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M A N U S C R I P T

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Volume 8

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

| | |
|---|----|
| Return, Beverly Rehnblom..... | 6 |
| The Lotus Eaters, Helen Travis..... | 3 |
| Child of the Island Swamp, Carolyn Wolle..... | 22 |
| Table Scraps, Jack Howe..... | 20 |
| Flight, Doris Peterson..... | 22 |
| Ours to Keep, Karell Brodsky..... | 17 |
| The World That Was, Vesta Fuller..... | 9 |
| Crossroad, Jean Blessing..... | 16 |
| Sunrise, Helen Travis..... | 15 |
| Sunset, Grace Weaver..... | 8 |
| Transition, Beverly Rehnblom..... | 10 |
| In Memoriam, Margaret Ralston..... | 8 |
| On Things Not Remembered, Jack Howe..... | 7 |
| In Old New York, Joan Johnson..... | 11 |
| Wind!, Grace Weaver..... | 21 |
| There Were Giants, Carolyn Wolle..... | 13 |
| Fish Bowl, Helen Travis..... | 18 |
| God Gave Me These, Vesta Feller..... | 19 |
| In the Year Just Past, Beverly Rehnblom..... | 24 |

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FOREWORD

The members of Manuscript Club are happy to welcome the return of peace with a revival of the winter issue of *Manuscript*, and may we at this time acknowledge our debt to Miss Mirah Mills and Dr. Peter Bannon for their kind encouragement and assistance.

May this magazine be as pleasurable to read as it was to prepare.

"The Lotus Eaters"

The grove behind the house was always the forest, but the small creek was by turns the Amazon, the Congo, or something purely imaginary. Some times it was even the ocean, as it was the time we played Robinson Crusoe.

"We just got off our raft and we're hopelessly lost on this desert island," I announced as we sat on the other side of the creek, drying our bare wet feet on the hems of our already grimy skirts.

My playmate Liz was disgustingly practical.

"There was only one Robinson Crusoe, and how can we be hopelessly lost when the house is just across the creek?"

I gave her a scornful look and ignored the remark.

"We've got to find food or we'll starve."

Liz had decided to enter into the spirit of the game, and after a doubtful look at the house not fifty yards away she added, "And we'd better build a house in case it rains or something."

I agreed and we started to explore our desert island. Despite the fact that we both already knew the small plot of ground beyond the creek by heart, we wandered around in a lost way, and were convincingly overjoyed when we had at last found the place for our house. It was an ideal spot which had served in the past as a pirates' den, penthouse, or ship's cabin with amazing versatility. An old cottonwood had been struck by lightning and one huge limb had half broken and fallen, only to catch in the branches of another tree. This arrangement made a delightful green cave, accessible by parting the foliage and crawling through. Inside the grass was always short and cool and lush green. A thick lilac bush formed a fourth wall and its fragrance hung in the air. The sun had to seek its way through the leaves which rustled softly in

the slightest breeze, cutting the ribbons of light into constantly moving splinters.

We crawled in and settled ourselves gratefully.

"This will be our house," I said, unnecessarily.

"We'd better hurry and find food," said the practical Liz.

"What do you eat on a desert island?" I asked.

"Wild berries and herbs," said Liz efficiently. "I know. I read the book."

That didn't help much. Both of us knew very well that our desert island would yield no wild berries or herbs.

"How about grass?" I offered.

"Or leaves?"

"Or flower petals? Don't people eat rose petals?" This was my happy inspiration.

Liz seemed to remember that they did.

"Robinson," said Liz, who was Crusoe, "We must separate and search our island for edible plants."

"And flowers," I added.

We parted solemnly, arranging to meet again after we had gathered our booty. Fifteen minutes later we were back, loaded with greens and blossoms.

"Orchid," said Liz, exhibiting a purple iris. "I went across the creek to get it."

"That's no fair. That's the ocean," I admonished her.

"Well, there are only yellow ones over here."

