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CONTENTS

Cover by Constance Forsyth

Each Man's Soul	Mary Alice Kessler	3
The Autumn Sun Slants Gently Down	Margaret Byram	6
"My Father's Business"	Betty Jo Fark	7
The Fallacy of Isolationism	Dorothy Ziegler	9

FRESHMAN SECTION

Aftermath	Joseph F. Workman	12
From Dogfight to Teamwork	Donald White	13 <i>Stewart</i>
My Great-Grandmother	Lilla Adams	14 <i>none</i>
Grandma O' Mine	Doris Campbell	14 <i>none</i>
The Circe	James Joyce	16
Headless Horsemen	Doris Colligan	17 <i>none</i>
The Engulfed Cathedral	Joanne Viellieu	18 <i>Feather</i>
Vermeer	Shirley McVeigh	18 <i>Feather</i>
Two Literary Immortals	Diann DeWeese	20 <i>Stewart</i>
Wendell Willkie	Francis Talkington	21
Many Are Called	Patricia Hanley	22
They Will Do It Every Time	Donald Goben	23
Mitosis	Alma Miller	24 <i>(none)</i>
Chicago's Street of Streets	Barbara Consodine	25 <i>none</i>
Basement Room	William Tobin	26 <i>none</i>
A Winter Paradox	Betty Ferguson	27
A Strange Stable	Donita Evans	28
Return To Shangri La	Norma Messmer	29 <i>none</i>
Panorama	Betty Ann Mills	30
Vignettes		31

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Each Man's Soul

MARY ALICE KESSLER

I

The Thought

She sat on a big chair with her head thrown back on its cold, shiny leather paneling, her feet pulled up under her. A small arc of yellow light from the bridge lamp shut her off from the darkness of the room, and she turned her head as if to listen to the stillness. There was no sound—only a thick whirl of silence. On her lap lay a crinkled piece of dirty paper with a handful of words hurriedly scribbled across it.

"Each man's soul is imprisoned in a world of smoky laughter,

If he could but set it free to nurture on the good land!"

These words had stirred the anger in her breast—anger that cried out against the pain that living in crowded cities, struggling for a foothold on Life's ladder, can bring. She knew there was contentment for her in the clean places where painted skies stretched over her head and fields lay moist and fragrant at her feet. She knew that the seas had much to teach her, for they were old and everlasting. The wind had a melancholy song for her heart, and the sands were a soft couch on which she might slumber. Her eyelids became weighted with weariness, and a bright peace surrounded her as her closed eyes curtailed the world of sound and color and subtle change.

She slept, and slowly, easily a dream laced its eddies into her mind. For her there was but one dream—a filmy, beautiful dream told in the sighs of the wind and the rumble of water, for she always dreamed of a part of her life, a

precious drop of contentment that she had felt once and was, doubtless, never to feel again.

II

The Dream

I have found peace. I have felt its sweet coolness on my head in the musty North Woods, and I cherish each damp pine needle, each pale wild flower, each bubble of lake foam.

I remember how I prepared for my six weeks of peace, how excitedly I flung denim and wool into the old suit case, how I scurried about the tiny rooms of our flat at the last moment collecting Mac's camera, and the sun glasses, my knitting, the beach robes, his rain coat, a stack of novels. I remember how happy my heart felt as he pressed the starter and the car coughed, filling the garage with gagging gasoline fumes. We backed out of the garage, turned into the cement driveway, and onto the city street.

The town was asleep at four o'clock in the morning when we left, and a faintly tinted mist coated the car with tiny beads of cold dampness. Only the click of a milkman's horse and the grate of a truck's brakes ripped the silence. The rows of new homes on the outskirts of the city were silent and young-looking in the sun's first smile, and we did not speak for fear of awakening the silent houses.

When we had left the traffic signals and dull street lights behind and settled into the monotony of covering miles, the chilled tension between us relaxed, and Mac and I began to talk of the six weeks

that were to be stolen from our two lives. How wonderful and close they now seemed; this cement ribbon of road was leading us to those six weeks, and the sun's glare and flashes of small villages and lurid advertisements could not dim them for us.

After we had stopped in a typical little Indiana restaurant for an equally typical Indiana breakfast, I laid my head back on the seat and pretended to nap. I felt then that I could devote myself completely to the black-lined road that my half-closed eyes viewed ahead and the gently rising countryside along the road. Clean, white farmhouses and chicken yards and brown-skinned little farm boys waving to the car made me feel so secure.

At dusk, when the world about us was bathed in a sort of unearthly glow and the land lay silent and waiting for night, Mac turned on the headlights, blotting out the scenery, leaving only a circle of white light on the road ahead. He told me to watch for a sign marked "Lakeview Cottage," for this sign was to bring us to our Shangri La. We drove for miles in the heavy mist of early night, and suddenly our circle of lights caught a large sign with black letters that spelled LAKEVIEW COTTAGE HOT AND COLD RUNNING WATER LIGHTS TURN IN AT NEXT SIDE ROAD. The sign was streaked with weather, and it had the comfortable, worn look of age.

Mac whipped the car onto the next gravel road, went into second on a steep hill, and we jumped to a stop before a large wooden house. It was filled with a yellow light, and at the door stood a very bald, redfaced man.

"Welcome, sir, and you, ma'am. I started a little fire for you an' got a pot of coffee heated. Knew you'd be tired after the trip."

I remember how bitter and burning the coffee tasted and how assuring the leaping flames in the fireplace felt. Lakeview was ours for six weeks, and I felt a swell of pride for this "home" of ours.

Mac and I took a hot shower and went to bed at once. How cold and fresh the sheets felt. Even now I love the smell of sheets dried on rope lines in the blinding sun and steady wind.

The next morning Mac and I started living in "our house." We drove into the nearest village to buy groceries, and Mac bought me an armful of bright gladioli for the coffee table. When we had put each item of food in its properly labeled can and had spent some time arranging the salmon-pink gladioli in a gallon dill pickle jar, we put on our bathing clothes and began the steep descent to the beach.

The land about us lay in great, rising folds, and "our home" was planted atop the highest fold. Before us the lake stretched like a wrinkled piece of dark blue silk, and all about us were pine-fringed hills. Mac and I climbed down the golden sand bank and at last reached the water. From a distance it had seemed quiet and subdued, but now that we were at its brink it roared loudly at us and dashed its fury over us. Here was the sea at its birth and death, for, if but a lake, this long thumb of water had some of the sea's madness in it—some of its blood and bones—all of its endless, thrashing features. I now recaptured my feeling for the sea, a feeling more magnificent and strange than any other thrill to be found. When the cold, green waves of the sea poured over me, throwing me before them until I struggled for breath and the hard hot sand, when the sea soaked into every pore of my body, chilling me, soothing me, seducing me, I fell

so deeply in love with it that never have I been able to cast its lure aside and look at its heaving power with casual interest. It has caught me, and I must have it at all costs. I must lurch across its face in a sailboat. I must feel its icy pin-points thrown on the wind's arm from the surf. I must run along its silver edge shoeless, laughing with its gayness, and I must plunge into its great, folding waves to be washed under and left floating like a dead cork. How small and powerless I felt in that second!

Our six weeks were not long-lasting; they passed with the non-pausable grains of Time. The long hours of sunshine and thick, black evenings passed, the thrill of the swim and walking, the smell of early breakfasts, the blue cigarette smoke after dinner, the star-bright beach combing came to an end.

The last night of our six weeks, Mac and I stood, hand in hand, on the highest hill, watching the day die. The sea was the texture of slate—smooth and cold in its grayness. A ghost sun hovered over it like some ghoulish spectre waiting quietly, patiently for its prey to sigh and gurgle into death. Filmy wisps of clouds veiled the dull spectre, and the hollow world seemed to be anticipating some disaster embodied deep in the earth's bowels.

