Manuscript

MANUSCRIPT

MORNINGSIDE COLLEGE

VOL. 1 · NO. 1

AUTUMN 1938

MANUSCRIPT

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Volume I Autumn, 1938 Number 1

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Published twice a year by the students of Morningside College, Sioux City, Iowa. Subscription: fifty cents a year; twenty-five cents a copy.

FOREWORD

Prefaces, when necessary, should be brief. To this first issue of *Manuscript* the editors desire only to prefix an invitation and a word of thanks.

Manuscript will publish, twice yearly, a selection of prose and verse by students of Morningside College. Alumni as well as undergraduates are invited to contribute. Within space limitations, all types of writing having general interest will be welcome. Subject to editorial fallibility, the best will be printed. *Manuscript* solicits the criticism of its readers, in the hope that many of them will become contributors.

Thanks are due to members of the English department, the Manuscript Club, and the Art department, for encouragement and criticism; and to the friends whose generosity has made it possible to publish *Manuscript* in its present form.

Evening Disturbance

William Arnold, doctor of philosophy, held a match to a thin, brown cigarette, slowly shook out the flame, settled into the welcoming embrace of the friendly Morris chair, hoisted his buck-clad feet to the sill of a great bay window, and exhaled that initial bit of fragrance in a pale blue cloud.

Here at last was peace. The three floors of Mrs. Hascombe's boarding house—residence and refuge for faculty men—completely shut out the adolescent hubbub of the campus below. From his window, the subdued lights of the leaded library windows were barely visible. An occasional square of light marred the solid blackness of Science and Physical Education. The dormitories, fortunately, were around the corner. From somewhere the campanile clock chimed a sleepy eight.

He studied the thin blue column rising from his fingers; inhaled luxuriously. The best thing he'd got from that summer in Mexico were these heady, brown cigarettes. He never smoked them during the day—too precious to waste in the hurry and bustle that seemed so inevitable in the routine of leading unwilling kids to the promised land of learning . . .

And yet, he couldn't call them kids. Many of them were as old as he—twenty-four was awfully young for the dignified "Dr." that preceded his name. . . . Maybe he should have taken it slower. There was so much he might have had: girls, tennis, weekends, football. . . . No, he didn't want it. Look at those young pamps who loll around the campus without a serious thought in their heads. . . . This coeducation surely has its drawbacks—at least as far as education is concerned. . . .

No, he couldn't waste these fine cigarros on the clamor of the day. American brands would do for the hurried pick-me-ups which made it possible to go through the French, American and Russian revolutions in successive hours and still maintain most of his academic objectivity. They were a great help, too, in the interminable committee meetings which beset his every afternoon. But evening was another matter, and every night here in his room he treated himself to three—often four—of the heady foreign things. Occasionally Buckler of the English department would drop in to dis-

cuss Karl Marx or the proletarian novel, and then the number would go to a dozen, perhaps. One or a dozen, though, he got full satisfaction from every grain, and under their spell his nerves, kept on edge chain-fashion during the day to make possible the intellectual brilliance he was supposed to emit, would gradually still; and by midnight he could hold his hand in front of him without a finger wavering.

Tonight they were especially fragrant. He lit the third one. Education wasn't the worst profession in the world. Plenty of leisure . . . security . . . books. . . . Yes, it was a good thing he had gone straight through. After a year or two of adjustment he could settle down to the serious intellectual program he had mapped out. Keeping close to his work had prevented any emotional tantrums. Occasionally during his undergraduate days he had envied his friends their regular calls at the sorority houses, but not for long. Glad he was single now. A wife was such a nuisance. Tied one down too insufferably—it was the responsibility, he guessed. He could quit his job tomorrow if he wanted to . . . take a year off . . . do Europe . . . maybe not such a bad idea . . . maybe talk Buckler into going with him. . . . He slowly crushed his third brown cigarette. Yes, life was good. . . .

A knock at the door interrupted his reverie. "Dr. Arnold, are you in?"

Damn! The landlady! What could she want tonight?

"Yes, what is it?"

"There's a young lady to see you. A Miss Lee. Miss Susan Lee. I told her you'd be down to see her."

Susan Lee? . . . Susan Lee . . . ? Oh yes, that spoiled brat who makes Government II such a nightmare. Thought he'd given her to understand he didn't grade on the basis of feminine charm.

"What does she want?"

"She says it's about an assignment, awfully important."

"Oh well, send her up."

"Send her up?" Mrs. Hascombe didn't approve of the gentlemen faculty members receiving women callers in their rooms. She had an incurably suspicious nature and always imagined the worst.

