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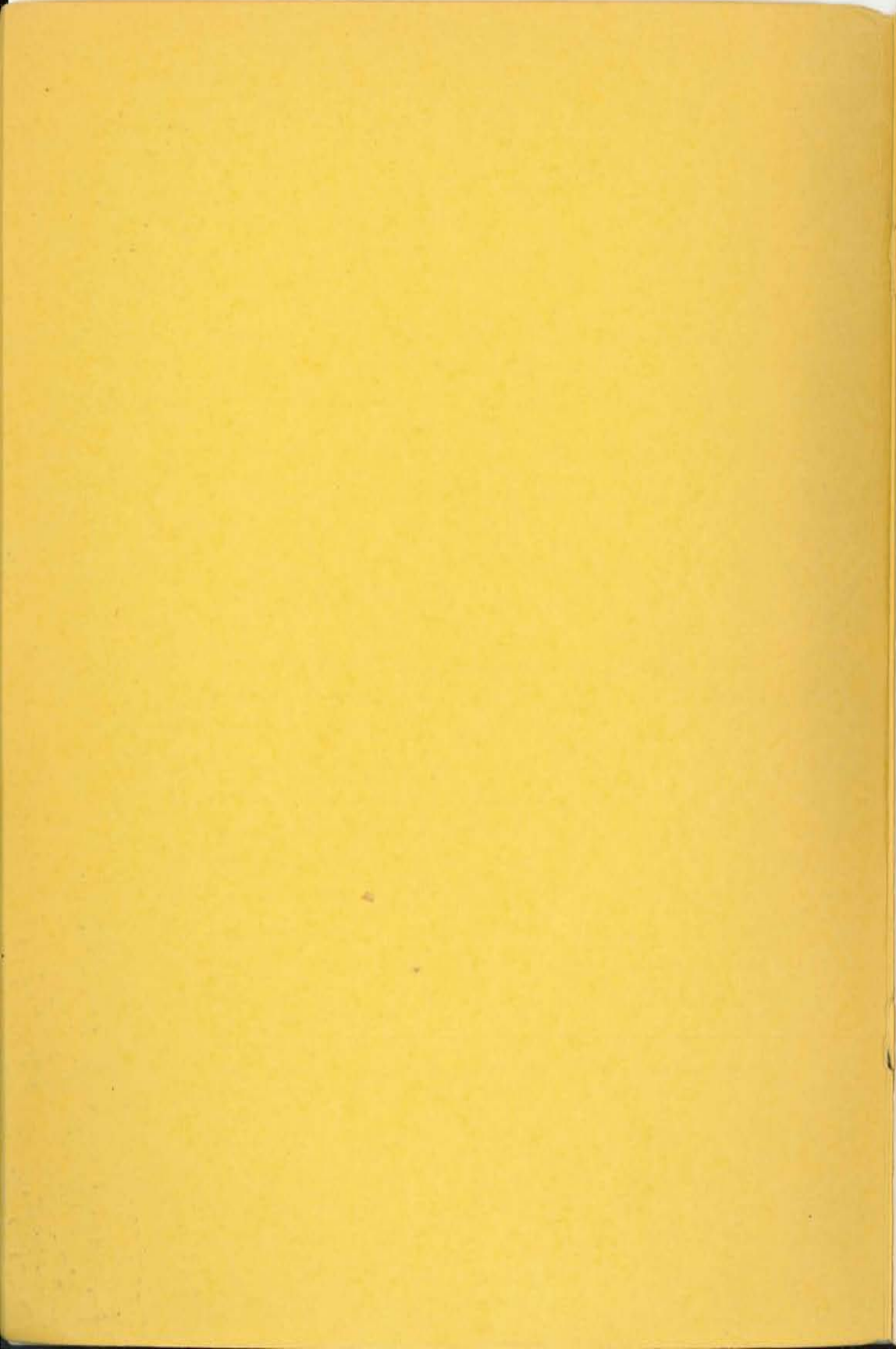
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MANUSCRIPT

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F O R E W O R D

In presenting the second issue of *Manuscript* the editors wish once more to thank those friends who have lent the magazine their support and those who have contributed in other ways to its publication.

Special words of appreciation are due Professor Lynn Beyer who first saw the field for a literary magazine at Morningside, and who has generously given of both his time and counsel to develop the possibilities of that feature of our college life.

The reception of the magazine this year has been gratifying, and the staff joins in desiring for next year better and more frequent issues.

Peace on Earth

"But, Su Excelencia, I must have permission to leave the camp tonight. Mi Maria—my brother has just brought word that tonight—well, senor, it is our first baby, and I must be with her. I promised! I implore you, senor, please let me go into the town. I will come back as soon as possible, I will speak to no one—but now—I want to be with my Maria!"

General Rosas placed his hand on the shoulder of the slender young man standing before him and slowly shook his head. "I am sorry, Jose, but not tonight. Last night, perhaps, or tomorrow night, but not tonight. I have just received orders that no man is to leave the camp under any conditions. I should like to help you, but—well, you see how it is."

"Oh, but senor! Do you not have a wife of your own? Do you not have children? I promise you that—"

"Senor Belgrano! You have heard the orders. I can do nothing. That is all!"

"Si, senor." Jose saluted, turned on his heel, and walked to the door of the dugout. There he hesitated, turned with one last imploring look at the unyielding face of his superior, and stepped out into the darkness. His eyes were filled with tears of anger and disappointment as he walked slowly toward a caisson and slumped wearily against the wheel.

It was a beautiful night. Galaxies of stars twinkled brightly in the deep blue velvet sky, and a pale sliver of a moon hung low over the western Sierras. On the banks of the river below lay the little village with its few orange and yellow lights occasionally piercing the darkness. But off there in the northeast was the war. Only five miles away distant flashes of cannon, the bursting of shells, and the whining of shrapnel marked the battlefield where men were fighting, killing, murdering—

"Over there in the village is my Maria, and I cannot be with her. I must go out and kill some man, while Maria gives life to my son. Death and life—on Christmas Eve. Madre de Dios, help her, and help me. On such a night as this was your own son born. But there was no war then. War—life—death—kill—hate—Jesu Christo—"

Murmuring a prayer over and over, Jose dropped to his knees beside the caisson and rested his flushed face against the hard, cold metal. He knelt there for a long time, scarcely moving.

The moon had almost vanished behind the distant mountain peaks when Jose raised his tear-streaked face. A faint bustle of activity had begun to show itself about the camp. He rose and walked slowly toward the barracks. Whispered instructions brought the men to the drill ground, and there they were loaded silently into the huge motor lorries. As quietly as possible, devoid of lights, the lorries carried them to a ravine about three miles from the camp.

Here the men again assembled. Following a sharp command from the officer in charge, they started along the floor of the ravine. Crawling through brambles, brushing against trees, stumbling over rocks and stones, Jose made his way with his comrades along the bottom of the gully.

