MANUSCRIPT

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MANUSCRIPT

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FOREWORD

The members of Manuscript Club present this issue of the *Manuscript* to the students of Morningside. We have enjoyed preparing the magazine and hope it meets with your approval.

We wish to extend our appreciation to Miss Mirah Mills for her invaluable help and to the students outside the club who have contributed to the magazine.

Sioux City

Knolls and valleys,
Smoke and people,
At the foot
Of spire and steeple . . .

Broad Missouri,
Modern highways—
Railroad yards
And busy skyways . . .

College, high schools,
Park and bandshell—
Civic buildings
Scattered pell-mell . . .

Stockyards, depots,
Warehouse, mill;
Stateline tollbridge
'Neath the hill . . .

Cosmopolitan—
White and black face,
Native chieftain
From the red race . . .

Song of Iowa—
Midwest ditty;
Sung to you,
My fair Sioux City.

—Beverly Rehnblom, '46.

Comment on the Telling of a Tale

Julian trailed his book satchel by his side, letting it bounce unheeded against his knee, and concentrated, with such intensity as only an eight-year-old mind can muster, on the concrete walk that would take him, after a right turn at Hagan's Grocery Store and a left hand turn at the park, to the cream-colored house that had been his home for the past year. He walked oblivious to the florist's truck that passed up the street and to the shiny new sedan that rolled down it. He was even undisturbed by a flurry of snowballs aimed in his direction by a group of boys on a vacant lot across the street who were spendthriftily squandering one of the few patches of snow that remained in evidence.

For it was March, and winter, although gamely defending every shaded patch of ground and every hedgerow, was gradually being forced to retreat. Self-effacing trees were reasserting themselves, and, while yet unbudded, were assuming a dominant position in the landscape. From the open doorway to a house issued the strains of "Rum and Coca-Cola"; the adjoining house offered competition with the latest episode in a perennial serial. On the sidewalk in Julian's path lay one seared sprig from a pine tree, mute testimony of the Christmas past. A few steps away down a side street, a gaudy blue kite committed suicide on the telephone wires, while a group of tiny mourners bewailed it from below, but Julian's eyes did not leave the walk.

He was almost home now. Two neighbors, raucously chatting over a picket fence, suddenly hushed their conversation; as soon as he had passed, strident voices resumed their tasks of defamation. Up the wooden steps to a large porch, he trudged, carefully avoiding the deep crack in the second step. The front door opened with only the slightest sigh of a sound and closed just as noiselessly behind him. The dim hall was empty, and he was half the way up the stairs to the second floor before a voice from the rear of the house arrested his progress.

"Julian?" came a calm voice, half quizzical, half welcoming. When no answer came in reply, the voice approached saying, "Julian, is that you?"

Only as a tall, angular, blond woman entered the hall from a door at its rear did the boy mumble, "Yes, mother," and, without glancing below, continue up the stairs.

The woman he had left below watched him disappear at the top of the stairwell, before, with sudden decision, she ascended after him. As she had known he would be, he was in his bedroom, sitting in the windowseat overlooking the garden. She fumbled with some jonquils in a vase on his bureau, needlessly rearranging a perfect arrangement, while, casually she inquired, "Did anything happen at school this afternoon, Julian?"

The boy started slightly, but murmured, "Huh-uh"; yet, before his mother had a chance to question him further, his words poured forth in a torrent that startled them both: "Yes, something did happen! Miss Gordon asked everyone in the class to tell about his father, what he did and where he worked and what he looked like and . . . and everything!" A sob was stifled and pushed back into the recesses of his throat.

The woman, who had been smoothing the wrinkleless bedspread, stiffened slowly. "Oh, Julian!" Her voice suddenly seemed to age. "What did you say?"

Julian struggled to retain the tears and in lifeless voice replied, "I said he was dead."

His mother relaxed perceptibly and crossing to the window seat sank down on the carpet in front of it. "That was what you had to say." She seemed to draw bucketsfull of new life from a well of vitality within her. "You won't be going back to that school, Julian. I haven't told you before now," she improvised gaily, "but we're moving! There is so much of the world to see that we don't want to spend all of our lives here, do we?" After waiting until the silence became almost strained, she forwent confirmation and proceeded. "That's the one big advantage we have over other people, you know. We don't have to stay in one drab town all our lives but can move around to see lots of different places." Inwardly, she thought of Millvale and Riverside. Millvale, of course, had been a mistake in the first place. It had been much too small, but it had been so beautiful in the winter and the house had been so nice. Riverside, too, was little more than a town, but she had thought when they left there and came here . . . "We'll go to the

city. That's what we'll do! Then we'll have all the wonderful shows to go to and all the big stores to shop in. We'll be so happy in the city!" Her face deepened with anxiety and she inquired solicitiously, "You will be happy in the city, won't you, Julian?"

