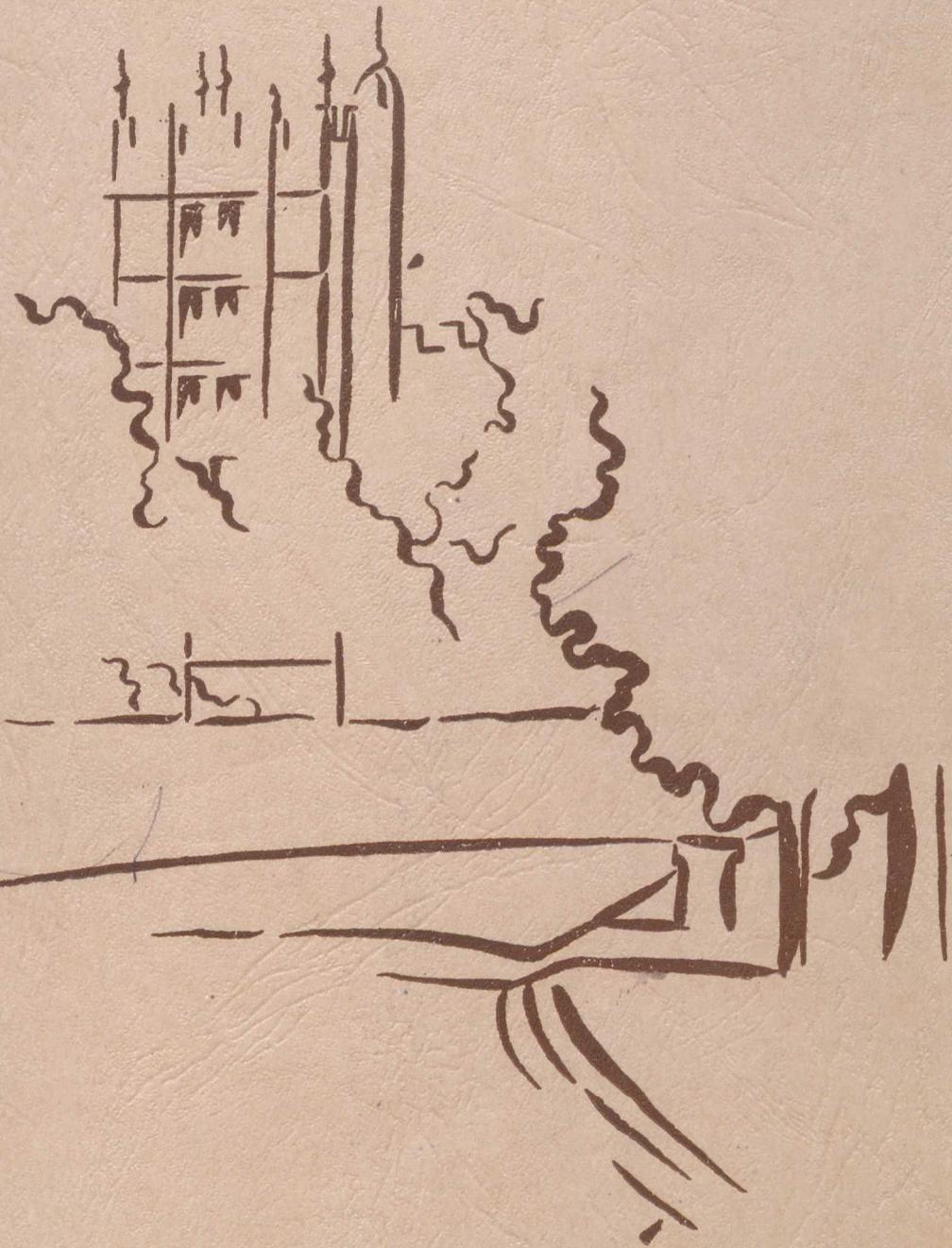


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THE TOWERS

1939



THE TOWERS

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
of
THE NORTHERN ILLINOIS



Presented
by
SIGMA TAU DELTA
and
NU IOTA PI

JANUARY, 1939

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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 the new way, *The Towers*, offers you a medium of expression.

It is with great pleasure that Sigma Tau Delta and Nu Iota Pi bring to you the first publication of *The Towers*, whose symbolic name is a reminiscence of the Castle on the Hill.

N. I. S. T. C.
January, 1939

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Towers

By DON WARNER, '41

*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 fur-
naces,
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 very 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 from the stones which
form your souls—
We are the granite which
rises into towers.*

The Tragedy at Monteaux's

By LYLE BOLSTER

For days now Monteaux's had been in a distressed state. The casual customers wondered at the excitement of the regular patrons. Everyone of the regular habitués was acting abnormally. The regular routine of the cafe was woefully distracted. Papa Chemigne and old Greyfau no longer played at their unending game of chess. Clergieox, the cabman and Legnen the taxi-driver had not had an evening quarrel for days. The six old fathers of the neighborhood that had always come at noon and played at cards till 9:00 when they bowed to each other and went home, now came at any time and did not go home till the cafe closed, and instead of playing cards they whispered. Even shrewd, fat Monteaux was so distracted he forgot to short-change the American that dined there daily.

It was all about young Fernand. Young Fernand was the favorite of the cafe. He was so young, so sentimental; everyone loved him. Now the inevitable had happened. He had fallen in love with Marie, the solicitor's daughter—and Marie, Marie, she did not love him. He was wasting away. His eyes were always feverishly bright now. He was growing thin as a skeleton. When he came in to the cafe, he would only dabble at his food. Old fat Monteaux pressed the best of the house's larder on him, but Fernand would only smile wanly and wave it away. Clergieox said it was only a matter of time now till Fernand would pass away. The six old men spent hours debating with some gusto whether he would slash his veins or leap into the canal. Binot, the undertaker, shed tears over young Fernand's state, meanwhile appraising Fernand's stature and figuring on a slip of paper. Old Greyfau stated with conviction that the crisis was near, and he had already laid out his black suit.

On this day when Fernand came in for lunch he looked worse than ever. His eyes were horribly bright, his hands trembled as if with palsy. He touched not one bit of food, just

drank a little wine. Finally he started up suddenly from his table, overturning the wine bottle. He darted out the door, forgetting his hat. A quiet murmur of anticipation ran through the patrons. Three of the old men wanted to run to the canal, the other three wanted to go to Fernand's room to see whether he had slashed his wrists. Binot sucked his moustache and said that he, being a close friend of Fernand, he would probably be given the funeral. Lignen, partly because Clergieox had said Fernand would die, and partly because he was an individualist, said he thought Fernand would join the Foreign Legion.

When evening came and Fernand did not come in to dine, the head-shaking and smacking of lips increased. Clergieox wished to notify the police, old fat Monteaux wept and said such a thing was beautiful—to die for love. Old Greyfau hobbled out to see if anyone on the street had heard anything. Meanwhile in the cafe a pleasant sensation of sorrow absorbed all the patrons. The old men were betting which it had been, the canal or the knife. Even Lignen complacently agreed now that Fernand was probably dead.

This joyful scene was disrupted by the appearance of old Greyfau. He was shrieking with rage, and in a thrice the cafe was in a hubbub. Angry voices rose high, every now and then one could hear, "The hussy Marie, she drove him to it."

Papa Chemigne, who had been sleeping, woke up and wondered at the noise. He clutched at nearby Clergieox's sleeve. "Has he done it, has he done it?" he quavered in pleased anticipation of the news.

"Oh, the fool, the poor besotted fool," moaned angry Clergieox in reply. "It was her fault but may God have mercy on his soul."

"How did he do it?" queried old Papa Chemigne, in a hurry to hear the details.

"Do it!" shrieked Clergieox, "he didn't, the fool! He married Marie this afternoon!"

The Six Shades

By CLARISSA McLAUGHLIN, '38

Dramatis Personae

Seneca

Shakespeare

Marlowe

Burbage

Udall

The Stranger (who typifies all the early unknown authors.)

TIME: 11:30 P. M. after the last performance of *The Women*.

PLACE: Chicago—a Loop Walgreen drugstore.

As the curtain is drawn we discover an odd group seated on several of the revolving stools before the counter. There are six persons in the party and they are attracting a large share of attention for the after-theatre crowd who believe them to be revelers from a fancy dress ball in one of the larger hotels.

In reality, the group is comprised of Seneca, Udall, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Burbage, and one meek and rather unobtrusive fellow who is dressed in a costume typical of the fourteenth century. As a matter of fact, each one is dressed in the clothing fashionable to his own era and Seneca is having some difficulty in keeping his toga out of his neighbor's coffee. The after-theatre crowd, not having had a course in drama until 1642, does not recognize our friends, although one student in the last booth remarks to his companion that the "guy on the end" (it is Shakespeare) looks something like a bust in the English room at college. However, the student is too sleepy to pursue the thought any farther, and the group at the counter seems safe from any discovery of their real identity.

The presence of these masters of the drama in the busy theatre section of the Loop near the Erlanger is explained by the fact that they have obtained "special privileges" to visit their mortal home, the stage, until midnight.

They have just come from seeing the play *The Women*. They ran into some difficulty when they attempted to pass the box office as the ticket taker accused them of being drunk.

This was a simple problem for the six

shades who donned the cloak of invisibility and went backstage where they could not only see the play, but could inspect the scenery at a closer range.

Now they are engaged in reviewing the play in their last half-hour on earth.

SENECA: What puzzled me most was the way they changed scenes so quickly. During one moment of darkness the big circular stage revolved and there was a complete new set. We had to give all our plays outside and we never had any scenery. Whenever an actor wanted to show a change of mood, he had to retire to the "skena" and change his mask. At least there was never any doubt in the mind of the audience as to what emotion he wished to present.

MARLOWE: No, I had a glimpse of one of those masks in a collection in England, and it certainly was one of the most horrible things I ever saw.

SENECA: And now look at the old "skena"—it has grown into a corridor of luxurious dressing rooms with running water, lights—and—

SHAKESPEARE: And did you see those women? In my day not a self-respecting woman could be hired for the stage. I had to make all my heroines very young so that young boys could take their parts. It always madden me to think that Juliet—the fairest and most womanly of all my women—had to be played by a young dolt from Stratford.

BURBAGE: But that theatre! When the first theatre was built, we didn't even have a curtain, much less "flats", and "teasers", and "props"—

SHAKES: Remember the Globe? That was a real theatre.

BURBAGE: It would have lasted longer if that fool in *Henry the Fourth*

hadn't set a rocket off through the thatched roof and burned it down.

SHAKES: But when it was re-decorated and had a new tile roof—

MARLOW: Well, the play was what interested me. Can you imagine those hussies taking part in a play?

STRANGER: I remember one Corpus Christi day when I was a lad in 1314—we gave a play—

(All the others jump on him immediately and squelch him with cold looks.)