After marching nearly half an hour the captain called a halt. "Listen, men, just beyond this bend the ravine flattens out. Not more than a hundred yards away is a loyalist machine gun nest. They have been quiet for nearly an hour, and we must destroy them before they start in again. When I give the signal, every man run for it. Be ready with your hand grenades, and don't give up! Ready!"

Jose found himself running forward through a shower of dirt and stones. He stumbled and fell, but was on his feet again. There was a man running toward him. He threw his hand grenade. It made a beautiful explosion. Then he stopped. Something had happened. His legs wouldn't work—he couldn't move. He rolled into a shell hole and lay there—wondering—wondering—wondering—

He wasn't fighting. He was supposed to throw a hand grenade, but he couldn't. Get that machine gun nest. But it was so quiet. Now he could sleep. And Maria was all right, too. Somehow he knew that she was all right. Quiet—peace—silencioso noche. Peace on earth—good will toward men. It was so good to be able to sleep—not guns—no noise—no war—just peace on earth—

Maria Belgrano smiled sleepily at the tiny baby resting in the curve of her arm. Such a funny muchacho, this little Jose. And how proud big Jose would be. A son on Christmas Eve.

"Su padre will be surprised when he comes home, mi muchachita. When the war is ended and he can stay with us all the time—we

shall have great fun, we three. Sleep, mi nina. It is Christmas Eve and God has been kind. Muchas gracias, Madre Maria, for sending me a son. Go to sleep, my baby. Peace on earth—good will toward men. Peace on earth—”

—Winifred Cheely, '41.

Proposition

Could I but love you, dear, so tenderly
That seeing you would cause my pulse to leap ,
That dreaming you would steal away my sleep,
That your slight ills would bring me agony;
Could I but have the heart you have for me,
Or feel a bit of this you say is deep;
Or sacrifice—enough that I might weep;
I'd stake my all on you quite happily.

If I were sure my heart would really break,
Though I knew, too, that you would soon forget;
If I were certain pain would truly make
The verses come as they have not come yet;
I'd very gladly give, and gladly take
Whatever disappointment I could get.

—Miriam M. Hawthorn, '39.

Take Your Lamp Away

Aladdin, you've been kind
But take your lamp away.
It fails, recalling memories
Years have put asunder.
Aladdin, take your lamp away!
Put before me instead the growing
The pulsing life I used to live.
In that life I had the tune
Temple bells each morning made.
At night I went to sleep
With beating drums that held communion
With the gods of night.
Day break was saluted
By the silver throats of bugles on the city wall
Fifty at a time and perfect in their unison.

Aladdin, when you find a lamp
A machine or thought
Powerful enough to bring it all back
Then visit me often when I am alone
And longing for the past.
Your genie is still bewildered at my demand.
Does he know that memory is unpreparable?
Unpredictable? A traitor to desire?
Knows he not where I am from?
Take him and your lamp away!

—Eric Liljestrand, '42.

Everything Set

Everything set. A quart of whiskey and a package of cigarettes in my pocket. The space under the garage door carefully packed with gunny-sacks. A wad of paper stuck into the broken glass of the window I forgot to have fixed. Everything set.

Now to start the car. Mustn't give it too much gas. Pull out the throttle just a little farther. Couldn't use your foot accelerator for a job like this. Too much danger of your foot slipping off and spoiling everything. Gear in neutral. Brake set. The windows of the coupe lowered. Everything set.

Nothing to do now but wait. A deep draught of the whiskey—man, that stuff really takes hold. Wonder where Marty got it. Must ask him the next time I—but there won't be a next time!

A cigarette. Gosh this lighter takes a long time to get hot. Someone ought to invent one that wouldn't necessitate waiting sixty seconds before you can light a cigarette on it. Oh well, I won't need to worry about that confounded thing much longer. A deep drag—ah, that's good. Funny how I like cigarettes. Wonder if they have them where I'm going.

My fingers are kinda numb but I don't feel cold. That whiskey should warm me up soon enough.

Everything set—no, not quite. The radio. Must go out while the brass band plays. Hope it's something nice and peppy. Some good swing number.

"... just been listening to a brief review of the news of the day, brought to you by the makers of Enos Soap, Enos Soap Chips, and Enos Tissue Soap. This is station KRLC, Columbus. We now bring you a quarter hour of tea-time dance tunes played by Freddie Long and his orchestra. As their first number, Freddie and the boys are going to play that current favorite—'My Reverie'.—Freddie."

"My Reverie", quite a tune that. Marion's favorite. Great girl, Marion, but too serious. She was out for a husband, home, and kids. None of the home and kids stuff for me—better as it is. But she sure had class. Have to hand it to her there. A swell looker. She'd make a darn good wife, too. Maybe I should have taken her up on it. Maybe a wife and kids was what I needed. Maybe I wouldn't be doing this now if—hell, getting soft? Better have another swig of that whiskey and forget Marion.

Damn, I can't smell a thing. But then they say you can't smell Carbon Monoxide anyway. Throw out that butt and light another cigarette. Hang that lighter. Wait, wait, wait—wait for everything in this world, even to light a cigarette.

What's the name of that thing they're playing now? "Lambeth Walk", that's it. Gee, Edith and I sure got plastered the night we danced that one. Funny, Edith. She was the kind that didn't care whether you were drunk or sober, just give her a smile and dish out the dough—that's Edith. Marion told me she was no good. And I told Marion to mind her own business. If I only had let Edith alone I would have two thousand more to my name now. I have Marion to thank for getting rid of her that cheap. Good old Marion.

Take some more whiskey. Get good and drunk. Maybe the whiskey will get you before the gas does.

"Deep in a Dream", that's a good number. Marion liked that a lot. Said it was just like herself. Wanting me and waiting for me and me not coming. Maybe I should have left her a note. She won't understand. She'll think it's because of Edith and that's not it at all.

Gosh, I feel funny, kinda sleepy. Is it the whiskey or the gas? Say, I better get out of here. I've gotta see Marion and explain.

I can't move—I must be checkin'. Oh God, let me out of here. God let me turn off that ignition—I can't move!

Can't see or feel a darn thing, but I can hear the music. Funny, I always did want to go out while the band was playin'.

God, I don't wanta die. Let me come back, let me come back. I'll set everything right by Marion and me, I—swear it! I'll—set—everything——!

—Bartlett Lubbers, '42.

High Voltage

Hank, pausing just inside the door, blinked in the dim light of the shop. He pulled out a blue bandana handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his face. As soon as his eyes were adjusted to the light, he went to a row of old lockers lined up against the side wall. Taking from number eight a towel and a piece of tar soap, he ambled to the washroom.