"Yes, show her up. She'll just be a moment." Then maliciously, "I'll leave the door open."

"We-ell, I suppose I can, but it's against my policy, young man, and I don't want this to be a habit."

He chuckled. (Poor Mrs. Hascombe, she seems to think all men are cut in the same mold. Too bad she got that good-for-nothing Harry when she was young.)

A moment later the door opened and in breezed Miss Susan Lee. And breezed is the word. From her perky little off-the-face hat to her smart little brogues she was youth incarnate.

"Dr. Arnold, I'm so sorry to bother you," (he noticed a row of smoothly-cut teeth between a pair of delicately painted lips), "but I seem to have lost my text, and I was wondering if I could borrow yours." Coyly, "You know we have a test tomorrow."

He smiled drily. "Yes, I was aware of that. Of course you can borrow my text. But why did you go to all this trouble? Surely not all the students in the class have lost their books?"

"No, but they're all using them."

"So?" (Those teeth seem awfully pearly. Dimples, too.)

"They're afraid of it, huh?"

"Yes, they are. You know you have the reputation of giving the toughest tests in school."

She was resting on the arm of his Morris chair. Strange how beautifully the faint glimmer of light played through the window and about her coppery hair, turning it gold, even at night.

Trying to maintain his pedagogical mien, he replied stiffly, "I try to be thorough."

He went to his desk to get the book. Fumbling through a stack of papers, he finally found it. Turning, he started. My God, her profile against the window. He'd never seen anything like it. But that was just for a moment. He soon had hold of himself again.

"Here you are, Miss Lee. You may return it to me at classtime in the morning. Good night."

"Oh, thank you." Then smiling again, eyes as well as lips this time, "I'm sure I'll do well in the test. Good night."

Mrs. Hascombe, hovering in the hall, fearful of the worst, met her at the door. Dr. Arnold watched them descend to the second floor, and in a few minutes heard the outer door close softly.

He shut himself once more in his rooms. As he settled again in his chair he noticed a strange fragrance through the smoke. Must

be her perfume. Lovely whatever it is. Charming girl. Maybe he'd had her wrong. Oh well, another day.... He lit a fourth cigarette. This one and he'd go to bed. A few puffs, however, and he crushed it out. He got to his feet disgustedly. The very idea. A fleeting visit disrupting his whole routine. He gazed out the window... got a drink of water... thumbed through a couple of books... sat down, only to get up again and pace slowly around the room, his hands in his pockets... couldn't seem to settle down. He opened the window to drive out that trace of perfume. Still it lingers. God, what a fool he'd been.... Maybe... no.... Still I'm only twenty-four.... Damn!

The next morning the lady who cleaned his rooms noticed that things were not as usual. The bed was untouched and the ash tray beside his Morris chair, instead of containing a few brown bits of tobacco and paper, was filled with the pinched white stubs of many American cigarettes.

—James C. Olson, '38.

To Three Soldiers

Perhaps you were a schoolboy in your teens
Who felt the bugle's stirring, thrilling call;
And straight and tall you left the country scenes—
The Marne—a shot—a scream—and that was all.

And was your life bound in some tiny shop
Where sweat and heat and toiling filled the day?
Why did you volunteer to cross the top
And meet your fate while comrades knelt to pray?

Were you an idler—one who didn't care?
Who joined up "just to have a little fun"?
Who felt no pride when marching over there?
You, too, were halted ere the race was won.

Our flag is free, and gloriously it waves,
While you three sleep—in silent, lonely graves.

—Winifred Cheely, '41.

Of Bare Walls and Beauty

Time and again you have heard it said, "For me home is where I hang my hat." And in view of the unsettled times and the footloose youth of the depression one is not likely to dispute that assertion. Upon reflection, however, if the hearer is given to reflection, he soon will be convinced of the barrenness of such a remark. For not even the best of hall closets can constitute much of a home as we moderns like to think of it—except from the moth's or the centipede's standpoint.

Such an abiding place is not for me. Some sort of permanence that invites an attractive as well as a comfortable arrangement is the prime requisite of any spot that I can call home. There must be an occasion for me to feel that I belong to a particular place. Perhaps as the farmer feels toward his land during its convalescence from the fall plowing when it recognizes him as its master. If there is any explanation for my attachment to some one place it must be found in my parentage. For my father's life had its beginnings back on a small, stony Pennsylvania farm in the foothills of the Appalachians while my mother came out of a pioneer Blackhawk county farmstead surrounded by the fertile, black lands bordering the Cedar River.