SHAKES: Can you imagine calling those vulgar, crude processions plays?

MARLOWE: Well, I don't think you ought to say anything about vulgarity—if I recall a certain play of yours—

SENECA: (breaking in): The plays certainly have progressed since my day. I guess it's one long cycle—one fellow gets an idea—another fellow improves on it—and still another fellow rediscovers it and thinks it's new—. I took most of what I wrote from a fellow called Euripedes and I'll venture to say, Bill, that you took a lot from me.

SHAKES: I must admit that most of the Elizabethan plays were modeled on your plays, and it's a sure thing that you helped Udall here more than once.

SENECA: I gave you the conventional 5-act division, stock characters.

SHAKES: That's where I got the ghost for *Macbeth* and *Hamlet* and the disguised heroine for the *Merchant of Venice*, they were both stock characters of yours—

SENECA, (continuing) — and then there was much more in my plays, more action, more emotion, more—

UDALL: Oh, I don't know about that. I remember when I was writing a play for my boys at school I had to write in most of the action myself.

SENECA, (dryly)—But I noticed that, that in *Ralph Roister Doister* you used both the parasite and the braggart—and they're both my characters.

UDALL: I'll have to admit I used your idea of play division, too, and I threw in some Latin to give the brats a chance to show their mothers what they knew.

MARLOWE: I did something for the drama, too. I think my plays were some of the first to use soliloquies and longer lyrical passages.

SHAKES: And I used your experience to good advantage.

MARLOWE: But what always makes me mad was the way everyone always tries to say that Kidd helped me with my plays—why, the only help I ever got was from Chapman who finished my poem *Hero and Leander* when I was so inconveniently murdered.

THE STRANGER: I did something for the plays, too—If I hadn't catered to the people's taste and brought the play from the churchyard to the inn-yard and the traveling pageant, the stage would still be under clerical control.

UDALL: Yes, I guess you did your part toward helping the development of drama and that's all any of us want to do.

MARLOWE: But those women tonight. Do you really think that they will help the drama, too?

SHAKES: I think it's just a phase in the development of drama. Right now people want more realism, and so the speeches in the plays are conversational in tone rather than long orations like yours, Seneca.

BURBAGE: The stage now is just a room with the fourth wall gone so that the audience can look right in and see a slice of life —

MARLOWE: And nature in the raw—

SHAKES: Is seldom anything but realistic.

MARLOWE: But at least, with all the facilities for elaborate staging, there has been no repetition of the masques—those elaborate fashion shows which delighted English monarchs for so long.

SHAKES: I wonder what Elizabeth would think if she could only see my play *Julius Caesar* as Orson Welles stages it.

SENECA: Well, I can remember how you raved when you first saw it.

SHAKES: Yes, but that was before I got used to the idea of modern dress.

After all, it isn't any more queer for *Julius Caesar* to be played in modern clothes than it was for me to have it played with a toga over Elizabethan clothes. And besides, I always liked the simple stage and setting.

BURBAGE: I still like the realistic stage we saw tonight.

SHAKES: You always were interested in the theatre more than in the plays.

BURBAGE: You took care of the audience as far as the plays went.

UDALL: Did you notice the advertising in front of the theatre? That

makes the old vexilators and the banners look small.

MARLOWE: It pays to advertise.

SHAKES: Well, boys, we have only a few more minutes. Is there anything else you'd like to do?

UDALL: I'd like to see the author—or authors of that play. I enjoyed that dialogue scene so much—

SENECA: You always were a ladies' man.

SHAKES: When you hear the sound of the chimes it will be exactly—the chimes of midnight are heard as the shades fade slowly out of sight.)

Incident in California

By STEWART KASER, '41

*His blood was just as red.
Although my cousin, social service worker, and
the kind
Who understands such things, said, "No."
"Don't work out there among these dirty
Mex."*

*His blood flowed hot upon my lifting hands.
I tried to drag him out from under crushing
wheels
Of the big truck, there where he lay,
But screams that tore his straining lungs had
stopped me.
"Mary, mother of Jesus!" That is what he
cried in sobbing breaths.
And when I saw it was too late,
I stepped a little back, and stood.*

*And so I let him suffer . . . Christ!
What could I do? It was too late.
And so I stood.
And stared and tried to understand as did my
cousin,
This dirty Mex, who screamed and bled.
I failed. To me
His blood was just as red.*

A Warning

By NORMA EVANS, '40

Once upon a time—a very long time, something happened that made everybody hurry, and they've been hurrying ever since. In the rush great towns were built, magnificent bridges and roads were constructed, beautiful clothes were made for people to wear, wise books were written, and strange lands were explored. The world grew to be just one big booming enterprise.

After a time people, instead of going to bed when the sun set, went to call on the neighbors, which was all very friendly and no harm done. They were healthy and had a wonderful time, so there was really nothing wrong in it. In fact, it was to a person's good; Old Mother Nature must have been kidding when she created so much night. Or maybe it was for the plants and animals to rest by, and not humans, who were so much superior and different from other creatures. To be really truthful they weren't thinking about it at all, being as they were getting so much more done and having a good time doing it.

In one big hustling city right down in the center of a scurrying crowd and up in a tall office building where the elevators clanged from early in the morning to 'way past midnight, a girl sat busily typing in one of the many pigeon-hole offices. Behind her a man silently paced the floor, occasionally lighting a cigarette and then sitting down at his desk. After pulling out the wide center drawer and peering back into its shadowy interior, he would slam it shut. Oh, he wasn't looking for anything, but a person can't just sit and twiddle his thumbs—not when those specifications had to get to Jacobs & Jacobs by 11 in the morning. It was almost 5:30 then.

"How much longer will it take to finish, Miss Lyon?"

"There's just a little over 3 pages left," came the mechanical reply.

"Well, hurry!" he exclaimed testily, "I can't wait more than twenty minutes."

It didn't matter that he had given them to her when she was getting

ready to leave at four or that her back was drooping from the continued strain. (Didn't he notice that her nose was shiny, that there were creases in her lips from pursing them so long. He didn't know how it felt to pound keys relentlessly without letting your arms relax and keeping your eyes glued to the dull, dim copy.)

Ten minutes after six, and she was drawing the last sheet from the machine. He thanked her hurriedly and shoved an envelope into her hand.

"Address this, and I guess that'll be all."

Over the city night had already begun to descend. People were sitting down at their supper tables, all but the 5% who would wait another hour and a half for dinner. Far out where big houses sit in spacious lawns and driveways lead up to side entrances, one house in particular sat blinking its windows as the other houses did. Only this house was different—it had a turret on each front corner.

Inside an uninterrupted drone was emanating, but you couldn't tell it unless you slipped up to a window—which was impossible—or otherwise got in close hearing distance of the old house.

The cook wouldn't complain, only she'd got such short notice of the "extra's" who'd sit at the table. And then, too, her feet hurt, and she wondered if the grocery would deliver the cherries and celery so late in the day. Hadn't the least idea what to use as substitutes. Mrs. Hendricks (they were the O. G. Hendricks) never said anything outright, but somehow you could tell it when she hadn't liked the soup, or maybe the coffee had been a bit strong.

Up in her room Louise was chaffing in her high heels and long slip—couldn't put on her taffeta yet. She'd spoil it. How long would it be before the dinner bell would ring? Rather, how long would it be before dinner was over and the front door-bell would ring? After that the night wouldn't be long enough. Well, she'd gone through evenings like this before.

If only Mr. Haveloe, who was coming to dinner, wouldn't drag out that never-ending affair he was having with his cousin over settling up a grand-aunt's estate. But he would.

"Louise!" came Dad's voice through the partly open door. That was all of his harangue that was intelligible. He wanted his black silk socks—the pair with the clocks, but you'd never have known it. Looking at yourself in the mirror for 15 minutes wrestling with a bow tie sometimes makes you forget the language you're supposed to know. In Dad's case a little improvisation helped a lot. After that he felt better. He wasn't looking forward to a happy evening—wouldn't get to bed before 11:30 or 12. But you had to contact the big shots somehow. Maybe after Louise married he could retire.

Somehow the night passed; it always did, and on the threshold of the new-day every man paused to yawn. He still retained that privilege despite the years and the clanging of his alarm clock or his family, or the neighbors next door (they're a noisy lot). But soon the day's work would begin in earnest and each must off to his work, or his play.

The generation grew up. Other generations came along, and they, too, grew up. And they all hurried, except for the people in asylums, and they couldn't—or at least it wouldn't have done them any good. You see, part of them were there just on account of that very thing, anyway.

Some of the people went to high institutions of learning and others didn't. But for the most part they had caught the fever fairly well. But no matter where they went, they talked. "Buzz, buzz", went the people, for it was a world of hurry, and they thought if they talked fast, they'd be in step with the times—especially if they talked loud. On they talked, and on, and on. Finally they had exhausted their supply of intelligent conversation, so they resorted to the only remaining topic — themselves. Now others got tired of listening to this, but it didn't matter, because they

were all doing it, too.

So there arose that quality about people that everyone accused everyone else of having — selfishness — and everyone was just about right. In truth, it had existed a long time before that, but it had never been recognized and put in its proper place.

When college girls got together for a meal it was always this: "What kind of tests does Babcock give? Are they hard? You know what? Pretty soon Richardson is going to spring a test on us in "psych" class and I'm going to be sunk". This was about the extent of their conversation, so you can see for yourself to what a level they'd sunk. A person needed to be long of wind and numb up above to last out an evening of talk like this. For those who did it, it really wasn't hard—just take a deep breath, and let it all tumble out. The subject (yourself) could stand a lot of wear and tear. There was no limit to what you could say; it was just a matter of endurance. The situation had been solved.

This comes from off in another room somewhere, "I'll be lucky if I get a "C" out of the course. I'm telling yuh." and all the while expecting a "B" and working like hell for an "A".

The trouble was that the poor souls could never see beyond their noses, because there was a mirror out on the ends of their noses, and all they could see was themselves. They, too, were hurrying. Hurrying to get their studying done. Hurrying through their meals. Hurrying to class. Hurrying off in the evening to the library or to the show, and then hurrying to get home on time.

No, the days were clearly not long enough. Most of the nights had to be used, too. After all, some thought the human body didn't need nearly as much sleep as had been thought.

But for the most part people found it difficult to conform to the culture of speed which was well-oiled already and going strong when they entered the world. Remember the businessman who had to sit up late at night

entertaining his business associates, and the tired, overworked stenographer. But they couldn't help themselves, and the wheels of fate spun rapidly on.

