while festive odors rose from the big old iron range in the kitchen. There were always mince pies and roast chickens in the Christmas kitchen at The Thicket and funny German hot cakes called Piffermusen sat on the same shelf with English plum pudding. Christmas carols around the old mahogany piano gave way to radio programs later in the evening while Christmas books were read. Everybody read at The Thicket in the evening by the fire. Out of doors the pines whispered in the snow, but indoors were warmth and light and at the front window a Christmas candle.

Christmases long gone troop past me in memory, but I look out again at the falling leaves of this October. What is it like back at The Thicket now? I shiver as I remember my last glimpse of it in its forsaken state. Dried weeds riot over the once well-kept garden. The apple orchard is filled with tangled underbrush and rotting apples. Only the wild morning glories are left on the pergolas of the covered walkways once filled with flowers and rare grapes. On the front lawn dried pine needles sift down ceaselessly into ankle-deep walkways. The Ginkgo tree is shedding its golden leaves unmolested across the broad expanse of the side lawn. No smoke comes from the chimney and no lamps gleam at the windows now. Now and then a lonely bird flaps its way into the depths of the pine branches.

Even Indian summer with its blue haze across the pasture lot cannot revive the day which passed when our family left its home. Only the pines remain unchanged. They whisper and whisper, "When are you coming back to The Thicket?" I shiver in the October wind and scuff the leaves on an Indianapolis sidewalk.

Land of Zion Reborn and Hebrew Revived

RAYMOND Y. SUSSMAN

SCENE I — IN THE FIELDS

Spring. The Palestine countryside begins to bloom. Plants begin to grow, and the leaves on the trees start to turn green again. In the fields the farmers begin to plow the dark, rich earth. The farm helpers sit behind the plows, or scatter the stones or spread the seeds. And as they work they sing together: "Shuru, habitu ur'u, ma gadol hayom hazeh, esh yokedet bachazeh, v'hamachraisha shuv polachat basadeh. Et, ma koosh tooriah v'kilshon, hit lakdu b's'arah, v'nadlika shuv, shuv et ha-adama, b'shalhevet y'ruka." ("How great is this day! The heart glows as the plow breaks the soil. Again shall we kindle the earth with a green flame.")

And then the chorus floats in the wind: "Plow ye, plow, plow, plow; sing ye, now, now, now; shout with joy, joy, joy, for the seeds are sprouting o'er all the land."

Times change. Spring grows into summer. Again the workers are in the fields, for harvest time is nigh. And again the air is filled with song: "We have come up to our land. There we have plowed and sown, but we still have not reaped."

Again the seasons change, as summer bows to autumn, and winter is just ahead. For the days of toil are over, but the singing does not cease: "With my plow I have gained all my wealth. The winter holds no fears for me. I have no want, not even a care. My granary is filled with corn, reaped by my own hands in this, my fruitful land."

And winter rains keep the workers in their homes, but singing can still be heard: "Night and silence, under the moon the memories arise in me. I have had pleasant

days, pleasant nights."

Four seasons go by, and on the strength of their labors, and their songs, the pioneers of Palestine continue to progress; to plow, to plant and then to harvest and enjoy the fruits. Zion is reborn and Hebrew, the language of the prophets is revived, as Israel arises to face a new day, a great future.

SCENE II — IN THE FACTORIES

Morning. The sun is peeking from the distant hills of Judea and from over the Jordan. Workers are streaming towards the factories. A new day is at hand. And as the workers steadily move towards their jobs, it is out of the joy in their hearts that they sing: "Beyn harim k'var hashemesh m'lahetet, u'va-emek od notzetz hatal; anu ohavim otach moledet, anu n'yapeh otach m'od." ("The sun glows between the hills, and the valley still glitters with dew. O, homeland, we love, we shall make you beautiful and fertile.")

Machines roar, and motors whir as production begins. The raw materials on the assembly lines become parts of a new motor or sections of new machinery. And as they work these workers, too, like their brothers in the fields, sing together: "Oh strengthen our brothers, whose efforts are redeeming our soul, soil of our land wherever it may lie; Do not give up, sons of freedom; come; let us fight together, together let us aid the nation."

