

MANUSCRIPT

MORNINGSIDE

COLLEGE

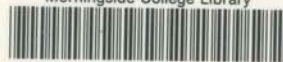
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JOAN ELSINGA, *Editor*

MIRAH MILLS, *Faculty Adviser*

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Volume 6	SPRING, 1944	Number 1
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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Foreword .....	2
1939-40, Jane Garretson.....	3
"I Don't Feel So Good," Mary Ellen Snyder.....	5
Lines, Mary Ellen Snyder.....	5
The Concert, Rosemary Huxtable.....	6
Little Clock, Doris Peterson.....	7
Ghost of Fog, Wesley Jacobson.....	8
Autumn Leaves, Mary Ellen Snyder.....	9
The Stars Are Immortal, A Fantasy, Delores Ebert.....	10
Moments from the Concert, Doris Peterson.....	12
Retribution, Beverly Rehnblom.....	14
Handbook of Death, George Holcomb.....	15
Hymn for Hearts Hurt in Wartime, Mary Jean Logan.....	17
Ballad of the Coming Armistice, Jack Howe.....	18
Notes on the Stanhope Local, Beverly Rehnblom.....	19
Farewell to the Tempest, Mary Jean Logan.....	21
The Best Topic of All, Evelyn Madsen.....	22
Snowflakes, Mary Ellen Snyder.....	25
The Voice of the Wind, Joan Elsinga.....	26
Tempo, Mary Jean Logan.....	28

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## F O R E W O R D

In this time of war, we, the few members of Manuscript Club, feel it a privilege to present for your approval this collection of student creative writing. May the next issue find our numbers greater because peace has come.



## 1939-40

On September 22, 1939, at approximately 8:30 in the morning, I took my first bold steps through the heavy doors of Main Hall. I made my *début* at Morningside College; I matriculated. You probably would not recognize that meek, tightly-curved miss in her made-over suit and long hose if you should see her walk in today. At least I hope you would not greet her with a cordial, "Hi, Jane," unless there should be a definitely dubious tone in your voice. For I was, much to the upperclassmen's delight, what is commonly known as a typically green freshman.

But a green, bashful, quiet, self-conscious soul does not stay long in such a sad condition around Morningside, not, anyway, in 1939-40. I shall always contend that that year was one of the most exciting and interesting ones this campus has ever seen.

Freshman week stands out in every college student's life, and mine is no exception. The first night, a theater date was arranged for each of us—compliments of the bursar—and despite nervous giggling and embarrassment, the ice walls of shyness began to melt, revealing new friendships beyond. Parties, luncheons, dances, and still more parties filled the week, and my long hose gave way to anklets as I rapidly realized that "Main" was not a formal hall of learning.

Learning! There was a new thrill in the word and in the new environment in which I rediscovered it. Owning my own books was a joy I had not known before, and I took to them with excitement and enthusiasm. I also found a certain relief in the new lecture system employed by several of my professors; why, even note-taking was fun!

One of my favorite classes, commercial art, met on Tuesday and Thursday evenings from 7:30 until 9:00 in the basement drafting "lab." My friends would invariably laugh at the double lunch I carried on these days. My reason for enduring their ridicule was to save not only money but also that drawn-out ninety-minute ride on the streetcar across town and back again. However, I really had no desire to go home before class anyway; there was always too much going on in the Union Room that I did not want to miss. The "Union" was open regularly until after 7:00 and swarming with

the "gang." I believe I spent the better part of my 1939-40 year there. Games never ceased, partners merely shifted with the classes. Even though no dancing was allowed anywhere on third floor the music was all the more inviting. Also, though it may sound incredible, the "Union" was the only place where one could study successfully; the library was too noisy, or maybe bustling is the word. You see, we had men in school that year, and we had a very attractive young librarian.

Our library; yes it has changed. The long aisle to the desk at the very back of the room is missing, and, thankfully, the embarrassing walks on the squeaky floor, past supposedly staring eyes, have gone with it. But the students are missing, too. I doubt if any of you have trouble at the present time in finding a place to sit in the library, but more than once I have walked in and then out again as I searched in vain for an empty chair. When one did find a chair, the people made the room itself too interesting, and minds often followed eyes around the tables instead of through the bound pages.

Morningside was happy that year, and gay. She was proud, rightfully so, and never more displayed her pride than on Homecoming Day. Floats of massive shapes and varying sizes, blocks of them, full of the exhilaration of youth and college; floats, full of the beauty and thrills of carefree hearts, drew seething crowds away from the curbs in admiration. Down the center of the street our strutting, white-clad drum major, accompanied by two lively major-ettes, led our fifty-five piece band as it literally pounded joy, enthusiasm, and excitement into the eager masses.