I displayed my booty. A spray of bridal wreath, two yellow tulips, and a bunch of sheep-sorrel. Liz also produced a bunch of unidentified leaves.

We sat down hungrily to our colorful repast. The leaves we devoured first because they were less glamorous. The

sheep-sorrel was delicious, but it was an old story to us. The bridal wreath was next, and a completely new experience, but it had a surprisingly pleasant taste if you were careful not to eat the small stems. The iris we decided to save for decoration, as we were rather full, and also it had an unappetizing fuzz on the petals, like an unwashed peach.

The tulips were dessert. We approached the matter of eating them with some reluctance, for it occurred to us that we might be being rather silly. But after some hesitation we tore off a petal.

Liz took the first bite, and I watched anxiously. Her expression told me nothing, so I took a bite of mine. Wonderful! It was tender and yet rather chewy. The taste was indescribable. It tasted like a yellow tulip, and like nothing else on earth. Liz was equally delighted. We sat back contentedly, nibbling on the petals, endeavoring to make the enjoyment last. The pleasure of that moment I will never forget. The sound of the cottonwood leaves was soothing, the grass was soft, and the yellow tulip was the most delectable and exotic thing I had ever eaten.

"Liz," I said solemnly, "This is the height of luxury."

It was five years later, and I was standing in my kitchen wondering what to do. In my hand I held a gardenia corsage, presented to me two days before by my parents for my graduation. My problem was what to do with it. It would not last till the weekend; already the edges of the petals were touched with rust. And I had nothing for which to wear it. But I couldn't throw such a gorgeous thing away. My eyes traveled to the kitchen window and on across the back lawn. The late afternoon sun touched the water in the creek, making it clear as glass. From the plot of cottonwoods across the creek came the soft scent of lilacs.

I flew out of the door and across the open space between the two houses, and knocked on the back door. When Liz opened it, I grabbed her hand without saying a word, and dragged her down the lawn and across the creek, paying no

attention to her bewildered questions. I didn't stop until we had come to the fallen cottonwood, parted the branches, crawled under on our hands and knees, and were sitting on the soft grass.

"Liz, do you remember when I said that the height of luxury was eating yellow tulips?"

She nodded.

"Well, I was wrong."

I handed her a gardenia. She only smiled, and without a word we started gently pulling off the creamy petals.

—Helen Travis, '47.

Return

Cold winds—snow banks . . .
Iowa winter;
Every post
An icy splinter.

Soft days—green world . . .
Prairie springtime;
For each robin
Annual wingtime.

Summer days—sweet
Flowers abundant;
Stream and lake
With fish redundant.

Gold haze—brown lands . . .
Autumn's king now;
Bared trees wait for
Winds that sting now.

Fall frosts—slate clouds . . .
Snow flakes . . . then
Iowa winter's
Here again.

—Beverly Rehnblom, '46.

On Things Not Remembered

The other night at a fashionable party—the men wore their coats throughout the evening—my neighbor at table carefully sliced an olive and, poising a forked portion before popping it into her mouth, charmingly enquired of me: “What do you think of Churchill’s defeat?”

While hastily completing the mastication of a bit of bun, my mind mulled over the varied opportunities for the coining of a brilliant phrase or the introduction of an apt quotation that would display the finest facets of my literary education. But my brain, sogged with consomme, was not in a minting mood, and, in desperation, I frantically rifled through the stock of quotations I had at hand: “Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow”—no, that was much better for a bon voyage basket; “The stag at eve had drunk his fill . . .”—no, she might not appreciate the comparison; “Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams”—but Churchill had not passed away, even politically; “The port is near, the bells I hear . . .” no, no, too prosaic, my lady of the pimolas would scoff. All these and more, “dim as faces not remembered well,” flitted through my mind, were inspected and rejected, and gave place to others. At last the lines I sought straggled, like truant scholars, into my consciousness. Triumphantly, I exclaimed, “Now the New Year reviving old desires, the thoughtful soul to solitude retires . . .”

The lady across the table raised a startled eyebrow and promptly busied herself with her carrots, but my interrogator did not even hear me. She was discussing news with a goateed gentleman on her right.