And as the finished products roll off the lines, and their labors begin to bear fruits, the workers sing words of encouragement to one another: "Arise, brethren, to your labors! The world depends on work, and work is our life, our job."

Not even the scorching heat of late afternoon quells the spirits, as the melodies of the workers pour forth: "Who will save us from hunger and thirst? Who will provide shelter and light? Whom shall we thank for the bounty that is ours? Let us give thanks to labor and to our toil."

Evening falls and the workers depart for their homes, tired after a long day of work, but not too tired to sing: "Night. Fire lights up the hills, as the song of heroes bursts forth. Though the enemy seeks to destroy you, our camp, our home, we shall build walls around you, our strength that protects us, our homeland."

The workers' day has passed and night has fallen. The worker, on the strength of his songs and his labors, will live to see another day, a rebirth of Zion and a revival of Hebrew, as Israel arises to face a new day, a great future.

SCENE III — YOUTH

Youth. Youth on the march, on the march to the future. Youth with its many moods and plans — youth with its adolescents and its young loving couples; they too sing in Palestine. At times they are merry and sing while they dance: "Kruim anu, blu-im anu, lichvod yom tov, na-adeh t'la-yee al gabai t'la-yee, halleluyah ad b'li dai." ("We are ragged and our clothes are torn, but when the day comes we can patch these too, Hallelujah without an end.")

And maybe, if the spirits are high, the dancing frenzy grows, and the song tempo increases: "Spirits wildly roused like raging fires madly let the song proceed; singing that a solo dance inspires, but let

nothing impede our merriment."

But Palestine youth have their serious moments too, and sometimes they sing about their hopes and dreams. "Not for reward or praise have we come here, but to plow the air with song and to build — though not for ourselves, but for the beautiful land, kindling desire in us. Come, let us move on — and on."

And in the beautiful moonlight of the evenings when lovers meet, songs of their love and devotion penetrate the night: "Daughter of the hills of Galilee, your eyes are like those of a dove, and your cheeks as pretty as roses. Come, put your hands in mine, for I am yours, and you are mine."

Youth, children and adolescents and loving couples, face the new day with song, dreams and love, for Hebrew, language of the ancient prophets, is revived and Zion is reborn, as Israel arises to face a new day, a great future.

Three forces, workers in the fields, workers in the factories, and youth, all look to the future, all plan for the future. Workers in the fields are growing the food for the workers in the factories and for the growing youth, while workers in the factories are processing these foods, or are making machinery for the workers in the fields and tools for the youth. For one day, youth will replace these workers. In song, and in work, and in planning — in these things are the future of Palestine, of the land of Zion, and of the language of the ancient prophets, Hebrew, reborn.

The song translations are, for the most part, quoted from the book *Songs of Zion*.

The November Persecutions of 1938

ANASTASIA SCHWARZLEDER

The month of November, 1938, had started on a dreary note in Berlin; it had been raining for several days; the skies were dark and clouded.

On the fifth, my father's younger brother had left Germany with his family and his orchestra. Of course, we were glad to see him get out of the infernal country, yet we felt sad at seeing a near relative leave us. Now, besides us, my grandparents and my father's older brother were the only members of our large family still in Berlin.

The ninth of November lay two days ahead; it was to be the fifteenth anniversary of Hitler's march to the Munich "Feldherrnhabe" in 1923, on which occasion a considerable number of Nazis were killed. We knew that this day was always an occasion for new ordinances — one can hardly call them laws — affecting the Jews.

That seventh of November all newspapers bore large red headlines; all public loudspeakers in the streets blurted out the fact that the Polish Jew, Hershel Grynszpan, had shot the German attache, von Rath, in Paris.

There was mourning among the Jews in Germany that day, for everyone knew that this was the long-sought pretense for the most ferocious persecutions the country had seen since the dark ages. For two days we anxiously devoured every newspaper article, hoping that the German would live, thus averting, or at least postponing, a disaster for the Jews in Germany.

