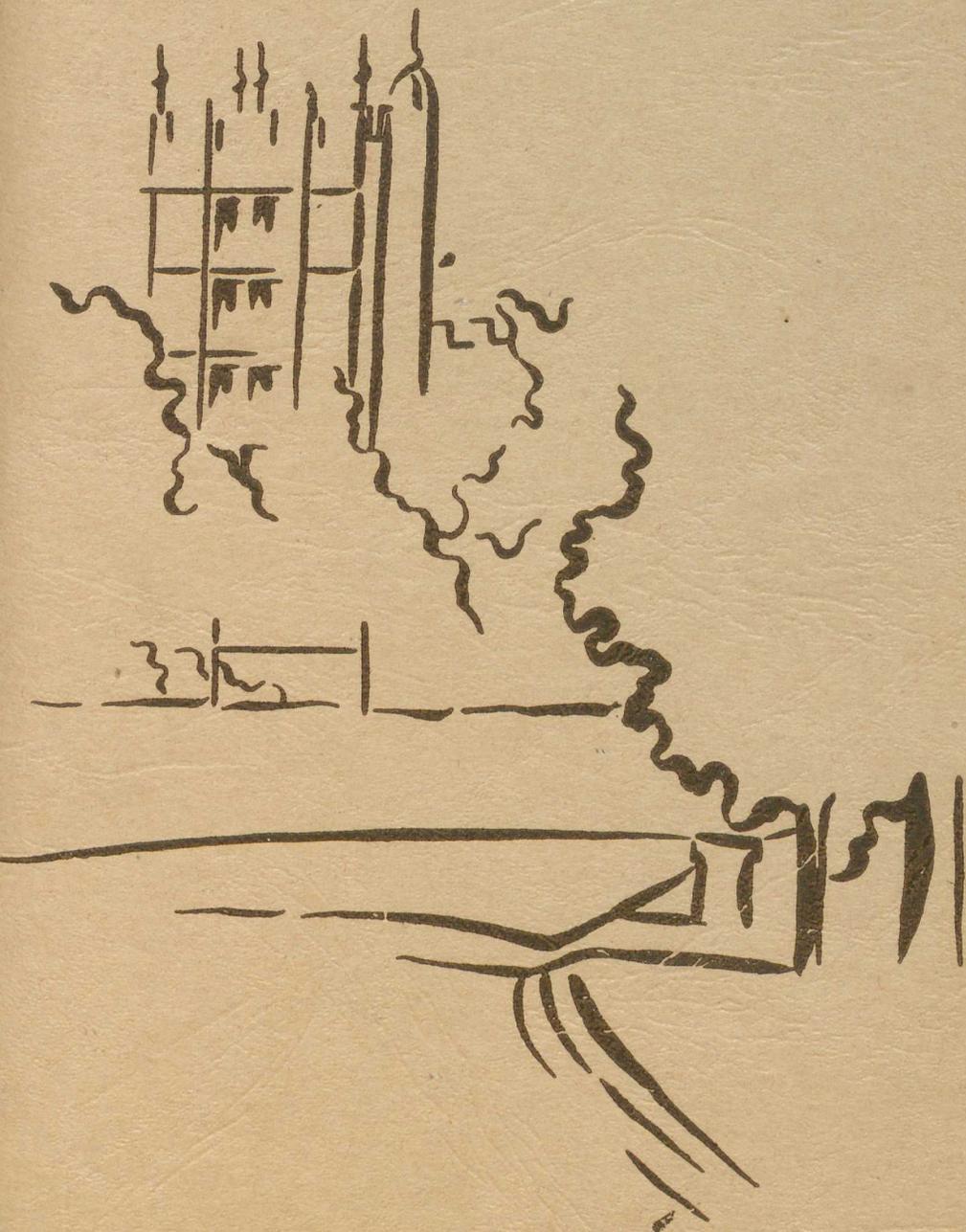


# The Towers

1940

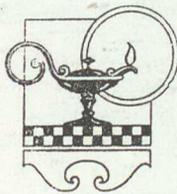




# *The Towers*

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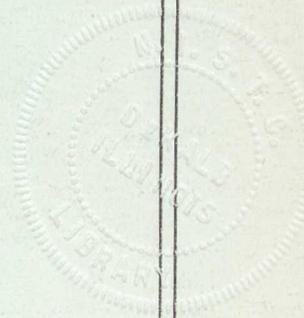
SIGMA TAU DELTA

and

NU IOTA PI

April, 1940

N. I. S. T. C., DeKalb, Illinois





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## Foreword

We sincerely feel that here at the Northern Illinois State Teachers College there is a need for a publication through which the students may find literary expression. Nu Iota Pi and Sigma Tau Delta are proud to sponsor *The Towers*, under the direction of Miss E. Ruth Taylor, Dr. Maude Uhland, and Mr. J. Hal Connor.

The contents of this booklet are chosen on a selective basis with quality, originality, and student interest in view. If you have something new to say, or something old to say in a new way, *The Towers* offers you a medium of expression.

Nu Nota Pi and Sigma Tau Delta bring to you the second publication of *The Towers*, whose symbolic name is a reminiscence of the Castle on the Hill.

DONNA GLYNDON

*Editor-in-Chief*

April, 1940

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# Towers

By DON WARNER, '40

*I saw you in the shallow mist of rising dawn,  
Between silken branches of a white birch  
tree—*

*I felt your challenge reflected in each black  
clod,  
And my hands strayed from the plow;*

*I saw you through a veil of heat and smoke  
and grime,  
Half obscured by numberless red brick chim-  
neys—*

*I heard your call above the roar of blast  
furnaces,  
And my eyes grew blind to coal and steel;*

*I saw you by the light of a burnt-orange  
August moon,*

*Dimly above blue-black ocean waters—*

*I saw you reaching to the sky—*

*Dwarfing the tallest mast,*

*And my feet forgot the rolling deck;*

*We are the dreamers,*

*Born of earth and man,*

*Sons of the soil and the singing machine—*

*From field and factory, sea and sky*

*We saw you, heard your many voices, and  
came*

*To build a dream—*

*We are the stones which*

*form your souls—*

*We are the granite which*

*rises into towers.*

# Kings are Rapidly Forgotten

By WALTER LORIMER, '40

*Kings are rapidly forgotten,  
And dictators, both good and rotten.  
Even the Lion of Judah, Haile Selassie,  
Will be among the unremembered, and last  
summer's broken brassie,  
And the new king, Vic Emmanuel,  
Will be forgotten, or else become the trade  
name for some new-fangled enamel,  
And he in turn will be succeeded  
By more sons and daughters historically un-  
heeded.  
Even frownish Muss. il Duce,  
Will some day be only the name of the neigh-  
bor's half-breed pooche,  
Just like the redoubtable Julius Caesar  
Is little more to us than the name of our flea-  
bitten little geezer,  
Or a fine reason  
When comes the season  
To write ditties about the Ides of March,  
Most of which make poetry a farch.  
Though the sun never sets on the British  
Empire, so they say,  
It sets 'on ex-king Eddie every day,  
And thirty years he'll be forgotten,  
Along with some dictators and kings, both  
good and rotten.  
Sure, fame is but a fleeting thing;  
Today he's dooke, who was the king.  
But it isn't Eddie who hollers!  
Why' should he when every year he gets a  
million dollars?  
It's brother George who got stuck, and Eddie  
Who had the luck.  
George was happy enough as Duke of York,  
But now he's got to work.  
He'll be forgotten, just like Eddie,  
As F. D. R. will disappear, just like Teddy.  
It's the boys who chase the dough who ought  
to be happy,  
And the boys who chase after fame for years  
without lucre are just sappy.  
Although they tell us fine stories about these  
brave strugglers,  
Who would do better to forget about acting  
or art or writing for fame and be unknown  
smugglers.  
Nobody knows either who wrote Beowulf, or  
whether he made any money,  
But if he didn't he was a dumb bunnye.  
For instance, nobody off-hand can tell who  
wrote Dr. Faustus,  
"But everybody knows who writes Michael  
Moustus.  
Maybe they won't in fifty years, but that  
doesn't make any difference to Mr. Disney,  
He's making money, isney?"*

# The Arrival

By KAY RUEBER, '41

The wagon lurched up the long rise and paused to let the horse rest his heaving lungs—for the Canadian Trail was a road in name only. Far ahead a high barren hill separated itself from the swell of the horizon and caught the last red rays of the sun on its wind-ruffled slope.

The man turned to the woman who swayed beside him on the high wagon seat.

"Another quarter of a mile, and you'll be able to see the house. You could now, except that it's in the shadow of the hill." An exultant smile played over the usually sober lines of his face. "Don't you realize, Molly, this is our land, our home?" He spoke the word *our* in a subdued reverence. He and Molly had property of their own—a world which by their efforts might become a living and a refuge. He saw Molly sweeping her floor—the sunlight in her hair. Fields of his planting stretched bronze in the glow of his imagination, and he and Molly walked together to the hilltop to view their domain. He felt sudden fellowship in a long line of adventurers—for had not the same blood which turned the hearts of his grandfathers and great-grandfathers to the West led him to isolated Montana to take up land and carry on a heritage and a tradition?

The woman at his side nodded quietly. She knew already how the house would appear—had already visioned it, like those they had passed on the fifty-mile drive from Spalding, rising abruptly from the prairie grass which pressed waist high upon it. The window and door glaring in all their newness upon the landscape, and stretched to one side the black scar from which the sod had been stripped—already grown ragged with weeds.