—Jack Howe, '47.

Sunset

Bright luminant of heaven, thou hast run
Thy course for this another day. But e'er
Thou droppest out of sight, to us declare
Thy glory, in the hues thou hast begun.
In blended gold and crimson thou hast spun
A mantle for departing day to wear
And hung it in the west that all may share
Its beauty, glimpse its texture, e'er 'tis done.
The colors of it deepen in the sky
And hold our raptured gaze. The earth grows dim.
Then slowly fades the glowing from our sight
As sinks the sun, for night is drawing nigh.
The matchless-colored mantle goes with him,
But we have captured in our hearts its light.

—Grace M. Weaver, '47.

In Memoriam

They saw him fall
And turned away their eyes,
For then their hearts were cold
From nameless loneliness.
How could their eyes,
Spilled full of aching tears,
See, or comprehend
How this must be?
They saw not, heard not,
The freedom of this boy;
Yet watched him,
No longer bound by custom's apathy,
Soar bouyantly into the sky
He loved so well;
Soar, and return not.

—Margaret Ralston, '46.

The World That Was

There was a time when I thought one could reach China if he dug deep enough in his sand box, and when a wagon ride around the block became an excursion to a faraway land. It was then that twilight in summer meant I must go to bed, and marbles and skip ropes became a sure prophecy of spring.

There are sights that remind me of those years: the full moon lavishly splashing her ghostly white light on my bedroom floor and the sharp colors of the moss rose as seen only in early morning, the puddles left by rain in sidewalk dips and the water rushing by street curbs in early spring.

There are smells that remind me of those years. There is the smell of autumn leaves as the smoke drifts over the crisp September night and the smell of wild honeysuckle, mingled with the dampness of shaded forest trails. There is the sweet smell of phlox on hot afternoons in summer and the clean smell of dirt just dug in the garden.

I recall the many different figures in clouds drifting lazily by in summer—that in itself was a full afternoon's entertainment. And when I think of the thrill a new box of crayons gave me, while the tips were still unused, I wonder why such little things could never please me now?

What simple things molded my life then, and how quickly my decisions were made. When studying farming in first grade I decided that would be my life work. In second grade it was to be the life of a fireman, and so on until the career of a railroad engineer, a cowboy, and a bus driver had been decided upon in turn.

There were dreams then; real ones. I say they were real because I had no doubts then but what my wildest fantasy would be realized. It was within my power through those years to turn table legs into forest trees, overturned chairs into pirate boats, and padded benches into galloping steeds. If I wished, a rainy day could become a gay land of enchantment

with the help of a Grimm's fairy tale or some of Eugene Field's poetry. I might say here that the imagination of a child is not to be taken lightly or laughed at as though it were a simpleton's way. It is, rather, God's gift to children, and with it they may turn the commonest of everyday things into what they will.

I cannot overlook Christmas, for who does not have a special childhood memory of that holiday? It seemed as if Christmas would never come! My anxiety was great, and with wide-eyed anticipation I sat continually under the tree shaking each package, and trying with all my might to guess what it contained.

I believed in all things, never doubting, for I was blessed with the faith that is a child's. Santa Claus was as real to me as my own grandfather, and even to think that the Easter Bunny did not hide the eggs behind the living room chairs early Easter morning was sacrilege.

In time, however, I grew up and found myself no longer a citizen of that happy land of imagery. I had lost its magic spell and the privileges that only childhood can offer. At times I look back upon those years with wishful dreaming; yet I know well that my world that was is gone forever.

—Vesta Feller, '48.

Transition

A lark's faint call—
The smouldering sun. . . .
A quivering breeze—
And day is done.

One flickering star—
A moon, newborn. . . .
Then slumber reigns
Until the morn.

—Beverly Rehnblom, '46.