At two o'clock on the morning of November the ninth, we were awakened by a clattering noise. We looked outside; a gang of Hitler youth was breaking the

windows of a Jewish dry goods store across the street. We knew then that the news of von Rath's death had been the signal for mass persecutions. These gangs that broke the first windows were no mob; they were organized bands who did their job systematically. No mob, however, needs much encouragement to start plundering and murdering. That noon when my mother went to the grocery she saw a mob again battering one of the exclusive cosmetic and perfume stores, stealing everything within reach. One brave German's suggestions that all Jews should be soaked in gasoline and set afire was answered with shouts of "kill them! Beat them to death! Burn them!" The crowds were literally drunk with destruction, just as the Paris mob had been on the night of St Bartholomew or the Reign of Terror.

Later in the day we heard that they were breaking into Jewish homes. We kept our doors locked, our lights out, and went about in our stocking feet because our apartment was above that of a confirmed Nazi, one of those fanatic adherents to the party who would gladly kill a Jew or anyone else. We were so quiet that we could hear our own hearts beat.

Down the street they were trying to break into a kosher meat market; unhappily for the mob the owner was in the habit of pulling shutters down at night, shutters that were too heavy to tear down.

With traditional German thoroughness every Jewish store had been marked for just such an eventuality. Each window bore the name of the owner in large white lettering as well as a yellow "J", a paint job paid for by the owners. On the fatal day, trucks loaded with Hitler youth went

along the streets, each gang in a specified district, checking and destroying each store systematically.

The next day we saw the full extent of the destruction, display windows were empty, pieces of wood had hastily been nailed over the broken glass. It was a picture of horror and desolation. Fire had been set to every synagogue in Germany. The one in our neighborhood had once been one of the most beautiful in the country with its mosaic ceiling and colored glass windows. Now it was a sad looking roofless skeleton, a monument of Nazi culture.

Friends of ours who owned a store down the street showed us what had been

done to their place. In their apartment in back of the store every piece of furniture had been broken, the wallpaper and the upholstery torn. They were asleep when the crowds broke in. Without putting on even a coat they went out through the back door and hid in a neighbor's apartment. For hours they heard the mob breaking everything. When they returned they found a gold watch and three hundred marks missing along with most of the jewelry.

The newspapers reporting the "outbreak of popular disgust" said, "the populace, knowing Jewish merchandize to be trash, left everything untouched."

Winter

JACQUILINE CRIST

The snow had turned Indianapolis into a fairyland. For three days there was a steady downfall of large clinging flakes. The houses looked like tiny white doll-houses, and the ground was a blanket of down. Pure white trees stretched their limbs toward an ice blue sky. The chill on the air turned Christmas shoppers into red-nosed, rosy-cheeked bundles of wool, fur, and packages. Santa Clauses of all sizes and shapes were packing them in at the department stores. Children dreamed of stockings "hung by the chimney with care", new sleds or bicycles, dolls with human hair, regiments of little tin soldiers. In the kitchens mothers were baking cookies and cakes planning the Christmas din-

ner, and trying to think of a good place to hide Dad's new pipe.

Indianapolis bustled with activity. At night many of our outdoor boys and girls scurried toward Lake Sullivan, which means ice skating at its best. Clad in jeans, bright plaid shirts, red corduroy jackets, and brilliantly colored scarfs, the skaters presented a colorful picture in the firelight against the midnight blue of the sky and the white of the hills and trees in the background. A slightly off-tune "White Christmas" filled the air as the happy group around the campfire rendered their favorite song. Around midnight a tired, chilled, but happy gang of teen-agers headed for home. Soon our town became quiet and tranquil. Night reigned .

Superman Grandpa

CARL SHULTZ

In a quaint little white and green house on Archington Avenue one sunny afternoon, Jane, the mistress of the house, was knitting a sweater. As she worked over her masterpiece, she listened intently to the voice coming from grandfather's room. Once again his imaginative mind was working overtime, and his daydreaming gremlins were carrying him off to a land of oblivion. Jane listened, "Whish, with a quick change of clothing, I stand before you as Superman!" Now grandpa, attired in his suit of red flannels and beating madly on his sunken chest, was in the throes of portraying his favorite character. After the first hard pound had sent him sprawling to the floor, he stood upright, admiring himself before the mirror. "Superman Grandpa, that's me. No one can top my physique", he said as he stared at his puny, wrinkled, spindle-legged body. "These curly, raven locks", he added as his hand stroked his gray-fringed, bald head, "are always neatly groomed regardless of what hair raising adventure I have just experienced". Jane laid aside her knitting as she continued to listen to grandpa's ramblings. She moved her chair so that she might command a better view of grandpa as her interest was mounting. "My dynamic biceps and powerful forearms can never be equalled", raved grandpa. At this Jane's jaw dropped open but a suppressed giggle quickly bubbled forth as she gazed upon grandpa's magnificent, toothpick-like arms. As the afternoon drew to a close, Jane reluctantly retired to prepare dinner, and grandpa continued his escapades of holding up bridges, buildings, and trains. After saving approximately twenty-two lives during the afternoon, he decided to return to his normal life for

