

Manuscript

ARCHIVES

MANUSCRIPT

MORNINGSIDE COLLEGE
LIBRARY

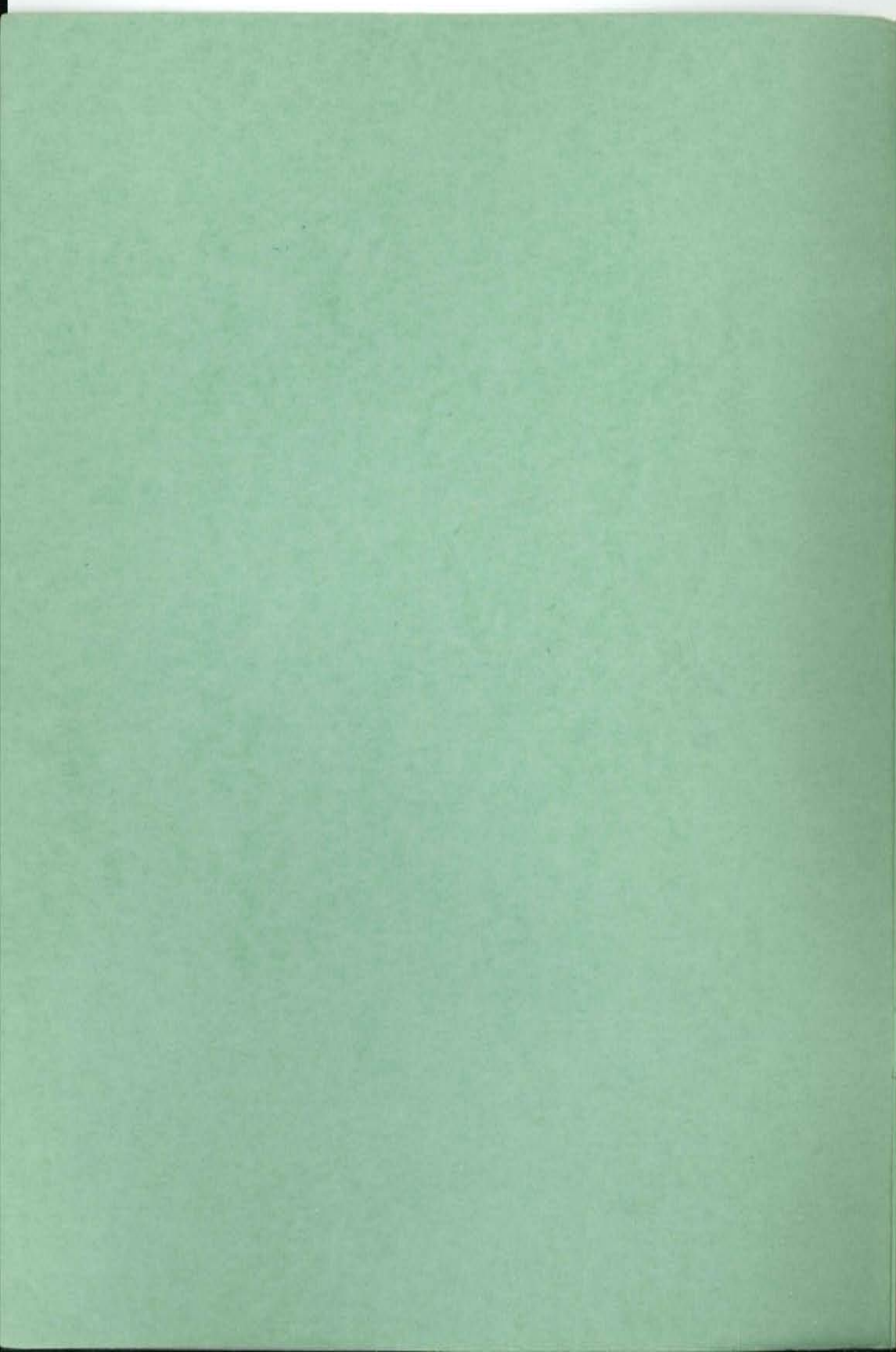
SIOUX CITY 20, IOWA

MORNINGSIDE

COLLEGE

VOL. 2 • NO. 1

SPRING 1940



MANUSCRIPT

BETTY GREENE, *Editor*

Associate Editors

PATRICIA WARNER

BARTLETT LUBBERS

MIRAH MILLS, *Faculty Advisor*

Volume 2

Spring, 1940

Number 1

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Foreword	2
The Son—Patricia Warner.....	3
Ode to a Moonflower—Irene Johnson.....	5
Fog—Betty Huxtable	6
Pines—George Ross	6
Creation in Chaos—Kathryn Madison.....	7
Sky Pictures—George Ross.....	8
Gift of the Innocent—Betty Greene.....	9
Dream Pirates—George Ross.....	17
Blue Books—Irvine Thoe.....	18
Personification—Eric Liljestrand	20
The Champ—Kenneth Johnson	21
A Trip to Aunt Jenny's—Irene Johnson.....	28
Lift Thine Eyes—Bartlett Lubbers.....	32
Love's Confusion—Miriam Hawthorn.....	34

Published twice a year by the students of Morningside College, Sioux City,
Iowa. Subscription: fifty cents a year; twenty-five cents a copy.

F O R E W O R D

Here is the answer to the question that we have heard so often lately on the campus, "When is *Manuscript Magazine* coming out?" The student, faculty and outside interest in our publication has been gratifying to the editors and contributors of the magazine.

The staff wishes to thank Miss Mirah Mills for her helpful criticism and for her suggestion in editing the magazine. We also wish to thank Mr. Carroll Norling, who has given generously of his time toward the improvement of creative writing on the campus. We hope that this issue will further stimulate literary production among our college students.

The Son

Once upon a time, for thus must the ageless tales begin, there was a man of no consequence named Morris. He had once lived in Russia and spoken Russian but now he lived in America and spoke American, so that what he really spoke was neither. And he made his living by washing windows. His business deals were generally limited to small shopkeepers and restaurant owners of his own race, though he had a few customers uptown in the higher rent area. Morris did not scruple to charge these twice as much.

Morris was shorter than average, and he shuffled instead of walked. Because he always wore a dirty white shirt that was much too big, and baggy black trousers that seemed about to slip to the ground, he appeared to be divided exactly in half. A ragged cap topped his matted hair. Though his forehead was not overhanging, his animal-like eyes seemed to peek out and up searchingly, eagerly into his listener's face. For Morris talked a lot. He told everyone his family affairs, all about his religion, anything.

And Morris lived on Eighth Street in a tall, skinny, dirty gray house. With this house there were three feet of dirt on either side and a square patch in front for the kids to play on. And Morris was proud, for look how much better this country was; when he was a kid in Russia, did he have a yard of his own like these soft children of his? Nah!

So Morris was glad, and yet there was trouble in his heart. For he had four children and they were all girls, and of what use is a girl except to be married off? While a son, ah, he would carry on the name, he would go with his father to the synagogue, he would provide a home for Morris when he was old. There is nothing better than a son.

And at last Rose did give Morris a son, and he visited all of his regular customers and joyfully told them the news. But they, poor creatures, seemed not to understand the English which they had spoken from birth, and merely nodded their heads and smiled when Morris asked them to guess what this infant wonder weighed.

So he named this son Meyer, a distinguished name of the New World. The child grew and in a very few months had cut his first tooth on the leg bone of one of the numerous geese which Rose cooked often to preserve their supply of oil. And when the child

became old enough, Morris took him every Sabbath to the synagogue and the lad learned quickly the prayers.

