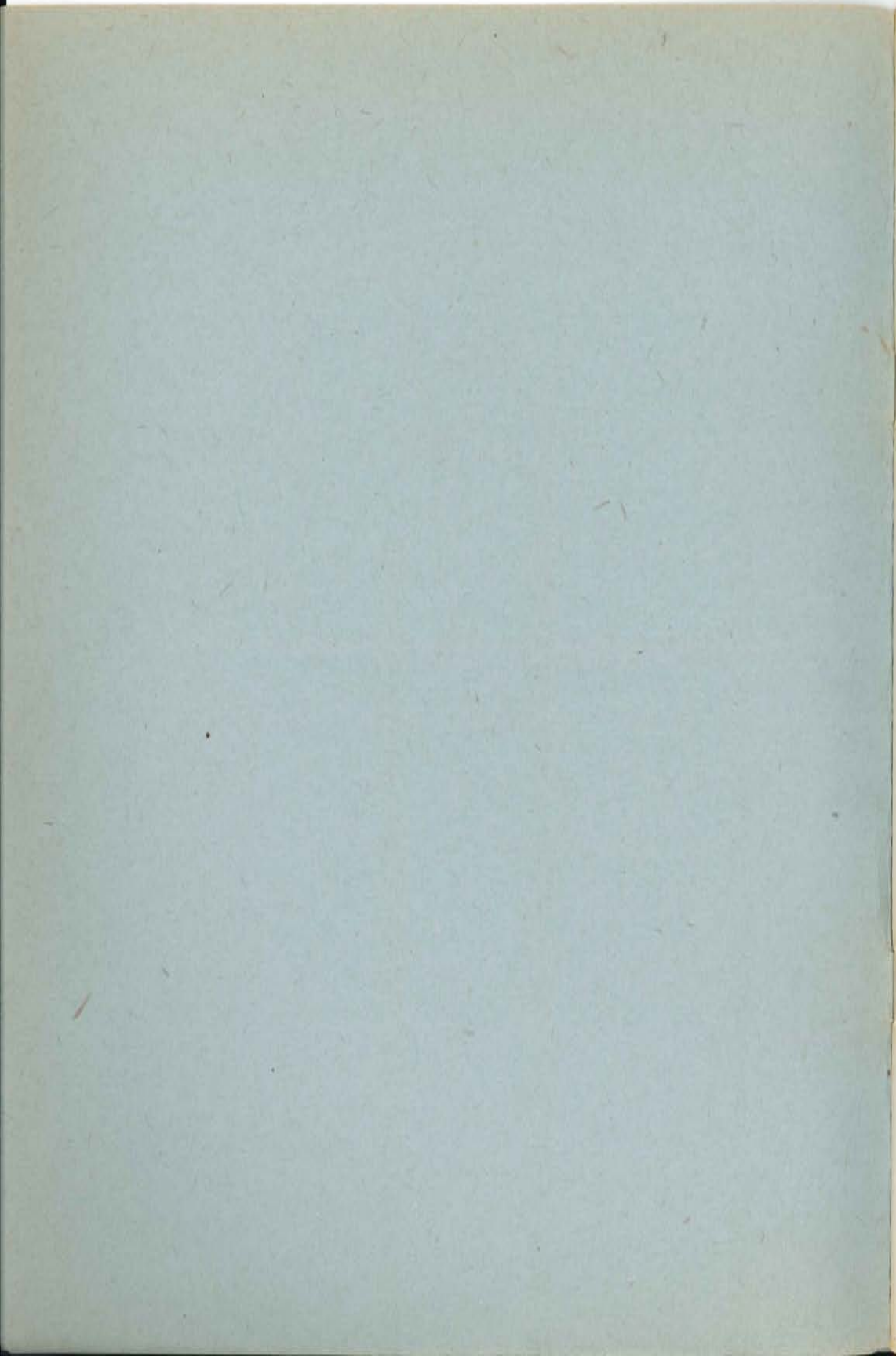


MANUSCRIPT

MORNINGSIDE

COLLEGE

1947



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A Bed Time Fable

HUGH N. BALE, '50

With apologies to Aesop

"O you slow one, you clumsy one, your ugly shape and plodding motions make me tootle my horn with laughter," said the sleek convertible to the clerestoried trolley one day as they met on the Avenue.

"Perhaps I am ugly and do move slowly," replied the trolley, "but I can beat you in a race to Fourth and Pierce."

This made the convertible tootle more loudly than ever, and a motorcycle coming along stopped to see what caused the uproar. The convertible explained the joke and finally asked the motorcycle to hold the stakes and judge the race.

Off started the rivals, and almost in the twinkling of an eye the convertible was out of sight. Only a little cloud of exhaust vapor remained to show where he had gone. The day was cold and blustery, and soon he was covered with snow.

"Pshaw!" said he, "I can stop at this filling station an hour—can even have my oil changed—and beat that lazy trolley downtown. Suppose he does pass me, I can overtake him quickly enough."

Meanwhile the trolley plodded slowly along, kicking up no snow, feeling no heat. When he came up to the convertible, the latter was elevated on a grease rack, and the trolley passed on slowly but surely, moving steadily, never stopping a minute.

It was late afternoon when the convertible came off the grease rack and looked up and down the Avenue. "I declare," he said, "that slow-poke has not come along yet. I'll have some anti-freeze put in my radiator, and then run back and meet him."

The anti-freeze was sweet and pungent, and it was some time before the convertible again remembered his race. When he did, he turned to the Avenue and examined the tracks. Think how surprised he was to see the trail of the trolley leading by him downtown. There was no more partaking of cold weather protection, no more oil changes or greasing. Off down the Avenue he sped, covering the ground in successive, gear-shifting spurts that brought him quickly to Fourth and Pierce, where, standing lazily at the intersection was the trolley, calmly waiting for the amber caution light.

"Here, take your money," said the motorcycle to the trolley, adding as he turned to the convertible, "Steady going wins the race."

To One I Love

I. DAVID HALVORSEN, '48

To me you are

A shining silver blade struck at the sun,

A snowy call among the silent hills,

A cloud in crimson drenched when day is done.

It is the goblet of the gods whence spills

The nectar sweet you are into my brimming cup of joy,

But less one drop my cup would empty be of happiness and all things
that annoy

Would, in a bitter potion mixed for me, be drunken deep;

And this frail form would lie

In stillness, free from love and tears.