It always has seemed plausible to me that my father's calling further augmented the effect of this agricultural tradition. Immediately upon completing his university course he devoted all his time to the Methodist ministry and ever since has lived in the hope, usually well-founded, of being left where he was serving for another year. But twelve times his hopes were dashed to earth as a result of collusion between his superintendent and his bishop. Seven of those times I also was included in the process of relocation and keenly felt the general regret at leaving a dwelling that for all of us had come to have the sentimental attachments of home.

Now that I am by myself and with not too large a store of personal effects, transforming a new set of living quarters into attractive, satisfying surroundings is a simple operation for which ten minutes usually suffices. The process consists of hanging up a brace of framed prints on the barest walls of the room which for at least

several months to come I am to call home. At first the business of getting the pictures straight with the walls and level with each other was a tedious exercise but with much repetition it has greatly simplified itself. Now the ten minutes really leave me a bit of time after the job is done to stand back and begin to appreciate the atmosphere that has been created.

Quite possibly not everyone would agree with me either as to the artistic merit of the prints or the validity of my sense of belonging to the scene to which they lend warmth. There certainly is nothing warm about one of the pictures as far as subject is concerned. (I will take issue, however, with any man who disparages its art, even though it was given as a premium with the purchase of three bars of face soap.) It presents an oncoming, four-masted ship of the clipper style with all its sails set and taut-bellied before the steady ocean wind. Ahead of its cut-water the cold, green bow-wave is curling while upon the white-crested seas running astern the cold, late November dawn is breaking in opalescent glory of turquoise and amethyst skies.

Its companion is a somewhat warmer scene showing the façade of Rheims cathedral under an afternoon sun. The villagers are going about their affairs on the pavements of the street that lazily stretches out its length before the cathedral's doors to bask in the slanting rays of the sun. There is appeal both in the subject and in the way it is treated. The stately cathedral standing guard over the lives of the tiny beings passing unconcernedly to and fro before it imparts some of its strength and repose to me every time I behold it. The effect from the etching-like quality of the drawing is altogether different; one feels the fitness and nicety of each line and bit of shading until the same correctness seems to transform one's very thinking.

And thus with the help of my pictures I am able to feel at home. By the enchantment of the ship, racing homeward as though fleeing the coming winter and escaping with some of the romance of far-away places. And yet also by the propriety of the religious edifice, so graceful and poised at the same time that it bespeaks massive strength and dignity. That is why it is only fitting for me to say, "Home is where I hang my pictures."

—Charels Seward, '39.

Fantasia

Mrs. Brown's sleek maroon coupe stood just outside the schoolyard. As Tommy Marvin trotted down the walk, Mrs. Brown, short, slim, and soldierly behind the wheel, honked her horn. When Tommy came to the door she gestured efficiently and solicitously to the seat beside her. She spoke kindly and smoothly.

"Your mother is very sick. She is being operated on for appendicitis. Your dad asked me to pick you up and keep an eye on you." As she spoke, she moved the car carefully from the curb, and then accelerated firmly until she had reached an even fifty.

In a minute they had covered the short mile to Tommy's house. Mrs. Brown carefully swerved the car into her own driveway. "Now, I've supper to get for my husband, so you go right over home, and if you want anything, I'll be right here." She started him brusquely for home, and went into her own house.

The two houses stood side by side. The Marvins' house was newly painted white. It was perfectly square, and marched with the compass. It was set in a neatly kempt square of green, and was bordered by neatly-tended, straight-cornered beds of petunias. Mrs. Brown's house was exactly like it, except that it was shingled rather than sided.

Tommy sidled over the springy turf of his yard, thinking. His mother was being operated on. He slipped off his size-four shoes and his stockings, and mashed the damp grass under his feet. Mrs. Thompson, two doors to the east, had died when operated on—about two months ago. He pinched the pastel blossom off a stocky petunia.

One of his toenails was split, and he went into the house after scissors. He walked through the small, light, dainty-smelling kitchen, and into the dining room. The scissors hung in their place, with the thread, needles and thimbles on the sewing board above the sewing machine. He took them with him back through the kitchen and out under the shade of the corner elm tree, which had just grown beyond the clumsy stage. He cut his toenails, and then leaned back against the tree-bole, thinking. The grass smelt sweetly acid, and the air was mellow and caressing. The soft light of late summer afternoon had the effect of a great, strange lens, making the world reflected in it move in a tantalizing, slow, buzzing motion.