He opened the door. Someone had forgotten to turn off the shower the men had rigged up, and the water was dripping away in defiance of the sign on the wall—Turn Off the Shower and that Means You! Hank reached up and gave the knob an extra hard twist. The water gurgled spasmodically and stopped. He frowned at the sight of the dirty washbowl. Glancing around the room, he spied a can of Old Dutch Cleanser on the floor. Behind it lay a sock which from its appearance had been there some months. He picked up the cleanser, carefully sprinkled some of the powder into the basin, took a worn down hand brush lying in a soap tray and began vigorously to clean. He felt some vague satisfaction in watching the dirt disappear; but he knew the rusty spot where the water dripped down couldn't be removed.

After cleaning the bowl, he filled it with cold water, washed his hands and face and ran a comb through his thinning hair. The side door slammed. He paused. Then he heard a loud, young voice say, "Gee, but it's hot!"

Another replied, "Ain't it though?"

As soon as he identified the voices, he continued combing his hair and looking at the bald spots rather abstractedly in the wavery mirror. He jerked around guiltily when he saw the grinning, perspiring face of Pat reflected.

Pat began, "Where'd you go, Hank? Boy, oh boy, was it hot up on that sub-station!"

"It wasn't exactly cool on that pole where I was workin' this morning."

"Say, who does old 'fish-eye' Johnson think he is sending us all up on the hot spots when it's a hundred and ten in the shade?"

"'Cause the cable's goin' to hell that's why, and 'cause as long as Johnson can sit in an air-conditioned office, he ain't goin' to worry about the boys down here."

Hank folded his towel up and started to leave the room. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the dirty sock on the floor. He stooped over, picked it up and threw it out the narrow window. Then he put his things back in the locker and took out a lunch bucket. One workman was stretched out on a narrow bench fanning himself with an old company magazine. Hank pulled up a chair and sat down to the table—an old drawing board supported by two saw horses.

Pat drew up a chair beside Hank's and unwrapped the newspaper covering of his lunch; then straightened the paper out to read. Three more laborers came in and joined Hank and Pat. After they had in turn cursed the weather and Boss Johnson, the group fell into a silence and all that could be heard was the sound of their eating and the buzzing of flies and the muffled sounds from the street. The man on the bench was still stretched out fanning himself.

With startling suddenness a song broke into the quiet of the shop and echoed in the corners where the discarded dust-covered tools lay. Hank's head jerked up. He shifted his eyes nervously about as the voice rose higher and higher. He waited for the last note—he knew it would come—the last words would be "e di pensier". The voice reached the top tone; it lingered, then stopped. Hank's head dropped and he studied the lunch he had put up that morning.

The side door flew open admitting a glaring path of whirling dust particles from the top of the opening down to the floor. Hank turned and saw Tony standing in the doorway. His shirt was tied around his waist leaving exposed a pair of broad muscular shoulders and arms. His wet hide looked as if it had been greased. His black hair was damp and each lock clung to his scalp in a tight corkscrew.

"Hey, Tony," Pat called out. "Shut that door. We're trying to keep it cool in here."

"Wassa' mat' wit' da sun, eh? Sun is playnta good for ya. Looka' me. In Italia the sun she shine lika dis all da time. Looka' da Italians. Playnta healthy pipples."

"Yeah? Well, we're no Eyetalians."

"Okay, okay." Tony burst into song again. He crossed the room and soon his singing was accompanied by a loud splashing of water. Hank thought about the can of Dutch Cleanser on the floor—he

could see the dirty spots reappearing. Tony started singing one phrase over and over. Hank could see him watching himself in the mirror. Hank looked at Lem stretched out on the bench—that bastard of a Tony, didn't he think that anyone ever wanted to sleep and not hear him yowling around the place all the time. It was too damned hot today for anybody's singing.

Tony came out of the washroom, took his lunch out of the locker and drew up a chair to the table. Two of the men had to move their chairs to make room for him.

"Maybe I should ought to sit by Skeeny, eh? More room over dere," he said, smiling broadly at Hank. "No wonder your'e skeeny—you got no wife to mak' you good grub." He opened his lunch and started lining up the various articles on the table.

Hank's nose twitched convulsively. The pungent odor of garlic, onions and strong mouldy cheese mingled with the stale smells of the shop. Hank kept his eyes down. He knew that Tony would take exactly four large bites from a sandwich; then he would take a big gulp of vino. The gulps were timed as perfectly as the notes of Tony's song.

Hank rubbed his nose—the smell! The same awful acrid smell day after day and Tony sitting over there—smiling and cocksure, ignoring Hank's annoyance. Hank clenched his fist under the table—that awful loud gulping! He had been listening to it every noon for two years—how many more?

Tony with an expansive gesture slapped Pat on the back, "You goin' marry dat gal I seen you wit' las' night?"

"Sure, sure, I guess so," Pat said, attempting casualness.

"Playnta nice-lookin' gal. Thin like my Maria when we gotta' married. Now my Maria playnta fat—I don't min'." He grinned at the men. "You don' wanta wait like Skeeny here. Women don' like old, bald-headed men. Aain't dat right, Skeeny? How come you never get married, eh? How come dat?"

Hank could feel his face turning color. His pale blue eyes lit up with feeling. He got up very slowly. His whole face twitched.

"Listen you, no damned wop is going to butt into my business and get away with it!"

Tony shrugged his shoulders. "Wassa' mat' with you, eh? You can't tak a little kidding? Wal, I guess this is too hot day for Skeeny. Mak's heem hot under the collar."

Tony broke into laughter at his joke, and the other men did too. Tony's joke was only an excuse to laugh. Their laughter was caused by their relief; they didn't want a fight on—not today.

Hank heard their laughter as a signal of his defeat. He couldn't remain at the table—there would be something ignominious in having to sit back down. He turned away and walked to one of the benches.

He lay down on the bench and covered his face with a newspaper. He could hear the men laughing and Tony's laugh ringing above them all. A deck of cards was slapped on the table and the sound of shuffling was heard. Someone suggested that Tony enter the amateur contest at the Rialto as an Italian gondolier. Pat said they could get the employees to buy tickets and applaud for him. The company would approve because it would be good publicity. The men elected Pat as Tony's manager. Hank thought if they'd quit making kid plans for one man to earn a little extra dough and spend more time talking over organizing, they'd all be able to earn more.

It was the dago's fault. He told the men how bad things were in that damned country where he come from and that made them satisfied to grovel before Johnson and the rest of the higher-ups. Johnson thought it kept the men happy if he gave a couple of stinkin' parties a year and filled the men up with a lot of tripe about company loyalty and let them swallow it on free beer. It was men like Tony that made them satisfied.

Hank flopped over on the hard bench. He wanted to leave, but he had to wait to take the men to the sub-station in the truck. And why should he leave? He had as much right in this shop as anyone. Hadn't he worked for the company fifteen years and Tony only two? Tony's voice rang out again. Hank felt the wooden bench beneath him vibrate. He flopped over again—it was too bad when a man couldn't get a little rest at noon.