1939-40 was my year; I shall never forget it. It was my year of graduation and my year of commencement: a graduation from mere living and a commencement into life. In my closet, back in the corner, hangs my made-over suit; down have come the tight curls; the green haze has been blown away; Morningside, 39-40, brought me the independent and invigorating idea that college can be fun, for learning and for life; that college is worth working for, worth fighting for.

—Jane Garretson, '44.



## "I Don't Feel So Good"

I don't feel so good!  
I have an awfully funny pain  
That I've never had before.  
It isn't like a scratch or bruise  
'Cause you can't see what's sore.

It isn't like the measles  
Or a plain old tummy ache  
Like you get from green apples  
Or too much chocolate cake.

Mother didn't call the doctor;  
She just looked kind of sad.  
She said my feelings had been hurt;  
That made the pain I had.

But if feelings are inside of you,  
How you hurt them I don't see.  
Well, anyway, I only hope  
They don't hurt easily,  
'Cause I don't feel so good.

—Mary Ellen Snyder, '44.

## Lines

Summer has gone,  
And the  
Dull brown leaves  
Have fallen.  
The barren trees  
Must face  
Cold winter blasts  
Alone.

—Mary Ellen Snyder, '44.

# The Concert

## I.

Every Sunday night about six o'clock a procession of people begins to trudge up the street leading to the park. People come carrying blankets, newspapers, and pillows. They come from Morningside, Leeds, Riverside, Hinton, LeMars, and even from as far as Akron. As the time passes and eight o'clock approaches, the crowd thickens; there is no more parking room near; hence the long procession of concert goers stretches several blocks down the street. The streets on either side of this one have similar throngs climbing slowly, cheerfully up the steep hills, all going to the band concert in Grandview Park.

From above, the scene looks like a giant wheel, with the white bandshell the hub, and the surging lines of people the spokes. The appearance of the musicians on the platform is a signal; and the spokes seem to contract towards the hub until they disappear completely; all that remains is the dark circle of living beings around the gleaming white shell.

## II.

After the concert begins, the audience is still sorting itself out on the fan-shaped tiers of seats. The music-lovers congregate on the front center section; on the outside section and on the grass behind sit young couples, soldiers and their "girls," high school boys and their "steadies," groups of giggling girls who had come because of the lack of anything better to do. More couples are behind the shell walking in the dusky rose garden, listening some, talking a little, or merely thinking.

There appears to be a scarcity of young men in the multitude around the shell. The few who are present are mainly dressed in khaki, navy blue, or marine green. The khaki-clad soldiers are wearing the insignia of the Air Force for the most part. They have come from the Air Base to hear the music. The boys in blue look younger than the rest; their faces show the disappointment they feel in the occasion. Things have changed, it isn't like the old days when the "gang" was around.



It is quiet in the seats. The park attendants are walking up and down the aisles preserving the stillness. Occasionally one points his flashlight at a noisy group, warning them to stop talking and to listen. Red dots in the darkness mark the cigarette smokers in the group. As the night advances and the mosquitoes become more prevalent, the number of dots increases. The sudden flaring of a lighted match dances brilliantly and as suddenly dies away, leaving that area darker than before. The concert flows on and the audience sinks into a summer lethargy.

### III.

As the "Star Spangled Banner" is played and sung, those not interested begin to leave. When the last chord dies away, the rest of the audience start pushing for the aisles and the sidewalks. The long lines of people once more are formed. The spokes of the wheel begin to extend down the streets; they grow longer, thinner, less distinct, until only the lighted bandshell holds them together at the hub. Then the spokes break away from the shell; the lights flicker out; the wheel disappears; the concert is over.

—Rosemary Huxtable, '45.

## Little Clock

Little clock upon the shelf,  
Do not try to hide yourself;  
Take your hands away.  
I can see your shining face;  
Every number I can trace,  
But I cannot say.

Won't you sing another song?  
I get tired of, all day long,  
"Tick, tock. Tick, tock."  
You could run and dance with me;  
Happy playmates we would be,  
If you were not a clock.

—Doris Peterson, '46.

## Ghost of Fog

Gray mist—wet-damp—Ghost of Fog,  
Caress the hard outline of the Night!  
Gently hush its latent sobbing,  
Blot out, one by one, each light.

Tree limbs—groping-fingers—bare and stark,  
Stand there in mournful mute expectancy!  
Assure us of all friendly Beauty,  
Now witness what has been and yet may be.

\* \* \* \* \*

“... In the Year that King Uriah died ...”  
... Crying in the lonely places of the Earth ...

\* \* \* \* \*

### *Voice of the Seeker:*

So you have known other men, sly old Earth?  
And was theirs a tale of life and birth?  
And was it too a catalogue of Woe?  
Of sweat and tears and time ticking low?  
And was it too a cup of happiness forsooth?  
Of joy in youth and years of ageless Truth?