And Morris was proud and every customer heard of the precociousness of this boy Meyer. And many turned away and laughed at the father of this great genius, the father who was only an immigrant window washer. But Morris did not see nor care. He could hold up his head with any man in the world. He had his son.

When the child was five he was taken to school, to learn to read and write, so that he could read his father's letters to him, for it was very unfortunate that Morris must always let someone else know his business before he knew it himself. The child was as quick as Morris had always said and the reports which he brought home were good.

Meyer was immune to most of the diseases which plague children of his age, but when he was seven he fell on the school playground and broke his wrist and Morris was greatly excited and called the doctor many times a day to ask how the boy was. But the hurt was a trifling one and was soon healed. Daily the boy grew in Morris's eyes. He was sturdy, though perhaps a little plump. So time passed and he was twelve.

Morris was very much excited, for at last the child was growing up, even in the eyes of the synagogue. The day after Meyer assumed the responsibility for his sins, Rose sent him to the store. On the way home he was struck and instantly killed by a car. Morris did not hear the news until he went to his cousin the second-hand dealer's shop.

Morris was struck dumb. The son of his heart, the reason for his whole life, that this one should be dead. No, no, rather God should take all his girls and even his wife than that Meyer should be gone. But, oh, it was true, and no amount of wailing could bring him back.

From the hour in which his son died, Morris began to plead with God for the swift return of Meyer. Ever he begged, he tried to bargain, to threaten, anything which would make God return his beloved son. Every prayer was filled with this.

So two years passed. One of Morris's uptown clients stopped to chat with him for a few minutes one afternoon.

"Well, Morris, you're looking bright these days. You were pretty glum right after your son died."

Morris turned a toothy grin on the man. "My son is not dead."

"Not dead! Why you buried him, didn't you?"

"Oh, that, oh well, he just left me for a little while. He came back five months ago."

"Came back!"

"Well, of course, he is a little baby again, but otherwise he is the same."

"Morris, do you mean your wife has had another baby?"

"Oh, not another baby, it is just my son come back."

"But what about the boy you buried in the cemetery, don't you ever go there any more?"

"Ah no, why should I go there? Nothing is there. My son has come home again."

Incredulously, the man stared at Morris, then slowly turned and went into his shop.

—Patricia Warner, '40.

Ode to a Moonflower

Wan, waxy, and white, you rise in the moonlight
 Wafting a fragrance into the deep June night.
 Your long and delicate petals curving upward
 Seeking inspiration from a starry summer heaven.
 Breathlessly still, you seem sweetly serene,
 But your heart hidden deep in your stately stem
 Pulsates with the sweetness of Life fully blown.
 Your spirit embodies both Youth and Beauty,
 For one perfect moment you reign supreme.
 O flower of the moon so enchantingly fair
 Could you but linger—eternally hallowed.

—Irene Johnson, '40.

Fog

Fog, quiet as a snowflake's fall,
Cool, damp wisps curling 'gainst my lips,
My cheeks, my eyes,
Like soft caresses of some water sprite
Who in a fit of play
Makes silent love to everything in sight.
Fog, seen and yet unseen,
Shrouding the night
In luminous veils of mist,
Transforming shape and line
Into a mystic world
Beyond our sweetest dreams.
Fog, gone ere we are aware;
Who knows from whence it comes
Or where it goes.

—Betty Huxtable, '41.

Pines

They stand, resplendant on some distant hill,
Like sentinels between the earth and sky,
And night winds which caress them with a sigh
Speak gently of their presence and are still.
Like swinging censers hanging from the sky
Exhaling aromatic incense in
That great cathedral forest, cool and dim,
They beg for benediction from on high.
Eternal pines, with all your witchery
Of quiet strength and great philosophy,
You speak of temple spires, majestic, straight,
Beneath whose shelter souls may meditate
Upon your constancy, who lovely keeps
Your vigil with the stars while woodlands sleep.

—George Ross, '41.

Creation in Chaos

An ambitious little breeze played with the curtains at the bedroom windows of homes on the hot Illinois prairie early that June morning. In a few minutes the sun would rise, probably bringing with it another "scorcher".

Already pale yellow streaks were spreading over the east. The edge of the sun peeked over the far horizon. Curtains flipped briskly to show the first sun flecks on the floors. Birds twittered, children stirred in their sleep, preparing to awake.

Suddenly the wind stopped blowing. The stillness that followed was as deep as the clang of a fire bell in the dead of the night. Children sat up, afraid. All the birds were silent, gone. Anxious mothers scanned the skies, pointed to the west, dark origin of the faded yellow in the east, and scurried to make everything safe before the storm.

Black clouds billowed angrily in the west and surged toward the helpless town. The swiftness with which they heaved themselves over the zenith, blotting out the light from that pale sky and leaving all in a thick green atmosphere, was exceeded only by the speed with which a tiny black tail dropped from the cloud and raced menacingly forward. A dull roar grew with it.

Huge drops began to fall like the opening guns of a siege. The wind came again, shaking branches before it. The roar turned to a shriek, the drops to hail. The tornado struck.

Trees twisted like men being flogged, gave up and rolled crazily in the streets. The air was filled with every piece of loose material on the prairie, whirling and crashing, always joined by new treasures uprooted by the wind. White pellets of hail in the gray mass were ominous in their defiant, deadly certainty. The whole prairie swayed and whirled at the will of the wind. Roofs lifted and sailed away, fields lay down forever, fence posts and bushes were picked at random to dance with the fiend, while the cutting lash of the hail urged a faster, faster, faster pace.

The people in the prairie houses stood far back from broken windows in huddled groups, watching the white pile grow in the middle of the room. Old people prayed, making ready for the end. Younger people, seeing the ruin of all they had gained, cursed. Children

cried, bewildered. The man-made noise increased with the length of the storm until the people could not hear when it ceased. Foolish consternation reigned when they realized the peaceful silence they disturbed. The pale yellow sun had turned to bright red-gold and climbed a few inches to view the tangled wreckage which lay about, waiting.

—Kathryn Madison, '42.

Sky Pictures

Sometimes the sky looks like a bowl,
A China bowl all painted blue,
That some big giant once upset
Upon the world when it was new.

But on a summer afternoon,
When on a grassy hill I lie,
The sky is like a fairy book,
The clouds form pictures in the sky.

Some nights the sky's in party dress,
Black lace with gold a shining through,
She flirts and whispers to the moon,
These secrets that the moon tells you.

And then on some dark gloomy nights,
When a trailing fog appears,
The sky is like a mourning veil
All dripping wet with tears.

At dawn the sky is like a scarf,
Fresh dipped in nature's pot of dye,
That while its colors run and blend,
Is flung across the western sky.

—George Ross, '41.

Gift of the Innocent

Peggy smiled at herself in the long mirror on her closet door. Oh, it was lovely—this new soft blue wool suit with the fuzzy pink sweater. She was glad that she had been able to play her piece perfectly for Mother yesterday; now she could wear her new outfit. She smiled; that was the way she would smile at them all when she came into the room. She didn't want them calling her an old snob as they did Elizabeth Ann Robertson who was always putting on airs.

She spoke aloud, "Good morning, Miss Murphy. Oh, thank you. Blue is my favorite color."

She felt a little embarrassment when she looked toward Miss Murphy and saw her own reflection. It was silly to talk to herself all the time. She left her room and started down the carpeted stairs. Her Mother's voice was heard from the living room.

"But the advantages that she would receive in a school like Miss Webb's would far outweigh the temporary trouble of adjustment."