It was impossible to keep soddies clean. Dust sifted from the walls in spite of layers of cement or plaster, dust rode the winds of spring and

summer, and the stove littered ashes all winter. Fifty miles from town and railroad and five miles from the nearest neighbor, she would live with her thoughts and the man she had married, and with them alone.

But Dave would be happy here, and she could be happy almost anywhere—at least with him.

Her love had come as she had dreamed it would—quietly—with a depth of feeling almost frightening to one who like Molly had gloried in her freedom. Dave, however, had become so gradually a part of her life that it was hardly until he had asked her to marry him that she realized how unreserved was her love. But while to Dave, life would always be what he wished to believe it, Molly was a practical dreamer. Even in her love there were few illusions. There would be days when everything went wrong—when snow, heaped about the soddie hut held them imprisoned for weeks—when the coffee was poor, and Dave sulked silently over the dinner table, and growled till she might wish to shake him; but she knew she wouldn't and after a cigarette or two he would look upward again a trifle sheepishly and come to help her with the supper dishes. She had seen it a hundred times when he was courting her—and there was no reason to expect a change with marriage. And no matter what time she told him dinner would be ready, he would be just late enough so that the gravy would have to be reheated; but in return he would be unfailingly gentle and let the coal bill go unpaid to bring her books he knew she wanted.

She felt his arm tighten about her waist protectively as the darkness edged closer, and with a tired sigh rested her head against his shoulder.

There would be years in which to be practical—tonight she, too, would see visions.

# And Thus It Came to Pass

By MARGARETE BAUM, '42

And it came to pass that the earth was made  
and all was peace upon it until two sons  
were born unto the parents of the race—  
and with the being of two men at the  
same time, on the same earth, there  
sprang forth hatred and envy from their  
hearts and the one slew the other.  
Thus was brought into the world Death.

The ages passed— the eons rolled by—  
but with each century came its share of death  
and its demon offspring, War.

War had been a piece of macabre music—  
an antiphony between hating peoples—a discord—  
but it happened that Hate became far-reaching,  
encompassing many and the threatening roar  
presaged again War.

Thus it was that when the world was already old,  
but man scarce more than a toddler on its surface,  
that envy made the nations of the earth band together  
into encampments—envy and fear bound them together.

And the land across the sea was a great powder-keg—  
a munitions storehouse—and a student in the Balkans  
struck the match that set off the explosion—

then two of the nations, like dogs ere a street fight,  
growling and menacing, leaped in to the fray, and  
Hohenzollern, the man on the leash, the power-mad monarch,  
the man on the leash, leaped in to defend, to protect his friend.

The growl of the nations was loud and fierce and woke up the  
lion in his island lair, and the bulldog across the Rhine, eager  
for blood and tasting of battle, joined in.

Great monsters rode atop the deep and below it—

the nations bled and stained the earth—but the blood  
of those that died on the water diluted and spread o'er the  
ocean's depths engendering hatred wher'er it went.

And so it came about that when the spike-helmeted Uhlans  
were winning and the lion and bulldog near-vanquished—

there rose a cry from the long-legged man of the west  
and the world rose in arms to save itself for democracy—  
and more men bled.

The long-legged man, the stork-legged man, sent over millions  
of little long-legged men to the land across the sea—some  
merely to the sea—

and now they lie under white crosses—and some push up  
daisies and poppies without benefit of crosses—  
and others lie in great holes in the earth—in  
scattered dust that could not bear a poppy if it would—

others lie in the sea—and fishes stare  
goggle-eyed at the white bones—angel-fish  
swim exploringly through their rib-cases—

The bulldog, the long-legged man, and the lion defeated  
the man at the end of the leash and the terriers he had pledged  
to defend and it came time for peace.

Georges, the bulldog of France and Leo of Britain  
and Sam, the long-legged mediator met to make a peace for the  
world.

The dog and the lion, greedy asked more than  
the long-legged man thought was fair—so sadly he went home  
from the peace conference, empty-handed,  
leaving the spoil to the carrion-pickers.

And the victors, now unrestricted, took the mustached  
man who held the leash and stripped him of his raiment and wounded  
him and departed leaving him half dead.

Then they wrote down that which they would do  
and the bulldog affixed the great seal of France to the paper  
and the British lion placed the great seal of Britain upon it  
and cringing with fear, the mustached man scrawled a trembling  
sign of consent—

And they called the peace "Versailles."

There was an ominous feeling in the air even though the  
rumbling of the guns had quieted—but now there was a  
muttering—a gibbering of the people, the survivors,

and silently the couchant lion gazed o'er the waters  
and the bulldog lifted an eyelid as he gazed o'er the Rhine—

and Versailles, pregnant with war and hatred even from the  
moment of its conception, lay silent and waiting for eight long  
years—

silent, like brooding vultures, gazed the nations—  
silhouetted against the unset they waited and brooded—  
and waited—

and after a time—the people revolted against Hohenzollern,  
the mustached man, and set up a republic—but in a land desolate  
and barren, weary and wartorn, democracy seemed too slow, too in-  
efficient—

so there spread o'er the nation an army of brown ants,  
brown-shirted ants whose leader was a painter with a shock of  
hair ever in his eyes, a black postage stamp of a mustache on  
his lips, and a boastful promise ever in his mouth.

and o'er the world spread the shadow of a great four-  
tentacled octopus, Greed, and it writhed about clawing in its  
hunger—

The hand to the south reached out and seized the trite  
remnants of a once mighty empire and crammed them into its  
maw—

but all was silent to the west—  
only a faint murmur of disapproval from the west  
and they called it Munich—

and the black postage stamp pulled the string which  
held back the second snake-like tentacle and let it devour  
a little republic—the brain-child of the peace-makers—

and still only idle murmurings from the west—

but when the third arm reached out menacingly to  
the east there rose a hue and cry in the lands of the bulldog  
and the lion and they jumped into the tussle eagerly—

but the greedy arm held lightning bolts in its hand and  
crushed the little country—three times resurrected and four  
times slain—and the great bear of Russia, torpid from long  
hibernation, woke from the noise of the conflict to claim that  
which had long been taken from him.

Aye—the object was won—but in the west the fourth  
writhing arm holds back the legions of bulldogs and lions—  
and the postage stamp sends more brown ants to combat them—

If the ants are victorious, what will happen then?

Will the long-legged man who so resolutely turns his head  
from the conflict remain aloof from the battle?

If the brown ants lose—the lion and the bulldog—the  
brooding vultures of Europe—the carrion-feeders—will devour  
the remnants—

they will leave the land bleeding, and blood rivers  
will drain the land dry

and in the deep shell holes the wails of ghost-men  
will rend the night air

and three men will meet to sign a peace

and from their foreheads will spring forth another

monster Versailles, pregnant with Hate and Hate will produce war  
and war hate and hate war until the end of all things—

till even the vultures brood no longer like gargoyles  
silhouetted against the sun—

'Twere better no peace at all were signed than that  
a mirage should quarter-centurily lead the world into  
worse traps of

war

and pain

and bloodshed

and into

a peace

that is worse

than a new war.

## The Gentle Sport of Talking

By RHODA ROBINSON, '43

When I was born, I couldn't talk. When I was three years old, I still couldn't talk. Now that I have mastered the mechanics involved in talking, I am making up for the time I lost when I was unable to indulge in this, my favorite indoor sport. Members of my family may state emphatically that I have already done enough talking for even a ninety-year-old individual; however, I feel that life still holds a great many things to be said.

Talking, as a sport, far excels any other type of pastime. Talking is adaptable and can be made to fit any mood I might be in—magnanimous, cynical, peppy, or sleepy. A baseball player, for example, must always be alert; but not so the talker. An expert can just give himself a little shove, then coast along as long as he wishes.

Rainstorms, blizzards, or torrid temperature do not keep me from indulging in my favorite indoor sport. Time and tide cannot affect a talker.

To my mind, the greatest advan-

tage of talking is the simple equipment required. There are no expensive balls, lengthy courts, or authoritative referees needed. All that is necessary to produce ideal conditions is something to talk about and someone to listen. It is possible, for me at least, to talk if I have a listener even if I have nothing to say. There is great personal satisfaction in hearing my voice chatter on and on. However, I am rarely without a subject for I deem what I have to say to be of the utmost importance.

In time of stress, I talk when I have no listener. These occasions are rare also, for it is seldom that I know anything so exceedingly important that I have to tell myself in the mirror all about it.

The time has not yet come when I can indulge in my favorite indoor sport when neither subject nor listener is available. When I reach this stage of proficiency, I believe I shall choose another sport to work on. It may be counting the bars across my cell window if I happen to be found talking to no one about nothing.

# The Grapes of Wrath

By DONNA SHELLABERGER

"In the souls of the people, the grapes of wrath are filling and growing heavy for the vintage" is quoted from the poetry of John Steinbeck. For John Steinbeck is a poet, even when he writes of the cold cruelty of his own warm, rich California. In his present best seller, *The Grapes of Wrath*, his poetry is perhaps reminiscent of Vachel Lindsay with its pounding, pounding metrical song and its terrific social impact, for what prose could be more of poetry, and poetry in the Lindsay style, than Steinbeck's description of the winding caravans of migrants, following route 66 to California, with the long tabulation of cities, routes, and states? "El Reno and Clinton going west on 66. Hydro, Elk City and Texola and there's an end to Oklahoma . . . Shamrock and McLean, Conway, Amarillo, the yellow."

Throughout the book there is the same contagious rhythm which beats with the dust of Oklahoma, beats with the pounding of the pistons as the Hudson Super-six bumps the Joads across the mountains toward the "Promised Land", beats with the crackling impact of a Hooverville demolished by fire, beats with the throbbing thump of hunger pains and labor pains, and beats mightily with the chilled and thundering beat of rain falling on rain in a deadly effort to drive the Joads and Wainwrights from their boxcar home.

