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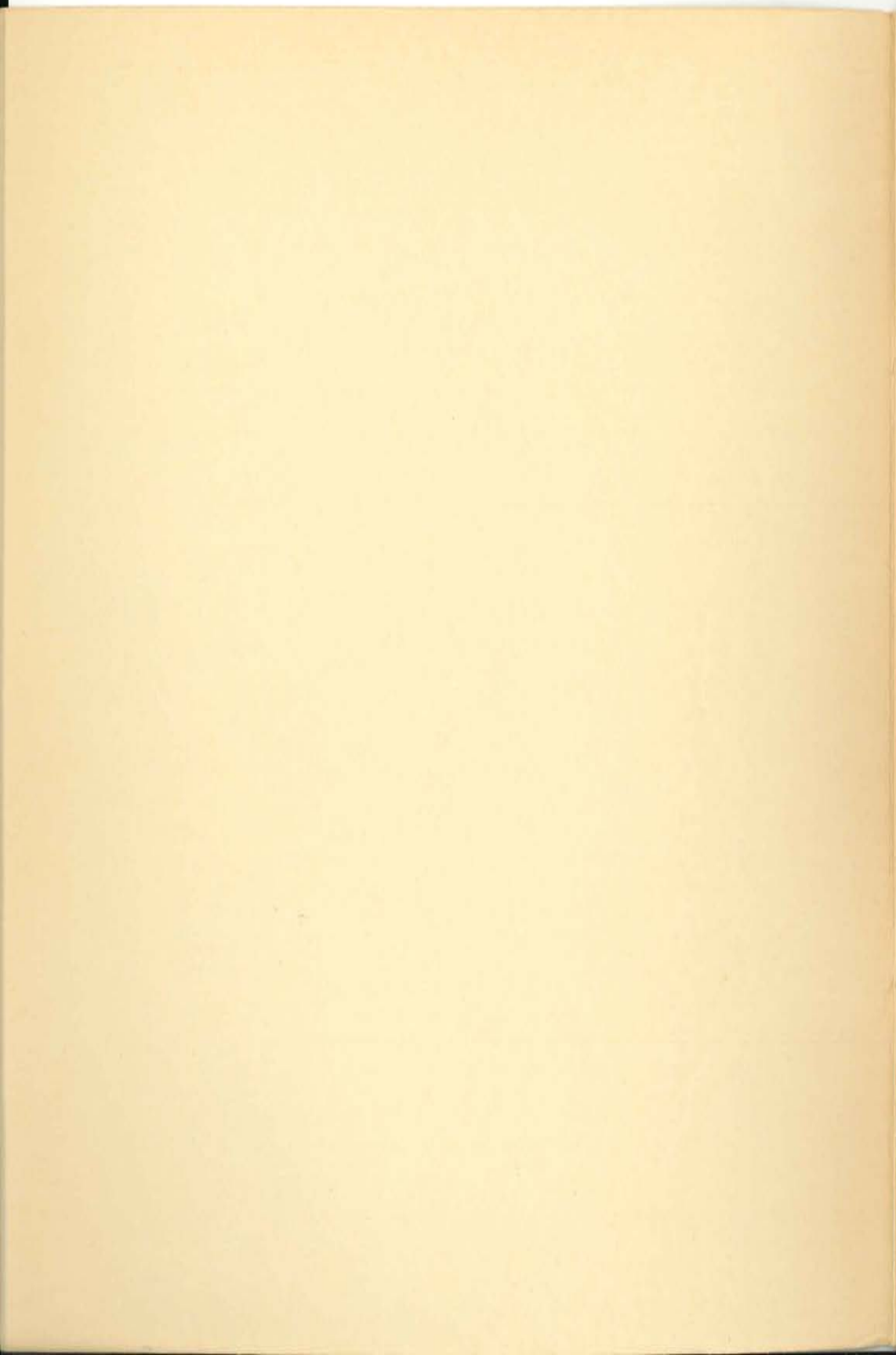
# MANUSCRIPT

## MORNINGSIDE

## COLLEGE

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# MANUSCRIPT

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## FOREWORD

It is with great pleasure that the editors submit this collection of student creative writing. We wish to thank Miss Mirah Mills for her help and inspiration.

## Cleo

Through pools of water left on a campus sidewalk by an early season shower, sedately slapped a pair of biscuit-brown flat-heeled shoes. Sprouting from each shoe was a delightful golden leg. The legs extended upward straight as willow shoots, except for detours in the proper places, until they blossomed into a ravishing young coed named Cleo.

Now, Cleo appeared to be no different from thousands of other ravishing Cleos whose biscuit-brown footwear slap through campus puddles. Her modest, fire-engine-red, plaid skirt concealed the upper portions and the junction of the above mentioned limbs in the accepted manner. Her white wool twin sweater set revealingly hid the area between the skirt and the end of the chic mop of brown that dangled to her shoulders. Her face? Well, suffice it to say that her's was not the type of visage owned by those who travel gastronomic routes to male acceptance. Her eyes? Of course.

In two respects, however, Cleo was not a carbon copy of the Cleo prototype. Her heart—all coeds have hearts, really, they do—was a barren plain on which never in nineteen years had been planted the seed of true love. For Cleo did not have technique, that indefinable art so indispensable to the feminine repertoire. When the nice looking boy who sat beside her in English Lit. hunched his shoulder across the narrow arm rest between their seats, Cleo hunched her shoulder too, away from him. When a male student openly oggled the trim picture she made in the college library as she became lost, hopelessly so, in a volume of Elizabethan drama, Cleo blushed. Cleo's other deviation from type appeared to be of a more temporary nature than did her lack of technique. Her left shoestring was untied.

Slap, slap, through puddle after puddle went the biscuit-brown flat-heeled shoes. And flap, flap, flipped the wet ends of the untethered lace against the sock that sheathed the slender, golden ankle. Gradually, dampness seeped through the sock and Cleo became increasingly aware of the unruly shoestring's flippancy. Exasperated beyond further endurance she stooped, quite suddenly, to reharness the recalcitrant lace. With abruptness she was bumped into a pool of water by a sandy-haired youth, of standard specifications, who chivalrously sprawled beside her.

"Why don'tcha look where you're going, stupid?" stormed Cleo.

"Gosh, I'm sorry. Come over here and I'll help you up."

The boy was grinning so widely that Cleo forgot to blush. She stood up and smiled back at him. He gave her a handkerchief with which to dry her hands and knees. Together they walked to the Administration building. Together, they entered. A few minutes later Cleo came out alone. Her right shoestring was untied.

