

*The*

# SOWER



*Spring—1947*

## FOREWORD

It is obvious that creative talent is an attribute of many Americans. Unfortunately, during the past decade, the spirit of invention has limited itself largely to the scientific field. With the war clouds behind us, we shall again be able to utilize our creative imagination in the realm of the Fine Arts.

This anthology of student writings is largely the result of classroom emphasis upon creative expression. Since it is customary to evaluate art products in terms of absolute rather than relative standards, Freshman compositions share the pages with Senior contributions. No class has been given preference. However, it is regrettable that only a portion of the interesting material available could be included in this collection.

Who can prophesy which words are written in crumbling sand and which in enduring granite? Who can foretell which compositions bear, within their limits, the seeds of immortality? The students have written honestly, welding the language of the era, the emotions of the heart, and the aspirations of the soul into one coherent whole. Once again, young Americans are able to dream. Within these pages, they share some of their visions with you.

Louise B. W. Woeppel

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## The SOWER

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Dana College

Department of English

Spring 1947

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## *Sower*

NORMAN BANSEN

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Sower of inland plains:  
fling the whistling seed  
against lusty spring winds;  
thrusting it  
into the humid earth-womb.

Sower of winged words:  
rising before dawn,  
swinging your arm over the world,  
release your thought  
into the lash and roar of winds,  
send your seed singing  
into the westering night.

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## On Hermits

PETER THORSLEV, Jr.

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Old Beggar: All wisdom is the quiet mind.

When the world loses hermits, the world loses. A hermit's life used to be something sincerely revered, and now the whole race of these hermits is fast becoming extinct. In this modern world of action, there is no room for thought.

Who has not heard the moderns' criticism of "armchair philosophy"? Yet, I think, in many ways the world would be far better if we had more of it. The world has developed a severe case of myopia. We have become so long accustomed to attending only to the immediate action before us that we have ceased to look beyond, to see the reason and the result. Now even those few who have still retained their normal range of vision dare not look.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward defines hermits thus:

The hermits of the reverie are scared by  
the busy world, and find themselves no place  
in action.

But hermits do not seek solitude because they wish to escape the world, but rather, I think, because they have conquered it.

They have taken part in the aimless, confused action in the world, but due perhaps to the influence of Drinkwater's "God of Quiet," have seen beyond it. They have seen beyond into pleasant valleys and green hills, untainted by the hideous scars of human machinations, of selfish strife and even war.

The hermits have a few descendants today, but society terms them eccentrics, perhaps mad. If it is mad to live by oneself, close to infinity, close to nature, the pure, the sinless, that which is beautiful in its perfection, then what pleasant insanity!

## On Hermits

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I think we belittle hermits probably, subconsciously, because we envy them! They are so utterly independent of us; they seem to have detached themselves from society, and attached themselves to God. I am afraid we must admit that they have gained in the exchange.

When men drink their Sherry, they complain because it isn't Port. A hermit drinks the cool, clear, water of some troubled spring, and comments to himself on its freshness, its sweetness, and thanks his God for it. Men walk "down sunshiny roads and have only the dust of them in their throats." A hermit walks down the same road, and feels a pleasant, tingling warmth on his face and the brightness of all around him.

Men, when they sleep beneath the open sky, feel only the cold, empty blackness of the night, and a lurking fear of the unknown. A hermit sleeps beneath the starry heavens and feels the presence of a warm infinity, enveloping him with a sweet sense of mysticism, of peace. Men wake from the night with a chill feeling of restless action and see before them only the prospect of another day of selfish strife and of hurried, unthinking, progress,—progress? The hermit rises from nature's bed with the warmth of the red rising sun, with the sight of nature's awakening before his eyes, and the song of morning on his lips. He lives with a sense of rest, of peace, of perfect and final accord with all that is around him, with nature, and with God.

Nature is God's immediate creation, and that part of His creation that is without blot or smirch of sin, as God Himself. Here we find the quiet, rest, and infinite peace for which our souls were created. As Drinkwater's Old Beggar says:

One day I stood  
At dusk in the golden harvest lands,  
And watched the sickles rise and fall,  
And the following women, with patient hands,  
Gleaning all, gleaning all.  
And the pigeons slept in the pines, and the sound  
Of leaves and waters grew strange and clear,  
And trouble had died and I had found  
Peace, O Lord, as here.

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## *Boomerang*

RICHARD VIDEBECK

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My old tramp guest sat across the dinner table from me as he listened to my story. "For more than two years I had wandered the countryside, working here and begging there. My life then was meager. My soul was discontented. I wanted freedom. I thought that I had found it. At least I paid for it. The price was high; two precious years. Two precious years to become a worthless vagabond. My case might have been more sad only if I hadn't been cognizant of my shameful follies.

"I was quite fortunate that I happened to pass through the little town of Milford Pond when I did. I say fortunate because had I had the experience of visiting this village at a later date in my life, I might have been too set in my mode of living to feel the influence of old Professor Kirkwood.

"The year was 1906. Autumn was beginning to lose her color. Jack Frost was licking his lips in anticipation of his forthcoming pleasure. I was preparing my descent to the lower regions of the Southlands. Milford Pond just happened to fall on my path as the sun was beginning to retire for the night.

"Previous experience told me which house to choose as the abode of a likely provider of the needs of a weary child of the road. Without knowing the names of the inhabitants, I chose the house which was occupied by Professor Kirkwood and his small household. The main reason for choosing this particular house was the bird bath and bird house on the front lawn. Little things such as a bird bath and bird house, I had learned in my travels, were usually indications of a more or less kindhearted trait in the persons living there, unless of course, previous occupants had put and left them there.

## Boomerang

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"Professor Kirkwood must have been watching me coming down the road and had some premonition that I would be stopping at his home in quest of hunger satisfaction. He was waiting for me at the door as I came up the walk to the house. He appeared disappointed a moment, as if he had been expecting another, but before I could utter a request, he bade me come in. He made me to feel that I was coming home. I believe that it was this friendliness, a natural friendly gesture which caused me to respect the old man and especially deem his words worthy of consideration.

"An evening of conversation shed many but dim lights on the life of the professor. It shed fewer but brighter lights on my shallow life. Anton Christian Kirkwood had lived exactly three times my twenty-one years. He had been married and had had two children. I was quite convinced, although no direct mention was made, that his wife had died during the birth of the second child. This newborn child died shortly after. I could understand that all this was far from a source of joy to the old man, so I refrained from asking further. He spoke a little more often of his first child but just as vaguely. I did gather that his oldest had left home before the death of his wife. I believe that James, his surviving son, left home for much the same reason as I. At the time of my visit, Anton Christian was Professor Emeritus of Philosophy in the nearby University. He had retired to write and especially to formulate his philosophical thoughts and notes.

"Of my few years, he learned that I had left a comfortable home in search of a true freedom; that I had been engaged to be married but had broken the engagement for fear that marriage would hinder my pursuit of independence; and he came to the conclusion that my two years of wandering had gained me naught.

"It was not difficult for him to perceive that I was obsessed with this strong desire. On the second evening we resumed our conversation. I remember almost verbatim his first words that evening. 'Young man, freedom is to be sought but never to be had.' A giant and dwarf debate ensued. There was no doubt as to who was the giant. Nor was there any doubt as to who had to concede. Nevertheless, I must have impressed him. He offered to aid me in obtaining a scholarship at the university.

## Boomerang

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And as for board and room, I could perform household duties in the Kirkwood home and thus earn my bread and bed.

"Twenty-four years later the kind gentleman passed on to eternal life. Two decades of association with the amiable scholar yielded me much. My living was culturally rich. My scholastic attainments surpassed the fondest hopes of my youth. It was he who stimulated me to attain to my present position as Professor at the University at which he taught. I would not only be ungrateful, but also blasphemous to his memory, should I not give all thanks and credit to the man who plucked me out of the mire.

"So you see, my old wanderer friend, when I saw you coming down the lane, I, too, had the premonition that you also had selected this house."

The old man, with the road-carved and time worn face, looked at me and spoke. "Yes, and you befriended me, just as *my* father had befriended you."

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## The Clown

JOHN WOLTER NIELSEN

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I am the clown—you are the wise.

Look at me. Call me names—jackass, hurler of jests, fool and buffoon.

Sneer at me. Laugh your derisive laugh—I know how you feel. Make me the object of your scorn, your mockery, and contempt. Ridicule me—I know I'm dumb, loose jointed, big of bone, But some day come back stage and see my life.

Are you surprised? Had you forgotten that I was a man?

Yes, stare at me—don't miss a thing.

I, too, have wrinkles in my face—the signs of grief and care I once had hopes, but they are gone.

Friends? No, I have no friends, for who would be the friend of me.

Stop it. Don't pity me. I hate pity worse than scorn.

Go now. I thought perhaps you'd understand,

But I am still the fool.

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## *The Blind Man*

CHARLES KNUDSON

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On Michigan Boulevard I feel most the beauty and majesty of Chicago. I always grow larger when I walk along it. I walk with a quickened step and I feel strong and capable. It had this effect on me when I was a little boy running along at the side of my mother, and it has it now when I walk alone.

I remember one evening in particular. I was walking along, feeling as great and stately as the buildings I was walking past. It was already dark and the lights twinkled merrily along the lake front. These surroundings had a majestic air and I felt as if I could be anything: a movie actor, a prince, or a sports idol walking along in the great city. I was still young and wishing came very easily.

I was soon brought back to myself, however. I was approaching a corner, and I saw a group of people standing there. They were the kind that enjoy torturing shy children by making unnecessary comments as they pass. I looked down at my feet and started to slink across the street, glancing at the strangers but not raising my head. I was angry that I, who had been so large, had been made small by persons so insignificant. When I reached the other side, my glory was completely faded. I felt as if I would not go back for anything even if offered a princely reward.

I was just about to step on the curb when I noticed the man standing on it. He was large and strong in appearance, but he seemed hesitant and afraid. His heavy cane tapped out into the street a bit and back again. He could hear the cars of the theater-goers, but he could not see them. Someone ought to help him, I thought, but not I. Surely not I! Someone else will come along. But no one came. I looked across the street at the people standing on the corner. They were talking and laughing among themselves. Then I looked down the Boulevard and I saw all the people. I saw how small they were and how long the Boulevard was.

"May I help you across the street, sir?"

"Why, thank you, sonny." He took my arm and I felt his dependence on me. In a moment we had reached the other side and he was gone, but I stopped and looked at the people on the corner, and I looked down the Boulevard in the big city that was no longer too big for me.

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## *Preview to Death*

ROBERT N. HANSEN

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“. . . In accordance with the laws of the Federal Government, I sentence you, Paul Leighton, to die in the electric chair . . .” I could still hear the judge pronouncing that sentence upon me. It kept being repeated over and over in my mind. I rose from the cot and walked slowly over to the cell window. Peering out into the storm, I could barely make out the prison walls, even though the prison yard was well-lighted with floodlights. It was really storming out. What a night this was to die in! The thought for some reason struck me funny, and an ironical smile flitted across my face for an instant.

I turned and walked back across the narrow, dimly-lighted cell to the cot. The death-house corridor outside was empty, and my footsteps echoed mockingly. A glance at my watch told me I had fifteen minutes yet to live. They would probably come for me in ten. In despair, I sank to the cot and buried my face in my hands. If only I could figure things out. If only I was sure of my guilt. Then, I wouldn't mind dying so much. But I wasn't certain I deserved this. In fact, I wasn't sure of anything that had happened the last month. Everything had happened so fast. If only I hadn't gone on that binge!

The events of the preceding month swam before my mind. The whole thing had started when I was celebrating the one month's anniversary of my discharge from the Navy. I could remember hitting the bottle pretty hard that night, harder than usual because I passed out and didn't come to till the next morning. Where I spent the night or what I did was a complete blank to me. It was after this that everything had happened—being picked up by the police the next morning, accused of the fatal stabbing of an F.B.I. agent, and identified as the killer by three different persons.

## *Preview to Death*

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Then there was the trial. I didn't have a Chinaman's chance in it, since I couldn't account for myself that night, and since I had been positively identified as the killer. The Federal prosecuting attorney had laughed every time he looked at me. He knew I didn't have a leg to stand on. Besides, the whole court was eager for revenge. "G-man killer" they had branded me. The jury didn't even go out to deliberate. They didn't need to, with the kind of evidence they had against me.