Peggy stopped abruptly. She shouldn't be listening but she did want to hear what Mother said about that old school.

She leaned forward to hear her father's reply. "But we can give her all the advantages here at home that you named. You can train her in those special graces you mentioned."

"It's not the same situation, Harold. She has the little girls there with whom to share her learning. And besides I believe that there is much a school can accomplish which a home can't because of the child's attitude toward the two different environments."

"Well, I don't want my daughter getting this supercilious air which a private school seems to develop. I want her to be democratic."

Peggy didn't understand all that her father said, but she thought it must have been awfully good, for Mother didn't answer him back. Her father came into the hall; he looked at her and pretended to be overcome at the sight. She giggled appreciatively.

"What have we here—Shirley Temple? Mother, come and see our charming daughter all dressed up fit to kill."

Mrs. Lomen came in and looked at Peggy critically. "Oh, that does look sweet. Here dear, your bow isn't tied quite right."

"I know it, Mother. Every time I tie a bow it goes the wrong way."

"Well," said Mr. Lomen, "it just doesn't know who's tying it or it would go the right way."

The three went into the dining room and sat down. Mrs. Lomen nodded at Peggy. She quickly bowed her head and murmured, "God is great and God is good; we thank him for this food. By his hand we are fed. Give us Lord our daily bread. Amen."

Mrs. Lomen smiled her approval and then rang a little silver bell by her plate. Gladys came in with a tray of fruit juice.

"Good morning, Gladys," Perry said.

"Good morning, Peggy," Gladys replied.

Mrs. Lomen again smiled. "Harold, about Miss Webb's school again. I think it would be such a wonderful opportunity for Peggy."

Peggy looked at her Mother apprehensively; she didn't like her mother to use that word "opportunity". That meant doing something Mother wanted her to do, but that she didn't enjoy. Like the "Kiddie Concert Course" where you sat on old hard chairs and counted how many pieces the orchestra had left to play. She always got ahead of the program when there were several parts to just one piece and then it would be lots longer than she had figured.

"Well," said Harold, "we'll talk that over later, Margaret. But I don't like the idea of her going to a private school."

Mrs. Lomen turned to Peggy. "You would like to go to that lovely school by Lake Crescent, wouldn't you, Peggy?"

Peggy glanced furtively at her father. She was depending on him. "I don't know. I like my school all right. I like Miss Murphy."

"I know Miss Murphy is a lovely teacher, dear. It isn't a question of teachers; it's a question of associates—playmates."

"Well," Harold spoke up, "she has some nice little girl friends at school."

"I know," Margaret said, "but Harold I hate to have Peggy going to a school and being in a classroom where there are the children of strikers. It's an unwholesome atmosphere. Those children can't help getting ideas from their fathers."

"Well, now Margaret, I doubt if those children bring the problems of our company into the classroom."

"It's the psychological effect, Harold."

Peggy looked puzzled. What was the matter with the kids in her room? She looked at her father at the moment that he was shaking his head at Mrs. Lomen. She decided not to ask any questions.

They ate the rest of their breakfast in silence. As soon as Peggy asked to be excused, Mrs. Lomen said, "Remember your practicing, dear."

"Oh, Mother," Peggy said. She went over to the piano and looked diffidently at a piece of music decorated with the figures of Indians dancing. "I just hate this Indian war dance, Mother."

"But Daddy likes that one. It's his favorite piece. Isn't it, Daddy?"

"Uh huh."

She hated this Indian piece and she bet Daddy hated it too. Mother just said that so that she would practice it. She banged out the staccato chords in the left hand.

After a long half-hour, Daddy said, "Come on, Baby. It's time to go to school."

She hurried up the stairs, got the jacket to her suit and put on a brimmed pink felt hat with streamers down the back. She took a quick look in the mirror. Sometimes she thought she liked hats best of all.

Her father was waiting with a brief case in his hand. "Oh my," he exclaimed, "more new clothes. Say, I'd better go to school with you to beat off the admiring boys."

"Oh, Daddy," she blushed.

Her mother kissed her. "Good-bye, dear. I'm going to a luncheon today, but Gladys will have your lunch ready and I expect you to practice another half-hour." Peggy nodded her head. She and her father went out into the sunny April morning. They climbed into his coupe to ride the seven blocks to school.

After a few minutes silence Peggy began, "You don't want me to go to Miss Webb's, do you, Daddy?"

"I want you to go to whatever school you want to."

"Well, I don't want to go there. Mother's always talking about it to someone over the phone. Mrs. Smith, I guess."

"Mother just wants you to be happy, honey. She's thinking about your future."

"But you'll stick up for me, won't you?"

He laughed. "Sure, I'll stick up for you."

They slowed down before the George Washington school. Girls, seated on their coats on the sidewalks, were playing jacks. Inter-

scattered among the jack players were groups of three and four skipping rope.

As Peggy kissed her father and got out of the car, she could feel the eyes of the jack players and rope skippers on her. Suddenly she was self-conscious and almost wished she had worn something old. One of the jack players called to her, "Hi, Peggy!"

She skillfully disentangled herself from the group and rushed up to her friend. "Oh, Peggy what a darling outfit! Oh, isn't that a pretty sweater! And even new shoes! Gee, did the Easter bunny leave you all that?"

Peggy smiled, "Well, not exactly."

Dorothy asked, "Would you like to play jacks?"

Peggy looked hesitant. "Oh," Dorothy said, "you couldn't sit on the sidewalk with that pretty suit on. Let's just walk. I didn't want to play jacks anyway. That's all we ever do."

"No, let's just stand here until the bell." She didn't want to walk around. Everyone would think that she was showing off.

The bell rang and the children vied for places in line. Miss Murphy came out and stood at the head of her class.

"Boys, boys, straighten the line back there. We want the best one."

When Miss Frank, the principal, came out, everyone hushed his voice and stood up straight. Each day Miss Frank decided who had the best line and that decision was charted on the bulletin board.

The lines marched up the broad steps and into their cloak rooms. Peggy carefully hung her hat and jacket on a hook. The boys were always knocking hats down. Maybelle Olson stood beside Peggy.

"Your mother let you wear your Easter outfit, didn't she? My mother says it's just plain foolishness to wear your Easter outfit the first day back to school. It's pretty though," she added.

When Peggy entered the room, Miss Murphy smiled approvingly down at her. Peggy could see some of the girls whispering to one another; she hurried back to her seat.

Across the aisle from her sat Jennie Urbanos. Peggy looked at Jennie painfully—her hair was long and unkempt; she had on an old faded cotton dress which was too big in the neck. Her shoes were of cracked brown leather and the heels stuck out beyond Jennie's feet. Peggy became aware of her own fastidiousness and almost wished she had on old clothes. She glanced again at Jennie; she couldn't help looking at her miserable attire. The girl caught her

eye and Peggy looked quickly away. Jennie said in a harsh, demanding voice, "Whatcha' lookin' at me for?"

At that moment Miss Murphy started reading out of *The Jungle Book* and Peggy was thankful she had an excuse not to answer her. She didn't look Jennie's way again, but she could see out of the corner of her eye that she had her head on her desk and was drawing on its surface with her pencil.

The morning passed monotonously in a succession of one subject after another until an incident occurred which awoke the lagging interest of the pupils and made the room buzz with excited voices. In the middle of "Arithmetic", Jennie, who had been up to the board, suddenly rushed back to her seat, threw her head on the desk and sobbed. Miss Murphy quickly drew the weeping girl into the cloak room and gave quiet but stressed orders that they were to proceed with their problems and that any one who wanted help could go to Bill Hankens for explanation.