Julian stared out the window. A robin flapped past, while one of the few leaves that had clung tenaciously to the apple tree throughout the winter ceased to struggle and fluttered to the ground. Hours later, he replied listlessly, "Yes, mother, I'll be happy in the city."

—Jack Howe, '47.

When in Doubt

Observing
Others on the street,
I've noticed people, when they meet,
To pause and wonder,
"Should I speak,
Or not?"

And I alike
Have pondered thus—
To meet a body on a bus,
Or brush against him
In a crowd
And wonder,
"Will he think me proud
If I stand by and wait for him
To start a conversation?
Or will he even recognize
My face,
And deem it strange
If I speak first or
Offer gratulation?"

It seems
In our society,
The custom of propriety
Demands we speak when spoken to,
Reserve our smiles
For those we know.

But better yet,
A policy
Would be for all of you and me
To make a friend whene'er we can,
To speak alike to every man;
And turn from every bright reply
To watch the greetings multiply.

—Doris J. Peterson. '46.

Left Behind

The quiet peaceful scene had shed its cloak of deceit as the break of day grew near and the dim gray outline of combat planes became alive with activity. The whine of energyzers was replaced by the chug-chug of cold engines turning over, and soon the orange black flame from the exhaust was accompanied by the purr of a smooth-running machine so pleasing to the ear of an airman.

The planes hovered above, like huge vultures over their prey, then assembled into their formation and headed for their target. Those of us who were left behind knew that each plane in the sky had been filled with fuel enough to take it deep into enemy territory and had been loaded with many bombs to prove to those who doubted, that democracy shall live on and on regardless of the obstacles.

The day was long for those left behind. The usual dreary tasks now became something to keep the hands busy and the mind occupied, and then with the day's work finished most of the fellows idled along the ramp and inside the operations room reading, playing cards or writing home, till out of the distant blue there came the faint sound of returning aircraft, and I know that each man present muttered a silent prayer that all might be safely returning; only too often the prayers were not answered.

Those who participated told their stories to those who were left behind and once again the cloak of peace and quiet settled on the dim gray objects.

—Darryl McEntaffer, '46.

She's Human, Too!

With glasses thick
Her hair pulled back
Holding a book that's thick and fat
Behind a desk as tall as she
Standing on a box in order to see,
Answering questions
Checking out books.
Smiling at faces with dark, grim looks.
Hunting for facts that aren't to be found
Running the sources to the ground.
Quieting girls,
Scolding the boys,
Finding the little tots
Books about toys.
Hunting for fairy stories
Hunting for books—
All about airplanes, pirates, and crooks.
This one for Mrs. Jones
This one for Scott,
Tell me, how do they read such a lot!

That's the librarian
That is her life.
Working for others
From morning till night
She's never good-looking
She's always a grind
A better old maid
You never could find.
People don't realize
She's human too,
The librarian whose duty
Is just to serve you.
She likes to play,
She likes to laugh,
She doesn't like to be treated
Like cast-off old trash.

She likes to be petted
She likes to be loved
She likes to be treated
Like a shy little dove.
She likes to "step out"
She likes to have fun
She doesn't like to sit home
When day is done.

So please be kind to the dear little miss
Who spent so much time in writing *this*.

—Rosemary Huxtable, '45.

David

It was over a year ago that I first saw David. He was then barely two years old. The deep black pools of his eyes, the ebony ringlets which clung to his head, and the rich tan of his skin captured first, my attention, and later, my heart. David was an orphan, the youngest member of the pre-school at the Iowa Soldier's Orphan's Home. Although he was eligible for adoption, the many couples who came searching for children to share their homes passed him by. He was part Negro and part Mexican, a combination which seemed to give him a beauty seldom attained by either people.

David was a solitary child, seemingly indifferent to his young companions. He would amuse himself by the hour, pulling an empty wagon around the pre-school lawn. If another child climbed into his wagon, he would strive to keep going, straining every muscle in his tiny body to pull a child of twice his size. If the load became too great, he would simply walk away to seek other amusement. If he, himself, wanted a ride, he would climb into his wagon and patiently wait until someone took pity on him.

I do not believe that I ever saw David without a small stick or twig clutched tightly in one hand. The highest honor he could bestow upon you was to solemnly present you with this twig and go in search of another. The one time that I saw him very angry was when one of the older children took this stick away from him.

David laughed almost as seldom as he cried. Any efforts to amuse him were entirely in vain. He would watch you intently with a sober, almost tolerant stare, and then go on about his business. If you did happen to hear him laughing, you would probably find him running across the grass with his tiny delicate steps, still a bit unsteady, laughing merrily over some little joke of his own, or maybe just for the joy of laughing.