Near Tommy's left foot a grasshopper moved lazily, tiredly. Tommy watched it, his eyes darkening with thought. Supposing he operated on the grasshopper? Supposing he took the scissors and snipped off its head, and then put the head and body back together—would the grasshopper live? He poised the wide-spread scissors calculatingly above the back of the grasshopper, snapped them hastily. The head, cleanly severed, fell to the right; one hind leg quivered and drew up to the body.

He dropped the scissors, took the head in one hand, the body in the other, and placed them together on the ground. He looked at the grasshopper closely. You could hardly tell the cut. He leaned back against the tree. He would allow the grasshopper one hundred counts to remold itself. He counted, slowly at first, then much faster. At sixty he thought he had overcounted, so he jumped to seventy. He reached a hundred in a rush.

He leaned forward and stared at the grasshopper. He touched it lightly. It quivered spasmodically. He gave it a slight push on the rear. With a quick jerk, it leapt into the air. In mid-flight the head toppled off. The body lit upright several feet beyond. Tommy looked at the head, and then at the body.

"The head ain't got no body," he thought. "It ain't got no body. It ain't got no body." He laughed and laughed.

Mrs. Brown walked across the yard, into his house. She was going to get supper, he supposed. He sat leaning against the tree, staring at the headless body, and body-less head. After a time Mrs. Brown went home, her high slim heels cutting through the grass. Soon his father came, driving the big old Packard into the white garage. Tall and lean, in his loose-fitting blue serge, he patted his son on the head when they met at the garage door.

"Your mother came through the operation pretty well, old timer." They walked together into the house. Tommy washed carefully in the snowy panelled bathroom, after he had hung the scissors on the board. His father was setting the table.

Together, they ate. Tommy noticed that his fork was on the wrong side. He thought of the fork. It ain't got no body, he thought. He looked at his father, at the down-bent head, the dark wrinkles under the soft brown eyes, the broad, firm nose. He looked at the table-cloth, noted that it was soiled.

He helped his father do the dishes, thinking always of the grasshopper with no body. After the dishes were finished, he soon went to bed. He thought. His mind revolved like a wheel. "It ain't got no body." The phrase came back insistently, crawling out of the dark corners he stored it in. He thought too of his mother—being operated on. A strange thought whirled to the surface of his mind. "I hope she dies." It shouted out in the dim vastnesses of his inner being, and echoed and reëchoed in the chambers of thought. This indeed was a strange thing, thought he, for he loved his mother.

The new thought repeated itself, then interwove with the first, beginning in a simple harmony, then growing into a grandiose structure of counterpoint. It ain't got no body. I hope she dies. It ain't got no body; I hope she dies. The unwanted thought and the forbidden one came alike, and together. They blended one with the other like warp and woof. He was afraid of them, struggled to keep them away, but they came, again and again, faster, faster, faster. He was lying on his back. The bed-clothes pressed on his toes. The weight grew and grew until it was intolerable. He turned on his side. He was sweating, and yet he felt cold. As cold as ice. The sweat dampened his pajamas. He felt that he was lying in freezing water. His mind, uncontrollable, worked on and on, until it formed a swiftly whirling cluster of action centering on the nucleus of thought. "It ain't got no body, I hope she dies," spun through his brain in a screaming agony of sound until he could bear it no longer.

He jumped from the bed and ran down the hall to the kitchen. He took a drink of water. His eyes moved jerkily, fixing involuntarily here and there. He stepped to the front room doorway. A dim light in the lamp cast a weird shadow on his father who was sitting in the bright auburn overstuffed chair, with his head in his hands. Tommy's eyes clung to the bent form a moment. Then he went back to bed.

Immediately, it started again. A new motif entered in. "Broken record, broken record," it chimed. The three melodies danced on for what seemed ages—and then—as he thought—it ain't—got—no body—he at last fell asleep.

—Paul Bates, ex-'41.

Paths

Let us walk in the blue dusk
Across the white snow—
Across the hard, crisp snow—
And break the silence with footsteps
As we go.

I shall cherish the unbroken pattern
Made by the white snow—
Made by the hard, crisp snow—
And keep to the path before me
As we go.

You will want unhampered freedom
Through the white snow—
Through the hard, crisp snow—
And break from the path made by others
As we go.

I shall walk with destined safety
Through the white snow,
And go where others have gone—
Where others will go.
You will walk with strange adventure
Through the white snow,
And choose your own destination
As you go.

—Marguerite Johnson, '38.