In Old New York

She sat up very straight on the slippery carriage seat, looking around her with wide, excited eyes. She was a quaint little figure in her dark red velvet coat with its tiny ermine collar, her hands clasped primly in her small, round, ermine muff. She looked up at her father, erect and dignified in his high silk hat, his gloved hands folded on his gold-headed cane. She wriggled a little on the hard, slippery seat—a very small wriggle, because she must not be a nuisance. A trip to New York alone with her father! She could hardly believe it, but—here she was.

The carriage stopped with a flourish. "The Knickerbocker Hotel, sir," the driver announced. Suddenly they were in the hotel, miles long to her bewildered eyes, and she had a vague impression of brilliant lights, soft, deep carpets, and the hum of many voices as they passed through the lobby. Her eyelids were drooping a bit, wearied by the wonder and excitement of the day. When they reached her room, she was vaguely conscious of being helped into her prim little ruffled nightgown, and then she was alone in the darkness. The last sound she heard was the clop-clop of horses far away in the street below, so that as she drifted off to sleep she seemed to be an enchanted princess alone in a high tower above the streets of the magical city.

The sun crept into the high room, first a thin sliver of light exploring the dark polished floor, then, more boldly, across the flowered carpet and up on the high bed until it touched her eyelids. She sat up with a start and looked around, blinking sleepily and a little resentfully. Then she remembered—she was in New York. Slipping out of bed, she looked around her uncertainly. Then, remembering her mother's admonition to be a big girl, she set about the difficult task of dressing for the day. So many buttons, and all of them hard to reach. And her shoes—tiny black buttons, hundreds of buttons, all the way up the sides. But at last she was ready, even her wide sash tied in a lopsided, inexperienced

bow. She stood on tiptoe to look into the mirror over the heavy marble-topped dresser, and gave a little exclamation of dismay. She had completely forgotten about her hair. It hung down her back to her waist, and instead of the usual shining, neat curls, it was a mass of honey-colored tangles. Her clothes she had managed, even her shoes, but this new problem was beyond her four-year-old powers. At home she stood patiently for what seemed like hours while her mother brushed and coaxed the fine, soft hair into a state of perfection. What would her father say? He was very proud of her hair, she knew, proud of its unusual color, its softness, and its length. But she also knew his impatient temper, and as she thought of this, large tears welled up in her gray eyes, and her mouth began to quiver a little. She remembered the time her older sister, whose dark straight hair usually hung in two long braids, had come home from a friend's house proudly displaying a new "coiffure"—complicated scrolls and curliques interspersed with bows and hanging down her back. In a burst of anger her father had seized a pair of scissors and cut the fuzzy curls till nothing remained but jagged, uneven locks. A sound at the door startled her out of her unpleasant reverie, and she gulped back her tears and looked up pleadingly as her father entered the room.

"Well! Up all ready? And you dressed yourself? I was going to call the chambermaid to help you." He smiled proudly and stood back to inspect his small daughter, his gaze traveling approvingly up her neatly buttoned boots, slightly wrinkled black stockings, slowly up till it rested on her head. Here he stopped, with a frown of annoyance. This was something he had not thought of. Then, after a moment's hesitation, he seized her hand and rushed her out of the room. Down the hall they flew, her short legs struggling desperately to keep up with his determined stride. They went through the door of a long, bright, white-tiled room where men with scissors in their hands stood behind high black chairs. After he had boosted her into a chair, a man with huge, black mustaches winked at her as he whisked a white sheet around her neck, completely enveloping her in its folds. Then he turned

to her father, and, producing a huge pair of scissors, made cutting motions in the air and said, "You want me to cut it, sir?"

"Cut it?" boomed her father. "Good Lord, no! I want you to comb it." He smiled, leaned back in a chair and watched approvingly as the barber carefully brushed the long tangles into shining, perfect curls. As she began to smile, a small tear trickled down her cheek and caught in a dimple.

—Joan Johnson, '46.

There Were Giants . . .