To me you are

A moment of eternity drawn nigh,

The first and last of all my passing years,

The poignant question and the reason why

A spirit is in flesh enmeshed by fears

That fain would wing the boundless universe

And breathe the frosted silver from a star.

You are the lifting of a seeming curse,

And freedom seems but madness from afar:

'Tis only bound and held here in this place

Our two souls can in love combine.

To me you are

A cold wind blowing keen-edged on my face,

Sharp wind shot through with odors of the pine;

In twilight hours, the faintest lingering trace

Of rich evaporated morning wine,

Distilled in many a delicate petaled flower from newborn dew

And bright gold beams abounding in the sun at dawn

Sent sharply down to pierce the clear drops through.

The fragrance cool remains when day is gone.

My life entire is sweetly perfumed of

My own desire and your love.

Between These Hills

ALLEN CARTER BROWN, '50

Tommy was fourteen, tall for his age, lean, and wiry. Sauntering down Martha Street, he managed very well to remind one of a puppet walking across a Punch and Judy stage as the puppet-master pulled the strings. He involuntarily moved his hand to the back of his neck and began to scratch absent-mindedly. Tommy was thinking. He never scratched the back of his neck except when lost in thought.

Two housewives across the street watched Tommy.

"There goes that Yarchow boy. I certainly feel sorry for him."

"My yes, it is such a pity."

A sudden break in the trees and houses disclosed to Tommy a low, square, stone building in the valley between the horseshoe of hills on which Bakersville had been built. He paused for a long moment and gazed at the State Penitentiary in the valley. He then stooped for a lath someone had dropped on the sidewalk. Deep in thought, he slouched on down the street, slapping the lath against the spaced boards of a white picket fence. Tommy's shuffle gave the impression that he did not particularly wish to reach his destination. He didn't. Tommy was going home, but only because there was no other place to go.

The front door of his home protested loudly as Tommy forced it inward. He reminded himself of the many times his father had attempted to repair the door. It still squeaked. As he made his way through the living room, Tommy's fingers played with the backs of the chairs, drummed loudly on the coffee table, and produced a sketchy chromatic scale on the piano. It seemed to be with great effort that Tommy placed one foot ahead of the other on the carpeted stairs. He had reached the upstairs hall when a voice called from the rear of the house.

"Izzat you, Tommy?"

"Yes, Aunt Lorna."

"Whatcha doin'?"

"Nuthin'."

"Okay, honey, I just wondered who it was."

Tommy made no further reply. As he entered his room, a giant

stuffed owl winked from the far wall. The blue wallpaper and the several ship models on the table gave the room a nautical atmosphere. Tommy and his father had spent many hours together in this room, working on the boat models. It occurred to Tommy, as he dropped his jacket over the back of a chair, that he might never construct another model. He sank into the window seat, lighted a cigarette—he had been smoking since he was thirteen—and gazed out over the valley, the steep-sided valley which held the state penitentiary exactly as the branches of a tree might hold a bird's nest.

As Tommy was grinding his cigarette butt into the ash tray, the voice in the kitchen called up with spinster-concern. "What do you want for supper, Tommy?" He shouted back that he wasn't hungry and reached into his overall pants for the apple he knew was there. Tommy munched the apple and gazed pensively into the fast-darkening valley.

Tommy didn't know how long he sat there in the window seat looking into the valley. He did know that he hadn't fallen asleep because the ash tray was over half filled with crumpled butts. He glanced at his watch. Nine fifteen. He scratched the back of his neck, lost in thought. Tommy wasn't certain of what had happened. He often experienced that uncomfortable feeling after having completely submerged himself in concentrated thoughtfulness. Tommy folded his long fingers around his knees as he recalled another scene that had taken place on this same window seat. His father had been with him in the window on that other day.

Daryl Yarchow, a short, stout, balding man with big puppy-dog eyes that beamed behind his bifocals, sat down heavily next to Tommy. Tommy looked up from his magazine and grinned his broad, young grin. "Hi, Dad." Mr. Yarchow looked earnest enough at the moment to wipe the smile from Tommy's lips. Something was wrong. Dad Yarchow was very seldom this serious. Tommy laid the magazine aside. "Whatsamatter, Dad?"

Mr. Yarchow sighed heavily. "Tommy, I have to tell you something, and I don't quite know how to begin. I hate to tell you at all, but you are bound to find out anyway." Mr. Yarchow nervously played with the crease in his trousers. "I'd rather you'd hear it from me first." His hand trembled as he mopped his perspiring face. "I hate to tell you this, though, because I'm afraid that you'll hate me." His voice began to reflect his nervousness. He tried desperately to regain control. "I don't want your sympathy, just understanding. I've tried to teach you never to sympathize with a weak man who couldn't solve his own problems. I want you to remember that. I don't want your sympathy." Mr. Yarchow paused. He wanted to cushion the shock, but he couldn't. He blurted, "Your father is a thief, Tommy, a common thief."

Tommy was struck silent. His eyes began to swim.

"Now, Tommy, be a man." Mr. Yarchow moistened his lips. "Most everyone is a thief of some sort. Even you steal when you take advantage of someone or when you copy in a test." He stopped speaking, amazed at what he had said. "I'm sorry, Tommy, I didn't mean to call you a thief." He was losing his nerve. He could feel it. He swallowed before he went on. "There are all kinds of thefts, and most of them are wrong." He was claspings and unclasping his violently trembling fingers. "There are big thieves, Tommy, and little thieves. The big thieves are strong, powerful men. Your father is just a little thief."

Tommy's tearful eyes reflected his understanding. Verbal allegiance would have been superfluous. He simply asked, "What did you do? Tell me, Dad."

"Okay. My story starts the day you were born. All manner of expenses came right along with you. We had to have special equipment and special doctors—and I had to have \$500 in a hurry to pay for them. Of course, I didn't have it, so I..... Well, you've heard me speak of Dick Martin. He and I were fairly well acquainted, so I took \$500 from his account at the bank. I really intended to put the money back in, but Dick came in one day, said he was moving, and wanted to close his account. There was nothing I could do but give him his money. To do it, I was forced to borrow \$500 from the Emporium account." Mr. Yarchow attempted to rationalize. "I wasn't stealing the money, just borrowing it. I really intended to pay it back. But things kept piling up and I had to take more than the original \$500. Your mother's long illness and funeral expense . . . this house and presents for you."

Tommy understood. "Gee, Dad, that's okay. You took it for Mom and me didn't you?"