He heard the scraping of chairs, then Pat's voice, "Hey, Hank. Come on. It's time to go."

Hank threw the newspaper off his face. He yawned and stretched, pretending to have been asleep. He went to his locker, put his lunch bucket in and took out his cap. He shuffled across the room and out the door. He stood blinking for a moment in the terrific light of the sun; then he climbed into the old truck which stood in the shade of

the building. Pat came out and climbed in beside Hank.

"It'll do a hundred and twelve this afternoon."

"Yah," Hank answered briefly.

Hank heard the other men climbing in the back of the truck. He turned around. Everyone was in but Tony. Tony was always late, always taking up somebody's time. The side door slammed. Hank heard Tony say, "Wal, sun she's still shinin'."

"Did ya expect it to be cloudy?" one of the men answered back.

Hank didn't hear any more. He stepped on the gas, the motor roared, and they were off. The heat of the motor came up through the worn-out floor board and burned Hank's feet. He swung in recklessly ahead of traffic and drove a good rate down to the end of Lincoln Avenue to the sub-station. He slowed down and stopped in front of the "sub". The men climbed out of the truck and with little more conversation went to their various jobs.

Hank went over to his tool cart. He didn't want to talk to any of them. He watched Tony as he climbed the tall steel structure to mount a set of insulators which were directly under the bus-bars carrying eleven thousand volts. He turned away. He didn't want Tony to catch him watching.

In a few minutes he heard Tony's shrill whistle. He turned around. He glared at Tony. What did that wop want, whistling at him like a dog?

"Hey, Skeeny, toss me us a wrench, will ya?"

Why didn't he remember to take his tools up with him? Just a careless workman, that was all. Every time he got on a job it was, "Toss me this" or "Toss me that". Hank picked up a wrench and with a quick aim threw it up. It went about four feet under Tony and landed on the concrete platform.

"Hey," Tony shouted, "wassa' mat? Dontcha' eat your spinach? My Joe could do better dan dat and he's just a little fella'. Put something behind dat. Maybe I should come down after it, eh?" Tony laughed and Hank heard two of the men chuckling.

Hank walked over to the platform and picked up the wrench. He'd get it up there this time. No damned dago was going to make a fool out of him. His Joe . . . He'd show him . . .

Hank took a slow wind-up and released the wrench. It spun up above Tony's head. Hank saw Tony's hand shoot up to catch it. In that awful moment, Hank tried to speak out a warning not to reach

for it. There was a terrific flash of blue-white light accompanied by a ripping sound as if giant hands were tearing a circus tent. The wrench fell down to the platform again, but this time not alone. Tony—a human torch—crashed down beside it.

Hank leaned up against the tool chest. He tried to run, but he couldn't move. He tried to call out, but he was voiceless. The men were running toward Tony, their faces almost unrecognizable. Hank could hear the rapid praying of Pat. People ran out from restaurants and stores. Now the sidewalk in front of the "sub" was full. Three minutes before just Hank had been standing there. Hank looked at their faces. Some of them he knew. He heard the screech of the ambulance. He wondered who had sent for it. Four men were getting out. Their uniforms were a glaring white in the sun.

He saw them lay Tony on a stretcher. One doctor bent over him; then covered him up with a sheet. Hank watched the sheet go over Tony's head. Everyone was talking in hushed excited voices. Hank noticed the woman next to him was crying. He wondered if she were a friend of Tony's. Probably not a friend, just crying the way women do.

Because of the crowd, Hank was able to avoid the other workmen. He got on a street car to go to the place where he had light housekeeping rooms. There was no choice for him but to relive the accident—to see the light flash, hear the noise of the arc, and to watch the flaming body fall. After that all was confusion and a babble of voices.

If he hadn't thrown the wrench—or if Tony hadn't forgotten it in the first place—or if— All mechanical action became an effort for him. He was aware of every movement as he got off the car and walked up the street to a square white house. He slipped upstairs without Mrs. Milligan's seeing him. Resolutely he bathed and changed his clothes. Then he wrote a short letter and left some money in an envelope on the dresser. Mrs. Milligan called up the stairs, "Oh, Mr. Anderson, did you hear about the dreadful accident at your company today?"

"Yes, Mrs. Milligan, I heard about it." He closed the door.

He waited until he heard Mrs. Milligan go out to do her Saturday marketing. Then he took a street car down town. He went to the Union Station and tried to think. He watched a newsboy go from person to person. Some wouldn't answer him, some would

shake their heads, and some would say no. The boy reached him.

"Paper, mister? Read all about the accident. Man burned to death." Hank kept his eyes down and shook his head.

The porter started calling out. It sounded almost like singing—Tony wouldn't come into the shop anymore singing and shouting around. If he went back to the shop, Tony wouldn't be there.

Hank fixed his attention on what the porter was saying. "Train for Minneapolis and St. Paul on Track Five."

Hank went to the ticket office and said, "One for Minneapolis, please." They said that since the W. P. A. there was plenty of work for men in the fields, especially in August.

Betty Greene, '40.

Past Tense

I was your sweetheart, and you were my love
When the earth was new last spring;
I still was a maid and you still were a lad,
And we dreamed what the years should bring.

I was your sweetheart, and you were my love
When the world was young last May,
But the earth is grown old, and we are grown wise,
And our dreams sent packing away.

—Miriam M. Hawthorn, '39.

I Sighed for the Shepherd Lad

I sighed for the shepherd lad—
Fair-haired and slight, he came.
But I tired of the shepherd lad,
And I sickened upon his name.

I smiled to the straight young page
Clad in his crimson cloak,
But I saw him forever a page,
And presently I awoke.

The scholar I hastened to view,
Wearing his cap and gown,
But I shrank away from the view
Lest my heart be stricken down.

Once more I turned to the mirror,
And I watched the knights ride by,
But I looked away from the mirror,
Looked away scarce knowing why.

I sighed for a silver yardstick;
I measured the mantle gold;
"The prince shall wear it," I said,
"Though I wait till the stars grow cold."

I cut for the prince his mantle,
And I left my shining loom;
He was strangely well fit by the mantle
Beneath his purple plume.

—Miriam M. Hawthorn, '39.

How to Get the Most Out of College

Introduction to a Student Handbook

By Petit Pedante.

"We who are about to die—"

These are the words that are on the lips of the graduating seniors—and it is just like dying to leave the old alma mater where, for four years, one gives his all and spends the best years of his entire life to prepare for the rest—and for what? What is there for any of us after the sheep-skin has passed into our hands?