Back through the same pools of water sedately slapped the biscuit-brown flat-heeled shoes. Flap, flap, flipped the wet ends of the untethered lace against the sock that sheathed the slender golden ankle. Suddenly it was, that Cleo stooped to reharness the recalcitrant lace. With abruptness, she was bumped into a puddle of water by a brown-haired youth of standard specifications.

And thus our Cleo became a carbon copy of the Cleo prototype.

—Kenneth Johnson, '41.

## Symphonic Mood

A crooked blur of a slim white stick,  
A long straight stroke of firm silver bow,  
A strong sure move of a pure white arm,  
A silver ripple, a blast of gold,  
The crazy shimmer of light and dark,  
Out of night the symphony is born.  
It surges out to the waiting throng  
With healing touches of strength and song.  
A hint of beauty midst a drab discord  
Will halt a mind in grimest thought,  
As a sudden light blinds a stalking beast;  
And, out of darkness, will burst a spark  
To tremble, then steady and merge with the dark  
As the symphony swells to a glare of light.

—Eleanor Thorpe, '43.

## Emigrant

The sun was beating down on the fir-topped mountain, on the brown stubble field, and on the woman taking clean garments from the clothesline. As her arms moved up and down, her mind noted that when she had gone to Bremen the wheat was still dotting the fields in shocks and the blood of the sugar beets ran red through the press. But it had been October when she had packed her children and her heart to take them to a new land. Now, as she plucked the snapping dresses and rompers from the cold wire, her spirit relived the scene. The train was to have left the village at nine and Julia was to accompany them to Bremen where the steamer waited. The visas and the tickets were received from the consul, the minor valuables were given to friends, and the feather beds and linens filled the trunks prepared for the exodus. Already at eight the children, who were dressed for the journey, ran in and out of the house, their rosy faces happy and inexperienced in the sorrow of permanent separation. The fat cheeks of the two little girls moved up and down as they excitedly repeated to the neighbor children, "Guess what, Hans and Frieda, we're going to see our father!" Their little brother made senseless gurgles for he had no memory of the father who had left to plant the seed of a home in America. The next minute all were deep in the discussion of today's play. As their mother watched the flaxen braids jump up and down in rhythm with the movement of the sturdy feet beneath, and as she saw the guileless eyes of childhood dance in anticipation, she prayed deeply for innocent courage such as theirs.

On all sides things pressed to be done, last minute necessities to be gathered into a satchel, a lunch to pack for the train, and words of everyday conversation to be spoken comfortingly to mother, father, sister, and brother. Every chair, every window, and each stone in the old home cried for one last moment of attention. Finally she called in the children, gave their fingers a last minute scrub, and placed their hats straight on their heads, at least for the moment. The creaking sounds without the door warned that parting was near, for Henry had arrived with the wagon to take them to the station. Grandmother kissed the little ones, and they scrambled onto the high seat. Then her face, creased and brown from years of toil in the field, marshalled control over the weaken-

ing lips, and taking her youngest daughter by the shoulder, the grandmother took one last look. "Goodbye. It will be hard, but all things are possible with prayer. Don't think of coming back, for each separation is harder. Your home is there, and there your soul and heart must be. Never wish to be here, for time will heal the soreness." That was all. No spasms of grief or cries for return. Nothing but the sturdy endurance of one whose knotted fingers and bent back denoted her service to home and soil. The stern lines of her husband's face relaxed into a shadow of tenderness when he took his turn and awkwardly kissed his daughter.

Then quickly into the wagon and away before the dams of reserve, erected and fortified by home training, could be shattered by salty tears.

All the way through the village streets they waved to the stout housewives and little playmates. When passing the fields and orchards where apple, pear, and white cherry grew, they waved to the men and women busy with hoes, sweating in the sun.

The train had pleased the children, and they sat with entranced faces watching harvest fields, the gabled cities, and sweet smelling forests pass by the window. At the first stop, Julia left them, and then the little girls sensed a strangeness. Each mile separating them from grandmother's house increased their consternation, but the mother had expected this and fed them cookies to forestall any questions.

At Bremen she had gathered the parcels, hats, and children to make a routine trip to the ship doctor. This was required of all second class passengers. There the blow fell. Her strenuous life had brought on a goiter which the present stress and excitement had greatly aggravated. No—she could not be permitted to embark for America. By this time the little ones were thoroughly distressed by the bustle of the train station, the noises of the crowd, and the presence of unfamiliar scenes. They wept and clung to her skirt for protection. "Mother, we shouldn't have come. Let's go home. Grandmother's going to have dumplings for supper." "Yes, I want dumplings," cried the other girl. The childish wants met a corresponding longing in the emigrant, and, wordlessly, she wiped the tears from the tired faces. What to do now! Her heart would never stand another shock such as that had been. There had been nothing to do but return home to the village.



That was a month ago, and even as she folded the fragrant clothes her mind tried to vision her husband's face when he received her letter. "Here are the tickets. They will not let me come, so please come back as soon as you can." How disappointed he must be. As she turned to put the things into her big wicker basket, Julia came flying across the yard. She was waving some letters, and her excited face made the woman's breath choke in her throat. What now! The one letter was postmarked Bremen. Had something happened to the trunks? The officials had promised to send them soon. Her shaking fingers ripped the envelope, disclosing a yellow paper.

"Report in Bremen at one-thirty P. M. We have received money for your first class passage."

The folk tales of nations abound in stories of stout-hearted knights who storm high citadels. History glorifies those whose spirit of adventure leads them to cleave new paths through forest and over plain. The world recognizes the man who builds economic empires and conquers natural forces. Equally strong is the courage of her who conquers fear and disembarks to plant the roots of her life, and those of hers, in a new and untried land.

—Mina Karcher, '42.

## Contrast

A misty line, a hint of curve,  
 And a tiny wave is born.  
 The playful breeze gives a laughing push  
 To a wavelet jewels adorn.

The growing swell, a jealous green,  
 Makes a fishing skiff give way,  
 And moving on in a menacing tone  
 Seeks its due in larger prey.

A curling rush, an edge of white,  
 And the breaker sounds its roar.  
 Majestic it rises, a water king—  
 Then kneels to the quiet shore.

—Kathryn Madison, '42.

## A Student's War-time Creed

These two student creeds were selected from a group of such war-time creeds submitted to President Roadman. They are truly indicative of the beliefs of the Morningside student.

\* \* \* \*

I believe in the complete and definite protection and preservation of liberty, freedom, and democracy.

I believe that, through the expression of spirituality, after this war there shall be a true and everlasting peace.

I believe that because "we gotta," we might as well do it as swiftly and completely as possible. The sooner the victory, the more definite the victory for Truth.

I believe that thinking right is essential to doing right.