Mr. Yarchow seemed preoccupied. "Yes, but that isn't all. I've stolen \$40,000 during the past fourteen years. That's a lot of money in one chunk, Tommy. Forty thousand dollars. But divide it by fourteen years and it doesn't seem like so much. It wasn't hard to take and spend, but it added up fast." A sudden nervous spasm jerked Dad's face much as a horse twitches to discourage flies. "A month or so ago the Emporium hired a smart-alecky young book-keeper. You know him—Vic Edwards. He said the first thing he was going to do when he took over his new job would be to check the balance of the Emporium account from the day I took it over."

Tommy could not suppress the question. "Did he?"

"Yes. He called me at the bank a few weeks ago and said he would like to buy my dinner that night. I told him that I was going

to be busy, but he said I wasn't too busy to hear what he had to say. He picked me up and we drove to the Chop House. He didn't say much at dinner; just sat there with a sneer on his lips. Back in his apartment he told me that he was on to what I had been doing. Said that he was going to inform the bank the next day. He began to jeer and insult me. I could take that all right, but then he began saying things about my family. He told me what would happen to you when the news got around about me. I knew that he was right, but I got angry, lost my head, and socked him. He fell. His head hit a metal door-stop. He was dead."

Tommy exhaled. He had not breathed during the last few, terrible sentences. All he could say was, "Gee, Dad!" All the words he wanted to say refused to be uttered. He wanted to reassure his father that the unfortunate circumstances could have no effect on their companionship. He wanted to convince his father that all would end well. He wanted to let father know that he wasn't really guilty of murdering Vic Edwards. He couldn't. Tommy just sat there breathing hard, working his soundless lips, hating the dead Vic Edwards.

Tommy was startled from his reveries when his Aunt Lorna entered the room. He looked around for his father before he realized with a shock that he had merely recalled their conversation. His father had been gone a long time, a very long time. Aunt Lorna said nothing. She smoothed the unwrinkled bedspread, straightened the straight rug, and set the perfectly timed clock. At the clock she murmured, "Tommy, it's close to eleven." Tommy nodded. He preferred to remain silent. He didn't want to break down now; his father wouldn't have broken down. Aunt Lorna stood in the middle of the room, taut, silent, looking at Tommy. As the hour of eleven drew closer, the skin seemed to stretch tightly over her bony features. Tommy remained in the window seat, riveting his eyes upon the fort-like structure in the valley. Several times he reached around to scratch his neck, but his eyes remained on the building between the twin hills of the town. Then, suddenly, at eleven o'clock the lights in the room dimmed to only the faintest hint of illumination. All the lights on the far hill dimmed simultaneously. The lights in the penitentiary between the hills dimmed for a moment. Tommy threw himself on the bed, his bony shoulders shaking violently with uncontrolled, unashamed sobs.

Without sound, Aunt Lorna closed the door to Tommy's room. She descended the carpeted stairs murmuring to herself, "I don't understand. I just don't understand." She silently disputed the right of men legally to take the lives of other men. Like other thinkers before her time, she failed to comprehend that the man who pulled the switch sending the electric current into the body of Mr. Yarchow

was any less guilty of murder than the condemned man himself. She knew that it was not Mr. Yarchow who had paid the penalty. He had been released by death. It was Tommy who would suffer for his father's crime. He would suffer for the rest of his life. "I don't know," she repeated. "I just don't know."



Views

CAROLYN WOLLE, '47

Have you the worm's-eye view?
God forbid that I should be so low
That when it rains my eyes be filled with mud,
Or sunny days, be dust-filled, for, although
The world be beautiful and bright, I could not sing
Because I see no light in anything.
Nor would I have the crab's-eye view
That, looking up, my eyes be water-filled,
And see naught but distorted images;
Lord, not a grouch, for then I could not build
My castles in the air; nor could I dream my dreams,
But floundering, drown in lonely, sulking streams.
But I would have the bird's-eye view
And as the thrush, pour out my heart in song
My soul could soar above life's petty things
But in the noble, would I join the human throng;
Yet see the world in its completeness; then I too
Would have a vision like Thy God's-eye View.

Thunderstorm

LORNA WILLIAMS, '49

When the sky is in the branches
Of the elm on our front lawn,
And the robin, home from southward,
Hunts the worm before the dawn,
Then the spring and winter quarrel
Over who shall own the cloud,
Knit their brows together fiercely,
Gnash their teeth and rage, out loud.
Spring is younger than her brother,
Soon the quarrel makes her weep,
And winter, vanquished by her tear-drops,
Goes away a year, to sleep.

A Cloud Fairy

CAROLYN WOLLE, '47

A fairy in the clouds above is seen
By anyone whose heart believes her there;
In day break skies her skirts are fog-grey sheen,
And girdled with Aurora's dew-pearls fair.
Soon joyously she greets Apollo's face
And plays at Aeolus' game of hide and seek;
Gowned now in azure silk and feathery lace,
Happy all day with sunlight on her cheek.
At twilight, ribbons has she in her hair
Which she has clipt from sunset's purple rays,
And blushing in the rose:glow, does prepare
Her midnight velvet robe for lover's praise,
And crown-ed with celestial diamonds bright
Trysts with the moon—his fairy Queen of Night.

Other Little Children

LORNA WILLIAMS, '49

I was sick and starving to death. Mother, coming into my room, placed a tray of food before me. I ate all the food from every dish she gave me, but still I was starving. Mine was a hunger different from that for food. "Mother," I said, "When are the birds coming?" Then she looked at me queerly and answered, "But, dear, the birds are here. Can't you hear them singing?" I turned my head and gazed out of the window. All I could see was the muddy river and the scraggly pine trees along its muddy flats. I closed my eyes. "Silverado," I thought, "What a disappointment. This country can never cure me. I think I am dying . . ." Mother seated herself at the side of my bed. Then, out of the space between us came her voice, reading to me as she did each day. She was reciting a poem I remembered from long ago, when I was well:

"Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along for ever,
With trees on either hand.
Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?"

The words were familiar and very sweet. Suddenly the birds sang as they had when I was a small child. I found my eyes open and gazing out the window at a queer figure, playing by the river. Then the figure turned and beckoned quickly with a long finger of its right hand. From under the sheets of my bed I slipped, and out the window quietly. Mother, with her eyes on the book, kept on reading and didn't notice. Half way there the figure met me, his long, black hair flowing in the breeze behind him. Dark eyes twinkled brightly in a thin face as he pulled me eagerly to the river, down which the green leaves were floating. "I'm Robert Louis Stevenson," he said. "Won't you play with me awhile?"