This year, by way of a parting salute, the graduates have left for the rest of us a store of valuable notes, which are little less than rules on the methods for getting the utmost from a college education. These maxims and suggestions have been compiled and are presented in a handbook of convenient pocket size to be sold at a nominal sum, so that all may take advantage of this prized material. As President of the Student Council, Captain of the football team, President of Y. M. C. A., and chairman of the Student Committee for the advancement of scholarship, I have been asked to write this essay by way of introducing the little book to all students who are conscientious and forward-looking young people. Herein, I present a few samples from the book. First, let me say: students may find it difficult to become accustomed to some of the methods listed, but, we are assured by our elders, will find, after having become facile with much practice plus frequent and intense study of the handbook, that this is the most profitable, the surest—in short—the only way to get through school. It will be necessary by close observation and trial to determine which methods are best adapted to certain subjects and certain professors, not overlooking the physical aspects, such as desks, seating, size of room, etc.

One of the most important truths spoken by our seniors is that class attendance is not valuable and is, in many cases, unnecessary. Of course, where narrow-minded professors take roll-call, and short-sighted, old-fashioned officials enforce rules concerning loss of credit, lowering of grade-points, etc., it becomes advisable to appear in class about once a week or to have someone call your name or number. When the text is followed very closely, spend your time in

class sleeping. Good health is one of the first essentials for success in college, and the night hours are assuredly not to be wasted in sleep. However, when a professor is the sort who lectures *in addendo* to the text, it is wise to take notes on everything he says, not forgetting that even a well-placed cough may be significant; for this type usually tests on his own remarks as being more important than the book. Moreover, be sure to underline each word in the reading material which he repeats or refers to in any way. These provisions are the best aids in making out cribs for examinations and quizzes. In speaking of cribs, let me here present a few suggestions from a long list in the handbook:

1. Cribs are to be written as small as possible on convenient slips of paper, size and shape depending on where they are to be placed during examination. Suggested places are: (a) under coat or sweater sleeve at the wrist, (b) in suit coat pocket, (c) in wide cuff at waist of sweater, (d) on the knee under hose (black ink shows through best), (e) in cuff of trousers, (f) immediately under exam paper, or, if blue-books are used, in another blue-book (this last is very successful).
2. If slips of paper cannot be safely used, write notes on (a) shirt cuffs, (b) skin at wrist or knee, (c) adhesive tape on hand and wrist, or tightly wrapped about pencil or pen.
3. If sure of material to be covered, the best method is to write before going to class, and to hand in the ready-prepared sheet.

The mention of prepared answers brings up the point about ways of getting advance information concerning examination questions. One of the oldest and most admirable methods is the following, which can be used only in classes of two or more sections. If there are large numbers in each section, it is safe to try attending a previous section of the examination; receiving a test-sheet; noting down all of the things you do not know and must look up; and returning the blank sheet or actually walking out with it. This is a nearly airtight procedure, for, should you be asked by the professor why you are attending the wrong section, you can offer that it was impossible for you to be present at the regular hour. Then go ahead—take the test—you can't do any worse than you would have in your correct section, never having seen the exam. Be sure to have cribs handy in case of such an emergency. If ever you are without cribs

it is possible to arrange with your neighbor a system of taps or signals (for several very fine illustrations see p. 231). Perhaps a neighbor will exchange papers or watch the prof. while you go through text and will warn you of approaching dangers.

We are frequently reminded of the importance of friendships in college and after graduation. Many fine friends are the best asset a man or woman can have in guiding his personality and abetting him in his career. Therefore, the wise student will cultivate the secretaries of each of his professors, for they, too, can be very helpful in getting exam questions for him, or even in fixing a grade on the record, should he be found with a low one some time. It is always best to be particular and artful in selecting friends.

It is wise to remember that the friendship of your professors is important, too. Even though they may seem queer, and you do not understand what they are talking about, even in light conversation, acquire their best will. Many of the finer points of polishing are given in the book. On these I present a few notations. Though polishing has been looked down upon by some, professors and students, alike, are coming to see the advantages to be gained by closer and more frequent contact between members of the two groups. Professors are superior human beings, but, nevertheless, human, and from them a student is able to gain much for his personality as well as his grade-point. In the handbook the entire field of apple-polishing has been divided into two main fields. One concerns itself with the differences between male and female approaches, and the other field, which cuts across the first, presents the crude and the subtle methods with details about proper etiquette in polishing and the effectiveness of various methods. This is a very important field and requires at least six semester hours of Psychology (preferably Abnormal) to completely comprehend the suggestions and be able to adapt them with best advantage to each professor.

Last of all, remember, social life and contacts are the all-important things in college. We all realize that subject-matter is of secondary importance. How often we hear it said by our relatives, alumni, professors, chapel speakers and others: Students forget nearly everything they learn, anyhow. The learning process is one not only of remembering but also of forgetting. It might be possible to show by graphs (for which there is no place here) that a far greater total proportion of material is forgotten than is remem-

bered. But it is not easy to forget friends and social experiences, and therein, I believe, is proved the greater importance of social life in comparison to facts and figures.

During some class periods and chapel periods, converse with your neighbor—make new acquaintances, take advantage of each shining hour. If your neighbor proves uninteresting, try quiet meditation—perhaps in your mind you can work out a difficult dance step or figure out just what happened in that last hand of cards to beat you. This is known to Psychologists as introversion. Spend at least three hours each day in complete extroversion too. Learn to be pleasant and popular.

These are only a few hints from a rich supply, collected and thoroughly annotated in the book. Such splendid advice will serve us well. We thank our seniors not for ourselves, alone, but for many generations to come, who will live to honor their names (as listed on the back fly-leaf of the handbook).

PETIT PEDANTE,

Chairman of the Student Committee
for the Advancement of Scholarship.

—Margaret Gusteson, '40.

Only

Gray dusk, with ghostly fingers soft,
Now reaches in to comfort me
As I sit here at my window.

Gray thoughts, dull as the dusk itself,
Float softly out to lose themselves
Deep in that endless shadow.

The echo of a joyous shout
Returns to mock a faded smile—
This, left of all we used to know.

—Kathryn Madison, '42.

The Parthenon

A visitor to the city of Athens in the year 430 B. C. would have heard the whole city exclaiming about the newly-completed temple on the Acropolis, the citadel reserved for the worship of the chief Grecian deities. Joining the crowd gathered there to admire the city's new marvel, he would observe the workmen removing the last bits of scaffolding from around a gleaming white, many-pillared building that faces east and crowns the summit of its rock-bound setting. Though large beside the other structures grouped around it, the temple he cannot help but admire is so gracefully and fitly fashioned that it creates an impression not so much of size as of beauty. A pleasing pattern of vertical masses is formed by the array of fluted columns, imposing in their simple dignity, that support the gently pitched roof above the impressive sculptures of the pediments.