### *Chorus of a Few:*

O life it is a goodly thing,  
To Him let all the praise be given.  
He surely meant us each a King,  
And wished to see us all in heaven.

### *Voice of the Seeker:*

Who said that?  
Was it a man who ever lived?

### *Voice of the Night:*

Stay, O Pilgrim! Wait a bit.  
Listen for the voice of mankind,  
Breathed low in the darkness of the Night.



*Chorus of Mankind:*

"O life it is a goodly thing," that's true,  
But it's a grim-visaged tragic thing too.  
A thing of agony and dead-Hope and dry rot,  
A thing of grief and joy, ache and ecstasy, by lot.

O unknown Creator of all this Magnitude,  
And too of us whom late, shy Death has wooed,  
Why? Why should Life be thus?  
O love'st thou us?  
And yet to Thee much Gratitude we owe,  
For all keen joy, bright hope, and Beauty's  
    shining glow.  
But list, our friend Defiance sits here still,  
And holds the Bowl of Senseless Death from  
    out your mill,  
And cries aloud and threats the sky,  
With all the sobbing agony of . . . WHY?

—Wesley Jacobson, '44.

## Autumn Leaves

Fragile, friable,  
Festive leaves  
Festoon the  
Garden path.

Crispy, crackly  
Colored leaves  
Caress the  
Browning grass.

—Mary Ellen Snyder, '44.

## The Stars Are Immortal: A Fantasy

The raindrops were slowly dripping against the window pane as I let myself into my apartment. The sky was gray and dreary as it had been all day, and the atmosphere filled me with a hopeless feeling of utter depression. I sighed as I drew off my wet raincoat, and listened to the sound of the drizzling rain playing a tinkling tune, accompanied by the drip of the leaking faucet in the little cubbyhole my landlady calls a kitchen. Usually, I like the comforting sound of that steady drip from the faucet, but not today, probably because of the mood I was in.

I knew I should fix something to eat but, strangely enough, I did not feel hungry. I kept thinking of the words my landlady had pronounced when I asked her for my mail as I came in: "No, nothing for you today." I had heard those words so many times before. Why didn't I hear from him? Where was he being sent? Why hadn't he written to me for so long?

A bomber passed overhead and the vibration of its motor sounded within me. I went to the window to watch it pass above the rooftops. Ordinarily I do not pay attention to the planes as they pass, for I have grown so used to them I rarely notice them any more. But tonight the sound of that motor took my mind across the world; as I stood there at the window, I thought of all the fighting going on all over the earth, of all the bloodshed and the pain being suffered, of all the violence and horror of war. I imagined what it would be like where our fighting men are: how it would feel to be lying in a foxhole in Italy with bullets whizzing over my head; what it would be like to cower in a bombshelter in England and hear the shrill whistle of a close-falling bomb, to feel the earth shudder around me; how it would be in a South Pacific jungle, wondering whether or not I would be struck dead the next moment by a bullet fired from a Jap sniper's rifle.

My eyes filled with tears as I thought of all the hardships *he* might be going through. I sighed and wished for the millionth time that this crazy war were over. Then I asked myself aloud the ques-



tion that had been haunting me for so long, "Just what good is it all? What will it bring?" Other questions that had been floating around in my head for a long time came again to the surface: "Why do men fight? Won't this war ever end? Why does God even allow it to go on?" . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

The music was soft when it first started, soft and sad, played by many high-pitched Oriental pipes. It gradually grew louder, and as it rose in volume, a strange voice rose with it saying, "I am Ozymandias, King of Kings." A tall, thin, old man appeared dressed in Oriental robes, a long gray beard hanging from his ancient chin. He kept intoning the same words over and over, "I am Ozymandias, King of Kings." Slowly, so that I scarcely noticed it, the deep voice took on the guttural accents of German and lo! the face of the old Oriental changed: the long gray beard disappeared and a funny little dark mustache took its place; a lock of dark hair fell into the person's eyes, and Herr Hitler was shouting in his screeching voice, "I am Hitler, Leader of the Master Race . . . I am Hitler, Leader of the Master Race!" He waved his arms in wild gesticulations, and as he did so, armies of numberless men appeared behind him, stretching far as I could see; the men were uncountable, all dressed in smart black uniforms with swastikas on their sleeves. The soldiers swarmed around Herr Hitler; he still shouted wildly, urging them on to fight, to conquer, to murder, to destroy. They did his bidding, lunging at each other with horrifying war cries, tearing each other's eyes and throats, burning and plundering everything within their reach, trampling the helpless underfoot. It became a holocaust with Hitler still screeching and gesturing in the midst of it all; suddenly the whole scene crumbled away. Everything was silent, and only a cold swirling mist remained.