After a time the human race began to show signs of wear. Many people developed heart disease, or nervous breakdowns, or cancer, or nephritis. Doctors came together from all parts of the world. Oh, yes, it was easy enough to see what the matter was. But it would be a hard job for them to drive the fact home to the people. One day a boy went dashing up a flight of steps. Undoubtedly he did it quite often, but this time a nurse stopped him and reminded him of what he already knew. He had a bad heart. If you had asked where and

why he was going in such a hurry, he would probably have shrugged his shoulders and laughed. You see, he had caught the fever. Other people were dashing about seeing how long a pair of shoes wouldn't last them, and he must, too. It was, after all, an uncommon thing to see anyone taking his time, and if he did, he was shoved around and oggled at so much that it was downright disagreeable.

Yes, that was a terrible age, and we can thank our lucky stars that it is gone—never to return. For man got wise to himself, found out just what he could do and how he could best do it. And only when he came to these realizations did wisdom, justice, and good will come to resume their rightful places in this world.

The Bell

By MISUNAS, '39

I am the bell,

*cast not with the blood of the virgin
but cast with the blood of a million men,
the sweat and grime of a million men
in the mine.
in the mine.*

I ring but rarely

*only once a year—once a year,
my deep metallic, subterranean sound
caresses a couple, as they look
into the year.
into the year.*

I ring but slowly

*only once a year—once a year
I caress a man—dressed in starch and silver
chromium and glass, chromium and glass.
He is tired.
deathly tired.*

I swing but inexorably

*and only once a year—once a year
from the fog soaked unknowable night
I tell them nothing—nothing. For I am
only a bell.
only a bell.
only a bell.*

A Successful Failure

By GRACE HUBOI, '42

In the heart of Chicago, Carl was born some fifty-odd years ago. He grew up in, and built his life around, the seething streets of this blustering city. His life is symbolic of the spirit of Chicago—of visions and struggles, of rising above obstacles.

When Carl was twelve years old his father left the family. This threw the burden of the support of the mother and three younger children upon the thin shoulders of the small lad. He left grade school then, and cheerfully accepted the responsibilities of a man. His day-light hours were spent bent over a sewing machine in a skirt-binding factory. Night found him dashing around the city as a telegraph messenger. When he was old enough, he dropped his messenger's suit to don the blue-grey uniform of Uncle Sam's helper—the mail man. A worthy occupation—yes—but he longed for other things. To satisfy an insatiable desire for learning, he studied while he worked, with his mail-bag on one arm and an open book in the other hand. By attending night classes he became a licensed

chiropractor. In his office on Belmont and Clark streets business flourished during those almost-forgotten "boom" years.

No casual observer would call him a "success" to-day. A bent figure jogging along with a mail-bag slung across his back, he has resumed his former means of a livelihood. Yet, upon looking more closely, you might detect a gleam in his eye and a youthful spring in his step. Life is still full of things to do and to learn! There is a reason for that gleam in his eye. He is turning his fondest dream into a reality. Brick upon brick, he is building a home in the country. The result of the work and plans of several years and of the aid of his architect son, it will soon be completed. He will desert the big city, which he has known so long, for the country life where he will be able to pursue a dozen hobbies.

This man is more than a symbol of an over-coming spirit to me. He is a help and an inspiration; and more than that—my Dad.

Sonnet

By LOIS SMETHURST, '39

*The sun rejoices in my lover's hair,
And makes a glowing glory round his head.
The blue sky of the day is passing fair,
But stars and midnight in his eyes are wed.
His brow is like a wind-swept, lofty hill.
His lips are sweet and dizzying as wine.
His strength is as a mountain, dangerous, still.
His tenderness persuades me to resign
My living to his loving. And I wait,
My love on tiptoe trembling like a flame,
To hear his hurrying steps come in my gate;
But sadly slow they leave, as suddenly lame.
But oh, my dearest, should there chance a day
When slow they come, and quickly speed away.*

Time The Absolute

In emulation of Walt Whitman's "To Think of Time"
By ARTHUR GUMBRELL, '39

To think of time—of things that have been
To think of centuries—of millions of hours to come

Have you remembered that you will cease to think?
Have you considered that your mind will cease,
Like an exhausted dry-cell battery, to function?
Have you stood at the barriers of infinity in shocked despair
and wondered
"Will the world cease to be when I have gone"?

To think that three centuries ago a man wrote "Utopia"
and another man wrote "Arcadia"
and in another century another man reflected and produced his
child of thought, "Gulliver's Travels"
To think that these men saw the same sun rise in the same east!
To think that these men looked at people passing in the street
and wondered what they thought!
To think that we are here and they are gone!

Not a second passes, not a flick of the eyelash, not a flicker of thought
Not a pendulum swings—without a life ending.

The dreary days ended
The happy days ended
The summer has flown and the winter is flying
The choir has sung
and souls have been saved
The minister mumbled
Two souls have been knotted
The spinning jenny passed and the factories are humming
A stage has decayed, the railroads are leaving.
Wars have been fought,
Plays have been wrung from the hearts of the suffering.
Tomorrow a Spaniard will grovel in slime. Three thousand miles
away a yellow man,
a dirty, peked, retching yellow man
will look at Buddha, swallow a mouthful of rice and groan—
groan not with hunger, nor pain, nor affliction,
groan with dismay and disgust at the eternity that every tomorrow
he stares in the face.

To think that I have seen the Spaniard,
To think that I have seen the Chinaman,
To think that three centuries hence another I will stand
in awesome contemplation
in lush, resigned dejection
before the fabled reputation of Hemingway the great.
A woman will move them, Pearl Buck will move millions of I's
to pity a rice eater
even as I, I right now—this minute—this second—this now—
pity a rice eater.

A reminiscence of a time that is, not was,
a memory of a day that yet will be.
Are you to say, or even I, omniscient I
who know that time is as trees rushing by a train,
reversible—

Are we to say that Jude and Tess no longer live?

Are we to say Dickens pitied and loved—

Whom did he love?

Himself, of course—

Are we to say that he no longer lives?

Are we to say that days have fled and chalked their passage on
a slate and that the slate has been erased and now those days
have gone and there is no remembrance, there is no repetition,
nor is there an infinite pause of a day in its jump from
the precipice of yesterday?

Are we to say the I that once was Dickens is no more?

I, the I that is I,

read a book today, today that you call yesterday,

I read this book—I still am reading it this instant

This book was Richard Feverel

and I thought.

My God, is this man I or am I he? And then I thought.

There was no Richard Feverel, or if there was, I am he who wrote

this book! who loves as I love! who suffers as I suffer! who

has felt the restraints of convention as I have! Not Richard Feverel.

No I am he who wrote this book.

Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Hardy, Proust, Mann, Poe.

Who are these men?

Do these men live or are they dead?

Who knows but I.

Who reads these men but I.

Who understands to the last bitter sob but I.

How can you know what these men intended

Raskolnikow is I, Anna is I, Jude is I, all are I—yes,

and I alone, for I alone see that they live and to live how

can they live but in I.

Hans Castorp talked of time. He talked of time and scorned
to run.

Hans Castorp knew, he knew, he knew

What did he know?

Dead souls are bought and sold.

Old Gogol sold them.

But if he sold them, then they lived for he thought them.

What did Hans Castorp know?

He knew they lived; he scorned to run.

This Hans Castorp is nothing.
No, Thomas Mann is nothing.
Adam Bede is nothing.
Pere Coriot is nothing.
Ernest Truex is nothing.
Hamlet is nothing.
Foma Godyeef is nothing.

Everything is nothing but I.

If everything is nothing but I.
Am I to know that today will be tomorrow?
Am I to know that today was yesterday?
Am I to be an atom in a vacuum?

If everything is something and I am something
Why not each second a minute ticking off upon the brain?

To think of time?
You still will think of time, of all that introspection.
A thought imperishable—
A Magic Mountain.

Desertion

By DON WARNER, '40

*Perhaps the clouds, grown weary of their play,
Or beckoned by the lure of unknown skies,
Forgot him as they raced the waning day
Toward evening's western home—that paradise
Of light and quiet darkness—and left him
there,
A timid ball of fluff, to wander through
An empty blueness, high above the bare,
Unheeding world—or, like streams that swell
anew
With April floods, and rush along between
Moss-covered banks of rock, dropping small
curls
Of turbid water as they go, in keen,
Well-defined circles and miniature whirls—
The winds swept heaven clean, leaving only
A pool of white within a cobalt sea.*

Orson Welles As I Knew Him

By HELENE REED, '41

Recently in our newspapers we read of the radio sketch that had our nation nearly panic-stricken in an hour. The next day we all enjoyed laughing at the farce, some of us rather sheepishly, perhaps, but I imagine the producer got the biggest laugh. Nor should we begrudge him the biggest laugh, for he well deserved it. I find it convenient to set down a short tale of Orson Welles, the perpetrator of that program, as I have known him.

I live in Woodstock, Illinois, which is also the home of Todd boarding school for boys. Orson Welles was sent there about thirteen years ago by his guardian at the death of his parents. It was there I first remember seeing him in 1929 at my first dancing party at Todd. Betty Hill, my closest friend, whose father owned Todd, was standing next to me as the boys moved bashfully towards us to ask for the first dance. I remember distinctly Betty's nudging me and whispering, "Don't dance with the pudgy one. He stands on your feet". That was Orson Welles. He stood on my feet many times after that.

My next distinct impression of Orson, other than soul imprints, occurred during the running of the World's Fair in Chicago. After much use of the persuasive method, Betty and I had obtained our parents' permission to go to the fair without them, providing a Todd boy accompanied us. But Mrs. Hill concluded that she would send Orson with us as he knew the "worth-while" things. We griped as only thirteen-year olds can, and Betty presented our final decision on the matter. "That won't be any fun. Mother and Dad think he's a genius; I think he's nuts". And that was our opinion of Orson Welles.

By the time of Orson's graduation from Todd, the Hills had virtually adopted the orphaned boy. As a graduation present, he was given a trip abroad. Mr. Hill advised him to shop around, as it were, before deciding upon his future career, for his talents and interests in dramatics,

writing, and painting were equal.

He went straight to Dublin, Ireland, and the Abbey Theatre, where he presented himself as a veteran actor from Broadway. For some reason, perhaps after seeing him in a try-out, the manager took him at his word and he acquired leading roles.

After a year of success Orson returned to conquer New York. Mr. Hill and Orson's official guardian made some connections for him, and in two weeks Katherine Cornell had seen Orson act and was interested enough to ask him to join her company. He stayed with her till the summer of 1934 when he brought a company of his own to Woodstock to open a summer theatre for Chicago audiences.

It was during this summer that my personal opinion of Orson Welles suffered a radical change. I saw Welles and his drama in various phases. Often Betty and I sat in on rehearsals, and one week we were able even to participate in the mob scenes. We watched Orson gather his company at eleven in the morning and march them down main street, practising as they went along, till they reached the old town square and the old "opery" house. Their eccentric appearances, uncut hair, sandaled-feet, extraordinary clothes, called for raucous laughs from the perennial loafers around the square, but to me it was only a setting for his genius. I had acquired a definition of "genius" since the day during the World's Fair, and that definition was "Orson Welles". I became his lasting admirer from the time of that first rehearsal to his last performance of the king in *Hamlet*. And all Woodstock half awoke to his genius the night they saw Katherine Cornell rise from the audience as a tribute to his acting after he had answered dozens of curtain calls.