Today, however, no such sight awaits the traveler who voyages to historic Greece and rides over the modern highway to its ancient and modern capital city, Athens. A shattered and time-scarred ruin, still noble in spite of its ignoble fate, is all that remains to mark the site of the Parthenon, the matchless temple of Athena Parthenos erected almost 2400 years ago. Yet around the world, in museums, in parks and in monumental structures are to be found constant reminders of the Parthenon's former grandeur. In this country, Nashville, Tennessee, boasts a replica of Athena's temple that is absolutely exact as far as human knowledge is able to determine the original's appearance. The Elgin marbles in the British museum comprise a collection of sculptures from the Parthenon that includes almost half the Panathenais procession depicted on the inner frieze, as well as 15 of the 92 carved slabs of the metopes or outer frieze. Any public building of architectural merit that follows the Grecian pattern embodies some of the features that made the Parthenon famous both to the age that conceived and executed it and to all succeeding ages.

It can hardly be doubted that the Parthenon essentially was a thing of beauty to have awakened so much admiration. Furthermore, it is not difficult to understand the elements that entered into its beauty. In the first place was the genius of Phidias who besides

achieving undying fame with his superb ivory-and-gold statue of Athena also directed the efforts of Ictinus and Callicrates, the actual architects. One eminent archeologist and scholar, Charles Newton Smiley, says, "Phidias and Ictinus have transmuted into stone the subtlest mental and spiritual experiences of a far more transcendental age than that of the 17th century in Venice."

"No other such apotheosis of human reason," as Smiley calls it, has been achieved on such a scale in any age. Intended of course for the worship and perhaps for the enchantment of the Athenian concept of deity, the Parthenon proves to have been conceived in definite mathematical ratios. There is a problem for higher mathematics in the carefully compounded curves that shape the echinus of each column's capital, and in the delicate entasis or swelling that gives elasticity and life to each column. The temple at Bassae executed by Ictinus alone lacks these mathematical niceties and without them just that graceful beauty for which the Parthenon is noted. But one is not aware of the engineering incorporated in the execution because he is so awed by the building's perfection. There is neither any excess or deficiency about the details of the Parthenon, and because of that, unity and completeness are achieved. The figures of the pediments present poise, self-control and self-mastery—emotion subservient to reason; such a quality of rightness that the sight of it no doubt inspired Socrates to make the daring inference of a universal master mind employed in "disposing all parts for the best, putting each particular in the best place."

Faced with the problem of constructing a temple suitable and worthy for the worship of the Goddess of Wisdom and Grace, Phidias set about to erect a fit enclosure for the image his mind's eye already had conceived. So he built it of marble throughout, 101 feet across its eastern and western fronts and 228 feet down its sides. To uphold the stately roof he placed eight graceful doric columns at each end and fifteen more along each side. Six inner columns in each of the two porticos guarded the entrances to the inner chambers. The principal of these was the Hekatompedos, 100 feet long and containing four great columns behind Athena's statue that reached up to the ceiling. Over the eastern entrance toward which the image of the goddess faced, Phidias carved the group that depicted the birth of Athena from the brain of Zeus. From this east pediment came the fragment of Ilissus and the more complete

Dionysius (mistakenly considered by some to be Perseus—centuries before his time) which nearly all critics concur in ranking above the Apollo Belvedere in the Vatican. Athena's struggle with Poseidon, god of the sea, for the land of Attica is the myth that appears in sculptured marble on the west pediment. On the inner frieze, Phidias carved a two-way procession that proceeds in both directions from over the west entrance along the sides and comes just short of meeting over the east entrance. Worshippers on the way to the Athenian festival comprise the sculptures of the metopes, some slabs of which still are in place on the original edifice. The inner frieze excels the outer one by its uniformly high standard of art which some but by no means all of the metopes attain.

The Parthenon probably was complete in all its details by 430 B. C. although the statue of Athena had been dedicated eight years before. As a glorious place of worship for the Greeks of that day, Athena's temple stood for refinement against barbarism—the religious creed of the Athenian's written large in chaste marble for the whole world to wonder at and to admire. When Socrates declared to Plato, "There is no release or salvation from evil except by the attainment of the highest virtue and wisdom," he only was repeating what Phidias had proclaimed in stone 50 years before by carving the ignominious Pandora on Athena's pedestal beneath her feet.

As an inspiring and sublime work of sacred art the pride of Athens stood secure and intact for centuries. It was revered by the Romans, converted into a church by the early Christians, transformed into a mosque by the Turks and even then visited by particularly adventuresome travelers. Then Turkey and Venice in 1684 engaged in a war and thinking the Christians would respect its sanctity, the Parthenon was made the Turk's powder magazine, only to be bombarded and blown up September 26, 1687.

—Charels Seward, '39.

Strike

An alarm clock screamed out of the grayness, jerking him straight up in bed while his hands blundered on the chair beside him; then he remembered that their own was broken that night he'd met Frakes, his old manager, and come home ugly drunk. This one, now, belonged to Lane, down the hall, who had a regular job in the sausage department of the local packing company. Orval sighed and dropped heavily back onto the springless bed, only a thin mat covering the boards. Wide awake now, he lay staring out of the narrow curtainless window at the dingy windows of the house across the alley.

The baby fussed. His wife awoke instantly, sat up, and gathered the baby from between them to croon to her and hush her cries. "Let her cry, I'm awake," he said sharply and got up to dress in his only clothes, which had been tossed over the bed-rail.

Stella, carrying the baby, went over to the boys where they slept on the bed springs which were perched precariously on orange crates. She shook them roughly, and when they protested, "Get up at once, Donald, you've got to go to school." At this the older rose out of the pile of ragged quilts and, without stepping onto the cold, splintery floor, stretched across to a chair on which his few clothes lay. The distance was too great, the bed was too unstable, over went the whole works, dumping the bed-clothes, the springs, and his younger brother on top of him.

"Good Lord, Donald, I ought to beat the daylights out of you for this," shouted his mother, setting the wailing baby on the bed while she went to the rescue. Warren, the younger boy, began to shriek from fright. The father, cursing his son's stupidity, continued his dressing.

Orval was a big brute of an man, an ex-prizefighter, whom unemployment and hard drink had pushed further into the depths. His wife, Stella, had worked in a ten cent store before he married her at the height of his ring career. She was a washed-out blonde, dissatisfied with her lot in life, yet not knowing what to do about it.

Wrapped in a cheap rayon housecoat which Orval had given her for Christmas, Stella heated water on the single gas plate for the weak tea and hard bread without butter which formed their break-

fast. In the midst of this meagre meal someone rapped on the door. Opened, the doorway revealed Mrs. Lane, whose husband had long since gone to work.

Without preliminaries, she told her news, "Say, my husband heard the sheriff is hiring deputies for five dollars a day because of the strike at the tanning company, and I thought I'd tell you. Maybe if you'd get down there quick they'd take you, seeing how you used to prizefight and all." At the prospect of work at this price the whole family brightened up.