The Oriental appeared once more, this time holding an ancient scroll before him; he began to read from the parchment words that were scarcely audible at first, but finally intelligible: "Man has made war. Man must fight war and end it himself, so that Good may conquer Evil." These were words that bore profound thought, but what did they mean? There was no time to consider, for seven men, of appearance similar to the first one, grouped themselves around the patriarch in a semi-circle. Slowly they chanted words

that, with difficulty, recalled themselves from some half-forgotten poem:

“Once in Persia reigned a king  
Who upon his signet ring  
Graved a maxim true and wise,  
Which is held before the eyes  
Gave him counsel at a glance  
Fit for every change and chance.  
Solemn words, and these are they:  
‘Even this shall pass away.’”

As the seven wise men chanted, the first Oriental held up his hand, and on his hand shone a ring, the one with the magic words: “Even this shall pass away.” Did that mean that everything on this earth passed away? Could those words apply to war, to bloodshed, pain, tears? Would all these eventually pass away, too?

\* \* \* \* \*

Slowly, the surroundings of my room came back into focus and I realized with a start that the gleam of the ring I had seen was the gleam of a star in the sky. The rain had stopped and the sky had cleared; in the darkness of the night, only one lonely courageous star had appeared, bravely shining. I wondered if that star might be a sign—a sign of hope.

“Yes,” I said aloud to myself, “everything mortal on this old earth will pass away. But the stars will always be there in the sky. Stars are immortal.”

—Delores Ebert, '46.

## Moments from the Concert

In the bronze of the spotlight, a dark head bent low, lingered long in a graceful bow, then raised ever so slowly to meet with grateful, somber eyes the faces behind thousands of applauding hands. Then, with a suggestion of a smile and a brief nod of acknowledgment, the artist left the stage. She walked, still in her golden halo, with confident steps, keeping the heavy folds of sequined velvet trained to the movements of an experienced foot.



The applause died with her departure, then rose again in deafening request. There were more calls and more bows. She returned each time, to share them with the accompanist, whose white hands held in contrast her own dark one.

\* \* \* \* \*

I had sat in awe, awaiting her first appearance. My attention was centered on the chandelier suspended directly opposite me: it looked down, resplendent as an ancient king surrounded by a million jewels and tiny lights. I thought of the "Phantom of the Opera," and could see in imagination the luminous monarch of grandeur tearing from heavy crumbling chains and crashing upon those below.

Looking down, I saw mostly heads—a great number providing nests for little frivolous hats, a limited number of G. I.'s, much distinguished gray, and some few shining "balds" scattered among them all; considerate arms reached to relieve ladies of their coats; hands rattled programs, some holding them for careful study of the repertoire, others toying with them in impatient occupation. An atmosphere of restless expectation permeated the old Orpheum.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was there—Marian Anderson on the stage, Marian Anderson in the back row of the fourth balcony—a vibrant personality, a rich golden voice pouring out music from a source deeper than the printed notes. Her eyes were closed.

I remembered the phrase "art conceals its artistry" and thought—how true; how easily she sings, as if with no effort at all. No, the effort had gone before, I reflected—years of it.

\* \* \* \* \*

We were leaving the theatre; stairways were packed. The elderly woman whose fuschia headgear was holding my attention two steps below my level, turned toward a companion in breathless unbelief—"and that woman is rejected by many music lovers simply because she is black!"

The "Star-Spangled Banner" rang in my ears.

—Doris Peterson, '46.

## Retribution

A million sunbeams danced to earth  
To a morning melody . . .  
The dewdrops sparkled in the grass;  
The birds held a jubilee!

A freckled face, a tousled head  
Emerged above the sheet,  
And Master Johnny Jones awoke  
The bright spring morn to greet.

Temptation came; temptation grew,  
For Johnny could not see  
Why little boys must go to school  
When birds and bees are free!

The school bell rang, but quite in vain,  
For red-haired Johnny Jones  
Had dropped his books; his line and hooks  
He took to other zones.

The swimmin' hole and muddy creek—  
A paradise—oh joy!  
The perfect place to tan the face  
Of a barefoot, pug-nosed boy.

The time flew by so rapidly . . .  
The sun sank by the creek;  
A weary Johnny Jones went home,  
So penitent—so meek!

The moon behind the woodshed grinned;  
I don't know why, 'tis true—  
What happened in the shed that night  
Just the moon—and Johnny—knew!

—Beverly Rehnblom, '46.



## Handbook of Death

The book slipped from his hand and, landing on the rug, made a dull sound. He started and quickly bent to pick it up, eyeing his daughter a bit sheepishly, while she regarded him over the top of her study table with a questioning look. That look annoyed him, for he could almost read the thoughts influencing it; and he was not getting old, that is, not as old as his absent-mindedness suggested. This lack of active consciousness on his part was caused by his absorption in the book. He had owned that book for some time, but had not taken it very seriously until recently.

