The Sower

Spring---1950

Elmer N. Rasmussen
Dana College

Foreword

ALL ART is primarily self-expression. The closer the writer comes to true self-expression, the nearer he will come to expressing the universal soul of Man.

So, in a sense, this anthology is a gallery of portraits of the most revealing type: self-portraits. In prose the writer invites the reader vicariously to re-live his experiences: to feel the things he feels, to share his hates, to love his loves. In poetry the reader is invited to glimpse the poet's most intimate thoughts and feelings: to share the soft grey mood of twilight, to feel the quick surge of joy in re-discovered dreams.

Those of you who know our writers will see your friends in a new pose, see a facet of their personalities unknown to you before. We hope that those of you who do not yet know them, by living with them and sharing their thoughts even for this short time, will come not only to know them, but in the deepest sense in which we are all brothers, to love them, too.

THE SOWER

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* As former recipients of Langland Awards, these writers are ineligible.

THE WINNERS OF THE LANGLAND AWARDS:

For Prose: JOHN T. BECK
For Poetry: ANTONIO ROXANE CRUZ

FACULTY ADVISERS:

Viola M. Thiel
Nellie F. Falk

The Sower

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.

—Norman C. Bansen

Korean Christmas

JOHN T. BECK

The drab, mud-splattered jeeps moved slowly up the main street of the small Korean village of Kwang-ju. The sun shone down warmly although a white sheet of snow was spread over all the land except the muddy, rutted roads. Here and there a citizen of the village could be seen scurrying about between the baked mud walls between the houses on some urgent task. As the vehicles putted down the street, occasionally a child would cry, "Hi, Joe! Chocolata have yes?" Or perhaps a group would begin to lustily sing "God Bless America."

Sergeant William Harney, seated in the lead jeep, smiled to himself. "Nice," he thought as his steel blue eyes reconnoitered the village. "We're lucky to get this assignment here. Oughta' be here at least a week and a half without an officer around." He turned his head and spoke to the driver. "Steve, you got any yen?"

"Yeah, I got about 2,000. Why?"

"Oh . . . I thought we might have a little crap game after we find a hotel and get settled. Noticed a jewelry store back there and it looked like they might have some nice jade. My girl's been after me to send her some. Leave us face it. Yen is essntial, right?"

"Right," affirmed Steve. "Say, there's a hotel up there a ways. Wanta' stop?"

"Yeah, let's do."

As the lead jeep stopped the entire convoy slowed to a stand-still.

"Sarge," barked Steve, "look, they've got a Christmas tree in there. I'll be cock-eyed! Tomorrow is Christmas!"

"What the deuce are those two-bit Buddhists worrying about Christmas for?" exclaimed the Sergeant. "Well, let's go in. Hey, Kim—get up here!" he said, calling the interpreter.

The Sergeant, Steve, and Kim entered the hotel and found the owner, a smiling little oriental who seemed to be all teeth. In a

few moments Kim had made all of the arrangements. Then the Sergeant left, leaving Steve in charge.

As Sergeant William Harney walked slowly down the street, he paused in front of the shop he had noticed upon entering the village, and examined the merchandise displayed in the window. A cool, green jade bracelet caught his eye. "Not bad," he thought. "That ought to esll for at least 4,000 yen."

He entered the tiny shop and stood by the counter waiting for someone to wait on him. He realized wearily that he would probably have to rely on sign language. An almond-eyed girl finally emerged from the darkness of the back of the shop and walked up to him.

"Hello," she breathed.

"You speak English?" asked the Sergeant.

"Scotie," was the reply, which Harney knew to mean very little.

Jade—in window." He said the words slowly and gestured madly.

"Yes . . . jade," she replied, perhaps a trifled frightened by his antics.

As the girl reached into the window display and removed the drops of milky-green jade, the Sergeant admired her graceful movements.

"How muchie?" he asked.

The girl held up ten fingers twice.

"Two thousand!" explaimed the Sergeant. "Too muchie!"

"I am sorry . . ." said the girl.

"I maybe come back," said Harney, opening the door.

When he was outside he glanced inside the shop again. The girl was placing the jade back in the window. Harney shrugged his shoulders, glanced at his watch, and hurried back to the hotel. He was sure that the bracelet would be waiting for him when he had enough money to buy it. Maybe he could even get it for less.

When the Sergeant reached the rooms assigned to the soldiers, the rattle of dice greeted his hungry ears. He took off his heavy boots and entered.

"Hi ya," called Steve. "Hey, fellas, here's the General—

give him the dice."

Harney reached into his pocket and took out 400 yen. Then he tossed it down on the tightly woven rice-straw mat on the floor. "I'll shoot it, boys." When the bet was covered, the Sergeant crouched in front of the foot locker and shook the dice next to his ear. "Papa wants a new jade bracelet for mama," he called, throwing the dice against the locker. "There, peasants, is a natural. I'll shoot the 800."