His longing for the affection and love which had been denied him was pathetic. He would curl up in my lap, and, unless removed, would remain there all afternoon. If he thought you would pick him up, he was always underfoot, looking up at you with his dark appealing eyes and reaching up with his little brown hands. There were few who could resist him.

Then came the day when an attractive young colored couple who were looking over the children stopped in front of David. Even when told of his mixed parentage, they refused to move on. His shy little smile had already won their hearts.

The last time I saw David he was sitting in one of the huge rockers on the porch of the main building, his tiny feet barely reaching the edge of the seat. He was rocking with all his might keeping time to the tune he was humming, a tune known only to his small mind. His yellow sun-suit was in bright contrast with his dark body. He was completely indifferent to the woman sitting next to him, as if trying to give the impression that he was entirely self-dependent. When the cab came to carry him away forever, he climbed in as if this were an every-day adventure. As I watched the cab drive away that day, I knew that the small boy had left an absurdly-large empty place in my heart. There was also happiness in my heart, for David, for the first time in his life was going home.

—Lois White, '45.

Elysian Fields, 1944

Brave men?
How brave!
The gates of heav'n are opened wide to let them in.
These weary men.
And as they file through the gate with tired feet, their helmets dangling in their hands and gas masks by their side, the angels gather round and bid them sit and rest.

Brave men?
How brave!
Just new from some far ocean's shore where now a cross stuck in the sand says, "You are dead."
These lonesome men.
And now to heav'n they come, with wide expectant eyes, these men who but short months ago were boys.

Brave men?
How brave!
From Sicily, Bataan, Corregidor, the northern part of Africa, Saipan, Tarawa, and many more.
These fearless men.
And god in all his glory meets them here and lets them know that they are home.

—Vesta Feller, '48.

"The House with Nobody in It"

The key turned slowly and protestingly in the lock, and when I pushed open the door, the damp, musty air of a long-empty house rushed out to meet me. With a last look at the clear, bright sunshine, I stepped inside and closed the door. The square, old-fashioned kitchen was filled with odd pieces of furniture from other parts of the house. In one corner stood a high, obsolete phonograph, and a table near it was piled high with dusty records. I stepped around a pile of books on the floor, but stopped when I saw the title of the top book, *Silver Pennies*. I picked it up and thumbed slowly through its pages. What was the poem that I had

read so often when I was a little girl? Finally I found it—"The House with Nobody in It." I looked up from the book and listened. The silence of the empty house seemed heavy, almost oppressive. This house had always been filled with life, with the talk and laughter of many people, and now it was silent. I had lived here the first six years of my life, and those years seemed far away, but very real as I stood there in the old kitchen. This room should be filled with the warm smell of freshly baked cookies or cake, but instead there was only the musty odor of an empty house. Some strangers who wanted to buy the house would come, and I would show them through it, but now I was alone.

I laid down the book and walked through the pantry with its rows of cupboards into the dining room. This room was strange and cold without its dark, warm rug and furniture. Where my grandmother's end of the table had been there was a small button in the floor that rang a bell in the kitchen when it was pushed. It had always been covered by the rug and the table, but now it stood out brightly on the bare floor. I stepped on it and listened, but there was no response. I walked on into the long living room, now empty except for a small, graceful love-seat upholstered in light green silk. It looked tiny and lost in the big room. I shivered a little in the chilly air and walked quickly through a wide door with its velvet portiers still hanging, though they were heavy with dust, and into the music room. This had always been one of my favorite rooms, and I had remembered it filled with music and gayety. Now it was silent and a little forlorn. In the corner where the piano had stood there was only a pile of thick, red music books. On the ceiling the painted cherubs still laughed and sang while they played on little harps. They were still the same, still laughing and gay, though the rest of the room was strange and lonely. I crossed the large, square hall and went into the library with its deep fireplace and high bookcases lining the walls. Most of the shelves were empty now, and the few remaining books were dusty and forgotten. I opened a door and stepped out on the small porch at one end of the room. The little pink roses that I had planted still climbed up a trellis at one side of the porch, but the pansies in the garden below were gone.

I went back into the house and climbed the wide, curving mahogany stairway covered with splashes of color from the stained-glass windows. The second floor was as deserted as the first, except for the head of a china doll that stared back at me with round, blue eyes from a shelf in the room that had been mine. At the foot of the stairway leading to the third floor, I hesitated. When I had lived here, my playmates and I had persuaded ourselves that the ballroom was haunted, and we had always gone up this stairway slowly, on tiptoe, poised for immediate flight. The memory of the childish fears made me pause and listen before going on. I remembered the lines in the poem I had reread in the kitchen:

"I know this house isn't haunted, and I wish it were, I do;
For it wouldn't be so lonely if it had a ghost or two."