It was during this summer that Orson Welles met his wife-to-be, Virginia Nicholsen, whom he married the following fall. The couple spent their honeymoon on the Todd farm on the outskirts of Woodstock. For two

months I again saw Orson at informal gatherings and gained still more admiration for him.

February of 1935 saw the beginning of his brilliant climb to top-ranking Broadway producer-actor-director. He is the originator of the Mercury Theater, noted for its "Julius Caesar" in modern dress. It is the radio view of Mercury Theater that succeeded in startling its public three weeks ago.

This, perhaps, has been a very

New School of Art

By WALT LORIMER, '40

This gentleman, of whom you've heard, was never much to show off.

He hung his hulk along the wall and didn't blow off.

He was depressed, repressed, distressed, inhibited, and touchy.

He loved to sing, to shout, to dance; and yet he wasn't much—he.

And then one day along the way he saw an advertisement.

In forty days he soon could play to everyone's surprisement.

He took the course, of course. His course, of course, was none too easy.

In forty days his class, alas, was hardly much less wheezy.

He took to dance and turned his glance to new swings terpsichorean.

He broke his arm, revised his aims, and turned to art pre-Dorian.

He tried to draw straight lines and things; his figures seemed to bog.

That is, until the day, hooray, the day he drew the dog.

The dog he drew looked like a shoe with angles architectural.

With touches of a battleship in posture circumspetual.

As for his nose, he had no nose; his feet were

vague biographical sketch of Orson Welles; for a complete biography would be a volume of vivid and interesting impressions that almost everyone would appreciate and enjoy. The reading of such a volume has been an actual experience for me. To Orson Welles I owe a fuller appreciation of good drama and acting. And during vacation I have a fresh enjoyment in store in meeting the comparatively new addition to the Welles family. I hope she can be half the genius her father is.

broken glasses.

His tail was rope, his eyes were soap, and for his chin, molasses.

The gentleman thought of naught else, and so he called it "Canine".

He wrote a poem as vile as this and called it "Roundelay Nine".

He tacked the verse beneath the art, began an exhibition.

He bought a ghastly rainbow tie. He'd lost his inhibition.

So screwballs came from far and wide to view his inspiration.

Came rubbernecks to art review from over all the nation.

Society from Europe came; they thought that it was awesome.

The gentleman stayed far away. He wouldn't even draw some.

He'd reached the top. His name would live. In art he was a genius.

He bought a house beside the road and grew himself gardenius.

He gave up art. He dared not draw.

His figures seemed to bog.

His bankroll has fared better since the day he drew the dog.

The day, I say, the day, hooray, the day he drew the dog!

A Note in Praise of P. G. Wodehouse

By CATHARINE WINN, '39

Along with Charlie McCarthy, I think P. G. Wodehouse should be awarded a medal or degree of Master of Innuendo and Snappy Comeback. Over a considerable period of time, through depressions and booms, through best sellers, both romantic and morbid, he has endured, as the last fortress of a vanishing frontier—the humorous actor. With his slightly muddle headed characters, and their preposterous names, his delightfully silly situations, and conversation, and above all, the ease of manner which pervades all his work, he is a welcome oasis in a wilderness of psychoanalytic writers, morbid poets, and deliberately startling innovators.

Perhaps it seems unwarranted to classify him with Twain and Lardner. I have my reasons.

First, he has given us a character who will endure because he is of universal interest—the English butler. His Jeeves, who says little, who is never described in detail, seems to us an old friend each time we pick up a copy of a new Wodehouse story. Bertie, the dashing, carefree, ne'er do well, who depends so utterly upon his "gentleman's gentleman" is an un-

forgettable type.

They aren't real in the sense that they are like the people we meet every day but who cares? In their setting, so tersely and accurately set by Mr. Wodehouse, they move as you would have them move, let fall from their lips the quips at which Mr. Wodehouse is so adroit, and walk pleasantly into your room. You love it.

Second, he has lifted many people out of the humdrum existence they lead into a world where anything may happen, and usually does. Incidentally, I think that Mr. Wodehouse's gift for magnifying and accelerating an insignificant situation until it takes on the proportions he wishes, is unexcelled even among some of our so-called "great" modern writers. Is it sacrilege or dare I say that much of his comedy reminds me of nothing so much as the Shakespeare of the *Comedy of Errors*?

If it is true that good literature need not have a purpose or a moral, if it need only entertain and be "its own excuse for being"—then Mr. Wodehouse can take a place among the immortals, and not feel apologetic in the least.

Vagrant

By DON WARNER, '40

*The wind is like a crying child tonight
Who whimpers in the dark for some small
place*

*To rest his tired head—some friendly light
To shine upon a dear, familiar face
Or fill a well-remembered room with warm,
Sweet-shaded brightness—and finding none of
these,*

*Winks back the tears, disdainful of the storm
Within his heart, the trembling of his knees,
The hardness in his throat, and trudges on,
Tapping softly at strange windows, and doors
Which will not let him in—lifting his wane,
Hopeful face to watch the smoke that soars
Skyward from far-off chimneys, and sighing
then,*

For dawn to come and guide him home again.

Fraternity of Trouble

By KAY RUEBER, '41

A Surrealist painter, a civil engineer, an ex-bootlegger, a truck farmer and a day laborer sat in the shabby living room and played penny ante. Men who three years before had been separated by their stations in life had found a sudden calamity in common—the depression and their subsequent joblessness—and therefore they sat in temporary brotherhood. They had ceased to censor each other's way of life. Each realized that the other faced his new status and did the best he might. The farmer, strict to rigidity in his own moral conduct roared with the others at the ex-bootlegger's tale of how he obtained five dollars by stealing a farmer's collie dog and selling it to a man on the other side of town only to steal it back a week later and claim the reward the original owner offered. The police questioned him later and they couldn't prove anything, but when the laborer's little son died the bootlegger sent his last five dollars toward funeral expenses, although he ate only potatoes and home-grown string beans for a week afterward.

The men borrowed each other's cars when any of them would run, and each other's shoes when they went in search of work. The engineer's daughter carefully made over her clothes for the daughter of the truck farmer who was several years her junior.

The grape vines of the artist bore heavily one year and the families all had grape jelly till they felt permanently purple about the mouth—next year was a hard year and the only things that bore fruit were the pear

trees, and one of the five men still turns slightly yellow at sight of canned pears.

The engineer helped the painter tap the light wires and reconnect his lights when the company turned them off because the bill hadn't been paid for three months. The men went out together in the morning to their WPA jobs and returned together, mud-stained and cold, to their suppers and game of penny ante. After while it got so they couldn't afford to use pennies. They played with match folders and drank their evening coffee black as they discussed long and earnestly the state of the nation and less long the state of their wallets. When the bootlegger was evicted from the shack he had been renting the painter took him in. They pooled their resources and got along somehow. Crushing a scant handful of withered berries on top of the ever apparent cornstarch pudding. At Christmas time the farmer sent his last chickens to his neighbors for a real Christmas dinner, and the bootlegger, no one knows how, obtained trees for the three men who had little children. They borrowed coal when it was cold and scoured the woods in search of timber, which they cut and divided. When one ate, they all ate. When one was warm, the others were.

A year ago, however, the bootlegger departed—his whereabouts are now unknown; and six months later the laborer and the farmer stopped playing poker evenings—they couldn't afford the stakes.

I know, for the home they played in was mine.

A Goodly Heritage

By EDYTHE POTTER, '41
(With apologies to Mary Ellen Chase)

When John and Mary Rochford were married in Chicago in 1857, that budding metropolis was a city of some eighty thousand inhabitants, four "first class" hotels, literally thousands of log huts, a railroad terminal and almost unbelievably dirty streets. As was true throughout the West, there was far more work than available labor, and a good living could be made with a team and wagon, as John had been doing since he had arrived. When the team died—believed to have been maliciously poisoned—it was to the land that John and Mary turned, making their home with Patrick Rochford, who had homesteaded some sixty miles to the westward. Since most of the land had been settled in that district, John preferred to wait until he could buy rather than homestead; besides, my grandmother had announced her impending arrival and this was no time to expect a seventeen-year-old woman to make a home on the prairie, regardless of the tales of courage which may have drifted back to them from the frontier.

Mary had her share of courage and fortitude, and was not lacking in the pioneering instinct, else why had she renounced the comforts of a Philadelphia home for the precarious life of a settler? While Irish women are notably resourceful, my great-grandmother was no frontier's-woman, and was treated accordingly. Much was demanded of her and much she gave, but what she received in turn must have been good, indeed, for a more contented woman never lived. Besides her kindness and tolerance, her humor, her faith and innate gentility, she possessed, as did many of her generation, a peace of mind and a repose of spirit that no amount of "emancipation" had achieved for her posterity.

When finally they did acquire a farm, they were by no means settled for life. At last, however, they settled on the farm near Shabbona, Illinois, which became their home, where the children grew up, and where originated the tales and anecdotes which I have tried to collect and preserve, at least in memory.

Of the ten children born to Mary, nine were girls, which circumstance prompted her to reply on being asked how many she had,

"Sure, I've nine girls and a brother for ivery wan of thim!" and her victim's amazement would be drowned in her merry laughter.

But Tom, the lone son, never suffered for lack of henchmen, for the two oldest girls were well able to keep pace with him. In fact, so numerous were the times they set it that Tom was wont to remark philosophically,

"Well, the Lord said 'Blessed art thou amongst women!'"

In those days fun, when there was time for it, did not come from the toy-shop of a department store. Instead, a bed-sheet, ingeniously draped from a rope strung on pulleys from an upstairs window to a near-by tree made a Hallowe'en "ghost" realistic enough to send a superstitious Irish farm hand scurrying down the road in the gathering dusk.

The teacher at Shabbona Grove School when my grandmother was a small girl was a young man marking time, as it were, until he saved enough money to enter some other profession, and utterly devoid of classroom technique. The conduct of his scholars frequently went beyond his discipline, and the Rochford children were no exception. Modern pedagogi is prone to lament those "dark ages" when a hickory switch was part of the school furniture, and when the children were, supposedly, stiff little models of deportment, possessed of unmentionable frustrations and inhibitions. Judging from the tales my grandmother tells, I fail to see that times have changed so radically—students still use the profession as a stepping-stone, and the Rochford children wouldn't have known a frustration if it jumped out at them from behind the water bucket, while this littly ditty adequately expresses their complete lack of inhibitions:

An eagle flying from the South
Held our teacher in his mouth,
And finding that he had a fool,
Dropped him in the Shabbona Grove
School.