I believe that it is the duty of every student to get his studies as well as possible. Schooled minds are at a premium both during and after periods of barbarism.

I believe in the one God, who knows nothing but victory for the cause that is right.

I believe in the wholehearted, undivided cooperation and faith in our wartime leaders. Dissension and distrust are exactly what the enemy wants.

I believe that what this country stands for and expresses is worth fighting for until the last man is gone!

I believe it is the quiet courage of the multitudes of people that makes a nation great and victorious.

I believe that we must stand firm, be of good courage, and agree with Socrates when he said, "To the good man no evil thing can happen."

—Stephen deVries, '44.

\* \* \* \*

I believe in maintaining a sane and sensible attitude toward the present emergency at all times.

I believe in getting as much education as possible so that I may better serve my country now and in the future.

I believe in doing my part in serving my country without complaint or resentment.

I will treasure those precious rights granted to us by makers of our Constitution, and will give thanks every day that I live in a country in which they may be practiced.

I shall remember at all times that we are not fighting a certain group of people, but that we are fighting the doctrine of totalitarianism.

I shall accept governmental restrictions without a deep sense of injury to my rights, recognizing that the welfare of the group is more important than that of the individual.

I believe in a greater dependence upon God, which will consist of a more humble and penitent attitude and a more habitual attendance at church.

I believe in the necessity of a few well-chosen recreational facilities to relieve the tenseness precipitated by the emergency.

I believe that while we are planning to serve our country in war we must also plan for peace.

I believe that the ideals of democracy shall continue to triumph over totalitarianism only so long as we are each willing to defend them.

—Mary Cruikshank, '43.

## Beneath the Arch

Dark and black, the great hulk of Chartres cathedral loomed against the sky, its twin spires filling the night with their nearness. The brilliantly tinted saints and martyrs of its windows glassily eyed the slumbering town which lay around them, as they had done for centuries. From some niche high in the walls or buttresses, cooing doves lulled one another to sleep. The wind came and went in gusts, pushing futilely against the solid masonry, or whistling with wild abandon through the bell chambers. Now and then—high in the tower, or in the nave, or in the rafters—the great church

creaked a little to show the wind and the world that it was not asleep. Chartes, Orleanais, all France might drowse, but *it*—never!

Deep in the shadows of the archway he crouched. The cold stone was not comfortable, but it was the best inn that a returning soldier of France could afford, especially when he had no identification papers with their proper stamps and scrawly Teutonic signatures. An elbow was not a soft pillow, he thought, but at least he still had an elbow. It had not been blown off or hacked off as has been those of many of his comrades. But enough of these morbid thoughts. He should never have stopped, even for these few minutes' rest. Night, for such as he, was meant for traveling, not for dreaming. While he lay here musing, capture and death might lurk in some hidden corner of the square. Noiselessly as a cat approaching its prey, he rose to his feet and stood pressed against the entrance, intently listening for the slightest sound borne on the night wind. Long seconds dragged by before a foot groped forward seeking the edge of the cathedral steps, only to be halted abruptly. Something—maybe a bit of gravel disturbed by a hesitant footstep, or perhaps merely a banging shutter somewhere off in the town—reached his ears. His own measured breathing seemed louder than the wind itself; his back pressed rigidly against the medieval stones. An eternity came and went, and was clocked by the pounding of his heart.

The German soldier stopped in front of the cathedral and struck a match. Shielding its light as best he could, he lit a cigarette. Well, what if it was against the orders to smoke? It was not only a cold night, but also a dull one. There had been no one trying to slip through the streets, and as for that man whom someone had reported they had seen sneaking into town, he had seen neither hide nor hair of him. Besides, this was the first time he had ever smoked while on duty. Still, that snooping sergeant might see him. Ah, the doorway to the church, just the place! From there, he could watch the square and yet not be readily seen.

Striding forward, the soldier mounted the steps, and standing well back under the arch, turned around to face the square. Something brushed his collar, and as he started to turn a vice-like grip was clamped on his neck. With his hands, he clutched at those of his unseen assailant, attempting to tear them loose. His fingernails dug deeply into human flesh, but the grasp did not relax. His half-

consumed cigarette plummeted from his gasping lips and lay smoldering at his feet. Vainly, he strove to kick his attacker, but merely fell to his knees. What had happened to the night? It was flashing with red and green and yellow! What . . . was . . . happening . . . to . . .

He withdrew his stiffened hands and wiped the blood on his trouser leg. The body slid quietly to the steps, and rolled down them to the pavement. Swiftly the victor sprang down the steps and disappeared in the shelter of the deserted streets.

With his feet sprawled on the cathedral steps and his distorted face in the street, the German soldier was no longer an invader, but a penitent at the foot of God. Dark and huge the cathedral loomed, and its presence filled the night.

—Jack Howe, '45.

## Moonlight on the Campus

It wasn't one of those frank, navy-blue-and-gold nights. Instead, the moon lay limply back against gray beds of cloud, and its light dwindled down, cold, and indifferent. All the warmth, the friendliness, or the humanity of the night was gone except as it echoed in the chimes of Grace Church. Main Hall, dim and featureless, loomed to one side of us, and past the Gym, the broken windows of the "Barn" sprinkled the reflections of headlights as cars came crunching over the cinder road. As we walked, hand in hand, to the white, ghost-like sun dial, all time was lost in the barren, lightless expanse of campus beyond Circle Drive and bordered by the moving lights of cars along Morningside Avenue. Looking back, we saw the college buildings, a contrast of stolid, staid mass against the feathery, gray mist of moonlight.

We were about to turn our backs on the scene as being lonely and filled only with shadows and broken, vagrant reflections, when, in tones as fragile as the shading of her dawn-purple stones, the chimes of Grace Methodist set moonlight on the campus to music.

—Mary Jean Logan, '45.

## Man: An Enduring Creature

Twenty thousand years among the swamps and twisted rocks. Men in skins building fires to keep out the chill of countless damp and darkened nights. Stone axes lifted in defense against rolling mountains of animal sinew, lusting for blood. Myriads of moons and suns walking against the blanched surface of wide, eternally desolate deserts, with blowing sands clogging up the nostrils and stinging weather-seamed skin. Eyes straining through the glare and heat to see water.

Countless ages among mountains so high that the moon and the stars rest in their summits. Ages among the cold and unyielding rocks. Ages spent where the ice freezes eye lids shut and where breath molds icicles under noses and around tight-drawn mouths. Ages spent where the wind has blown away the sun and where the rocks have collected the blood of many torn feet.

Centuries spent in crude boats thrown against the fury of the seas. Centuries in which the sea never once was quiet. Centuries in which it rolled its mighty surf over these small barks, pulling strong bodies into mighty currents and treacherous eddies. Centuries in which salt was caked on tough muscle, and the roar of the waters beat into enduring heads and minds.