the remainder of that day.

Dinner was served, and grandpa emerged from his room the quiet, sedate little fellow whom the community knew. After he had eaten, he followed his journalistic tendencies by persuing the evening paper. Before long his tired head began to nod as he answered the sandman's call.

The hours slowly ticked away until the chimes announced the midnight hour. A peaceful quiet pervaded the house. Outside the same creepy silence prevailed. However, a shadowy figure stealthily crept toward the open window in grandpa's room. Fingers appeared in the sill, and the window slowly was raised higher. Grandpa turned in his bed, and the thief's eyes narrowed as he peered hard and deep into the gloomy room. His hands had stopped the movements of the window now, and he sprang lightly to the ledge, preparing to drop quietly to the inside. Once again grandpa stirred in his sleep; his eyes opened slowly. Immediately they fell upon the unexpected intruder. Scared beyond control and, forgetting that the visitor was practically between himself and the door, grandpa, in a mad, wild frenzy, leaped from his sleeping position and jumped for the door. While in flight, his two feet came in contact with the surprised, and now upraised, head of the unwelcome visitor. His shouts and yells had awakened Jane who scurried down the hall to the rescue. A heavy thud resounded through the house as the thug's heavy carcass hit the floor. In a flash grandpa had bounded out the door and stood nervously tense at Jane's side.

Cautiously inspecting the room, Jane discovered the housebreaker unconscious

with a nasty welt on his head. Although somewhat amazed at her findings, she turned and gave full credit to grandpa and his nimble, Superman-like ability. Casting it off in a nonchalant and a "not so unusual" manner, he graciously accepted her comments. Although from Jane he had accepted the credit, grandpa silently thanked the sharp-cornered chest at the foot of his bed.

Now a neighborhood hero and school-boy favorite, because of Jane's story,

grandpa continued his Superman day-dreams with more confidence in himself as to his abilities and his commando technique. Not once again as long as grandpa lived did Jane ever criticize, make fun of, or even consider having those "little men in white coats" from the bug house come visit grandpa. So if you're ever down on Archington Avenue, and you pass a little white and green house, and you hear a cry, "I'm Superman Grandpa ,that's me!" —take heed.

A Modern Drugstore

RICHARD G. FINLEY

Who is the person who has not walked into a drugstore without being promptly and completely confused? Who is the person who has not bent an ear to the sage advice of a bespectled clerk, "Pardon me sir, but I would suggest that you take this other aisle to the prescription counter, we have had no word from five customers who went the other way two weeks ago. We are still searching for them."

Who is that person? Not I.

Let us stroll slowly down the street to an imposing looking window. A tasteful arrangement? Hardly. A colorful display? Well, yes, in its own way. A beacon of light offering guidance to all those suffering or in good health? Precisely.

A beautiful girl looks down with sparkling eyes, smiling directly at *You!* A gigantic tube of Pepsodent below proclaims that she uses Pepsodent with Irium, further warning that if you should fail to do likewise, you will spend an unhappy and toothless old age.

Below in pleasing disarray are spread several boxes of their delicious chocolate covered tidbits at only 69 cents for five pounds, after which you should rinse your mouth with Listerine to remove all decaying substance from between your teeth.

Buy your War Savings Bonds and Stamps here. Save 20 per cent on hot water bags which is just the thing for your complexion, made by Elizabeth Arden with the new sweep second hand. Let us wander inside before we become confused.

"Mayi helpya buddy," war times you know.

"Well, yes, a three cent stamp, please."