I straightened up and looked at my watch. Eleven minutes to go. Me, a killer! The thought turned my stomach. But maybe it was all true. Maybe I really did stab him. If so, then justice was being carried out. However, I still couldn't picture myself as a killer. There was one detail that refused to let me believe I was guilty. All the witnesses had described me as wearing brown leather gloves at the time of the stabbing. The only flaw with that was that I had never owned a pair of brown leather gloves in my life. That fact alone was my only strong point, so far as I was concerned. It didn't hold water in court, but at least I knew it to be true. The trial came to my mind again, and I laughed when I recalled how much of a farce it had been. This was America where a man was supposed to have a fair trial. Ha! Both of my appeals for retrial, plus a reprieve by the governor had even been refused. I didn't have a chance of getting out of this mess.

My thoughts were interrupted by a bright flash of lightning quickly followed by a sharp clap of thunder. The storm outside was getting worse. Just then I heard the echo of footsteps in the corridor. They certainly were going to run the execution off right on time. Two guards and the prison chaplain stopped before my cell. One of the guards unlocked the cell door and beckoned me. I rose from the cot and walked to the corridor in silence. After all, there was nothing I could say or do to help my plight at this late stage in the game.

We walked slowly down the hallway in silence, except for the mumbling of a Latin prayer by the chaplain. I was in no hurry and the guards didn't press me. In due time we arrived at the execution chamber. It was a well-lighted room in which stood the electric chair itself in the center. There was a phone on one wall. As I looked at the chair, I could feel the strength leaving my legs, and I would have fallen had it not been for the

## Preview to Death

support of the guards. They helped me into the chair, and two men cut off the lower ends of my pants and sleeves while another shaved my head. I tried to appear calm, but I had "butterflies" in my stomach, and I was plenty scared.

Just then, everything went black. All the lights had gone out, but the guards produced flashlights in a hurry and kept them trained on me. One of the other men got on the phone to find out the difficulty. I just sat there in the blinding rays of the flashlights, not knowing what to think. The man hung up the receiver. "No power," he said. "Storm must have downed the lines. Might as well take him back to his cell."

To me, it looked like Providence had stepped in and given me a break, at least a little more time to live. Maybe I wasn't supposed to die after all! I was taken back to my cell, and a candle was supplied for light. I knew that my reprieve would last only as long as it took for the power trouble to be fixed.

The cell seemed eerie with its flickering light. It also felt damper than usual. I was hungry even though I had eaten my *last* meal only an hour ago. It had been delicious, too—exactly what I had ordered—fried chicken with all the trimmings, mashed potatoes and gravy, peas and carrots, and cherry pie a la mode with two bottles of beer to drink. My mouth watered just to think of it again. I lay down on the cot only to be startled by the lights blazing back on. I knew it was too good to last. They had surely found the trouble in a hurry. I listened for the return of the guards. Sure enough, they came back within a minute, and my long, slow death march to the execution chamber was repeated.

This time they strapped me directly into the chair since I was all prepared. I was asked if I had anything to say. I managed to stammer out the reply that I guessed that all the other guys that had sat here had claimed they were innocent, too, so there wasn't much use of my doing the same. They asked if that was all, and I nodded. I was so scared that I couldn't talk. I never realized before how much life meant. I saw the executioner's hand go to the switch, and I closed my eyes and waited for Death to grab me.

At that instant, the phone rang. I opened my eyes and saw a man talking. He held up his hand as a signal to wait. He listened on the phone for about a minute and slowly replaced the

### *Preview to Death*

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receiver on the hook. Coming over to me, he exclaimed, "Son, you're about the luckiest person in the world right now! That was the governor that I was just talking to. Seems as though a fellow that could pass as your exact double was shot and killed a half hour ago in an attempted bank robbery. Before he died, however, he confessed to the murder that you are charged with. What do you say to that?"

All I could murmur was "Thank God!" As they unstrapped me, I made a feeble attempt at a joke about not having to cut my hair for a while. Then, I got up, took a step, and pitched forward on my face in a dead faint.

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## ***Shall a Man Take Coals in His Bosom?***

FREDERICK H. BRENGELMAN

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Like the great wind that roars from the heavens  
Destroying and silencing all sound

Like the fierce, fiery sun in the heaven,  
Consuming, devouring, undoing,  
Scorching the earth with its great heat,  
Dimming all light by its brightness;

Like the violent flood in the summer  
Descending in great sheets from heaven,  
Deluging, swallowing, burying,

Covering what lies before it,  
Leaving naught but its own black deepness;  
So love from its covert of darkness,  
Subduing, bending, breaking,  
Into Sheol brings man and his children  
Who know not the way of true pleasure,  
Avoid not the pathway of passion.

Deafening, blinding, submerging,  
Desire's black forces make captive  
The heart of the sensitive, tender;  
Make it evil and dark and desirous,  
Damning forever the spirit  
Who yields to the soft touch of love.

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## Autumn's Evening Prayer

ROBERT E. VIDEBECK

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The progression from day to night has meaning. The transformation is a soft, gradual repose of living things. In the trees the birds wing their songs in quiet echoes. The trees themselves seem to whisper, "Evening is coming," as they catch the gray zephyrs in their branches. The soul becomes silent, too.

About him (the author) is the tension of oncoming night. He is willing to yield, but before it comes, he must seek a last look of day. The sun is slowly disappearing. The autumn trees—orange, yellow—have become dulled by shadows. In the far distance are bluffs with small patches of sunlight illuminating them in purplish colors. Upwards are clouds standing like billows, rounded, heavy mounds of whipped cream, placed there by the spoon in God's hand. To the other side are more of these mounds, sprinkled with orange sunlight.

Day is fading.

In the town there is rushing movement—people going home from work, mothers in preparation for supper, a church bell tolling, children enjoying a last game before supper; happy people, sad, willing, unwilling, rich, poor, smart and ignorant. They all prepare for evening . . . for night.

A person away from home *thinks* of home. Evening is his song of lament. He sees these clouds, these faded trees, these silent birds. The same sun, the same sky, the same evening is his, too.

The gray has surrounded the day.

These mounds of clouds are now red with the sun; and the sky, blue with infinity.

He is silent now. He is encircled by abstraction for the emotion is running deep. Quickly now; get the thoughts of the progression. Quickly set the pace for it. It is fast stealing away. The sun has gone. The clouds are black; the trees silhouetted; the birds sleeping. Quickly now, write with speed and force.

## *Autumn's Evening Prayer*

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The emotion; *that* is the progression of events. What then is his prayer? That he may live through the night? No! That he may get his inspiration written? No!

His prayer is only that the clouds, the sun, the trees and birds will be present again so that if he might not see the evening come again, another willing soul might.

Pause!

The night has come. Blackness.

The progression ends with night. From day to night is a great physical force, task, activity. The people are moved by the event. The movement is not emotional but more, bodily action. Why do people move faster with the coming of night? It seems that people are active in the day; then evening prevails on their activities and immediately they slow their pace. Night throws blackness to them. They again resume their swift pace.

He sits alone in the darkness now; groping for words, for light, for X.

The progression from day to night has meaning; that people may realize that in light they have hope.

Their hope is God.

"I am the Light!"

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## *Autumn* HAROLD JERSILD

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Autumn, in its foreboding guise, is slowly overtaking the re-treating warmth of the summer months. At first only its drifting silhouette is visible, sulking on the horizon. Then, slowly, relentlessly, it floods in, a specter of dismal melancholia, its dark, somber skies suspended low over the lifeless terrain. The conquered sun shows only an ashened pallor at one point in the enveloping blanket of dreariness.

The land is passive. It accepts the irrepressible gloom. The dark, naked limbs of the dormant trees are, in the leadened air, like the stiff, jutting fingers of a lifeless hand. The vital, life-giving green of the leaves is snuffed out. They are no more.

The spirit of all living things is chilled. It lies still, despondent,—dead.

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## Devotional

EILEEN AND SIDNEY JORGENSEN

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*Open thou my eyes, that I may behold  
wondrous things out of thy law.*

Psalm 119:18

In this simple petition the Psalmist expresses the ideal way to approach the Word of God. He comes as one who is blind, whose eyes are closed. Notice that he does not pray that God will open the Book, but in humility and recognition of his blindness he prays that God will open his eyes. And only God can do it. There were learned men in the court of David; there were men who gave all their time to the study of the Law. But the psalmist is not relying on human wisdom; he is looking to God. While he does not ignore their counsel, he does recognize that only through God is there real spiritual discernment of the Scriptures.

Do you remember the two men who walked to Emmaus that momentous day when the grave was robbed of its prey? And as they walked they spoke of the events which had just occurred? No doubt they were puzzled about many things until their fellow traveler "interpreted to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself" (Luke 24:47). Then, when "their eyes were opened" they knew HIM and they "said one to another, Was not our heart burning within us . . . while he opened to us the scriptures?"

The Bible is a closed book to the unbeliever, to the agnostic, the critic. But to the earnest, seeking child of God it holds "wondrous things." What treasures are ours for the mining, what glorious sights for the seeing!

OPEN THOU—great God of wonder,  
MINE EYES—so dull, so blind  
THAT I—so prone to wander,  
MAY BEHOLD—and thus to find  
WONDROUS THINGS—beyond the telling  
    Filling heart and mind with awe,  
    Great truths, complete, compelling,  
OUT OF THY LAW.

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## In the Fell Clutch of Circumstance

RICHARD VIDEBECK

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The snow danced down the deserted street. The light from the little cafe beat a path through the black loneliness. It was just enough light to silhouette two young people on the sidewalk in front of the cafe.

Neither spoke. Joe marched back and forth—thinking. His thoughts were in the future. Anguishing thoughts. Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow. The devil with the future. He's living now.

He stopped; looked at his watch. Marched again. Stopped! Looked at his watch. Joe was impatient. Impatient. Impatient like any man waiting for eternity. But it didn't come.

Jeanie stood there. Motionless. Solemn. Just—just looking back. Reminiscing. Wonderful memories. Days together. Happy days. She would always have these gems of memories.

"Won't that bus ever get here?" Joe broke the silence. Jeanie continued to dream and Joe kept on marching. Suddenly—like a flash—two beams of light punctured the black sheet of night. *It's coming. The bus is almost here.* Joe was no longer restless. In a few minutes he'd be gone. Joe thought, *Don't come, bus, turn around, bus.*

The bus surged ahead. Joe pulled Jeanie into his arms and clung to her like a frightened child clings to his mother. Joe was frightened. He tightened his embrace. "Jeanie, I'll miss you. I don't want to go. I'll miss you so much." He kissed her. They stood there, holding each other, holding tightly lest some cruel person tear them apart. The cruel one spoke. "If you're gonna ride in this bus, buddy, you better get on."

The red tail lights fled, as if into the future. Jeanie stood there alone—with her memories. Joe was gone.

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## *Dissertation upon Dissertations*

JAMES A. STONE

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I sit here tearing my hair, wondering what I can write an essay on. Thoughts crowd upon me. Yes, I could write on women, always an interesting subject for mild criticism. There is always education, or dogs, or even cats. Lots of people have made money writing on these subjects. Look at Lassie! I read an article the other day about a frog that had been buried in a state of suspended animation for 2,000 years; I could write on that. My, what a story that frog could tell if it could talk. I wonder if it ever took a bath? I've been reading Plato's "Republic" the last few days. I could write an essay on that, too. He was the first man that tried to get equal rights for women. If he only knew what a row he started! Now women want to smoke, drink, and wear trousers. I wonder what they will try to do next? Sometimes they scare me. I have often wanted to tell some woman who gave me a "dirty look" on a bus or some other public conveyance for not giving up my seat, that if she wanted to be like a man she "oughta" stand like the rest of us men. Anyway, I'm tired. Yes, women complain about chivalry being dead, but they killed it themselves. And it all started with Plato. I can just hear some woman saying, "I knew there was a man at the bottom of it!" I thought about writing on radio commercials, always a fertile field, but I decided there was a greater chance of going crazy doing that than in reading philosophy. I would like to meet someone that writes those things, sometime. What a racket. I wonder what the life expectancy of one of those fellows is? Probably short. It would be a lot shorter if he had to listen to his own masterpieces every day. I once read an informal essay on roast pig. This is sort of a dissertation on roast corn. Of course, pigs eat corn, but I fail to see the connection in this case. Possibly I am over my head in some deep philosophical question.

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## *On Education*

HAROLD ANDERSEN

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I asked for education.  
It's education that I got.  
They taught me how to spell and read,  
And how to add a lot.