I sat down on a stone, for I had been ill in bed for a long time

and my legs were weak. "Robert Louis Stevenson?" I wondered. "But he has been dead for many, many years!" The dancing eyes, intent upon the examination of a wrinkled paper, glanced up, and the elf-like face looked into mine. "Oh, no," he said. "You are wrong. I am a child, and children never die." Then, with a quick gesture he thrust the wrinkled paper beneath my nose. It was a map of Treasure Island, beautifully colored, which he had drawn. Stooping over, then, he tied the map to a wooden chip, all the while talking animatedly. "I loved drawing maps when I was your age, and ill. Only one other thing I enjoyed doing more, and that was playing soldier in the land of counterpane. I always wished to be a real-life adventurer and when I couldn't be, I made adventures happen on paper instead." As he talked I thought I detected a note of sadness in his voice. But I had forgotten it the next minute, for he was sailing the wooden ship, with the map tied on it, away down the river.

"There," he said, brushing his hands briskly together, "I always was a romanticist. I keep thinking that some child like the children with whom I used to play will find the map and be thrilled, as I was thrilled in making it. When I was little we used to sail the meadow in a basket, you know. It was a picturesque land where I grew up, with its moors and lighthouses. But Scotland is no more romantic than this Napa Valley with its Silverado Trail and Mount St. Helena. After all," said he, turning his gaze to the heights of the mountain towering above us, "anything is romantic if we think it so."

I had followed his gaze to the mountain and now my eyes, wandering slowly back, discerned an indistinct form upon the opposite shore. The figure stood, robed in black, leaning against a tree, and a formidable atmosphere about it made me shudder. Plucking at Robert Louis Stevenson's arm, I asked, "Who is that?" He looked, and laughed. "Why, that is my old friend. We became acquainted in the cold mists and penetrating winds of Scotland, in my tiny nursery, and over many cups of coffee when I was very young. His name is Death. He was very close to me all through my childhood and we grew even closer as the year passed.

Some people have told me they would find his constant company distressing, but I found he affected me contrarily, and gave me a light-heartedness which made life quite fascinating. Of course he brought pain, but pain teaches people many things they would otherwise never know." I listened, enchanted. Even to the way he pronounced his words there clung a childish delight in the saying of them, and all the while he talked I was aware of the romance and the spirit in him that would not die. Then, as I looked across at the mysterious figure on the opposite shore, I saw him beckon slowly to my companion. Robert Louis saw too, and with a sad shake of his head prepared to leave. Stooping down, he picked up all the boats his

nimble fingers had fashioned while we talked together, and set them a-sailing on the river. Then he took my arm and led me back toward the window. "Death doesn't want you yet," he remarked as we walked, "and while you are awaiting his call, remember that:

'The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings'."

As I slipped into bed he went away, but I still hear him chanting:

"Away down the river
A hundred miles or more
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore."



Spring

HUGH N. BALE, '50

The hilly slopes are clothed with fresh new green,
More verdant yet for gentle show'rs; again
The trees respond to warmth of sun and rain
To unfurl leaves—a season sleeping; e'en
The fields of up-turned soil are strangely clean,
Are yet in harmony with nature's plane;
And at my feet the timid flow'rs attain
A brilliant glory, clustered, shy, serene.
Thus spring is here! And from my vantage spot,
The renaissance of nature is revealed
In radiance and beauty; thus I sing
To that for which we three long months have sought,
To that which now no longer is concealed,
A season of vitality—'tis spring.

If

LORNA WILLIAMS, '49

My heart would not be sorry,
My pen would not have sinned,
If I could tell a story
With the technique of the wind.

Sonnet

VESTA FELLER, '48

And what are bells if there's no one to hear
Their mighty clanging on the quiet air?
And what are bells, though they ring loud and clear,
If there's no one to hear their call to prayer?
And what's a candle in a darkened room
If there's no one to see its ray of light?
Why, what's a candle doing in the gloom
If there's no one to pass it in the night?
And what is love unless they're two to share
In giving this and getting that from life?
And what is love unless there's one to care
About the other's worry, need, or strife?
And what is life? Its meaning is not true,
Unless we have a purpose to pursue.

Truth's Touch

JEAN BLESSING, '47

Facts contacting consciousness . . .
Like frozen crystals touching shrinking, trembling fingers . . .
Oh, their naked, numbing iciness!

School Spirit

ALLEN CARTER BROWN, '50

The activity most closely associated with American colleges and universities, next to that of obtaining an education, is athletics in general and football in particular. It is the unwritten code of the campus that all students display loyalty for their alma mater by turning out *en masse* for the football games. The poor soul who, on the day following the Big Game, cannot accurately describe "Bull-face" Scurinski's amazing blocking technique to his fellow students is, indeed, a gross outsider, a traitor to school spirit. Since it is thus an understood fact that the student *must* attend the football games, his wisest course of action is to attend in the *greatest possible degree* of comfort and still display the proper amount of zeal for the home team. That the practical application of this art may be more readily related and understood, we shall assume the role of invisible witnesses to the misadventures of the average Joe College.

Joe has been attending games long enough to know exactly the type and quantity of equipment necessary for his full enjoyment of the spectacle. He dresses for the event with meticulous care, donning his Scotch brogues, heavy brown tweeds, and leather jacket. He knows that he must also carry a sweater, topcoat, galoshes, scarf, and ear-muffs, for one cannot accurately predict the capricious late autumn weather.

To the above, Joe must add his collegiate equipment: green cap, two banners, pennant, and a small megaphone. Joe remembers just in time to add two cowbells to his collection. Joe would feel lost at any game without his cowbells. He now has all the equipment necessary to display his school spirit.

But he is in dire need of supplies for his own comfort. And so to his already imposing pile of needs he adds two laprugs, a blanket, a pillow, two packs of cigarettes, and one sack of potato chips. It is thus that Joe begins the long trek to the stadium, staggering beneath a Herculean armload of equipment.

At long last, Joe, exhausted, arrives and makes his way through the gate by the grace of his activity ticket. Although he had planned to arrive early, he was delayed considerably by his potato chips, which were continually falling from the top of his load. Since the game has begun, Joe finds that he must content himself with a first row seat on the five yard line.