Wars that followed footsteps down the labyrinths of years and left bodies for the rising sun to see. Wars that left bodies on the face of time to rot and return to the earth from whence they came. And yet all this time Man has endured, and struggled, and sweated, and bled, never once asking quarter or ceasing to crawl ahead towards the light just beyond the sunsets, the lightnings, and the stars.

—Robert Tracy, '44.

## Son of a Gun

I was born amid the din of a defense factory, listening to the scream and whine of kinetic steel upon steel—a war baby. My long snout first smelled the acrid odors of a steel mill; later I sniffed the dusty haze of the ever creeping assembly line, and finally, when I could stand on my own two wheels, I was trundled out into the exciting bustle of a railroad yard. There, but a few hours old, I was lashed to a waiting flat car and began my long journey to join the army.

I, with other seventy-five millimeter cannon, spent many happy hours on the army testing grounds belching screaming projectiles at an imaginary foe. Oh, what fun it was, licking the air with tongues of fire in a great roaring crescendo of smoke and flame! The begrimed gun-crew toiled beside me, I was master, and they were the slaves. I was the live, the animate, the speaking thing, while they were the cogs of a machine, sweating and swearing in mechanical unison, struggling to satisfy the insatiable hunger of my yawning maw.

Suddenly all this came to an end. Men ran about waving their arms and shouting words that thrilled me to the very depths of my chilled steel. War was declared. I was quickly dismounted and transported once again far across my native land till the salty tang of sea air told me of my destination. My naked steel covered with a grimy tarpaulin, I was hoisted aboard a great grey ship teeming with uniformed men, cannon fodder for me and others like me.

For many days we wallowed over the depths of a chill grey ocean that, like myself, was eager to claim its tribute of human lives. At long last the remnants of our convoy reached port, and I was deposited rudely on the wharf by careless foreign longshoremen. Hastily re-assembled, I was hauled to the edge of a steaming jungle, saturated with the incessant pouring rain. Straining oxen then took over and pulled my dripping carriage through a sea of mud, the muck sucking at their hoofs as if it were a living thing. Occasionally, my great weight would bog down, and straining men would attempt to budge me from the chocolate slime oozing over my caked wheels.

Reaching the summit of a cliff that overhung the sea, I was wheeled into position for firing. Once again I was to be master, waited upon hand and foot by slaving robots—a master of death. I lifted my dark muzzle to the heavens, impatient to begin the rain of death and destruction upon my creator—man. To murder and maim were my only thoughts, to kill!

But alas! Before I could vomit forth but a single missile, word was received that the enemy was upon us and that everything of value to the enemy was to be destroyed. Without a word my crew pushed me to the edge of the precipice, and I fell tumbling into the sea. My life was in vain. I joined the great company of men and machines who were "too little and too late."—Robert Miller, '45.

## Time Unbounded

The calendar shows a year has passed  
Since you went away.  
My heart says 'tis not so—  
A hundred years have passed  
Since last you came to me,  
A smile upon your lips,  
A twinkle in your eye,  
And music in your heart;  
A hundred years of longing  
Once more to hear your song,  
To see the laughter on your lips,  
The twinkle in your eye,  
To feel the thrill stir in my soul  
Just having you near by.

The calendar shows a year has passed  
Since you went away.  
My heart says 'tis not so—  
'Twas only yesterday  
The melody of your heart  
Joined the melody of mine;  
'Twas yesterday you touched my hand  
And looked into my eyes;  
'Twas yesterday you  
Touched my lips with yours—  
The thrill lives yet today.

The calendar shows a year has passed  
Since you went away.  
My heart says 'tis not so—  
But even my heart cannot say,  
A hundred years—or yesterday!  
—Mary Ellen Snyder, '44.



## The Palaces

(A Mystical Legend)

Khandra Kondra, a great and powerful man of the mystic East of many, many moons ago, had builded himself a wondrous pleasure palace; and had placed it at such a vantage point, that it overlooked a wide stretch of Orient, and was caught by the gaze of awe-struck multitudes.

This palace was not just another pleasure palace, but stood out from the other palaces as a wing-hurt bird in flight stands out from its myriads of smooth-flying fellows. It was fashioned of the finest marble, and quartz, and carven woods, that its constructor could barter for, steal, or purchase with his blood and sweat hoard (for such it was: for Khandra Kondra was a great merchant; and it was widely known how he gained, with the loss of terrible labor-sweat, and not infrequently, with the toil-destroyed lives, of his many, many slaves).

And so, this marvelous palace stood atop a great hill, with the running surf of the sea continually beating the rocks below, and with vast forests and thriving cities stretched to the far horizons in the great, hazy spaces beyond. And Khandra Kondra looked with greedy-proud eyes at the nobleness of his marble columns, and at the many precious stones that glittered wildly in the rays of the sun all round its tremendous vastness; and his pompous pride was exceeded only by his own stuffed rotundness.

And his palace gained wide fame and popularity—for the gout-ridden nobility cared little and showed less than they cared how Khandra Kondra had acquired his ponderous wealth. He had a towering pleasure palace, in which he lavished upon them immense pleasure—was that not enough? So, the pleasure palace of Khandra Kondra gained much renown, as a place of noble wining, dicing, and paramouring. And even during those rare moments, when the roar of pagan carousal and the murmur of lustful endearments were silent (for, even pleasure must give way to sleep), the sea dashed on, and flailed the rocks, with its century-old might.

Not far distant from the Pleasure Palace of Khandra Kondra, a very short distance, indeed, from the clamour of its bodily revel, stood the tiny fisherman's cabin, of one Rubo Kion—one who made a very meager livelihood catching and selling the weights of his

net. His dwelling was set into the niche, formed by two small hills, that, in part, formed the foothills of much loftier hills, that encircled and enclosed the Pleasure Palace of Khandra Kondra. Now, Rubo Kion's dwelling was not built for pleasure, but only as a shelter against the rains that rolled in from the sea, the heat of mid-afternoon, and the chill of dank nights. No, Rubo Kion had no pleasure palace, nor would he have cared for one, even had his wealth been expansive enough to make one conceivable.