When I reached the top of the stairs, I followed the familiar pattern we had always followed in exploring this floor. After peering down the shaft of the dumb-waiter and pulling the ropes to make sure that it had not miraculously started to work again, I went through two small rooms, one on each side of the door. These too were empty; so I walked down a short hallway and opened the door to the ballroom. In the center of the long room stood an ancient dressmaker's dummy becomingly attired in a long flowered dress complete with bustle and train, and topped by a purple veil to conceal its lack of face. One summer when I had come back to this house to visit my grandparents, my friends and I had decided that, since our ghost had failed to appear, we would dress up this dummy to haunt the house. As she stood there, the reflection of her fantastic costume in the mirrored chandelier above her made a brilliant splash of color in the room, and she seemed like a real ghost—a lonely, forgotten ghost of the gay parties that had taken place in this room many years before. I walked over to a small upright piano that stood on the tiny stage, and touched the keys. It had a rather pleasant, tinkling tone, but it was hopelessly out of tune. As I stood there at the top of the big, empty house, a bell jangled, interrupting my thoughts. It was the doorbell.

I ran down the stairs, stopping as usual to look at the clock on the landing, but now there was only a square, light mark on the wallpaper. This, more than anything else, made me realize that the house could never again be the same. New people could move

into it with new furniture, new clocks, and pictures, but there would still be marks on the walls where the old clocks and pictures had hung, scratches on the floors where other pieces of furniture had stood. In this way, the house was really haunted. I stood for a moment before the door, and the house stood behind me, cold and empty, its ornaments and furnishings gone, but still proud and dignified. Suddenly I wanted to send the people waiting outside away, to leave the house as it was, a "house with nobody in it." The bell rang again, echoing through the empty rooms.

—Joan Johnson, '46.

Dawn Chill

I'll dedicate
This poem to
you, Miss
Kinnitt.
Can you guess
why?
Doris

Heavy laden
Bends each bough
'Til every tree is hovering
Like wan Niobe, ere her tears
Were turned to stone.
The branches luminescent
Give the atmosphere
A subtle, silver overtone.

Early
When the eastern light first dawned,
The air had clung in soft suspension
'Round the purple fringed
Treetops in the mist.
Now the morning wind begins to blow,
Confusing all the stillness,
Chipping ice, and sending showers
On the snow below.

—Doris J. Peterson, '46.

Three-Minute Eggs

Cut-Flowers

A few days ago, the wax sweet-peas which are our usual centerpiece for the period of the winter solstice were replaced on the dining room table by some cut-flowers, a carnation and a chrysanthemum, enhanced by a sprig of fern. On Monday, they held all eyes and were the objects of much curiosity and wonderment, and no little elation; by Tuesday, they had lost their novelty and were accepted as a matter of course; by Wednesday, they had wilted; the fern was browned, the chrysanthemum looked bedraggled, the carnation had become repulsive. Thursday morning, the sweet-peas reappeared, firmly entrenched until the middle of spring.

Christmas Packages

Down on the floor, more or less neatly tied and stacked, sit the Christmas packages, patiently awaiting delivery, although slightly reproachful by their very readiness, to the far reaches of America. This one goes to Illinois and that one to Missouri. The green parcel with the gaudy red poinsettia will find a haven in far-off Connecticut, while the modest box decorated with printer's holly will soon be resting beneath a tree in Arkansas. On varying dates they will be mailed; and, likewise at diverse times, the wrappings will be torn off, the seals broken, and the gifts laid bare. And into ashcans and wastebaskets in Illinois and Missouri, Connecticut and Arkansas, will go brown and green paper, and a gaudy red poinsettia.

Conventional Conversation

I knew before he opened his mouth what was coming out, so I was not disappointed. I merely muttered, "Just fine," to his "How are ya," and hurried on.

Yet, I cannot help wondering whenever I am greeted with that shopworn but time-honored foible of conventional conversation, "How are you," how long it has been current, or, what perhaps is more to the point, how long it has been meaningless. At present, one almost measures his steps when approaching an acquaintance in order that he may be the first to spring this hackneyed expression. This vocal feat having been accomplished, the mind returns to lethargy, while the ears alone mechanically await the reply, which, as is known beforehand, will, nine times out of ten, be the equally

traditional, and even more laconic, answer, "Fine," "Swell," or "O. K.".

Now the three little words which compose "How are you" indicate a definite concern for one's mental and physical state of health, but how can it be seriously regarded in this light when people ask the question who have inquired the same thing upon the last meeting, which might have been as long ago as two hours? Should one be flattered by this constant concern for his state of being, or should he become alarmed lest he look so emaciated that well-wishing friends are not anticipating his survival from hour to hour? Or shall one merely attribute the greeting to a general collapse of American conversation, a craniological rebellion mayhap, in which the tongue rejects the dictates of the brain, and the eyes and ears refuse to report correctly? Perhaps—

"Oh, I beg your pardon, madam, I wasn't looking where I was—well, well, Mrs. Dinglehoffer, and how are you?"