Let him who decries that in our age
There is no call—
No challenge—heard
By men to rise and serve
Their Maker and thereby
Themselves;
To challenge filth
And rottenness,
Corruption and untruth;
To lay the qualities
Of mercy, justice,
Hope and love
Upon the altar
Of the World's Religion;
Let him who singles out as great
Alone the saints
And prophets, sages
Of a yesteryear,
But hold his tongue.
As there were giants in those days—
Great men of God—
So in our time

There too are worthy men—
Such as we strive to be
Ourselves—
Who listen, hear,
And, answering
By active thoughts and words,
Accept the challenges
Of devotion,
Of sacrifices,
By those giants
Of the World's long History;
Advocates of world-wide peace and brotherhood,
Prosperity,
Moral cleanliness,
And loving kindness
Akin to Christ.

May that decrrier look from clouds
Into the blue
America,
And see the roseate
Horizon of greatness
Himself;
Philosophy
Of modern times
In which there is a clear
And honest conviction
Of oriented
Heav'n and earth—
Men and other men—
Of the World's Geography.
Let him, too, consecrate his soul
To lift the cross
Above the Universe,
That it may realize
Abundant life.

—Carolyn Wolle, '48.

Sunrise

We had been driving since midnight, but I could not sleep as I had intended, so I leaned my forehead against the cold glass and watched the country slide by in dim outlines under a starless sky. It was a type of landscape unfamiliar to me: hilly land, and bluffs guarding the smooth waters of the Mississippi. Small towns were perched in unpredictable places: some, on the sides of bluffs, built almost straight up and down; others, on the tops, perilously near to the edge, where it seemed a good gust of wind would send houses, churches, schools, and chicken coops flying into the Mississippi.

The first hints of dawn were creeping along the eastern horizon when we stopped at a tiny gas station, situated, it seemed, in the middle of nowhere. Fatigue had made me restless, and I got out of the car and wandered up a little hill in back of the station. But the incline stopped abruptly with a low curving stone wall, the interstices moldy and moss-grown. Beyond the wall the earth dropped away into darkness, the only discernible objects the tops of a few trees just below the wall.

I had no idea of the depth of the valley on the lip of which I stood, until, looking toward where I knew the Mississippi lay, I saw a vast white mass pushing toward me. As it advanced I saw that it was a low cloud, fleecy and billowing. It rolled and bounced along until it filled the whole valley, and I found myself looking out on a turbulent white sea on which a late moon had just begun to shine.

Time slipped by as I sat on the wall completely entranced, watching the activities of the cloud. The valley breeze was perpetually changing the surface. Here and there a white shaft would suddenly rise, seem to bounce on the resilient surface, and gradually sink again.

The eastern sky had turned from gray to a faint green. Suddenly, in a dazzling brilliance, there was the sun, laying a path of golden light across the cloud still seething there,

looking like nothing in the world so much as actual fire. It was at once red and orange and white hot. As the minutes passed, the heat of the sun seemed to dissolve the cloud, sending it off in little orange-pink veils that rose and dissipated, leaving only the green-tinted sky.

Now there lay below the rim of the wall a little green valley, the sides of which were cedar-hung. The whole valley looked clean and scrubbed and moist with dew. Faint sounds of life made their way up to me: the tinkle of a cowbell, the challenge of a rooster, the answer of a dog. The day had begun in the little valley beneath the cloud, and I walked slowly down the hill and back to the car.

—Helen Travis, '47.

Crossroad

Is it far
To the Valley of Moonlight?

The lights of the tavern are bright,
Shall I enter?
Companions wait
Who are merry and free.
Their laughter—
The lively beat of the music
Is sweet to my ear.

There is wine to warm cold bones.
It can make one forget
The hard, dark way traveled
In search of the Valley;
It can set me free
And make me
A slave to the tavern—
The laughter—
The lively beat of the music.

The way to the Valley is far—
Over hills gashed with gulleys,
Over mountains.
In the cold dark
Alone I must climb,
Seeking what?
A myth in my mind?
Perhaps nothingness?
How can I know?

The tavern is *here*;
I can enter it *now*.