As soon as she had closed the door, everyone began asking his neighbor the cause of this unusual happening. There were many theories. Jim Parker, who had been standing by Jennie was put on the spot and accused of saying something to hurt her feelings. Jim denied this. Some thought maybe Jennie's mother was sick; maybe she was dying; maybe she was dead!

One girl said that she bet that Jennie hadn't had anything to eat. Another said that Jennie's dad was a striker. Striker! That was the word that Peggy's mother had used this morning. Wouldn't it be terrible to have a father who went around striking people? Peggy tried to imagine this kind of father in contrast to her own. Maybe he even hit Jennie! Then the voice of Maybelle Olson rung out in the confusion above all the rest. "I'll bet it's because poor Jennie has to wear such awful clothes while some girls wear such expensive ones. Everybody likes pretty things."

Peggy colored up; she felt as if she were going to cry. Oh, she wished she had never worn this old suit. How would she feel if she were Jennie? Maybe she was the one who made Jennie cry.

She fell into deep thought about the poor girl. What could she do to make Jennie happier? She knew she would never take a gift from her. Suddenly it occurred to her that she could give Jennie something without her ever knowing it. She could bring it right to school and put it in Jennie's desk. She thought of her clothes. But

she couldn't give Jennie clothes because she wouldn't want to wear them. If she told Daddy and Mother they would make a big fuss and Jennie wouldn't like that. No, it was better to do something all by herself. She thought of what Maybelle said, "Everybody likes pretty things."

What did she have that was very pretty besides her clothes? Her new meshbag. The meshbag Uncle George had brought her from New York. That was very pretty, so pretty that she hated to give it away. But once she had thought of it, it seemed the only thing she wanted to give. Besides she had another one which Mother had given her on Christmas. But what would Mother say, and a present from Uncle George too? But if she told Mother, Mother would send some ladies out to see Jennie's folks and Mother wouldn't allow her to have a thing to do with it. She could tell Mother she had lost it. It was almost like losing it anyway to give it to Jennie.

Miss Murphy came back into the room and announced that Jennie wan't feeling very well and had been sent to the rest room. The class felt a disappointment as they had hoped that Miss Murphy would come back with a long, exciting story to tell.

Peggy felt comfortably happy on the way home. She had forgotten all about her new suit in plotting how she could get the gift to Jennie without anyone seeing her. She decided that she would put it on Jennie's desk after recess.

Seeing Jennie that afternoon before the bell rang gave her a pleasurable tingle. If Jennie only knew what was in store for her, wouldn't she be happy?

The time dragged around through music and reading. Even recess seemed long today. Five minutes before recess was finished, she stood waiting in line. She had to be the first to her seat. No one was in the room but a few boys up toward the front. Cautiously she leaned across the aisle and put the bag in the drawer of Jennie's desk. There, it was done. She felt strangely let down for a moment; there had been nothing to it. But it would be fun to see Jennie's face when she discovered her gift.

She kept glancing at Jennie during penmanship drills. Jennie always cheated on the drills; most everyone did, though. The hands of the clock were getting close to three-thirty. She wondered if Jennie were never going to look in her desk.

When they were reading their history, Peggy noticed that Jennie

was getting restless. Then suddenly she reached in her desk and pulled out the tissue paper package. Frowning she unwrapped the glittering bag.

"Why," she said loudly enough that Peggy could hear her, "where in the dickens did this come from?" She looked around at her classmates for explanation but they hadn't heard her, only the guilty one.

Miss Murphy looked up quickly. She saw that Jennie wasn't studying and seemed to be disturbing others. She came down the row and Jennie thrust the bag into her desk.

"What did you put in your desk just now, Jennie?"

"Why—nothin' much."

"Let me see it."

Jennie reluctantly drew out the bag.

"Where did you get this?" Miss Murphy asked sharply.

"I don't know. It ain't mine."

"Isn't. Well if it isn't yours, what is it doing in your desk?"

"I don't know. It was just in there."

"Oh, come now; it wouldn't be in there unless someone put it there."

Miss Murphy turned to the class. "Class, did anyone put something of his in Jennie's desk?"

No one answered, but everyone looked at one another in surprise—more things happening today!

"That's all. Get back to your work."

"I want to see you tonight after school, Jennie."

"I didn't take no—."

"Never mind that now. Just remain a few minutes after school."

Peggy gulped hard. Oh, dear, what could she do now? What would Miss Murphy think of her giving away her gold meshbag? She would probably tell her Mother. And Jennie—now Jennie would be mad. Why did Miss Murphy have to come back and find it?

When the class filed out, Peggy was among them. Oh, if Daddy were only home, he would know just what to do. She lingered crossing the playground with some of her friends. She knew she must go back, even if Miss Murphy wouldn't like her any more. If she didn't go Miss Murphy might have Jennie arrested for stealing.

"Oh," she said, "I just happened to remember I have to see Miss Murphy about something." She didn't wait for any unwelcomed

questions, but ran back to the building and up to her classroom.

She tapped on the door. Miss Murphy answered it. Her heart beat so hard that she could hear it pounding in her ears.

"Miss Murphy, I—I have something to tell you."

"Come in, Peggy."

Jennie had been crying and she looked up at Peggy sullenly.

"I—I put that meshbag in Jennie's desk."

"There, see," said Jennie triumphantly to the teacher, "I told you I never stole nothin', but you wouldn't believe me."

"Now, Jennie, I didn't accuse you. I merely wanted to find out what you knew about it. Peggy, what ever made you do such a thing?"

"See, her and her uppity ways—trying to make me look like a crook."

"Oh, I'm sure—," Miss Murphy began.

"Well," said Peggy tearfully, "I knew that Jennie didn't—didn't have—well, I thought she might like a gold meshbag."

"What's she givin' me presents for?"

"Cause I had two and I thought you might like one."

"Now Jennie, I'm sure that Peggy meant it in the best spirit. She just wanted to be nice and it's too bad that I happened to make that mistake."

"Peggy dear, the next time you want to give a present to Jennie perhaps you had better ask her if she wants to accept the gift. You see you got Jennie into a little trouble here, but I'm sure you meant the best. Did your mother know you were giving your bag away?"

"No."

"You take the bag back and ask your Mother if she'll buy some gift for Jennie if Jennie will accept it and I'm sure she will. Maybe you could give her a nice little something on her birthday."

"I don't want no presents from her," Jennie said ungraciously. "She's caused me enough trouble already. My Pop says the Lomen Company is a bunch of—."

"Jennie, that will do. Try to forget this and remember that Peggy was only trying to be kind. Will you?"

"Yeah."

"Now, Peggy, don't let this upset you. It was very sweet of you but you ask your Mother the next time you want to give a present, will you?"

"Yes."

With a few more conciliatory words, Miss Murphy dismissed the girls. Jennie raced down the back steps and Peggy walked slowly down the front ones. Miss Murphy didn't understand at all. *She* wanted to give something, not always have her mother do it. But Jennie didn't want a present; she said so. It was funny, but when you tried to give people something lots of times they didn't seem to like it. That's what she had heard Daddy say about the men down at the plant.

Tomorrow she would have to see Jennie—that would be awful. Besides, Jennie would tell all the kids about it. Maybe lots of them thought she had made Jennie cry on account of her pretty clothes. Maybe she ought to go to Miss Webb's school where there weren't any Jennies. There wouldn't be any girls out there who didn't have nice clothes.