Steinbeck's book is poetry, the poetry of a great and humble people moving in a great exodus, but it is more than simple poetry. Saroyan said, when told that one of his stories was not strictly a story, "What the hell difference does it make what you call it, just so it breathes?" *The Grapes of Wrath* breathes and breathes more deeply than any other book of recent times! It is Steinbeck's breath and the Joads' breath and the breath of every starving migrant in California, and they cannot be separated, for they are one, a Unity. Just

as Preacher Casy knew and taught Tom to know that a person is not a soul in himself but only a little piece of a great soul, so Steinbeck must have known in order to write the heart-felt and sympathetic chronicle which is *The Grapes of Wrath*.

Steinbeck, writing from the heart, has made his book a symphony in universality. It has pathos, stark realism, more than a dash of sentimentality, political and economic importance which cannot be brushed aside and above all, the exquisite seasoning of mellow, homely humor which at once brings a tear to the eye and a smile to the lips in episodes such as that of Winfield and Ruthie in Sanitary Unit, Number 4.

In his former writing Steinbeck has proved himself a master artist by his excellent portrayal of human, powerful characters and perhaps in *The Grapes of Wrath* he reaches the pinnacle of his artistic ability. We remember Lenny in *Of Mice and Men* not only because of his self-consuming insanity, but also because he was a man and a man whom, we can believe, existed. In his present book, Steinbeck neglects not a single character. Mae, the waitress in the roadside hamburger "joint", breathes and lives as much as Ma, the ruler of the Joads, as Tom the younger, or as Casy, the reformed and martyred preacher.

We may say, then, that Steinbeck, the poet, the artist, the master technician, and the philosopher — for surely he is that as Casy and his religion, Ma and her dogged strength, and the whole body of humble sharecropper theories testify — has produced a mighty and a timely book which not only should be read, but which *must* be read if we are to know and feel this bewildering America of our day.

The Anti-Steinbecks will argue against *The Grapes of Wrath* in terms of "vulgarity", "obscenity", and "over-indulgence in realism"; yet I

am afraid that the Anti-Steinbecks are in reality only Anti-egos, for it is the baseness of their own minds which writes vileness into the simple and honestly frank pages of the book. We must not do as they have done and confuse the commonplace of migrant existence with the profanity of a vaudeville joke. The former is as immaculate as the government camp square dances, while the latter is superficiality directed toward the love of immorality which is indoctrinated deep within this type of Anti-Steinbeck.

There are other Anti-Steinbecks whose attitude is expressed by Frank Taylor in a recent issue of the *Forum*. These conscientious objectors are recruited largely from California, and their resenting the book lies in the "blasphemy" of Steinbeck in regard to "The Golden State". Mr. Taylor argues that no one starves in California, that there is ample relief, medical care and shelter for the migrant. Wages are higher than in Oklahoma, and the people of California pity and are kind to the migratory worker. He claims that Steinbeck, in his fiction, has injured the name of California, and that many,

in fact most, people are inclined to accept the novel as fact.

Well, we cannot reach a conclusion. Perhaps Mr. Taylor is right; perhaps Steinbeck is right. At any rate *The Grapes of Wrath* is fiction, and the individual must decide for himself where it has crossed the boundaries into fact. However, Mr. Taylor and his followers must admit that the book has had a tremendous effect for the very reason that it has made us think. It even produced documentary evidence of some thought on the part of Mr. Taylor himself! And when a book makes us aware, makes us think, it certainly has some claim to greatness whether it is, in itself, right OR wrong. It is my opinion that the situation should be investigated and that the real status of the migrant should be brought to light; moreover, somehow I feel that a man who can write of and feel with a starving migrant as John Steinbeck does must know something of migrants and must have seen a little of starvation. At any rate, the fact remains, "What the Hell difference does it make what you call it just so it breathes?"

## One I Knew

By KAY RUEBER, '41

*It's you, my dear, amove in marching file,  
Who leaves your house in manhood still  
unripe,  
It's you, for one young soldier has your  
smile—  
And one your trick of gnawing at your  
pipe—  
And one your toneless, happy voice in song.  
This one, like you, packed dice within his  
socks,  
And never knows where kitchen things belong.  
Here one collects invaluable rocks,  
And Johann knew the same impatient bands;  
And Jean ineptly brushed a vagrant curl  
While yours, the selfsame manner clasping  
hands,  
The shamefaced shyness, bent to kiss a girl—  
With smiling lips and terror at my heart  
I stand, a thousand girls, to watch us part.*

# The Life of a Buttercup!

By HELENE REED, '41

Oh! The life of a buttercup! I was wishing Miss Herman wouldn't watch me so closely. I had torn a very prominent petal in a conspicuous place in the rear, but she had no reason to suspect me of sliding down the banisters from the dressing room.

Little first-grader brooklets were tumbling down the stairs and chattering incessantly with pink-eared rabbits. A bewizened old oak tree pushed his way through a mob of lavender fairies. "Can't you make these kids get out of the way, Miss Herman?" The sixth grade oak tree was getting a bit ruffled.

Poor Miss Herman sighed and mumbled to herself, "Fairies, elves, bees, and butterflies! Such adorable children! Bah! If we ever undertake another operetta, I'm 'quitting!'" Aloud, she said, "Please, Jimmy, don't bother me now. Sit still and wait for your cue. Remember to shiver when the north wind blows. Oh dear! No—don't sit down! Run and get me a needle from Miss Brown, for Mary Fisher is sitting on her tail feathers again! These peacocks! Will they never learn!" Miss Herman sighed again and scattered the peeking fairies from the curtain.

This was my chance to remove myself quietly. There was no use bothering her with my petal. I copied the blasé expression of the oak tree with the best mimical talents of a fifth grader, and walked casually as possible backwards till I was out of her sight.

My thoughts soared. This was fun, although I wished the play would begin. My mother was out front waiting to see me dance and sing the song of the little yellow buttercups. She must be getting awfully excited, but it was pretty boring for me. The teachers were so slow.

I spied Gertie in her snake scales sitting on the elves' trunk. "Hi, Gertie!" I yelled quite loudly be-

cause of the noisy kids around. However, she didn't see me till I waved a stick of gum at her. She moved over and admired my costume. "Yours is nice, too," I replied, for I felt sorry for her. I had heard Miss Herman say that Gertie couldn't be a flower because her skin was too horrible for words with yellow. My rosy cheeks made me look very sweet as a buttercup.

"Don't sit hard on the trunk," Gertie informed me, "cause the elves have to get in and be pushed out on the stage."

"O.K." I picked up the coil of rope beside the curtain. "Let's put some of this in the corner of the trunk, so it won't close tightly." I stuck the rope in the trunk, and we re-perched ourselves on it, chewing gum vigorously.

The time dragged. We discussed Shirley Ann showing off in front of Billy in her lily costume. She's awfully stuck-up. We peeked through the curtain, too. I couldn't see Mother because Gertie pushed so.

"Get off the trunk, children, get off the trunk! The buttercups and garter-snakes are supposed to be on the stage. It's curtain time! Hurry! Hurry!" Miss Herman pushed us one way—Miss Brown, another way. My! They were excited. "Where are the elves? They must get into the trunk! One—two—three—four—where's the fifth? Johnny! Johnny! You belong in the trunk! —Oh! There you are! Get in quickly and close the top! The curtain's going up! Mother Nature! Are you ready to push the trunk on the stage? Remember, right after the buttercups finish their song!" Miss Herman pushed everyone around, and then dashed to the other wing, frantically gathering fairies on the way.

We were on the stage. My! Gertie forgot to take off her red bedroom slippers! They looked awfully funny with her green scales. I whispered

and pointed. No one noticed. The audience was laughing, two snake tails were tangled together, and we buttercups were singing our song.

"We are the but-ter-cups, bea-u-u-ti-ful but-ter-cups! Hap-py are we! so - - -" I thought I saw Mother in the audience, so I waved. She didn't wave back. I waved again. Humm—I guess it wasn't her. "Beau-u-ti-ful but-ter-cups, beau-u-ti-ful but-ter-cups are we—Curtsey!" Miss Herman told us when we were practising to say curtsey at the end of the song so that we would remember to do it.

It was time for Mother Nature to

push the trunk on the stage. She tripped all the way across till the trunk finally landed on the x that Miss Herman had drawn for her. She had a rope tangled around her feet and around the trunk. She kicked it, and something awfully funny happened. The big curtain collapsed! I stood on the other side and laughed. It was so funny!

Poor Mother Nature! Miss Herman says the sixth-graders are at the clumsy age, but she didn't have to suspect me, too. I am only a fifth grader. I didn't realize the rope was attached to the curtain.

## Prolyric

By DONNA GLYNDON, '41

*Alone and sad one evening, I sat and  
watched my soul.*

*Doleful was its aspect and tinged with som-  
ber hues.*

*In vain I cheered my soul with visions  
brighter; but reluctant to leave its Stygian  
gloom, it sank further into morass of fore-  
boding.*

*A stranger stopped my soul, and asked the  
way, for he, too, was seeking that which is  
unknown, and for which there can be no  
guidance given.*

*Wearily my soul shook its head, and silently  
my soul and stranger passed, each delving  
deeper into that no-man's-land which is  
known as everyman's loneliness.*

*I stood apart, helpless and mute, for I rec-  
ognized the stranger we had passed.*

*It was he for whom my soul was wending its  
long and fruitless search and my soul knew  
him not.*

*Nor did the stranger know my soul for the  
one he was seeking.*

*And so passed they in that no-man's-land  
which is to every man: loneliness.*

# We Saw John Barrymore

By FLORENCE BROWN, '41

For almost two hours we waited, my sister, Charlotte, and I. Charlotte kept one entrance in view and I the other. She saw him first and knew him instantly. He stepped out of the taxi and walked right through the crowds past the front of the theatre. We rushed after him, autograph books in hand, and called his name just as he was about to enter the stage door. He turned, and we were startled at the face we saw. It was the face of an aged man worn with illness and fatigue. Devoid of make-up it was ashen, haggard. The eyes

were expressionless. He wrote and left; no hint of a smile had touched his lips.

