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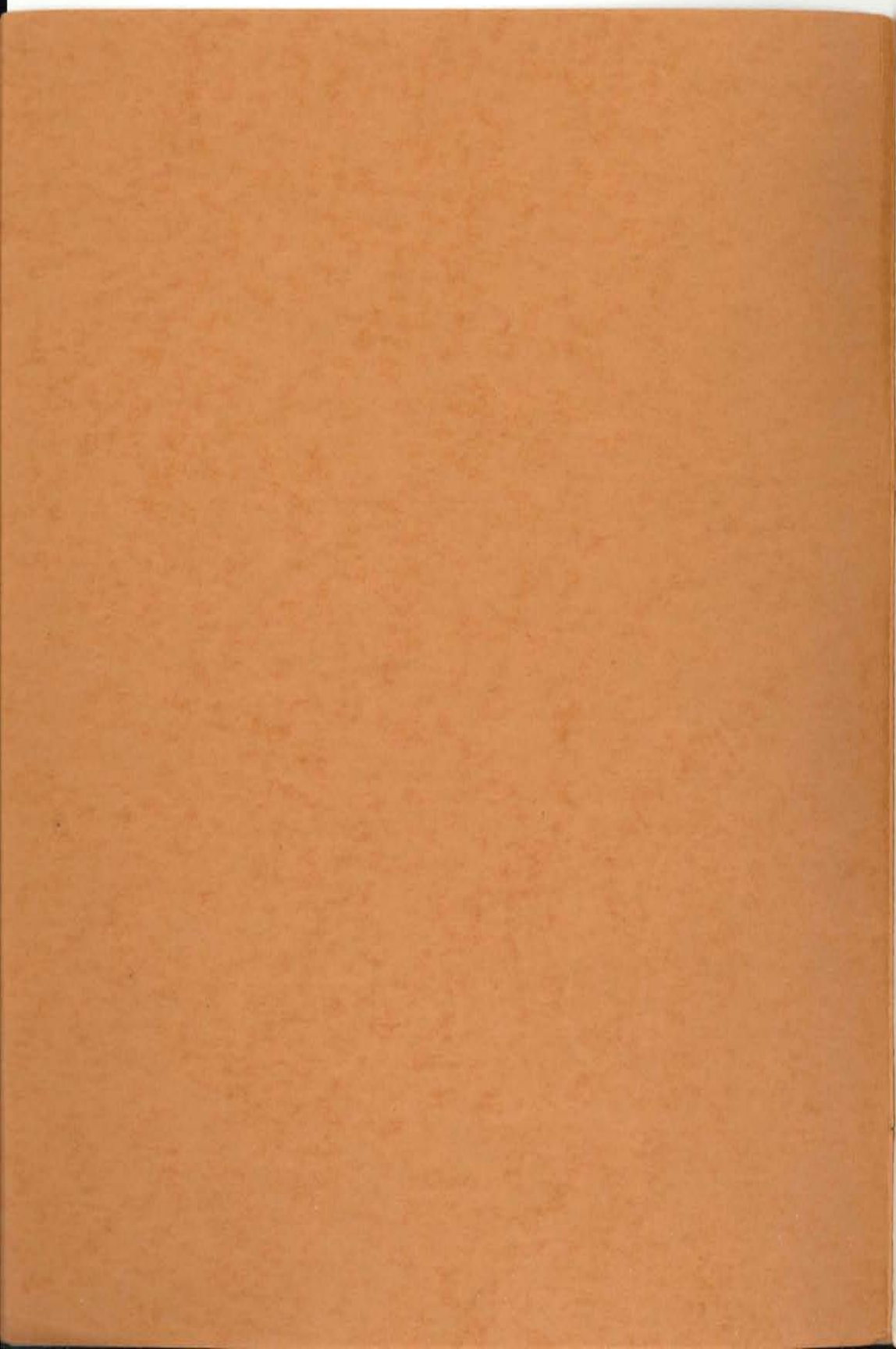
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MANUSCRIPT

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F O R E W O R D

It is with great satisfaction that the editors of *Manuscript* present this issue to the students and faculty, for they have achieved two long-awaited goals in publishing a new form of creative writing on Morningside's campus and in representing the work of students outside the membership of Manuscript Club.

We wish to acknowledge our gratitude, not only to the contributors, but also to Miss Mirah Mills, who has given us valuable counsel and inspiration.

I Showed 'Um

Has father did paint the watertower and, of course I should have known better. But exposed now for the third day to his boastful prattle, I rebelled. As if no one else dared to climb the watertower. It was revolting and utterly disgusting. That he had just won four of my prettiest marbles certainly had nothing to do with my reckless response. Incensed by his attitude of nonchalant superiority I asserted that even I could climb a watertower.

The moon had already risen as I grasped the cool rungs of the iron ladder. The cross bars of the ladder were spaced at an unusual distance so that when stretching for the next step the proximity of my knee and chin altered from one extreme to the other. But I knew this type of climbing technique. I had learned it climbing telephone poles. Having finally gained the platform surrounding the lower extreme of the tank, I looked down to the ground. It was now that I experienced some apprehension. However, the tauntings of my friend below restored my courage and I determined to climb to the top, to the very ball that Louie's father had painted. The tower was so constructed that the circular roof projected beyond the tank, which made it necessary for the ladder to be tilted backward. After I had taken a few steps I glanced up to the edge of the roof; from there my gaze shifted higher and consequently farther back, and I saw the moon. I twisted my neck and looked down. There miles away I saw Louie. A wave of nausea swept over me as I realized the seriousness of my position. Gripping the ladder with all my strength, I leaned forward, thrusting my head through the crossbars. Then I began to climb again, slowly releasing one hold and fastening my hands securely on the bar above, before pulling myself up. I crept up over the edge of the roof on my stomach, clinging tenaciously to the ladder above me. I took another step. Then it happened. YOW! The ladder moved. My foot slipped from the ladder and hit the roof beneath. The ladder moved again. It was now a third of the way around the top. Paralyzed with fear I thought only of hanging to the ladder, but what if the revolving ladder should, in some way, be released from the top ball. Maybe I should let go. No! no, never that. A thousand thoughts flashed through my mind. I groaned and tears streamed down my cheeks. "Dear God," I sobbed, "What shall I do?" I remember, faintly,

Louie calling to me, "You better come down." Of course I wanted to come down, but how? Louie was now thoroughly frightened and I heard him call, "I'm going home." I dared not look down, but I heard him run away.

Now being left alone, I stretched out on the ladder. My strength gradually returned and I cautiously placed my foot on the roof. Slowly but by degrees I worked the ladder back to the main section. Then holding on to the bottom rod of the revolving ladder, I allowed my legs to dangle over the edge of the roof. My toes touched the ladder, I secured a footing; then reaching down with one arm I grasped another rod of the main ladder. Soon I was again standing on the platform surrounding the tower. I climbed down the rest of the way, letting myself fall the last few feet.

Remaining where I fell I sobbed convulsively, then turning on my back I looked up. True I hadn't reached the ball but I had climbed to the top of the watertower. Louie hadn't heard me cry either. Anyway, I showed 'um.

—Harold Wissink, '41.

Spring

Be patient, heart.

Let the mind rule you 'til you lose the hurt
Of desperate awareness
Of yourself.

Forget that you were made for loving,
For sweet pain.

Forget the new buds on new-waking trees.

Forget the songs of birds,

Trembling into ecstasy.

Forget the two-by-two's that form unconsciously

Because the sky is all too blue and clouds too white to bear alone.