They taught me how to write a book,  
And how to sing a song.  
They taught me what to say and do,  
And how to get along.  
They taught me this, they taught me that,  
Until I knew it all.  
And then I found to my surprise,  
**WHAT A SURPRISE!**

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## *Upon Sitting Down*

HAROLD ANDERSEN

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I take a task upon me,  
It's of no small degree.  
It's simply this, to find a way,  
To sit upon my knee.

I've turned it out,  
I've turned it in.  
I've turned it back,  
I've turned it thin.  
I've turned it left,  
I've turned it right.  
To see my leg, is quite a sight.

If you can help me with this task,  
I thank you much, but dare to ask.  
Why should anyone want to sit upon his knee?

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## My First Days at Dana

WAYNE W. CHRISTENSEN

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On Sunday evening, September the eighth, I trudged undecidedly up the hill towards Dana. The luggage seemed to be getting heavier every step of the way. Going to college was something new and strange from what I was used to. My inner conscience would say, "Go back, boy, while you still have a chance. The Navy's the place for you; you're no 'brain'."

Then my mind would answer, "Come on, fellow, keep walking. Imagine that luggage is your 'sea-bag.' You have been through worse things than this."

Back and forth my mind would argue and with each conflicting thought—a step—a step closer to Dana College. And before I realized it, I was here—at Dana.

For a few moments I stood on the 'hill' and looked around me. Straight ahead I could see the lights on the Blair Bridge crossing the Missouri River; to my right I could see the twinkling lights of Blair and now and then a pair of lights would go speeding off into the darkness. Suddenly I heard the sounds of students' voices.

"Funny," I thought to myself, "I hadn't heard that before. —Well, where do I go now.—Where is the Men's 'Dorm'? One of these four buildings must be it so I will try every one of them until I 'hit' the right one. Nothing to it, easy as falling off a log."

Walking towards one of the buildings, I saw a man coming towards me.

"Hey, Mac," I asked, "Where is the Men's 'Dorm'?"

He directed me towards the building and reprimanded me for calling him "Mac." How did I know he was one of the professors at the college?

Thinking that I had better 'watch my step,' I decided that it would be wise to call everyone "sir" until I found out what position they might hold at the college.

## *My First Days at Dana*

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Finally, getting 'squared away' with the Dean of Men, I found my room and got ready for a night of rest.

Six o'clock came too soon on Monday morning to suit me and it took some persuasion on my part to make myself get out of the bed. All during the next two days came tests: psychological tests, general achievement tests, vocational and personality tests, English tests, and tests on study skills. Thinking about it now, I wish I had gone back to sleep on that Monday morning.

Wednesday—registration day. I spent the whole day waiting in lines, dashing from one place to another only to find out I should have stayed where I was in the beginning, filling out blanks, and to what avail? Did I get registered? No!

On Thursday, going through most of it once again, I finally got registered. I also got a few books from the bookstore and a promise for some more in the future.

Now, two months of college life and studying have gone by and I am still struggling to get through.

"Why don't I quit," you ask? Too stubborn and I have my 'G.I. Bill of Rights' to think of."

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## *Blair Bridge*

JOHN WOLTER NIELSEN

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That mass of steel that spans Big Muddy's course  
Bears on its back the traffic of the states—  
Huge trucks whose ports are painted on their sides,  
Chicago, Denver, Omaha, Detroit;  
A Dana student going home by thumb,  
The tourist's car, its windows pasted up  
With stickers from Yosemite and Pike's;  
The farmer with a load of squealing hogs,  
And traveling salesmen on their monthly route.  
All stop midway upon the bridge at Blair;  
The keeper takes their toll, then waves them on—  
The traffic of the states is on its way.

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## Sam Walker—Ace Sleuth

JAMES COFFEY

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The door of "Joe's Chopped Meat Hacienda—Open all Nite" swung open, allowing a shaft of smoky light to fall on the darkened street outside. A short, heavy man stepped inside, flung his hat into an empty booth, and shouted to the proprietor, "Two ham on rye, Joe, and a shot of Java—and snap it up, will ya? I'm dead!" With this, he flopped heavily into the booth, took out a small battered notebook, turned over several pages and began to check off items. Joe, who was already busy arranging various items on the table, ventured, "How's the world treatin' you, Sam?"

"Pretty rough," came the answer.

"Yeh, I feel sorry for you poor private dicks," sighed Joe as he picked up the dollar bill which Sam had laid on the table. He returned presently with the change, leaned over the table and breathed, "Got anything on the Colburn case yet, Sam?"

"Naw," glowered Sam, "I'm stumped." "Oh, it's murder all right. There's no doubt about that. I been out there all day. I don't know why I fool around with stuff like this—it never pays off."

"Got any suspicions?" asked Joe.

"Oh, there's Stephen, the old lady's only son. He seems to have the only motive. He's got an airtight alibi, though, and the only other person who could have done it is the butler. The thing sure looks simple—just two possible suspects, but there's not even one good solid clue." Sam gulped down the last of a sandwich, drowned it in coffee, slid out the booth, pulled on his hat, and explained, "I gotta get some shut-eye so's I can get back out there before those glamour boys from the Police Department get there and mess everything up."

"Take it easy," advised Joe, though he knew very well that Sam would not sleep a wink until the murderer was sitting in a cell. After all, Sam would not be paid a cent for his work—unless he did crack the case and collect the reward. But these cases

were sort of a hobby with Sam. He just seemed to delight in being able to show up the "boys in blue" from the City Police, —as he had done on several occasions. The rivalry was entirely friendly, though, and either one of the parties concerned would be very glad to volunteer his information to help the other in the interest of seeing justice done. Indeed, a certain amount of competition served as a beneficial stimulus to the Police detectives as well as added a little excitement to an otherwise dull and exhausting case.

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The car bearing the police detectives arrived at the Colburn mansion at seven o'clock sharp in the morning. The fog was just beginning to lift over the dim-vault-like walls of the ancient building as the procession of blue uniforms strode noisily into the main reception room. Their leader, Inspector Ralph Gordon, although he fully expected to see Sam Walker already there and hard at work, expressed a sort of fake surprise when he saw the huge man pacing the floor with a pencil in one hand and a notebook in the other, his brows knit as though he was in pensive thought.

"Why sure, I've been here a couple of hours!" ejaculated Sam although he knew—and Inspector Gordon knew—that less than a half hour ago Sam was sitting in his hotel room, under an ice bag, no doubt, trying to arouse his battered mind after another sleepless night.

The pair mounted the stairs and walked to the end of the hall to the room occupied by the late Mrs. Colburn. Here they paused, grinned at each other, then determinedly shoved open the door and walked into the fatal room.

The Inspector spoke first, saying, "Well, what do you make of it, Sherlock?"

Sam hesitated a minute then replied, "You asking me for advice, Junior? Why I thought you fellows would have this thing cracked long ago. Say, by the way, what do you guys tell the newspapers when you get stumped by a simple case like this?"

"We just tell them," retorted the Inspector, "that 'although local police are baffled by this cryptogram, services of the world renowned Sam Walker have been sought,'—that makes the public breathe easier. And say, if you think this case is so simple, I'll

be glad to let you finish it—I've got plenty to keep me busy back at the desk."

"I got plenty of work to do, too," said Sam. "Why, I'm just out here to show you guys how to do it. I figure you gotta learn sometime, and if I kinda' teach you a little about the game, maybe I won't have to do all your work for you."

"All right, teacher, I'll admit I'm up a tree. Now will you kindly explain in simple, three-syllable words just who done it, how he did it, and why?"

At this point, the door of the room opened, an officer stepped inside and announced, "It's headquarters on the phone, sir. The butler's confessed."

"See? That's just what I was going to say," jeered Sam. "I don't see how you lame-brains manage to stay on the force."

As the rest of the group walked toward the head of the stairs, one of the policemen remained behind to pick up the small notebook Sam had left on a table. Wishing to see how a great detective arranged his notes, the officer looked at the turned up page of the notebook. It contained a very excellent caricature of a baldheaded cat with three tails.

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## *Nostalgia*

C. ARTHUR CHRISTENSEN

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Grey sky and wind-whipped waves. Sound of a foghorn, low and monotonous. Rush of water and the mew of the seagulls. Ghostly image of a distant ship. Damp decks, damp clothes, damp bulkheads. Stiff fingers from the chill and the taste of brine on the lips. Gnawing belly and the smell of coffee. Can't smoke. Pitch and roll on and on into nowhere. Throb and shudder. Walk forward to starboard and aft on port. Blast of wind on the bow and the shelter of the superstructure. Feet getting cold. Go below to the warm, stifling closeness of the quarters. Stretch out on the rack. Chords on a guitar and drowsiness. Just another day.

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# One Night on Leyte Gulf

HERBERT A. HJORTSVANG

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It was a typically hot, sultry evening. Faint breaths of wind did little to dispel the blanket of heat that hovered over the harbor. Myriad lights attempted to pierce the gloom above the coal-black water. Aboard the numerous transports and cargo vessels in the harbor, gangs of soldiers and sailors worked under harsh searchlights, lifting food and implements of war from the depths of the gray ships and placing them in the waiting barges and L. C. M.'s lying along their sides. By twenty-two hundred hour, the activity had died down somewhat. Most of the lights aboard the ships and on the shore had been extinguished.

To the several dozen soldiers standing by the rail of one of the gray transports anchored in the harbor, it seemed that now was the time to call it a day, go below deck to their crowded quarters and try to sleep in the almost unbearable heat. But what is this? Some of them are gesturing and talking excitedly among themselves. What do they see over on shore? What is that stream of red balls rising slowly into the air? Why do the blinkers on ships and shore pierce the blackness with their messages of light? Wake up, men! You are aboard a crowded troopship in Leyte Gulf somewhere between Leyte and Samar. It's February, 1945, and the war isn't over, not by a long shot! It looks as if Tokyo has heard of your presence and wants to leave a calling card. Those red balls rising into the blackness are tracers, and that is the signal for an air raid alert. Presently the loud speaking system aboard the ship crackles into action. A harsh voice follows the shrill whistle of the bos'n's pipe: "Now hear this, now hear this, man your battle stations, man your battle stations!" The general quarters alarm brings all crew members out of their bunks in jig time, and in a few minutes all gun stations are manned. Aboard the ships and on the shore, lights are going out, individually and in blocks. Soon all is dark and only the masts of the nearby ships can be seen in the faint light from the moon.

You men on deck are lucky. Guards are keeping the remainder of 2200 troops below deck, but they seem to have forgotten about you. You will have a grandstand seat for the big per-

## *One Night on Leyte Gulf*

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formance. Eight twenty-millimeter and four three-inchers are being manned. The sight of their barrels being rotated gives you a sense of security. The gun crews say that radar has picked up about twelve Nip planes twenty miles away, and they are heading in our direction. On a nearby air strip, twin-engined, jet-black "Black Widows" are taking off to intercept the enemy. If necessary, flak from over 500 ships can join the shore batteries in giving the enemy a warm welcome.

How does the thought of impending danger affect these men on deck? The gun crews, busy in getting their weapons ready and thrilling with the anticipation of a little excitement to liven their heretofore uneventful voyage, are "licking their chops" for action. The troops on deck are reacting in various ways, though to look at them they seem calm, and most of their talk gives no indication of nervousness. Some of the men, although young in years, are old in the experience of war. They have spent two to three years overseas and are veterans of Guadalcanal, Bougainville, or New Guinea. But most of the men are new to war, having been out of the States only a few months, and the nearest enemy has been miles from them. Now it seems they are to have a taste of what millions of other men have seen or been through before, an air raid. Speculation runs rampant. What are the Japs after tonight? Are they going for the ships in the harbor, the airfield less than a mile away on shore, or will it be a nuisance raid with bombs dropped haphazardly? Whatever it is, the Mikado's pilots are boring through the night and will be here soon. Hands are clenched and unclenched, cold sweat breaks out on many a brow, and hearts beat faster with anticipation. Where are they? What's keeping them? Let's get this show over with so we can hit the sack!\* Is that lightning on the distant horizon, and do we hear thunder? No, searchlights are weaving a pattern across the bay and tracers can faintly be seen. The noise is from the distant ninety-millimeters giving the Nips a run for their money. If the Japs are over the other end of the bay, they will be here in a few minutes. It looks as though the ships have been given orders not to fire as no tracers are coming up from the ships in the distance. The curses of the gun crews confirm our guess; they will have no fun tonight. The shore batteries and P-61's will do the work this time.

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\* Go to bed.