—Jack Howe, '47.

Lines

(Written after a vain attempt to find a good musical program on the radio after 7:00 at night.)

Where is the deity that once we knew?
She was a vessel for all lovely sounds
And ever at the touch of man leaned down
To give of her abundance to the few
That lifted high their hands and asked for true
And living bread. No, never did she frown
Upon request to sing our sadness or crown
Our joys with rhapsodies of brighter hues.

The deity that once was music now lies dead.
Out of our common life, to serve no more,
She dropped unseen, no longer listened for.
Today we reach not high but low for bread,
And now our hungry souls stand gaunt and poor
Fed from another vessel in her stead.

—Bernard Travaille, '45.

Soliloquy

August, 1944

A comet fell!
'Twas but a flash
  Of flaming light—
One streak of red
And golden ash,
  And then the night
  Was calm
And still again.

One comet fell!
So soon 'twas gone
  Fore'er from sight—
Yet gloriously
'Ere many a dawn,
  It gave its light
  To earth
And depths of Heav'n.

And we below
Were thrilled and awed
  By its long flight—
In silent prayer
We asked of God
  Why it was right
  That it
Alone had fallen.

Just so, one life
So quickly dies
  In midst of fight—
Last breath is drawn,
A loved one cries
  "Why is it right
  That he
Of all was taken?"

But when one life
Has done its best
  With all its might—
Its mark is made,
It seeks its rest,
  And then the night
  Is filled
With stars again.

—Caroline Wolle, '48.

The Thoughts of God

There is a silence in the trees above
As in the grass I lie and wait;
And all the world is waiting silently
With me to listen to the thoughts of God.

A small brown quail, no longer fearing man,
Shows in her eyes admission she and I
Are kin, and now rests on her nest and eggs
Near by, and listens to the thoughts of God.

A silly squirrel has stilled his senseless talking,
He sits and looks at me, serenely calm.
His dancing feet and busy tail lie still
While we, too, wait to hear the thoughts of God.

The leaves are silent, the birds are singing hymns
And all the world in this still place of God's
Has stopped in time, to bow its leafy head
To pray, and listen to the thoughts of God.

—Enid Neal, '45.

Spring Morn

The hours before dawn are filled with mystic stillness. The streets are so quiet and deserted that I can hear my footsteps following me. Far above, the moon is walking knee-deep among the clouds; now and then a star wrestles the fleece aside to glitter momentarily. Sudden small breezes whisper through barren trees. Then all is still.

In the east a dim lightness ebbs along the sky-line, the sign that dawn is close at hand. Birds begin to pay heaven for their night's rest; the mellow, bubbling song of the meadowlark fills the air; the wakening call of a rooster shatters the stillness; the wind stage-whispers in the far distance—then the lull before sunrise. The gentle breeze fades to nothingness and only now and then the faint joyous song of a bird breaks the solemnity.

Far in the east the faint light grows stronger and stars fade into oblivion as the fingers of dawn extend higher in the sky. The clouds on the horizon take on new hues; yellow, gold, crimson. The ever-changing light climbs higher and higher with ever increasing intensity. A speck of brilliant yellow appears over the horizon; a speck that becomes an arc; then a circle; the rising sun laboriously chinning itself over the horizon. The dim candle of dawn has become the beacon that scatters the night and lights the day.

A tired countryside begins to wake. Birds, just returned from southern climates, flit from tree to tree in search of a morning snack. Gusts of wind send little spirals of dust creeping nervously along the curb; leaves turn cartwheels on the lawn; trees and bushes move as though stretching after their long winter's sleep; clouds are pushed across the sky in a never ending processional. The air is filled with a fragrance that defies description. The atmosphere seems to have the quality of having been washed by all of nature's ecstatic perfumes—the breath of Spring is in the air!

Trees that have lain dormant all winter take a new lease on life, each striving to be the first to display a new coat of resplendent green. Bushes follow suit, and, like the trees, are covered with myraids of small buds that soon unfold into leaves and blossoms. Small patches of tender grass worm their way through last year's crop. Nature has started its vast new technicolor production called "SPRING."

—Vernell Gunderson, '48.

Listening

Listen . . . listen . . . listen . . . The roar of the bomber, the hum of the oil burner, the low moan of the wind, the ticking of the alarm clock; all the voices of the night are blending into a great chorus, all the voices of darkness are saying listen . . . listen . . . listen.

It is cold outside, and the wind is haranguing the trees, somehow its shouting and unintelligible blustering reminds me of Adolph Hitler. It is dark in the room, and the moonlight makes a square of white light on my window. The panes of the glass moan a little as they bend before the mass attack of the hurtling snow pebbles. It is like the sound of a microscopic army attacking a gigantic foe.