III

The Awakening

Time slips into the faded air as thick, rich tones of music die in vaulted halls and rose petals become faded ashes. Its exotic fascination can remain but for the instant of a harp's sweep or the single lash of a sea's pulse or the first touch of a lover's lips. It is indescribable and as hated as rasping screams, as revered as a young girl's song. For often it is slow and meaningless. Man prays for it to pass and leave him calm again. He begs that the grey walls of his room be torn away—that his executioner's step come quickly—that a rough, milk-glass door with neat black letters on it be opened for the meeting. Let it pass—Oh God, I implore you to let it pass. Let my fate come to me in fast passion.

And man entreats his God to pull Time into thin shreds and allow it to linger in the soft liveliness of a sunset, the chilled expectancy of the morning's birth, the mad allure of the sea and pulsing melody, the warmth of a father's hand, the cool of the early morning grass, the wet of silver rain, driving into the face and nostrils, the shocks of sheet lightning, so green and protective, winking onto small lakes and low birches, the moon slowly lapping the frozen desert.

And Time slips into the faded air, wasted and detested, loved and wished back for just six weeks.

The Autumn Sun Slants Gently Down

MARGARET BYRAM

Have I ever seen so beautiful a sight
As Butler in the autumn of the year! Today
The browns and reds and golds are shimmering in the warming sun,
And the greens, resistant yet, wave their bright memories of spring . . .

It was on a day like this, only one short year ago
That moved by a deeper urgency that I can now express
And outwardly explained with "Oh, how stifling is this air indoors!
I'm going out to limber up a bit,"
Down a welcome path I turned my way.
Overhead the branches intertwined and formed a canopy of color
Through which I gazed to see the hazy mist of blue, blue sky.
And blanketing the ground, dry, crunchy leaves
Drifted here and there, in careless glee
Responding to my kicking, shuffling feet.
And on my quickened senses played a host of lovely things:
The beloved, familiar tree of weeping grace
Gently nodding to the towers of sparkling gray;
Other trees so metamorphosed that they seemed not trees at all,
But a glorious, dancing mass of flaming gold
Or an undulating sea of winey red;
The softly-murmured flow of a leafy-surfaced stream
Intensifying beauty in its own reflective depths;
The subtle, hybrid fragrance of fall flowers and blue bonfire smoke
Filling the air with crisp exhilaration . . .

But as I walked along absorbing to myself the very atmosphere around me
Like a substance some great Chemist is exposing to the light;
An alien note crept in the natural air,
And a sound of ringing voices lifted high in boisterous song
Echoed and reechoed through the trees.
Lustily the words rang, "Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high into the sky . . ."
I listened, tense, until the sounds had died away.

Today the campus shines with that same glow it had a year ago
As if the intervening time had never been,
For as I walk the leaves are crunching still
And the trees, still metamorphosed, stand glistening there.
But vainly do I listen for those virile strains
Of strong young voices lifted high in song,
For they have gone to fly in the wild blue
They sang so lustily about.
They have gone to rise, to rise again, and more
Perhaps to rise again and rise no more.

Still the autumn sun slants gently down
Upon a perfect leaf, a tranquil stream,
A rainbow promise to the ones who seek
For life again, and hope, and power to dream.

“My Father’s Business”

BETTY JO FARK

With an effort she pushed the iron over the last patch of wrinkled, white shirt, conscious of the stabbing pains in her back and shoulders. Force of habit made her gently slide the shirt off the end of the board and start to retouch the collar, pulling the collar after the iron to round it. She tilted the iron up on the board. It settled with a thud, and she rubbed her arm across her forehead, dotted with perspiration.

Her shoulders sagged as she buttoned and folded the shirt. She didn't see how she could go on like this for two more weeks. Iron this, wash that, dust this, sweep that A minister and a minister's house must be ready to receive callers at any time any day, Ruth had said before going to the hospital to have her baby.

It sounded simple. She kept her own apartment neat and clean all the time in spite of Vic's habit of taking off his shoes and his tie in the front room every night when he read the paper. She wondered what Vic thought of living in the parsonage with his brother-in-law for three weeks. He spent most of his time at the club, so she hadn't really talked with him for two days.

She unplugged the iron. Maybe if she rested for a few minutes she would feel better. Maybe she could read a magazine story.

Walking into the front room, she tripped over a toy sheep on wheels. “Hell,” she muttered and straightened abruptly. She shouldn't swear in a minister's house. But why couldn't Ruth teach her kid to put her toys away. She could have broken her leg on that sheep, she thought

as she shoved it to one side with her foot. Murder, where was Jane Elizabeth, she wondered. She started to call and then remembered the child had come in while she was ironing and said she was going somewhere. Now where was that? Oh, well, she was probably next door at a neighbor girl's house. She had taken her five dolls and dog with her, so she must be all right.

The screen door banged and Jane Elizabeth ran in. “I forgot my sheep, Auntie Jean,” she announced.

“You did, all right,” Auntie Jean replied. “It's over there,” she said and pointed at the wall, but Jane Elizabeth had already found it and was heading for the door.

“Don't go in and out so much or you'll let too many flies into the house,” Jean instructed as the screen banged again. She was glad Jane Elizabeth was playing somewhere else today. She had been under foot constantly since Jean had come to the parsonage. She wanted Jean to read her a story or play dolls or paint with her all day long. Jean didn't have time for kids. She was glad now that she and Vic didn't have any, she thought as she searched for a magazine.

The Christian Standard — *The Christian Evangelist* — *Christ Today* — didn't Ruth take any readable magazines? Certainly reading church magazines in her spare time would be too much for Ruth after living in a parsonage next door to a church and having a minister for a husband. *Life* — Jean had read that already. *Reader's Digest* — that was too deep for now. At last, she found a *Ladies' Home Journal* at the bottom of the stack.

It was an old issue and Jean hadn't read the novelette. She felt better as she settled back in a big easy chair and began the story.

She was miles away from the parsonage and Ruth and Jane Elizabeth when the screen door banged and Louis, her brother-in-law, walked in. Guiltily she closed the magazine and returned his hello. Supper wasn't ready, and she knew he would ask about it.

"Supper ready?" he asked in a cheery voice.

She shouldn't have been irritated, but she was. After all, hadn't she ironed seven white shirts—twice as many as Vic ever wore—for him today? "No," she snapped and regretted her sharp tone immediately. "Is there something special you would like?" she asked in an effort to cover her error.

"No," he answered as he sat down on the davenport and opened the paper he had brought in with him.

Jean moved to the kitchen and began rummaging through the icebox for the steaks she had purchased at the store in the morning.

"Where's Jane Elizabeth?—the house seems so quiet," Louis asked.

"I don't know," Jean answered. "She went out to play this afternoon."

"Maybe you had better call her in," Louis said. "She's been out late enough."

"All right," Jean answered and hoped she didn't sound as disgusted as she felt. How many things was she supposed to do at one time? Get supper, look for the baby, iron shirts—work in a minister's house stretched to infinity.

She got out a skillet and put the steaks on to fry. Then she went to the front porch and called Jane Elizabeth. She called several times, but Jane Elizabeth didn't answer. Why didn't the child

come when she was called? Ruth should have taught her that much, anyway. Now she would have to go up and down the street until she found Jane Elizabeth. All this was Ruth's fault, she reasoned as she walked down the block. Why did Ruth have to have babies when nurses and maids were so hard to get? If Ruth had waited for a few years like a sensible person, she could have hired someone to keep house for Louis and chase Jane Elizabeth all over the neighborhood when she was in the hospital.