The cold wind is bitter and raw. He very carefully lays his blanket on the bleacher, places his pillow on it, dons his topcoat,

green cap, sweater, and ear-muffs. He proceeds by sitting on the pillow and spreading the blanket and rugs over his lap. Although the teams are playing at the far end of the field, Joe enthusiastically begins to wave his pennants.

At this point, two heavy-set matrons enter the scene and seat themselves on either side of Joe. He finds himself pinned to the seat by his lap rugs. In vain, he attempts to jump to his feet at the proper moments. Of course, it is impossible. This fact dampens Joe's spirit considerably, for the timing of the jump is all-important. One must rise to his feet with the crowd. To fail proves to one's fellow spectators that the closest attention has not been paid to the game. It is only under such pressure that Joe embarrasses both himself and the two rather plump ladies by asking them to place their posteriors some distance from him.

Half time. What a welcome recess for both the weary player and equally weary spectator. Joe settles back. The tension of the fast game has momentarily disappeared. Of course, Joe hasn't been able to see many of the brilliant plays from his vantage point on the five yard line, but the loyal supporter of the team never considers such things. Joe ceases waving his pennants for a moment; he stops shouting through his megaphone. Instead, he relaxes and begins to munch his potato chips.

Again the dizzy pace of the game is resumed. Although he has puffed wildly on numerous cigarettes in a mad effort to rectify the condition, Joe is dying of thirst, the almost inevitable result of eating potato chips. Usually Joe has lugged a thermos to the game, but tonight his memory has failed him. To top it off, he cannot locate the vendor. This character has been past a dozen times, always blocking the view; but now that he is really needed, nowhere is he to be found. After what seems centuries to poor Joe, he, clutching his throat desperately, induces a stranger seated nearby to offer his flask of hot coffee. Joe drains the container of its mountain-grown contents with gratitude.

The fiery stimulant he has consumed raises the pitch of Joe's enthusiasm still higher. It does not spend itself on the few remaining moments of the game, however. And so it is a nervous and disconsolate Joe that makes his weary way from the stadium. Inch by inch, foot by foot, he worms his way toward the exit gate, hampered no end by his load.

Once in the sanctuary of his home, Joe drops his armload in the hall and flops into the first easy chair he encounters in the living room. His hand automatically reaches for the radio dial. "Damn," he mutters. "What a fool I've been. I could have stayed right here and listened to the game in solid comfort."

But he quickly banishes this revolutionary thought from his mind. For although one might enjoy the game more, and at the same time know more of what actually happened, it would be a sin bordering on blasphemy to listen to the game over the radio rather than to make a personal appearance at the stadium. So we shall see Joe at the big game next weekend, and afterward he will have the gall to tell us that he **enjoyed** the scrap.



Epithet or Epitaph?

DORIS RAUN, '49

Hurrah, hurrah, it's spring, it's spring!

Here comes a junebug on the wing.

Now he's crawling on the rug—

Look out, Mother—

UGH!

Sweet Thoughts

GRACE M. WEAVER, '47

Sweet thoughts are glistening dewdrops

With rainbows caught inside;

Refreshing to their owners,

A blessing far and wide.

They're nourishing, sustaining,

To all on whom they fall,

And yet they're clothed in beauty

Bringing joy to great and small.

And They Lived Happily Ever After

DORIS RAUN, '48

"Hi, Ben," called out Butch in the screeching tones that can be produced only by a ten-year-old running at top speed and using his full vocal powers at the same time. His headlong rush across the street was checked to a mere gallop as he caught sight of his friend sitting disconsolately on the curb. "For gosh sakes, what happened to you?" he asked, but Ben, the picture of dejection, made no reply. With the insight that only a friend of long standing can have, Butch sensed the complexity of his friend's emotions. He sat down beside him on the curb to lend a little solid comfort and also to satisfy his natural curiosity, for Ben, besides acting very strangely, was dressed in a manner that neither Butch nor any of the residents of that part of south Chicago had ever seen before on a Saturday morning, or any morning for that matter. Ben was wearing a pair of navy blue wool shorts and a navy blue jacket, a white shirt with a Peter Pan collar and a large, Lord Fauntleroy bow tie in front, white stockings and black patent leather shoes, and to complete the ensemble, immaculately combed hair.

"Jeepers," said Butch.

"Yeah," said Ben. They sat on in silence for a few minutes.

Suddenly from the house behind them came the shrill sound of a female voice. "Benjamin?" said the voice with a rising inflection. Then, as Benny did not move or make any sign of having heard, the voice repeated in a somewhat wheedling tone veiled with sternness, "BEN-ja-min." Benny turned to his companion and spoke his first full sentence of the morning. "I don't have to go, 'cause it's only my aunt." Just as he uttered these portentous words, a second female voice, lower but with an unmistakable undertone of command, called "Benny." Benny jumped up, snatched up the handkerchief on which he was sitting to keep the dust off his pants, and with "It's my mother, we're going out," as the only explanation was off down the walk, leaving Butch with a dazed expression sitting on the curb.

Later that afternoon, in answer to Butch's shrill and imperative whistle, Ben appeared once more on the porch of his home, dressed in clean blue slacks and a white shirt, his face shining from the recent scrubbing rather than from excessive joy.

"Can you come and play ball?" Butch yelled from habit, although he was only a few feet from Ben.

"Naw," said Ben, "but I can talk a little while. Come on up on the porch." Butch took the four steps in two leaps, dropped the bat he was carrying on the floor, and the two boys sat on the porch swing in studied nonchalance, hands in pockets and feet spread out in front of them.

"School will be out in two days," said Butch, tentatively launching the conversation.

"A lot of good that will do me," replied Ben with disgust, and thrust his hands deeper in his pockets. "My aunt's here, and she leaves the day after school lets out."

"Gee," exclaimed Butch, "is that all you're so sad about? That sounds wonderful. You can ride on the ponies, and help put up hay, and go fishing maybe, and get to milk cows, and—"

"Oh, no, I won't," interrupted Ben with a sigh. "She lives in the country, but she has what she calls an estate. She says I'll just love it there. There are servants to wait on us at dinner, and give me a bath, and lay out my clothes for me, and wait on me hand and foot. What does she think I am, anyway, a baby? Then she says there are some darling little girls living a few miles down the road, and I can have them over for tea in the afternoon, and we'll all have such good times. She's even going to organize a dancing class." With this last indignant statement Ben slumped so low into the swing that his body was at a forty-five degree angle with the floor and his head was sunk deep between his shoulder blades. Butch looked at his friend in dismay.