A gayly dressed gentleman stepped jauntily into the spotlight. The audience applauded with a burst of enthusiasm. Throughout the entire performance there was no let-down in the masterful work of a great actor. Each word, each movement spoke perfection.

We watched with mingled emotions of hilarity, admiration, pity, and fear. The reason? We had seen him at the stage door.

## Dust

By MARY HUSTED, '41

*Trees with bare black  
Gaunt fingers point  
Skyward.*

*The fields are brown  
Empty and dead.  
There is no harvest,  
No one to harvest it if there were any.  
No lights to dot the dark spaces—  
No buildings to view.  
There is nothing,  
Nothing but ruins,  
Ruins and dust.  
Grey dust, thick black dust—  
Dust, yellow and red powder  
Sifting, creeping, drifting,  
Slowly covering everything.*

*Dust—remnants of life.  
Life that was youth,  
The laughter of children*

*Playing in the sun.  
Voices of the people,  
Working men and women,  
Pipe-smoking old men.  
Dust—once an earth  
Living and breathing.  
Life erased by a cloud,  
A fierce black cloud  
Man-made.*

*No one sees the brown fields  
Once green and growing.  
No one but me.*

*I watch the dust  
Creeping on the brown fields,  
Shifting, settling  
Covering the earth.  
I cannot move,  
I am nothing.*

## Flirtation

By JEAN RITZMAN, '40

I stared across the path at her, sitting there on the park bench. Not bad at all. But she refused to look at me. Maybe if I shifted my seat a little so I'd be directly facing her. . . . She did glance up then, didn't she? But she kept on patting the huge police dog beside her.

It is such a lovely spring day for a walk. I slightly elevated an eyebrow at her to see if she'd get the idea. She didn't seem to get the idea. After a quick, birdlike glance, she turned away to look at the leaves coming out on the elm trees, and audibly sniffed at the new presence of spring.

Nice profile, I thought, and when she laughed with delight at the results

of her sniff, my heart quickened. She was really beautiful when she smiled. And when she tossed her head like that, the sun caught the copper in her hair.

I hesitantly waggled a finger at her when she looked my direction again. No results. The girl really wasn't giving me much of a tumble. Even when I raised my hand to catch her attention with a brief wave, she looked at me, and yet seemed entirely oblivious of my existence.

Oh — she was leaving. My heart sank. She stood up, grasping a cane in one hand and her dog's collar in the other. Off she went . . . tap . . . tap . . . tap with her cane. . . .

## Considerations

By ROBERT C. GELDMACHER, '41

### -:- HATS -:-

#### — LADIES' —

*Oft times as I have gazed  
At ladies' hats, I've been amazed.  
What makes the things stay on?*

*Stuck at angles of great extreme,  
Epitomes of a surrealist dream  
Still stick on.*

*As yet I've not become  
Acquainted with  
The contour of woman's cranium  
That allows  
Such outlandish depravity  
And defies  
All our laws of gravity.*

#### — MEN'S —

*Gentlemen's hats, on the other hand,  
Seem quite bienséance, and  
Are sometimes worn instead of hair.*

*Much can be said for a male chapeau,  
And often is—both con and pro.  
They at least keep out the rain.*

*Though when wearing a head piece, sad to  
say,  
Kissing a girl  
Puts the brim in the way.  
But take it off,  
And your woe gets more so.  
The hat's always  
Squashed 'tween cushion and torso.*

# The Attainable Peace

By MARIAN ELLIOTT, '40

In the summer of 1914, an Austrian archduke was killed. By November, 1918, ten million men who were not archdukes were killed as a result of this act. It led directly or indirectly to the added deaths of uncounted thousands of men and women. Why should the death of one archduke lead to such horrible slaughter?

Again, today, several of the European and Oriental countries are engaged in international conflict. Poland, a less powerful country, would not meet the demands of mighty Germany. Although resisting bravely, she could not maintain her rights. Other countries came to her aid to overthrow the aggressor. What will be the result of this action to the countries involved and to the world in general? Will Germany receive the satisfaction of destroying the weaker country? Will ten million men be killed and another ten million permanently affected, mentally or physically, as in the last war, or will the number be even more astounding? Only time can answer these questions, but their existence brings home clearly to us that now is the time that action can and must be taken to rid the world of the deadly menace of war. Over and over again, we hear that the world is becoming more civilized; but at the same time, we realize that twenty years after a war which virtually accomplished nothing, nations are again putting their finest young men forth as human targets.

During the past Christmas season, we, in America, uttered one thought perhaps more than any other: "Thank God, we live in a country unimpaired by the destruction of war." What can be done to maintain that status in this country and to spread abroad, "Peace on earth, good will to men"?

Militarists are accustomed to say that so long as human nature is what it is, we shall never be able to re-

nounce war, and that only when we are all saints will there be any hope of settling our differences by friendly agreements. The innate pugnacity and irrationality of man is the argument for war. Why do we always identify human nature with the lowest instincts of the animal? Is it only human nature to be cruel, never to be kind? Is greediness natural, but not restraint? Is it human nature to resent but not to forgive? The joke is told about a dog which had snapped at a little girl who teased. The owner said apologetically to the indignant mother: "After all, the dog's only human." To be human, apparently, is to forget that we have souls and intelligences, to forget that we have aspirations toward immortality, and to remember only that we are descended from the monkeys.

Let us assume for the moment that with our animal-like characteristics, it is natural for us to have war and compare our action to that of a mouse. If a mouse wants cheese, it naturally takes it wherever it is found, without bothering about the ownership of the cheese. But when once a mouse has learned the nature of the mouse trap, does it still go into the mouse trap after the cheese? Or in comparison with a cat, if it wants to go quickly from one place to another, it naturally goes as quickly as it can regardless of whether it is trespassing on someone's property. But if there are puddles in the way, it does not go through the puddles. And if there is a dog at the other end, it does not go there at all.

In other words, it is the nature of animals to count the cost of their actions insofar as their instincts or their intelligence give them guidance. Makers of war do not count the cost of war, for it remains contrary to all we know, both of human and animal nature, to attempt to attain through the wildly disproportionate hazards of war something relatively insignificant and unimportant.

What must be done, then, is to aid in the establishing of a balance of mind for thinking people. No, not necessarily to change human nature or human impulses but to change human behavior. Let man's actions be governed by an intelligence which is supposedly man's heritage.

Some years ago in a theater, one of the audience suddenly yelled "Fire". The audience, obeying the profoundest instinct of human nature, that of self-preservation, rose in a mass and rushed to the doors which were closed. Ten people were trampled to death. There was no fire; it was a false alarm.

A few days later in another theater, the same cry was raised. The manager happened to be present and was determined that the tragedy of a few days before should not be repeated. At the same moment the cry was raised, he jumped upon the stage and in the loudest and most dramatic voice he could command, shouted: "Keep your seats. There is plenty of time, and you all know what you have to do. Now, rise. Stop. Look for the nearest exit. Walk. No one runs." That theater was emptied in perfect order. No one was hurt, though this time there was a fire and the place was burned to the ground.

Do not both cases deal with the same human nature? Why, then, does the behavior based upon the same nature differ so vitally? Because in the second case, it manifested itself very differently; instinct was guided by a social intelligence utilizing experience. It is, therefore, not a question of changing human nature but of changing human behavior, of tempering men's impulses for a more peaceful world.

Now, our problem is how can we change human behavior. Andrew Carnegie was invited a few years before his death to erect a building to house all the many peace societies in New York. He replied, laughingly, that there was no need for such a building; education and reason were

making such strides that soon war would seem ridiculous and peace societies forgotten. He, of course, was premature, but he did get at the basis of the problem when he said that reason and education were the methods of solving it.

Has man ever made any headway against his own so-called "natural" impulses to become angry, to fight, and to kill? Yes. Years ago, if a man became angry with another, he would fight him. Today, most men are angered daily, but do they think of fighting? Too, families, clans, and tribes once fought and killed others. Now such practices are practically unthinkable. We need not consider world peace an impossible task. Great progress has been made, but still greater advances remain to be achieved. The method of education is inherently a slow process, but it is thorough and deeply-embedded with lasting results.

Nations lack human instruments to sway the mind from violence when desires clash. This is due to a great extent to a lack of training. Citizens are left without a deep regard for others. There has been cultivated in them a certain degree of respect for those not beyond the nation's border. From the border on, what becomes of this respect? It diminishes until there is usually the shallowest regard for foreigners.

The motives for a change are primarily an *intelligent* self-interest with greater emphasis on an interest in others. To bring this about, history and tradition must be sorely disrupted. The world is being torn to pieces by old ideas armed with new and frightful weapons. We have conceptions of national conquest, ascendancy, glory, revenges, and sentiment released — old-fashioned conceptions of all of them, equipped with destructive power beyond all previous time.