But, Rubo Kion did have a palace—a very, very wonderful one—which few persons of his time had had the honor of seeing, but which people of coming earth cycles were to see and marvel at. For, what Rubo Kion gained in coin, from the sell of his fish meat and oils, he invested in scrolls of learning, and in other things, that, he felt, would strengthen his mind. His pillars of wisdom were few in number, for classical wisdom was hard-gained in those days. With a persistence and patience, granted only to seasoned fishermen, however, he continued day by day, year by year, to broaden in wisdom and philosophical understanding, all this time completely oblivious of the revelry, that by day and by night, year upon year, floated down to him upon the winds, from the Pleasure Palace of Khandra Kondra. When he was young and foolish, he had been stupid enough to try to tell such Eastern Epicureans how barren were their lives, and how far they miss-shot the real values of existence. And, he had nearly been killed for his trouble! So, now he labored alone, except for the help of a very small group of select and dear friends—for the most part poor of body, and rich of soul, like unto himself—and he soon began to think things out for himself; and even began to put down some of those thoughts, in painfully-drawn figures, on a very crude parchment that he made for himself out of some trees down by the sea. Rubo Kion, then, by virtue of a striving and creative soul, had builded himself a Palace for that Soul; and it was his one earnest hope and desire, that he could make future worlds of men listen to the printed words of his parchments, that they would not, now, either listen to by voice or in printed words. And the sea seemed to be in harmony with Rubo Kion's great effort, yielding him frequent good catches of fish, that he might have the means to continue his work.

Then, there came the day that later was given the name of "The Day of the Great Destruction"; and truly, this it was. The winds

arose early of a day late in autumn, and the sky darkened to the blackness of fresh loam, and the sea ran, frothing, in great mountains of fury, towards the frailty of coasts. What happened in the short flow of hour-glass sands, thereafter, the deadliness of the elements left few human seers to reason upon, for with that storm half of the Oriental world—thriving cities, towering forests, and milling multitudes—was blown off the profile of the earth and swept into the depths of the sea.

This, they do know, however, for the more significant shapes of an era can be lost to no wanton obliteration of either nature or man: The Pleasure Palace of Khandra Kondra was swept, wholly, to its last pillar of colored marble and ornate precious stone, into the oblivion that is the sea. The tale goes that there was much screaming and many shouts of hoarse terror as its occupants left the land of luxurious pleasure for the judgment of the World of the Soul. The fact of complete erasure of the Pleasure Palace of Khandra Kondra is sufficient unto itself. For, the erasure of that vast pile of material richness was so complete, that it did not even go unattended by the equal finality of destruction of the very memory of that tremendous place. In the whole of the Orient, today, there are only a few mystical and hazy references to Khandra Kondra's great Pleasure Palace. When a common man is asked concerning it, he looks bewilderingly at you and replies that he has never heard of such a place. When a scholar is asked about it, he wrinkles his forehead and purses his lips with his tongue, as scholars will when faced with a bit of wisdom quite beyond their knowledge and comprehension, and answers that he has heard very, very vaguely of the place, but that, in all his wide readings and searchings, he has found nothing concerning it, to give it any meaning or significance in the flow and fermentation of the progressive ages.

Rubo Kion? Well, his little dwelling, quite naturally, did not endure the awful surge of The Great Destruction. Nor, did its envisioned occupant avoid the same fate, that pulled others into the belly of the sea. For the sea does not long respect friendships. But—when *any* oriental, commoner, or scholar, or noble, is asked about Rubo Kion, he looks at the questioner in a surprised and puzzled way, and vigorously, and even slightly discourteously (a

rare thing to transpire in the Orient) asks the traveler thus: "Sir, do you mean to acquaint me with the knowledge, that you have no insight into the life and teachings of our greatest of scholars—one, whose Palace of the Soul has endured the cycle of countless earthen ages, because of the sublimity and brilliance of its products and their eternal beauty?"

—Robert Tracy, '44.

## Personal—For You

Kaleidoscopic visions  
 Come dancing through my brain;  
 Sleepy conversation,  
 And absentminded rain;  
 Lazy walks in summer,  
 The first new look of spring;  
 Flattery, and frankness—  
 The warmth from you they bring.  
 Telling you my secrets,  
 And knowing that you see  
 The pleasure of a moment  
 Just as it seems to me.  
 Bringing you my troubles  
 For you to laugh away—  
 Sympathetic phrases,  
 The soothing words you say.  
 Gay and careless laughter,  
 And joy that will not end  
 Serve always to remind me  
 Of you, my absent friend.

—Florence Coss, '43.

## Thoughts Inspired by a March Wind

In less than three months a class will be filing across the platform before dignitaries, parents, and friends to receive diplomas. From then on that class will be known as the class of '42, and to the classes of '43, '44, and '45 it will mean just a blotch of acquaintances, a few rows of no more than ordinary looking students, or a name scratched on the back of a seat in M203.

But to those who sign their name with a '42 behind it, those figures will mean something different. They will mean college. Not college as a freshman thinks of it, nor a sophomore, nor a junior, nor perhaps a senior. If it meant a definition, a freshman could probably tell in a more understandable way the many things that college is to him, but a senior could tell more things that college is not. College is not the glamour of football games, sloppy clothes, dates, cokes, and newly acquired freedoms. That is the average freshman conception. College is not a continual grind of exams, labs, and four-hour nights. That is another minority viewpoint. College is not a marriage bureau nor a temporary stopping place on the road to success—which facts do not leave much on the positive side for what college really is.

To me of '42, college will be five-hundred students scuffing through the snow on their way to Wednesday chapel. College will be the worn hollows in the steps of Main Hall which symbolize not only the thousands of times I have helped to wear them there but also the millions of other feet that have tramped over the same places. College will be the never-to-be-forgotten thrills of freshman life when everything was new and we were still too "unsophisticated" to gripe. But griping will also be college, for what other excuse could dorm girls find to stay up until the wee small hours? College will be long walks on early spring evenings. It will be political feuds and windy walk-out days when we have cold hot dogs and warm grape pop. It will be the happy, hilarious day before a vacation when unstudied-for history tests are forgotten amid the excitement of packing and saying goodbye. But it will also be the even more thrilling day when vacation is over and we return to work. College will be dandelion digging on campus clean-up day. And college will become a lump in my throat when seniors

first don caps and gowns to move out of the chapel in order to make room for the next class.

So far this sounds like only fun, but college is work too: a government test tomorrow, an education paper due, memorizing of Wordsworth's 'Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting . . .', or the biennial biology lab quiz coming up. Midnight oil has been burned for all these causes. College will be long hours of choir practices in a cold room where the holes in the windows have been stopped up with pieces of rags, and where the furnace blows little heat but much smoke. College will be banged-up thumbs, stiff backs, sore knees, and paint-spattered clothes for the sake of scenery for the next play. College will be the remembrance of writing your name a hundred times on a sweltering hot registration day.

All these things and many others will be our memory of college, and the closer we come to June the more we realize how much it really means to us. Probably for the class of '42 college will also include that certain December 8 when our own college president stood before a strangely silent assembly to help us understand the situation we faced and to offer a simple prayer for guidance. We hope that our class of '42 will live up to his expectations. For more than anything else college will be to us our friendships and our associations with other students, faculty members, and administrators of our college.