Inside, the sounds of warmth and civilization prevail. They steal over me and try to overcome my thoughts and induce me to sleep. The oil burner hums into the night, repeating its only song over and over again in a soothing monotone, "I am heat, I keep you warm, I am heat, I keep you warm." The rival of the burner, the refrigerator, clocks on and begins its song, "I keep your food, I bring you health, I am cold, I am cold." The two tones blend and swell, forming the background of the chorus. I feel my mind tuning in and drifting away into unconsciousness.

By my head I hear the tick, tick, tick of the metronome urging me to drop off to sleep. It is my alarm clock and it is warning me that each tick brings nearer the hour when its strident bell will welcome the coming dawn and break up the concert. But at present it is beating out the time for the chorus, keeping all within the proper meter.

Again the outside forces take up the theme as a bomber flight comes low beneath the storm clouds. This is the bass section, foretelling danger and disaster for the world. As it fades into the distance, the sound once again recedes into the background to die out altogether and give way to the sopranos.

Here the soloists, the guests of the concert are heard. Each is heard only seldom, each is important and powerful in her song. Tonight it is the radio, bringing the harsh, breathless voice of the news commentator as he machine-guns the news into the eager ears of the world. Breaking the monotony of the chorus, the staccato

voice hurries on only to be replaced by the placating voice of the announcer.

At last the solo is finished. The great chorus rises to a crescendo, becoming louder and louder until it is a magnificent roar. The wind, the planes, the clock, the burner, the refrigerator—each in tune, each singing its own part—sound forth. Then I hear it no more. Only silence remains. I am asleep.

—Rosemary Huxtable, '45.

Returning Home

The excitement aboard the plane was almost at fever pitch, for we were coming home. Most of us not to our individual homes but all of us into the United States, and if we never got any closer than that to our respective homes, not a single fellow of the fourteen travel-weary pilots would utter one word of complaint.

The entire group was silent, about an hour's flight out of Peurto Rico, each absorbed in his own thoughts, anxious, as I was, to see the coast line of Florida loom up in the hazy distance.

The pilot of the huge C-46 Army Transport was the first to sight the blurry far-off land and when he let it be known, there was one mad rush to the little windows that border the side of the plane. Everybody pushing and crowding each other trying to get seated so that his view would be clear and unobstructed. The boys had changed from the tense, travel-weary group into a back-slapping, hand-shaking, almost hysterical bunch of mad men.

The brakes squeaked the huge flying machine to a stop just in front of the beautiful tropically-designed operations office of the 36th Street Airport in Miami, Florida. The cargo doors swung open and without stopping to wait for the ladder, that might possibly have saved us a good many bruises, we piled out as if the four foot drop wasn't there.

The following scene was one a person might well expect from one of Walt Disney's cartoons or from the clown brigade of Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey circus, but certainly never in front of the United States Customs Department, 36th Street Airport, Miami,

Florida, for some of the fellows lay where they had sprawled after jumping; with cheeks pressed against the warm asphalt ram, arms outstretched as if trying to encircle the entire land. Others ran for the grassy turf and dived headlong upon it as if it were a fluffy feather tick that their mothers might have made and laid there, uprooting grass and grinning from ear to ear, happy almost beyond belief. I stood and took great gulps of the fresh warm air and let my eyes feast upon things as far as they would reach, for little had I expected to see again such a sight as this.

—Darryl McEntaffer, '46.

All Life Is Music

All life is music
Whether it be the melodious strains of a symphony or the rattling of Tin Pan Alley.
It is colorful and gay—and sad and melancholy.
It is folk songs and hymns and jazz and opera.
It is violins and flutes and tubas and bass viols.
But it is music.
Fast music. Slow music.
Funny music. Great music.
It is the clipped music of the drum and bugle.
It is rolling music like that of a harp.
It is exciting music. It is monotonous music.
It is a fantastic combination of sharps and flats.
It is a first-year scale; an octave run.
But it is music.
Funny and laughing at you out of a trumpet's bell.
Sad and crying with you from a violin's strings.
Gay and dancing with you from an accordion's bag.
It's music—music—and music.
Clashing, oozing, screaming, yelling, soft, quiet.
Music—life.

—Vesta Feller, '48.

God's Grace

I stood upon the altar high
And looked, Oh Lord, up to Your face,
The light shone from a window nigh
As if it came with God's good grace
To lead me to Thy Holy Place
Of reverence and of joy divine.
And then I tried with thoughts to trace
The paths You walked, Oh Savior mine,
To give me hope and lasting life so fine.

With my imagination I
Did see You on the Holy Cross.
You uttered not a word or sigh
But suffered pain without remorse;
For You knew, Lord, that through Your loss
Mankind would gain Eternity
Of which You are the only source,
Again I looked, Oh Christ, on Thee;
With heart I thank You for Your love for me.