When she was in sight of her home, she saw her mother's car in front. She started running. She would tell Mother that she wanted to go to Miss Webb's school now—go there tomorrow, or if not tomorrow, the day after.

—Betty Greene, '40.

Dream Pirates

Bold pirates sally forth to sea,
And lustily sing o'er their brew,
And as my book slides from my knee—
I dream I am a pirate too.

I am a pirate chief who stands
Upon a distant sandy shore.
My hearties dig beneath the sands,
And find a hidden treasure store!

I slash and slay on bloody deck—
Then o'er my feet the salt seas pour;
The galley's lost! We leave the wreck
And land the gold on foreign shore.

To sea again: I ride the wave
Defying all the storms: I stake
My life, a pretty maid to save—
I follow in Adventure's wake!

—George Ross, '41.

Blue Books

The afternoon was gay and bright. Gleaming white snow blanketed the campus like eiderdown. We hadn't had much snow that winter. What an afternoon to go tobaggoning, I wistfully thought. "Please sit in straight lines, four seats apart," someone droned. I quit my dreaming. On the desk before me lay a sky-blue examination book. BaPaCo was spelled across the top of the cover. Crazy nonsense syllables, I had once thought. Now I scarcely noticed them. Below this trademark was a place for my name and the number of the course. By this time I had in my possession three mimeographed sheets of exam questions. Heaven forbid, was I to answer all these? Would I ever finish? I read the questions, and the task for the next two hours unfolded to me like a familiar countryside to a traveler. Each major question of the test was a village which I had visited; each sub-question an inn at which I had dined with my guides, my professors. My feet which had trod this way so many times before guided by these friends could surely make their way alone now.

Thus, confident I had nothing to fear, I began my task. Onward I rushed, borne higher and higher on the wings of concentration leaving hundreds of words marching boldly yet graciously across the pages of my little blue book. At last somewhere out beyond the edge of my mental preoccupation, people were moving. I heard my professor laugh and say to someone, "You didn't finish, did you?" I looked around the room. Everyone was leaving. The test was over. Mechanically, I rose and walked out of the room; I left my blue exam book in the heap of other blue exam books now adorning the professor's desk like a burnt offering imploring leniency for the writers on the day of judgment. My face burned as if I had a fever; and my hands were a clammy cold. I felt as if I had physically experienced that drop from the heights of concentration back to commonplace reality. But not for long. These symptoms were only the harbingers of that previous inner glow, that warmth which men have sold their personal integrity to obtain and thereby lost, which was to permeate my entire physical, mental, and spiritual being—the glow which follows worthwhile accomplishment as inevitably as the day the night.

My little blue book was the recipient of all I had learned about people and books in the past sixteen years of my life. It was an expression, complete and detailed, of my knowledge, my personality, my little idiosyncratic likes and dislikes—all were here recorded to the discerning eye. I had given it a part of myself. It was a symbol of work well done.

I was momentarily pleased with myself; but notice I say *momentarily*. For tormentingly there followed this thought: My dear young woman, are you going to be content to rest upon a mere sixteen years of learning? Your little knowledge, you realize, may be compared to that of Aristotle or Goethe, Einstein or Edison only as a grain of sand to the earth itself. You must never be satisfied. You must never cease working toward that infinite perfection of Omniscience, or you are damned.

Work is both the curse and salvation of humanity. You must toil and sweat, or waste many a precious moment devising schemes in which you can "pass the buck" on to some one else and compel him to perform the drudgery you will not do. But when you look down upon that man whom you have outwitted as your inferior, know this: As he looks back on his completed task, no matter how mean it is, he approaches the infinite Perfection, while you remain as humanly defective as ever.

Do you remember how, that summer you were ill, you fretted because you could do no work? And how painstakingly you polished each glass and dish the first time you were allowed to dry the dishes again? How proudly you laid them away in the cupboard? It is the material accomplishment, the tangible result of your own efforts that keeps you sane in this world of frustration and disillusionment.

Know that you are one in spirit with Da Vinci, and Wagner, Lincoln and the Curies when you experience that glow of exaltation over work well-done. So must Da Vinci have felt when after endless hours of solving geometric formulas and resolving mathematical equations, he discovered the rule which lends the smile of the Mona Lisa that tender wistfulness. So must Wagner have felt when after days and nights of continuous labor at adding and deleting and revising melodic themes, he heard a full piece symphony orchestra play his Die Walkure. So must Lincoln, loved and hated, praised and despised by his own countrymen, have felt when he learned of

Lee's surrender to Grant. So must the Curies have felt when they at last were assured of what they had not even dared to dream—the isolation of radium.

It was this that made my heart sing as I left the campus that afternoon. I had filled another blue exam book, symbol of work completed; and next week was the beginning of a new semester at the end of which waited more blue exam books.

—Irvine Thoe, '40.

Personification

Those ruddy sanded flats atop the earth
Where lie the azure lakes of old Tibet
Still simulate a golden crown
Inlaid with emeralds and with jade.

The throne room lamps that glisten
In the polished myriad jewels
Are stars that heaven gave to light
The royal king—the earth—to bed.

His mantled shoulders, east and west,
Are ermine white with royalty
And interlaced—the silver threads
Of rivers twine upon his verdant sleeves.

But withal the king is sad indeed
He shakes his weary head and thinking
As the sages do, wonders what philosophy
Can win the warring world to peace.

—Eric Liljestrand, '42.

The Champ

He stood nonchalantly toying with a long iron on the first tee. His back was toward us, but we knew him by the bulging breadth of his shoulders and the wide shaft of neck that was tapered up into a rounded cannonball head. We were bewildered. Day after day we had waited for his arrival, watching the entrance gate from the roof of the caddy house but seeing only the familiar vehicles of the regular members roll down the drive. Now he was here, big as life, and we had missed his coming. Joey rubbed his eyes while I took off my cap and nervously fumbled the sweatband. Then we grinned at each other.

"Am I nuts?" said Joey.

"We're both nuts."

We again looked at the huge man on the tee; we could see no one else. He was addressing his ball and even as we stared, his thick arms arched back. His giant frame twisted smoothly in a neat pivot. Then in a flashing arc the clubhead blasted the tiny white pellet into a lengthy greenward flight.

"It's the Champ or I'm seeing things," Joey said.

"It's the Champ all right."

"He's not a bad golfer either; that must have been a three iron he used."

"With a right hook like his, he could use an umbrella head."

I really meant it too. The Champ had won his last seven fights by knockouts. He cooled the Negro heavy, Al Brown, in two heats.

"I'd caddy for him all day for nothing," Joey said.

"You aren't just saying that."

We continued to gaze at the magnificent man who stood in a brief solid pose at the end of his follow-through. Joey dropped his gaze to his own big bony pair of hands. I sensed rather than saw the conscious swelling of Joey's chest while he slowly kneaded his knobby knuckles.

Another member of the Champ's foursome placed his ball on a peg, preparatory to teeing off. He held a driver; not many men had the power to use a lesser club on the first hole at the Country Club. But Joey and I didn't watch him drive, for, as the Champ turned our way we could notice the slight puffiness across his eyebrows,

his only outward mark of nearly two hundred ring battles. He looked every bit as handsome as did his pictures in Joey's scrapbook, even the one where he posed with some society dame who almost hung the halter on him. That scrapbook was Joey's Bible.

The last man in the group drove, and the four men ambled away from the clubhouse toward the first green accompanied by four fortunate caddies who would be in close proximity to the great one for eighteen holes, about three glorious hours. But we saw only the Champ, until he disappeared around the hillside. Joey kept telling me all about him and demonstrating the right hook with his shadow silhouetted on the white wall of the club shop.