Well, Jane Elizabeth wasn't on the right side of the street and she wasn't on the left side. Where to now? Maybe she was around the corner on the other side of the church. Jean had to find her; she couldn't go back to the parsonage and tell Louis that Jane Elizabeth was lost.

Nearing the entrance to the church, Jean noticed Jane Elizabeth's dog sitting on the church steps. Now what could the child be doing at church, Jean wondered. She opened the door and walked in. Far away she heard Jane Elizabeth saying, "Now we will sing 'Onward Christian Soldiers.'" The singing began.

"Jane Elizabeth!" Jean called. The singing stopped. "What are you doing?" Jean shouted.

"We're having Sunday school," Jane Elizabeth answered from the basement.

"Well, come up here this minute," Jean said.

Jane Elizabeth just reached the top step with her five dolls and dozen books and papers before she spilled half of her armful.

"Why didn't you come home when you should have?" Jean scolded as she stooped to pick up the scattered papers. A small yellow pamphlet caught her eye. "Bring your neighbor to church—help save a man on your street," bold-faced

print on the pamphlet said. This surpassed all the foolishness Jean had ever seen. "Save a man on your street"—as if there were heathens or naked savages with rings in their noses living next door

to her. What would the church think of next?

She turned to the child. "Come on, Jane Elizabeth," she said. "Your father will sell you to the rag man if you don't be a good girl and hurry as I say."

The Fallacy of Isolationism

DOROTHY ZIEGLER

Following the first world war, the majority of people in the United States became great believers in isolationism; that is, they wanted to avoid any foreign contacts other than those necessary to trade and certain business relationships. "Buy American" became the slogan; "self-sufficiency" was the goal. The American people were determined that their sons should not fight on foreign soil again. Today we are facing the result of our holding to the idea of isolationism. We turned our backs on the invasion of Japan into Manchuria; we knew something should be done about it, but we were afraid to try it alone. We excused our inaction when Hitler marched into Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and the other defenseless nations by saying, "It's a European war. Let them fight it out." We soon found out, however, that we could not ignore the militarism of any country for two reasons. First, we are connected with these countries by communication and transportation lines; and, second, we have business interests spreading all over the world. We know now that these facts cannot be ignored.

Because of the advancement in communication and transportation, the countries of the world have been welded to-

gether until now we can think of the world in terms of a unit rather than many pieces of territory, individual and separate. In considering the speed of transportation we naturally look to the sky. According to Transcontinental and Western Air, Inc., a person may travel from New York to Cairo, Egypt, in twenty-two and one-half hours; from Chicago to Mashhad, Iran (Persia), in twenty-seven hours; from San Francisco to Singapore, Malay States, in thirty-four and one-half hours; and from Philadelphia to Capetown, Union of South Africa, in thirty-two hours. With the aid of the wireless we are now able to turn a few knobs, set the dials, and immediately hear from countries in any part of the globe. To travel to the other side of the earth is only a matter of hours; to hear and talk to someone in any remote spot, having the right equipment, only a matter of minutes. With this development in rapidity of contact, the peoples of the world now can easily learn of each other's habits, customs, and traditions, as well as the events taking place over the world. Out of this wide and wonderful development of speed in transportation and communication, all nations became vulnerable to aggression; oceans no longer provided

protective walls; distance meant very little; even the ruggedness of terrain would not affect a plane dropping bombs. We were faced with the possibility of invasion, which was a new and horrible prospect to us Americans.

The other reason why a nation cannot become isolated is that as the world has grown industrially, big business inevitably went beyond national lines. This reason was very potent, for on our own initiative we went to the countries and enlarged our business organizations. The TWA company, to which we referred before, must maintain some sort of representation in all the places where their planes are flown. Other large business houses also create bonds to hold the world closer together, making it smaller, figuratively speaking, through branch offices and representatives. As business becomes world-wide there is a mixture and exchange of ideas by men and women from all parts of the globe. But here again we find a disadvantage to isolationism.

Whenever the economic factor enters the scene, our interest is heightened. The business branches of various companies are vitally affected and are necessarily interested in every event which takes place in the country in which they are located. Thus, many times it is the business men of the country who demand interference by the United States to protect American business. The United States has been referred to in these examples; it must be remembered, however, that every country is facing the same situation. All nations are being brought closer, and the many walls and lines separating them are becoming less and less significant. Complete isolationism is impossible between nations.

There are several changes which must take place, then, if countries can no

longer isolate themselves. The goal of self-sufficiency must be abandoned. For many nations this goal was unobtainable no matter what methods they used to add colonies or develop the homeland's resources. The theory of comparative advantage presents a different idea for the governments to consider. This theory may be stated best by example. If country A could make paper pulp at a lower price than country B, and country B could produce a cheaper maple syrup than country A, it would be to the advantage of each if these two countries produced their specialties and traded with each other to get the product which they could not produce economically. This would destroy any hope of complete self-sufficiency, which is merely an attempt to remain neutral in case war breaks out, to be independent of other countries for food or necessary raw materials.

Before the theory of comparative advantage can ever be successful, however, the world must have free trade, trade without restrictive tariff walls. All nations cannot be sellers only and not buyers. It is realized that nations must practice the principles of good business. In other words a nation must look out for its own interests, and thus must, according to many people, put some sort of charge on foreign goods coming into the country. This tax probably will be levied whenever a foreign product is competing with a domestic product. If the theory of comparative advantage were followed, however, competition between foreign and domestic products would be decreased, and if practiced wholly, competition would be destroyed, the need for a protective tariff would not exist, and free trade would come into being. Isolationism then would no longer be a part of governmental policy.

More fundamental than anything yet discussed are the thoughts of the citizens of a country. To accomplish any degree of world unity, individuals must get away from the idea of isolationism. We must develop a strong feeling of bonds between nations, and when the many citizens of the countries realize that they are affected by events taking place over the world, and, likewise, that what they do will affect citizens of other nations, then the desire for isolation will be seen to be fruitless. It cannot exist in our modern world. Until the individual accepts the new responsibility of being world-conscious as well as nation-conscious, attempts at isolationism will be made, but these attempts cannot succeed.

A step such as the one suggested here, to break away from the confines of isolationism, is undeniably progressive. Man has steadily had to broaden his viewpoint because of the successive development of transportation and communication, and now another barrier must be destroyed in order to give world peace a chance for success. It is inevitable that the change from isolationism will take place, but it is important and may become imperative that we realize this inevitability now. When it is seen that isolationism is not possible between nations and that cleaving to it tends to precipitate wars, then the people of the world will be building a union of all nations.

Aftermath

JOSEPH F. WORKMAN

Monday morning when I awoke to find my head still hurting from the blast I had received Sunday, I remembered all too clearly that the Captain had ordered me to go back to the harbor to find the Mass Kit I had dropped during the attack.

As I approached the landing I could hear soft, rhythmic thuds. Looking over to my left, I could see the reason for the noise. Hundreds of sailors with sad, drawn faces were slouching along, their side arms gone and their clothes oil-soaked and torn. The many small boats coming and going were not unusual, but their cargo of dead-tired gobs, stretched every which way in the boats, gave me a chilly feeling.

Everywhere was the feeling of defeat. Most of the dead bodies had been collected during the night, but the odor of burnt flesh clung to the ground like gas. Battleship-row was a graveyard. Five ships lay capsized with their bridges protruding from the water like tombstones.