## *One Night on Leyte Gulf*

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"Take cover!" The loud speaking system is in action again. There is a rush for the partial protection of the midshiphouse. We barely make it when the roaring engines of low-flying planes are heard. In a moment black, blurry shapes flash over the ship at tremendous speed, fire darting from machine gun ports in the wings and fuselages. Luckily they miss our ship with their 7.7's and 12.7's.\*\* On shore, our flak units have opened with their entire light batteries. Searchlights and tracers put on a regular fourth of July celebration and the quiet of the night is dispelled by hideous noise. It looks as if someone has started a bonfire on shore. This is not the time for a weiner roast, so the Japs must have started it. From its location we are sure that it's the air strip. We are glad that we are not down among those boys; they must be having a rough time. The fire seems to fade out for a moment only to be replaced by a huge brilliant glow. In a few seconds we hear a tremendous explosion. Fires are cropping out in several places along the shore, and the ships nearest the shore are outlined against the light. Yes, the air strip seems to have taken a beating tonight. We wonder how many are lying dead and injured in the debris.

It has been only a few minutes since the show started but already it is over. The firing has stopped but searchlights still prowls the sky. Very faintly in the distance comes the sound of retreating engines, punctuated by machine gun bursts. The "Black Widows" are escorting the Japs on their way home. On shore first-aid parties are picking up the dead and wounded amid the charred rubble. Fire fighting parties are striving to put out the fires. Aboard ship the spectators slowly and silently walk to the companionway, pause a moment, and enter, to be met by their excited comrades who were not fortunate enough to view the spectacle.

Soon the fires on shore are out and the searchlights no longer stretch their inquisitive white fingers into the sky. Lights come back on over the bay and aboard the ships. Aboard the numerous transports and cargo vessels in the harbor, gangs of soldiers and sailors work under harsh searchlights, hauling food and implements of war from the depths of the gray ships. The blanket of hot, sultry air closes in again and all once more feel its oppressiveness.

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\*\* Light and heavy machine guns.

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## The Heart of Winter

NONA KASTL

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Now the pulse of earth is faint and winter's voice is thick with cold. Ice is deep on pond and stream and the water runs dark in the meadow brook. Snowcaps perch on mountain crags, and upland slopes and lowland meadows sleep beneath white covers.

In the man-made calendar, January is dedicated to Janus, the god of gates and doors, the god of beginnings. But to the countryman, January is the heart of the winter. There are many gray days when the snow clouds hang low over the earth, days when all is quiet, days of waiting for the snow that the Storm King is readying to shake from his bag of storms. There are days when light cirrus clouds film the sky and thin shadows run from the tree trunks—days when the sun breaks partly through the high haze and seems to hang suspended for a brief interlude.

There are other days when the landscape is limned mirror-bright and the sun shines from a steel-blue sky. A few puff-balls of cumulus clouds wander casually along the sky trails. On such days, if there is a crust on the snow, the sun reflects colored glints from the frozen crystals.

After a fall of fresh snow, there are stories to be read on the new page. The coyote makes his daily round; the deer come from their yard among the swamp evergreens to drink at the fording place in the meadow brook; the rabbits' tracks are thick at the edge of the creek. Beneath the wild apple trees at the upper side of the pasture are the tracks of grouse, where they have dug around for a brown, pulpy, shrivel-fleshed apple. Along the brooks and creeks are the trails of muskrat and mink. Sometimes one comes upon a few scarlet stains on the white, a bit of fur or a few feathers, mute evidence of a tragedy, but all part of nature's inexorable and mysterious balancing of forces.

There is beauty in the woods in the time of winter solstice. In the hardwood groves all is clear and exposed. Each tree

## *The Heart of Winter*

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shows its distinctive bark pattern. The beeches, maples, oaks, and birches stand like intricate etchings against the winter sky. The nests of gray squirrels are bulky, leafy masses in the crotches. Gray-silvered, cone-shaped hornet's nests hang from the slender limbs of birches. Among the pines, hemlock, and spruces, it is quiet and peaceful. A breeze may sway the top branches, but beneath the trees one senses the slow pulse of winter. The voices in the tree-tops are subdued and slow, a gentle murmuring of reassurance that all is well. There is a bracing aroma in the air among the evergreens—a zestful fragrance that impels a man to fill his lungs with the invigorating air.

There is work to do on the farm in winter. When the time of steady cold has come, neighbors join forces for butchering, and the spicy, nostril-tickling smell of rendering spreads from the kitchen through the halls. When the ice is a foot deep on the village pond, comes the rush period of harvest and the big rectangular cakes are shoved through black channels of crackling water to the shore. There are still many farms in the mid-west that fill old ice-houses with layers of the clear green-white coldness for summer's needs.

The countryman likes best of all to take his axe and go to the woodlot to chop wood for next summer's fuel. Gray day or bright, it is good work. There is a fragrant aroma as the big splintered-end chips fly from the V-shaped notch. The chickadees and downy woodpeckers come busying around. Shep, the farm collie, investigates old brush piles and perhaps sends a rabbit scuttling across the snow.

Toward the middle of the afternoon, when shadows begin settling in the woods and the sun tips over the rim of the horizon, a man shoulders his axe and starts down the pasture slope toward the house by the valley road. Golden paths stream out across the snow from the kitchen windows. A man lights his yard light and goes to the warm barn to do the chores and is welcomed by the impatient livestock. And when, chores are done for the night, he returns across the barnyard ready for supper and a peaceful evening by the comforting warmth of the fire. He feels it has been a good day. It is midwinter on the farm.

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## *Christmas Eve at Fouwilliers \**

PAUL JEPPESEN

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Outside, the wind-driven snow lay deep. The night was cold, clean, and clear. The blue-white light of the stars shone down on us. The icy wind swept through the narrow street. Our artillery pieces, on the hill outside the village, cracked loudly in the frozen air and flashed brightly in the midnight blackness.

We opened the door of the stone structure and hurried in as the yellow candle-light fell across the snow.

In the front of this small room, the chaplain's portable set or altarlet had been arranged. It was simply a wooden crate with his carrying case placed on top, covered by an altar-cloth on which stood a cross and on each side a lighted candle in a holder. The German beer signs on the walls and the old bar pushed into a corner in the rear of the room were tell-tale of its having been a cafe.

We removed our steel helmets and pistol belts and placed them in the confused piles of helmets and web equipment which covered the top of the bar and also the floor at the rear. Our carbines we leaned gently against the wall among an assortment of weapons.

The chairs arranged in rows were already filled with soldiers in overcoats and field jackets. The men, some comparatively neat and clean, others muddy, tired-looking, long-haired, and needing shaves, were gathered here in silent reverence. Some sat with heads bowed. Some sat erect with eyes looking straight ahead. Others standing in back rested their weight on one leg. All were silent. This silence was disturbed only by the rattle and bang of the windows and doors, caused by the concussion from the intermittent gun fire outside on the opposite hill.

The chaplain, looking intently into a book, was seated, his back to us, in a chair in the front row. He wore a heavy, khaki-colored jacket, dark brown trousers, and a pair of dull, unshined boots, over which his trousers were bloused. After a few minutes had passed, he arose to announce that we would open this informal service by singing the hymn, "Oh Come, All Ye Faithful,

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\* Belgium

## *Christmas Eve at Fowilliers*

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Triumphantly Sing." The voices soon rose in full volume to fill the room, and almost equaled the sharp, occasional, banging of the windows.

When we had finished the hymn, he opened the Bible and began to read in a solemn voice the familiar story of Christ's birth as recorded in Luke. Our thoughts, carried by the familiar sound of the words, wandered back across thousands of miles to home, to memories of Christmases gone by. A shudder, felt throughout the room, suddenly brought us back.

A short prayer was followed by singing "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night." The candles about the room flickered and the shadows rose and fell across the page as we thought of our comrades seated about the guns outside.

The short sermon, appropriate to the occasion, ended in a general prayer, for our enemies, for those at home, for God's protection, and for victory and peace in the near future. Peace, we all longed for it.

The service filled us with warmth within and moistened the eyes of many strong men.

In closing, "Holy Night! Peaceful Night," soft and low-pitched, met our ears. How ironic, I thought.

Solemn silence prevailed.

We donned our helmets and gear, slung our carbines on our shoulders, and stepped outside—outside into the bitter cold, to life and reality—back to the guns.

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## *Loneliness*

ROBERT E. VIDEBECK

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The feeling looms within—loneliness.

I am lonely for youth. I am lonely for love; for freedom; for faith. I am lonely for Saturday nights; for Sunday mornings. I am lonely for Mother; for Father. I am lonely for God; for all that He stands for and wants. I am lonely for grass, green in spring; for trees, orange in autumn; for Connecticut in winter. I am lonely for stars at night; for clouds; for the sun. I am lonely for all that I want. I am lonely for that which I should have done and did not do. I am lonely. I am blind!

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## Winter Has Two Faces

CLEO D. HANSEN

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Out of the storehouse of the year's seasons an icy wind blows—reckless, blustering, magical. From the iron-gray skies snow begins to fall in slow flurries, then faster in great bundles, and faster still—caught now by the rushing winds. *This is winter.*

Across our nation, thousands of new scenes are created by this cosmetic used by Mother Nature. Mother Nature, however, applies that cosmetic to two faces. First, there is the wild and disagreeable face of our large cities. This is winter's bluster-land. Secondly, it is applied to the calm and beautiful face of the glistening, world of trees and open skies. This is winter's wonder-land.

Winter in the city is a great, gray, ghost which swallows the sun and drives cheer into hiding. It creeps in on you. It grips you. It settles in your bones and chills you while you are waiting for that bus or street car. Soon the whole world seems to be nothing but driving snow and stinging sleet. And even if some can laugh at winter's heavy-handed pranks, winter in the city can be mean and treacherous as it howls and shouts and slams its weight around. As a person walks around the corner of a building, the changing air currents catch him off guard and thrust him to the icy sidewalk, stealing his hat and sailing it recklessly among the traffic.

Overheated stoves in crowded tenement houses often cause a wave of fires, putting into action much of a city's fire-fighting apparatus. The fireman cuts through ice and high, freezing winds to do his job.

In the big cities—in New York and Chicago, Boston, St. Louis and Seattle—people tell you: "Winter's okay, I guess, but for me—well, I'd just as soon skip it."

But where the land is free and open, winter has that other face—a soft and silent face. Here, away from the gray cities, winter is a poet's season—tranquil, unhurried. A country church nestles comfortably among some stately, brave evergreens, which have been sprinkled with glittering specks of snow.

It is a sparkling time, when blood tingles and children's play is fresh and brisk, a time when magic breezes blow a child's laughter about, to tinkle on the walls of a crystal world. And out on the rolling hills and stream-fed valleys, winter touches all things with soft and gentle hands, lending grace and brilliance to the land. The silvery cloak of snow, soft as velvet, keeps the earth warm and guarded, until days begin to lengthen and snows melt away to swell the earth—leaving the sun to rule another fruitful spring.

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## *Fall and Spring*

CAROL MENGERS

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The sky is weeping o'er the earth,  
The trees bow down and sigh,  
The whole wide world is mournful,  
For Death is passing by.

The leaves are falling from the trees.  
They drop to earth and die.  
The Year is drawing to its close,  
And Death is passing by.

The world is fighting, killing.  
Young men who say, 'Goodbye,'  
Are never seen alive again,  
For Death is passing by.

But once again the earth will turn,  
Again will come the spring.  
The friendly Sun again will shine  
On every living thing.

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## *Did I Scent Autumn in the Air*

JOHN WOLTER NIELSEN

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Did I scent autumn in the air,  
Or was it just the woodland smoke  
That mounts above on spiral stairs  
And fades into a purple haze?  
Or was it in the withered leaves  
That falling mark the end of time?  
Ah no, it was the wrinkled hand,  
The greying hair, the quav'ring voice,  
That bore for me the signs of fall—  
The autumn of this mortal life.

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## **Boar Hunting in the Philippines**

**BENJAMIN LIMJOCO**

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The truck groaned as it labored up the serpentine climb of the mountain road in low gear. As we went higher, the valley stretched below us, lighted by the moon in a somber glow, its symmetrical patchwork receding into the distant darkness. The heady smell of the wild flowers permeated the cold night air. I shivered in the open rear of the truck, watching the headlighted road ahead across which some animal scurried every once in a while. The cold barrel of my rifle seemed to stick to my hands wherever I touched it.