"I'm coming early tomorrow," he said, "maybe he'll go around about six to keep in shape."

"I'll come too, I bet he tips plenty."

"Who cares about the tips?" he replied.

It was late afternoon and about ninety-five in the shade. Not many players were out on the course, and the grounds around the clubhouse were almost deserted. The assistant pro came out of the shop with a brassie that he had just wrapped.

"Doesn't look like you fellows'll get out again," he said.

"How long's the Champ going to be here this summer?" I asked.

"About two weeks, I guess."

"Isn't it swell that he'll be playing here?" asked Joey.

The assistant tentatively tapped the clubhead on the turf. "Luckier things have happened here before."

"He's the Champ," stated Joey.

"Sure he's the Champ, so what?" He scowled.

Joey looked at me. We left the clubhouse and walked slowly up the concrete drive toward the highway where we could hitch a ride into town. Finding a shady spot on the pavement, we stood waiting for a car to pick us up. The street car line passes the club, but we always get a ride in with some member. I pulled out an old Kroflite with a cut in the cover and bounced it several times on the cement. Little invisible waves shimmered off the hot roadway—ninety-five in the shade. Finally I said, "Let's go swimming in the new pool tonight, Joey."

"Swim?" he snorted, "who wants to swim?"

"It's only two bits."

"I don't care if they give you two bits. I'll be busy working on the scrapbook."

The next morning we saw the Champ's car parked in the drive. It was six-thirty when we reached the clubhouse. We ran around to the first tee and there was the Champ ready to tee off. He was going out by himself; no regular members ever play at six-thirty, at least not at this club. We managed to get a close view of him, finding his face to be rougher and more reddish than we had imagined it, and one ear a bit pulpy. The same kid held his bag who had it the day before.

"I wonder if that guy caddies for him all the time," whispered Joe. "We oughta lay for him."

"He's probably a pretty tough kid if he pals around with the Champ."

Joey glared at me.

"I can be plenty tough myself if I want to be."

"Sure, Joey, sure." He was brushing his knobby fist on my arm and I remembered how he could slug the old sand bag in his back yard. "But this kid might be a boxer."

"I can take it. The Champ can take it. You gotta be able to take it to be a champ."

He didn't say anything else for the rest of the day. I tried to do a lot of talking but there didn't seem to be much to say.

The next morning we were at the club house at six o'clock but the Champ's car wasn't there. His caddy was sitting on a bench at the first tee smoking a cigarette. He was a mean looking Wop kid with heavy eyebrows and curly black hair.

Joey walked over to him pulling out his jackknife and opening the blade. I was scared for a minute because he had a funny expression on his face. Then he flipped the knife toward the sand box, making it stick in the wood. Joey glanced at the Wop to see if he had made an impression but apparently he hadn't. The curly haired kid only closed his eyes and blew a couple of smoke rings toward the horizon.

"Is the Champ gonna be here this morning?" Joey asked him.

"You got me, Bud," he replied, without stopping a deep drag.

"Think he'll be here at all today?"

"You can't tell. Sometimes he goes off by himself and nobody knows where he'll show up next."

"Where'd the Champ learn to play golf?" I asked.

"He used to caddy out on the coast when he was a kid. He shoots a nifty game when he's right."

"It helps him keep in training for his fights, huh?" asked Joey.

The guy laughed. "He's never trained in his life. He's just big and tough and mean. He'll wind up so punchy they'll have to lock him in a cell."

Joey glared. "He's the Champ."

"Sure he's the Champ but you don't see him taking on any tough fights any more. Women and beer is making a chump out of him." The kid laughed at his own cleverness in twisting "champ" to "chump".

"Let's get going, Joey," I said, pulling his arm. I dragged him toward the caddy house.

"That guy's lucky he didn't get his face smashed in," said Joey, looking back over his shoulder, "I should have busted him one."

There was no one else at the caddy house because the members never went out before eight or nine o'clock on weekdays. Since I had a deck of cards, we started playing pitch, but Joey couldn't sit still. Finally we quit and started to look over yesterday's paper. One of the sporting columns had a paragraph about the Champ that said he was slipping. His last fight was against a second rater who lasted seven rounds before taking the count. Joey swore when he read it because the writer described the "knockout blow" as a light left jab to the forehead. This was one article that wouldn't go into the scrapbook. Soon a bunch of caddies began to show up and the caddy master lined everybody up on the bench.

Then I remembered, "It's ladies day this morning, Joey."

"Let's go home," he said, "I don't want to poke around the course all morning with a bunch of female dubs."

"Aw, let's stick around, the Champ might show up."

"You stick around. He won't come on ladies' day."

"There's nothing to do at home," I told him, "why don't we go downtown? We might see him at his hotel or in a restaurant."

We thumbed a ride into town and walked up and down main street but we didn't see the Champ.

"I bet the Champ plays golf this afternoon," I said.

"Maybe, I wonder where his training camp is."

"Let's go into the pool hall. The guy there will know."

We went into the smoky, dimly lighted room and looked around for the proprietor. Two fellows were over at the far end playing snooker. The drop light hung low over their table and didn't provide any excess illumination for the rest of the room. A bald headed man stood behind the cigar counter talking to a slim, well dressed guy who shook a little leather cup, then dumped it upside down scattering a bunch of dice on a felt pad that lay on the counter.

The bald headed man wrote something on a pad of paper and said, "That's a horse on you Ole." Not caring to interrupt him when he was busy, we ambled over to one of the rotation tables and snapped on the drop light. Joey was taking a cue off the rack and I was sprinkling rosin on my hands when the bald headed guy came over to us.

"You kids minors?" he asked good naturedly.

"We're twenty-one," lied Joey, "any objection?"

"No, nope, go right ahead boys, but it's against the law to have minors in here."

"I said we're twenty-one," Joey stuck out his chin and tried to look tough. I picked up the cue ball and tossed it up and down carelessly, just as if I wouldn't mind heaving it at someone.

The bald headed guy laughed and said, "Sure, fellas, I can see you ain't kids." I could tell that he wasn't impressed by our toughness, just amused. He walked back to the cigar counter and started rolling dice again with the guy he called Ole. Joey and I had never played much pool so we tried to act as if we were just fooling around when we missed our shots. It took us about half an hour to finish the one game. We left a nickel on the table and started to walk out.

"Come in again, gentlemen," called the bald headed guy when we reached the cigar counter. He was grinning and the one called Ole snickered.

"Where's the Champ's training quarters?" asked Joe, trying to look nonchalant.

Ole had a mug of beer in his left hand and waved it toward the proprietor. "You tell 'em Baldy."

Baldy was laughing now. His lips were spread out past his teeth, showing brownish gums. "Are you looking for the Champ, Sonny?"

"What's the big joke," I asked, holding Joey by the arm.

"No joke, Sonny, Ole and I were just talking about the Champ. He left here about an hour ago."

"He doesn't hang out in pool halls, not the Champ," said Joey. His voice was getting kind of high, and he tried to jerk his arm away from me.

"Sure he does kid, he lives in pool halls."

"Where'd he go from here?" I asked, tightening my grip on Joey's arm.

"Out to the golf links, I guess. He likes to pal around with the swells once in a while. Boy, what that sun won't do to him when he starts feeling his beer."