All this has been written into our diplomas. It has taken the class of '42 four years to come down the aisle and cross the platform to receive those diplomas, each one of which will be, for its owner, not merely a piece of hard-earned parchment but a symbol of deep personal sentiment.

—Senior, '42.

## Remnants

She cupped her hands as though she held a broken memory there,  
As if to give it shelter from the rest of life's despair;  
It had withstood both joy and pain, but at last had given way;  
Her eyes reflected sadly the fragments where they lay.

The memory that once had been alive and shining new,  
A thing upon which to reminisce and give a thought or two,  
But life had brought new changes and made a bright world bare,  
And a memory was broken and shattered for her there.

She laid her hands together with the fragments therein,  
And held them tilted upward so that they just touched her chin,  
And her eyes they lifted upward and seemed to lose despair,  
For a memory was mending that had just lain broken there.

—Jean Runge, '43.

## Cat-Man?

The tense ticks of our alarm clock might well have been the slow, marking voice of an ancient timepiece as the hands approached the witching hour of olden times. I am not one to hold with fairy tales, but as the evening wore on, the whole room seemed to be human, holding itself in readiness. The windows were wide open, and the invisible fingers of the night breeze readjusted the folds of the drapery possessively, and pried stealthily among the light papers tossed in disarray on the study table. At each movement of the drapery, at each paper lifted and returned to its position, my tension heightened. I wished that my roommate, sleeping and marking the passage of time with soft, even breaths, would wake up. Perhaps her voice, or any human voice, would return an air of reality to the room. As it was, I began to feel as if I were bound by my personal tension to the spot on which I sat. No matter what went on in the room, though at the time it was quite unpeopled, I felt I was powerless to stop it. My pen lay idly in my hand, and the point, touching the new spotless-green blotter, marked it with an ever widening circle of black. That irritated me, and yet, I was afraid to move even my hand.

This was not for long. My pen went reeling from my hand like

an errant propeller. My hand closed convulsively over the fleshy cover of my jawbone, and in a position of hypnotized terror, I found myself frozen. There had been a sound at the window. As I sought to drive the notion away, my body stiffened again with horror. The sound had been repeated. It was clawing and grasping, and as I heard it, I could see the fingers—long and thin, with knuckle lines drawn deep, nails outlined in gray ridges of dead cuticle, and the tips of the fingers calloused and shiny with grime. In my mind's eye, as the sound was repeated again, and then, again, and then, again, I could see each movement, each vein strained as the tips sought again, and then, again, and then, again, to secure some vantage at the screen. Though my body was paralyzed, my mind was free and it ran rampant. It was brave and it was strong. It guided my body, helped it take those three steps to the window, urged it to be quick in pulling down the sash, and guided the fumbling fingers with the half-rusted but protective lock. All would be safe. Let fingers pry if they wished. But no! I could not think that. Though my mind urged and prodded, my body was weak. My hands lay useless on the table and my eyes stared at the position of the pen on the floor. The window was open, and the breeze still drifted across the study table, toying with the light hairs on my arm as if I were an inanimate object. The sounds continued, but I dared not look. Sounds, I would forget, but to turn my head and to catch a brief, terrifying glimpse of a tallow, white face characterized by gray lines and shadowy, unshaven stubble, to have indelibly printed on my mind the leer of desirous, bloodshot eyes, the slovenly lines of thin, ragged lips, would haunt my every subconscious moment. I could not look, so there I sat, taut and unmoving.

As if an electric shock had torn every muscle from my body and left me limp and dangling, the next instant found me tingling with release. There had been one last clawing sound that had ended in a harsh, rasping scratch across the screen. The prying fingers had lost their grip; they had sought one last hold, but the body marked with the tallow face had hurtled into the bushes below. Rallying my energy to reassure myself, I stumbled from my chair to the window. My fingers fumbled with the screen hook, but as I leaned out, everything below was clear.

—Mary Jean Logan, '45.



## The Farmer's Sons

(In Imitation of the Old Ballad)

The farmer plowed his fields of corn.  
To his two sons he said,  
"Oh, stay not in the fields with me;  
Play by the lake instead."

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The lake was deep and very deep;  
The beach was long and wide.  
The lake was deep and very deep;  
The two lads played beside.

"Come, let us wade; the lake is cool,"  
One little fellow said.  
"Nay, go not near the water's edge,"  
The older brother pled.

The lake was deep and very deep.  
"Oh, save me, brother Dan.  
I slipped and fell; I cannot swim.  
Oh, save me if you can!"

The farmer plowed his fields of corn,  
And to his wife he said,  
"I needs must plow the fields alone,  
For our two sons are dead."

The lake was deep and very deep;  
The beach was long and wide.  
The lake was deep and very deep;  
Therein the two boys died.

—Mary Ellen Snyder, '44.

## Wilbur

The rain fell upon the earth.  
And that morn, when the wind among the budding treetops played,  
I laughed and drew a breath of spring.

    But Wilbur, oblivious to my mirth and to the breeze,  
    Was, in his grave and peculiar way, reading a book upon his  
    knees.

The sun shone upon the earth.  
And that afternoon, while the wind was in the leafy treetops lost,  
I smiled and looked into the summer sky.

    But Wilbur, unmindful of the warmth and of my look,  
    Was, in his grave and peculiar way, reading a book.

The moon beamed upon the earth.  
And that eventide, as the wind in the frosted treetops rustled,  
I sighed and shivered in the autumn chill.

    But Wilbur, heedless of my mood and of the season,  
    Was, in his grave and peculiar way, reading.

The snow drifted to the earth.  
And that night, while the wind in the barren treetops sobbed,  
I prayed and heard no answer in the winter dark.

    But Wilbur, in his grave and peculiar way,  
    Was unaware of the gloom and of my dismay.

The rain fell upon the earth.  
And that morn, though the wind among the leafy treetops played,  
I wept and saw no spring.

    For Wilbur, ignorant of my broken heart,  
    Was in his grave.

—Marjorie Foster, '44.

## Blooming of a Night-Cactus

Confidentially I have never liked cows much. Horses I tolerate but do not appreciate. After all I am a very small girl, and a horse is large in comparison. And yesterday an ugly old rooster chased me out of the barnyard. So I am naturally surprised at finding myself in a pasture infested with cows as I am not a nature lover. But even cows are better than the sound of Dottie's dreamy voice and the sight of her eyelashes going up and down like window shades.