We carried only the most necessary hunting equipment so as not to be weighed down by a heavy load on the long hike to the hunting grounds. This equipment consisted of our guns, water canteens, and cartridge bags. All my companions had shotguns, while I had only a .22 rifle. A small bore rifle does not have the stunning power of a shotgun, and is especially risky to use against wild boars. To compensate for this weakness, I used Super X Hollow Point cartridges that flatten on striking an object. I had seen them used against monkeys whose heads were almost blown off when the bullets splattered against their skulls. As an added precaution, I had brought along a sidearm, my grandfather's .38 revolver.

Half an hour later we were in the plains again. The high hill where we were to find our quarry loomed darkly before us. The driver stopped the truck near its base; from there we were to go on foot up the steep slopes.

After an arduous climb where we had to stumble through the thick underbrush and wade through the tall talahib grass, we arrived at our destination. We were assigned positions along a gully, for it is known that animals that are being chased always go the easiest way, that is, downward. Long strings with white tassels attached to them were strung out between our positions to eliminate the danger of our firing at one another. The drivers, with the dogs, were to chase the boar towards us, so we kept a clear space to windward. This was done to lessen the probability of the boar's scenting our presence.

## Boar Hunting

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Then we settled down in our positions and waited for the quarry. Our guides, all experienced hunters, had cautioned us not to smoke, build a fire, or talk aloud. As the night wore on, it became hard to stay awake or to keep vigilance. Shivering from the cold, I tried to keep my eyes open. My guide burrowed into the ground and slept soundly in the warm earth like a hibernating bear, undisturbed by the mosquitoes which kept buzzing around us.

I suddenly remembered that my gun was not ready to fire. I had inserted the loaded magazine in the rifle, but had forgotten to push it inside the breech. I recalled what had happened to my cousin before, while hunting deer. He had perched himself on the branch of a tree, and when the deer appeared, he was unable to fire because the gun was not loaded. The deer was entirely unaware of his presence as it nibbled contentedly at the grass, just below him, so near that he could have clubbed it with his shotgun. Carefully, he loaded the gun, but the inevitable clicking sound as the breech was opened frightened the deer, and, sensing imminent danger, it bounded away. The embarrassment caused him by the incident still rankled.

After ramming the cartridge into the chamber, I removed the rear sight from the rifle. There is no need for a peep sight in the dark. Then I attached a piece of white cloth to the front sight as sighting guide. With this I could shoot with a reasonable amount of accuracy.

The waiting was interminable. It seemed that our drivers would never be able to flush the boar. Not till dawn did we hear the shrill, excited barking of the dogs.

They were coming from the ridge, the drivers outlined against the morning sky. I searched frantically for the boar, saw it for an instant as it paused to sniff the air. It was huge and black and ugly. Then it charged down the gully, the dogs wildly yelping after it. The trees and the brushes shook from the turbulence of its mad rush. A few seconds later there was a loud report, followed by another from the position below. Then the boar appeared again, far down the slope, moving slowly now. I fired three shots in rapid succession before it was lost in the brushes.

It was my cousin who had fired the two shots from below and evidently he had missed. Our guides started muttering;

## Boar Hunting

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they could not understand how he could have missed such a close target. My cousin, who was an officer in the army, had a marksman's rating. Nevertheless he believed that he had scored a hit. He had seen the boar shudder at the impact of the shot, momentarily stunned.

We were about to give up the game for lost when someone discovered a trail of blood on the ground. Following it, we saw trees with their trunks gashed by the wild beast in its berserk rampage. About two hundred yards away we found it lying on the grass, mortally wounded. All the nine pellets of the buckshot had hit it in the mid-section, piercing the heart and lungs. I then climbed up a rock close to it and delivered the *coup de grace*.

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## Singapore, 1946

NORMAN C. BANSEN

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Blot from your memory the shame of Japan,  
the dark days of storm and suffering;  
clear from your streets every stone  
set for remembrance of the enemy.  
But leave for the future the name  
that was given you by the foe.

Do not return to the harshness  
of Britain's name—Singapore.  
Do not become again the city you were,  
the ominous City of the Lion.  
Remain what your enemy named you—  
Shonan, Fair City of the South.

For so I remember you, distant and sparkling  
with light across tropic seas; remember  
lighthouses rising above jungle-crowned  
distant islands, and dusk making the sea  
one with the sky and the night. A breeze  
from your coast, Shonan, touched my cheek.

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## *Fugitive*

ANDREW HANSEN

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The little wind of evening hurried home through the apple blossoms. Some of the fragrant petals drifted away into the tall weeds in the ditch on whose edge the old tree lifted its gnarled arms. One pink bit of velvet settled down upon a bundle of rags crouched there in the ditch, a rag bag of a person whose terrified eyes darted hither and yon as he clung to the ditch bottom. A thin trickle of filthy water ran over the broken shoes and even over the clenched hands. The apple blossom petal lay on the dirty wrist.

The black eyes stared! Whistling breath between his teeth slackened. Apple blossoms! Apple blossoms! Men shouted at your heels! Last summer's dead weeds lashed your face as you crawled through the mud and filth! Feet pounded near you! Eyes sought you! Voices cursed you! Apple blossoms! What a joke. With an oath, he shook off the frail pink petal.

Then thoughts undreamed for years became as real as life itself. So long ago a house stood below an orchard. A home it was. A boy who whistled lived there. A mother hurried in and out the livelong day with a song on her lips, a smile in her eyes. A white curtain fluttered at an open window. A brown dog barked hysterically in the spring wind. And everywhere the apple blossoms fell.

Gone, gone so long ago. All that remained was a trickle of dirty water, a crouched body in the darkness of the weeds, a distant shout of voices. No, some little bit was left. He lay so still with his hand over the apple blossom petal. A homesick boy waited for the night to shelter him.

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## The Tree

ROBERT E. VIDEBECK

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I stand at the bottom of the hill and look up. A tree stands at the top. It is a simple tree with purpose. There is no motive but there IS purpose. I reason with myself to see the purpose.

The tree is seemingly ageless. Ancient history has its trees. Medieval history has its trees. Modern history has its trees. The tree is imposing on mankind. It will impose more on mankind, It has purpose, nevertheless.

Along the streets of Athens in ancient times, there walked a most impressive scholar. He had a cause. His teachings were influential. He taught the people of different gods and also of immortality. The people of prominence were against him. This man was cast into prison, and there he was forced to death. The tree was his death. Socrates drank of the hemlock. The tree had purpose.

India has its tree. In the Temple at Kalighat, Calcutta, is a large euphorbia tree. It is the tree of fertility. Women come to this tree to pray for children; that is, that they may bear children. A strand of hair is taken from the woman's head. The woman ties the hair to a rock from the Ganges and then onto the tree. If the rock does not fall, the woman will have a child. When the child is a year old, it is brought to the tree, and a ceremony of weaning takes place. The child's head is shaven and the hair is then placed at the foot of the tree. After this, the child is brought before the goddess Kali and there rice curry is placed on the child's lips. The plant gives off a milky substance when broken. During this ceremony, women are praying and sprinkling water from the holy Ganges. The tree has purpose.

America has its tree. In the nineteenth century, when America was young, there was a common tree in the west. Men would thunder down from hill tops, up gorges, across plains, then plunder helpless victims. These outlaws were punished. Posses would be sent out to capture them. If the outlaws were caught,

## The Tree

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their fate was the lynch tree. The lynch tree is a simple tree, as is the case with all trees that have purpose. It is just a simple noose around the victim's neck; a rope thrown over the branch of the tree, and then death. A lynch tree had its purpose.

The summer has its tree. A tree with full, leafy branches is the summer tree. There is peacefulness under the summer tree. The summer tree can talk to one sitting under it in repose. How sweet those breezy poems the summer tree tells. The slumber one often succumbs to under the summer tree is blissfully pleasurable. A soft caressing breeze transplants one into the arms of Morpheus. Grandpas, countrywide, spend much time under the summer tree. They call it the shady tree. The summer tree is as constant as tomorrow because it, too, has purpose.

There is the witness tree which Robert Frost immortalized in his poem. The poem is called "Sycamore."

Zaccheus he  
Did climb a tree  
Our Lord to see.

The witness tree is a simple tree. It stands alone in its purpose.

Young boys know of a tree that has climbable branches. Those branches are temptation to forget mother's orders. Young boys all know of the climbing tree. This tree is the tree that gets them in trouble, but, without hesitation they yield to its branches. What purpose, but to furnish pleasure for anxious boys, does this tree have?

The Garden of Eden had its tree. This tree was the downfall of mankind. If it had not been for an apple, we citizens of sin should be eligible for God's Right Hand. This tree did have purpose.

There was once a tree on a hill. It was hewn and maybe even polished. It could have been cedar, or pine, or teak, or oak. It was a magnificent tree. It was an ugly tree. It might even have been an unwilling tree. If mankind had not felled it, and had not hewn it, and had not nailed a Man to it, it might have stood alone in the forest of disaster without purpose. This tree had purpose. It was a magnificent purpose. This tree is mankind's reminder.

I stand at the bottom of the hill and look up. A tree stands at the top. It is a simple tree with purpose. There is no motive but there IS purpose. I reason with myself to see the purpose.

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## *Funeral Rites*

JOYCE NELSON

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The funeral rite is the last religious and ceremonial tribute of friendship and love paid to the dead. Funerals have developed from the belief that the dead are not really dead and the desire to propitiate or alleviate the departed spirit. This rite is performed differently by the various races and religions.

The Hindu custom is rather complicated and drawn out. The corpse is perfumed, adorned with flowers, and then burned. After many ceremonies, the bones are deposited in a casket and buried. These are afterwards disinterred and thrown into the Ganges. A second series of obsequies begins then, and this is followed by the commemorative rite. The former custom was to have voluntary immolation of the widow of the deceased. This was the most remarkable part of the ceremony. The widow threw herself on the pyre, or pile of wood, which was started on fire. In this way she joined her loved one in the "other world."

The Mohammedan custom is to bury their dead. Interment takes place as soon as possible in obedience to the command of the prophet: "Make haste to bury the dead, that if he have done well, he may go forthwith into blessedness; if evil, into hell-fire." No signs of excessive grief, no tears or lamentations are allowed. They are taught that the duty of a good Mussulman is to comply without protest to the will of God. In burial, the body is committed to the earth with the face turned toward Mecca, a city in Arabia, which was the birthplace of Mohammed. Monuments are forbidden by law, but they are erected constantly.

The next of kin of a Jew closed the eyes of the dead. The corpse was then washed, and, in the case of persons of any consequence, laid for a time in spices or anointed with spices. It is then swathed in linen bandages and deposited in the tomb. Mourning customs are collected from scripture. The mourners went bareheaded and barefoot, covered their mouths and kept silence, put on a sackcloth, and sat in ashes. Funeral songs were sung by persons hired for the purpose. Monuments were sometimes carved out of solid rock, with many niches. As each niche

was filled its entrance was stopped up by a large stone rolled against it.

Greek and Roman burial was an act of piety to the dead. Without it, the spirit had to wander 100 years on the banks of the Styx. The last breath was generally caught by a near relative, who opened his mouth to receive it. The body was washed and crowned with flowers. A cake of flour and honey was placed in the hand as a bribe for Cerberus. Cerberus was known as a dog with three heads and a serpent tail, with serpents about his body who guarded the entrance into the infernal regions. An obolus was put in the mouth of the corpse to be used for a fee for Charon, who was to ferry the soul across the Styx. Both interment and cremation were used. In interment, the body was placed with the face upward and the head toward the west. In burning, the pile varied in form and material. It was lighted by the nearest relative. Perfume and wine were poured on it, and the richest clothes of the dead were burned with him. The ashes were then collected and deposited in an urn.

These customs seem very strange to us who use the simpler but stately service of the Protestant Church. The order for this Burial of the Dead is found in the Book of Common Prayer. The first section is recited in the church, to which the body has been brought, or at the house of the deceased. It consists of anthems, psalm, and a lesson. The committal is recited at the grave where dust is scattered on the coffin as it has been lowered.

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## *Depression*

ELEANOR NIELSEN

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As fog creeps down and enfolds the valley, so also despondency enters one's spirit. Disheartening memories of blighted love—melancholy poetry such as "Thanatopsis" and "Ulalume"—the heart-touching tones of "Clair de Lune," "Valse Triste," or "Auf Wiedersehen"—the gloomy plot of "Wuthering Heights" or "Lost Weekend"—the sound of wind whistling through the trees or waves splashing on the rocks—the sight of the last dry leaf falling from the oak tree—may arouse this dark and dispirited mood.