"Let's get out of here, Joey," I said, pulling him toward the door. Joey was too mad to talk. His Adam's apple moved spasmodically and I thought he would cry. We stepped out on the sidewalk. Then we stopped. The sun was glaring off the streets, almost blinding our eyes because of the contrast from the darkened pool room. Joey was shaking his head like a groggy boxer and blinking his eyes.

"Those dirty bums never even saw the Champ," he muttered.

"Maybe he was drinking root-beer."

"They've never even seen him," insisted Joey, "it's so dark in there they couldn't see a white man if they tried."

"Why don't we see if he's at the links?" I suggested.

"We oughta heave a rock through their dirty window."

"Let's take a streetcar to the club."

"They were lying," Joey said.

"Sure they were lying, but he still could be at the club."

We only waited a couple of minutes for a Country Club car and it barely took fifteen minutes to reach our destination, but Joey was so impatient that he could hardly sit still. He kept talking to himself all the way.

"Why don't these dumb clunks roll. I gotta caddy for the Champ. I gotta." He was mumbling like that all the way out. I didn't say a word. What could you say to a guy like that? When the car finally stopped in front of the Country Club gates, Joey was standing at the door. He jumped to the ground and started to run down the drive. Then he stopped.

"The Champ's car," he whispered. There it stood, parked at the base of the curve where the driveway turns back toward the gates.

"Let's go around to the tee," I said, a little worried, because

maybe the pool hall guys weren't lying. I was hoping the Champ would be already out on the course.

We walked slowly around behind the shops. Then we saw the Champ. He was standing alone on the tee, clumsily fumbling with his big leather bag. I said the Champ was standing, but I guess rocking would be a better word. He finally succeeded in jerking a club from the bag, almost losing his balance. His caddy was nowhere in sight.

The assistant pro came out of the shop and looked at Joey.

"There's your Champ, Kid, do you want to caddy for him?" He was grinning.

Joey raised his fingers to his throat and slowly rubbed the base of his windpipe. He was staring at the Champ. He opened his mouth but no words came out.

The Champ came weaving toward us, using his club for a cane. His heavy jaw hung loose and great beads of sweat stood out on his fiery forehead. His white silk shirt clung clammily to his body showing dark hair on his chest through the wet cloth. He stopped and looked at Joey through squinty eyes. He swayed.

"Ya wanna caddy, Bud?" he asked in a husky, rough tone.

Joey stopped rubbing his throat. His eyes were misty. Suddenly he turned and ran. I followed him. When he reached the drive he slowed his pace to a walk and trudged up to the highway. He didn't say a word and neither did I. What could I say? We stood in the shady spot on the pavement waiting for a ride.

Finally Joe spoke, "The Champ must have been sick, huh?"

"Sure, Joey, sure."

He was quiet again for a moment. A car whizzed by and Joey stuck out his thumb. "He's got the hardest right hook in the business."

"Sure, Joey, sure," was all I could think of saying.

I pulled the old "Kroffite" with the cut cover from my pocket and bounced it a couple of times on the cement. Invisible waves of heat shimmered up from the hot roadway—almost ninety-five in the shade. I looked at Joey.

"I suppose you'll be working on your scrapbook," I asked him.

He looked at me kind of funny for a minute, then answered soberly, "It's pretty hot. Why don't we go swimming?"

—Kenneth Johnson, '41.

A Trip to Aunt Jenny's

The overcrowded bus jogged along over George Washington Bridge, leading from New York into New Jersey. It was early afternoon, and the air was hot and heavy. As I looked over the edge of the bridge, I could see how the water had gone down, and steam curled up from the Palisades. We passed from off the bridge on to the highway, and I relapsed once more into the half conscious, langorous stupor which had held me in its grip thus far on my journey.

I had half-heartedly rebelled against this whole trip, and, as the afternoon wore on the heat increased, and my spirit suffered a similar change.

Aunt Jenny—why should I, of all people in the world, be forced to make a visit to her? She was really my great-aunt, and old—someone told me she was nearly eighty. She lived by herself in a lonely out-of-the-way place—which would, in itself, make her eccentric and hard to get along with. But to make matters even worse, she had come over from Germany about ten years before, and was undoubtedly “foreign” and set in her ways.

These thoughts, together with my discomfort, tended to make my trip almost intolerable, and it was with a great deal of anticipation that I looked forward to getting someplace and staying—even at Aunt Jenny's.

After an interminable length of time (really only a matter of about three hours) in which I curled up first on one side, and then on the other, swatted insects, tried to keep dust out of my mouth and eyes, and attempted to outstare an impudent boy, I heard the driver sing-song the name of my destination, and authoritatively bark out a few directions. I jammed on my hat, snatched up my overnight case, and umbrella, and, with a determined gleam in my eye, made for the door—climbing over feet and suitcases, muttering an apologetic “Sorry” here and there as I chanced to give an unnecessary poke, and finally giving the driver a rather distant glance, I literally clamored out of the detestable bus.

I hadn't paid much attention as to where the bus stopped, but now as it drove away, my heart sank when looking around. Spring Valley was about what I had pictured it to be. Set in a deep valley, but with many hills cutting through here and there, and tall trees

all but obscuring the houses, Spring Valley gave the appearance of having started out asleep and never awakened. And two days of my summer vacation were to be spent here!

I had been let off at an oil station on the outskirts of the town, and so I made my way towards Main Street—or really, the only street that could be discerned from any distance at all. Main Street wasn't very long, and was up hill most of the way. A large collie lay slumbering in the street, and a couple of the town's "loafers" lounged on a rickety wooden bench outside the barber shop. Other than this, there was no sign of life along Main Street. It was towards these two that I made my way, in order to ascertain the direction to Aunt Jenny's.

"Do you know where Jenifer Barton lives?" I said, fascinatedly watching the one—a red-haired farmer—wriggle a straw up and down between big, wide-set teeth, with no apparent movement.

"Yep," he said, continuing his maneuvers with the straw.

"Do you know anyone who would drive me out there?" I said, a trifle taken back by the obvious lack of enthusiasm.

"Reckon," said he, without looking up.

I began to get desperate. "I'll be glad to pay someone a dollar to drive me out right away."

It must have been the mention of a dollar that made them both move so fast.

"I'll be glad to, glad to," said the other man, a surly-looking black-haired monster, who, up to this point, had maintained an immobile silence.

"Now look here, Lem," said the red-haired one, "I saw her first, and besides my auto is bettr'n yours. This way, Lady, my auto is down here a piece."

And, graciously allowing me to carry my own baggage, he permitted me to trot meekly at his heels until we came to his "auto." It was a huge, black affair, one of the odd makes—large, strong as iron, and roomy. He flung the door open on my side with a magnanimous gesture and permitted me to get in as best I could. The step was high, and missing it the first time, I was outraged to hear his hearty guffaw. The next time, I made it and sat down slamming the door smartly.

He went around to the front, cranked, and with a few groans and terrific shaking, the engine hiccupped into action. The whole car

seemed to be seized by violent shaking as we started out, and as we clattered off down the street, I noticed many heads bob in and out to see what the noise was, and, incidentally, to give me a quick once-over. As we bounced down the road, Will, the driver, seemed inclined to be talkative, and I, by this time, certainly was not.

"Jenny a relative of your'n?" Said Will, conversationally. I restrained an impulse to say "yep" and managed a civil answer in the affirmative.

The scenery along the winding country road was lovely to look at, even on a hot August day such as this, and my taut muscles began to relax as I breathed in great gulps of the dank revivifying air. I nearly forgot even the roughness of the ride.