Let the mind rule you;

Turn with it to the history books, the psychology books, the profit-
and-loss.

When you listen to Beethoven

Remember the exposition, the development, the recapitulation.

The passion is fantasy—unwise—it cuts too deep.

—Mary Eileen McBride, '41.

"Grandma"

"Grandma's" plants are her children. No matter where you look in her house or thereabouts, you find plants of all varieties. From the first bloom of the jonquil in the spring to the last aster stalk in the fall, her yard is a mass of color. But potted plants are her favorites. She babies them; she allows no one but herself to tend them, and this chore takes her a full half-day at least. If one is "sick," she hovers over it, continually doing this and that to cure its illness, and will hardly leave it alone until it gets well. You never saw a real child get more attention. If the poor thing dies, "Grandma" mourns its death for days, refusing to throw it out until she is sure there is no hope left, and when the verdict is assured, she destroys pot and all to honor its memory.

Eccentric you say? Yes, perhaps, but "Grandma" has nothing else to love. You see, she isn't really my grandmother; she is just a neighbor woman whose husband was killed in a tragic accident only a few months after their marriage. It was a terrible shock to her, and being an overly-emotional type of person, she never completely recovered. So she has lavished all her love and care on her plants, in the same way that some people do on cats or dogs or canaries. I've often wished that I'd known her when she was young for I've heard that she was one of the loveliest girls in the town. That is all I know of her past life except that after her husband's death she lived in Texas for two or three years. When she returned no one knew her; her hair was turning gray, she was thin, wrinkled, and queer. It is strange how tragedy can affect people and change them so completely.

Long ago I gave up trying to find out anything more about her life. "Grandma" has never told anyone about herself and she must be at least eighty-five by now. I know I often hurt her when, as a tactless child, I questioned her about such personal things as to why she lived alone and why she didn't have any little girls of her own. I remember so distinctly the day I told her that when I grew up I was going to raise plants and make doughnuts just as she did. She was handing me the paper bag of sugar to cover the doughnuts (a job I loved and was privileged to do every time she made them). Before she turned away, I was sure I saw her eyes water and she

said, "No, Betty, I want you to be like your mother, not like me." That was as much as she ever showed me of her unhappy life.

I haven't been to see "Grandma" or her plants for a long time now, but I suppose they are almost the same as always. When I started to school I quit going over to see her as often as I had. I enjoyed the company of first-graders more. Of course, I ran in now and then—to help her with her Christmas baking, to see any new plant or bloom or the first bud on the poinsettia or the Easter lily, and until I moved away I always ate my birthday luncheons at "Grandma's." But the times became more and more infrequent as I grew up.

The last time I saw her was almost three years ago. I had only a few minutes, but as I ran around to the back door of the gray cement-block house (it would have hurt her had I used the front), I noticed the same old flower pots filling the windows in every room, the pansy bed, the tulips which grew along the walk, the lilac bushes just beginning to blossom, and my favorite nook where the lilies of the valley were enjoying the shade. "Grandma" was glad to see me, I know, although she didn't show it much. She pulled off her apron, gave me a quick kiss on the cheek, and asked me to sit down, which I did—on the same old high stool in the corner by the kitchen range. I regretted having to decline her insistent invitation to stay for supper; however, I did get a glass of milk and some ginger cookies before I left. I was hoping I could have one of her delicious doughnuts, but she said she didn't make doughnuts much anymore because no one was here to eat "the holes."

Well, probably "Grandma" won't be making ginger cookies or doughnuts or anything else much longer because she is getting old and her health is rapidly failing. She still tends her flowers with the same loving care as always, but you can see that the work is harder for her than it used to be. I imagine that when she dies her will will read, "Please bury all my plants with me." She couldn't trust them to any one else.

—Betty Jean Bootjer, '42.

The Man Who Killed War

Nobody ever saw Horace. He was there, but in all the hustle and hurry he was completely covered with dust. Not that Horace minded. Now and then his wife Agnes nagged him into being dissatisfied with himself, but mostly he rather liked being forgotten. It gave him time to think. Horace thought about important things, too. He read the editorials in the newspapers, and he listened to the President's fireside chats. He even read the comics when Agnes wasn't looking.

Some people think best when they are walking, or doodling, or scratching their heads. And some people think just when they open their mouths, and sometimes they are astonished at what comes out. Horace thought best when he was fishing. He had plenty of time then because he never caught any fish, which was rather fortunate since he didn't like fish much anyway. But it gave him something to do and time to think.

This Sunday afternoon he got his rod and creel and hiked out to Lowner's Creek. It wasn't far from town but the sun was hot and by the time Horace reached the pool he could feel little beads of sweat all over his body. So he sat down in the shade of a big oak tree and after scrouging around a bit, he stretched out on his back, selected an inviting blade of grass upon which to chew and prepared to think. The hum of honey-searching bees and the slow drift of cottony clouds were not thought inducing, however. Horace turned over on one elbow and reached for the Sunday paper—he always brought the newspaper with him for just such an emergency.

Sitting on the paper was a big, ugly bee. She was all tired out from looking for honey and had decided to rest a bit before going back to the hive. When Horace started to pick up the paper upon which she was reclining, it annoyed her because after all she felt she was entitled to a few minutes' rest. She worked harder than any of the other bees anyway. So just for spite she stung Horace as hard as she could. She stung so hard that it hurt Horace horribly, and he jumped to his feet and began waving his wounded hand in the air. He waved it so long and so wildly that he became dizzy.

When his head had finally stopped spinning, Horace saw in front of him the strangest sight he had ever seen. He saw a gigantic, monstrous man, with a leer and two rolling mustaches. His hair

hung in dirty, uneven strands from beneath a battered helmet. He had an enormous, low-hanging belly and his continuous belches sent forth clouds of poisonous smoke which crept around behind the trees and down into holes in the ground so that even the little animals came coughing to the surface. When he spied them, the giant stomped on them with his cleated boots. The crushing of their skulls amused him so that he opened his mouth wide, so wide that his blackened teeth seemed to leap out, and he roared with satisfaction.

Horace ran behind a tree and peeked out at the giant. When he belched forth smoke, Horace held his breath, but the wind was blowing in the other direction. Horace had become so much interested in what was going on that he had crept out from behind the tree so that when the giant turned around, there was Horace standing just two feet away from the big toe on the giant's right foot. Horace started to scamper away, but the giant put down one big paw and caught Horace by his left leg. He lifted him up in front of one blood-shot eye and looked poor Horace up and down while Horace dangled in the air for what seemed an eternity. All he could see was one big eye, and it grew and grew until it seemed to Horace that the eye was the only thing in the world.

The giant was becoming angry. He opened his mouth and roared while his tonsils bounced up and down, "Ho, why didn't you run from me like the rest? Don't you know that they all run away from me?"

Horace hadn't known; so he shook his head. This made the giant even more angry. It made him so angry that he jumped up and down while the world quivered and quaked. Horace put his hands over his ears because of the awful things the giant said when he was angry.

Suddenly the quivering stopped and the giant stood still. It surprised Horace into opening his eyes and taking his hands from his ears. The giant was staring into the sky, and he was pleased because he was smiling in anticipation. At first Horace couldn't hear anything. Then he heard a faint buzz and he saw an airplane coming out of one of the puffy feather-bed clouds. The giant dropped Horace into his vest pocket where he fell down to the bottom with a bounce. He bounced so high that he managed to grab hold of the top of the pocket. He lifted himself up and looked over the top.