In the book he had read the statement that had puzzled him slightly at the time of reading but which was quickly forgotten in the pressing affairs of living. The statement, "When the current of life is ebbing the lower parts of the body are devitalized, and there is a concentrated functioning at the brain center. This occurring the dying man recalls to mind the whole of his past life before he passes from it." Such was the theory of the Tibetans who had written a guide book for Death.

A few weeks after he had read that he had been subject to a slight heart attack. It had been his first, and he had been certain his last, for he was unused to such paroxysms. As he had suffered, his thoughts had gone rapidly to all sorts of subjects concerning his past life, and he had been struck by the truth of those words he had read in the fantastic book. The doctor's hypodermic had brought him back to life's more obvious realities.

After that experience he read the book more purposefully. "After this state of clarity and perception the actual moment of separation of soul and body occurs and consciousness of objects is lost. In this state the Light of Higher Consciousness can be observed. If the departing soul can accept union with this high consciousness, it is a KNOWER and is secure from future rebirths. All persons see this Light at their death and if they are ready can accept it."

"Father, why don't you go to bed? You look tired."

The voice in the quietness of the house was another shock and he jumped, quickly saying, "But I'm not tired. I've just been thinking—" He stopped. Of course he couldn't tell this modern

daughter of his thoughts, even if she was the only one left with whom he could talk, since her mother's death.

Then he felt a twinge in his chest, and suddenly the agonies of another attack wrenched their way into his brain. He heard voices, pounding footsteps, bells ringing. He must answer the phone, but, no, daughter would. Why this was another attack! Perhaps he was dying! Yet he could not remember all of his past; or, could he? What did he want to remember? he could not think. The book! It had said that next he would see a darkness and then a light of some kind. How dark it was!

But of a sudden in his vision appeared a strange cloaked figure sitting cross-legged with a book in hand, his book, the Handbook of Death. This must be a lama.

It spoke, "O Nobly born, the time has come for you to seek the Path of Reality. Your breathing is about to cease.

"Your teacher has set you face to face with the Clear light, and now you are to experience it in its reality, wherein all things are like the void and cloudless sky, and the naked, spotless intellect resembles a transparent vacuum without circumference or center.

"At this moment know yourself and abide in the State of the Higher Consciousness."

The lama disappeared and light, or so it seemed, appeared. He searched it and saw nothing, nor heard any sound.

Yet suddenly, there he was looking up at his daughter and the doctor. Why was she weeping so? He asked her. She didn't answer. He shouted! This was absurd! Why wasn't he heard? He hated to see women cry.

He saw his book lying on the floor and read a passage, "awakening in the first stage of the Bardo, the Intermediate State, the dead person thinks: 'Am I dead or am I not dead?' He sees the weeping of his relatives and friends; he sees his body motionless; he can make no sound nor motion; he has no desire to."

Then he wasn't in the Clear Light yet, and despite what the lama had said, he wasn't going on. He couldn't stand seeing his daughter cry. He realized his eyes weren't open. With a tremendous effort he lifted the lids and watched the doctor's face assume an astounded expression.



"What in God's name?"

The doctor's words aroused the girl from her spasm of tears, and she screamed, "Dad!"

He felt his body go into action again and the sensation as marvelous.

"This is the first case of prolonged catalepsy I have ever seen," said the doctor.

The book was lying closed on the floor near him and he wondered a little about how he had been able to read it, but his strength was returned, so he arose, took the book and carried it down the basement stairway and threw it into the furnace, then stood to see it burn, as the doctor and his daughter watched him queerly. But he didn't mind; his absent-mindedness was fast departing.

—George Holcomb, '45.

## Hymn for Hearts Hurt in Wartime

God whose wisdom flows between  
Life we've wished and days we've seen—  
Dwell with us we pray of thee  
'Till thy ways, thy plans, we see .

Soothe the hearts that cry at night;  
Bring them to thy comfort's light.  
Bleeding palms that stretch to thee,  
Let them touch Eternity.

Touch us, hold us, let us feel  
Hands that warm—that comfort, here  
Eternal Father, before thee now . . .  
Humble, praying hearts we bow.

—Mary Jean Logan, '45.

## Ballad of the Coming Armistice

"Why do you look so sad, my son?"

The war is over;

The fighting is done.

" 'Tis the future looming so near."

Blood is the crop-bed;

The harvest is fear.

"If fear beset you, hie away."

Hide from the night-moon;

Keep far from the day.

"But how can one flee thus from his fear?"

All hope is prostrate;

The world is a bier.

"That just you alone can decide."

All is uprooted.

Join Death in a ride.

"Am I the only fearful one?"

Those living in dark,

Ever fear the sun.