—Charles L. Mihos.

The One That Still Loves You

Zero hour was approaching fast and the Kid was so afraid he could hardly keep from crying; even in the dim light of the foxhole Mac could see that. He was trembling, although Mac could see he was tense from the effort of controlling it. The Kid couldn't have been more than eighteen, but now he looked almost like a child of twelve trying to keep from crying when he knew he was going to get a spanking. Mac knew it would be the first time the boy was under fire and he felt sorry for him. He moved closer to him and slapped him on the back, "Buck up, Kid, it ain't so bad."

The Kid's eyes were bright and he could hardly speak because of the tight aching in his throat. "I'm all right, Sergeant."

"Sure you are," Mac spoke reassuringly. "I've been through it so many times before. It's always the waiting that's the worst." He

glanced again at the Kid. "When you're waiting," he went on, "you start thinking about all the swell things at home, and how you wish you were back there, don't you?" The Kid didn't answer, but Mac persisted, "What's your mother like, Kid?"

The boy seemed to wake suddenly from a vagueness caused by his nervousness, "My mother?"

"Sure," Mac said. "You know, the one that still loves you even if you got a face like mine."

The Kid smiled feebly. "Well," he said, and his gaze was misty as though he were looking at something that hurt his eyes a little, "I guess my mom's the best one in the world. She's kind of a little old lady, always smiling, and always doing things for me. She can sure cook. I can still taste some of the apple pie she used to bake for me. The crust is so tender it melts in your mouth, and the apples ooze out on the plate, and—"

"Stop it!" Mac wailed. "You're killing me!"

"Oh," the Kid went on proudly, "she can cook anything, not just apple pie. And I remember she used to tell me bedtime stories when I was a little kid, and she used to tuck me in and kiss me good night. She'd fix my black eyes and bloody noses whenever I'd get into fights at school. I remember once when Jerry and I were playing near the creek, I fell down and broke my arm; she was so good to me, called the doctor, bandaged it up, even after she'd told us not to play there. She scolded Jerry for letting me go down there because he was the oldest, and she—"

"Is Jerry your brother?" Mac interrupted.

"No, but he's almost like one to me. He's been with me ever since I can remember; we were raised together, it seems like. I recall once when Jerry was staying with us when his folks were gone for two weeks, and he got the mumps. Mom took care of him and watched over him, just like she'd done for me when I had scarlet fever."

"Yeah," Mac said softly. "I guess mothers are just about the same in general." He looked at the Kid again to see if this talking had done him any good; the Kid had relaxed considerably and the trembling had stopped. Mac glanced at his watch.

"When I joined the Marines," the Kid continued, "Jerry joined right up with me. We got in the same outfit, and went through boot camp together. He's here now, just over the left ridge."

"That's swell," Mac said. He glanced at his watch again, then tensed, "This is it, Kid. Come on!" They both started over the ridge as the roar of guns and planes began.

At first they advanced together, but soon they were separated and Mac crawled along alone. The attack went along as scheduled, until they hit a snag in the form of a machine-gun emplacement on a hill; the enemy had the advantage because they could shoot down on our troops and pick them off like ducks in a shooting gallery. Mac wasn't in the direct line of fire, but he knew that he could circle the emplacement and get rid of it with a grenade. He began to climb around the edge of the hill and was crawling on his stomach toward the machine-gun nest when it suddenly blew up.

"Somebody got there ahead of me," he muttered. Something inside him told him it was the Kid.

The attack surged forward now and it wasn't long until the boys were mopping up the enemy. Mac ran forward toward the spot where the emplacement had been, looking for the Kid. He found him still alive, lying in a crater with a blond-haired boy bending over him.

Mac jumped into the crater and said to the blond, "You're Jerry." He said it more as a statement of fact than as a question. The boy was busy administering plasma and merely nodded.

The Kid's eyes opened and he smiled at Mac, "Gosh, I sure hate to go out this way."

"What are you talking about, Kid?" Mac smiled. "You're a hero, and now you can go home to that wonderful mother of yours."

"Sure," the Kid repeated slowly. "Now I can go home to that wonderful mother of mine." His voice died away and he closed his eyes. The boy Jerry slowly straightened up.

Mac looked down at the peaceful face of the Kid. "It's going to be hard to tell his mother," he said. "She must have really loved that boy." He looked at Jerry. "Maybe you'd better write her. You knew her, didn't you?"

"What are you talking about?" Jerry was both surprised and bewildered. "Neither one of us has a mother. He and I were raised in an orphan asylum together."

"Oh," Mac said. He stood up so Jerry wouldn't see the tears in his eyes.