To find the Mass Kit I went aboard the battlewagon, U. S. S. Maryland. As I came aboard I was stopped by a long line of men who were handling the ammunition by hand because the power belt was broken. Their skin was torn and bleeding from the casings of the shells,

but they were not concerned about themselves. On the fantail the band was blaring out "John Brown's Body," changing occasionally to other war songs. The captain of the ship, sensing defeat all around him, was trying to maintain within his men a fighting spirit.

Unable to find anyone to help me locate the Maryland's motor launch, into which I had thrown the kit, I proceeded to the starboard side. There the heroic action of salvage divers had saved the lives of ten Oklahoma sailors; they had chipped their way through the double bottom of the ship to get to the "lucky bag." The task completed, they had carried the sailors out of a trap that had held them for twenty-six hours.

Finally I spotted the ship's chaplain, who informed me that the launch was blown to pieces, but that a few of the crew were still alive. These men told me that the kit had been thrown over the side as the boat entered a wall of oil fire on its way to rescue survivors of the U. S. S. Oklahoma. When I found the kit, it was oil-soaked and muddy.

The stole, a particular piece of the vestment, with the oil and salt water-stains still plainly visible, now hangs in the trophy case of the Fighting 69th, at Washington, D. C.

From Dogfight to Teamwork

DONALD WHITE

A squadron of Fokker D-7's is flying along over No-Man's Land; the pilots in their open cockpits are alert, scanning the skies for Allied planes. Suddenly they find them, roaring out of the clouds above. Each Spad picks out a Jerry, breaks formation, and goes after him. From then on it is each man for himself, shooting one plane down and going after another. The only chance for survival lies in out-maneuvering the enemy and letting him have it with the single .30 caliber machine gun. When one side has had enough, it runs for home. This is an aerial battle of World War I.

The planes of those days were flimsily constructed, holding a small motor which had little power. The planes were maneuverable enough, but they were very slow, because of the many struts and brace wires which held the two wings on. Weak engines and lack of streamlining also lowered their speed, which was from 115 to 140 miles per hour. These planes were built for what they did best, single combat. This was the principal part of aerial fighting then.

A similar scene takes place today. A squadron of Zeros is flying along on patrol. American radar picks them up, and P-38's are sent out from an advance base. They dive into the Japs, filling

them with lead as they come. Here enters the change from the tactics of 1918. Instead of breaking apart and engaging in the old dogfights, single combat, they stay together, and the whole squadron fights as one. If a Zero gets on the tail of a P-38, he is promptly knocked off by another Lightning, which covers the tail of the first. This is accomplished by a weave, each plane being on a different level. On the other hand, if a lone P-38 dives on a Zero, he finds himself boxed in completely, and the lone eagle turns into a dead duck. The dogfight has become obsolete.

With the changes in strategy we have changes in aircraft. Instead of the flimsy biplanes, our pilots now streak through the air at more than 400 miles per hour in sleek low or midwing monoplanes. These planes have as many as eight .50 caliber machine guns. In contrast to the engines of World War I, today's engines are up to more than 2,000 horsepower. The modern plane is made for speed and striking power.

Just as in World War I, the object is to get the enemy in one's own sights and to keep out of his, but the method of going about it is different. The dogfight of 1918 has given away to the teamwork of 1944.

My Great-Grandmother . . .

LILLA ADAMS

A few years back if you could by chance have visited a certain little town in Texas and walked a mile north of the town, you might have heard the sound of song coming across to you from what seemed to be the middle of a big wood. Then, if you had cared to follow the song, you would have come into a clearing. In the middle of the clearing sat a house, grayed by the weather and surrounded by a small plot of land, about twenty acres, neatly divided into yard, garden, small orchard, cow and horse lot, pasture, and field.

On entering the gate you might have stood for a minute and let your eyes wander across the field; and there you would have discovered the object of your inquiry, a little, old, dark brown woman who looked somewhere near sixty years

of age and was, in reality, seventy. There would have been leaves or small branches stuck under the battered old straw hat she wore to shade her face from the sun. Her long dress would have been rolled up around her waist and held in place with a string. She would have been stockingless, with brogans on her pigeon-toed feet. In her mouth she would have held a small elm twig, chewed at one end for the purpose of dipping snuff. Somewhere along the turn, now, she would reach into her pocket, bring out the snuff box, shiny from use, and take that soul-satisfying dip.

By this time you would be able to catch the words of the song which had attracted your attention . . . "Low, chillun, low is da way—Da way to git to heben is by faith an' humble prayer."

. . . Grandma O' Mine

DORIS CAMPBELL

Tart as vinegar, sweet as cider—that is Grandma. Despite having several score blood relations, she includes everyone on the block in her list of "acquired" relations.

Of sturdy Tennessean stock, Grandma still clings to the old custom of a "dram" before breakfast. To any Hoosier a "dram" means the same as a "swig" or a "snifter." Whatever it may be called, it has a pleasing effect on Grandma,

sharpening her wit and appetite and mellowing her disposition.

Grandma has always been intrigued by "bargains," a fact which probably accounts for her purchase several years ago, for only fifty cents, of a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles which magnify objects to twice their actual size. Those glasses have earned their keep throughout the years, and there is little possibility

that anything but death will part them and their owner.

Old and young alike are on an even plane where my grandmother is concerned; she has solved the whole problem by calling everybody "kid." Of late, however, Grandma has felt she is not worth much to anyone, and her "Hi, Kid," comes out with less vehemence. This feeling of uselessness has begun to wither her spirit.

Her faith holds no stock in doctors, or any phase of the medical profession, but Grandma has occasionally betrayed this faith. To make amends, however, for a week before and after each visit to a doctor, she prays fervently for forgiveness. I feel sure the doors of Heaven will not close against her, for who could resist so simple a plea?

There is a bit of the show-off in Grandma, and she is not reluctant to entertain any and all with her versions of the various dance steps. She also brags about the fine husbands she has checked off her list, and she considers the man-power situation of today a source of great amusement. Like many of the older generation, she also has tales of hair-raising adventure to which all who know her listen with amused scepticism.

Grandma has never grown away from the colorful language of Tennessee, and we hope she never will. She is like a breath of autumn in the summer, then in a moment she is like a whisper of spring, all gentleness and kindness; she is a blend of all races, like America, and, like America, she has great memories to cherish.

The Circe

JAMES JOYCE

"The new girl"—a term catholic throughout all grammar schools—was quite pretty. Naturally, being twelve and susceptible, I promptly fell in love with her. It was my first affair.

School immediately took on a new meaning for me. No longer did I view it as an evil to be tolerated since it could not be ignored. Instead, to my jaundiced eye it became a veritable Utopia where *she* reigned supreme. I would leap out of bed in the morning, prepare my toilet without waiting for the usual intimidations from downstairs, and dash off to school a half-hour before the first bell.

My parents were almost dumbfounded by this singular behavior, which they ascribed to a newly-acquired thirst for knowledge. I never enlightened them as to my true motive, for the schoolboy's most inviolate and, I might add, most unusual rule is that his first love be a secret shared by no one, including—and here is the paradox—the object of his affections! What he hopes to accomplish by this reticence he nor anyone else seems to know.

But to return to the classroom. With *her* desk but two rows from mine, my school work became sadly neglected for, although I was careful to dissemble it, my eyes were constantly on those golden

locks and that tiny, tilted nose, and my mind was continually filled with thrilling escapades in which, in the course of an average day, I would joust with a dozen knights for the honor of having *her* wear my colors in the tournament, save *her* from the Sioux and a fate worse than death by my cunning and bravery, and fight the entire eighth grade (I was in the seventh) for one smile from *her* lips. Whenever a classmate would have the audacity to speak with her, I would bitterly—albeit tacitly—upbraid him, for was he not a mere mortal creature like myself, unworthy even to gaze upon such an angelic vision as she?