Revelation

"I would I might forget that I am I,"
The poet said, and ever since his words
Have haunted me. In dreams last night they came,
And when I woke I knew I must forget
Myself henceforth, as you have long since done,
You, best of all my friends. Why was I blind
Till now? I have one life to live, but one
Is done. These twenty years have passed away
In vain, when in a moment high truth might
Have stood revealed. You knew from birth the thing
That hid itself from me until today,
Dear friend, and yet I saw it not with my
Distorted sense. How swift are you to find
The heart while I am lost in wonder at
The mind. You are of Christ and of all men;
I am alone and bowed down in my grief
As I deserve. You chose the better part.

—Miriam M. Hawthorn, '39.

Mutation

Time was I saw the leaves fall in the pale warmth of autumn sun,
And laughed and scuffed them with my feet and caught them in my hands.
Time was I felt the first snow and let it melt upon my cheek,
And gloried in the cool, damp air so filled with flurried white.
Time was I heard the wind speak as it whimpered through leafless trees,
And exulted in the force I felt pushing against my back.
Time was I felt a holy rapture as each note of nature sounded,
But now the notes are elegies that deaden anticipation.

—Marguerite Johnson, '38.

Call It College Life

When roll is taken, Wednesday Chapel is one thing; when it isn't, Evans' is another. On this particular Wednesday morning roll isn't being taken and the ice cream parlor is packing 'em in.

Students fill the booths on one side of the room—six people to a booth and a group standing in front of each. The counter is lined with fellows, possibly talking Hitler, more probably discussing the freshman girls.

Cokes, double-deck cones, and hot fudge sundaes seem to be the order of the day.

A nickel collection is taken and the swing-fans clamor about the nickelodeon taking down the words of "Especially for You". Over and over the machine plays the catchy tune. Suddenly all the members of the group burst forth with the same phrase of the song. A great rush is made to write the long-wanted words down on paper.

Immediately a dilapidated typewriter is dragged out from the back room and set up on the ice cream containers. A typist from the group props herself upon a cardboard box and begins pounding out the words, "Especially for you, That's all I live for—"

A popcorn moocher thrusts his hand into the stale popcorn drawer and very quickly withdraws it with a mouse trap clamped on two fingers.

Three fellows are spending their pennies on a peanut machine in one corner and a couple of girls are getting weighed.

Just as a little blonde starts trying to teach a burly half-back how to truck, someone calls from the door that chapel is out.

—Myna Nickum, '41.

Tactful Relations

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust . . ."

Well, Grandfather had finally died. We stood around the coffin as it was being lowered into the grave. It was dusk—because of limited time, the funeral had been in late afternoon—and a light snow was settling over the town, promising cold before morning. A shudder passed over me, and I recoiled slightly from a sensation of dreariness, rather than from cold.

I glanced at Aunt Agatha, bundled to the chin in expensive scented furs—smug old clothes-horse! Heavens, was death always such a hideous matter? Grandfather hadn't seemed to think so—in fact, he had always wanted me to believe that it was something beautiful and full of promise. For the first time in my life, I doubted him.

Relatives were beginning to move toward cars and limousines now. Were they really going to desert Grandfather and leave him all alone in a strange place? He never liked strange beds—he had better adjust himself then, I thought, upset to the point of hysteria, because he's likely to be here for a fairly long time.

I realized, all at once, the finality of the situation, and a nausea seized me. I made up my mind to stay awhile until he was used to his new home. That would undoubtedly shock my manners-conscious relatives beyond all endurance. I had been a source of trouble and difficulty throughout the whole ordeal, and they probably wouldn't forget me very quickly.

I knew why they were all so particular to be there. Words had slipped out occasionally—"Do you have any idea how much money the old man had?" and "They say he was worth more than anyone knows."

There were people there whom I hadn't seen since I was a small child—some whom I had never seen. It was scarcely possible that the whole world could be so callous and shallow as these relatives of mine. It was just as well, because Grandfather's rather caustic remarks would have driven them away—and would have driven me away—had I not seen below the surface a humble lonely old man. Unable to impress these conventional relatives sufficiently, he had walled himself in behind a barricade of stinging sarcasm and painful humor. Grandfather knew everyone's weaknesses and was not re-

luctant to recite them. Aunt Agatha would never live down the day—during Henry's patient courtship—that Grandfather asked her how it was that she could be so sweet when she was of a mind to, and so consarnedly ornery the most of the time. Agatha had said that Grandfather was impossible, and slammed out of the room with flaming cheeks. Strangely enough, Grandfather took a liking to meek little Henry and gave him a bit of help now and then—ever so cautiously.