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## *An Appeal to the Nations to Seek Peace*

FREDERICK H. BRENGELMAN

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Disturbed by my care and my sorrow,  
Disturbed by the cruelty of living,  
By trials, perplexities hounded,  
I sat down at the close of the evening.  
The season closing was Advent, the season for sorrow, repentance,  
But sorrow the world has rejected.

Through the day the crowds, violent, surging,  
Swelled through the streets, and the noise of their laughter  
Ascended to heaven.  
Good cheer with loud laughter, crude jesting, holy things blas-  
phemed,  
And Almighty Christ, having humbled Himself for remission  
Looked down,  
From the height of His power, from the might of His power and  
His glory  
With righteous wrath, even with sorrow,  
Upon those redeemed by His Penance, who cursed with His Name,  
Despising His gift of salvation.  
And He swore in His wrath (by Himself, not finding a greater),  
With the great purging fire to consume them,  
With the works of their hands to destroy them,  
Shedding the blood of the nations having lived by the sword.

And I, of the land of my fathers most boastful,  
Knew that she of all nations was guilty,  
That she would in justice consumed be,  
Consumed in the fire of her making.  
And I heard the cry of the millions,  
Striving, struggling in fierceness  
To rise from the depth of their birth-state,  
Not knowing the way where peace led to,  
Not knowing that struggle was futile,

*An Appeal to the Nations*

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That true pleasure was there to be taken,  
Even the pleasure of peace.

An appeal I send out to the nations:  
Seek peace, oh, seek peace and pursue it;  
Repent in the season for sorrow;  
Remember the birth of the Savior  
Whose sacrifice, yea, whose atonement  
Began with His birth in the winter,  
His birth in the cold, the coarse stable,  
His birth ending the season of Advent.

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"51"

NORMAN C. BANSEN

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MD Form 51 reads "Malaria."  
Malaria, the one word.  
Above is the name Ricardi.  
Alfred Ricardi.

Nights are long under the rice straw roof,  
long nights, warm, damp nights,  
and the lizards turn brown as they move.  
Brown as they move from the white walls  
to the brown bamboo rafters.  
White on white, brown on brown.  
And the heat, the dampness, the heat.  
Hours pass. Night nurse checks the wards.  
OD makes his final rounds. . . .  
Hot, flaming hot. A burning fever  
and chills and dampness and heat again.  
No breeze and the mosquito net makes a prison,  
a prison of dead air, close-pressing heat.  
Morning. Noon. Afternoon. Night.  
And morning of another day.  
To MD Form 51 is added the one word "Died" . . . .  
And also the time.

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## *Man Versus the Elements*

WILLIAM PEARSON

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Man has yet to streamline himself as he has his machines. Until he does so—if he can—pilots are not likely to survive flight into the realm of sound.

The same kind of human being who was, at the turn of the century, considering daring to risk his neck in a fifteen-mile-per-hour "horseless carriage," is now preparing to pilot 1500-mile-per-hour airplanes that fly twice as fast as sound travels. Our same mental and physical equipment, which at best, was never adapted to the three dimensional environment of the bird, must now cope with this scientific fantasia we call supersonic flight. But until science progresses at an equally fast pace with research concerning the human body, man's frailties, rather than aerodynamic innovations of the engineers, are going to be the limiting factors in high-velocity travel.

Flying at four-figure speeds promises to beset both the pilot and flight surgeon with a host of strange new problems. Moreover, this cannon-shell transit magnifies out of all proportion certain troubles which are considered commonplace and not especially dangerous in the slower flight of conventional airplanes.

There is the matter of engine failure, for example. In most cases, pilots of even such speedy, tricky craft as the Thunderjet or Phantom have landed right side up after "losing" an engine and have walked away from the scene. But, according to the most advanced data, power plant failure indicates possible death to the supersonic pilot, as the terrific deceleration will literally crush him to pulp.

When an airplane moving at 1500 miles per hour is suddenly deprived of the terrific amount of thrust required to maintain such

velocity, that plane decelerates—particularly as it comes back through the unpredictable transonic region—with proportionate suddenness, depending on its weight, to about one-third of its speed. The most streamlined craft, when lightened by the consumption of the fuel, cannot “coast” fast enough with power off to keep the airman from being crushed to death. Indeed, even 500 miles per hour is a generous allowance for power-off speed. It is not difficult for us now to imagine what happens to a human being who is subjected to a 1000 mile-an-hour deceleration, when a motorist can be crushed or thrown through the windshield when a car collides with some object and decelerates from a speed of only fifty miles per hour to zero.

Anchor the pilot firmly in the strongest seat with the best shock-absorbing device and he still would virtually explode as everything inside him kept on going when the plane and body decelerated so rapidly. Forces possibly twenty times as great as the pull of gravity are expected to be exerted on the hapless pilot for several moments. The gravity forces, of course, would vary with speed, weight of plane, amount of thrust and altitude.

Scientists are not at all certain that a pilot flying at transonic and supersonic speeds will be able to see outside the plane. He may have to fly blind, for at least part of the time, since there is evidence that curtaining shock waves might envelope the plane. Everyone has noticed how the heat waves distort vision. And during high-speed dives in conventional aircraft, test pilots have seen—and photographed with automatic cameras—the whitish, dancing streaks that are wing shock waves. These are just baby waves. Full-grown compressibility waves may possibly shroud the plane like an opaque tent. It is also possible that the high temperatures generated by the bullet-speed friction would provide the additional distortion of heat waves.

The supersonic pressure waves may have other unpleasant effects of the human constitution. Vibration phenomena such as the cracking of a thin glass by certain violin notes are generally understood; and it is well known among psychologists that noise vibrations affect the efficiency and behavior of industrial workers. It is known that high-frequency pressure waves—similar in nature to

## *Man Versus the Elements*

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those which are expected to result from supersonic flight—can have a weird effect on pilots by overstimulating or depressing certain brain areas and possibly even glands. These “noises” above the range of the human ear could conceivably alter one’s orderly thought processes or sensory perceptions and thereby delude the airman into committing some serious error. The very slightest pilot error at 1500 miles per hour might prove fatal.

Thus the battle of the elements against man’s lust for speed, throws the pygmy into mortal combat with the giant, the giant never changing or giving ground and the pygmy using all its collective ingenuity in seeking to defeat its powerful foe.

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## *Milwaukee at Midnight*

JOHN WOLTER NIELSEN

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Milwaukee at midnight  
Betrays no sign of noisy mills or sooty shops,  
The clang of engines or the smell of smoke.  
The rush of people and the cry of vendors  
Are absent from the dusky air.  
Only the faint sweet smell of hops and yeast  
Remain to attest to Milwaukee’s eminence at this late hour.  
Along her shore the workers of the shops and mills  
Forget the labor of the day in a long embrace,  
But through the smell of cheap perfume  
Comes the smell of the barley.  
Milwaukee at midnight  
Forgets her hurried trade and dirty mills  
But not her breweries.  
Milwaukee, Brewer of Beer,  
First in the nation.

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## *Just Nosing Around*

HAROLD JERSILD

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No doubt you have heard the saying, "Man's best friend is his dog." I sincerely believe that, considering the compiled scientific data, the phrase would be much more in keeping with the facts if stated, "Man's best friend is his nose." To prove my point: A man may either take his dog with him or leave him at home. His nose, by a biological law, he must always have with him. Here is where the obliging nature of the nose is most obvious. The considerate little organ has been proven by experiment to cease using its endowed powers after a few minutes in an odoriferous atmosphere. In view of this profound statement, I feel the reader will realize and share with me my emotions regarding the subject. Experiment has also shown that man is excited more by aromas, such as perfumes, than the objects of any of the other five senses. Therefore it may be added that "Women's best friend is also man's nose."

The structure of the nose is certainly as important as the olfactory sense. Statistics on eye accidents show conclusively that the nose offers protection for the eyes. The Romans, with their high, arched noses, had thirty-two per cent less injuries to the eyes than did the Japanese in the years 82 to 64 B.C. Also, it is the opinion of several experts in the field of anatomy that because the head acts as barrier between the ears, it is reasonable to assume that the nose-bone is the sole factor in preventing the eyes from growing together.

Recent reports from the psychological department of Columbia University inform me that the contours of the nose are fast becoming considered the mirror of an individual's personality. With this in mind, I can suggest no better field than noseology for young men with ambition and foresight. The scope of this science is undoubtedly limitless.

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## *Sonnet on Our Broken Love*

JOHN WOLTER NIELSEN

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When I behold the starry hosts on high  
And see the misty clouds engulf the moon;  
When scented petals from the midnight sky,  
Weighed down with silver dewdrops fall too soon;  
When soft winds gently play within the tree,  
Whose branches bear rich blossoms touched with white;  
And when I hear the droning of the bee  
Winging his way across the pathless night,  
Then, Love, my thoughts again return to thee;  
Once more to wander with you o'er the hill,  
To know again your body close to me  
And feel your lips and pulse so calm and still.  
I often wonder then if it was right  
To break our love that cloudless autumn night.

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## *On Learning of Your Love*

JOHN WOLTER NIELSEN

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'Twere better if I ne'er had known  
Your love and red lips pressed to mine,  
For then perhaps my troubled soul  
In ignorance could find surcease  
Within another's arms and eyes,  
But knowing once the love you've shown  
Is like the first long draught of wine,  
That burning leaves a fiery coal  
Within the throat that will not cease  
Though drenched with drinks of paradise.

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# Art Defined

EDWIN JIPP

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In order to define art in its modern conception, we must restrict its meaning. Art in its broadest possible sense designates everything which we can distinguish from nature; in other words, everything which can be attributed to man is art. Science and mathematics, however, would not fall strictly into the classification of art since they are the study and application of natural laws. More specifically, art distinguishes the fine arts from the useful, mechanical, or industrial arts. Art, as used popularly, refers to the aesthetic, the beautiful or to that which appeals to the taste and imagination. It is true that the useful arts may produce beauty, but that is only the secondary object: heretofore useful objects are not generally classified as art. Art then is usually limited to the fine arts: architecture, music, sculpture, painting, poetry, and drama. Sometimes in common usage, art is restricted until it includes only sculpture and painting or even just painting.

One way to define art is to say that art has certain qualities of emotion and beauty which satisfy some inner need of man. In order that this definition may be clear, it is necessary to discuss the meaning of beauty. Beauty may be defined either as the result of some intrinsic character of the things themselves and the associations they arouse, or as an objectification of products of the imagination. Works of art may be described as beautiful or as those things which appeal to the aesthetic sense. They are non-utilitarian with the exception of architecture in which beauty and usefulness are combined. In the true work of art, the beauty is always the most important. Beauty, however, is not always art; art is the creation of beauty.

In painting and sculpture, nature is almost always used as the model, but to copy nature faithfully is not true art. True art is an interpretation of nature that reveals its beauty by giving it design, form, and color through the imagination of the artist. It can be said that nature has no beauty except as revealed by art. Although craftsmanship is important to art, it in itself does not make great art. A designed or planned effect is needed; and the

more subtly this effect is produced, the greater the art. In painting and sculpture, the meaning is not so important as the effect to be produced. The same is true of the more abstract form of art, music. Harmony, rhythm, and motion are combined for an effect, and although it may increase the suggestiveness of the music to know the meaning the composer has attached to it, the expression of beauty is the important thing.

What is the difference then between objects of art and things which are not art? A plaster cast of a beautiful face may be accurate in every detail, and yet it may seem to be a caricature instead of art. A painting of the same face may be art. The difference lies in the fact that the artist has produced by imagination and design the idealization of his subject while the mask appears to be just what it is, a lifeless form. Nor is photography considered to be art even though it faithfully reproduces nature. The most we can say is that the photographer has shown artistic or aesthetic taste in his selection of a subject. The fine line which divides art from craftsmanship can be shown by the fact that the copies of paintings by the old masters are never equal to the original. No matter how skillful the workmanship has been, something that made the original great art is missing.

The function of art has been said to be a form of play or a pastime for those who can afford it, but this can easily be disproved. Objects of art have been found in the most ancient of ruins and even the caveman who, it would seem, should have had little time for such things, drew pictures on the walls of his cave. If any specific function can be given to art, it is the creation of beauty for the pleasure of those who wish to enjoy it.

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*April Shower*  
DOROTHY SEYBOLD

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From the dark black clouds, floating overhead,  
Like a leak in a water tower,  
There poured on the cool and thirsty earth  
The year's first April shower.