This sort of thing continued for about three months, during which time I said not a word to her nor divulged to anyone my "great secret." But then came the summer holidays, and into the vortex of activities which occupy a vacationing twelve-year-old was swept my infatuation, and there it perished.

The following year I returned to school quite rational again, and today, six years later, that same young lady is one of my best friends, although she is still unaware of the turmoil she once enkindled in my young soul. Someday I think perhaps I shall tell her about it.

Headless Horsemen

DORIS COLLIGAN

As I look around my room in this practical, unimaginative daylight, I can yet feel the terror and see the awful spirits which peopled it on moonlit nights long ago in my childhood imagination.

The moonlight, which must filter through the broad leaves of the sycamore outside my window and penetrate the draperies before it reached my bedroom, gave only a lukewarm illumination by the time it reached its destination, for each obstacle had captured a part of its strength.

To my eight-year-old eyes in the half-light the familiarity of the room was swallowed by shadows that filled the corners and camouflaged the furniture. I can feel yet the little shivers which tingled up and down my backbone and the reassuring warmth as I pulled my cocoon of covers tighter around me. But my eyes remained wide, filled with images summoned by the dusk of the room and my too vivid imagination.

Instead of being revealing, the light was just dim enough to distort and twist the vague shapes. I could not see the crazy patterns, the browns and yellows and greens in the linoleum; and the begonias and cacti, the ferns and poinsettia at the windows blended into unrecognizable shadows on the wall above my head.

I lay with my back to the wall so

that at all times I might keep my eyes on the formless terrors in the room. I remember that the spread and blankets carelessly arranged over the two tall posts at the foot of my mother's bed were, in reality, horrible Somethings, grotesque and hump-backed, waiting for my slightest movement, ready to pounce upon me ferociously. The bulk of the old-fashioned wardrobe, which still stands in the corner today, was a cave, sheltering sinister, creeping figures; and one corner of the huge mirror in the dresser gleamed eerily as a space in tree and curtains allowed a glimmer of pure moonlight to enter.

I can feel the tenseness of my muscles and the cramp in my legs which came from the effort to lie perfectly quiet, for with only the wiggle of one toe, who knew what manner of Headless Horsemen might come galloping from yonder gap in the wall, which in friendly daylight was only the doorway? The sound of the fire whispering gently in the pot-bellied stove and a subtle reminder of my mother's perfume hanging in the air, strange and anesthetizing at that hour, added to the unreality; and my dread mounted as the curtain, soft and smothering, drifted slowly across the bed, brushing my face and falling limply back at the window. As the moon swam behind a cloud, the room and I were enveloped in an abyss of blackness.

The Engulfed Cathedral

JOANNE VIELLIEU

"The Engulfed Cathedral" is one of Claude Debussy's most beautiful works of impressionism. Inspired by an ancient Breton legend, it tells its story simply but with the most gorgeous effects.

Once upon a time, as the legend goes, there was a quaint little picturesque French village, situated in a deep valley, and protected from the surrounding sea by an immense wall. By dint of constant pressure, the sea broke through the wall and flooded the city. Immediately there were turmoil and confusion everywhere. The terrified peasants rushed to their great cathedral, weeping and praying within the protection of its walls. But even here they were not safe, for the vengeful waters found them and poured in to devour them. Then, over all the noise and madness, was heard the triumphal, celestial peal of the great organ, bringing peace and rest to the hearts of

the dying. And it was said that the organist was an angel of God!

And Debussy, listening on the cliff overlooking the now peaceful sea, faintly heard the chimes of the cathedral bells. Now they grow louder and still louder over the deep rumble of the sea. He heard the far-away cries of the stricken peasants, almost obliterated by the murmur of the ominous water. Then he heard the glorious melody of overpowering strength and beauty. The heart-rending notes rose and fell in celestial crescendos of depth and purity. There was peace and joy and triumph in those tones—peace after a hurried unrest, joy after the cares of the world, and triumph over the pettiness and bitterness and material luxuries of life. The organ notes faded away, and once more the ancient bells pealed forth, calling those merely mortal to the depths of the unknown.

Vermeer

SHIRLEY McVEIGH

Have you ever heard of Vermeer? Probably not. Neither had I until two years ago this Christmas, when I received a book with that one name on the front. The book was then a gift, but it is now a treasure; for within its covers are reproductions of forty-four of the finest paintings the world has ever seen, the paintings of a man named Vermeer. To look at the cover, one would never dream of the wealth that lies within, for it is certainly not beautiful. It is a large, cloth-bound, comfortable-looking book, with corners bent, and edges ragged from so much use. The title is printed boldly across the front in large brown letters fully three inches high. The book opens easily, and the pages lie flat, giving mute testimony to the fact that it has not been idle. On the first page is written: "Xmas, 1942. Merry Christmas to my dearest daughter—Love, Dad." The next page announces in small, delicate print that

the book was "Printed by Harrison & Sons Ltd., 44-47 St. Martin's Lane, London. Printers to His Majesty the King." Following this is an introductory essay, "Johannes Vermeer of Delft." Next comes the index, and finally, the reproductions themselves. At this point the book ceases to be an inanimate object and takes life. The houses are not just paintings. They are real houses in which people live; the people themselves are real. They live; they breathe; they almost talk. One wishes they could. The wine in the glasses is real; the soft clouds in the sky are real; the water in the canal is wet and cold, and the cobblestone pavements are hard and bumpy. On, on, down through the pages, until finally there are no more. This volume is closed, and there it is—just an ordinary book with a dilapidated old cover, waiting to be opened again and to take the reader back into the world of Johannes Vermeer.

Two Literary Immortals

DIANN DEWEESE

Around the first quarter mark of the nineteenth century two writers struggled for existence and recognition.

In 1826 Sir Walter Scott, Scottish poet and novelist, was financially ruined by the failure of the publishing house of Ballantyne and Company. Too proud to ask for assistance, he began to write, against time and in spite of ill health, in order that his debts might be wholly cleared. With much greater speed than in his more famous days, he slaved feverishly at this self-imposed task until paralysis cut short a career as notably sad as that in store for a younger writer, Edgar Allen Poe, who published his first successful manuscript one year after the death of Scott.

Poe, after dismissal from West Point, gained a little literary recognition because of his prize story, *Manuscript Found in a Bottle*. Because of this recognition, he was hired, like Scott, by a publishing company. He edited a magazine and was gaining a reputation as a critic when his fondness for drink resulted in the loss of his editorship. Gradually he sank into miserable poverty.

Both men were possessed of extremely independent spirits, and both neglected their opportunities for higher education, more because of their dislike of conforming to rules than anything else.

Scott, despite his lack of formal education, was called to the bar in 1792 and there followed a series of political offices, none of which seemed to interest him, although he discharged each one faithfully. During this time he had begun to write poetry in his leisure hours. There was a novelty and a freshness about

Scott's writings which gave him a taste of success before his poetry was eclipsed by the great Lord Byron. Scott turned to prose and to the historical novel, which made its debut in Scott's handwriting. After his success in this new field, he became careless and lax in his habits and toward his duties, but he never stopped writing. At times his scenes and his characters were overdrawn and too romantic, but his diverting action and the organization of his plots promise that his name will be enduring. Scott also attempted critical prose but was not unusually successful in this field.

Poe, like Scott, has the distinction of beginning a new type of fiction, the detective story. There are limitations to the poetry of Poe as well as to the poetry of Scott. Poe believed that "poetry is the rhythmical creation of beauty," that the highest form of beauty is sadness, and that the object of poetry is pleasure, not truth. His talent did not extend beyond the limits of this theory, but he wins his reader by a haunting melody of strange words and an indescribable atmosphere of unreality and mystery. His poems seem to lack the element looked for by some who prefer beauty of thought to beauty of form.