It was nearly dark, and I was stiff from the cold wind. I could make out a figure in black running in my direction. Whom had they sent for me this time? Tears rushed to my eyes as I looked up and saw that it was Nora. Nora was a neighbor of Grandfather's—a tall angular woman in her late fifties. There was nothing she was seeking from Grandfather, and this thought spread a warmth clear through me.

"You'd better come now," she said, "the folks are beginnin' to ask fer ya, and ya can't do nothin' fer *him* now."

"You're right, Nora, and I'm ready to go now."

The reading of the will was to be on that same evening at Aunt Margaret's. Some of the relatives had to leave early in the morning, and this necessitated the somewhat untimely reading of the will.

After a rather hasty meal, we assembled in Aunt Margaret's formal drawing room for the last words of Grandfather, from whom all were most anxious to hear. I wondered what dear unconventional Grandfather could have to say in this last fling at his family. If I knew him at all, he would take this one chance to do just exactly as he pleased and greatly distress the greater part of these people whom I saw around me.

Higgins began in his characteristic manner. Higgins was the family lawyer, and was a small man, bald-headed, slightly red-nosed and infinitely tender-hearted. He stood up now and began wiping his glasses and clearing his throat.

"It is indeed a sad occasion that brings us all together . . ." He was interrupted by some sniffling and a few audible sobs. Several looked at me, evidently expecting some sort of outburst. I sat quite calm and collected—it was against my principles to yield to emotions in public.

"I suppose we may as well begin without ado . . ."

"What's *ado* mean?" piped up one little cousin, who was considered a promisingly intelligent youngster, but whom I, in my usual controversial nature, considered quite incorrigible.

"That will do!" boomed John, my least friendly Uncle, who never had time for children, neither for his own, nor for others. He felt much should come from Grandfather because he had helped him out of a tight situation once and expected to be remembered for it.

I lit a cigarette ever so casually—not because I liked to smoke, but because I carried them for just such times as this. There was an uneasy fidgeting in chairs.

I felt Aunt Margaret's reproachful mouse-like eyes upon me.

"And to my dear daughter, Agatha, I hereby bequeath ten thousand dollars."

Aunt Agatha fairly burst with the excitement of thinking what she could do with it. I was astounded at Grandfather. Agatha was the one whom he had liked least.

"May she take care of it better than she has Henry."

I had a bad moment in restraining myself at the look on Aunt Agatha's face. Even here she couldn't escape Grandfather's barbs.

"And to my son, John, whose innate sense of duty saved me at a time when I needed him most, I do bequeath my two farms."

John looked around with a self-satisfied air. What ailed Grandfather when he wrote this? I cared nothing for his property—we had enough—but it was just not his nature to do the ordinarily anticipated act. I hoped whoever received his home would care for it and love it in the way that he had. Somehow, I couldn't picture any of these hurrying mercenary people living in it. There was nothing to do but sit patiently listening to the droning voice.

"The balance of my possessions, with the exception of my house and all its contents, shall be equally divided among the rest of my living relatives.

"My house and all of its furnishings, I do bequeath to my dearly beloved Granddaughter, Mary, on the condition that she herself and Nora will make it their home."

A lump came into my throat. Grandfather had no right to give so much to me. He could rest in peace, because Nora and I loved the

old house and could never part with it. I looked back at Nora, stiff in her customary black, and saw that she, too, felt dazed.

There was a disapproving buzz of voices, and I recovered myself sufficiently to look as though I had known all the time what was coming. People began getting up and leaving, upon one pretext or another, until Higgins, Nora, and I were left alone. Nora began to cry quietly, but I was too happy.

"There's a letter for you, my dear," said Higgins.

"Thank you so much," I said, afraid at any time that my feelings would give way.

Nora hung over my shoulder anxiously as I opened this totally unexpected message. I could see that she was as concerned as I, wondering what more Grandfather would possibly want to say. "My dear Mary," he began . . . just as he used to begin talking to me—"My dear Mary,

"I don't need anyone to tell me that it won't be too long before my work is done. You've been a good girl, Mary, and I haven't forgotten you. I know you're surprised at my will, but I had reasons.

"Mary, in this life we can go on being as queer and as eccentric as we like, but when one is so near to the end, he finds himself going back to the ways that are right and just—to those things which he has been taught to believe in. That is the reason I wrote my will as I did, and it is different from what everyone expected. I imagine it caused a great deal of talk. My sense of duty overcame my love of the unusual, and something within forced me to do what I know in my heart is right.