From the beginning, has history ever been impartially written? No, it has been written with a purpose. It has sought to make citizens, it has

sought to make them patriots; it has sought to combine them for glory or some aggressive enterprise. The more people come to translate and to read each other's histories, the more they dislike each other. After reading the history of England, the Germans are more determined than ever that the English shall be defeated. Likewise, the English, after reading the story of the rise of Hitler, have taken it as their duty to curb him. If the world is to become a consistent whole, we must think of it as a whole. We must cease to deal with states, nations, and empires as primary things which have to be reconciled and welded together. We must deal with them as secondary things which have appeared and disappeared almost incidentally in the course of larger and longer biological adventures.

How, then, shall we present the story of the past? In teaching the history of mankind, we must approach the story from the biological side. Begin with the conception of small human family groups scattered around the world almost completely unaware of each other. Then trace the development of speech, of gesture, and of drawing, and show how these beginnings of communication and understanding led inevitably to larger communities. The old history is useless as the basis of world-peace

ideology. Why should we struggle to sustain the old worn-out stories of personified Britannias, Germanias, Holy Russians, meritorious races and chosen people?

Achievement of a world peace will come through an establishment of a faith and an interest in other nations, and a recognition of the things in common, rather than the tendency to magnify the differences. Prejudice, intolerance, race hatred, wars are the result of ignorance of human nature and misunderstanding of human emotions. The enterprise is to change men's minds and to give men new tools to be used by their changed minds until nations will live as men of honor live. It will take a long time, but it can be accomplished. Meanwhile, no gesture toward peace will be futile. Our recent neutrality legislation is a forward step; any arms conference is a forward step, even though it may not succeed in limiting armaments; and the process of daily education in reasonableness and intelligent goodwill in every land in every form of government is a forward step. A world devoid of war is possible, but "wishing will not make it so." It is a problem in which you and I must be actively concerned; it requires the cooperation of wide-awake intelligent citizens. What will be your contribution toward establishing world peace?

## The Ladies' Sunday School Class

By FLORENCE BROWN, '41

*Tight pressed they sat,  
Each hat-pinned hat,  
Stern looking face,  
Brushed hair in place  
Expressed the will  
To talk until  
Their tongues had been  
O'er all man's sin.*

# Soliloquy in Autumn Woods

By DONNA SHELLABERGER

I.

*Ye mortal men bow down to gods  
And call munificent  
The demon lord who murders you!  
Speaks HE of recompense?*

*Or does your own bleached soul invent  
His maxims, and dictate  
The policies of Him on high,  
Thy emptiness to sate?*

*My soul is ruled by God supreme,  
That God not of the church;  
He recklessly bestows His gift  
On aspen, and the birch*

*And on the stream beneath the town,  
On hog and goat and ewe.  
He gave me mine, and maybe yet  
He'll help impoverished you.*

*Then thrust aside hypocrisy;  
Give pious kiss to one  
Who makes thy soul immortal now,—  
Wait not till life is done!*

2.

*Green grass will burn as well as brown—  
That blade will testify,  
With gilded crown of charcoaled green,  
A thorn-crown. But to die*

*When one is in one's prime cannot  
Deserve the wailing wind;  
Blind consciousness departs and leaves  
A seeing, feeling mind,*

*A mind which will not fade and shrink  
And lose its former strength,  
As dust returns to dust again  
And green to brown, at length.*

*Perhaps last night this blade of mine  
Rapped cautiously next door,  
To find her neighbor helpless as Death's  
Frost plucked out life's core.*

*And so today she quietly  
Set fire to her soul;  
I may experiment to see  
If that will make ME whole.*

3.

*A battle-ground of scabs, it seems,  
Across the river lies—  
Not scabs of healing freshness but  
The scabs of he who dies.*

*A parasitic thistle stalked  
Upon that site one day  
And doffed his hat and bowed around  
To say, "I'm here to stay!"*

The stunted Hawthorne snarled and spat  
Its sharp spines at the foe;  
It diplomatically meant, of course,  
"We think you'd better go!"

But thistles are a scurvy lot  
With no respect for art.  
King's English they can scarcely speak,  
And so they did NOT start.

The Hawthorne, then, was glad within,  
For he could proudly say,  
"We've right on our side, now, you see!  
We'll make those bastards pay!"

I looked across the river bed  
And see with casual ease  
Those ghastly scabs, that living, were  
Cast off by decent trees.

Their corpses lie about the field  
With dried blood on their coats;  
Their day is gone, and now I see—  
The thistle softly gloats.

4.

On walks alone I take a stick—  
Just any one will do;  
Much easier to find a stick  
I think is tried and true.

And somehow, when I've tramped around  
And have turned back toward town  
I bring my stick as tho' t'were God  
The king, without his crown.

It guides me and I follow as  
A docile lamb must go  
Before the shepherd's staff of strength,  
In timid fear of blow.

My stick is not too righteous, though  
Of that I can be sure.  
Vagaries show that "narrow" and "straight"  
Are words it can't endure!  
Its major misdemeanor is  
A prying, curious need  
To prod old things beside the road  
And ask, "What is your creed?"

An answer, never adequate,  
Is given in reply;  
The meddler, then enraged, molds Hell  
And dooms them all to die.

An empty pack of cigarettes  
Is flung against a post.  
Old sticks, much smaller than itself,  
Are hurled, imposing, host,

Against barbed wire fences, where  
They die a bloodless death.  
Catalpa beans, half dead right now,  
Cry out, and then lose breath.

*Corn silk and cobs must yield at last,  
And gently then they do,  
As quietly they come to earth  
With vitals pierced clear through.*

*Old bottles and tin cans fight most;  
They hate old creeds outworn . . .  
Machine age progress fails them now;  
They, too, are dead and torn!*

*But now, at last, the scourge is doomed  
And comes upon its fall;  
The ashes in that gutter there  
Respond not to your call!*

*And somehow, when I've tramped around  
And have turned back toward town  
I bring my stick as tho' t'were God  
The King without his crown.*

## Price and Prejudice

By JEAN RITZMAN, '40

(A modern streamlined version of the classic.  
With apologies to Mr. Munro Leaf.)

If you think the mamas of the nineteenth century were all shy, white-haired wenches like Whistler's mother, you should have seen Mrs. Bennet of Hertfordshire in her full regalia like a triumphant battleship. She ordered around her hen-pecked hubby and the five Bennet lasses in much the same manner as Mama De Stross runs Bim Gump across the front pages of *The Chicago Tribune*. She was one of those women who go through life asking to see the manager, and she held up her end of all conversations until it were practically perpendicular.

Things went along smoothly enough until two gay young blades with the monickers of Darcy and Bingley blew into town, stirring the pulses of all the village belles (including the effervescent Mrs. B.). Looks and money—what a combination!

But poor Darcy was an uncouth lad, and Elizabeth, second chick of the aforesaid Bennets, felt her face curdle every time she took a gander at him. And, being subtle as an ava-

lanche, she soon let him know that he got in her hair. Spirited gal!

Well, even after Bingley's feline sisters tore him back to the big, bad city away from the "designs" of Jane Bennet, Darcy and Elizabeth kept meeting one another accidentally. Still the lovely damsel felt like grinding her teeth to powder and blowing through her nose every time she thought of our hero.

Time marched on, and Bingley and Jane found that true love never dies, and finally, to spite the insolent Lady Catherine, even Darcy and Liz-zie became engaged. And Mrs. B. and her chins approved of the whole deal and forgot her Lydia's indiscretions with the unscrupulous Wickham.

Now I don't like to make out domineering Mrs. Bennet as a meddling in affairs of the heart, but I still feel she might have been a useful article around a teacher's college with a male-female ratio such as this.

MORAL: If a woman really wants her daughters off her lily hands, she should get in there pitching for them herself.

# Simple When You Know How

By HOPE GOULD, '40

You certainly have come to the right person to have the process of changing quarter hours to semester hours explained. I have made quite a study of it. So many students asked me how it was done that I thought I had better inform myself on the subject because I *like* to help students and besides I feel it *my duty* to help young people. I only wish some one had felt that way about me when I was young.

Now then, about this problem— Can I explain it in a hurry? I should say not! This is important; this is much more important than meeting a friend. Do you want my help? All right! Let's find a quiet, comfortable spot where no one will bother us.

Bring along a pencil and some paper. If there is one principle that I and Mr. Dewey agree upon, it is the one where the student does the work. "Learning by doing," Mr. Dewey calls it.

I shall recite a definition, and I want you to copy it down. It is much easier to work a problem with the definitions involved before you. This is the process of deduction. One deduces certain answers in this manner.

"A quarter hour means a subject pursued one period per week for a quarter of twelve weeks. It is equivalent to two-thirds of a semester

hour." I am quoting from our school catalogue.

Now according to that, a class that would meet one day a week for one quarter of a quarter which consists of twelve weeks (or one fourth of twelve equals three) would give one quarter hour of credit. You aren't clear on that point? Let me say it this way: A class that meets one day a week for three weeks will give you one credit. Now all of our full-credit subjects meet four days a week. Therefore each subject meeting four days a week for three weeks offers us four credits. Keep in mind that we are dealing in quarter-hours. Am I making myself clear?

Three weeks is only one quarter of our school quarter; so we must multiply the fourth quarter hours credit by four because naturally there are four quarters in any whole. How many quarter hours' credit does that give us for one quarter? Figure it out.

Are you sure you got sixteen? That seems an awful lot, but it will make it easier to take two-thirds of. Two-thirds of sixteen is equal to ten and two-thirds. Therefore you would get that much credit at any big college for one quarter's work here. Certainly we are recognized. Didn't you know our graduates can now belong to the University Women's Club?