—Delores Ebert

The Deliberate Perambulator

I stepped out and saw the sun's last rays—strong, dusty shafts—directed toward the lowest branches of the trees; they fell on lawns, and every tuft of bright new grass cast its shadow upon the next. I speculated as I ambled along the walk, that if I were as tiny as King Midas' fairy, I should have a wonderful time riding in through open windows on such a golden slide, or better yet, alighting in Mr. Everly's front yard. Mr. Everly I called him; he could easily have passed for a Mr. Everly. I wondered if he had not put on a little weight, although I couldn't recall when I had last seen him or if I ever had. His speed must have been terrific before dinner, for the lawn on three sides of the house was as clean as his own smooth-shaven face. But I think he had turned an ankle, for he was slowed to an embarrassing rate; and my appearance seemed to give him a most welcome opportunity to stop to wipe his face and puff a "good evening." It was on my tongue to offer to go a round or two with the mower, but I remembered having read once that an easy way to injure a man's pride is to insinuate that he cannot trim his own front yard by himself. Besides, I shudder when I think that I might have broken a minutest part of the machine, and Mr. Everly would have had to bear a shaggy lawn all summer. I was nearly past before the scent reached me on the southeastern breeze that blew through the shower of green splinters behind the mower and came tripping along the ground to ruffle up the leaves that had already fallen.

It had been my fancy to make this the first in a series of after-dinner walks, chiefly that I might gain exhiliration from the exercise and spring air to send me back to my evening desk with renewed ambition. Furthermore it would be a pleasant means for better acquainting myself with the neighborhood in which I live; for I was going out as the bear went over the mountain. My curiosity led me to turn one mysterious corner after the other until I found myself in a section of homes that I had never seen before, and among surroundings that gave me little clue as to the way I had come. I had chosen an excellent time of the day, for everyone else was out and about in some relaxing activity; we were all friends in mutual enjoyment, and introductions weren't necessary in order

to call out to Mr. Jones or to ask his wife if her tulips were up yet.

Every house had a personality, every one an inviting study. I became engrossed in weighing one against another as a possibility after which to model my own house in the future. There were little, white cottages, set off by promising hedges and young trees that would give no shade this year. Most of these had a double doorstep of stone or brick, with a narrow iron railing; the houses were as neat as a crackerbox. One had a tile doorstep with a blaring roof to match; another was marked by blue shutters that had never been closed and a weathercock at the peak where the blue mottled shingles met. Still another of the practical houses was a low, sprawling structure with one entire corner of glass brick. In front of this charming house was the lawn sprinkler that sent a sudden spray of water my way and missed all but my shoe as I jumped.

A pleasing contrast was the stately brick house of an era before that stood on the corner plot. It had a wide veranda, from which the hosts of several generations and their evening guests must have watched the leisurely traffic of the quiet street, as they discussed the issues of importance to their fellow people.

In the next block, a striking modulation was presented by a house with a touch of Georgian style. There were generous, shining windows through which shone the drape of sparkling white priscilla curtains. On either side of the adjoining garage rose a white, wooden pillar; the last touch against the pale red brick was the white door and the window casings.

In every home along the way some new detail attracted my attention; and when I had constructed in my mind the house possessing all the advantages of each, I found that I had created another house of seven gables, with an open porch on one side and an enclosed one on the other, two front doorways, a window of every size, and such little original conveniences as would make my future home somewhat of an architectural monstrosity. I decided to submit my plans to a real artist some day, and let him work them over.

It was the eve of a new world of fun into which little boys and girls were just awakening from their winter sports. The whir of roller skates, the shouts of the boys playing ball in the street, and of their admiring fans, an occasional admonition or call from a doorway—all were as much a part of the spring evening as the

smoke that tinged the flavor of the air and made you wonder if this were not really autumn. I approached a space where I walked for some two or three blocks in the sight of which no children could be seen nor their noises heard. When I saw the answer ahead of me I beheld a gathering of all the boys and girls of every size watching an amazing spectacle. A tree was being cut down. I stopped to watch, partly in reverence for the aweful silence of expectancy that I feared my footsteps would intrude upon. Two unmistakable fathers weilded a saw that brought with each slice as much of a thrill to themselves as to their proteges. The crash was modified by the budding branches of the tree, but the event was duly announced by cries that sounded like the triumph of so many Tarzans. In a moment the fallen spectacle was covered with wriggling bodies in plaid jackets and torn trousers, until every limb was bent with the weight of its fruit.

That I should ever live to see again a whole treeful of boys, thought I! The little one on the bottom limb with the fuzzy head must surely be a peach; how I should like to pluck him off and take him home with me.

—Doris J. Peterson, '46.

Spring

Spring
This year
Must be on
A detoured road.

Last night it snowed.

But when this cold
Is all gone
Then cheer
Spring.

—Carolyn Wolle, '48.