"You won't grieve over me because you know I wouldn't like you to, and because you're not that sort.

"Your loving Grandfather."

I raised my eyes to Grandfather's picture over the fireplace. These last words were a revelation and a comfort—almost spoken words, and Nora and I would live on—happy in what we had gained from that dear man—Grandfather.

—Irene M. Johnson, '40.

Season of the Shooting Star

Season of the shooting star
The still summer night
Quiet with a hush of expectancy
No wave erupts the smooth surface
Of the dark pool below
No trembling leaf shatters the motionless calm,
I see you watch a meteor
On her reckless departure
I cannot follow its burning flight
Because you are here
You whom I have long awaited.
With no word—no heralding,
But a growing force speeding through the months
Comes the moment memorable.
A sudden twitch of your mouth
A pain, a shadow in your eyes
A shifting of glance to the ground
A ripple on the pool
A tremor of a leaf on the small violet plant

The silent crash of my world.

—Betty Greene, '40.

Some September

Some September I shall breathe less hurriedly,
Shall thrust myself at life with gentler force,
And I shall know at last there is no peace
In pushing out new branches every hour.
I'll seek a splendid house of solitude
In some far place where comes no guest
Save God, where dwell no tenants but my thoughts.
I'll face it out, with naught except old memories
Suggesting I be other than myself.
I'll laugh to have my loneliness,
And then when I have had my fill of quiet,
Fight through eternity.

—Miriam M. Hawthorn, '39.

To a Swallow

Swift is your awful plunge, O bird!
Down through buffeting winds and misty skies,
Unafraid and in greater ecstasy
Than can be thought by such as I.
You wheel and turn and your singing heart
Surges full of wildest joy and blithesome happiness,
While I, who on earth must helpless crawl,
Make wish that I could spread out wide
My wings and forever glide,
Through deep and blacking skies
In private flight. Then banking,
Turn to look on earth and its small ways
Where proud man holds himself
Above his fellow beast.
His life cannot compare to this—
The life you lead.

—Eric Liljestrand, '42.

Augury

They will not believe me now
When I tell them how noble you are.
They are not sure, as I am,
Of your great virtue.
They speak uncertainly,
"He is handsome . . ."
Or tactfully,
"Quiet fellow!"

It is I who know,
For love is no blind thing.
Love is no fog, no veil.
Love is the thick glass in my hand,
The lens which magnifies.

By and by they will say,
"She was right!"

—Miriam M. Hawthorn, '39.

Memoirs of a Nurse

"Gosh, Lil, late getting off duty again! And boy do I have to hurry! Bill said he'd call for me around eight bells and here it is 7:45 and just getting home.

"See if you can get the knot out of this shoe, will ya kid? Catch—thanks. Gee, Lil, I don't know what I'd do if you ever moved to another of these wooden structures.

" 'Wooden structures'—how da' ya like it? That's what Gussie told us the time she caught us smoking in the waiting-room downstairs.

" 'Girls, I must inform you that smoking is prohibited in the nurses' homes since they are wooden structures. However, due to the trend of modern times you may enjoy a brief smoke or two in the smoking room provided for you in the basement. Anyone abusing this privilege or caught smoking elsewhere in the homes will be punished accordingly.'

"The old fish-face! What a picture she'd make on a cigarette ad!

"Hey, Lil—I can't find the towel. Come here quick and help me. Say, hurry—do ya want me to be blinded the rest of my days? Ah, that's a dear—gee kid—we do get along swell, don't we?

"Lil, how's your Mother been? I meant to ask you a couple days ago, but it just slipped my mind. Busy, man—that place gets screwier every day.

"My sainted aunt—eight and I'm not dressed yet. Gosh Lil, what'll I wear? Bill hates yellow so I guess that's out. Whatever ya do Lil, pick a man that likes the same colors you do, or else one that doesn't give a damn what you wear. But then, I guess it's not so important after you're married anyway.

"Did you hear the way Dr. Lelay was talking about his wife's clothes? Ya, right during the op he stops and starts in on the expense of women's clothes. Said his wife kept after him for a fur coat so long he finally got her one to shut her up! That was seven years ago. Now he said she had it remodeled and some kind of a puff put into the shoulders. He said he told her to go ahead and ruin the coat, she would anyway, besides he didn't give a damn how she looked!

"Now isn't that just like a man? Say—if I thought for a minute

Bill would say things like that to me ten years from now I'd break our engagement tonight.