The plane came closer and closer. When it got within reach, the giant stretched up an arm and crushed one wing as if it were paper. The plane fell toward the earth leaving behind it a billowing parachute which drifted gently to earth where a man emerged from the white folds. He was very pale, and he lay down and hugged the ground while his lips moved silently.

The giant looked at the man in scorn. He lifted him from the ground. He lifted him as high as his head and dashed him down to the ground so fiercely that he never moved again.

This frightened Horace so that he felt his mouth go dry and bloody while his fingers grew numb and he slipped down to the bottom of the pocket. The giant reached in and pulled him out.

"You see they don't get away from me," he growled.

Horace gulped. He tried to shout just as loud as the giant had, but somehow he only seemed to squeak. "You're a bad man. A bad, bad man and someday, someday . . . you'll find out."

Horace was talking faster and faster because the more he talked the braver he became. "They'll kill you! They'll shoot you full of holes! They'll kill you!"

The giant only laughed as if Horace had told him a good joke. Then he frowned and took a deep breath which made him twice as big.

"They won't hurt me," he roared. "They can't hurt me because I'm War. They've kept me tied up for years. Long years. But I've been waiting. And every night I sharpened my knives and oiled my guns because I was waiting. They couldn't keep *me* tied up. My friends cut the cords that bound me, and now I'm free. I'm free to wipe all of my enemies off the face of the earth. I won't leave one. I am going to rule forever. I'm growing and growing. Pretty soon I'll have swallowed everyone."

He roared again and strode over to a near-by town where he picked up a little child who was running along the street. He held the child in his hands and then slowly closed his fingers, snuffing out the bit of life they held. This made War laugh. He laughed so hard that a button flew off his coat and knocked over the town. That amused him even more. It made him laugh so hard and so long that he got a stitch in his side and had to sit down. He sat down with such a bump that Horace slipped right out of his grasp. But War didn't notice because he was laughing so hard. Horace

ran and ran until he was on the other side of a mountain, and all the way he could hear War roaring with laughter.

When Horace reached the other side of the mountain, he was so tired that he had to sit down. He sat on a big, red rock and puffed and puffed until he began to feel better. This side of the mountain was peaceful and quiet. The green trees stood like sentinels, and there were good crops in the small, square fields. Far away he could see the spires of a village. Horace could hardly believe that War was just on the other side of the mountain. He stood up and stretched leisurely, then he began to walk down the mountain to the village.

In the village the people sang as they went along the streets to their homes. Looking through the window of one home Horace could see a jolly, fat woman preparing supper. In the kitchen with the woman were two small children, and every time the woman turned her back the children reached for a bit of this and that on the table. The woman spanked their tiny hands lovingly and sang a little song as she poured out glasses full of cold milk. The sight of the food made Horace hungry, and the children made him smile. But just then he felt the earth shake slightly and he remembered War. The woman stopped singing. She stood with her pitcher in her hand and stared at the children playing on the floor.

Horace continued on down the middle of the narrow village street until he came to the main square. The square was jammed with men of all ages and sizes. There was a midget in a red, peaked hat, and a bearded old grandfather with a cane in the shape of a snake. All the men carried guns and swords, and some of them even had pitchforks. As Horace came nearer he could hear the men yelling and cheering. The man who yelled the loudest had on a bright red coat which barely came together over his stout middle. He was waving a sword which caught the shining rays of the setting sun, and the more violently he waved the sword the straighter stood the two yellow hairs on his head.

"As Mayor of this village," declared the stout man, "I am going to lead you to success! Success in the battle that we must fight! For War must be killed!"

The crowd cheered and threw their hats into the air. The name War made Horace feel a little green, but in all the excitement no one noticed it for all eyes were on the red coat, the shining steel

blade, and those two yellow hairs. The mayor moved out in front of the men who fell into marching lines behind him. Horace found himself in the middle of the tenth line. He tried to ease himself out of the formation, but the men kept walking straight ahead and Horace was forced to go along with them.

Left, right, left, right, left, right. . . They marched through the streets of the village and toward the mountain. By the time they reached the top of the mountain it was growing dark, but the mayor kept right on. They marched down the other side of the mountain into the valley where it was dark and cold. An owl sat on a limb and hooted them. This made Horace jump in fright, but the other men didn't even hear it.

Suddenly over the top of a distant grove of trees red flames leaped into the sky. They danced higher and higher until they lit up the whole countryside and turned red the faces of the mayor and his men. As they drew near, the fire became hotter and hotter until the mayor's brave sword began to curl and melt.

As they went closer, they could see that the fire covered thirty acres and was so hot that it scorched everything for miles around. Along the edge of the fire stood War. His hands were outstretched to the flames, and he grunted with pleasure as the blaze warmed him. The fire threatened to die down, so War plucked a big cottonwood out of the ground and threw it on the fire where it burst into instant flames.

When the men saw War standing there by his fire, they hesitated and pulled back, but the mayor called the charge. The men thrust their swords up to the hilt in War's legs. They fired their guns at War's head, and their cannon balls beat at War's chest. But War never wavered. The swords scratched his legs and made him so angry that he stomped on the men, but the shells and the cannon balls only bounced off War's mighty chest.

The men were frightened and began to flee back across the mountain, but War picked them up and tossed them onto the crackling fire. When they had all been thrown into the flames, War laid himself down by the fire and shortly began to snore.

From under a big boulder crept Horace, and from behind a blue spruce tree came the bedraggled mayor. They soon saw that they were the only survivors. The mayor was so frightened that his false teeth jumped in his mouth and bit his tongue. He wanted to run

quickly back over the mountain, but Horace was becoming thoughtful, and when he had something to think about, he liked to think. So Horace and the mayor sat down by War. Horace thought, but the mayor sat and shivered with fright. Each time War snored the mayor became a shade whiter until he could hardly be seen he was so light.

But Horace was thinking so hard that he forgot to be afraid of War. Finally he turned to the mayor.

"It doesn't seem possible," he reasoned. "It really doesn't. Surely there isn't anything so big that it can destroy all those men. I don't believe it. I simply don't believe in War. Why, there isn't any such thing. It's just something that men thought up to scare each other with."

The mayor nodded politely, but he didn't look very convinced. He turned to where War was lying asleep. Then his eyes bulged in astonishment for War was beginning to shrivel up and shrink. Even as he looked War grew smaller and smaller until he was no bigger than the smallest lad in all the land.

"You did it!" the mayor shouted. "You killed War, Horace. You killed him with disbelief. He died when you no longer believed in him." And the mayor was so happy that he grabbed Horace and kissed him on both cheeks.

Horace looked and sure enough War had disappeared. All that was left of him was one big boot. Then the fire died down, and the grass grew again, and the trees pointed straight and tall once more.

The mayor and Horace got up and started to walk back over the mountain. The mayor had his arm across Horace's shoulders and was promising him the biggest medal in his collection for killing War. And Horace was dragging behind him the one big boot, the only remains of War. He was taking it home to his wife Agnes who was one of a class called the Skeptical.

—Gwendolyn Downey, '43.

Completely Cowed

Mrs. Cowslip Hereford and Mrs. Betsy Hereford had decided to have cud together today. It was a little custom just started in their crowd and now Friday didn't seem right if they didn't have their cud. Usually the girls all got together but today the others had engagements in other parts of the pasture. The days were so short and the schedule had gotten so full. There were the beauty clubs, the Cow's aid society, and the milk-purifying circle. Yesterday there had been such an entertaining talk at the Teeth and Tongue Club. That charming Siamese cow that had been moored about so long had talked. She hadn't been so beautiful as they had expected but then everyone can't be beautiful. That new fly-prevention league seemed very active but would they ever really do anything? As it was everyone bellowed and kicked around about things but never got anywhere.