## Seventeen

By CELIA SWENSON, '41

*At seventeen, a girl's ideal*

*Is oh, so very fine.*

*He must be tall, with wicked eyes*

*And dash in every line.*

*At thirty though, her fancies roam*

*To one who'll bring his wages home.*

*A boy's ideal at seventeen*

*Is just a fairy sprite.*

*A dainty, fluffy, golden thing*

*Of pure delight.*

*At thirty, though, he rather feels*

*He wants a girl who can cook meals.*

# Thoughts

By LILLIAN NIEDNER, '41

*An old maid is but a girl  
Who waited till the right man came,  
But when he passed, so awed was she  
That she forgot to catch his name.*

*A bachelor is a sorry soul  
Who bragged that love could never catch  
him;  
But really is a tarnished prize  
That dangled, with no one to snatch him.*

## With No Apologies To Chaucer

(He brought it on himself)

By ROLAND BECK, '42

*When Aprille got his new Desota,  
He checked the tires and checked the mota,  
'Fore setting out on the roada.  
While trav'ling through old Minnesota  
Toward destination, North Dakota,  
He spied a man beside a boata,  
Who seemed to have his fishing quota.  
Aprille asked the man to show ta  
Him, how he caught his fishing tota.  
The fisherman, lo and beholda,  
Thus did say and thus did quota:  
"All I've caught or hope to catch, iota  
Me brota." Then he tied his boata.  
"Where lives your brother? Like to know da  
Place he lives. I got the dough ta  
Pay him well, so where d' I go ta?"  
"Just drive your car to East Mendota."  
So thus informed, off Aprille roda.  
It is interesting ta nota,  
That Aprille received a jolta,  
When he came to know da  
Facts about the brota.  
The brother owned a fish stand, so da  
Fisher paid the debts he owed ta  
Him for sending him his fishing tota.  
'Twas why he spake, 'tis why we quota:  
"All I've caught or hope to catch, iota  
Me brota."  
Aprille took some soda.*

## Then Only

By WALTER LORIMER, '40

*When lilies speak the Sanskrit tongue  
And butterflies talk Latin clear,  
Then only can our love be sung.  
When lilies speak the Sanskrit tongue  
And Cherubin has softly sung,  
My heart will then speak clearly, dear,  
When lilies speak the Sanskrit tongue  
And butterflies talk Latin clear.*

# Nocturne

By KAY RUEBER, '41

Dusk—and I go to sit on the hill and watch the slow smoke curl up the far dark wall of the sky. Silence settles—so profound that the gray tom-cat in a sudden desire for company comes to rest his shaggy back against my thigh and leans purring there as long as I will talk to him; so I quote Neihardt and Sarrett until my stock is exhausted, till the houses are lighted and the dogs set up their yapping on the hills. It is a time of reflections and ghosts—and ghosts are close tonight. Grandfather, who read Voltaire when Voltaire was not read. (I hope you found *The Way of All Flesh* in heaven.) Grandmother, who at fifty, investigated D. H. Lawrence, when Lawrence was current scandal. Great-grandmother Killough, who read *Pamela* in a cabin in western Texas and laughed scornfully at her virtuous heroics at a danger so little by comparison with raiding Comanches. I wonder if she ever saw *Vanity Fair*. She would have admired Becky. Becky could have outwitted redmen as well as white and kept the women of the settlement in gossip the year around. Great-grandmother had no use for weak women, and she saw to it that she ruled her house. In fact, she ruled the family, but Great-grandad never found it out.

Great Aunt Miriam read *Jane Austen* in the library of the red brick plantation house and copied biting excerpts in her diary. They were the things she would like to have said to the conventional society in which she moved. She copied the descriptions of women gossiping viciously over their tea, and the comments of the chaperons at the balls. She studied the wisdom of Elizabeth and Eleanor in their comments on male kind and then practiced it more inflexibly than they and refused to marry any of the young men who sued for hand and plantation.

Oronoko—brought by mistake in

a shipment of books from England—must have made Great-grandfather snort. He'd have laughed except for that similar trash *Uncle Tom's Cabin* just then rousing the North. "Pah! Slaves were no worse off than the factory hands in the North. Why, Massachusetts allowed a twelve-hour day for children in the cotton factories!" He should have read Dickens on the conditions in England a decade later.

In a bleak Minnesota winter another grandmother, with Quaker blood in her veins, put down her Bible and took up *Wuthering Heights* for the tenth time. "And they call this literature! It couldn't compare with the *Lives of the Martyrs* or even Wigglesworth's *Day of Doom*, but of course that is poetry. This though—this is positively immoral." She ended by putting it furtively in the stove. It had cost Granddad a four pound rooster, but she didn't want Laura getting hold of it. Now Scott she understood. Her mother had brought a trunk full of Scott into the Minnesota country when the land was opened, and had taught reading from them and the Bible to the children of the early settlers. Those books were full of virtuous heroes and heroines who were ladies in bearing if not in birth. Of course, there was a good bit of fighting of which she couldn't morally approve, but it did make a book read more quickly. Later she wept copious tears over Dickens' pure, persecuted *Little Nell*. And, punctually each Christmas made me a present of another volume of that man's edifying works.

Grandmother, Grandmother, Grandmother! If you could have read *Ulysses*, or *Grapes of Wrath*! I felt you standing beside me with your hands folded in prayer as I finished *The Last Adam*. I wonder if the Bible shocked you.

Aunt Helen knew Carrie Chapman

Catt and Anna Howard Shaw. She was an ardent admirer of Mrs. Gaskell and George Eliot, and their volumes in ponderous leather bindings collected dust in the bookcase in the hall while Aunt Helen delivered temperance lectures to the Saturday gathering of farm hands in Minnesota country towns and religiously demonstrated (in jars) the effect of pickling the human digestive tract in alcohol.

But Vyril—cousin many times removed, son of Grandmother's step-sister who poured the Quaker zeal into the new Methodism—you are closest of all to me—I have read the stories you did. I have read the books my brother brings home, detective stories, war stories and westerns—wilder than those you could get in your youth, though you read Conan Doyle and Owen Wister before you died. I am linked to you by *Peregrine Pickle*, *Humphrey Clinker*, and *Roderick Random*, which you read stealthily in old dog-eared editions found in the attic of your Pennsylvania farm home and which sent you to the now gold hills of Dakota to grow handle-bar mustaches and a pair of guns at your hips. I wish you might have known *David Balfour*.

You'd have scalped the *Master of Ballantre* perhaps—unless you'd joined him.

I wish I had known you. You would have sent me arrow heads and a nugget a man was killed over, told me legends of the Indians and tales of the ribald gold towns. Your letters in Grandmother's wooden box have the realism of Gissing and are overlaid with a fatalism which would have done credit to Hardy. Have you met Hardy? You really ought to look him up. You'll probably find him in the loneliest corner of the sky. I'm surprised you haven't seen him when you were hunting buffalo.

What a life you led, my dear, and *this* is what I substituted for Indians and coyotes. The bay of Wilcox is hounds in the creek bottom as they pursue some creature of the night. A dance band blaring suddenly from the Gardner house. Children shrieking at hide and seek on the sumac slope below—all the sounds of people living gathered and rising in the gray smoke of evening.

Oh, adventurer, some day I shall be as imperturbable as you, but just now I wish those children would go home.

## The Absolute

By DON C. WARNER, '40

*To say that love exists does not preclude  
The drawing of any nice degree or line  
Between this love and that. If shades protude  
Beyond divisions, and spoil the neat design,  
There is no cause for clamor. Can we intone  
"Thou shall love no human flesh before me",  
Resting the case upon one phrase alone?  
This thing I feel is not the sympathy  
Resolved upon unfeeling shells by those  
Who hold the high intelligence supreme;  
Nor is it worship of the life that blows  
Faint colour through an ever-graying dream.  
Thus only can the human heart be told—  
That love shall grow to love as brass to gold.*

# Glimpses of a Pet

By ELEANOR TYLER, '42

What does the cat think of as he drowns in the sun? As I see the furry golden ball curled upon the hooked rug, I think of Pierre as I first saw him—a little frightened kitten, bewildered by the world.

Perhaps the cat is dreaming of those early days of his frisky kittenhood. One autumn several years ago, four kittens were born in a haymow. Gold Dust, their mother, was a pedigreed Persian, but from the appearance of the kittens their father was not. One kitten was just a little bigger, just a little brighter, just a little better than the others. He was a little orange-brown tiger, striped with a darker brown. A few weeks later my father chose this kitten and his little yellow-and-white brother to bring home to my sister and me.

The kittens rode home in a gunny sack. When the bag was opened, out crawled two kittens, sad and surprised. The tiger was to be mine; the white-vested one, my sister's. Their first frolicsome year they spent giving us gaiety and inconvenience. Raton, my sister's cat, with head lifted high, used to carry downstairs any wash cloth which was left hanging on the bathtub edge. This may have been "kitten-carrying" practice, or perhaps practice for the time that he carried down my sister's best sheer stockings and carefully deposited them on the

dining room rug without snagging them.

Pierre, the tiger, learned to spring from the floor into our arms in one swift bound. This had to be "unlearned" when he grew larger, as he jumped indiscriminately on people's backs and left stinging claw tracks.

Perhaps, as the old cat sits alone in the sun, he dreams of the deliciously tempting little beings upon which he likes to pounce as they move in the grass. A short-tailed field mouse, an English sparrow, a pretty songbird, an unpleasantly dusty sphinx moth, a bat—all these he has brought to us proudly, sometimes unscathed. With his cat eyes peering through darkness, he has seen unknown beauties and secrets of nature.