Dottie is in love again. I can tell because she is even dumber than usual. I lived through the poet last year, and the charming playboy before that, and the trumpet player before that, and the milkman before that, but a return to nature I cannot endure. Possibly because nature gypped me in the first place. I am endowed with a usual amount of intelligence complete with adequate emotions, but the outer effect is definitely not good. Dottie is dumb but beautiful, so you can guess who comes out ahead. That's why I'm under this darned old tree in this darned old pasture—all because of a darned farmer. With all the thousands of farms in the world Dottie's car would stall in front of this one. And of all the thousands of farmers in the world, the farmer who farms this farm would have to be the handsomest specimen of manhood I have ever had the bad misfortune to see.

Of course it was *my* idea to take a shortcut. So when the motor stopped, Dottie turned to me and said, "Gladys, this was not a good idea."

"It would have been," I responded indignantly, "if the thought had ever occurred to you that automobile motors have a distressing habit of consuming gasoline."

"Oh," said Dottie, having gotten the general idea but probably not the five-letter words.

"Oh," with variations, is Dottie's favorite expression. I tried her soulful "oh" once and the guy asks me do I have a pain.

But to get back to why I'm here in this pasture. There we sat. And I had another idea. "We will ask at that farmhouse ahead. They will probably sell us some gasoline."

"You go," offered Dottie generously. "I'm so tired from dancing last night. You didn't dance much, so you go."

Well, naturally, I growled but I went. And of course when I reached the farm, I met Tom who would be a sensation in any woman's language. Even the overalls he had on could not hide the fact that here indeed was quite a man. I felt kind of smothered, but I managed to state my predicament with some clarity. I was surprised that he understood what I was saying since I hadn't heard a word myself.

"Yes," he said very gentlemanly. "I will be glad to help you. Just a minute."

As soon as he was out of sight, I smoothed my hair with my hands and wiped my face with my hankie, but I knew that my usual bad was worse. The hot, dusty road had taken care of that. I turned around with my back to the sun, foolishly hoping that my make-up wouldn't melt and my hair would have golden glints with the sun shining through it. When he returned, he was carrying a can, and we started off down the road.

"It's very warm," I offered. Somehow my conversation with the male species always revolves around the weather.

"Yes," he remarked very brilliantly, and we walked on in silence. I had just opened my mouth to help our friendship along when the horrible realization dawned. Dottie was in the car, and Dottie would have spent the time in company with her compact. She would not be hot and dusty. She would be a picture of coolness and beauty. I acted instinctively.

"You needn't go any farther. Give me the can and I'll manage and thank you very much."

"It isn't any bother," he said, and my heart thudded down to my knees.

I gave up since I could now see Dottie's red hair, and the beauty of it curling around that pretty face made me want to tear out in hunks the mattress stuffer I carry around. But of course I marched on feeling like a martyr. And there sat Dottie like a spider waiting, because of course being Dottie she had seen Tom coming down the road with me and all she had to do now was wait. I made a vague motion in the direction of the car, but Tom wasn't seeing me since Dottie had gotten out of the car to show him where the gas tank was because of course he probably didn't know and she had to help him. She had it on the wrong side of the car naturally and was very much pleased when he managed to find it on the other side.

I sat on a rock at the side of the road while they poured gasoline for half an hour. I had just begun to decide where I would put the Christmas tree and whether my rock looked better on this side of the road, or would it perhaps be smarter on the other side, when Tom walked back up the road, without having so much as glanced in my direction, and Dottie got in the car. I got up stiffly and fell in the car with a sigh of relief.

Dottie was happy. "I was wrong, Gladys. This shortcut was a good idea."

"You were right the first time," I muttered.

"His name is Tom," continued Dottie with a characteristic singleness of purpose. "He is twenty-eight and he isn't married and that is his farm and he went to State college and he is magnificent. I really don't see, Gladys dear, how you always find such wonderful men."

"It is really nothing, Dottie, I assure you, and I want to thank you for always taking them off my hands so I do not have to be bothered with them, because of course I do not like to be bothered with handsome men."

The whole thing was lost on Dottie. She turned those eyes on me and gurgled. "Darling, you know how I like to help. Everyone says that I'm the most helpful girl they know."

I didn't bother to disillusion her and she drove happily along, concentrating no doubt on Tom while I pondered the sad fate of plain but intelligent girls. When we reached town and jerked to a stop in front of my house, I felt so mournful that I got out without so much as saying goodbye, but Dottie didn't even notice. I limped inside and tried to wring some sympathy out of Mother who was much more interested in how much jelly did I think she could get out of the grape juice we had put up last fall and what would we have for dinner. I finally collected my cat Bobo, an apple, and two chocolate cookies and went up to my room where Bobo and I let down our hair. We arrived at two important decisions: tomorrow I would get a facial and my hair done, and I would not give Dottie the lace panties I had selected for her birthday but would keep them myself. As far as I was concerned Dottie could wear floursacks with sugarsack ruffles.

It was three days later, and I had forgotten the handsome Tom and was busily polishing the silver when Dottie burst in the back

door and scared me into dropping two knives, a fork, and the sugar bowl.

"Darling," she shrieked over the clatter, "we are going to visit Barbara Elliott."

"Who is Barbara Elliott and why should we visit her?" I was red and hot from working, and dropping the silver had not improved the state of my mind.

"Why we met Barbara last month. You remember, she's engaged to Herb Grey. She's not too pretty and she hasn't much personality, but she is a sweet girl really—and imagine, she lives on a farm!"

"My God, who wants to return to nature when civilization is so handy?"

Dottie looked shocked. "Gladys darling, I do not approve of swearing."

"That was not swearing. That was simply expressing myself in a strong fashion."

"Well I never swear myself. I have not allowed myself to get into the habit."

"I have a temper," I growled, and practically bent a knife in two.

"Well, I don't."

"Don't be silly. All red headed people have tempers."

"I do not have a temper."

"Then you are probably not a natural redhead as many people maintain."

"Gladys, you know perfectly well that my hair is naturally red. I had a slight henna rinse Monday, but my hair is naturally red."

"Well, it is certainly redder than it used to be."

Dottie glared. "You are a liar, and if I hadn't promised Barbara, I would certainly not take you with me to visit her."

"I do not want to visit any Barbara Elliott who lives in the country as I am not fond of the country, especially right outside the door.

"You will love the country," Dottie declared firmly and flounced out.

I muttered to myself and went back to punishing the silver. Right then I could have cheerfully broken Dottie's beautiful neck, and I did manage to break my pet fingernail which made me very happy and I went around beaming the rest of the day.

So the next day Dottie and I went to visit Barbara Elliott. I complained all the way, but I was complaining merely on general principles until we reached Barbara Elliott's farm. Then a great white light hit me right between the eyes.