But
Can the wine teach me
How to forget
The longing that haunts me
That cries out for the place
Where the moon cascades light,
Cold, pure, beautiful light,
Down the sides of the mountain
Into the Valley?

The lights of the tavern beckon,
Shall I enter?

—Jean Blessing, '47.

Ours to Keep

Though men may quarrel and fight and kill,
The blood of war we can't forget,
The world seems full of hate and yet,

The sun still shines,
And there are pines
Against the hill.

—Karell Brodsky, '49.

Fish Bowl

The small space between our house and the next was hardly big enough to wriggle through, let alone to afford privacy. It was a little disconcerting to look out a window late in the afternoon expecting to find a normal low afternoon sun, and instead finding yourself gazing through the watery refractions of a huge green glass fish bowl. It was this fish bowl, sitting on the window sill of the house next door, that preserved the only semblance of privacy that the situation offered. It somehow seemed much less discourteous to view your neighbor's home life when his figure was distorted by glass and water and an occasional wandering goldfish. Even so, it was entertaining.

One particular Saturday had a distinctly Julyish air for April. The sun beckoned through the vertical crack between the two houses. By leaning as far out the window as possible without leaning in the neighbor's window, one could get a rather limited but tempting cross section view of cherry trees and inviting green grass.

The doorbell could be heard from next door, and the usual Saturday pantomime, which I seldom missed, was beginning. The sound produced a distant activity, and through the fish bowl I could see the neighbor lady, a woman of average fortyish looks, hurrying to answer its summons. Simultaneously, the back screen door slammed and small feet made a hasty retreat across the lawn. Everything was going off on schedule.

Shortly after this Mrs. Neighbor ushered in the ringer of the doorbell. The guest was familiar: a small, wiry gentleman who bounced into the room with enthusiasm, trying with some difficulty to hang on to a battered felt hat and an equally battered portfolio in one hand. In the other hand he carried a case, the shape of which left no doubt as to its contents. The guest was the violin teacher.

Mrs. Neighbor made gestures that could be interpreted

as apologetic. She made faint calling noises, but with no reward. It was very obvious that something was missing in this welcome. In fact, the key personality, the one for whose benefit these weekly rituals were re-enacted, was simply not there.

Mrs. Neighbor went to the back door and bellowed lightly, "William! Will-*yum!*" Of course, no answer. Mrs. Neighbor appeared highly distressed by the absence of her small son, but not so the violin teacher. One might even think that he didn't especially care. He still kept his look of exuberance and a little expectation. A happy smile spread over his face as Mrs. Neighbor entered the room again, carrying a tea tray.

It was there that I always left them: Mrs. Neighbor happily wallowing in culture, and the violin teacher helping himself daintily to small tarts and sandwiches, the figures of both a little distorted by the motion of water in the green glass fish bowl.

—Helen Travis, '47.

God Gave Me These

God gave me not ten talents or a fruit tree or a lamb,
But He gave me lips and words and knees to help me when
I am.

He doesn't come in flesh to me and walk along my way,
But he gave me lips and words and knees to help me when
I pray.

There is no fire or burning bush to show me He is near,
But He made me green trees and lakes and skies; I know
that He is here.

He doesn't send His angels out or all His heavenly throngs,
But I feel that He is very close in birds' and crickets' songs.

—Vesta Feller, '48.

Table Scraps

It all began innocently enough as the mere chit-chat of an informal group around the tea-table—one of those affairs where reputations are staked, won or lost, on the turn of a saucer; but before long it had developed into a banquet of words, from which I was permitted to garner a few conversational scraps.

The talk had concerned a young lady of whom it was said that all of her interests were vested, when the stout woman who had never been west of Denver began the serious discussion by an attempt to channel the conversation onto Korea, with which she was intimately acquainted, having just finished reading a travelogue about the country.

But this suited her neighbor in the orange crepe, since her son in the service was at that time stationed in Korea and she willingly held forth, extolling him for some little time, until she made the unfortunate statement: "But the cut was only a slight one and he just painted it with iodine."