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## *The Donkey and the Elephant*

NONA KASTL

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After a torrential storm, which had lasted five years, the sun came out on a tormented world. A donkey and an elephant were strolling through the forest, earnestly discussing the storm and the devastation that presented itself on all sides, when they came upon a cart, mired in the mud. The cart was loaded with bundles labeled, National Debts, Foreign Relations, Labor Problems, World Peace, Veterans' Rehabilitation, and many others with obscured labels. A man with a tall hat and striped trousers was tugging and pushing with all his might, trying to dislodge the vehicle. The elephant and donkey at once became interested in his predicament and began to ask him how it happened.

The man with the tall hat and striped trousers sat down in the shade, removed his hat, mopped his brow, and began:

"For centuries I have been driver of this cart, driving it from destination to destination without too many mishaps; of course, there have been storms, but I have usually been assigned a trusty horse and together we have weathered these uprisings of nature. This last one proved to be too much for my horse and he died. Another one was sent to fill his place; but he is always galavanting away to Missouri, so once again I'm left with an empty harness."

The donkey and elephant immediately offered assistance to the melancholy man. The donkey jumped up and said, "I'll bet I can pull that cart out in a jiffy. Just help me into this harness."

So the donkey tugged and tugged and tugged. The wagon creaked and groaned but did not budge an inch.

The elephant meantime began to laugh at the donkey, because he had such a funny expression on his face, and the more he tugged, the funnier it got. The elephant laughed and laughed. He laughed till tears of mirth were rolling from his eyes. The elephant's laughter infuriated the donkey until he threw off the harness, stomped up to the elephant and said: "Let's see you do any better."

## *The Donkey and the Elephant*

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The elephant recovered himself and got into the harness. He tugged and tugged and tugged. The wagon creaked and groaned but did not budge an inch. It was the donkey's turn to laugh then.

This in turn infuriated the elephant and the words began to fly. They were verbally tearing each other to pieces. The man with the tall hat and striped trousers separated them and made the suggestion they work together. But they would not. The bickering went on and on and on. The skies were clouding up again and a few splatters of rain began to fall. Finally the elephant and donkey decided they were not getting anywhere arguing so they both got into the harness and with very little effort the wagon was eased from the mud.

The sun peeked from behind a cloud and smiled triumphantly; the donkey and elephant looked at each other and grinned; the man with the tall hat and striped trousers began to whistle a merry tune; and as though by magic, the bundles in the cart began to disintegrate until there were just a few left in the bottom.

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## *Despair*

HOLGER CHRISTENSEN

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I am swallowed in a night of despair. My every way is blocked. I cannot go forward or backward, to the right or to the left. The road behind is my past—a maze of frustration and failure—it cannot be retraced. On either side loom the high walls of impending defeat and tragedy. Ahead are only the dark clouds of despondency, the road of fear, and the mire of hopelessness and oblivion.

And yet there is a way—one short, sweet and easy way——.

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## *Escape*

AIDA LIMJOCO

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It was a week after liberation when the bodies were dug up from the sands. They were buried shallowly, and the lapping of the tongues of wave ate away the sand from some of them, revealing the tortured forms. The rotting flesh quivered with a very gentle wave, much as it had quivered under the stinging of the lash. The empty, rotting eyes looked up into the empty sky—past all seeing, past all feeling.

It was only two weeks before when my brother swam away from that carnival of blood—swam away for his life. My brother can swim well, thank God for that. He lived to tell us their story and his story: the age old story of courage and of the dignity of dying for an idea. Let this be a testimony to the courage of the underground.

The Japanese Kempeitai descended upon our little town in the early hours of the morning of January nineteenth. Silently and swiftly they threw a cordon of soldiers around the town. Escape was efficiently cut off. Then as the sun first thrust a blood red edge over the horizon, the slumbering people awoke to the clatter of hobnailed boots on the streets. The dread Japanese Military Police had at last come upon us. They swarmed into homes, routing out all the men. Huddled numbly together, we watched them herded into the church. Then started our tense and wracking vigil. We watched them taken out one by one and removed to the schoolhouse for inspection. Those pronounced guilty did not come out. Our hearts bled as one by one the men of our family were taken; we went weak with relief when they came out—all but one. Silently we embraced the others as they came home but we could not rejoice. One did not come out. We stood by the window staring, motionless and silent, toward the school-

house. Endlessly the sun crept across the skies. He did not come. Oh God. He did not come.

Dusk was encroaching upon the open fields when my brother came out, he and eighty others. Strung together like cattle, still he walked proudly with his head high. As he passed underneath our window, he looked up with a smile upon his lips. The condemned comforting the free! We watched his disappearing form avidly until he and the others were swallowed by the gathering night.

Silence whispered over the town, the silence of a shock too sudden as yet to be felt. Even the elements seemed to mourn, for night put on her blackest robes and extinguished even the stars. The winds were summoned from their distant caves and they soon moaned and screamed through the agonized trees. Night passed on endless fingers, spurted with hope and dragged with despair.

Out in the night my brother walked. The tightening ropes cut into his flesh and into his spirit. For no man can be put in bondage without hurting his spirit. Sharp, knifelike pains coursed through his body; his head reeled from his first real encounter with brute cruelty. Before him walked his fellow prisoners, padding with heavy-footed despair. Instinctively they all knew they would soon be staring at death, but their human hearts still hoped. Suddenly my brother decided that he would do something more than hope. His spirit lifted with the knowledge that he could at least try. With a mind sharpened by cunning he watched the guards' actions closely. Forgotten was the ignominy of bondage; forgotten was his beaten and painful body. His senses were all bent towards escape. He weighed and measured each possibility closely, knowing that one mistake in judgment would almost certainly be the last. There could be no hair's-breadth margin.

Through the thick, sticky darkness, he could barely make out the path and the trees. Once they had to walk across a narrow footbridge. He weighed the possibilities of escape but discarded it because he knew that creek was shallow and the mud would hamper his running. Besides, his arm bonds weren't sufficiently loose to allow escape. His guard seemed to sense his intent. After

crossing the creek, he came over to my brother and savagely tightened the rope, with a lash on my brother's back for good measure. His heart sank. Despair whispered he might as well give up. Then, a few minutes after, the moon came out. There didn't seem to be any hope left for him.

The distant roar of the ocean came to him. At last! He knew now where he was going. San Diego beach was a familiar place to him. Countless times as a child and as he grew up he had swum that stretch of sea. He knew it as well as he knew his own back yard. Home came rushing back to him. Perhaps—Perhaps—Yes! He would keep on fighting. Every little opportunity he grasped greedily, tugging at his bonds and flexing his arm. How lucky that their hands were not tied too! Perhaps the Japanese thought they were too cowed and beaten to think of escape! Not he. He felt the ropes give way little by little. With wildly beating heart, he felt too that the guard was watching him and was only craftily waiting until he made an attempt to escape. Somehow, he didn't care as long as he just got a chance to run.

Suddenly the whole procession stepped out of the jungle onto a clean white beach. The sea gleamed with a faint glow, vast, unfathomable and unknowing but still friendly. The quiet waves rolled in and beckoned; the depths roared with a deep, almost unheard sigh. This was my brother's friend—this narrow strip of beach and that salt sea. He exulted in the knowledge. It seemed that he almost knew he would be saved.

The prisoners were quickly lined up by the water's edge and faced towards the sea. Greedy hands plucked at their belongings. Pens, watches, pocket books—they were all snatched and quickly hidden. Quarrels ensued among the captors. This was the moment my brother had been waiting for. Down the line the soldiers were clustered excitedly jabbering about a brand new pair of shoes. Swiftly he slipped off his bonds and sprinted for the water. A shot rang out in the still night as an alert guard shouted "Kurra!" My brother stumbled—but God was with him for he felt the cold air as the bullet streaked past his head. Then the moon disappeared and darkness wrapped a protective cloak around him. My brother felt the welcome wetness around his toes—a few more feet—this was the part that dropped suddenly deep. He sank thankfully into the waves.

Two weeks after, the eighty bodies were dug from their shallow graves—but one lived to tell their story. My brother.

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## And After That the Dark

NORMAN C. BANSEN

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I will remember a place by its sunsets.

Home, where Centerville hills, Table Bluff, and the smoky blue Coast Ranges framed the splendor of dying day . . . the nearby red-wood forest where towering trees permitted only fleeting glimpses of the drama of twilight . . . the blue mesas and vast sunsets of the Texas Panhandle . . . the silhouette of a Nebraska hilltop college against the misty glow of an autumn sunset . . . the Spanish moss, ancestral oaks and the amethyst reflections in bayous of Louisiana's gentle southern evenings . . . I will remember Wyoming hills, and Great Salt Lake, and pastoral Wisconsin, and the somber mountain moods of Colorado, and sagebrush valleys of Nevada . . . I will remember all these as I saw them at day's end.

So I remember the Pacific, remember the evenings I stood by the rail of our troopship and lost myself in the majesty of the western sky.

In Polynesia there was a sunset sea of such luminescent and vivid colors that it appeared to be an ancient stained glass window filtering the rays of fading sunlight and reflecting at the same time the gleam of thousands of vesper candles. I saw the brilliant blue of the robe of Saint Louis in a window of New Orleans' cathedral; there was the dull red-violet of a window in my own village church. The sunlight faded, dimming the vesper candles and darkening the great west window of God's cathedral. It was night on the ocean and moonbeams sparkled on a sea that looked like carved and polished ebony.

Empty all the wooden barrels of old Burgundy wine, distill the last drop of color from the purple robes of royalty, mix with that the springtime glory of woodland violets; and even then the color of the sea that one evening on the Pacific will remain incomparable. Colors flowing past the ship reminded me of a hymn of the North Countries, "The Blessing from Thy Hand, oh Lord, is wine upon Thy festal board." Then the sea seemed such a robe as kings may dream of. A deeper hue blended with the equatorial night even as the color of violets disappears in the gloom of the forest at twilight.

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## Weed-End Guest

ELNA NIELSEN

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Scene: Living room of an average American family in an average American town.

Characters:

Mother—Anne Scott: Concerned about her children especially the youngest. Graying hair. Braids, either in a bun or around her head in a coronet. In the later forties.

Father—Sam Scott: Concerned also but not to the extent where he is constantly worried. Has more faith in the final outcome. Rather tall built. Doesn't become overwrought, except when he does—beware! Age—later 40's or early 50's.

Aunt Belle: Flashy, but sincere. Married three times. Black sheep of family. Good qualities with the bad. Anne's sister. Late 30's or early 40's.

Emily—Daughter of Anne and Sam. Sweet. Probably spoiled. Impatient with her mother's constant anxiety. Although she is rather quick-tempered she has enough sense to do "right." Medium brown hair, young voice. 19 years old.

David Karsinsky—friend of Emily's. About 22 or 23 years old. Seems quiet, but keen sense of humor. Very understanding and very in love with Emily.

Aunt Agnes—Anne's sister also: Domineering. Built with big muscles. Has worked a good deal in her life. Oldest of three sisters. About 50-55.

Wilbert—Agnes' husband: Meek. Very Quiet. Mousy. Bald. Large, weepy eyes.

Charlotte—Agnes' and Wilbert's daughter. Brat. Long blond (dish-water!) braids. Very bored with the stupidity of the adult world. 11 years old.

Week-End Guest

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WEEK-END GUEST

A One-Act Play

ANNE SCOTT: (*Calling from the kitchen*) Sam! Sam ! ! ! Are they coming? Is that them,—I thought I heard a car door slam and (*Enters from stage left*)—SAM ! ! You aren't even watching!

SAM SCOTT: (*Continuing to read his paper, answers abstractly*) Hum? did you say something, Anne?

ANNE: Oh Sam, you know I asked you to watch at the window so that I could take the roast out of the oven the minute they arrived. (*Looks out of window*) I've got the oven on the lowest possible heat and the roast is getting darker every minute! Sam! ! Please listen to me! Walks over and pulls away his paper)

SAM: Hey! I hadn't finished that yet. (*Watches Anne, who is peering intently out of the window.*) Now Annie, my girl, don't take it so hard. There isn't anything so unusual about having a daughter bring home a friend from college for a week-end is there? (*Picks up paper and begins to read nonchalantly—up-side-down!*)

ANNE: (*Rights his paper*) Oh isn't there! Not even when her friend's name is David Karsinsky! And she's only known him three months and we don't know a thing about him at all except that his name is David K-K--We don't even know where he's from. Emily just wrote that she was bringing him home because he lived too far from school to go home himself . . . She wouldn't bring someone like him home for a weekend JUST because they didn't have a place to go!