The Rochford farm in those days was such a home as men love to reminisce upon. A large white house set well back from the road, pillared porch, spacious lawn, and the whole enclosed by one of the few picket fences of the community, presented a picture strongly reminiscent of New England. When, in later years, the young swains used the beauty of that fence as an excuse for frequent visits, John Rochford's eyes would twinkle and his lips twitch, for well he knew it was merely incidental to the charms of the attractive girls behind it!

But there was little time for flirting over the picket fence. What labor was obtainable was transient and undependable, so that the great part of the work must be done by the family. I've heard my grandmother tell how, at the age of five, she worked in the field planting corn, following along behind a man who dug the hills with a hoe; how some small boys from the village were employed to speed the work, and planted the corn in handfuls, so that my grandmother had to cover the territory again to gather the surplus seed; how Tom, almost as soon as he was able to say "Gee" and "Haw", rode the reaper, with legs still so short that a box had to be fastened in front of him for a foot-rest, else he would have been under the wheels more often than in the seat.

Much of the history of that region centers around the Potawatomi chief, Shaubena. Although he had left that region long before the Rochfords came, he had been a frequent visitor at the adjoining farm of my other great-grandparents, the Griffins. Shaubena was a most humane savage, not all averse to walking into the Griffin kitchen about supper-time, without knocking, and toasting his moccasined feet in the oven with the rest of the men until the meal was ready. His appetite was always in top condition, and had his tribe been less friendly, he might have been suspected of working a confidence racket, but it was a small price to pay for protec-

tion against Black Hawk and the half-breed, Gurty, whose raids were an ever-present danger.

The story goes that one, Mr. Morse, of the community, walking through the Grove one day, discovered a squaw imprisoned in a triangular pen of logs from which she could easily have freed herself. When Morse attempted to do so, he was made to understand through sign language and frantic gestures that Shaubena had ordered her punished for a misdeed and here she must remain until officially released.

There is very little, if anything, to be said in defense of the white man's treatment of the Potawatomis. It is to Shaubena's eternal credit that he never resorted to drastic revenge. His favorite expression, and one he used often in his dealings, was "Ne conche muchamen,"—"Me friend of White Man."

There are hundreds of pictures and incidents that crowd my mind as I try to imagine what those lives were like that have contributed to my own being. Churning day; the attic stocked with home-made cheeses; the cellar where stood the winter supply of Russets, Greenings, Jonathans, and sweet, spicy snow apples; the pet lamb, that, as in Mother Goose, followed Mary to school; the day Katie, after jam, climbed the pantry shelves, which gave way, spreading Katie and preserves all over the floor; the barn dances at which my grandfather and his brothers, in later years, set the tempo with their "fiddles"; my grandmother at the piano—considered the best "chorder" of the community; the fated wash-day when little three-year-old Fannie skipped gaily around the corner of the house to trip over the rim of the cistern and lose her life in its watery depths; the odd little calico dress she never wore, which lies folded in one of my drawers along with the family christening dress.

While a great deal must be left to the imagination, some of the pictures are more vivid than others to me, for I, too, have attended a country

school; eaten the windfalls, which tasted so much better than the apples we buy in stores; fled before an irate bull; chased dragon-flies down by the creek; sipped the Elysian waters of the pasture spring; listened to the "ker-chink, ker-chink" of the dasher change to "ka-chunk, ka-chunk", as the cream became butter; tapped my feet to the rhythms of "Money Musk",

"Gary Owen", and "Connaught Man's Rambles"; cherish the "fiddle" on which they were played. And as I visualized those lives from my meagre knowledge and experience, history comes alive. Even the Pilgrims are human, closer, a part of the whole vast panorama.

It is, indeed, a goodly heritage.

To A Northern Church

By DORIS POPANZ, '40

*A bit of blue in the great north woods,
Outlined with pine trees and birch;
And there in the clearing close by its shores,
Stood a brave little white-faced church.*

*At dawn a white deer came down to drink
A toast from the cup-like bay.
And there, by the church in the clearing
I watched the white deer fleet away.*

*The birds build their nests by the tiny lake
In the boughs of the pine tree and birch.
But the organ and hymn books are idle
In the grim little white-faced church.*

*There in the clearing, close by the shores,
Outlined with pine trees and birch
Sag the stones of the fathers, the founders
Of the brave little white-faced church.*

*The deer takes communion at dawning;
While birds sing their joy to the breeze;
The tiny blue lake is a promise;
The sermon is read by the trees.*

*Sleep on you brave fathers, the founders
Of the grim little white-faced church.
Let the lake be the promise you carried
Told by the pine tree and birch.*

Three Squares A Day

By STEWART KASER, '41

Mr. John Smith, 25, of Midville, Mo. is not interested. He is not interested in the national debt. He is not interested in Japan's invasion of China. He is not interested in inflation, the price of the ruble, the complete Aryianism in Germany, the tariff on imported silk, or the W.C.T.U.

Mr. John Smith, 25, of Midville, Mo. is interested. He is interested in his filling station on the corner of Main and First Streets. He is interested in the price of beef steak. He is interested in Miss Mamie Jones, the payments on his new car, the Notre Dame-Army football game, the three cents deposit on milk bottles, and his indigestion.

Six months ago when he was out of work, John was sure something was wrong with the country. He read quite a few articles in the *Saturday Evening Post* and began to tell his friends earnestly: "Something's got to be done. Roosevelt is spending too much money. Here we are with ten million people unemployed and all he does is spend more money. We can't get out of the depression that way. Who's going to pay for it, that's what I want to know; who's going to pay for it? He doesn't do nothing constructive, he just sits around there in Washington talking over a lot of screwy plans with a bunch of college professors trying to think of a new way to tax somebody. Every place it's the same. I'm a good mechanic, but can I get a job? No. And why, I ask you why? Because something's wrong, that's why."

Three months ago he borrowed money from his brother and bought the filling station. He makes on an average of twenty-five dollars a week

and has started to pay his brother back. He doesn't read much any more, because he is pretty busy, but he says: "Well, it's these depressions that keep us from going soft in this country. We always have had them, and I guess we always will. After all, there's nothing really wrong with these old United States. Whenever there's any trouble you find a lot of these here agitators coming around trying to stir people up. As long as we keep minding our own business, and stick pretty close to the good old Constitution, I don't think we'll have much trouble. After all, I got nothing to kick about, I'm getting my three squares a day."

Three squares a day. That has been John Smith's philosophy for centuries and it seems to be his philosophy today. A thing missed by many of the agitators whom John talks about is that John has never been greatly concerned about the "something wrong" with the country until it begins to touch on his three square meals a day. It is very hard for John Smith to get worked up about the terrible things that will happen to the United States if a certain party does or does not get into power, if his stomach is full. It is very hard for him to worry about the civil war in Spain if his girl has just snubbed him.

This fact has always been decried by the liberals, and radicals; it has always been commended by the conservatives and reactionaries, but commended or decried, it remains a fact and evidently shall continue to remain one whether the times are troubled or peaceful.

By the way, John Smith and Mamie Jones are being married next Sunday at the Congregational Church.

On Knitting

By JEAN RITZMAN, '40

Along with a good, old-fashioned winter and its blizzards, an old-time recreation has "come in." Knitting, the one time pastime of grandmothers, has become the rage of the decade. The clinging-violet has tried it; the hulking, six-footer now clicks merrily away with abandon; and even some of the masculine species have taken up the noble art. The sport is not confined to poor nor to rich; nor is the arena limited. There is the time-worn tradition of the fireplace for concentration or for contentment, but this place has given way to the more modern location of basketball games or the movies. One goes to see the Friday night dime thriller, "Shoot-in' Sam from Alabam" and as he sees the hero go dashing down the road on horseback, pursued by revenuers, he becomes conscious of an excited "click-click" behind him. He turns. The woman behind is knitting a red sweater. It may even happen that during the last few seconds of play at a game, when the home team is

trailing by one point, one's neighbor informs him that his jostling has caused her to drop a stitch.

Now I—I laughed at all who had been smitten by this folly. Wasteful, I declared, and at first I believe myself. I should never get "hooked-up" with anything like that. When I first began to admire some pinkish-lavender objects of curiosity—home-knitted sweaters—my better sense should have warned me that I was tottering. The wisest course would have been to hop a freight for the nearest uncivilized region right then, but when I began looking around at colored yarns myself, I fell—bitten by the germ and badly infected. A week later I chose some vile blue yarn and began. Now I've joined the "sit-by-fire—or-at-a game—or-at-the movies—and-knit" group. Oddly enough, my first attempts seem to look different from the finished products of the more advanced knitters. Nevertheless, I stick to it—"knit one, purl one, drop one."

Wishing

By CLARISSA McLAUGHLIN, '38

*If wishes were phrases
And phrases could find
Expressions as quickly
As thoughts in the mind—*

*If wishes were poems
And poems were wrought
As quickly as pictures
Are found in our thought—*

*If wishes were letters I've
Wanted to write
And written as quickly
As ever they might—*

*If wishes were deeds
That I've wanted to do—
I'm sure I would never
Be finished and through.*

*But wishing is one thing
And doing is one—
I wish I could do
All I wish I had done!*

On A Feather

By MARGARETE BAUM, '42

*Gilded floating thing
Circling down through balmy air
Falling from some soaring wing
That passed there,
Some flicker's ornament, now lost,
Rare, unreplaced. Tremendous cost
Could not replace thy gold-embossed
Shining beauty there.*

Rhythms

By VIRGINIA ROHRSEN, '40

Sweet band of smoothies
in a scintillating ballroom
pouring out a liquid
sirup of sound
with muted violins, saxophones,
vibraharp and
soft, swaying horn.

Sweaty nigger cats
in a smokefilled tavern
pounding out stomp
on a cracked eighty-eight
with a red-hot piston
screaming jive-stick
snapping bass and
mad jolting drums.

A Night of Stars

By KAY RUEBER, '41

*I stood on my tip toes to catch a star.
And eagerly reached for the light's long spar,
It leaped lightly back with a mocking wink,
Laughed gayly at me and continued to blink.
Then a reflection was caught in the dew;
My Star was on earth in the feverfew.
But more often in windswept skies I beseech
The Stars that are always beyond my reach.*

A Ballade

By ELISABETH STORM, '41

When you were young and adventure-bound,
Your spirit as free as a bird in its flight—
Your feet scarcely knowing the feel of the
ground,
Each turn in the road was a welcome delight.
But now you are old and no longer so gay;
Your spirit has found that the world is too
wide;
Your feet know the paths with no turn in the
way—
Oh, dear is the warmth of your own fireside!

Once there were lands that had never been
found—
Cities eternally, beckoning, bright,
You longed to travel the whole world round;
Each turn in the road was a welcome delight.
Alas, since you know that the far-famed
Cathay
Has the same need as you for a faith and a
guide,
That they're all struggling on through the
night toward the day,
Oh, dear is the warmth of your own fireside.