"Betsy," Mrs. Cowslip said as she stopped chewing her cud and tilted her head daintily, "have you heard about that young Brindle cow? I hear she's really hard to handle. She likes to run away and jump over all the safe old fences, the fences and walls that have been around us for years."

"Yes, I know; I just don't know what this younger generation is coming to. Now when I was her age—. She's so particular about her ears and neck—to keep them brushed and shiney—and she dances around all the time and doesn't tend to her business."

"Oh," said Mrs. Pansy, who had just sauntered up, "she's young yet. Give her time. Wait till she has a family. Now with my little Spotty I have all I can do to keep him clean and to see that he eats his meals on time and doesn't get himself hurt."

"Yes, I know." Mrs. Cowslip was thinking of her own youngster. Her big brown eyes were tender and soft as she thought of him. Even though he was just learning to walk he was much more intelligent than the offspring of all these other cows—but she wouldn't say so.

"Girls, did you hear about that Mrs. Premium Guernsey who received the beauty prize at the fair yesterday? Well, you know, I used to know her before I came here. In fact I slept in the stall next to hers over at Cloverdale for a whole year. I'm so thrilled! We just must organize another club, a home-missionary circle to help

the weaker ones of our herd grow strong and perhaps we can get the prize for the finest herd next year. When I saw her walking around that stage it thrilled me to my very hoofs to think what a beautiful club we can organize."

The girls received Betsy's plan with open fore-legs and then adjourned for milking time.

—Mary Eileen McBride, '41.

Time

Yesterday I dreamed of Tomorrow.
 Tomorrow would bring me freedom.
 Tomorrow would film over the dead gray thoughts of Yesterday
 with joy.
 Tomorrow would bring me peace.

Tomorrow came.
 Tomorrow brought me freedom.
 Tomorrow brought me courage.
 Tomorrow brought me peace—for one brief instant.
 And then Tomorrow stole away and left Today.

Today I pray that this courage will not slip away as swiftly as
 Yesterday's Tomorrow.

—Marjorie Foster, '44.

Silence

Do you hear the silence?
 The thick, unbroken silence,
 The pleading, questioning silence where no answer is?
 The silence of the little child amid the scream of bombs,
 The dumb silence in the mother's heart,
 The vacant staring silence of the dead,
 The silence of no words where words should be.
 Can you and I with our high talk and wise phrase of "How" and
 "Wherefore";
 Can we tell them?
 Can we answer why?

—Betty Huxtable, '41.

All's Well That Ends

A One Act Comedy

By Kenneth Johnson, '41.

(The play is enacted in the combination living and dining room of Diana Hinkle's apartment. It is a simple room with a studio couch, parlor furniture, and the front door at one end, an imitation fireplace in the background, and a dinette set and the kitchen door at the other end. A telephone and phone book lie on a small end-table near the couch. A large purse is in plain view on a chair.

The cheerful looking young chap in the housemaid's apron and the chef's cap is Diana Hinkle's husband, Herbert Hinkle. You'll like Herbert, with his broad shoulders and introverted charm. He is a pretty fair catch-as-catch-can housekeeper too, as you can see by the way he wields the dust mop under the table. No, that isn't the cat howling: it is Herbert singing *Solo Mio* in his best operatic fashion. In fact, "Solo Mio" are the only words that he knows of the song so he repeats them over and over in different pitches. In the midst of the seventh or eighth "Solo" the doorbell rings. He answers.)

HERBERT: Hey, take it easy, honey. The door must be locked. *(He fumbles with the latch. It opens. Diana enters, a vision in white linen, carrying a briefcase. She lays the case on the table and kisses Herbert in the same motion.)*

DIANA: *(Removing her hat and tossing it beside the briefcase)* Why the regalia, Herbert? Housecleaning?

HERBERT: I thought I'd dust the place up a bit, Diana. Some spaghetti-voice called this afternoon, so I put two and two together.

DIANA: Two and two?

HERBERT: Sure, a foreign accent on the telephone means a Count or an Archduke for dinner.

DIANA: Why, Herbert!

HERBERT: I hadn't been Mrs. Diana Hinkle for more than two weeks before I learned that every time you start a new novel the place gets cluttered up with fake royalty.

DIANA: Herbert Hinkle, you're jealous.

HERBERT: I am not.

DIANA: Well, this time you're wrong. He isn't coming.

HERBERT: That's a shame, Diana. I was cooking onion stew . . . did the law tag him?

DIANA: The law?

HERBERT: G-men. They're rounding up phoney Counts for the fifth column. Your Spanish friend better lie low for a while.

DIANA: I told you he isn't coming . . . at least . . . well, he isn't coming.

HERBERT: (*Removing the apron and tossing it in a corner with the dust mop*) You're positive? Then I'll let you in on a big secret.

DIANA: What is it, sink clogged up?

HERBERT: Nope, better than that.

DIANA: You've bought a new cook book?

HERBERT: Heaven forbid... Say, what's the matter with my cooking?

DIANA: (*Sitting on the couch and opening her briefcase*) Nothing, darling, but tell me your secret before I burst with curiosity. (*She obviously is not curious*)

HERBERT: (*Grandly*) I got a job!

DIANA: No! (*She IS interested now*)

HERBERT: Yup, on the Star-Journal. From now on I go out and earn the bread and butter. You stay home and have babies and cook onion stew. How does that sound to you, Mrs. Hinkle?

DIANA: Herbert, that's awful. I have a career. After a few more novels we'll be rich.

HERBERT: Yah, well I got my pride. After a few more novels I'll be a worm, a miserable, crawling, henpecked worm, groveling around the boots of all your barons and dukes.

DIANA: You know very well they mean nothing to me, less than nothing. But how can I write stories about romance and nobility unless I associate with people who talk and act like nobility?

HERBERT: Why don't you try writing about romance and babies? I've heard there's a connection.

DIANA: My public, they don't want me to write about babies. Who wants to read about babies when they probably have dozens of them tearing all over the house?

HERBERT: But think of the pathos. Picture a poor little foundling on the doorstep of the rich old miser... then...

DIANA: Stop it. I won't do any such thing. And listen to me, Herbert Hinkle, just how much is the Star-Journal going to pay you for your remarkable services?

HERBERT: Eighty bucks.

DIANA: A week?

HERBERT: No, a month... but it won't be for long; I'll soon be up in the big money brackets.

DIANA: Eighty dollars a month! We can't even hire a maid for that. And I'm not going to stay home and do housework.

HERBERT: (*Sitting down beside her*) Of course not, darling. You have a nice start on the new novel, haven't you? How long will it take you to finish?

DIANA: Three weeks. Honest, Herbert, I haven't fallen the least bit in love with Señor Gargados.

HERBERT: So that's who spaghetti-voice is, Gargados! What a mouthful. What about the nobility, isn't there any blueblood in this book?

DIANA: It's about a Spanish gentleman who falls in love with a beautiful Señorita.

HERBERT: And is Gargados the gentleman?

DIANA: Yes.

HERBERT: Does he know you have a husband?

DIANA: Certainly.

HERBERT: Well, you tell him you're gonna write a story about a beautiful young husband who fell in love with his wife and got a job on a newspaper.