"There must be something you can do. Have you told your mother you don't want to go?"

"Oh, sure, but she says it's necessary. We're counting on my aunt to help me through college, and so I have to be very nice to her and let her call me her little darling and even let her kiss me before breakfast."

"Well," said Butch, "how about your aunt? Why don't you tell her about what we do here in the summer, and how much fun we have, and maybe she'll say that you should stay."

"I'll try anything once," replied Ben as he rose. "I have to go in and help Mother serve tea. Maybe I can swing the conversation around that way." As Ben disappeared around the door Butch made a face.

"Tea! In the middle of Saturday afternoon! Ugh!" With these ungrammatical but highly expressive statements Butch picked up his bat from the porch floor and ran off down the street in the direction of the ball park.

Inside the house, Ben was having his difficulties. Much to his secret delight and his mother's great embarrassment, while he was carrying the tea he had managed to spill it on his aunt's chartreuse dress. It had been entirely accidental, so he was not too penitent, but when he heard the results of this small act his attitude changed completely, and he would have given his best model airplane to be able to take back the disastrous spots.

"You'll have to excuse him, Marie," his mother said. "I'm afraid he hasn't had much first hand experience with a tea cup."

"Oh, that's perfectly all right," replied his aunt. "This dress was just about ready for the cleaner anyway. He may serve tea every afternoon while he is at my house, and we'll have such fun, won't we Benny?" As soon as she began to address him, her voice climbed several tones in pitch and she seemed to smile all over her face. Ben quaked inwardly.

"I think—" his voice quavered a little, so he decided to start over. "Do you know what I do in the summer when I'm home, Aunt Marie?" he asked with what he hoped was an air of cheerfulness tempered with regret. As his aunt was looking at him with interest and his mother did not stop him, he continued with a little more hopefulness. "We play ball in the vacant lot down the street, and I'm the pitcher. Sometimes we ride the 'el' all day, because it only costs a dime to ride as long as we want. We go to Riverview Park and ride all the crazy rides, like the loop-the-loop, and go in the fun house and try to walk through the revolving barrel. Once we made a raft and floated it down the river, but Mother wouldn't let us do that again." He paused for a minute, occupied with nostalgic memories of the coolness of the water on his feet (the raft floated about a foot under water) and the buildings on the shore drifting lazily by. Then his aunt broke in.

"Why you poor boy, to have to resort to such forms of amusement! That settles it. You simply must live with me this summer, and I will show you how to really live."

Ben said no more, but bowed his head in stunned and hopeless submission to the hands of fate.

About a week after Ben's departure, Butch came home for dinner without as much evidence of his noisy exuberance as usual. His team had just lost the second game in succession, and he wished that Ben were there at least to console, if not to pitch for him. "If Ben had been pitching, we would have won," he mumbled through lips compressed with the effort to keep back the tears, for he missed his friend and he was tired from the heat and exertion. His mother smiled down at the tired little boy and said compassionately and a little teasingly, "My goodness, honey, you look tuckered out. There's

a letter from Ben and a package too, but I suppose you're too tired to open them. I'll save them till tomorrow, if you want me to."

Butch leaped wildly for his mother's hands, for he had already caught sight of a white envelope and a large paper package hidden behind her back. Laughingly she jerked them away, but not too quickly. As he ran to a corner with the precious package and the letter, all vestiges of his former lassitude disappeared. He opened the package first, for no human power could make a nine-year-old more curious about the written word than about a package with unknown contents, and his eyes betrayed his excitement as his clumsy fingers finally tore off the wrappings.

"Wow!" he said softly. "Wow."

He opened the letter.

"Dear Butch," it began, in the childish scrawl characteristic of school boys all over the U. S.

"How are you? I am having a fine time after all. It all started when we got to my Aunt's hous, which is pretty. My aunt right away wanted to take me over to visit the two darling little girls, but when we got home, guess who was there? My aunt's husband, who is my uncle. He has been in the Nayvy and he is going to be home all summer recuperating. (He told me how to spell that word.) He is not even sick, just sick of the Nayvy, he says. That day he took me to the stables to see the horses, and he even has one I can ride. It is white and brown. It is a little horse, and not a pony. The next day we all went on a picnic to the sea-shore, and he took me sailing on the sound. There are all sorts of wonderful things to do hear, and my aunt is so excited having my uncle home that she duzn't care what I do. Just so my uncle likes it.

My uncel bought this catcher's mit for you, becauze I told him about our baseball league. He also wants you to cum and visit for a week this summer, if you can arrange it with your mother.

Tell the team they better win all the games.

Love,

Ben."

Butch ran, yelling with his customary shrill tones, although his mother was only a few yards away in the next room, and thrust the letter and the package into her hands.

"Read it, Mother," he yelled. "Wow!"

God Gave Me These

VESTA FELLER, '48

God gave me not ten talents or a fruit tree or a lamb,
But He gave me life and soul and mind and made me as 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 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.

I'll Call The Painter

CECILY SHERK, '49

As the days passed I found myself very eager to go home. My mother had written that the house had been completely redecorated. Of course I love my family and this affection alone would have made the prospect of going home delightful, but the visualization of new wallpaper filled me with an increased sense of pleasant anticipation.

Now, ordinarily my mother selects her own paper (and does a good job, too), but I had deduced from a few disparaging remarks from Father, that upon this occasion Mother had consulted a specialist, and that the results were startling.

In the excitement of meeting the family and having my small brother disclose the exciting news that he had three girl friends, that Daddy was getting a brown coffee table for Christmas, and that one cow was "awful" sick, all in one breath—I nearly forgot about the new wallpaper.

Not for long, however. I stepped into the entrance hall only to be greeted by a maze of elves under mazes of toadstools. I was not allowed to look long. Mother rattled on about the new, new melon shade and how well it blended with cream, and I stepped into what was formerly a living room, but was now a series of Paul Reveres riding over New England countrysides. The Paul Reveres with their blushing melon faces were something to see!

The dining room had that new striped effect—alternate panels of melon and cream, with a border of waxed fruit.

I went to the kitchen for a drink, but the kitchen was steaming with melon colored teapots. I took one good look and flew to the bathroom—only to find creamy sail boats, sailing on melon seas. Mother looked injured so I went back to the Paul Reveres and tried to talk to the family. Within the first twenty minutes I had counted 99 Pauls, when Dad noticed my plight and informed me that there were exactly 301 Pauls, 301 horses, and 301 stone walls. Anyway, I soon became accustomed to the scenery and the evening was spent in delightful conversation. As the clock struck eleven, we decided to retire.