Poe inherited a weak constitution from his invalid actress mother, who died of pneumonia and left her son an orphan at the age of two or three. (The date is disputed.) This unfortunate frailty of health, the torture of watching his beloved wife fade away in the midst of miserable poverty, and his mania for drink drove Edgar Allen Poe to a premature grave.

Poe, because of his own weakness of character, it is true, never had an opportunity to do anything else but write to exist. Sir Walter Scott, a victim of poor health since childhood and with a huge debt hanging heavy over his head, certainly did not compose for the satisfaction of composing alone. The unfortunate positions of these two thwarted men of genius provoked an immense amount of

mediocrity that contrasts sharply with Poe's immortal *Raven* and with Scott's unsurpassed *Waverly Novels*.

The tragedies of Edgar Allen Poe and of Sir Walter Scott will be lamented as long as their masterful prose and poetry are studied and loved. Weaknesses of character in the two artists have been forgiven and now lie forgotten between the covers of *The Gold Bug* and buried deep in the adventures of *Ivanhoe*.

Wendell Willkie

FRANCES TALKINGTON

Wendell Willkie was a liberal man and a man with a great American spirit. Willkie was not a politician because he could not compromise for his own advantage. He never let bitter criticism from his opponents dissuade him from the policy or method of action which he believed right.

In the recent campaign he was on the fence. At his death he had not yet, at least so far as the public was concerned, made up his mind which course to follow. Those closest to him say he probably would have pointed out the weaknesses and deficiencies in the policies of both nominees and let the public weigh the criticisms. No one will know for sure which side he would have taken.

Wendell Willkie had no sympathy for the domestic policies of the present

administration or with the methods of the Washington regime. But even though he criticized certain mistakes, he felt that Roosevelt and Hull were working in the right direction on foreign affairs, the important issue today.

Willkie was misunderstood by many people when he spoke for more cooperation with Britain in 1940, and after the election many anti-Willkie Republicans smeared his views with subversive literature. According to Dr. Gallup, twenty percent of the independent voters would have heard their own views reflected in his.

It is my belief that more men should follow his example. More men should become independent thinkers with no intention to hold public office but only to serve the best interests of their country.

Many Are Called

PATRICIA HANLEY

Once upon a time there lived a wise king whose only family was his son. When this boy became of proper age to marry, the king thought for many hours upon the kind of wife he should procure for him. At last he called together all his most trusted knights and said to them, "I want you each to bring to me the most mannerly maiden you can find."

After many weeks of search and adventure, all of the king's messengers had returned, bringing with them young ladies of many descriptions and nationalities. The king thereupon issued this decree: "All the maidens shall make this castle their home and shall live freely within it. At the end of thirty days I shall have decided who will be my son's wife and future queen."

Then the wily king called for his cousin, the countess, and told her she must disguise herself as a maidservant and spy upon the candidates for his son's hand. She should report anything of interest that would help him in selecting a wife for the prince.

It was not many days thereafter that the countess paid her cousin a visit. "There is a girl about whom I shall tell you," she said. "Her name is Marcia, and she is a princess in her own land. Marcia is a very charming girl, my lord. Her conversation is correct and tactful. She wears the right number of petticoats and invariably waits to be handed out of the carriage. But this morning when I accidentally cut the skin from her little toe, she beat upon my head and called me a clumsy wretch."

This was enough for the monarch. "We shall send her back," he stated.

Soon the king's confederate was back again. This time she told about a young lady named Annette. "She is a lovely child," was her account. "Though of rude parentage, Annette has learned the rules of etiquette from a lady in her country who concerns herself with teaching them to all the people. She is the very spirit of kindness and sympathy. There is only one drawback. The poor dear has never learned to be careful about her clothes, and I am afraid she has not been told that Lifebuoy . . ."

"Stop! That's enough!" cried the king. But the countess was not easily discouraged. Before long, she was once more at her cousin's side. She told him, while attempting to keep the tone of regret from her voice, of the girl Rebecca, who possessed all the requirements of a pleasing personality. "But there," she said, "is the rub. Rebecca is all too eager to prove her pleasantness. She has gone out of her way to please that scoundrel, the duke, and your third knight, and the chief steward, and your eldest nephew when he was visiting her last week. She has been here only twenty-one days."

"You are right," sighed the king. "I fear there will be found no one upon the earth worthy of my son."

But when next she appeared before her questing lord, the spy was very cheerful. "I believe I have good news," she began. "There is a girl named Joan, with whom I can find no fault. She is sweet and courteous, correct, modest, dainty, intelligent, and lovely to look upon."

His highness was greatly pleased with this. He called his son into the room

and elatedly announced. "My beloved heir, at last I have found you a wife. For a young woman she is very nearly perfect. Her name is Joan.

"That dame?" screamed the prince. "Oh, h____, pa! Why dontcha let me

handle my own affairs? I've been watchin' that babe, and, I tell ya, she won't do. She's a complete frost, that's what, a complete frost!" And he stormed out of the kingly presence, slamming the door behind him.

They Will Do It Every Time

DONALD GOBEN

To relax in a large, comfortable chair and listen to soft music after a long day's work is my idea of heaven on earth. Each evening I arrive home tired, dirty, and rather ill-humored. After washing and cleaning up a little, I settle down in my easy chair and turn on the little push-button radio.

The push-button radio is a wonderful invention. For, inclined as I am to be slightly lazy, it facilitates the finding or getting rid of different stations.

Last evening I turned on the radio in my usual manner. It shouted, "Listen to Terry and the pirates."

"I will not," I thought, and pushed the second button.

"The Russians slaughtered another 15,000 Nazis today in a bitter battle," the second station said. Slaughtering was the last thing I wanted to hear about.

I pushed the next button. "And so died the famous William Wetface," that station said. Who William Wetface was I did not know, and I cared considerably less.

The succeeding station blared a military march. "Now who feels like marching at this time of evening," I thought.

A sports commentator from another station said, "The Caps beat St. Louis last night in a close game."

"Well," I thought, "we don't have such a bad team after all, but I want music." At last the soothing strains of a waltz floated up from the radio. "At last," I thought, and settled back to enjoy it.

"Don, fix the furnace, and go to the store for bread." It was my mother's voice.

"They will do it every time," I said softly as I rose and turned off the radio.

Mitosis

(The second lesson in Botany)

ALMA MILLER

The nucleus was resting in her cell;
Membrane, nucleolus, net and gel
In silence lay reposed;
And as she slept, there came a mystic dream
In which a being, from some power supreme,
The facts of life disclosed.

She dreamed her family name was changed to Phase,
That she would many, many offspring raise;
Her eldest son was Pro;
His chromatin had formed a long spireme;
She thought it just a tiny bit extreme,
And sometimes told him so.

Her second son was Meta; he declared
He did not want a spireme, so he paired
His chromosomes. They stand
Together at the spindle like a troop;
The "Mother Chromosomes" he calls this group;
Each fastened to a strand.

Her daughter Ana looked a little jaded,
The cytoplasm around her rather faded;
Her chromosomes were parted;
She called them "Daughters" when they left the spindle;
And then the very fibers seemed to dwindle,
And a cell plate was started.

Now Te and Lo were twins, she called them Telo;
Their chromosomes looked like a mass of jello,
A membrane formed between;
One had each characteristic of the other,
And that they were exactly like their mother
Was plainly to be seen.