Your ears once were filled with the song so
renowned,
The chant of the vagabond, carefree and light;
And you rose and you followed the clear-call-
ing sound;
Each turn in the road was a welcome delight.
And then the song faded—was gone with the
May,
But deep symphonies, when the phantom air
died,
Have taken its place and forever will play—
Oh, dear is the warmth of your own fireside!

Yes, long ere you felt the approach of the
night
Each turn in the road was a welcome delight;
But now, with the darkness and ebb of the tide,
Oh, dear is the warmth of your own fireside.

Why Women Are Catty

By CATHARINE WINN, '39

I think, in fact I'm sure, that it was Dorothy Parker who wrote a very discerning and apt little tidbit, of which the gist was that she hoped she'd meet, someday, somewhere, a man who wouldn't "relate in accents suave, the tales of girls he used to have." True, the rhyme is distressing, but the thought—well, that's something else again. With due apologies to Mr. Aristotle and men of his ilk, I consider that one of the most fundamental philosophic thoughts that the world has produced.

Eve, besides being the first woman in the world, was also the luckiest. Not only did she not have any in-laws but Adam couldn't get away with talking about the other women in his life. He couldn't come home from a poker party with the "boys" with blonde hairs on his collar, or work late at the office with a secretary looking like a combination of Myrna Loy and Ginger Rogers.

But we are wandering a little from the main issue. Nowadays, one rarely finds a man so naive and trusting as to discuss his love life with any other woman in print, or fine Spencerian hand, as the case may be. If he does, it's likely to be found in good time in a court room, labeled "Exhibit A". But talking is not exclusively a feminine trait. No, really it isn't.

There are as many ways of dragging the ex-flame into the conversation as there are men. There is the devious method, the deliberately subtle, the antagonistic, the reminiscent, and once in a blue moon, the unconscious utterance, to mention only a few.

The devious method is much the most interesting because you're never sure just exactly what he's getting at until it's all over and the shouting has died. It's quite obvious that he has thought it out before at home, probably practicing in front of his mirror—if he has one (sometimes you wonder.) He's thought out your answers too. That's where the rub comes. Since you haven't added mind-reading to your long list of accomplishments, the answers come out wrong and there he is, at a complete loss.

A strong man at a loss is a pitiful sight. When he mentioned ice-skating and the exhibitions he has seen, you were to register interest and murmur "Yes?" and he was to launch into a one-sided discussion of the time he had seen Sonja Henie and how much Lillian had enjoyed her, too. The result being that you were to curl up a little at the edges, turn a terrible shade of green, and wish Lillian in an early grave. Unfortunately for the young man, you don't react that way, being an independent soul who doesn't think that being able to roll your eyes and listen, a la Doris Blake, is a sure way to success with any man. No, you have your ideas about ice-skating, too, and proceed to enlarge upon them. You never see that man again.

In order for a man to employ the subtle method of injecting another young lady into the conversation, he must be fairly well acquainted with you—at least to such a degree that the nuances of his particular brand of subtlety will not be wasted on the desert air. A good way to do it is to draw a comparison. Something like this usually results. "You certainly look swell in black. Susie always did, too—although she was a brunette and you're sort of a dishwasher blonde." No change of expression—he evidently doesn't realize that you are an ash blonde and very proud of the fact. This usually serves to break up the most promising of romances in record time.

Bridge games generally bring out the antagonistic method. Inadvertently the young lady plays a king on the trick that her partner had previously trumped. In a rage at being foiled for a grand slam, the man in question indignantly informs you that Elsie never did such things. You think that Elsie was probably a paragon of a woman, combining the virtues of a mechanical robot and Venus de Milo, to hear him talk. You retort that you consider bridge a game for the feeble-minded, or at least the very dull or borderline cases, thereby alienating two of your best friends as well as the

man you are stuck with for the evening. P. S. It was the last evening. The reminiscent is by far the most annoying method and the hardest with which to cope. The setting—a romantic country spot—a harvest moon — steaks sizzling over a fire — it couldn't be better. Suddenly he, or it, rouses himself from munching potato chips to say to the other man of the party—"George, where was it we had that picnic last spring?" George doesn't know. "Well, you remember, don't you?" eyeing you almost menacingly, you think. You murmur sweetly that you wouldn't remember, hav-

ing entered his life about two weeks previous. The light begins to dawn. "Oh, yes," he reminisces, "I was going with Gertie then—oh, yes"— He is lost in reverie but not so far gone that he can't consume most of the food.

Well, girls, are we women or vermin? We have lived too long under the stigma of the "catty sex". Remove other women from your conversation, boys, and you'll see how lamb-like we can be. But with such provocation as the above, what can a poor girl do?

Unto Others

By WALT LORIMER

*The snow drifts lightly across prairie land
And covers long scars of the farmer's plow.
Away in the dimness a lowing cow
Sighs out in peace. . . Again the snow is
fanned. . .*

*From out of the grey comes slowly a band
Of wanderers whom men will not allow
To work, to live, to be themselves. And now,
Exhausted from the weary march, they stand.
The worn crew halt at their leader's command
And gather round to hear his every word.
"They call us tramps because we roam the land
And never work. Ah, they're so smug! A
bird*

*May coast about the wintry air at ease,
But man must toil and plod to live, or freeze.*

*Oh, Listen to the cow bawl over there,
Her barn well-warmed and belly full of hay!
And hear the distant jack-ass softly bray
In comfort, while we shake here, nearly bare.
And see the bounding rabbit find his lair.
He digs where he will, and need never pay,
But when we build our shacks, we cannot
stay.*

*Men shudder at the thought that we should
dare*

*To build upon their land. They will not spare
A single foot to place their fellow man.*

*Is it because we starve in this cold air
We fail to see distinctly how they can
Sing in their churches. 'Unto others do
As you would have others do unto you?'"*

Broken Homes

By MARGARET M. THOMPSON

Four years in a state university—that day in June Helen's friends and relatives acclaimed her an educated woman. Helen had credits in science, history, political law, solid geometry, English literature and algebra to name but a few. Nowhere in her curriculum had there been room for home arts or practical living. A few months later Helen married Tom. Again their friends exclaimed: "They have every reason to live happily ever after." There our story should end; but no—five years go by. One morning I read in the society news that Helen had returned home; Junior was in a boarding school; Tom was not mentioned. What happened during those years? That we do not know, but we knew the outcome of those five years when we read the paper. We, the public, say: "College young people, the most likely to succeed in marriage." But even with culture, refinement, and the ability to work college algebra, that marriage resulted in a broken home. Why do we who love happy endings receive disappointments? Who is to blame for the catastrophe?

Do you recall the case of the young couple in your circle who entered that happy estate together to return dejected and alone?

America, the land of opportunity. American women, the freest in the world. Women in Congress, women behind the college desk, women pleading cases at the bar—and women in the divorce courts. This profession upon which rests the future of America has been neglected, nay, ignored. We college women are too engrossed in the cause for the fall of the Roman Empire to search for the causes for the disintegration of the American family.

What has been the result? The United States heads the fifteen leading nations of the world in divorce rate. For every one thousand marriages there are 164 divorces.

One gay divorcee has said: "I have had to face the world and myself as a failure in my vocation as a wife and mother. I faced my irate family for bringing the disgrace of divorce into

its blotless history." That divorce was not the cause of the broken home, it was the outward symbol of the wreckage.

That same story is repeated for every third marriage. Divorce has become like an ugly surgical operation. It is never to be taken lightly as it is so often taken. It is painful. It can cripple for life; not only cripple those who are cut apart but their children, too.

"Ah, but there are those two out of three cases who get along all right. They didn't know what lay ahead of them when they took that step." Yes, many people do not take the easiest way out—the divorce court—because of religious beliefs. From that we cannot conclude that their homes are harmonious.

No. The beginnings of adult criminal careers have their sources in juvenile delinquency—the result of a broken, unhappy home life. In a recent study conducted by the Children's Bureau, it was found that seventy-one per cent of all boys and fifty-two per cent of all girls who are classed as juvenile delinquents lived with both parents. To the world outside it was a happy home. To the parents it was a place of torment and dissatisfaction. To the children the street was the only escape—the street with its lure and danger.

My home is in Chicago. The other day I picked up a copy of "the world's greatest newspaper" to read the glaring headline "Youth seized in store robbery." That boy, sixteen years of age, a junior in high school, started his career by hanging out in the corner pool room because his mother and father scrapped all the time, he said, and it made him angry to have them take it out on him. Who was responsible for that boy's crime? He needed satisfaction at home. In an unadjusted home that was impossible. No one cared to give him what he desired. So he left home for the pool hall and the life of a thief. His chances are one in many to go right and his parents are too involved in

their own difficulties to tell him of that one way. Now, who, I repeat, deserves the blame?

Homes broken, lives ruined by the wreckage; children left to drift into the tide of corruption; parents made to suffer the wounds of the sharp axe of despair.

Is there a refuge in sight? Can we cling to anything but chance? Shall we continue in the way of our parents? They said: "Just let them be. They'll learn what they need to know when the time comes; things will always work all right. Don't fill their minds with all of that stuff they learn in college. I didn't know anything when I was married and look at me." Yes, we are looking; we are remembering homes torn by dissension; young friends driven into the whirl of crime. Our parent's way is not the way for us.

We have learned that it is useless to give people freedom before teaching them how to use it. So it seems useless to me to turn people into marriage without telling them how to use it.

The League of Women Voters united to teach women how to exercise their rights as voters as soon as they had been enfranchised. They might now concentrate on teaching women how to exercise their rights to the name mother, and wife.

Dr. Jung, a famous psychologist, once said that woman is the guardian of human relations. If I excuse myself on the plea of faulty choice in my mate, even that does not entirely excuse me from allowing my marriage to fail.

The port toward which to direct our efforts is that called education. Women are educated, but not for the vocation which most of us undertake to succeed in.

In one state university, every student is required to include in his or her curriculum, one semester of practical living. Those young people learn about the mental and sexual adjustments of marriage; they draw up

budgets; they are introduced to the "do's" and "don't's" of a husband or wife; the requisites of a father and mother, child care, and training are all included in this survey course. They leave that university as truly educated people. Their testimony is that they are not frightened out of marriage; they are frightened for those who have no knowledge of it as they have. Such a course of study with its practical value is just one of the life-savers for broken homes.

Not only college people may become educated for marriage. A group of young married women in our neighborhood gathered for tea and bridge. A few of them considered this quite valueless. One young home-maker related one of her problems of adjustment. They hit upon the plan of reading articles in magazines, of reviewing books like *Family Relationships*, and of gathering from their own experience a home-made course in practical living. They had received a trust; they wished to learn how to keep it well. They had entered a vocation; they sought training and consultation for it. For at least one of my friends that club became the cement in the foundation of that home.