Orval gulped the rest of his tea, dashed cold water on his face, buttoned his shirt and put on his only necktie, a polka-dotted bow tie, which contrasted incongruously with his shabby, wrinkled clothes. He hurriedly left the drab room in the musty, smelly rooming house under the shadow of huge gas storage tanks and came into the comparatively fresh air of the railroad yards which he crossed to reach the business part of town where the courthouse was located.

Thirty minutes' walk brought him to his destination where he joined a crowd of men, similar to himself, milling about in the marble lobby. He edged as near to the door of the sheriff's office as he could and leaned against a Grecian pillar to wait. After about an hour, the glass-paneled door opened and the sheriff came out and announced that he would make his selections. He walked about in the crowd, curtly sending those he picked into his office. Orval noticed that the strong, tough-looking ones were those generally chosen and his hopes came up a mite from the level to which they had dropped. As the sheriff approached his pillar, he straightened up and thrust himself forward. The sheriff saw him, paused, and then nodded toward the office. Orval grinned triumphantly and hurried through the door to join the chosen gang. A few more came, then the sheriff himself bustled in.

Quickly the men were sworn in, badges were handed out, and the sheriff gave his instructions. "Now men, the company wants, uh . . . I mean, I want you to pitch in and fight if the strikers begin anything. Beat 'em up good. I picked you because you looked like good fighters, now get your weapons, but remember let them start it." Here the sheriff winked elaborately which raised a guffaw from the crowd of toughs before him. "There's trucks here and you can get right out there on duty. That's all." Baseball bats were handed out

and before he knew it, Orval was standing in a crowded open truck, feeling the crisp air rush against his face as they sped toward the fortified factory.

* * * *

George Smith lay drowsing in bed, listening to the pleasant sound of dishes rattling in the kitchen, smelling the heavenly odor of boiling coffee and frying pancakes. At last Katie, his wife, called him for the third time, "Get up this minute, George Smith, you know you're due on the picket line at 8. Get up at once, this is absolutely the last call."

"Hurry up, pop, or I'll eat your bacon," George, Jr. called from the breakfast table. At this threat George rolled over and, stretching and yawning, dressed in the clean clothes which Katie had laid out for him. This done, he strolled casually to the kitchen, glancing proudly about at his home as he went. These four rooms, and the ground they stood on were his and Katie's. They had worked hard to save enough for the down payment and to keep up the monthly installments. And now—the strike. If they should lose—but he shook this dark thought from him, they couldn't!

After his comfortable breakfast he walked the short distance to the factory where he relieved another man who had been on all night duty. Somehow, even though the day was dreary, every one in the line was cheerful. This was the eighth day of the strike and the rumor dashed around that the owners were feeling their losses.

* * * *

Everything was very quiet. There seemed to be no one in the plant and the picket line passed the time in telling jokes. At ten o'clock the monotony was broken by the arrival of the trucks of deputies. These immediately drove past the picket line and into the plant where the gates were locked after them.

The deputies were unloaded from the trucks and herded into the space behind the gates. Between the gates and the picket line was a "No Man's Land" expanse of pavement. After the arrival of the deputies the picket line increased tremendously. Within half an hour it was doubled. The deputies were outnumbered and even their clubs were no better than those of their enemies across the way. Some of the regular deputies began calling out insults to the pickets, but when the new recruits protested, they were told by the regulars that they could "lick" those "softie" pickets easy.

On the picket line George Smith stood resentfully listening to the deputies' calls. Some of the strikers shouted answers of which he approved. He wished regretfully that he could think of brilliant replies too. The presence of the deputies certainly didn't make for peace.

There was an undertone to the weather that was more sinister. The sky was overcast and the clouds seemed waiting for a signal to release a downpour on both sides. Orval looked to the heavens and wondered if this job was worth five dollars. He shivered a little from nervousness and from the gently penetrating wind which crept around the place. George was becoming more incensed at the injustices suffered by the strikers. His anger kept him hot. He hadn't time to notice the signs of a storm.

The crowd was muttering now of what they would do to those lousy deputies when they caught them outside. A few bolder spirits began to throw stones that fell inside the protecting gates. At last one of the regular deputies was knocked down. The others milled around their fallen comrade. Suddenly one of them exclaimed, "Those yellow dogs, let's go get them." Somehow, Orval never knew, the gates were opened and he was swept along in the crowd that raced across the pavement toward the strikers, who fell back momentarily before the surprise of the onslaught. Then they in their turn, with a shout, rushed forward to the battle. Orval, at first, was a little puzzled as to what to do until he saw his comrades trying to break their clubs over any heads they came to. He entered this game with zest and began to tally the number of strikers he had struck down.

George hung back for a moment, reluctant to fight, then changed his mind and began to run after his companions. When he came up the battle was already under way. The deputies held the advantage of a surprise attack, but this was soon overcome by the strikers' numbers.

George was trying to distinguish between friend and foe when he chanced to see a huge hulk of a man in a polka-dot tie bearing down on him. He turned to meet the attack.

This will be Number Five, thought Orval, I'm doing well. But would-be Number Five had seen him coming and was ready for him. George ducked under the splintered bat which Orval still carried and the two men grappled, each trying to deliver the finishing blow, but finally it seemed that the professional fighter must win.

His opponent knew less about the business, but at this critical moment, a friend of George turned and saw the uneven struggle. He approached and waiting for an opportunity brought his club down on the head of the man of the polka-dot tie with such force that Orval dropped solidly in his tracks. "Thanks a lot, pal," George said when he regained his breath, "I though I was a goner sure." And glancing down at the man at his feet, he spied the badge glistening on the dirty shirt front. "I think I'll just take this for a souvenir," he added.

* * * *

Mrs. Lane burst into Stella's one room home, panting from excitement. "Your man that was one of the deputies, he got his head broke in a big fight out at the tanning company. They say it was awful, the strikers beat up the deputies all over the place. You'd better hurry and go to the hospital. I'll keep the kids for you. Wait'll I get my crocheting, I'll be back."

Stella, stunned, began combing her hair and straightening herself up. As she looked at her face in the mirror, terror came over her and she said aloud, "What'll we do?" After a second the horror of the question filled her whole soul and it seemed she could think of nothing else. "What will happen to us now?"

* * * *

George Smith returned home that night, singing in his heart. After the rout of the deputies, the owners had given in and negotiations for a settlement were under way. Soon they would be back at work again, he and Katie could go on paying for the house and maybe—after that—a car. His eyes shone at this dream. But he must not think of the future. Right now he had a good-looking deputy's badge to give Katie as a souvenir of the time before they were rich.

—Patricia Warner, '40.

Quebec Summer

I've always wanted to gaze on the breath-taking sweep of Alaskan mountains. I've spent whole hours dreaming of a pack-trip through Glacier National Park. But if some good fairy were to appear tomorrow and invite me to take my choice of summer vacations, I wouldn't hesitate a minute. "Please", I'd say quickly, "I'll take a summer in Quebec."