SAM: (*Chuckles*) Emily might! Remember how she used to be "followed home" by all sorts of stray alley cats and mongrels that no one else would have?

ANNE: (*Almost screams with despair*) Oh, Sam! Don't say that! ! You make it sound like David K-K-arsinsky is an alley cat or, or, Oh Sam! ! (*Plops down in despair on the davenport and sobs*)

*Sam opens his mouth at several intervals to try to console his wife. Finally shakes his head and leans back his head and sniffs the air*

SAM: Well, anyway that roast is bound to be good, the way it smells now.

ANNE: (*Flies off davenport*) My roast! ! It'll be burned to a crisp!

Week-End Guest

(Calls from the kitchen) Now watch out of the window, Sam, and let me know when they are coming. Sam?

SAM: Yes, dear. (Rises from chair with great effort. Stands near window and lights his pipe. As he finishes lighting it, he glances out of the window. Looks closer with delighted surprise.)

SAM. Well I'll be — Annie (Not too excited, but pleased) Annie, guess who's here! ! (Open door, stage middle back to admit Belle)

Belle is dressed in a smart suit with a veil covered hat. Very smart luggage; matches in either red alligator or white leather. Very high heels.

BELLE: The bad penny that always shows up!

(Anne has entered and embraces Belle) (Both chatter noisily)

Annie is heard saying Emily — friend — David k—k—roast—weekend—when—etc. Dinner—Aggie—etc.

BELLE: weekend at home—looking well—thought I'd drop in—

BELLE: Wait a minute, Annie, I'm too cindery now to think straight. After all if we're having some company for dinner, I want to be in good shape. (Winks at Sam)

SAM: (Grins back at her) Here, I'll carry your bags upstairs. Is she going to stay with Emily as usual?

Anne, startled, looks up to the stairway, wrinkles her forehead.

ANNE: Yes, yes, I suppose—

Sam and Belle go upstairs—laughter comes down stairway. Anne paces up and down. Looks out window. Sam returns.

SAM: It's certainly good to see Belle again. You know, dear, if I hadn't already been in love with her older sister, I might have waited for Belle to grow up.

(Anne turns away) Hey! ! You aren't jealous are you?

ANNE: (Turns again) No—NO of course not! Only—

SAM: Only what?

ANNE: I was wondering—well I mean with Emily coming home with David and Belle, well, she has eloped three times you know, and well, I mean, you know—

SAM: Now look, Emmy hasn't come home to elope or any other thing and Belle won't give her any ideas that she doesn't already have. Emily will make up her own mind. You can bet on that and she's got some brains, too, you know. Let her enjoy herself while she's home.

Week-End Guest

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ANNE: Of course I will—I suppose that—(*Clock strikes six*) I do wish they would come. They should be here by now.

SAM: What time does the train come in?

ANNE: 5:15! ! Emily wrote that they would take a cab—  
Sam! There isn't a cab strike, is there?

SAM: Heavens No, Anne!

ANNE: (*Hurt*) Well I just wondered. Maybe we should go down to the station and see if they're still there.

SAM: Really there's no need; they can take the street car if they can't get a cab or—

ANNE: And let my roast be ruined before they get here!

No, we must go and get them; Belle can watch the roast and be here when Agnes and Wilbert come and—

SAM: I didn't know you were having a big dinner!

ANNE: Yes—the roast was bigger than I thought, so I asked them over to help eat it and besides David, I mean— (*Goes to stairway and calls*) Belle! ! ! Sam and I are going to pick up Emily and—  
Would you watch the roast while we're gone?

*Belle comes to the head of the stairs and is prepared for bath.*

BELLE: Sure, honey, I'd be glad to! Just so it isn't a shy little roast and can stand the sight of me dripping wet from the tub!

ANNE: That's all right, then. I'll leave a note for Aggie when she comes and you won't have to come down to let her in.

BELLE: Swell, I'm afraid that Aggie is a little less shock-proof than the roast!

*(Anne is writing her note as Sam gets both coats etc.) Both say Goodbye. We'll be right back.*

SAM: (*as they leave*) Really though, I think Emily will be all right.

ANNE: Maybe so, Sam, maybe so, but then again—  
*Exit French windows—back stage right.*

*Quick curtain to indicate passing time.*

*Enter Emily and David through French windows.*

*Emily has on a cool print dress with a spring coat, heels etc.*

*David is carrying the suitcases.*

EMILY: Here, I'll open the door. I'm tired, aren't you?

David shakes his head affirmatively.

*Both dump their loads and plop into chair or davenport.*

*Week-End Guest*

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**EMILY:** "As the lamb approaches the slaughter so he was dumb"  
Say something, David (*Coaxes*) Are you that frightened?

**DAVID:** (*Smiles lovingly and shakes head*) Nope, but I can't get a word in edgewise with you, and there doesn't seem to be anyone else around to talk to.

**EMILY:** No, (*Blankly*) there doesn't, does there? (*Looks blankly around*) Hello, there's a note (*Picks it up and reads*)

"Dear Aggie,

We've gone to the station to get Baby. (*makes a wry face at David*) Belle is upstairs taking a bath. Keep an eye on the roast. Love, Anne."

Well, that explains that. Mom and Dad are at the station meeting us; my one aunt is upstairs bathing and this note is for another aunt who seems to be on her way here.

(*Smiles ruefully at David.*) I'm afraid it will be rather like the firing squad when they do come. You're lucky to have a few minutes of grace, sir.

**DAVID:** Is the prisoner granted his last request before the execution?

**EMILY:** That he is!

*David rises and extends arms to Emily.*

**DAVID:** Present Arms!

*Holds her closely.*

**EMILY.** *Raises her head.* Fire away, sir! *He kisses her.*

**BELLE:** *From head of stairs.* Direct hit, General!

*Emily whirls but is still close to David*

**BELLE** (*downstairs by now*): "You must be David. Hello. (*Extends hand. Looks him up and down dryly . . . tongue in cheek. Turns to Emily.*) Emily, my pet, I couldn't have done better myself (*sighs*). Even Wesley wasn't that handsome!

(*To David*) Wesley was my husband. (*to Emily*) *UM Humm!* wonderful bargain, honey!

*Emily beams at David, who smiles lovingly back.*

**DAVID:** I'm afraid she was short-changed. I think I got the far better end of it, though.

**BELLE:** Beautifully put, my boy. That was even better than Jake would have said it. Jake was my husband—

**DAVID:** But—

**BELLE:** My second husband. He (*sniffs the air*) that roast! ! I plumb forgot (*goes to door, turns*) As you were, general! !

Week-End Guest

*Emily puts her arms on David's shoulders. D. has arms on her waist.*

**EMILY:** One enemy down, our forces victorious.

*Holds her close a minute, then kisses her. While he is doing this Charlotte enters. Leans up against the door, bored.*

**AUNT AGGIE:** (from outside) Char---Lot! ! Charlotte, where are you?

**CHARLOTTE:** (shouts, scaring Emily and David) I'm in here!

**AUNT A:** Well, come out here and help me get these things inside.

**CHARLOTTE:** O. K. Turns to Emily and David. Huh! ! I've seen Roy Rogers making better love than that to his horse!

**DAVID.** (Ruefully) Does she come with the family or do they let things like that run wild here?

**EMILY:** That's Charlotte, my little cousin and the one thing I didn't ever want you to find out about. Honestly, she doesn't act like any of us and—

**AUNT A:** (Entering with Charlotte following) (Carrying cake boxes and a big roaster, etc.) Don't lag, child, step along. Take those to the kitchen then come back and get these things. (Ignores Emily) I suppose you're David Karbonarinsky?

**DAVID:** It isn't Karbon-

**AUNT A:** (Interrupting) Where did you get a name like that?

**DAVID:** It seems to run in the family.

**AUNT A:** (Ignoring his reply) I always said that if a body couldn't have a name another body could pronounce, a body shouldn't—**WILBERT**—Watch out for those pies!

*Wilbert has entered, balancing three pie plates. His wife's voice startles him and he drops one of them on the rug. Emily and David shout at the same time THE RUG! ! !*

**AUNT A:** Stands domineering Will--bert! ! Of all the clumsiness in this world. I allus said—

*Anne enters. What in the--? (Sees Emily) BABY! ! Hugs her and all talk at once. Points at mess on floor and all wave their arms and yell. Charlotte and Belle enter from stage left and add to confusion. Sam enters from French windows.*

**SAM:** Hey, HEY, FOR PETE'S SAKE! (All becomes dead quiet) Keep still. Let's start over. Mother, I think that this is David, right? (Shakes hands)

**DAVID:** Yes Sir. How do you do?

*Week-End Guest*

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ANNE: I'm sorry. Welcome to our home, David, we're always glad to have any of Emily's friends visit us.

CHARLOTTE: I'll bet Emily's glad to have him, too. Anyways she sure wuz kissin' him enuff when I comed in!

EMILY: Mother!

ANNE: Charlotte, ahh, why don't you finish taking these things to the kitchen? Emily you and David can help her. *The three pick up the packages and exit, stage left.*

SAM: Poor Emily. *Chuckles*

ANNE: Sam! I knew it all along. She's going to elope or something terribly drastic! ! !

SAM: Oh Anne, you know how Charlotte talks, well—

AUNT A.: If you are insinuatn' that my Charlotte lies! My Charlotte never lies! I allus said—

SAM: No, no, I didn't mean that, I meant, well look, let's sit down and talk this over like calm, sensible adults.

*All sit down. Anne:* My roast—

SAM: Never mind your roast. Emily will look after it. Now first of all why does everyone seem to think that they're going to get married?

ANNE: She brought him home for Easter and she's only known him three months! !

AUNT A.: And she was kissing him, right here!

BELLE: *(Very quietly)* And she loves him.

*All stare dumfounded.*

SAM: Do you think that he loves her?

BELLE: I'm sure of it. Don't look as if they had committed a crime. She's almost twenty and he's twenty-two or twenty-three—

ANNE: My baby!

BELLE: She may be your baby, but she's also a woman. How old were you when you were married, Anne?

ANNE: Well, I was eighteen, but times have—

BELLE: Yes, I know, Times have changed. Aggie, my modest little maid, how old were you when Wilbert first kissed you?

AUNT A.: I had known Wilbert for exactly one year and three days when he first kissed me! *(Smugly)*

BELLE: And as I recall, you were 15 when you first met Wilbert which makes you a shocking 16 when he kissed you. You all seem very earnest to prove your point, but not very convincing.

Week-End Guest

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AUNT A.: I must say, Belle, that you aren't the most suitable person to be talking about love—

BELLE: I know, three husbands, but anyway I didn't have to propose to any of them.

AUNT A.: Well I never! I always said, though, that you never went with the nicest fellows.

BELLE: *sarcastically* No, I didn't. I insisted on going with Joey whose father was in the second-hand business. Joey is only Mayor now, and Freddie, whose father owned a small meat market on the other side of the tracks—Freddie is now district attorney!

SAM: Yes, then strictly for the family's sake you married Wesley—upright-independent. Huh!

BELLE: Then there was Jake for adventure and Peter for money.

AUNT A.: Well, maybe your Emily would marry for money or adventure but *my* Charlotte—She'd never—

ANNE: Now listen here, Aggie, my daughter Lucy wouldn't marry anyone for anything but love.

BELLE: (*Stands up—sighs sadly, heavily*) You're right too, Annie, and I would have married for love once, too, but when I was eighteen my parents thought I was a little too young and they were afraid of foreign names.

*Emily and David enter, followed by Charlotte, bored as usual.*

EMILY: I couldn't help overhearing what you said, mother, that I wouldn't marry any one except for love. I'm glad you understand because you see that's the very reason that I married David.

*All stand in dead silence*

AUNT A.: Well I never, I always said—

ANNE: Never mind what you always said. My baby.

SAM: Congratulations my boy, you've got the best girl in the world.

*Belle stands a minute, then smiles.*

BELLE: After being cheated out of my only chance at real love, I often wondered if I could really congratulate others when I have an aching heart. *She takes hold of both of Emily's hands,*

Welcome to my happiness, dear—you are the only one who deserved it and I'm glad you got it.

EMILY: Your happiness—I don't—

BELLE: No I don't suppose you do—you see the name of the little foreign boy whom I loved but did not marry was David Karsinsky, your David's father!

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