DIANA: (*Rising and walking toward the china closet and beginning to set the table . . . Herbert follows*) Now you're just trying to be funny, Herbert.

HERBERT: So now I'm funny . . . all right . . . I'm funny . . . but why not fall in love with your husband once? . . . After all, think of the comfort a nice young husband can be . . . and no gossip . . . no scandal in the papers, no sudden awakening to the shocking reality of life . . . or is there?

DIANA: Please let the matter drop. You know very well that I never take any of them seriously. They're tools, that's what they are, tools, to give me information.

HERBERT: Well, I don't like them.

DIANA: Must you keep nagging at me like that? How can I get inspiration for a story when you rant and rave at me?

HERBERT: I never rave at you.

DIANA: Yes you do. . . . You're always nagging about dukes and babies and onion stew. . . . It upsets me. You know I have a nervous temperament. It makes cold chills run up and down my back. (*She paces back and forth*)

HERBERT: Diana, look me in the eye.

DIANA: I won't.

HERBERT: You've fallen for this Gargados guy.

DIANA: I have not . . . maybe just a teentsie bit . . . only enough to get the idea for the plot . . . believe me, Herbert. . . Anyway, I gave you my word after that Baron Priblof affair that I never would again, and now you're doubting me . . . just like a husband.

HERBERT: But if only you wouldn't be so chummy with these chaps, you wouldn't fall in love with them. Can't you learn to be a sort of sophisticated snob . . . like those in your books? Then you could shed 'em off like old shoes.

DIANA: Good Heavens! Will you please be quiet? I can't stand it.

HERBERT: Yes, darling. You're in love with Gargados, aren't you?

DIANA: What if I am, can I help it?

HERBERT: Hmmmm, what chapter are you on now?

DIANA: Seven. What does that have to do with it?

HERBERT: I thought you must be about that far. I'm getting to know the symptoms. Your pattern is so well established that when you tell me how many pages you've written, I can tell you how many times he's held your hand. Is he ready to save you from your stupid husband yet?

DIANA: You've been snooping!

HERBERT: No, darling, but I've read your books. They're all alike. The dream prince rescues Cinderella from her hopeless husband and they flee to his castle in Burgundy for champagne and caviar.

DIANA: Señor Gargados has a hacienda in Brazil.

HERBERT: Is he taking you there?

DIANA: No.

HERBERT: What's the matter, has he got scruples? I suppose my wife isn't good enough for him! Maybe he needs a good sock in the nose. Shall I sock Gargados in the nose for you, honey? I'll show that big Spaghetti he can't break my wife's heart . . . uh . . . is he very big?

DIANA: Herbert, be still. I'm sick and tired of hearing about Gargados. I don't ever want to see him or hear his name again.

HERBERT: He turned you down, huh?

DIANA: He didn't show up for lunch, and I waited almost an hour.

HERBERT: The dog! I'll punch him so silly...how big did you say he was?

DIANA: Who?

HERBERT: Gargados.

DIANA: Why I guess he must be about...oh! will you please be still...GARGADOS! GARGADOS! Is that all you can talk about? I'm through with him...you understand...I...shut up! *(The phone rings. Diana answers)* HELLO!...oh...*(milk and honey)* Señor Gargados.

HERBERT: Let me talk to him.

DIANA: Go 'way!...no, not you, Señor Gargados...*(it drips)*...uh...I understand...*(shocked)* No! you can't...I said, no...Of course I do, but not now...my husband...No! *(stares at the receiver a moment, then turns to Herbert)* He hung up.

HERBERT: What do you expect? The way you shouted at him.

DIANA: But...uh...Herbert, he's in a phone booth downstairs...that is, he was in a phone booth...he's coming up...here.

HERBERT: Let him come...that's the least he can do is come after you if you're going to Brazil with him.

DIANA: *(Wildly)* Brazil! Who wants to go to Brazil? I don't WANT to go to Brazil! I don't like Gargados...he eats garlic...his hair is oily...I hate oily hair...you know I can't stand oily hair...*(the doorbell)*...There he is now, Herbert...*(pleading)* Tell him to go away...I only wanted him for a story...please don't leave me alone with him...the garlic...it's awful.

HERBERT: Take it easy, sweetheart. Are you going to stay home and cook onion stew while I work?

DIANA: I loathe onion stew.

HERBERT: Mrs. Hinkle, I won't stay here and listen to you belittle my onion stew...and I'm tired of playing peekaboo with creampuff counts and spineless spiks...you can get rid of your own useless baggage. I'm going into the kitchen and stew. I mean cook stew. Get it? I wash my hands of the whole affair...I wash my hands of the whole deal...G'wan to Brazil! *(The bell rings again)*

DIANA: Please, help me, Herbert...I swear this is the last time...Please don't leave me alone with him.

HERBERT: That's right, with him around you'll be alone...
Ha!

DIANA: Don't try to be funny at a time like this. . . . Stay with me, Herbert.

HERBERT: No, I'm going to fix my onion stew before it boils over. Get rid of him yourself . . . unless you change your mind about keeping house and growing babies . . . then just call me. (*The bell*) Go let him in. Tell him I give you up . . . say you're free to marry him. (*He goes into the kitchen, picking up the apron. Diana wrings her hands, then goes to the door as the latch is being rattled furiously. She opens the door and Gargados enters seizing her hands dramatically*)

GARGADOS: (*The accent is thicker than the garlic. He is a puny, slick, little brown man with a waxy black mustache, immaculate attire and exaggerated mannerisms*) Ah, my little coffee bean. The door, it was locked between us.

DIANA: (*Turning her face aside and shrinking somewhat from the aroma*) Uh . . . yes, it was locked . . . mice, you know . . . that is . . . I didn't mean . . .

GARGADOS: It doesn't matter, now . . . the barrier is no more separating our love . . . we are together . . . let us fly together. (*He showers her hands with kisses . . . she jerks them away and backs toward the fireplace. He follows*)

DIANA: What about lunch? I waited almost an hour for you.

GARGADOS: For that you must forgive me, Señorita. The ambassador from my homeland, he call me. Carlos, he say, I have the perilous diplomatic mission for you to undertake. I say no, I have not the time for it. He say, Carlos, the life of our country is at stake. You are the only one who can save her by taking this mission. I say that is a pity, Pedro. I call him Pedro. But my little Señorita, she is waiting. You must get another patriot for the mission. He weeps, but I am firm. I leave him at last, but I am too late for the lunch. But now we can fly away together.

DIANA: You are kind, Señor, but . . . uh, I can't fly . . .

GARGADOS: You are right, my Señorita, we cannot fly.

DIANA: (*Relieved*) You are sure . . . then everything will be all right?

GARGADOS: Si, everything is all right. There is no plane for South America this week, so we cannot fly, but we can take the boat . . . we shall sail . . . no?

DIANA: NO! That is . . . we mustn't, Señor Gargados, I . . . I . . .

GARGADOS: But, si, we must fly, I mean we must sail . . . at once . . . tonight. My beautiful hacienda in Brazil . . . she is waiting . . . waiting in the soft silver moonlight . . .

DIANA: It's only five thirty.

GARGADOS: Five thirty, six thirty, ten thirty . . . what does it matter? You shall be in my arms. (*He holds them out . . . Diana shudders*)

DIANA: (*Flattened against the fireplace, further retreat cut off for the moment*) No, no, I can't . . . let me explain. (*Suddenly noble*) I was a fool to think there could ever be anything between us. I didn't realize the sacrifice that I was asking you to make. But all is clear to me at last. Your government, your country, needs you. You cannot sacrifice your duty to your homeland just to satisfy the whims of a foolish woman. (*She straightens, looks him in the eye, and rests her hand on his shoulder like a martyr thrusting her hand into the burning fire*) Señor Gargados, I will not be selfish. I give you up to your country!