"Nay, only one in all the world."

Fear is concealed,

Its banner furled.

"Then I shall stand 'till all is won."

Let darkness perish;

With evil have done.

—Jack Howe.



## Notes on the Stanhope Local

There is one train through Stanhope, a single car and engine, that leaves Sioux City in mid-afternoon. The engine pulls its burden valiantly. Occasionally it must put forth an added effort—when a carload of livestock is fastened behind the coach, as it sometimes is. Together the cattle or hogs, whichever they may be, and the passengers roll slowly into the distance, leaving Sioux City with its noise and commotion far behind.

Of the many trains—streamlined passengers, freights, trolleys—that daily cut Iowa crosswise, lengthwise, and cornerwise, there is only one I shall ever remember. If I should change my residence to Shanghai or Capetown, I would see it still as plainly as if I were again a little girl standing by the tracks grinning at the engineer; he doffing a smudgy cap and greeting me with an expulsion of steam. How proud I had been of that recognition! It was my ticket to anywhere I wished to go. I would merely fancy myself beside Mr. Engineer and we would tour the land in an afternoon.

Thus we came to know each other, the Stanhope local and I—a friendship which deepened. How can I ever forget my old acquaintance? No other train can ever fill its place.

We citizens of Stanhope named our little local some years ago. The “four o’clock” we called it at its date of christening, for at four P. M. each day the depot gave an unspectacular welcome to the returning engine with its lone car. But why should a Norwegian community let so common a name remain long? It did not. Soon the “coffee train” was responsible for the four o’clock blast of the whistle each day—not the “four o’clock.” If ever a more fitting name were bestowed upon any object, person, or thing, it has failed to be recorded. The engineer, probably not realizing half of the functions he was performing with one toot of the whistle, was giving the signal to all good Scandinavians within hearing distance to lay aside their work for lunch time. If the train were late, it was public enemy number one as far as the Eric Ericksons and Johnny Johnsons were concerned. They would miss the most important meal of the day—coffee time. So the “coffee train” it came to be.

With age and maturity, the train acquired more names, adding to

its list the "Puddlejumper," the "Cow," and the "Toonerville," but none was so good as the "coffee train."

My "coffee train" is a modest, unpretentious one. It twists about, apparently attempting to find the longest route to its destination. It is only using this method of direction to avoid the proud, overbearing cities and to find and call upon every tiny, unassuming village. It hates arrogance—admires humbleness, for it is lowly, too. Its dining service never was. All passengers feast on imaginary steaks and pies only. Perhaps they are of superior taste and aroma anyway. No colored porter is on hand to supply one's wants and needs. Those who travel thus are they who do not mind inconveniences and inadequacies. The green plush seats, identical with the upholstering on grandmother's old front parlor davenport, are dirty. Coal dust filters in through crevices in window frames. But I love every fault, from the dusty seats to the out-of-date name.

Yes, that it is, for a year or two ago a new train schedule ruthlessly seized the name of the "coffee train" from the little local and commanded it to enter our station at eight-thirteen P. M. And of course, even Scandinavians can think of no excuse to have coffee at eight-thirteen, although perhaps they would like to be able to do so. To some the "coffee train" became the "eight-thirteen," but to me it shall always be the "coffee train" with its four o'clock coffee time whistle.

\* \* \* \* \*

Stanhope is not isolated from the outer world. It can be reached by methods other than the eight-thirteen from the west, but I choose to travel this way. With the grunts of the hogs and a pained groan from its internal organs, it starts off from Sioux City taking me home. We stop often, for the mail and parcel post packages must be delivered at each out-of-the-way post office. The hours pass; familiar land marks finally appear—the marsh, the old wooden bridge autographed by every child in our town, Lover's Lane. The engine pauses to discharge its passenger, while the depot agent hurriedly exchanges mail and packages. The eight-thirteen mumbles an unintelligible farewell and is gone.

Yes, there is one train through Stanhope, the local with its single car and engine. You may call it the "eight-thirteen" if you wish, but to me it is still the "coffee train."

—Beverly Rehnblom, '46.



## Farewell to the Tempest

Like a rhythm moving slowly  
With the confidence of steel,  
Like a clanging sounding loudly  
As the hammer's building peal,  
Like a pressure rising grandly  
With a searing heat of steam,  
Like white water jetting blandly  
From within an artful dream,  
Like a story now repeating  
Men from men in ages past,  
Comes to me in present measure  
The one moment that must last.  
Though this love is like a tempest,  
Beats my soul and body numb,  
Passes in a faltering instant,  
Leaves my mind and tongue still dumb,  
Yet the tempest in its blindness,  
Rushing in pulsations fast,  
Gave to me, for all its hurry,  
The one moment that must last.  
Though all other semblance leave me  
Yet the love has made a cleft,  
In the life, the years I lived,  
Just before the tempest left.