And then calamity upon her fell;
She was no longer in a single cell,
Had no identity;
Pro-Meta-Ana-Telophase had changed her
'Til she was like two babies in a manger;
Two nuclei was she.

Chicago's Street of Streets

BARBARA CONSODINE

Michigan Avenue is a sophisticated young lady who strolls from Roosevelt Road up toward the Gold Coast with one shoulder lowered. Across this shoulder one sees the green beauty of the park and the masts and sails of white yachts on the blue lake.

State Street is a queen. She is an exciting, colorful, glamorous darling with the pleasures and needs of millions of subjects on her mind.

But the street which typifies Chicago and her people is Halsted Street.

To a stranger wandering through the city she might appear drab and dirty, but this is not so to natives of Chicago. She does not compare with Michigan Avenue for beauty, nor with State Street for fame and fortune, but in spite of her shabbiness and her ugliness, she is the happiest of the three.

Visitors to Chicago love to walk up and down Michigan Avenue and breathe the wind off the lake, and there is a strong, cool wind in State Street that people enjoy whether the day is hot or cold. Seldom is there a wind on a hot day in Halsted Street, but when there is, it blows dust, debris, and germs; and the smells from stock yards, tanneries, glue factories cling desperately to this wind.

Winter or summer, fall or spring, one can see thousands of children playing in the street and on the sidewalks. They run merrily over the red bricks and fill

the dull day with laughter and song. People stand on the corners of the street, or in front of the stores, and have pleasure just in talking. Men and women sit on the stairs of their homes and look at the world passing by. And in those looks is no bitterness, but merely friendship for all.

Halsted Street is primarily a business street and a lucky street, for few merchants have ever failed here. The most colorful section is that leading south from Madison to about Fourteenth Street, where there are stores selling foods from all parts of the world. Here we find a store selling American ice cream and soft drinks and Greek churches, complete even to the altar and stained glass windows. These are rented for funerals. Down the street one finds a store selling religious goods.

Most picturesque of all are the open air markets east and west off Halsted Street on Maxwell Street. Here is sold everything, gloves, tomatoes, shoes, blankets, suits, spices, pictures of the Virgin or General MacArthur. These goods are stacked attractively on wooden stands in the street.

Yes, Halsted is a great street. It is a thoroughbred with filthy hands and an old cotton dress. It is a dreamer, a student, a fighter, eternally busy, but always with time for a smile.

Basement Room

WILLIAM TOBIN

The stairway that led to the basement room, where all the actors spent their free time, was always dark. The light that was supposed to illuminate the stairs had burned out long ago. A wooden hand railing ran along the wall and served as a guide and brace for anyone who felt his way down the eleven cement steps. Once down the steps, the basement hall seemed darker than the stairs, although I hardly think it possible. At the end of the hall, shining through the blackness, was the faint outline made by the light from within as it shone through the crack around the door. The door, to my knowledge, was never locked and swung easily on its hinges.

The room itself was not particularly inviting, for it was cold and damp in the summer, overheated and stuffy in the winter, and musty all the time. But we young actors thought it a magic room, a room where dreams were made. And almost every night we could see that these dreams do come true, because the room would be crowded with showmen who had fashioned their lives, in dreams, in this very room.

Cabinets lined two walls from ceiling to floor. The windows, on the far side of the room, were high off the floor, but really at ground level. Sometimes, during a severe winter, the snow would completely cover them and shut out the sights and sounds of the street. Under-

neath the windows were two desks, back to back, that were always littered with printed matter. Now it would be complete files of "Opera News," now scripts for a play that was under rehearsal, or scrapbooks being brought up to date. On the right side of the room was a large table, around which sat a dozen or so chairs waiting to be occupied and tilted back. The floor, in the center of the room, was constantly crowded with boxes of costumes. From across the room these costumes looked as though they were made of plush velvet and rich silk, many of them adorned with royal jewels. With closer scrutiny one would find that the costumes were cotton and the jewels were cut glass, but that only added mystery and enchantment to the room of which they were so much a part. In a corner, near the table, there were a couch and more chairs for the people who gathered to tell their tall tales.

Those actors may have been the ones who gave the room its personality, but to me it had a lure all its own. The lure was not only the mysterious costumes, the large scrapbooks, or the table around which people sat and lied in a pleasant sort of way, but it was the very atmosphere of the stage—the pasty smell of fresh scenery paint, the mustiness of old canvas backdrops, and all the things that are the echo of those who "walk the boards."

A Winter Paradox

BETTY FERGUSON

A blinding snowstorm was sweeping through the night, covering the dark and dreary countryside with a soft, clean blanket of feathery white crystals. The icy flakes drove earthward with an uncontrollable centripetal force. The madly swirling snowflakes were mounting higher and higher upon the earth's surface; and powerful blasts of howling wind hurled the snow into heaping drifts as it penetrated crevices, clung to fence posts, and weighed down the branches of trees and shrubs. The blinding snow, the piercing wind, and the huge drifts converted the peaceful countryside into a treacherous plain with many pitfalls.

Amid the fury of the blizzard, a small, half-frozen lad was blindly wandering in search of his home. The snow was so deep that the roads had become indistinguishable; the child was hopelessly lost. Powerful blasts of wind were driving the icy flakes like hundreds of sharply pointed swords into the boy's unprotected face. The freezing wind lashed about his

frail body and drove him headlong from one drift to another. His limbs began to stiffen with cold; his clothes froze to his body; his feet became clumsy with numbness; his eyes froze in a glassy stare. His steps faltered. Another violent blast of snow and wind whirled his frozen body about and plunged it deep into a huge snowbank. There was no floundering or struggling. All feeling had been drained from the ice-coated body.

Suddenly the howling wind ceased. The moon, accompanied by hundreds of twinkling stars, appeared through the velvety blackness. Shimmering moonbeams stretched earthward, illuminating the rustic countryside and giving it the haunting beauty of a fairyland. The huge snowflakes began drifting lazily downward as if they were tiny, white chariots bearing glimmering fairy queens to this new fairyland. There was an expectant hush to the quiet, and a beckoning light from the window of the lad's home reached out across the snow.

A Strange Stable

DONITA M. EVANS

One day while walking in Washington, D. C., at a particularly busy time of day, I turned into what I thought was an alley leading to another street. As I wandered back through the alley, I suddenly noticed that I was in a courtyard. It was a beautiful place with houses looking from two sides into the cobblestone court. There was an enormous tree growing in one corner of the yard with a circular bench built around its base. As I investigated the yard further, I found that the building directly in front of me was a stable. Discovering that it was an unusually clean stable, I decided to investigate further.

I walked up to the door and raised my hand to knock. But wait . . . I could hear voices inside the building. As I stood on the threshold, an elderly colored man opened the door, bowed low, and asked me to enter. I stepped hesitantly through the doorway and paused to accustom my eyes to the dim interior of the room. As the outlines of the room began to fill in, I noticed that tables and benches had been placed inside each stall, thereby making booths of them. Gradually it dawned on me that this stable had been made into a tea room.

The elderly servant bowed me to a vacant booth and placed a menu in my

hands. Ummm!! What wonderful food they served: fried chicken, done to a golden brown and crunchy as I bit into it; mashed potatoes with giblet gravy that melted in my mouth; tossed green salad with a hot spicy vinegar dressing; piping hot beaten biscuits—all I could eat; and, to top it all off, an enormous piece of apple pie completely covered with a mound of home-made ice cream. Just as I was finishing my meal, a little lady with a crown of snow-white hair came over to my table to ask if I should like anything else to eat. I told her I should like to eat more but was unable to find room for it. The atmosphere was so friendly and homelike that I hated to leave. But leave I must, for there were other things to see and do.