GARGADOS: (*Awestricken*) Señorita, I love you. You are magnificent, noble. Only now do I comprehend the greatness of your soul. But you cannot throw aside your true feelings like this . . . I won't let you. My country can wait! It is you that I love.

DIANA: No, Señor.

GARGADOS: My precious one, what is a country with true love at stake?

DIANA: It is your duty to leave me.

GARGADOS: You must come with me . . . to the hacienda.

DIANA: (*Still the martyr*) I cannot impose upon you in this hour of your country's need.

GARGADOS: Kiss me, my flower.

DIANA: (*Ducking beneath his outstretched arms and backing toward the kitchen*) Herbert! Herbert!

HERBERT: (*From the kitchen*) What?

DIANA: Is the onion stew ready?

HERBERT: No.

DIANA: Oh.

GARGADOS: Onion stew? I did not come for onion stew. Why do you shout for stew when my heart is consuming itself with passion for you?

DIANA: My husband . . . you must meet him. Don't you think you should meet him?

GARGADOS: (*Shrugging*) Perhaps it is best. We can tell him at once.

DIANA: Now?

GARGADOS: But of course, my Señorita, it is only fair. One must always tell the husband so he will not worry about the wife's safety.

DIANA: You, you ALWAYS tell the husbands?

GARGADOS: No, you tell him, I will wait for you outside.

DIANA: But you don't understand. Herbert, he isn't like other husbands. Oh, here he comes. (*Herbert enters, aproned and capped. He is honing a huge meat cleaver on a crockery bowl. Yes, he's singing SOLO MIO again. Diana and Gargados stand transfixed as he paces around the room. Finally Herbert stands before Gargados, lifts one foot on a chair, and nonchalantly waves the cleaver beneath his nose*)

HERBERT: Prince Ratski, do you know the rest of the words to that confounded song?

GARGADOS: (*Fingering his collar*) Did you say song?

HERBERT: That's what I said, Ratski.

DIANA: Ratski!

GARGADOS: Ratski! I am Señor Carlos Guiseppi Gargados.

HERBERT: You sure look a lot like Ratski. He was a nice fellow. I'll just call you Charlie.

DIANA: Herbert, put down that meat cleaver.

HERBERT: I was chopping onions.

GARGADOS: (*Nervously*) Did you say Prince Ratski WAS a nice fellow?

HERBERT: Yeah, poor chap, he was in love with my wife, too.

DIANA: Herbert! Señor Gargados is our guest. I am sure Prince Ratski is no concern of his.

HERBERT: (*Laughingly*) I'm sorry, Diana. I guess Ratski is of no concern to anyone any more. How do you like onion stew, Baron?

GARGADOS: With garlic. . . Gargados is my name, Gargados.

HERBERT: Well, don't let it get you down, Charlie. My wife had one fellow hanging around here named Dullpepper. Poor Dullpepper, he was a duke.

DIANA: Herbert, are you crazy?

GARGADOS: Mr. Hinkle, you cannot frighten a Gargados with a meat chopper. (*Retreating toward the door*) Your wife has something of grave importance to tell you.

HERBERT: Hey, don't rush off like that. (*Pushes him into a chair*) Sit down and make yourself at home. There's no need to be embarrassed about this thing, Count. It's quite a regular occurrence around here. (*Looking from one to the other*) Now which of you wishes to break the bad news to me this time?

DIANA: There isn't any bad news, Herbert. That is... you see...

GARGADOS: Your wife has a noble spirit, Hinkle. What she is trying to say is that my country needs me. But no, I will not let her make the great sacrifice. She is much, much too beautiful.

HERBERT: Wait a minute, Charlie. Did you ever see her at the breakfast table?

DIANA: Herbert!

HERBERT: After all, Diana, I think it's only fair to warn him about breakfast.

DIANA: Don't be absurd!

HERBERT: Listen, Charlie. Did you ever look over the top of the morning paper and see a curler-studded mudpack dropping sugar into your coffee?

GARGADOS: I don't like sugar in my coffee.

HERBERT: I don't like sugar in my coffee, either, and Mudpack knows it, but does that make any difference to Mudpack? Not a bit. She drops in four lumps every morning before I can stop her.

GARGADOS: Four lumps! Caramba! Who is this Señor Mudpack that drops the sugar?

HERBERT: He's a she, Ratski, and he isn't my mother.

GARGADOS: Not Ratski, Gargados!

HERBERT: I keep forgetting. Poor Ratski.

DIANA: Herbert, will you please be reasonable? Señor Gargados isn't interested in anything you have to say to him.

HERBERT: They why did he come?

GARGADOS: I have come, my young friend, to inform you that you are about to be separated from your beloved.

HERBERT: Impossible!

GARGADOS: (*Rising oratorically*) It is only too true, my brave Señor Hinkle. But you must have courage. Disasters have fallen

upon the hearts of men before and ever have great losses extended greater men to greater lengths to in some small way reconstruct their blighted hopes . . .

HERBERT: BLIGHT! You mean there's been a blight in the onion crops! Say, that's awful. That's quite a blow. You're right. I must have courage, I must conserve my supply. There is only about half a bushel left in the kitchen.

DIANA: Herbert, do you feel all right?

HERBERT: Well, I did feel all right until I heard about this onion blight. Are you sure of your facts, Gargados?

GARGADOS: No! I mean I don't know . . . nothing of onions . . . I only know that I am going to Brazil with your wife!

DIANA: But . . . wait . . . I'm not ready, I mean, I can't . . .

HERBERT: Of course you can, darling. (*Laughs heartily, slapping Gargados on the back*) Egad! Charlie, you had me worried for a minute. I thought I'd have to spend the winter without my onion stews.

DIANA: (*Indignant*) Do you mean to say, Herbert Hinkle, that you are more concerned with your onion stews than you are with me?

GARGADOS: Where is your chivalry, Señor?

HERBERT: With onion stew there is no place for chivalry, Ratski. What would you do if all the garlic in the world were burned overnight, sit around and worry over women?

GARGADOS: Then you do not care if your wife goes to Brazil with me?

DIANA: You, you don't care?

HERBERT: Why, no, why should I?

GARGADOS: It is customary.

DIANA: Yes, it's customary.

HERBERT: Well, what shall I do? Chop him? (*Waving the cleaver again*) It's rather messy, you know, with a new rug on the floor . . .

GARGADOS: No! No! The rug, you must not stain the rug! I will take her peacefully, without bloodshed.

HERBERT: That's darn sporting of you, Charlie. That's what I like about you, the gallant way that you accept misfortune.

GARGADOS: Misfortune?

DIANA: OH!

HERBERT: You better pack, Diana, before he changes his mind. And by the way, there's a recipe for garlic sauce in the kitchen. You better pack that too.

DIANA: (*Almost weeping*) I won't. You're a beast.

GARGADOS: Where is your compassion, Señor. You must not be so cold about this affair. Your wife is very delicate, her soul, her spirit is in the clouds . . . that is why she is leaving you. You stifle her sacred feelings with dull household routine . . . you do not understand her soul as I do, I, Carlos Guiseppi Gargados. Her sensitive mind, it roams far, far away into the regions untouched by hum-drum activity.