—Mary Jean Logan, '45

## The Best Topic of All

The time was April, spring was here in its full glory, but I did not feel well. Maybe I was homesick! Yes, of course, that was the only thing that could possibly be wrong with me. So, after much pleading for the liberty of the days of the Easter week-end, I took the train for home. The vacation was a most delightful one—not a sign of a pain from my little toe to the end of my fingertips. Yes, that was the only thing wrong with me, I was just homesick. After the busy days of traveling, visiting, parties, and traveling back again I reported for work the next Tuesday morning. If the day had been Monday I surely would have called it “blue Monday,” but it was Tuesday, and I still did not feel well. I did not know where I was ill, but I just did not feel as I should feel. Of course I kept telling myself that I was tired and that all I needed was a good night’s nest.

Wednesday morning I arrived at the office feeling bright and chirp, then about noon—“presto” there was that same queer feeling again. Where was it and what was it that was bothering me? Not one special part of me, but all of me; my stomach ached, my lunch looked nauseating, and my head ached. One of my friends told me I looked pale, and that did it; immediately I felt much worse.

My friend insisted upon taking me to the doctor stationed on the base to take care of the accident cases. I did not have much faith in the old gentleman, but nevertheless I yielded. The minute I stepped into the office I felt one hundred per cent better. However, he started asking me the usual run of questions. Do you have frequent headaches? Do you feel nauseated and faint? Do you have a temperature? After ten long minutes of examination he pronounced the verdict. “My dear young lady, you have a case of appendicitis.” “Appendicitis!” Oh heavenly days, no! That wasn’t what was wrong with me. It couldn’t be. Why, I could not feel a pain in my right side where one’s “appendix” is supposed to be located. Regardless of my negative pleadings he instructed my friend that I see the local surgeon in town in the not too distant future.

After we returned to the office she called for an appointment with the designated doctor who said that he could not possibly see



me for at least two weeks. My friend looked at me, and I looked at her. Neither said a word. "Oh well," I managed to say, "I feel all right now; never mind, I guess I can wait until that date to see him."

The next day was Thursday, and I never felt better in my life. I went about my work as if nothing had happened. Surely that old doctor must have been wrong in his diagnosis of my aches and pains.

Friday, again, I went to work as usual. I did my morning tasks as usual and went to lunch as usual. Ordinarily a steak dinner would appeal to my stomach as well as to my eye, but that day it appealed to neither. The pleasant odor of an inviting lunch actually made me ill. That afternoon I became worse, I saw two objects where my better judgment told me only one was supposed to be. My friend noticed my distress and she said she was going to call the doctor in town and tell him that we were going to camp on his front doorstep if he wouldn't see me at the office that afternoon. The nurse acknowledged the threat and told us we could come to the office and wait out our turn. That was exactly what we did. We were the very last ones in the office and the time was exactly 6:40 P. M. when we were ushered into the inner sanctuary of the doctor's office. After a few minutes of physical examination he too pronounced the same verdict. With utter disregard for my own personal wishes he said, while looking me straight in the eye, "I will see you at the hospital tonight at nine o'clock, and your appendix will be removed tomorrow morning." A second later he looked at me again and said, "Oh yes, and you will not take ether!" "Good heavens!" I screamed, "I'm not going to take it he-man style, am I?" "Hardly," he assured me. "You are to have a spinal anaesthetic." I looked at my friend, and she fainted. For the next few minutes I was completely forgotten and the nurse and the doctor were doing their best to revive her.

After leaving the doctor's office I went home, attended to a few personal matters, straightened my room, put a few things in an overnight bag and took a taxi to the hospital. It was just like a reception at a hotel, for my room was reserved and they were waiting for me. It was a little better than the usual run of hotels, however, for they had the bed turned down and they even gave me a nice white pill and a glass of water. I woke up the next morning

at eight o'clock. Soon, a pretty nurse came in with a tray loaded with delicious food. She put the tray next to my bed, looked at me, picked up the tray and said, "I am so sorry; this is meant for the lady in the next room."

About a half hour later I heard a voice in the hall shouting, "Surgery ready for 208 in fifteen minutes." I looked at the number on my door and it read 208! Two minutes later nurses began running in and out of my room; one taking my temperature, another taking my pulse, and another giving me another pill. They dressed me in heavy white garments, put big long stockings on my legs and wrapped bands about my head. All at once I became terribly sleepy, I looked at the clock on the dresser and it was ten o'clock A. M. The next time I looked at the clock it was one o'clock P. M. Nobody told me, but I knew that I was minus my appendix.

The first sentence I uttered (as I was told later) was, "How soon can I go swimming?"