My brother was raving about his room. He said that there were hundreds of airplanes—and there were. Father was raving too—and you would have seen why. His room was the latest thing! Paneled floorboards ran up across three walls and the ceiling. If you weren't careful you'd walk up the wall. As for the fourth wall, it was covered with decrepit horses hanging over moss-covered walls, complete with old, oaken buckets.

I was afraid to go into my own room, but Mother informed me that she had left my walls painted, and she said she hoped I didn't mind. I didn't mind in the least, and I slept very well. The whole house looked better in the morning. Still, all things considered, when I decorate my house I'll call the painter. The first thing I'll say is: "Nothing melon, please!"



Cynicism

RALPH BOLLINGER, '50

I am a cynic. So take me with a grain of salt, for all that I say will be hard and bitter—but it will be the truth.

I say that man will never understand the ways of peace, for he has never really tried to learn—and when he begins to try he will be too late. I say that when we teach our children the fundamental hate and strife of war before they know the Prince of Peace, we may prepare the Cross again.

For a child, dying of hunger or maimed by a bomb, is a prognostic that forshadows the gloom of the coming age—

Awakening

HUGH BALE, '50

J. P. Carter, wealthy owner of the Valley Syndicate, a chain of small newspapers, waited impatiently at the station for the ten o'clock express. The train was half an hour overdue. J. P. seemed resigned to that fact—he had half-expected the express to arrive late. He glanced at his watch—10:35. He compared his time with that of the clock over the gates to the platform. He paused to look at the headlines of a crumpled daily, trodden on the floor.

Outside the wind was trying to force its way through the dimly lit station. Carter could see the flickering streetlight through the whirling snow storm. Except for a telegraph operator and the businessman, the station was empty. That was understandable—nobody but a fool would venture forth on a trip on such a miserable night.

The head of the Valley Syndicate wondered what had possessed him to leave the security of his apartment to accept the invitation of Harry Burke to weekend at the mountain lodge. They had been fraternity brothers—were once intimately acquainted. Eight years had gone by since those carefree days, and the two had lost contact with each other. Harry had been insistent in his telephone invitation; J. P. had accepted out of curiosity rather than for friendship's sake.

At eleven o'clock the full-throated blast of a diesel locomotive quickly faded out against the competition of the elements. Three minutes later the pounding express eased to a quiet stop on track three. Possibly half a dozen people hurried past Carter as he wound his way through stacks of baggage to the idling train. The conductor was nowhere in sight, and the lone passenger climbed up the steps and walked into the coach. For once he would not have to waken any lounging sleeper—all seats were unoccupied. J. P. shrugged out of his overcoat which he threw across the back of a seat. Tossing his hat into the luggage rack, he eased down into the airfoam cushions. He notched the back of the chair to three fourths of the way, gazed through half-closed eyes at the shadowed outlines of the station.

Silently and swiftly that building was gone; the window reflected only the bright lights of the interior. Carter pulled a time table from his pocket, located his schedule with some difficulty, and estimated the time of his arrival in the mountains. Normally the train should get there at one o'clock in the morning, but considering the hour behind schedule now, and the storm, the passenger decided that two-thirty would be the earliest time, possibly later.

He folded the pamphlet and replaced it in his pocket. Carter caught a fleeting glimpse of the lights of a whistlestop as the train

highballed down the main track. He heard the hissing of air as brakes were applied on a turn, the rumble of the trucks over a bridge. He sensed the steady pull of the engine up a steep grade.

The train stopped at a station at the top of the climb. Carter peered through the window and made out three figures on the platform. They passed from his range of vision, and he sighed as he felt the rolling of the coach.

For a few seconds Carter was relaxed. Suddenly he sat up frigidly as he realized that the train was speeding backward. In the inner reaches of his mind, the publisher visualized the night's happenings. Everything was running true to form—the phone call, the snow and wind, the deserted station, the empty coach, the halt at the top of the hill. He had seen it all before—a dream, that was what the entire thing seemed like. But how did it end? Carter could not recall any ending. He looked hard through the window, but could see nothing. He was aware of the speed of the train, felt the sway of the coach as it banked around a curve. When he heard the faint rattle of the trucks as the train moved onto the approach to the bridge, Carter knew the answer to his question, but he could do nothing now.

The morning papers carried a short paragraph headlined: "Runaway train crashes through bridge." The few sentences following explained briefly: "The ten o'clock express crashed through a bridge over the North river last night. When engine trouble developed, the fast dieseliner stopped at King's Hill station where the crew detained to investigate. While the railroad men were warming up in the station, the express started rolling down hill, gathering momentum so quickly that attempts to catch the runaway were futile. Fortunately no passengers were aboard."



Moods

LORNA WILLIAMS, '49

Let the lady weep, my lad,
Let the lady storm!
'Tis a well established wont
Peculiar to her form.

Remember, lad, that Mother Nature,
Wisest gal beneath the blue,
Has her days beneath the weather,
Has her rain and sunshine, too.

Grown-up Game

LORNA WILLIAMS, '49

When I was small I used to play
At baseball, in the lot all day,
And 'round the rose bush slyly peek
In countless games of hide and seek.

But now my frame has grown too tall
For hide and seek and games of ball;
I play in other worlds instead,
And romp, with thoughts, inside my head.

An Antique Shop

DORIS RAUN, '48

As I came around the corner a little gust of autumn wind blew a whirlwind of dust before me, and when the spiral unwound and was quiet once more I saw an old building which had not been visible before. It was ridiculously tiny and out of place in this noisy, modern section of the city. On the single, dirty window was written in peeling gilt letters "Antique Shoppe." The final "E" was almost a thing of the past. All that was left of it was a faint outline. The door, too, was lettered in gilt with some strangely foreign name and PROP. in large capitals after it.

When I opened the door an exceedingly un-modern sounding bell, announcing a prospective customer, tinkled in the back of the shop. With that slight noise all the hurrying world was shut out, and I was caught in the snare of mystery that old things hold. Everything that I saw or touched had its own secret, its own aliveness.

As my eyes became accustomed to the dim light after the glare of the autumn sun on the pavement,, I saw the backs of the figure-ines that made up the window display. They were of varied sizes and shapes, but they were all, with one accord, staring straight ahead at the turbulent stream of traffic and pedestrians that could be seen only dimly through the window. In spite of their pale blue and gold porcelain finery they seemed a trifle wistful, poor, silly things.