HERBERT: (*Practically*) Where is that?

GARGADOS: Exactly. You admit your ignorance. You admit that you cannot comprehend the enormity of her spirit.

DIANA: Stop. Don't talk to Herbert like that. Perhaps he doesn't understand my soul but he tries, I know he tries.

HERBERT: (*Walking over to Diana*) Diana . . . let me talk to you. Did you tell Charlie that I stifle your sacred feelings?

DIANA: I didn't say it in those exact words.

HERBERT: Am I cold and compassionless?

DIANA: Well . . . that's putting it rather hard.

HERBERT: Did you tell Charlie that I do not understand the depth of your spirit? . . . Did you?

GARGADOS: It is an obvious fact!

HERBERT: Shut up. Let Diana do her own talking . . . well . . .

DIANA: Well, Herbert darling, sometimes you are a bit unsympathetic.

HERBERT: But, I've always TRIED to understand you. . . . Well, I guess that's the answer. I'll do the right thing by you.

DIANA: Right thing?

HERBERT: I set you free. (*Noble*) Go . . . go to Brazil with your true, understanding lover.

GARGADOS: Ah . . . spoken like a man of great moral character.

DIANA: You can't let me go. I won't let you!

HERBERT: (*Hamlet-ish*) Quiet, my love. Please do not spoil my one great hour of understanding. My heart is light. . . . No longer have I a prisoner in my gilded cage. Fly into the arms of your handsome lover. I go, before my onion stew boils over . . . awg wah, my pet . . . awg wah, Señor. . . . (*He starts to leave*)

DIANA: Herbert! Come back to me!

HERBERT: (*Pausing*) But wait, one more thing. You have been a true sportsman about this whole affair, Charlie. It is only fair that I warn you about my wife . . . she hates garlic!

GARGADOS: Impossible! Everybody in my hacienda loves garlic!

HERBERT: Another thing, are you a good housekeeper?

GARGADOS: Housekeeper?

DIANA: Herbert!

HERBERT: Certainly. Mrs. Hinkle has a career. You must stay home and do the housework and cooking. But remember, no garlic!

DIANA: Herbert, will you stop this ridiculous nonsense?

HERBERT: (*Noble to the last dreg*) Forgive me darling, try to forget the torment I caused your airy spirit by locking it in the dull, dumb fetters of my simple heart.

GARGADOS: Seldom does one encounter such a noble, generous husband as you are, Señor Hinkle.

HERBERT: Just call me Herby, Old Pal. And remember, when she puts her cold feet on your back at night, she has a roaming soul.

DIANA: Herbert, I don't want to go to Brazil! Can't you understand that?

HERBERT: Of course I understand, completely. It is only your delicate compassion speaking now. Oh, I almost forgot. We must call the lawyer and arrange for the divorce.

DIANA: DIVORCE!

GARGADOS: DIVORCE!

HERBERT: Of course, so you can be free to get married.

GARGADOS: But one moment, we do not wish to get married.

HERBERT: What!

GARGADOS: Si, it is only a LITTLE affair. We go down to Brazil for a few weeks, and then your wife she come back to you.

DIANA: Oh!

HERBERT: Nonsense, old man. I didn't realize till now what a splendid chap you were. But I can't let you sacrifice your happiness for my sake. Take her and keep her. She is all yours.

GARGADOS: For three weeks I keep her then you have her back. It is not necessary that we marry.

DIANA: You . . . you . . .

HERBERT: Charlie, I refuse to allow you to forego your happiness and share her with me.

GARGADOS: But you do not understand. I do not wish to marry her.

DIANA: See, Herbert, he doesn't want me.

HERBERT: You are truly noble, Charlie, but I give her to you, all of her. I'll phone the lawyer now. (*Picks up the phone*)

DIANA: HERBERT!

GARGADOS: Stop, Señor! You must not do this thing.

HERBERT: What's his number, Diana?

DIANA: I don't know.

HERBERT: I'll look it up. (*Reaches for the phone book*)

GARGADOS: (*Seizing it first*) Señor, I won't let you give her up!

HERBERT: The gallant martyr to the end, eh, Charlie? Okay, we'll toss for her. (*Pulls coin from pocket and holds it aloft*) Heads, you marry her; tails, I divorce her.

DIANA: You're beastly! Both of you a pair of inhuman beasts.

GARGADOS: It is not necessary to do this thing. You keep her.

HERBERT: Here goes! (*Flips coin, it falls on the rug and all three scramble for it. Herbert gets it*) IT'S HEADS . . . YOU WIN, GARGADOS! Take her away and MARRY HER!

GARGADOS: No, I cannot marry her.

HERBERT: (*Menacingly*) Are you trying to welch on the proposition?

GARGADOS: No, no, there has been a terrible mistake . . . my country she needs me. I must go. (*He retreats toward the door*)

HERBERT: (*Cutting him off*) Gargados, my wife's honor is at stake. Will you marry her and be done with it or welch on the deal and be hamburger? (*Follows Gargados, waving meat cleaver*)

GARGADOS: (*Rushing madly around the room, pursued by Herbert*) Save me! Someone save me from this madman!

HERBERT: Will you marry her? Will you?

GARGADOS: No, no, my country . . . I must not marry . . . duty is calling me.

(*Diana obligingly holds the front door open. He shoots out. Herbert doubles up in a fit of laughter*)

DIANA: (*Sitting disgustedly on the couch*) Very, very funny, Mr. Hinkle.

HERBERT: (*Gleefully*) Eet ees onlee a leetle affair.

DIANA: (*Getting into it*) Eet ees not necessary that you doo thees theeng. (*Laughs heartily*)

HERBERT: (*Laughingly sitting down beside her*) How was I? Pretty good?

DIANA: I think you convinced Señor Gargados, anyway.

HERBERT: Didn't I convince you, sweetheart? (*Puts arm around her, dangerously toying the meat cleaver*)

DIANA: (*Taking the meat cleaver*) How do you mean?

HERBERT: That I love my wife?

DIANA: I'm not so sure, some of the things you said . . .

HERBERT: I do love you, Diana.

DIANA: Do you, Herbert?

HERBERT: You know I do.

DIANA: I love you too, Herbert.

HERBERT: Do you? How much?

DIANA: Enough to do anything you ask of me . . . even cook onion stew . . . and have babies . . .

HERBERT: Oh, that's marvelous. And I can have a job?

DIANA: Of course you can, darling. And just to prove what a good wife I can be, I'll go and finish the onion stew. (*She removes the cap and apron from his petrified figure, picks up the meat cleaver and backs into the kitchen, gently blowing him a kiss as she vanishes. Numbly he blows it back and sinks into stupefied reverie, heaving great sighs. The strains of SOLO MIO emerge from the kitchen. Suddenly the doorbell rings*)

DIANA: Answer the door, darling.

HERBERT: Yes, Diana dear. (*Opens the door. . . . An exotic young thing with beautiful dark hair enters*) Celeste! What are you doing here?

CELESTE: (*The accent is French*) Oh, my dear Herbee. I have returned for my purse that I forgot this afternoon.

HERBERT: But Celeste, you shouldn't have come here. My wife, she will find out.

CELESTE: Perhaps we should tell your wife now, no? That we are going to elope together to your estate in Vermont, no?

HERBERT: NO! Good Lord, Celeste, you must get out of here!

DIANA: Who is it, Herbert?

HERBERT: Uh . . . no one . . . that is . . . it's only the milkman, Diana . . . (*Undertone*) Please get out of here.