"A three cent stamp?" his voice rises to high pitch and cracks on the last word. He looks around him, a bit confused. "I don't know, you might ask at the back of the store." Your wandering continues.

A similar greeting, inquiring if they can "getcha sumpthin," brings you face to face with a young woman surrounded by a welter of jars. Lipstick and mascara have been used liberally to produce a dubious effect, which is enhanced by the popping of her bubble gum. You ask again for a stamp. Her eyebrows rise and she directs you to a front counter as if talking to one mentally weak.

A firm resolve to find your stamps or die in the attempt is born within, and with firm, measured stride, you make your way between the bathing suits and the Cashmere Bouquet. I wish you luck, my brave soul, I died in the attempt.

Gus

PATRICK HADLER

Probably no one on this earth has a more thankless job than the overland truck driver. I couldn't help thinking how much these knights of the concrete pathways and their roaring steeds were doing to ease crowded wartime shipping conditions as I watched that great lumbering fifteen ton monster roll noisily into a small country filling station on that boiling August afternoon. From its glass encased cab perched high above the gravel driveway stepped the young driver. He couldn't have been over twenty-two or three. His face was damp and grimy after the long straining hours of bouncing over the Illinois highways under the blazing prairie sun. The back of his gray shirt where he had leaned against the black leather seat was as wet as if he had fallen into a stream. After removing a pair of green sun glasses and lighting a cigarette, he strolled slowly into the station.

Inside the station he slowly opened the bright red cold-drinks cooler and pulled out a bottle of some fancy cola. The station operator came back in at length and greeted his friend Gus with a hearty slap on the back. The ensuing conversation dealt with lengths of time and distances

to large Midwestern cities. Gus had left St. Louis at six that morning, and was scheduled to arrive in Cincinnati with his great gasoline monster by midnight. Four hundred and ninety-six miles in eighteen hours may not seem like much of a feat, but in a fifteen ton semi-trailer truck, it's no picnic.

The conversation went on in low tones. Gus broke into laughter often showing a perfect set of gleaming white teeth. Other truckers on other lines that had passed through were the topic for probably five minutes. Finally Gus picked up his grey cap and dropping his cigarette on the station floor, strolled out of the little building. With a wave and a grin, he jumped up onto the high narrow running board and from there bounded into the cab. The starter turned over and with a roar the powerful engine started. Blue smoke coughed out of the exhaust pipe above and behind the cab. With another roar, the big machine rumbled out onto the flat hot highway and in a moment was gone over the next hill. Three hundred miles to the east lay Cincinnati. Three hundred miles of flat Illinois prairies and winding Indiana hills. It's a long way to Cincinnati in a semi-trailer truck; an awfully long way.

A Great Master

MAXINE DEMLOW

In a huge, deep, easy chair, a bit to the side of the enormous fireplace, reclined an elderly, distinguished-looking gentleman in whose face were indented the lines belonging to fatigue and age. Calmly he sat there, peacefully smoking his beloved, favorite pipe, one of those old English types, providing a deep bowl with a huge capacity for tobacco, one quite resembling the pipe of the famed, illustrious character, Sherlock Holmes. The smoke curled around his head until it gave the appearance of a hazy, misty wreath entwined above him. The gentleman was deeply, profoundly engaged in thought. This was easily determined by one glance into the fathomed brown eyes — eyes of mystery, eyes containing a certain far away look, eyes filled with beauty.

The old man, undisturbed in thought, unconsciously stroked his long flowing beard, as was a peculiar habit of his when in one of his creative moods. The flames from the glowing fire reflected upon his silver beard, the length of which was, approximately, to just above the middle of his chest. His full, brisk mustache of matching color, together with the white hair on his head, falling into ripples of waves, completely offset the tired, weather-beaten, yet peaceful face of the gentleman.

During all of his eighty-two years of living the great experience of life, he had accomplished many things. He had completed the creation of several beautiful,

mysterious paintings and a few wonderful portraits of very close associates. He was a master of the heavenly instrument, the harp, and was also talented in playing the organ. His friends boasted his haunting, fantastically beautiful hymns created for use in his church, and which were played faithfully from time to time.