"And speaking of paintings," interjected the would-be artist, artfully seizing his opportunity, "what do you think of Dali?"

The group quickly perceived that the question was a purely rhetorical one, and for the next twenty minutes our friend ran the gamut from surrealism and post-impressionism to Boucher and Fra Lippo Lippi, while one or two of us delightedly dipped into culture and the remainder accomplished that most difficult of diplomatic feats—yawning with one's mouth closed.

Eventually one of our group, a confirmed bibliophile, rather abruptly diverted the discussion to first editions and described for the nth time his first edition of Smollet's *Peregrine Pickle* and how he had found it, grime-covered, buried in the stacks of the public library.

By this time tea, cakes, and ears were exhausted, and the

congregation adjourned amid the confusion of clattering teacups.

The stout lady, her neighbor in the orange crepe, the artist, and the bibliophile enjoyed themselves immensely, but the rest of us could have wasted our time more profitably. I can never quite see why such conversations should degenerate into monopolized lectures upon unimportant subjects. And all the time, if I had only been given half a chance, I would have been glad to lead the discussion upon some interesting topic—such as Tribal Law Among the Hottentots.

—Jack Howe, '47.

Wind!

Wind!

And gray scudding clouds,
And fitful raindrops scattered here and there.

Wind!

Rushing wind!

A swiftly moving sky
A drenching shower hurrying along.

Rushing wind!

Foreboding wind!

A solid dark gray sky.
The rain withheld, breathless expectancy.

Foreboding wind!

Tempestuous wind!

A turbulent, lowering sky;
Torrential rain, deluging all the land,

Tempestuous wind!

Eradicating wind!

A patch of blue beyond
The skimming clouds. The rain is stayed at last.

Eradicating wind!

—Grace M. Weaver, '47.

Child of the Island Swamp

Child of the Island Swamp
 Who swims with small brown body,
 And rides through the deep grasses
 On a mare's sagging brown back,
 Hair flying in silken strands,
 Then clinging in wet, dripping ringlets,
 Feet bare and unflinching
 Through the sharp, green rushes—
 Whence, child, and whither
 With such indeliberate freedom?

—Carolyn Wolle, '48

Flight

Father found it in a tree
 And brought it home to me—
 A baby crow,
 As sleek and black
 As it could be.

He couldn't speak
 And sat so still and meek
 Upon my hand;
 I couldn't understand—
 Did he come to me by chance
 Or was it planned?

He grew up with the lot of pets
 In our menagerie—
 Dogs and cats
 And every animal
 That loves the open country.
 He sat on Father's head;
 He ate from sister's knee;
 He was a most delightful part
 Of our unusual family.

Skipper, as we called him
Had a humor with the rest.
He carried off my clothespins
And he pulled the kittens' tails.
His "caw" so nearly turned
Into a laugh at times
I'd swear he were related
To the blackbird in the nursery rhymes
Who found enjoyment, I suppose,
In pecking off the maiden's nose.

But Skipper left us yesterday,
A crow he was—
A crow to stay.
We steeped him in domestic love
But happiness was high above
In open air.
We would not dare
To guess the height
Our friend could fly.

Today when I was
In the grove
Four black crows hove
Into sight.
I called with all my might
For Skipper to return.
Yes, one was hesitating—
Then with slow decision
He circled back to join his friends
And flew toward the horizon.

—Doris J. Peterson, :46.

To the Year Just Past

Nineteen hundred forty-five . . .

When

You slipped silently

Into the cold, sobbing world

A few short months

Ago—

Did you know then

That you were destined

To return our peace

To us?

Did you know, too,

That you were chosen

To bring back again

Joy, hope, and courage,

Faith and trust?

Could

You have told us then

Those who would not return

To take their places,

Vacant through

The strife?

Could you have told us, too,

That our great chief

Could save his country

But must give

His life?