I left the courtyard with regret, to enter once more into the hustle and bustle of Washington traffic. As I walked along the street leading from the tea room to the White House, I wondered if I should ever find my way back to that island of peace and quiet in the midst of a sea of noise and confusion. No sound of the passing traffic penetrated to that little courtyard only slightly removed from one of the busiest streets in Washington. Some day, when America has once more returned to normal, I shall go back and endeavor to find that spot once again.

Return to Shangri La

NORMA MESSMER

My hand groped over the weather beaten pine door for the rusty lock which would unfold our "Shangri La." Meeting no resistance from the tiny device, I proceeded blindly to feel for the light switch which would show the way for the rest of our crew. As my searching hand passed over fuses, wires, switches, and knobs, I was conscious of the "special" cabin aroma, a composition of ant killer, mouse poison, ashes from last week's wiener roast, and the "springy" scent of the fresh, exhilarating Lake Hollybrook air.

While waiting for the rest to follow me in, I glanced involuntarily around and was again impressed with the picturesque beauty of our vacation spot: the living room with its high rafters, the unique lighting system (an old wagon wheel converted into a spherical chandelier which had served us for many years), the lounges and leather chairs all over the living room. The outstanding feature, the huge, gray, stone fireplace stretched over the east living room wall, brought back memories of the welcomed warmth on cool, summer evenings, those ice-skating sprees, and evening swims in the brisk water, without which our cabin would fail to be Shangri La.

Our crew decided to retire early for on the next day we were planning to undertake the man-sized job of cleaning the cabin for summer occupation. Our sleep was unpleasantly interrupted, however, by a violent storm which broke

around midnight. The thunder, first faintly heard over the lake, soon developed into a terrific roar whose vibration seemed to threaten the stable foundation of the cabin. We shuddered and flinched as the slender fire-like streaks of lightning flashed across the sky. The raging wind came and with it the torrents of rain. We had just been congratulating ourselves upon being so safe and snug in our little nest when PLUNK—something wet hit me on the nose. At the same time my aunt exclaimed that she felt "something." Almost instantly we saw a small puddle forming on the table top. It was soon obvious that our roof had developed leaks and that our cozy nest was a wet one. We flew to the kitchen and withdrew from the cupboard the entire stock of pots and pans. Wash-tubs were withdrawn from hibernation. Buckets used to carry our drinking water were emptied and placed over the dining table where the constant brass-like sounds of PLUNK PLUNK sounded from the back door to front. The seating capacity in all chairs was for dishpans only, and on the top of the radio was perched the porcelain wash bowl.

After the severity of the storm had lessened, we hopped into bed and it dawned upon me that I had failed to write mother, as I had promised, upon my arrival. I drew the candle closer (the electricity had been cut off) and wrote, "Dear Mother, Having a wonderful time. Wishing you were here. Love, Norma."

Panorama

BETTY ANN MILLS

The sights we saw ranged from vast stretches of beautifully colored deserts to lofty mountain peaks. As we drove along, the houses became fewer and more scattered. We noticed that they were no longer large frame houses or even small frame houses; they were rather little and constructed of sun-dried mud bricks, or adobe, as the material was called. The appearance of these earthen-colored buildings was accompanied by the disappearance of the trees and shrubs. The grass-covered plains, also, gave way to a different landscape. Instead of the rolling plains of pasture, vast, sand-covered acres stretched out to meet the sky. The rose, purple, and blues of the sand matched the sky-painting of the sun.

After we passed through this color-washed region, the land began to change again. At first small foothills took shape

in the distance. Then mountains towered beyond them. In the distance, upon the sides of the mountains, a gray haze hung around the blue-green trees that covered the lower slopes of the mountains. This mass of green foliage and wisps of gray gauze clung in peace to the mountains, and narrow, sharp-curved roads circled them. At one side of the road the steep incline rose. From the other, a long fall awaited the venturesome traveler who should come too near the edge. Up the first side the trees climbed until they came to soil that no longer nourished their luxuriant growth, and they became fewer and turned to scrawny little shrubs. Below, the tall spikes reached up to spear the sky. The road twisted on and began its slow descent. Back through the beautiful trees it wound, up and down the foothills, and out upon the plains again.

Vignettes

The red drapes had impressed me more than once Their deep, rich tones of burgundy reminded me of aged wine. They blended harmoniously with the thick cream walls. The velvet of which they were made was as soft as a babe's skin and as mellow as candlelight. How stately they hung; how suggestive of aristocracy. They were created for admiration.

from *The Red Drapes*
Mary Fekete.

After a close study, her eyes suddenly gave the index to her inner thoughts. They were bright and amber colored, but sometimes her character would slip through for a moment She was most of all a brilliant, clever woman. All her efforts were centered on proving that the world was willing to be led around by the nose. Thus far, no one had disproved her theory.

from *The Club Woman*
Patricia Jowitt. *More*

The water glistens from the sun's rays as it slothfully feels its way along. Like a mirror it reflects on its clear, smooth surface the life along its sandy bank, speckled with the white, gray, and red of the rocks which have been lost by the stream.

from *The Willows*
Catherine M. Bruner. *more*

. . . The sun slants pleasantly and not too warmly through the trees at the county fairground. The dust has not yet risen, and the paths are not well worn. There is dew on the long grass. Tarpau-

lins cover the machinery of the ferris wheel, the chair-o-plane, the Lindy loop—all the machines that will upset one's equilibrium. The shabby canvas signs of the freak exhibits, of the scientific displays flap unnoticed in the breeze. There is the sound of hammering, carrying a long way across the barkerless grounds, and the deeper, steadier clock-clock of great stakes being driven into the grounds for the tent ropes.

from *The County Fair*
William J. Davey. *More*

Beautiful, pathetically beautiful is the empty grandstand after the football game, with perhaps one pennant still floating proudly, the goalposts standing majestically at either end of the field. These towering sentries stand and stare with arms folded and feet wide apart, mortal enemies who will never do battle

The shadows of darkness creep over the stadium, and from the benches lining the sides of the field the heroes of yesterday's game run out to play as they did years ago while the stands reverberate with the silent cheers from the ghostly crowd assembled to witness this game played in an empty stadium.

from *Football*
W. L. Pittman. *More*

Jewels, sparkling, glistening in rays of light, casting reflections of red, blue, purple, yellow, over the walls of the room. Thousands of dollars' worth of jewels in one showcase. Rubies, red as blood; diamonds, glistening like the rain on steel plating; emeralds, as green as the deepest sea; pearls, in warm blue and pink; opals,

sparkling like dew drops on the grass as the sun strikes them; sapphires, as blue as a spring sky—a rainbow made of jewels.

from *A Jeweler's Showcase*
Mary K. Breedlove.

. . . . Below you is the green, soft, velvety valley, and above you is the majestic peak and soft baby blue sky. Even the wind in this higher heaven is alluringly different. It is light and fluffy so that you can almost touch it, and its song is one of celestial beauty. At last you reach the summit. Glancing around, you are aware of proud figures of stone reaching toward the blue heavens. You are truly beholding one of nature's most

wonderful creations—mountains are God's statues.

from *God's Statues*
Miriam Cassaday.

The rows of marigolds and patches of zinnias, flanked by golden-gleam nasturtiums and callendula are now but faded ghosts of the pageant of color that was once theirs. The naked, dried vines of the morning glory that covered the fence bear little resemblance to the sky-blue daintiness of the blossoms in summer. Only a few roses, persistent bloomers, add a touch of color to the tans and the browns of death.

from *The Garden*
Patricia Jowitt. *Moore*