But I would rather believe that he is dreaming, not of the past, but of the future, for surely there remains a long one for him. Meanwhile Pierre has an important job to perform, an important place to fill. No, not just that of being a live mouse-trap. His is the task of filling the somewhat empty feeling left when both daughters are away, one working and one at college. His occasional kittenish moods are amusing, and just the company of the egotistical, demanding cat is a comfort. "Long may he live and prosper!"

## Hero Worship

By WALTER G. PETERS, '41

*He thrilled to tales of the battle-sight,  
And dreamed of glory and fame  
And soon forgot a woman's arms  
Once held him safe and tight  
Or tears fell as her prayers ascended  
Out of the black of night. . .*

*They found his dream one chilly night  
Scattered by a mine  
That lay concealed beneath the sod  
Beyond a crooked line. . .*

## Retribution Reverend?

By EVELYN HOLCOMB, '40

*A minister, in a dilemma,  
Was trying to decide  
Which of two members of his flock  
He'd ask to be his bride.*

*One maid was fair and comely—  
A virtual village belle;  
The other was thin and homely,  
But oh! she could sing so well.*

*The preacher weighed his decision  
Long and wisely, never fear;  
And finally chose the singer,  
Who could aid him in his career.*

*He made his proposal promptly;  
No longer his gaze did roam.  
He married the virtuoso  
And took her to his home.*

*One morning, while at breakfast,  
He glanced at the homely thing.  
He gulped, looked back, and sadly cried:  
"For Gawd's sake, Marthie, SING!"*

## The Decadent

By DON C. WARNER, '40

*These fragile minds which call you lord,  
By way of reverence to the cloth-bound god  
Who suffers them a life of weak concord  
Within the hedges of his imperious nod,  
Cannot accept the serum, dry-distilled  
From anemic lips, which brings fresh blood  
To knowledge, dying with unfulfilled  
Prayers. Your tongue can obviate this flood  
Of well-reflected volumes, but their eyes  
May still give back a flame that overrides  
The truth in spoken words. Only the rise  
Of power through returning thought decides  
Your fate. Only the wealth in what is new  
Releases them from Miocene taboo.*

## The Call of the Loon

By WALTER LORIMER, '40

*The lazy lullaby of the rippling lagoon  
Hums into slumbering peace the weeping  
willow  
Whose woesome limbs hang languidly be-  
neath the moon.  
The lazy lullaby of the rippling lagoon  
Is softly hushed, and far away a laughing  
loon  
Calls for his mate. The fresh breeze sings  
again, and lo!  
The lazy lullaby of the rippling lagoon  
Hums into slumbering peace the weeping  
willow.*

# A Major Detail

By LOWELL WALKUP, '41

The ancient wagon shuddered to a standstill. The grizzled plainsman who had been holding the reins leaped from his seat, and helping his passengers alight, broke the silence of the endless prairie.

"Well, there's your cabin, girls. . . Still sure you want to spend two whole weeks out here alone?"

"I am, Bill," answered Marianne. "Are you, Betty?"

"I guess so. It'll be fun—I hope—living in a sod shack."

"I'll help you girls unload and carry your grub in; then I'll be beating it back to town before the snow. The temperature's dropping fast, and it's getting cloudy. Snow clouds. Probably be plenty of wind with it." Grabbing hold of the first box, Bill started to unload.

It was a matter of only a few minutes for him to unload the provisions and pile them in the shack. He knew what the clouds meant—blinding snow and wind to drive it like lead shot across the frozen plains with the temperature dropping, maybe, to fifty below zero. If he didn't get back to town before the storm, he would never get back. As soon as he had emptied the wagon, he was ready to leave.

"Well, I'll be getting along now. Remember what I've been telling you. Sure you packed everything I told you?"

"Yes, we have everything. We checked the list three times to be sure."

"O.K. So long, girls. Good luck!"

"Good bye, Bill. Hope you get to town before the snowman catches up."

"Good bye, Bill. Don't forget to come after us in two weeks."

"I won't. Giddup, Nancy. We're going to make a new record getting back to town!"

Four days later. . . Winter had really set in on the Dakota plains. After the worst storm in thirty years, the temperature was at forty-five below, and twenty inches of snow lay

on the ground. Two men tramped over the snow, their snowshoes leaving a weird trail behind them.

"It's only about half a mile to the cabin, isn't it, Bill?" asked the taller, Carl Svenson.

"Right." Bill's eyes were frozen to the horizon. "I hope nothing's happened to those girls." They tramped silently on; it was slow going, even with snowshoes, and the fifteen minutes it took to reach the top of the rise seemed like that many hours. Finally, the shack came into view, a dark splotch, shapeless against the glare of the snow.

"Plenty lonely out here," observed Svenson, not to give out any information, but to break the monotony of the crunch, crunch, crunch, crunch of the snowshoes.

"Yeah." Crunch, crunch, crunch, crunch. "No smoke coming out of the chimney." Crunch, crunch, crunch. "That's funny." As Bill spoke he unconsciously increased his speed. Svenson stayed right behind him. Ten minutes more of crunching through the snow and they stood before the hut.

"I don't like the looks of this," said Bill. "Too still."

Svenson knocked twice, but the sounds dissolved into the still, cold atmosphere. No answer came from inside the hut. "Haloo—anybody there!" Still no reply—.

With a heave, Svenson pushed open the door; Bill rushed in after him. Their arms wrapped tightly around each other, the girls lay still on the bed. One glance told the men that their fears were justified. . . Death had ridden in on the high winds.

Thirteen words told the story. Tied to the bedpost was a note written in a small, wobbly hand. Svenson read it; then, wordlessly, he handed it to Bill.

"Bill—

We said we had everything. We did—all but one thing—  
Matches—"

## Eccentricity Personified

By BARBARA SPERE, '43

Fingering through the pages of memory I find myself laughing over the picture of an eccentric looking man, clad in baggy clothes, wearing something which one would be forced to class as a hat, since he wore it on his head. Then suddenly changing my mood I wander into memories of building castles of sand on the beach, and romping through the woods with the children of this odd-looking fellow.

When I was a child, I spent every summer with my aunt and uncle at Harbert, Michigan. That was where I met this man, and my playmates, his children. These youths were fine play fellows. I can't recall the names of either one of them now, but that seems immaterial when remembering what enjoyable times we had. Somehow, I never thought of their being the offspring of a celebrity.

What impressed me a great deal was that everytime we entered their house both of them would say, "Sh-h-h, be quiet now," —so I was, never grasping the full significance of that remark. Authors, to be able to

concentrate on their writing, insist upon having quiet, and he was no exception.

The appearance he presented was most unusual, as I have already hinted. His ill-fitting clothes seemed a part of his homely make-up, perhaps because I never saw him in anything that looked neat. In fact, he always reminded me of nothing more nor less than a tramp!

He was seen only once a day, and then never for long at a time. If the weather and his work permitted, he would take a morning walk down the beach. Often he removed his dilapidated tennis shoes, rolled up his already "high-water" trouser legs, and walked along the water's edge.

That he was a famous personage seemed not to penetrate my childlike brain, but his old-fashioned bathing suit is something I shall never forget. I can see him so plainly in my mind, wearing a high necked bathing suit with sleeves! I'm almost certain it had a skirt, too. . . . Yes, to me, Carl Sandburg was certainly eccentricity personified!

## How Do You Like Yours?

By HELENE REED, '41

*I pinned it  
down—  
my grip was fast  
upon the fork  
that held the fry.  
I settled round  
it capably,  
a knife in hand  
to calm the quey.  
It slipped  
I cursed—  
It leapt  
—upon my neighbor's plate.*

# Fishing

By ELEANOR TYLER, '42

Fishing is what you make it. It can be the hardest of work. It can be pure relaxation. As for me, I like to make it the excuse for an afternoon's outing. From early spring far into the autumn, now and again there are days which make me rebel against four walls. On such days I like to go with my father to the woods, where a little creek is running if the weather is not too dry.

We ride into the country and then tramp through the woods to the stream. Now comes the task of putting onto the hook either a worm or a piece of shrimp. The shrimp has such a strong smell that it must make all the little fishes wiggle their noses in anticipation.

With the baited hook dangling into the water, I sit rubbing my fingers on the leaves of a nearby mint plant to remove what I can of the shrimp smell. My attention may next be diverted by the pricking of a burr or sticktight, which I must remove.

At my feet, in the long grass on the bank, hangs a symmetrical web—perhaps several—each with a large,

plump spider sitting in the middle. As a future biology teacher, I consider this a treat. A slight touch will start the spider swinging and swaying in her web, in an effort to entangle the unknown intruder. If I disturb her more violently, she will scurry from sight.

Occasionally water birds appear. Perhaps the little Wilson snipe will bob his head up and down, trying to catch an insect at the shallow water's edge. The water is a rippled mirror for the passing green heron or the blue crane. Upon rare occasions a lovely white crane flies overhead.

I feel a tug on the line. Perhaps this is just one of the little chubs or shiners, which nibble the bait in perfect safety, for the hook is too large for them to swallow. Perhaps the hardest tug will come from a crab, lured to grasp the bait with his pincers. He stubbornly hangs on, getting a free ride to land, where I pull hard to make him let go. All this time I may have caught a fish, but more probably not. At any rate, I always feel that the time has been well spent.