"What? Oh I know I don't have a ring or anything. In fact he hasn't even told me he was engaged to me yet. But a girl can tell. When a fella keeps coming to see her four or five times a week he must be thinking about it anyway.

"Like Sylvia Sidney and George Raft. Oh gee—he's my ideal. Say Lil—you remember that show we saw them in about three months ago—what was the name of it?—what was it now—oh well, anyway, weren't they simply marvelous together?

"Gosh, a girl's really got to hunt if you expect a fella to act like George Raft does.

"Remember those excursions through the park on the night of the nurses' dance? Four times I was taken out for air—four times mind ya!—and not even a suspicion of a George Raft among the lot of them.

"That was the night I met Bill. Remember, Lil? Gosh!

"Say, did you hear someone call me? Go see who it is Lil, and if it's Bill tell him I'll be down in just a jerk.

"Tonight—tonight I must forget—hummm—music, Maestro please —tonight, tonight I must forget—those precious hours—da-da-da-da-da—. So, play you're lilting melody, rag time—jazz time—swing, any old thing—tonight, tonight—

"Who was it Lil? Bill on the phone? What did he want? He can't come till a quarter to nine? But he knows we have to be in at 9:30! Heck, only 45 minutes with him. 'Ah, tonight—tonight, I must forget!'

"Well, I might just as well sit here and try to study some anatomy while I'm waiting.

"Boy, am I tired. When I told you this morning I was all in, well, that's mild compared to the way I feel right now.

"Just one thing after another. First thing I saw when I got on the floor this morning was the 'galloping microbe' prancing toward me. I tried to duck into the utility room but I didn't make it. Boy, did she lay me out.

"Remember the old horse that died in 40 last night? Well I forgot to tie his jaw shut and I guess when the undertaker finally got his buggy up there after him he looked like he was face to face with

the pitch-forked devil himself. His jaw was so set they had to break it to get his mouth closed!

"But if it wasn't that it would be something else. Honestly, I think she just tries to find things to bawl me out about. Really, I do.

"What burns me up most of all is the time she campused me for having my sleeves rolled up at the dinner table. Two weeks shut up in this dump! If it hadn't been for you bringing in those notes from Bill I'd have passed out completely. Some of the darndest rules around this place I ever saw!

"Oh Lil, Dr. Henky was on our floor today. What? Oh no, he went home, but he brought in a new patient today with something in his throat, some kind of an infection, I guess.

"Well anyway, I was alone in the chart-room see, and in he walks and wants me to bring a flash-light back to the room so he can look at his patient's throat.

"I tell ya my heart slipped a couple a' beats. I finally revived enough to say yes doctor, and grab the flash-light and run off with him.

"It took him about 20 minutes to examine the patient and there I was all that time holding the flash-light for him. Boy was I thrilled!

"Say, do you know he's actually graying in places on top of his head? Poor thing must be over-working.

"If he only wasn't engaged, but now-a-days that doesn't mean a thing.

"Oh I know I'm engaged to Bill and that had better mean something. If Bill thinks I'm going to sit around waiting for him he has another think coming. No man can do that to me and get away with it.

"Anatomy, anatomy! Gosh. Well I can't say I haven't at least tried to study it. What I'm worried about is whether I'll ever know enough about it to pass the examination at State Board.

"All this studying for State Board, and after that we never come in contact with half of these things again. Why, one doctor said they ask us nurses questions his medical students couldn't answer. It all seems like a terrible waste of time and effort to me.

"Whoops—that's Bill's horn. Well toots, it's a great life if you don't weaken.

"See ya at 9:30 Lil. 'Bye!"

—Bartlett Lubbers, '42.

Yangtze River

Up north where you lay in placid state,
The turning stars once shined in double mock
Upon your smooth and silent face.
But here you stir and your wild white horses
Leap and plunge as though to crush the rocks they fall on.
Then moved to frenzy by hurried rush of rapid and fall
You kick and roar, you bellow,
Simply to dash and fall apart on smooth-worn banks below,
And noisy as the growling thunder-clouds above
You swirl in muddy madness to your course
Of rounded rock and giant stone.

Some day the salty sea will claim you for her own.
But many leagues stand now between this and that!

I can see you coursing swift and shaken
Down the gorges where the winds and full-sailed junks
Ruffled your cold brown water and swollen middlestream.
There in a close and narrow strait a victim fell,
A prey to your sucking whirlpools.
Another place you took a frail craft to dismal depths
To further rend and tear apart the man-made toy.
Undermined the mountains fell. the scars are there today—
White they are and ragged and sad.

—Eric Liljestrand, '42.