"Tom!" I gasped. "His name is undoubtedly Tom Elliott, and this Barbara is his sister, and you are the most poisonous girl I know."

"Oh, but you'll *like* Barbara."

"Oh, no doubt. I'll be seeing a lot of her because of course you will be very busy with Tom."

"I have always said that you are my very best friend, Gladys. I would do practically anything for you."

I was blunt. "Well, I will not do practically anything for you. In fact I will do practically nothing. In fact I will do nothing at all. I came to visit Barbara and visit Barbara I will, but I will not be party to any scheme of yours."

"Scheme? Oh, no. It's really very simple. I have decided to marry Tom Elliott. Outdoor life will agree with me and anyway I have always been fond of dumb animals."

"That is very easy to understand as you and such animals have much in common, but outdoor life will not agree with you as you will freckle."

"You are just jealous."

"I am not jealous. Anyone who wants a mass of handsome brawn is certainly welcome as far as I'm concerned." Which was a fearful lie but every girl has her pride.

Dottie patted my knee. "I am very glad, darling, because I would not want a mere man to come between our beautiful friendship."

"It is not a beautiful friendship, and it is not a *mere* man who has come between us."

I had the last word, unsatisfactory as it was, because Tom, along with Barbara, came out to welcome us; or rather to welcome Dottie since he merely nodded at me, and Dottie disappeared for two days. Oh, she showed up for meals where she sat and sent out tentacles to Tom. The rest of the time she spent in chasing after Tom—with more tangible tentacles no doubt as I have known Dottie from birth. I had been very wrong. Dottie did not freckle. I did.

When I went up to bed at the end of the second day, Dottie was

waiting in my room. "Why aren't you out under the moon with Tom?" I inquired gently and politely and with great effort.

"Tom was tired."

"Which is not strange for you have undoubtedly worn him out. The poor man has had no peace."

With this I retired behind my skirt while I pulled it over my head. Dottie watched critically.

"Tom was right. You are a little scrawny."

I choked. "I am not scrawny. I am definitely not scrawny. Definitely not. You might say other things about me, but you cannot say I am scrawny."

"I just did—and so did Tom."

"I do not care what you or Tom Elliott say about me. I find myself very nice as I am, which is more than I can say for some people."

Dottie changed her point of view.

"Why, Gladys dear, you are freckled."

I made a pretense of looking in the mirror. "I don't see any freckles, Dottie. It is just spots before your eyes. You have been overworking them."

She came closer and stared at me while I debated whether or not to hit her over the head with the heavy handmirror. "NO, it is freckles."

"Of course it is freckles, stupid. I spent all morning acquiring them. I read in a magazine that freckles will be very much in vogue this season and I always try to keep up to the minute."

Dottie returned to what was in both our minds.

"Tom is even more wonderful than I thought, Gladys. He is truly magnificent. I am so in love with him." And she sighed.

"You said the same thing about the trumpet player and the milkman," I pointed out.

"That was different."

"Well, I am now indifferent. In fact I am so indifferent that I am not remotely interested in your love life and am going to bed."

Which thing I did and began to snore loudly with my eyes open so I could watch Dottie slam the door. Then I reached under my pillow and pulled out a deck of cards with which I told my fortune. Tomorrow promised to be a wonderful day.

Tomorrow was Sunday and it *was* a wonderful day. The breeze



was cool, and the sun shone on white clouds that looked like marshmallow puffs and reminded me that I was hungry and could smell the breakfast bacon. I walked across the upstairs hall to the steps and put out my foot. My foot kept going down and I followed it. Unfortunately I followed it in a reclining position and bumped all the way to the bottom. I made a terrific crash and everyone came running. Tom picked me up and inquired as to my condition.

"I am quite all right," I said. "I always arrive downstairs like this on nice, sunny mornings. It gives me exercise and a large appetite."

We went in to breakfast, but I found it was more comfortable to stand by the windows than to sit at the table. Dottie spent the whole time telling Tom and Barbara how I never hurt myself because I am very clumsy and have lots of practice falling down. In fact she would go so far as to say that next to stumbling over my own feet I like falling downstairs best. She thinks it must be my metabolism.

Naturally by this time I am a trifle angry, but I wait until Dottie has run down and we are sitting on the porch. I wait until everyone is quiet and then I act.

"Why, Dottie," I say. "I never noticed before how big your feet are."

I moved over beside her and placed my foot by hers. Mine looked like a tug beside the *Queen Mary*.

"But how foolish of me," I rushed on. "Your feet aren't big—that is in comparison with the rest of you. After all I guess you need big feet to go with your size."

It was below the belt, but it certainly got results. Tom looked at me with interest for the first time. And for the first time in her life Dottie made a mistake. She stood up. And I promptly got up and stood beside her. If I do say so myself, I gained a lap on her then. However, Dottie caught on in a minute and went inside the house. Tom stayed and talked to me—about Dottie, and I lost the lap.

"Cute, isn't she?"

"Cute is not the word," I said biting off each sound and throwing it from between clenched teeth.

"You're right, she's beautiful."

"Beautiful," I agreed warmly. "Beautiful like a cat and every bit as nasty."

"Say, what's the matter with you?"

"There is nothing the matter with me, except of course that I am scrawny."

He had the grace to blush which made him all the more attractive. "When I looked again, you weren't so scrawny. In fact with your face in shadow you look quite human. But you don't sound human."

"I am not human. I am an angel." I glared at him, daring him to dispute it.

He looked at me with even more interest, and then he asked me to go to town with him to get something or other and of course I went.

When we returned, Dottie was no longer speaking to me. This bothered me a lot as I had absolutely nothing to say to her but plenty to say to Tom. And I kept on saying it for days. I at last found out what value brains could be to a girl. After a few days Dottie was pulling a weary second. This went on while I bloomed lovelier each day and Dottie became more and more like a cactus.

Last night Tom took me to a dance and Dottie decided to change her tactics. She was really very sweet about it, and we are once more bosom, although wary, friends.

Dottie was in the barn with Tom this morning when I walked by on my way to the pasture. I waved gaily and walked on. I felt like I was carrying a banner for I am a new woman. I have found out that brains are powerful things. I am going back to town where I shall find Bob Mason, a man very fond of city life and one of Dottie's standbys. I shall show him this new woman, and I have no doubt about the outcome.

Dottie is persistent. She will probably marry Tom in the spring and I will be maid-of-honor and wear a floating pink dress. I will insist upon pink because Dottie hates it.

And that is why I am sitting out here in the middle of a pasture while Dottie makes eyes at the man who last night asked me to marry him. In a minute I will start laughing. Right now I am too pleased with myself.

—Gwendolyn Downey, '43.