Turning away from the window, I looked down the long, narrow room that made up the rest of the shop. Down the center ran an im-

pertinent little aisle, that looked as if it had pushed out of its path anything presumptuous enough to block the way. On either side of it were large sofas with escaping stuffings, and a few other nondescript pieces of aged furniture. There were an old grandfather's clock, and a high corner cupboard that looked like Old Mother Hubbard's original piece, and three or four old bureau drawer sets. Two or three paths branched off from the main one and wormed their way into the farthest and most unexplored corners.

Catching a gleam of white down one of these paths, I turned to investigate. There, at its conclusion, stood an old spinet with a stack of music on its back. The ivory keys were yellowed, and some had fallen off, leaving black gaps. The keyboard looked like an old man's smile. A needlepoint stool was pushed a little away from it as if someone had just risen to hide from my intrusion. On the music rack was a yellowed, dusty manuscript, only half-completed. Perhaps it was the work of some undiscovered genius, or a score of one of the great master's that had never been published. It could have been a girl student's practice sheet, or a lover's song, or . . .

But I was destined never to know the secret of the manuscript, for at that moment the man to whom the gilt letters on the door evidently applied came to ask if there was something I wanted. I was going to tell him no, but he looked so forlorn and old that I bought the tiniest porcelain doll. As I walked out with my purchase I could see the figurines still staring out at the never-ending panorama, but they looked even more wistful than before.



The Wall

JEAN BLESSING, '47

Bound by inert, invisible walls
Of time and blind, limiting matter,
Inaccessible to Beauty,
I stand with dumb lips and clumsy hands
Dully inarticulate and uncreating.

Unrelenting, Beauty pulls stretched
Sinews of the soul; and though I long
To rise responding to her, full-throated,
Freely singing the exquisite lyric,
I only struggle in uncomprehending pain
Muffled in vast overwhelming silence . . .
In great blank gulfs of endless emptiness.

The Only Way

ALLEN CARTER BROWN, '50

Tony Van Glyke dropped silently onto the arm of the nearest chair. His brown eyes quickly re-read the telegram clutched in his long, trembling fingers. The wire floated toward the Oriental carpet as Tony raised his sensitive fingers to run them through his curly brown hair. "Damn," he said softly to himself. Tony had acquired a way of swearing which made the word sound no more vulgar than if he had said "Goodness." He picked up the wire and read it for the third time. He couldn't believe it. Unconsciously, he read it aloud.

MR. TONY VAN GLYKE.
LINDGREEN TOWERS.
CHICAGO, ILL.

TONY—UNITED OIL OFF 3 POINTS TODAY'S TRADING
STOP MUST SELL TOMORROW UNLESS YOU SUPPLY
½ MILLION MORE MARGIN

SAM

Tony stepped to the liquor cabinet, selected the decanter of Hague and Hague, and poured himself a Scotch and soda. It was a little too strong, so he added more soda. One half a million dollars. Tony knew without consulting Sam Martin, his business manager in New York, that it was impossible to borrow that much on such short notice. The resources of Van Glyke Newspapers, Inc. had been mortgaged to the hilt to buy the oil stock in the first place. It was supposed to have been a sure thing, an investment of three months and a 30% profit. Tony mixed another Scotch. He sank into a deep chair and placed a cigarette between his lips. He was cleaned out—broke—bankrupt. Tony wondered what he would do now. "No doubt," he mused, "the receivers of the newspapers will provide a cushy, charitable job for me." He flatly declared to himself that he would not accept. "No," he decided, "I'll start over again. I'll struggle back to the top." He surveyed the room with satisfaction. It was finished in conservative, expensive George II. The deep stain of the furniture combined with the color of the Persian rug to produce an effect of beauty and good taste. Two El Grecos adorned either side of the massive fireplace. They were not prints of El Grecos, they were El Grecos. Tony congratulated himself on picking them up on his way to the south of France four seasons ago. He thoughtfully placed the glass to his lips, and then inhaled deeply on his cigarette. As a result of the liquor he had consumed, he felt the closeness of the

smoke-filled room and impulsively rushed into the hall and downstairs.

The doorman nodded congenially, and merrily said, "Good morning, Mr. Van Glyke." Tony did not reply, but glanced at his watch instead. The doorman had said "Good morning." Tony's watch confirmed the greeting. It was two. A bleak, cold wind found its way through Tony's suitcoat. The night was a blue-grey with the moon beaming faithfully through a light mist. Usually the jingle of coins in his pocket brought him an undefinable peace of mind, but on this particular morning the sound produced an opposite effect. Tony could not help reminding himself that those jingling coins constituted his entire capital. He tortured himself, as he walked briskly down Lake Shore Drive, with conjectures on what the dismal future could possibly bring. Tony was no longer in high spirits. The mist and the barren, ugly streets of early-morning Chicago were indeed conducive to dismal thoughts. Tony stubbed his toe on a rock in the middle of the sidewalk and cursed with eloquence. He continued to walk past the darkened shops and offices. "If I could only stop thinking," he said to himself. He couldn't. He had lost the inclination to attempt to build another fortune. The atmosphere was no ally to ambition.

Tony soon found himself at the hotel entrance. He had no idea of the route he had taken, but he had returned nevertheless. He decided that he wouldn't go up to his apartment just yet. He wanted to walk and think some more. "Have to think." But, being badly in need of both external and internal warmth, he changed his mind and went up to the suite. He mixed a drink before slouching in the window seat. Languidly hanging an arm over his knee, he sipped his Scotch while gazing out of the window. The city yawned and awakened beneath him. The occasional pedestrian became a milling throng; the lonely automobile a mechanical snake.

Tony sat in the window for a long time, his head throbbing with the question that demanded an answer: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" He knew that he would never give up all that he now possessed and accept some remote editorship. He would never start over again—the road had been too bumpy. Tony realized, though, that he had to acquire an income of some sort in order to live. He dropped his head into his hands and sobbed softly. "I guess I'm just a weak sister after all. Haven't the guts to start over, but don't know what else to do. What shall I do? WHAT SHALL I DO?"

And then, as he watched the crowd below, Tony answered his own question. There was obviously, he reasoned, only one thing to do. He swung his legs over the window sill and crawled onto the parapet. He stood erect, muttered "To Hell with it," and jumped.