## Alone

By HELENE REED, '41

*You may have me in the light . . . silver sun.  
You may have me in the crowd or on bright  
prairies,  
But in the dark I am alone . . .  
In the ground . . . the earth . . . the loam.*

*I am here beside you in the light,  
By the loam.  
But my soul lies alone,  
" In the loam.*

*You may have me for a day . . . alien mold.  
You may have me for a song . . . moral sung.  
But in the dark I am alone . . .  
In the ground . . . the earth . . . the loam.*

*I am here to sing your sane refrain,  
By the loam.  
But my soul weeps alone,  
In the loam.*

# The Tip-Off

(FOR GIRLS ONLY)

By DORIS POPANZ, '40

*Jack's got a handsome smile  
And he dances heavenly;  
But Ted can take you places,  
So—I'm dating Ted at three.  
—Of course, you understand.*

*Isn't Bill a second Gable!  
—And he asked me for a date;  
But Tommy's got the cash, kid,  
Likewise, a new V-8!  
—Of course, you understand.*

*Now Bud belongs to Alpha Nu,  
But that won't get him far;  
'Cause the tweeds on my man Harry  
Will outshine any star.  
So— Well, you understand.*

*When Dick Lang saunters down my way,  
My poor heart leaps a beat;  
But then, the presents Johnny gives me  
Are something pretty neat.  
—I thought you'd understand.*

*When I first came to college,  
The ropes were new to me;  
But I have learned my lessons,  
And I practice them, you see.*

*So take a tip from me, girls,  
Be careful where you fall.  
I may not land a millionaire,  
But I've something on the ball.*

*So when Larry calls on Thursday  
Just forget his sex-appeal;  
But when gold-plate Al comes 'round  
Girls!—Then, IT'S A DEAL!  
(Of course, you understand)*

*Now fellas won't admit it,  
But, listen, girls, it's true—  
Believe me, they're plenty interested  
In what YOUR daddies do.  
—Imagine it!*

*So don't go getting "softie",  
But beat them at their game.  
'Cause, girls, it just ain't done that way—  
That "Mrs." on your name.  
I KNEW you'd understand.*

# Revelations, 19:40

By EVELYN HOLCOMB, '40

And it came to pass in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and forty A. D. that there had to be some changes made. . . .

For Lo, among the students of a college not over a thousand miles from here there developed vague stirrings of unrest. . . .

Heralding the long awaited return of that intangible force, "School Spirit", which soon showed signs of assuming unexpected and alarming proportions. . . .

And he spake unto them, saying, "Ye shall not smoke upon the campus;

Neither shall ye drink; nor cast thy conveyances upon the lawn, lest they return unto ye battered;

Nor let thine exuberance reveal itself in rowdyism, for of such is the kingdom of pedagogy NOT made,

Ye that hold up thyselfs to be instructors!"

\* \* \* \*

But they harkened not, being sorely young and wise therefore;

And they went unto their dances rejoicing, having looked upon the wine when it was pink;

And lit their tapers still within the temple, from whence came forth sweet lilting strains of music.

Then seeing garlands decorate the ceiling, and coveting, they pulled them from their framework,

And tiring of them soon, destroyed their beauty, and cast them to the floor and left them there.

Whereupon their brethren, arriving later, saw them not and knew not of their existence, saying, "What decorations?"

And turned their attention from the barren hall to the lovely maidens bedecked in graceful formals,

Swooping swiftly past on wings

of song, their swishing skirts a melody of motion.

And they said, "How beautiful," and stood and watched them.

But the music changed, and all the grace departed; the dancers' motion turned from smooth to choppy.

As the disciples of St. Vitus took the floor, hopping and bobbing, their lovely dresses jitterbugging with them

In flagrant disregard for formal beauty.

And they gamboled through the halls of their fair temple, defacing property with greedy hands;

Tearing public posters from their moorings, or inscribing false announcements thereupon;

Casting their coke bottles on the sidewalk, so others could wade through broken glass;

Reclining, sprawled, upon the marble stairway, declining aid to those who stumbled o'er them,

Nor helped retrieve their books, nor missing teeth.

Whereupon their lords and masters were disgusted, and spake, saying, "By their actions ye shall know them," and again, saying,

"Wherefore act they not their age?"

But they were acting their age, being of meager years, and took grim satisfaction from their hollow pleasures

Until there came into their midst one named Confucius, who quoth to them as follows:

"Relax, honorable brethren; fun are where you find it, but look ye not so hard;

"As my honorable father once said, 'Man who dance must sometime put in nickel'."

And again, "Man who act like moron sometime incarcerated by man who appreciate not good acting."

# A Bit of Nothing

By WALTER LORIMER, '40

*A bit of nothing concentrated—  
A dash of ether dissipated—  
There is no body—not a thing,  
And yet all things. Although to bring  
With it the treasures of all time—  
The spice and incense made sublime  
By mixture with eternal good;  
Magian gifts the Wise Men would  
Presume with pride to give their God;  
New treasures from where none has trod—  
Has been its task, it is unknown.  
Man has been wise, and now is shown  
The ruler of the land and seas;  
But like the Sphinx, this Love does tease  
The Man who would discover him  
And strikes him down.*

## Dawn

By CAROLINE ZAINER, '43

*Dawn is the manger that holds the night,  
Dawn is the guardian of morn.  
Dawn is the messenger sent by the sun,  
The news that a day is born.  
Dawn is the purple wine spilled by the gods,  
An eager-eyed child at birth.*

## Impressions of Night

By JAY WILTSIE, '40

*The radiant beauty of the day is quenched  
By night, which drops its huge black mantle  
And obscures the world,  
Then peers at it through countless taunting  
eyes.*

\* \* \* \*

*Leaping banners of flame  
Devoured the white, fleecy clouds.  
The long searing fingers of sunset seized the  
charred remains  
And wrung from them the night.  
The pine trees on the mountain top hurled  
their lances at the foe  
But were vanquished, submerged in the purple  
gloom.  
And the pale moon rose, like the ghost of  
day, to haunt its murderer.*

# The Hour Glass

By DONNA GLYNDON, '41

My word are but sand grains trickling  
in the hour glass of my mind—  
they spell but one brief thought,  
and only mark my passing hours.

\* \* \* \*

Time is peace . . .  
a leaf drifting to earth  
caught by greeding branches,  
out of man's ever yearning reach.

\* \* \* \*

God sees not men but Man.  
God wants not faiths but Faith.  
And so men forget Man, and  
lay many faiths on God's altar.

\* \* \* \*

The swan gazing at the silvery sheen  
of his reflection said: "Mine".  
The leaf feeling gentle caress  
of brushing sun rays said: "Ours".  
The god peering from misty heights  
to atoms below said: "Theirs".

\* \* \* \*

Rain is the nostalgia of clouds for earth.

\* \* \* \*

"My credo?", he queried,  
"A peace descending. . .  
a hope ascending."

\* \* \* \*

Often is man measured by his smallest,  
and weighed by his lack.

\* \* \* \*

"I want" is like the Moon who in the darkness  
of the night forgets the day.

"I have" is like the Sun who knows  
there is no night.

\* \* \* \*

While man strives to build lasting monuments  
to immortalize his name,

The heavens sculpture mountains of clouds  
and are satisfied.

\* \* \* \*

Man in the city is an Atlantis submerged  
in waves of humanity.

\* \* \* \*

A light fitfully gleaming. . .  
a soul entering or departing?

\* \* \* \*

Men bring God many gifts—  
and withhold one: Peace.

God brings men many gifts—  
and withholds one: Contentment.

\* \* \* \*

The sun knows not the weed from the flower  
and blesses both.

The wind knows neither and destroys both.

\* \* \* \*

With pianissimo delicacy tears lull pain to rest,  
but prayer lulls not . . . . it awakens pain  
to elevations beyond mere sorrow.

Some call it prayer . . . .

others sublimation.

\* \* \* \*

Only within his unreality does man find his reality,  
for everything he touches is dispelled,

like volatile gases released—

even as his groping hand projects  
the shadow of a touch,

everything withdraws,

like pleasure upon anticipation's fulfillment.

\* \* \* \*

Like birds his words returned to him  
to beg scattered crumbs—

gently he fed them and

launched them forth once again.

## Winter Palette

By MARGARETE BAUM, '42

*God was extravagant with color today.*

*He flung it to the winds*

*and scattered it on the wood like the flecks  
in a Scotch tweed.*

*The weeds in the field had turned a delicate  
mauve*

*and the cornfield a conservative beige*

*but all else was a chromatic scale in orange-  
tones.*

*The sunset, now gaudy, now exquisite  
witnessed his spendthriftiness.*

*But winter will come—*

*and the world will be a photograph*

*in black and white and halftones—*

*and all we can hope for is a hint of roselight  
in the evening west.*

*Let this winter come, but God,  
be generous with color.*

# Flight of the Gods

By GERARD POTTER

We must halt this waste, cried one.  
No, said another, Let it go on.  
Carnage is always the ultimate result of valor.  
Already the purpose is lost and all that sustains them  
Is indifference born of the consumation of their lust.  
Let it go on, and eventually even indifference will fail them  
As their purpose has failed them. When all the fanatics are dead,  
Long live the cynics!

But they are cynics already, said the first.

Only cynics of the body.  
They have suffered, and as a result of body aches and tortures  
They have lost the ultimate goal of suffering.  
Take from them their year-past of desecration and misery  
And they will find soon—all too soon—a purpose  
For the lust is not dead; (would that it were, and its ashes  
mingled with the winds of the four signs) it is only dormant.  
And if we halt this carnage we will but fan the flame  
To blaze anew.  
Let it go on till all—the purpose, the creed, the lust—  
Are dead, dead, dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

They looked down upon that vast gutted plain that stretched  
before their impersonal gaze  
Knowing that all was lost for those below. Their instincts  
told them to run and run and run  
Fleeing from the very world itself. And they turned their  
backs upon that below and sped with rush of a million wings;  
And in their flight there was impaled the running of the deer,  
the dip of the gull, the scud of the clouds.

And the hawks screamed  
And the skies wept  
And the guns roared  
And the gods fled.