Being a stranger in town I had relied upon my friend to be with me through the ordeal. However, the first person I saw standing beside my bed was a seventeen year old boy whom I had known only two weeks. He had recently been hired as a messenger boy at the office. How he knew I was in the hospital I shall never know, but he was there when I needed most the satisfaction of seeing a familiar face. During my next ten days' stay at the hospital he came to see me every day and even brought some of his pals along. He proved himself to be a seventeen year old Angel of Mercy.

The first four days in the hospital were horrible and I was beginning to think that I never would be able to leave. On the fifth day, visitors began to come, nurses didn't irritate me, and I got a peek at my "operation." The stitches were taken out the seventh day, I sat up on the eighth, I went home on the tenth day, and I received the bill on the first.

Please don't feel sorry for me, because I feel sorry for you. If you haven't had your appendix out, you have the reality to face. It could happen to you, but it can never happen to me.

—Evelyn Madsen, '45.



## Snowflakes

Like a million fairy feathers  
The snowflakes flutter down,  
Filling every cranny up  
And whitening all the town.

They curl around the tree trunks bare  
And make the outlines dim.  
They gently drop from twig to twig  
And rest upon each limb.

They slip across the slanting roofs  
And settle in the eaves;  
They nestle in the matted grass  
Amid decaying leaves.

They light on every fence post top,  
If it be small or big,  
So that each top is hidden by  
A powdery white wig.

And when the flakes have ceased to fall—  
Before the people pass,  
The snow looks like a quilt of white  
That's tied with knots of grass.

—Mary Ellen Snyder, '44.

## The Voice of the Wind

Tell me, have you ever heard the voice of the wind? The caressing, fondling, sighing, moaning, wailing, despairing wind? Have you ever heard this inconstant lover hovering near his mistress, the mother earth? As befits a lover, the wind is all things to his mistress. He scolds, he whispers, he terrifies, he sings, he makes love, he cries in agony at her tortures, he bewails the inevitability of death. But sometimes when the day is fair, the wind is quite content to rest.

On one of these days when the wind was soft, the Woman first appeared. She was hurrying to her destination along the gravelled country road. The wind as if resenting her haste whipped her blonde hair into her eyes and violently swayed the long coat she wore. Her face was expressionless, her eyes quite cold. The only sound to contest the voice of the wind was the crunch of her tiny feet on the coarse gravel. Suddenly, the wind shrieked wildly, despairingly. And, for an instant, the cry of the Woman seemed one with the wind. The wind's cry receded, but the emotion in the heart of the woman remained. As she hastened nearer her destination, the wind seemed to cry. Not as children cry for their mother, or impetuous children wail in anger, but like the deep inward sob of someone who has no tears.

The woman opens the gate soundlessly and her shoe touches the green, spongy earth. She walks more reluctantly now as the wind plays a Rachmaninoff prelude among the various shaped grave stones. The trees are high, forming a gray coverlid for those who never awaken. She notices neither the stones nor the tall trees. Tenaciously a line of poetry clings and will not let go her mind. "Then, if ever, come perfect days." The wind sends the huge white clouds hither and thither in the brightly blue sky. The wind is howling outrageously now as a dog baying to the moon.

The woman passes all the grassy mounds and stones until she reaches a small marble stone at the head of a black mound. She stands irresolutely, hesitatingly. And because this hill is wildly, desolately forsaken, she prays that the spirit of her lover may find peace. Suddenly all is hushed. The soft wind gradually dies to a



sigh. All nature is quiet and at peace. The sun shines down upon the marble and the Woman and the earth. The heavenly spotlight picks out diamond glints in the marble, the gold in the hair of the Woman, the marble whiteness of her face. The Woman is at peace. She has found the answer. The sun is warm, clean, good, alive. The wind is kind. And there is something more—a Reality which said to Moses, "The place on which thou standest is holy ground."

The Woman walks over the road to the gate, quietly and completely a part of the Wind and the Earth. The peace of the earth, the peace that passes all understanding, has come to her. She comes to the gate with a start. The spell leaves her and she sighs deeply. The wind caresses her as she leaves to enter a still greater illusion.

The Wind again sobs and wildly questions, and the Earth is silent and ever-present.

—Joan Elsinga, '44.

## Tempo

Moments follow moments  
As years follow years,  
And partings follow farewells  
As sorrow follows tears.  
But moments moved so swiftly  
We had no time for years,  
And partings were of others,  
And laughter brought our tears.

Until one day, my darling,  
You raised your courage high  
And plunged into the torrent  
Where brave men bravely die.

Now moments follow moments  
So very much like years,  
That sorrow is only sorrow,  
And tears are dry as tears.  
Then comes tomorrow, my dear one,  
The years will be less long . . .  
We'll know that swiftest moment  
When sorrow bows to song.

—Mary Jean Logan, '45.