Jane also graduated from the state university. Her courses included one in the adjustment of marriage, home planning and child psychology, besides college algebra and Roman history. I said of her: "Jane is an educated woman." Last month I visited her home established six years ago. It said again: "Jane was an educated woman." No broken home was in sight, no disgrace loomed ahead. She was performing her duties wisely and well.

So might many other stories be told on the cheerful side of the picture. Broken home lives need not occur once in three marriages. Children need not be thrust into juvenile delinquency if we women would learn how to be the guardians of human relations. Let us grasp at the life-boat of marriage—educator.

Words - A Gift of The Magi

By ELISABETH STORM, '41

Long ago, before man had the power to give valuable presents to those who would hear his voice, the greatest of all gifts was given to him. It was the gift without which he would have been powerless in his evangelism of truth. It was the gift of words; words that have many forms and many meanings; words that are in themselves a fascinating study.

What range of interpretation and association words have! No other means of communication has such power of imagery. Think of the word "cowbells", for instance. The word itself may bring the sound of a far-away tinkle from the hill pastures, a sound so faint and dim, that it seems to come from another world. The word possesses this power to bring associated images to one's mind.

There are words that cannot be painted. Consider the word "plash". No one can picture the dim splash of oars in the evening twilight; or the furtive splash of timid water creatures as they slip into a pool at your approach. Words alone can call up the shadowy sound.

Words can be gay or sorry; they can be keen or misty, or of the past, present, or future. If you do not believe this, try to think of words that are sharp like "rapier" or "bark" or, sometimes, the words "too late".

Think of words that are misty like "fog" or "pearly" or "fern". Or words that are gay. The word "joyous" should never be used except when describing very young things—children, puppies, or baby rabbits. A grown-up can be joyful or overjoyed, but seldom can one find an adult free enough from the cares of civilization to be truly joyous.

Words can be of the past without being obsolete. Quilts are still used on beds on cold nights, but no one thinks of quilts without thinking of his grandmother or great-grandmother. The same is true of "molasses", still a word in good repute, but one which invariably conjures up visions of molasses cookies made for us by a very dear old lady. Thus we could also find words that are essentially of the present or of the future.

We could find words that open doors and words that are paths that lead in many directions. As Keats said, a word is like a bell which strikes a hundred responsive vibrations in us. We need only to hear a word and it becomes a key to long-forgotten things, or a stepping stone to new knowledge. Words can even furnish hours of absorbing entertainment. They are, in truth, a gift of the Magi, the wisest gift of learned men. The gods themselves could not have bestowed a better.

Her Hand

By MARGARETE BAUM, '42

*Her hand of alabaster white—or purest ivory
A thing of delicate grace—a rhapsody of
motion,
A symphony of line—each rose-tipped nail a
jewel.*

*O beat the gold gently! Beat the gold thin!
O fashion it finely! Make her a ring—
A filigree cobweb—for her finger.*

*You bring jewels,—merchants,—rubies, pearls,
Diamonds—take them all with you!
She bedims their beauty. A dewdrop shall be
The diamond on the hand of my love,—my
love.*

Scattergun Fan

By VIC SHAFER, '42

Bang! The shotgun barked sharply and my first cottontail rolled head over heels in the snow. This incident marked the beginning of my favorite non-competitive sport. My gun was a four hundred and ten gauge double, a gift from my hunting companion, my dad. I have gone hunting with him ever since I was big enough to carry a brace of rabbits. He bought me my first gun when I was thirteen, so you see that he's a pretty swell fellow. He always lets me have first shot at the flushed game and when I miss, he doesn't. "Take yer time, 'Kid'—don't get Buck fever," is his kindly comment.

At fourteen I decided that I needed a bigger gun. Other hunters had dubbed the four-ten as the "peashooter" and the "popgun". "You have to be a better shot to roll 'em with a short load" was my defense. And I thought to myself, "I'll show 'em!" One brisk November day Dad, two kin, and I scoured the cornfields but had no luck. It was too early for rabbits to take to the hedge, but nevertheless we decided to work it. Finally my chance came!

"Kid," said my uncle, "take the side next to the road. We'll cover the cornfield." He figured that I'd flush the rabbits, they would cut for the corn and thus give my uncles and Dad practically all the shots. The first bunny bounded from his set and headed straight down the hedge row. I now had one to their two. Then the score started piling up for my side. Instead of the rabbits cutting for the corn, they'd run on my side of the fence! At the end of the hedge I had seven and they had only four. Was I happy? My dad wore a proud smile. "Peashooter"! "Popgun"! I showed 'em!

The season of "31" opened with a very pleasant surprise.

"Kid," said my dad, "We'll be wantin' some of those ducks that's been a flyin' over. Here's my gun. Go up the river to the biles¹, bring back the limit and she's yours. She's a real duck gun, son, and I know

you can do it. I have to work, but you and Al can go—I'll stake the trip." Now there's a regular guy for you. They just don't come any better.

I "layed off" from school that week so I could get the feel of the twelve gauge pump. Al, my hunting companion, and I went out and knocked down a few bluebills that fed in a swamp near our place. It was Al's Model "T" coupe that provided transportation for our hunting adventures.

Finally the day (or rather the night) came. The old model "T" was packed to the "gills" with guns, shells, grub, blankets, decoys, and us. The air was crisp and cold and filled with fine, dry, steadily falling snow. Perfect duck weather!

We arrived at our shack at two-thirty A. M., cold and hungry. Fortunately Dad had left us plenty of fagots and stove logs. Soon we were huddled around the red stove shoving hot cakes in our faces and washing them down with steaming coffee. After a pipeful of "Granger" and an hour's rest, we dragged the punt out of the cabin and got the rest of the stuff ready. By that time the sky had cleared and with fresh snow on the ground, it was light enough to see fairly well. Quietly we carried the punt down to the blind. Sentinal drakes squawked uneasily when the boat settled on a dry willow.

Dawn began breaking and down to the blind we went with our guns and food. Crouched on the cold hard seat of our cover, I chewed nervously on my duck call. At last it was light enough to shoot! On the far side of the bile a flock of mallards and bluebills were feeding noisily. Coaxing them within fifty yards with the call, we both stood up. In a split second the air was filled with ducks and number four drop shot and away they went—minus six. Reloading quickly, I talked some more through the hard rubber mouthpiece while Al just grinned. Aroused by our shots, ducks began rising from surrounding sloughs. A small flock sneaked up on us from behind and came so close that we had to hold fire 'till they passed.

1. Author's note: biles: river backups or swamp (local name).

Three dropped within fifty yards and I reached out and pulled one down at a good sixty-five yards. The excitement died so we anchored the decoys and picked up our kills. The rest of the day was spent shooting pairs and at small flocks that were attracted by our decoys. We folded one goose that flew too close while searching for his customary feeding grounds. Darkness came with a sharp cold blast and we retreated to the shack to tally our birds. We had twenty seven mallards, bluebill, cans, teal, pintails, and one Canadian honker. Though we were three short of the limit, Dad agreed that the goose would make up for it. The gun was mine!

This marked the start of my ever

increasing gun collection. I now have a different gun for every phase of small game hunting. I "catch the devil" every time I step through the door with a new gun.

"Good Lord," my mother will say, "haven't you got enough guns yet?" and then the sermon begins.

I still hunt regularly every season and bring home pheasant, quail, and rabbits—but only a few ducks since we moved up here. Every time I miss my bird or rabbit, I can hear my father solemnly say "Take yer time, 'Kid', don't get Buck fever," and then he walks over and picks up the dead bunny or bird. I sometimes miss. He never does.

Whichever You Choose

By DORIS POPANZ

To the Traveler:

*When you stand at the fork of a road,
And try to decide which to travel,
It's ten to one if you choose the cement,
You'll wish you'd taken the gravel.*

To the Pleasure-Seeker:

*When you've only two-bits in your pocket,
And try to decide where to go,
It's ten to one if you choose the hop,
You'll wish you'd gone to the show.*

To the Student:

*If you've only an hour to study,
And decide it's German you like,
It's ten to one there'll be a test;
And you'll wish you'd studied your psych.*

To the Lovers:

To Him:

*When you find two girls that you love,
And try to decide which to marry,
It's ten to one if it's Jean you choose,
You'll wish you'd chosen Carrie.*

To Her:

*Or if you're a girl and should have
To choose between one or the other;
It's ten to one whichever you wed
You'll wish you were back with your mother.*

To Everyman Out of His Humor:

*So life goes on like a gamble;
There's too much choosing and strife;
And it's ten to one whichever you choose
You'll regret it the rest of your life.*

Shades of Scarlett

By JANE BEAVEN, '39

My dear Miss Mitchell:

As I sit here in the cool shade on the porch of Tara and write this to you, I wonder how you would have created me if you had been a nineteenth century author. How I pity those spineless women characters of that period! You put me in a nineteenth century setting, but made my thoughts and actions reveal twentieth century spirit. I have long desired to express my feelings of this to you, but my old "think about that tomorrow" thought arose, and I neglected writing to you time and again. Since I am truly the most popular woman character of twentieth century novels, I feel justified in pitying the past heroines.

Look at the English nineteenth century novelists and their insipid heroines;—well, I must confess that during the middle and latter part of the century they did improve them. Really, every heroine in fiction is a descendant of Pamela, but the heroines of the early nineteenth century were still pale, passive, sentimental, silly fools. They had the mentality of butterflies and the spirit of rabbits—sort of Melanie's type. Take Mary Avenel and Amy Robsart, two of Sir Walter Scott's characters, for example. Miss Mitchell, I am so glad that you belong to the twentieth century, or perhaps I should be like these spineless creatures.

Virtue and propriety reigned supreme by the time of the early Victorian era. But do you realize that for the first time in the history of literature, women began writing about women? How fortunate! Men have an entirely different attitude toward the female sex than do women themselves, and I admire Jane Austen. Elizabeth Bennett was an improvement upon heroines previous to her creator's time. Miss Austen gave us, for the first time, the best and worst of womanhood. Her views were rather realistic and born of common sense. That was quite an advance. She opposed romance with sense of fact, and

she scorned women's fainting habit. Although it was very popular in my day, and came in handy, I think it a silly prank, too.

Charles Dickens, you know, was the creator of the "Little Nell" type of heroine. Now that name has become a trite expression. He portrayed extremely idealistic characters in a realistic background. His women were very pure things, but at least not these swooners of the knighthood era. His plots are almost fairy-tale-like in structure. And Madeline Bray—such a weak, poor thing. Dora Spinlaw and Agnes Wickfield were much the same; especially baby-talking Dora. I fear that my behavior would have shocked poor Mr. Dickens. If I had been one of his characters I should despise it!