"A Summer in Quebec!" The very words call up a complete vista of happy hours. Even the entrance to this perfect holiday, an entrance made via the Customs office at Rouse's Point, is exhilarating. Hundreds of people are milling around waiting for the official blessing which will certify them as being reasonably free of anything which would seem undesirable to Canadian eyes, but no one minds the waiting. It merely gives an added feeling of zest to the excitement of entering another country.

Permission once granted, how gaily we ride across the border into this friendly foreign nation, for when you enter Canada through the province of Quebec the word "foreign" seems truly appropriate. If Alberta or Ontario had been our point of entry, we might easily have thought ourselves still in the United States but Quebec is the heart of the French Country.

As we drive along through the beautiful green landscape, our delight increases. The scenery of Quebec is particularly lovely, with its rolling fields, its frequent forests, and its unexpected brooks, but even this beauty is only a background for the quaintness we see around us. "Quaint" is an adjective which receives much punishment in any description of Quebec, but how can that be avoided? Quebec *is* quaint.

Down an arched lane of beech trees, we see a farmhouse. No Iowa farm would recognize it, though, for this house was built at least a century ago and in its dormer windows, overhanging roof, and timid clinging to the earth, is a recognizable visitor from the Old World.

Oh, and there comes the family that lives in this queer old house. A whole wagonload of jolly-looking "habitants". They've spent the day in their fields, all of them, from great-grandpa to the newest of the many babies, but they're still gay and laughing and wave at us frantically as long as we're in sight.

Now we see ahead of us a group of men walking. But what in the world can they be wearing? O, yes, those are priests on a pilgrimage of some sort and they're wearing the long black cassocks and flat hats traditional in their church. They aren't the men of grave mien we rather expected to see but young, round-faced boys with "country" written plainly on their rosy cheeks. They seem to be enjoying their trip and kick up great clouds of dust with their clumsy boots as they stride along the highway.

And now, a score of wayside shrines and picturesque villages behind us, we are driving through the modern little city of Levis. Levis isn't beautiful, nor very important in itself, but—and that's a very important "but"—it's the gateway to the city of a million dreams, the city of Quebec.

There it lies, history itself, just across the green St. Lawrence River. How it towers above us as, accompanied by a motely collection of tourists, nuns and monks, we approach it on a ferry-boat. We look up in awe and mumur, "No wonder Montcalm thought no one could get up there without his permission!" What puzzles us is how *we're* going to get away up there in the clouds. The problem is soon solved, however, for our ferry deposits us at the foot of an elevator which immediately whisks us up to our goal. We are actually standing on Dufferin Terrace.

The Terrace is thronged with crowds of holiday-minded people. Some are leaning over the railing admiring the magnificent view of the river as it surges past the citadel and on to Montreal. Others are chattering at the little tables scattered about, while still others are enjoying the music of the brilliantly-uniformed band of the Third Grenadier Guards, which is just finishing a stirring rendition of the Canadian classic, "The Maple Leaf Forever".

Just behind the terrace we see the Chateau Frontenac, beautiful and imposing hotel, where one may meet everyone from the Archbishop of Australia to a favorite movie star, and to the left of the Chateau is our main interest in Quebec, the historic citadel. We are fortunate enough to have a British soldier as a guide for our citadel tour but, contrary to our expectations, he doesn't enjoy being stationed here. "Quebec is too French," he says, "and people don't like us even if we do own the place." He laughs and shows us the parade ground, where the soldiers drilled and the women used to do the washing, one woman being laundress for a hundred men. On our

recovery from this piece of information, we are shown the rusted old cannons which still frown, though helplessly now, on the St. Lawrence. One tiny cannon in particular is pointed out with great pride. The inscription on it reads, "Captured by the British at Bunker Hill". A quick-witted American saves the day, however, by remarking casually, "You fellows have the cannon all right, but don't forget: we still have the hill!"

Our citadel tour completed, we decide to take a walk through the town; so off we go down the Terrace, past the many statues of Frontenac and Montcalm, even past all the importunate drivers of that unique French vehicle, the caleche. We trudge up and down the steep, cobble-stoned streets, enjoying intensely the sense of strangeness, the narrow roads, the tiny-paned windows of the ancient houses that almost seem to lean toward us, and the constant and vivacious chatter of French. We peep into the English Cathedral, where it is still easy to imagine the presence of the British governors and their charming ladies; pay a visit to the Basilica, where the pulse of this city beats almost audibly; and peer down at Lower Town, which we hope to visit tomorrow. As we look up, we see, away down the river, the lights of a great liner just coming in from England.

Our vacation certainly has started out well. But, alas, this little portion of it has been enjoyed only through what Wordsworth once called, "The inward eye which is the bliss of solitude." It's been fun, all right, but it can't possibly approach reality. Hmmm—I wonder if there's any way to get in touch with that fairy I mentioned!

—Marjorie Cowling.

The Hitch-Hiker

An' he stood there a-singin' in the rain,
His thumb outstretched for motorists to see;
His heart a-boundin' in a place that's free
While standin' there a-singin' in the rain.

Fifty cars were hurried past him
Through the wet and shiny street,
And some were urged by drunken feet
On a peddle down below a crazy-swingin'
Steerin' wheel.

A-singin' in the rain was he,
Standin' there . . . not exactly cold,
But slightly shiverin' from the dampish wind
While the proud and stuck-up cars swung by
Unevenly.

Maybe the turnin' light from red to green
Would bring a line of sympathetic motorists
But mostly maybe not!
He'd keep a-thumbin' there until the next light turned.
He'd be keepin' warm by singin' in the rain.

On a golden throne and unhappy
Kings are always catered to.
But he?
He's a self appointed king the highways crown,
Content to ask a ride and wave a cheerful thanks
To them as has their cars too full of other things.
An' these motorists are strange, an' mostly likeable;
They don't cater to his thumb,
But rather answer to their fancy's wish
An' stop their cars to let him in.

O he's happy on the road in sun and rain
For he's as like as not to sing when the goin's rough
An' whistle when the clouded sun breaks through
An' shines again.

—Eric Liljestrand, '42.

I Sighed for the Shepherd Lad

I sighed for the shepherd lad—
Fair-haired and slight, he came.
But I tired of the shepherd lad,
And I sickened upon his name.

I smiled to the straight young page
Clad in his crimson cloak,
But I saw him forever a page,
And presently I awoke.

The scholar I hastened to view,
Wearing his cap and gown,
But I shrank away from the view
Lest my heart be stricken down.

Once more I turned to the mirror,
And I watched the knights ride by,
But I looked away from the mirror,
Looked away scarce knowing why.

I sighed for a silver yardstick;
I measured the mantle gold;
"The prince shall wear it," I said,
"Though I wait till the stars grow cold."

I cut for the prince his mantle,
And I left my shining loom;
He was strangely well fit by the mantle
Beneath his purple plume.

—Miriam M. Hawthorn, '39.