A wise man of knowledge and experience, he attributed his long span of life to the following habits: a meaningful prayer to the most high Being each day, an intelligent knowledge of the Bible, good, wholesome food, not including freshly baked bread, a small glass of his particular brand of aged wine, and a rest in his easy chair plus a quiet evening with his thoughts and his pipe.

His neat, black suit showed signs of wearing at the elbows and the pockets, and the frayed collar at his wrinkled neck was evidence of his conservative mode of living. His right leg was crossed upon the other and slightly swung to and fro. His feet were shod with heavy black shoes, the sole of the foot in motion being worn quite thin. Everything about this gentleman was significant of an unselfish, intelligent, pleasing nature. Friends were easily won by him, and, philosophically speaking, his statements were quoted and practised by his acquaintances. This man, the philosopher, the artist, the musician, the educated human being was looked up to and worshiped by all who knew him.

Excerpts

I

. . . The Intellect. His eyes are brooding as his mind ferrets out unique seeming truths about the policy of isolationism, the plausibility of the virgin birth, the value of poetry to the average mind, the possible existence of life on Mars. He scorns the body as a deteriorating factor in the growth of the mind. He wrote a book called *Deviations of a Barbarian*; then he went out and got drunk. He doesn't eat enough and his doctor asked him to take a tuberculin test. But he hasn't time for anything except stumbling thru countless weeds, chasing golden butterflies who presently turn to tarnished orange From "Futility" by Betty Hawkins.

II

. . . The wind whistles fiercely down the country lane and swirls the snow into high drifts. Against the pure white of the freshly fallen snow the cottage appears a dull gray. A brave little rabbit scurries under the porch leaving a trail of marks across the snow. Smoke pours out of the chimney and drifts into the clear cold air until it is no more. Through the frosted window panes, pale begonias of a delicate pink peek shyly at the outside world. Trees loaded with snow, a row of black skeletons with arms outstretched and ice dripping from their many fingers, protest at each blast of icy wind. But the wind still howls and snow still swirls from the sky.

. . . Everything is frozen and still in the winter. Birds are gone and trees are bare. The snow covers the dead flowers, vines, and grass. The little old lady who sat on the porch is still. A somber black wreath hangs beside the door. The raw wind blows cold and swirls the snow around the cottage From "Grand-

mother's Cottage", three sketches, by Eileen Campbell.

III

. . . Ellen is the most aware little person I have ever seen. She reminds me of a sharp knife leaving the hand of an expert, true and piercing in its course to its exact position in the target. She walks squarely, resolutely and independently while her brown, thick, shoulder-length hair falls about her head. Her eyes are blue levelness threatened by a pixie background. She is not quite six, yet her air of competence and individuality gives her a larger appearance.

One day we searched for four leaf clovers, and through Ellen's eyes I saw the details of the loveliness of the day and the complementary closeness of the grass with its sweet burned smell. She seemed to be a blended part of all nature. She knew the feel of the grass; she was able to measure the height of the sky, the proper proportions of sand and water to be mixed, and even how to find four leaf clovers. . . . From "Ellen" by Juanita Beeman.

IV

. . . Archaeology is the study of antiquities. It is the story of all the past glories of the human race and a record of its tragedies. Through the findings and interpretations of the archaeologist, we of the twentieth century can know almost every detail of the life of the man of 1944 B. C. Too many people shudder at the very word, I'm afraid, and there is the notion that archaeology is merely the rather unnecessary excavation of broken remnants of bygone and therefore superseded antiquity. Instead, it is the resurrection of the past into the liveliest, most fascinating form

of modern science. . . . From "An Interest in Archaeology" by Jean Anne Taylor.

V

. . . American womanhood — that womanhood which for one hundred sixty-seven years has been looked down upon as being flighty, boisterous, spoiled — guided all its resources into a powerful river of Fortitude.

They are sewing parachutes; standing

watch, on star-chilled nights, for enemy aircraft; hovering over bubbling tubes of chemicals; rolling a thousand miles of bandages; performing a million little arduous duties. These women have become a compact, killing fist of knitting needles and Morse code and grease and blood and brave smiles and khaki and factory noise and typewriters and waiting. . . . From "Ladies Day" by Mary Alice Kessler.