George Eliot was another pioneer authoress. She used the double-heroine device in presenting two types of women,—blonde and brunette. One type was the less-intelligent who conformed, the other the more intelligent who inwardly rebelled. Merely inwardly rebelling will get one nowhere. Don't you agree, Miss Mitchell? I would never wish to trade places with Gwendolyn Harleth, Hetty Sorrel, Dinah Morris, Mirah, or Romola. Never!

The Bronte sisters issued a startling declaration of the right of homely women to emotion and romance. I suppose that there must be some compensation for this type of female, but I am so glad that you made me striking and able to win men's hearts with a flash of my green eyes. That is, some men's hearts. Up until the Brontes' time, none but beautiful young things were ever made heroines of novels. Charlotte Bronte made Jane Eyre rebellious—a piquant thing for her time.

I rather like Thackeray's Becky Sharp, but Mr. Thackeray wavered between extremes of characterization. He portrayed in his women very good qualities and very bad qualities. We are a mixture of the two, but we are not divided exactly half-in-half. I rank Becky above Amelia Sedley.

Mr. George Alfred Lawrence's heroines are outmoded, but extremely realistic. He made them too possessive. He brought in the possessive mother suffering from the withdrawal of her children.

George Gissing portrayed the orphaned working girl. Charlotte Bronte's heroines were orphans—so were Reade's and Mr. Thackeray's. I guess that they thought this would command the sympathy of the reader. How melodramatic! It was the practice of the greater, like Mr. Dickens, as well as the lesser novelists.

Samuel Butler's characters were extreme puritans—struggling on earth for sainthood in Heaven. He wrote realistic novels, and even painted the scrubwoman who pawned flat irons to get liquor; even,—well,—prostitutes who married into respectable families.

George Meredith introduced a new spirit that was invisible and bewildering. I cannot grasp his true meanings, but he was realistic in his characterization. His Lucy Deſborough was portrayed well. Diana Merion was beautiful, but really too intellectual. Neither Mr. Thomas Hardy nor Mr.

Meredith portrayed the fashionable heroine of their time. They were clever in this, for the novelist who reflects in moot detail the fashion of his day, is out of fashion tomorrow. This, Miss Mitchell, is not an original idea of mine, but I believe it is true. My, I hope that I will not be out-moded.

Edith Wharton's heroines will perhaps seem prudish some years from now. Goodness, I must close now, Miss Mitchell, as mammy might discover what I am up to, and would not understand. I hope that I will remain as outstanding a character as some I have mentioned, and that I may have my name in literature books too, someday. I have been wondering who Darryl Zanuck, (I believe that is his name.) will cast to play the role I took in *Gone With the Wind*. If only I were a real being! I am hoping that it will be Katherine Hepburn, even though she is not very pretty. Pooh! I won't worry my head about these things now. Mammy is plodding downstairs to fetch me. Goodbye and thank you for creating me as I am.

Farewell,
Scarlett O'Hara.

My Last April

By GERARD POTTER, '41

*The gladiolas by the walk
Were wasted energy.
For I, who never stopped to talk
Of beauty, truth, and holy things,
Would turn my eyes away and mock
The peace of heart that beauty brings.*

*To-day the morning sun revealed
The swallows—coming home,
And told of wonders long concealed
From my unopened, scoffing eyes.
Too soon, my lips are ever sealed;
Too soon, the mortal in me dies.*

*If April ever comes again—
As Aprils always do—
And I am here to welcome, then,
The swallows to their chimney nest,
I'll speak not harshly of its rain,
But draw its flowers to my breast.*

A Certain Reporter

By W. CARROLL EDWARDS, '41

"He spit. Then he spit again. The face he made wasn't pretty. The next time he smoked one of Frall's cigars—well, he wouldn't! Frall was the city editor. (Lord, he was tried.)

He got up from the chair by the table. The table top was greasy. He bet it hadn't been washed for weeks.

How the hell did anybody see through the window? He poked with a rolled-up morning edition at the rags stuffed in the place where the glass should have been. He shoved hard and the rags fell out. They lit on the sill and the wind blew them away.

Down below a door slammed. The stairs creaked—that would be McMarvin, he guessed. McMarvin never stomped on the stairs like the others. He knew it was McMarvin when he heard the deep breathing outside the door. McMarvin drank too much beer.

Someone asked, 'May I come in, Mr. Travis?' The smooth voice, almost whispered, hardly fitted the bulk that stood just inside the door.

'Come in, Mr. McMarvin. I've been waiting for you.'

The huge man came on into the room. He looked at the body on the floor by the greasy table.

'Dressed well, isn't he? Well, who is he? Don't stand there looking out the window.'

The big man reached for the bottle of—whatever it was on the table.

'The bottle has some fine prints on it, Mr. McMarvin. So has the glass.'

Travis turned and looked at the detective. He folded his hands behind his back.

'Thank you, Mr. Travis.'

'Don't mention it, Mr. McMarvin.'

The detective leaned over the table.

He was very serious now.

'Do you have any ideas, Lee? Who is this guy?'

'Sure, Mac. His name is Mattivi.

Thirty-eight years old—five feet, four inches tall—weighs a hundred and forty-five pounds. Came to this country eight years ago. He's pay-off man for the Longman mob. Comes down every week to check up with the boys. As for ideas—that's what you're here for. I'm just a dumb reporter.'

He went back to the window. McMarvin sat down on the chair by the table.

'Called the paper yet?'

'Did I ever call the paper before you got there, ya dizzy flat foot?'

McMarvin leaned from the chair and picked up a small black ribbon. It was just a couple of inches long and maybe a sixteenth of an inch wide.

'If I were Sherlock Holmes I'd say—'Watson, a clue!'—but I do think we have a clue, Lee. Just a clue—not a thing to shout about. Say, how did you find out about this? Who tipped you off? When did you get here? How long were you here before you. . .'

'Slow down, Mr. McMarvin! One at a time. I didn't get tipped off. I was here when it happened. I called you right away.'

He still looked out the window. An old woman with a sack of groceries was talking at a window across the street. He supposed there was someone there to talk to but he couldn't see.

'Lee, for God's sake, stop looking out of that window! There's a dead man here and I've got to call headquarters. I want to find out what you know before those maniacs get here.'

He turned around. The old woman was gone anyway. He walked across the room and . . .

I shut the book and put it back on the shelf. I decided to read it sometime but right then I was looking for a book to report on. Mystery stories don't make good reports anyway.

The Anarchist's Creed

By JEAN SWAN, '39

*I don't believe in anything,
I don't believe in God;
I don't believe in government,
Nor life beyond the sod.*

*I don't believe in college,
I don't believe in prayer;
I don't believe that justice
Is to be found anywhere.*

*I don't believe in honor,
I don't believe in men;
I don't believe in duty.
They're far beyond my ken.*

*I don't believe in anything;
There's nothing that is so.
Don't ask me how I know it—
I know because I know.*

Abandoned

By WALT LORIMER, '40

*Abandoned—
All alone, Ah'm so dolesome
Ah wish that Ah would die.
She left me—
She done gone with my best friend.
Ah wish that Ah knew why.
She told me she'd be always true one night
beneath the moon
And yet she done gone went away last Sunday
afternoon.
Ah thought he was my best friend and my
everfaithful pal.
Ah never thought that he would stoop to
steal away my gal.
Abandoned—
All alone, Ah'm so dolesome
Ah wish that Ah would die.*

In Football Field

*In football field the daisies grow
Between the goal-posts, row on row,
That mark the spot where in the sky
Our flying tackles tried to fly
And landed in the dirt below.*

*We are the scrubs . . . some days ago
We played, kicked balls, saw stars aglow . . .
Shoved and were shoved . . . and now we lie
In Football Field.*

*Take up our gambling with the Fates . . .
Who cares if Tego loses plates?
Be yours to hold the pennant . . .
It's all for fun and old N. I.
In Football Field.*

Soliloquy

By STEWART KASER, '41

*My God! What monstrous altars we have
raised
To worship at the feet of simple things;
To eating, sleeping, mating, dying. Crazy
With fear that beauty always brings,
We can not take our living straight
And deeply from its sources. We must build
Great ghastly gruesome idols. Love or hate
Is justified by some weird image, laced and
frilled.
And so when one sinks down upon the earth
In silence, or perhaps, unholy mirth,
We slow the blending with the soil and feel
That we are kind to wrap our dead in steel!*

Songs From The Alpha Phi Omega Musical Revue "It's a Deal"

The Woman I Love

When I am lowdown,
The woman I love
Comes to me
And I see
There ain't no gloom up above,
No misery;
Leaves may be fallin',
Rain may be cold,
But when she's near
I can hear
A mockin' bird's song in the night,
Callin' to me;
She may not be perfect,
So what? neither am I—
I know I've got to love her
Until the day has come
for me to die;

The nights seem endless,
But I don't care—
When morning comes
she'll be there,
I know the Lord up above
Will guard the woman I love
—Don C. Warner.

Blue Solitude

Blue Solitude,
All my life is indigo
Trouble done walked in
at my door—

Blue Solitude,
Darkness all around me,
Can't see the blue sky no more—
My gal has left me
So weary and cold—
The delta's got me,
It's here in my soul—
The day she went away
Bad luck walked in to stay,
Bowed my head right down
to the floor—

Deep Misery,
Lord, please send her back to me,
Banish my Blue Solitude.

—Don C. Warner.

It's A Deal

When we stroll down the street,
And I turn to peek
At those beauties who hit me in the eye—
Though you sigh and sigh,
Still I never say die,
That's the Deal—
It's a Deal;

But when at half-past eight
You show up late
And you always state
You'd forgotten the date
And you make me wait,
Why, you little cheapskate,
That's no deal—
It's a steal;

Yes, baby, and I do mean you,
Someday you'll surely rue
The way you've treated me
And now you failed to see
That there is a double
Standard in love;

After all, dear, you know
It isn't apropos,
Though you think you're so smart
That you can break my heart,
You can't treat me
The way I've treated you,
That's the Deal,
It's a Deal.—

—Arthur J. Gumbrell.

Towers

By ELISABETH STORM, '41

In the beginning

*Men lifted their eyes and saw the hills.
From the hills came inspiration;
From the hills came consecration.
They went up into the high mountains
And found peace, and comforting benediction.*

Then men became wanderers.

*They left the mountains
And departed away from the hills.
No longer could they receive strength from contemplation of the high places.*

So they built towers—

*High towers of stone, with steps leading upward;
On these towers they were nearer to God.
They communed with the heavens.
They were close to the clouds—
They counted the stars by night.
They sent their prayers heavenward
And sang praises.*

Men wandered over all the earth,

*And everywhere they built high towers.
These towers were poems fashioned by reverent hands.
They were inspiration and guide.
They were songs, some of them were eternal songs.*

Some of the towers have fallen,

*Even the strongest and mightiest among them;
But the eternal towers of song have not fallen,
The beautiful towers still lift our eyes upwards.
They are everlasting monuments to the poetry and passion of the ages.*

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