We know

'Tis best that

You in silence came,

Proclaiming not the things

That were

To be;

For God alone

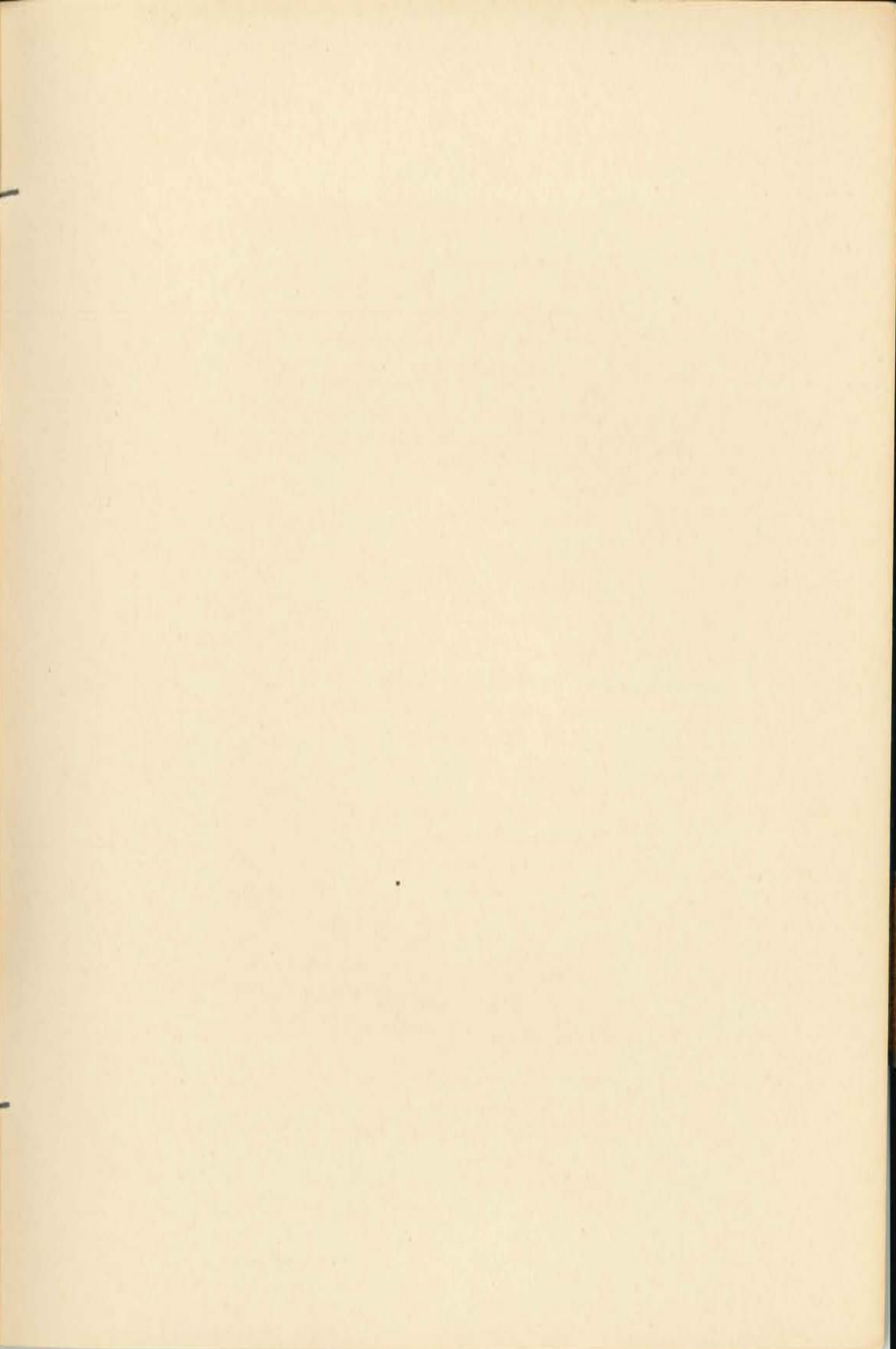
In wisdom can guide best—

Man in weakness

Was not meant

To see.

—Beverly Rehnblom, '46.



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二