DIANA: The milkman! What's he doing here at this time of day?

HERBERT: The cat! that is, he came to feed the cat...

CELESTE: (*Throwing her arms around him*) Tell her the truth about us, Herbee... Tell her that we are to fly together this very night... I cannot leave without you.

DIANA: That doesn't sound like the milkman... besides, we don't have a cat.

HERBERT: (*Disengaging Celeste's arms*) There is your purse. Take it and go before she finds you...

CELESTE: I will not leave you. Your wife she cannot separate us. (*Embraces him*)

DIANA: (*Entering from the kitchen*) Herbert, I don't believe you're telling me... oh... (*seeing Celeste*) So that's the milkman.

HERBERT: Diana, I can explain everything.

DIANA: (*Slowly removing chef's cap and apron*) I don't believe an explanation is necessary, Herbert.

HERBERT: But you don't understand, Diana. You were always away and I was always at home all by myself so I thought...

CELESTE: Herbee and I are eloping, tonight!

DIANA: Oh, you think so do you? (*Advancing toward the pair*)

CELESTE: Oui, Madam. You do not understand the delicate purity of Herbee's soul. You stifle his sacred feelings with your domineering attitude. We leave you tonight.

HERBERT: (*Backing away*) NO! No, that isn't so, Diana. It's all off now, Celeste. I can't go with you... I love my wife!

CELESTE: Herbee, you have given me your word, it is me that you love. You cannot break your word!

DIANA: Ah, now I am beginning to understand why the front door was locked when I came home... I am beginning to understand a great many things... I have underestimated you, Herbert. (*She stoops and snatches her hat from the couch*) Well, you hang onto your little French heart-mender, Herbert Hinkle. Don't let her out of your sight! (*Starts to door*)

HERBERT: (*Following pleadingly*) Diana, don't leave me alone with her. She's a maneater, Diana. Don't leave me!

CELESTE: Ha! So I am the maneater. That is not what you call me this afternoon!

DIANA: Well, preserve yourself the best you can, DARLING,
but don't let her get away. (*Opens door*)

HERBERT: Don't, Diana! Save me! I love you!

CELESTE: Maneater, ha!

HERBERT: Diana!

DIANA: I'll be right back, Herbert.

HERBERT: Where are you going?

DIANA: (*Laughing as she goes out*) To get Señor Garados!
We'll feed him to Celeste!

(Curtain)

Search

Come with me whispered the moon as he passed,
There will be stars to reflect in your eyes;
Venus shall hang at your throat in a blaze,
Beauties of moonlight to be yours at last.

I did as he told,
But the moon was cold.

Come with me sang out the sun as he rose;
Hill tops and valleys are filled with my warmth.
Swing with me over the world as I go
Past airy meadows where soft sunlight flows.

I followed his song,
But the sun was gone.

Come with me begged the night as he fell.
You will find rest in the realm that I rule,
Rest, and a peace that will last evermore,
Where there are more wonders than I can tell.

I did as he bid,
And the world was hid.

—Gwendolyn Downey, '43.

Campus Observation

There is one institution on our campus that I have observed holds the attention of each Morningside student from one year's end to the next. It is not student chapel, athletic events, or anticipated vacations, but merely the silent announcer of them all, the bulletin board.

On its tack-punctured back is reflected, as in a mirror, the tale of Morningside, the picture of the life and vital activities of its lively population. Against that back is echoed the quick, college tempo in the rushing pound of the football men during scrimmage practice, in the clear sweep of a piano concerto issuing from a Conservatory window, in the call of voices and laughter, the scuffle and slur of feet on the steps and along the corridors of Main Hall. Even from that big square may issue the close, blended smell of books and ink, chalk and paper, the sweaty odor that rises to meet you at the "gym" door, the sweet, sweet freshness of the rain-washed campus.

Four distinct types of notices are held by those thumbtacks. There are the neatly typed, conspicuous, you-had-better-read-me official notices, the official weekly schedule of events, the ominous administrative warnings, the mail lists, the call-to-office requests.

Then, in gay contrast, is the equally outstanding poster, perhaps teasing all "jitterbugs" to a little plain and fancy rug-cutting at the Dormitory come Sadie Hawkins Day. One pauses to grin over the queer proportions of the figures painted on hand-made posters of would-be college artists.

The sororities, clubs, paper staff, in fact all the variety of our college groups fill the board with come-to-the-meeting notices of all descriptions — some marked IMPORTANT, some scrawled on notebook paper, some printed in meticulous evenness, all urging, pleading for spirited participation by the members.

Finally, tucked here and there, in corners, pinned to other papers, and read if there is time, are the little individual messages of "Lost-a-valuable-fountain-pen," or "Book-for-sale," or maybe a funny personal note with a retort underneath.

The bulletin board is everyone's property where one may feel free to post anything which he wishes called to his fellow scholars' at-

tention, be it petition, doodling card, or tournament sheet. As a result, nearly everything under the sun *is* posted.

When school life is in full whirl, the notices change so quickly that one daily perusal is hardly enough; hence spending a few between-times moments for a look at the bulletin board becomes a pleasant part of our routine that must not be missed.

By the way, before I forget it, I had better design my warning to the underhanded rascally renegade who made off with my good leather gloves. Now let me see—REWARD! For capture, dead or alive . . .

—Ruth Walker, '43.

Without Armor

Cripple Mary sat alone on a bench
In the park with her dreams,
Dreams of chivalry and knights
Of gentle mien.

Dago Tony came along with his cart
Of apples red—gave her one.
“Thank you,” Cripple Mary said.
Sir Anton bowed.

—Kenneth B. Johnson, '41.

Spring Signs

The sun shone warm today.
The snow had great brown patches.
I thought of robins,
And shy blue violets.

When the sun shines warm in London
And the snow has great brown patches,
Do you think of robins,
And shy blue violets?
Even when the bombs fall?
Do you?

—Betty Huxtable, '41.

Bruises

When I had my sixth birthday
 They said I'd be grown-up,
 And yet they bought for me
 A pair of silvered roller-skates,
 And gave me lessons on the porch;
 But when I took my bath that night,
 I thought and looked the same,
 Except for those discolored spots
 Where porch and I had disagreed.

Now I am nearly twenty,
 And quite grown-up, they say,
 And they have given me
 A pair of silvery dancing shoes,
 A gown, and flowers for my hair
 To wear this day when I am wed;
 But still I'll think and love the same,
 Except for those discolored spots
 Where life and I will disagree.

—Eleanor F. Thorpe, '43.

Question

(On seeing evacuees of France in newsreels)

Where did you find your song,
 You who ride along rough roads
 Of evacuation;
 Your scarf tied tightly at the place
 Where there is only one chin?

Where is she who has enough to eat and more than enough;
 So that the more-than-enough has formed in her neck two chins or
 three chins?

She is a Frenchwoman, too.
 It is her more-than-enough and your less-than-enough
 That has caused this tragedy.

And still you sing.

—Mary Eileen McBride, '41.

Circumstance

"T'is a peasant so'jer that we killed,"
Said Michael to me,
As he bent beside the still form
The better to see
The hardness of the roughened palm
And the dull lines of the visage, calm
In death, at his knee.

"T'is a victim of civilization's
Relentless decree
For slaves under fetters of greed,"
Said Michael to me.
I answered them in awesome dread,
"Michael, 'tis you and I are dead;
The peasant is free!"

—Kenneth B. Johnson, '41.