We rounded a bend in the road and turned off on a little lane, partially obscured by trees. At the end of the lane was a little house covered with brown shingles giving it a velvety, woodsy look. The house was almost entirely surrounded by tall trees, and a cool restfulness penetrated my soul even before the car stopped. A small old lady in a trim white apron jumped up from the rocker in which she had been sitting, and extended a welcoming hand as I came up the steps.

"Ach, und I am so glad you haf come," she said, her bright brown eyes soft with tears.

I saw at once that her name—Jenifer—suited her. She had the dignity and grace to go with her name. Her hands were those of a lady, and her gestures endeared her to everyone. Her hair was white, and she wore it parted in the middle and drawn into two soft knots in the back. Her whole appearance was gentle and dove-like—except her eyes, and these sparkled and snapped, seeming to give an outlet for her exuberant spirits.

My heart went out to her at once, and I scarcely realized how quickly she had won me over. I stated a simple fact, which had just occurred to me.

"I'm glad to be here, Aunt Jenny."

I followed her into the house and saw at once that her surroundings were exactly the correct setting for her quaintness. A large horsehair sofa and chair left very little space in the room for anything else. By some clever arrangement, Aunt Jenny managed to squeeze a lot of furniture into her little house and still not have a cluttered effect. The other noticeable feature of the room was a

huge glass chandelier suspended low in the room. As Aunt Jenny sat directly under it and poured coffee, I saw that little as she was, she couldn't have stood under it—and once again I could see her reluctance to part with her home and solving her problem by bringing that home across to America.

We enjoyed our coffee, talking about unimportant things, and then went outside to enjoy the freshness of the evening. Aunt Jenny's flowers showed particular care, but the most desirable feature was the tiny brook which babbled past her back door. In spring, she said, the creek was likely to become a torrent, but now its clear water reflected only dim peace.

That night I slept in a true German bed of down puffs, and I awoke feeling more refreshed than I had believed possible. My two days passed too quickly, as I realized when the time for departure came. I had become acquainted with Aunt Jenny in a vague sort of way, but a bond had been formed between us. I knew her as a part of her calm woodsy background, and, although there was a breach of years and differing background between us, we felt a kindred spirit that knit us closer than words could have.

Aunt Jenny appeared to be so fragile, and yet she was decorated for bravery in the war—one felt a quiet competency and assurance in every move she made. She could accomplish more and get about more briskly than many who are years younger.

As I drove away in Will's "auto", tears filled my eyes. I knew that I would never see Aunt Jenny again, and I found parting with that small fragment of a beautiful life very difficult. She, too, felt the finality of parting, but held her head bravely and stood erect, waving to me until we rounded the bend in the road and I had to return abruptly to reality after my dream-like two days—days which I am certain can never be recaptured. I could not desire to recapture them, but only to keep the memory of a lovely lady in my heart, to be taken out and fondled and enjoyed now and then.

—Irene Johnson, '40.

Lift Thine Eyes

Brother Gilbert knelt in the tiny monastery chapel for the last time. His fingers slipped swiftly over the smooth beads as he whispered the Ave's. The small red light flickered above the main altar and it held his attention for a moment. The half-formed words came more slowly from his lips—"benedicta tu in mulieribus." Now they stopped all together. He knelt as in a trance staring at the statue of the Virgin. For six long years he had knelt in this same spot, looked at this same scene, and yet he looked now as though he were trying to memorize its features.

Slowly, with down-cast eyes he left the place. Suddenly he realized he wouldn't have to look down any more—he was leaving all this behind. He was leaving all this silence, hands hidden beneath scapulars, cool floors beneath bare feet, and eyes cast downward. He was going home again.

He came to the door in the high wall surrounding the monastery. It was through this same door he had entered here six years ago. It was through this door he hoped to pass only in death. But now, six years later, he was walking again through the door in the wall. Walking out again into the world. He hesitated and then with a firm step walked through.

It was cold and damp out here. A raw March wind swept around the wall. No sun in the sky today. Just a bleak grey coldness. "Nice reception," he thought as he hurried down the walk. "It was bright and shining the day I came in."

He was out on the street now and was walking rapidly against the wind. Strange to live so close to a street and never set eyes on it for six years. He looked around at the houses, small and dirty things crowded close together. Everything was as miserable as one could imagine. It certainly added no zest to the thing he was doing now.

Was he wrong in doing this, in leaving a world apart where he tasted so many joys? He had been over it all many times before, but somehow things looked so different from out here. Maybe he should run back again through the door in the side of the monastery wall!

He turned and stood looking back at the buildings that had been

his home for so long. Go back—no, he couldn't go back ever. He had made a choice and now he must keep to it. He raised his hand and waved. There was no one to wave to but still he felt better for having done it. It was like waving goodbye to an old friend—you didn't know why but you just did. That was it—waving goodbye to an old friend.

Again he turned into the wind and trudged on. A young man was coming down the walk toward him. As he passed he looked quickly at the hat on Brother Gilbert's head and smiled. "Wait a minute," thought the monk, "something's wrong here." With a smile to himself he readjusted his hat to a more pronounced angle on his head. It felt funny at first, but maybe it would help some. It even helped already—gave him sort of a jaunty air.

He purchased his ticket at the elevated and was swept aboard. With a speed entirely new to him they traveled toward the city. Nobody paid much attention to him here on the car so he looked curiously around him. A man near the front of the car was slouched down in the seat reading a newspaper. One foot was thrown across the seat ahead of him. "Wonder if I'll ever get so relaxed as that," Brother Gilbert thought.

A woman of about twenty years sat staring blankly out the window. Her face was painted to a high color and it all clung to her features like a mask.

Near him a child laughed and he turned to find a harrassed mother trying to control a five year old boy from pulling her hat to ribbons.

He didn't want to look at people any more, these few had given him a sort of funny feeling in his stomach. So he sat there swaying with the motion of the car wondering just what he would do first when he got down town.

Before long he was swept again into the hurrying crowds off the elevated. A roar met his ears that was a long time leaving. He just stood there looking about him, looking at the people hurrying down and up the street. Some laughed or smiled but most of them had a serious intent look upon their faces. He wondered if the time would come when he would be racing along a street like this, totally oblivious of the goings on about him.

He walked along the street in a sort of terrified quickness. These people, the noise, the confusion of it all seemed to descend upon him with a swoop and he began to search for a place where he

might rest and be quiet. A sanctuary of this kind was difficult to find he soon discovered. It seemed to him as if he had been walking for hours.

Then he found it. It was a small church set close to the sidewalk. He walked inside and a welcoming stillness came to meet him. As he walked down the aisle he noticed that it wasn't a Catholic Church at all. But even that didn't seem to matter much. At least here was peace and quiet, here he could think out some plan for the next few hours and days.

He sat for a long time thinking. He went over his life from its beginning to the present moment. He knew he would have to go back home as much as he hated facing it. People there would know and remember him, they would ask questions, point their fingers at him. Still he knew, he had to go home. Just where he would get the courage to face it all he did not know. Perhaps it would come to him then.

He arose and turned down the aisle. In the rear above the door he read in letters of faded silver, "Lift Thine Eyes". And then he knew. He knew he could go home now and face it. He knew.

—Bartlett Lubbers, '42.

Love's Confusion

I have the thought of you always
Confused with the bright May sky,
Touched by the light of the white moon,
Linked with the willow's sigh.

I have the breath of you always
Confused with the breath of spring,
With the fragrance of new grape blossoms,
And with the songs I sing.

I have the heart of you always
Confused with this heart of mine,
Feeling the same strong pulse-beat,
Pumping the same rich wine.

—Miriam M. Hawthorn, '39.