The Sergeant scooped up the dice as if he was afraid that leaving them on the mat a moment longer than was necessary might cool off both his luck and the dice. He threw again. Nine black spots greeted him. "Okay, dice, nine right back," he called. Two sixes shone on the dice.

"Come on, bones! What killed Jessee James? That's right, a forty-five." Harney scooped up the wrinkled bills. "I'll shoot a thousand," he said.

When the pangs of hunger finally overcame their lust for gain and the game stopped, the Sergeant emptied his bulging pockets and counted out 9,000 yen. Then, quite pleased with himself, he sent Steve out to find some Japanese wine. The rest of them sat about heating their "C" rations on the stove in the center of one of the rooms.

When Steve returned with the wine, the food was ready and the men were squatting about on the mats, wolfing down the rations.

"Kinda' weak chow for Christmas eve, but the wine oughta' warm things up some," remarked one of the men.

Just as they had finished eating and were beginning to do away with the wine, someone knocked on the sliding doors.

"Grease yourself and slide under," called Harney.

The door slid open and a middle-aged American entered, his brown eyes smiling above his clerical collar.

"Hi, Fadder," squawked one of the men. The others simply gawked.

"I'm sorry, young man. but I'm not a priest. I'm a Baptist minister. The mission here is one of mine, and I happened to be here for Christmas. One of my congregation told me there were

Americans here in Kwang-ju. I had no trouble finding you. About three-quarters of the young Kwang-ju males are congregated out in front waiting for you to come out. I thought about starting a revival down there, but I figured it was needed about as badly up here."

The men laughed heartily and the conversational ice was broken.

"Well," remarked the missionary, "I see the traditional Christmas wine has been broken out. May a fellow countryman join you? My name is Crane, Tom Crane. I'm from Missouri."

"I'll be da . . durned. Missouri!" blurted Harney. "So am I. You from Saint Louie?"

"No," replied Crane, "but I'm from a little town not too far from there. Willow Springs."

"Yeah," answered Harney, "I been there."

One of the men offered the missionary a moderately small glass of wine.

The Reverend accepted it, thanked the man, and drank it slowly. "You know," he remarked, "it feels very good to find yourself with some of your own countrymen on Christmas eve."

"Yeah," murmured the men, though some of them were wondering when he would leave so they could seek their evening's amusement. The population had seemed quite willing to fraternize.

"Well, boys, I just thought I'd drop in. I'm glad to see that you men look like a decent lot. You know, if the wrong men had been sent down here they could do this mission a lot of damage. Koreans judge one American by the others. One group of GIs who were up at Kohung went on some sort of an orgy there, and it's hard to say the damage it did the mission that had been started."

The men knew. One or two of them had been in on it. "Don't worry, sir." said Harney.

"If any of you would like to come, there will be services tonight at the church. The building isn't much, but then the people are poor. We're raising money for a new one, though. It's a slow road, but it's worth it. You see, our effectiveness will go up as the new building does. If any of you decide to come,

just ask the hotel manager to direct you. He'll be glad to. You see, he's one of the church fathers here in Kwang-ju."

As the Reverend Mr. Crane left, the men sat about saying nothing. Finally one called, "Well--let's get going—I got 900 yen left and I wanta lose it quick. Come on, Sarge!"

Harney looked at the man coldly. "No," he said. "We're going to change into class A's and step out."

"You find a saki house?" asked one.

"No. I'm in charge of this party. I can make you guys work tomorrow, Christmas or not. Anyone who doesn't go to the gook church tonight goes to work tomorrow. Now you guys wouldn't want to do that, would you?" The sergeant paused. "Oh, yea. You remember this, too. If you give the gooks any yen, it'll be a lot better spent on a new church than it would be on saki and women. Did you jerks know that most gooks don't get paid more than about 75 or 100 yen a day? Crane's a good guy, see, even if he hasn't got enough sense to go back to Missouri when he most likely can. We oughta' help him." As the Sergeant dressed he transferred the 9,000 yen to his class A's.

About an hour later a smiling Korean Hotel-keeper was leading twelve docile GIs down narrow stone paved streets illuminated only by flickering gas lights, and walled on either side by the mud walls. When they reached the church, Harney stopped the men outside.

"All right," he said, looking miserable and uncomfortable, "let's behave ourselves. And don't forget to take your shoes off before you go in."

After the Americans had entered the church and were squatted on the mats toward the rear of the room, they heard ripples of subdued laughter sweeping over the congregation. Most of them became beet red, sensing that they were its object. "What gives?" they asked as Reverend Crane walked up to them.

"I'm sorry, boys," replied the Pastor, "but you see in the Korean Baptist church we seat the men on one side and the ladies on the other. Just an old Asiatic custom. I guess you fellas just sat down here instinctively." There were many broad smiles

on the faces of the congregation as the big, gangling Americans rose and moved, and then squatted again among their own sex.

A few moments later Reverend Crane stood and spoke to the people. He first explained in Korean that the Americans were their guests and that he would speak first in Korean and then translate the sermon into English.

Even during the Korean portion of the service the men hardly stirred. There was fire and a fervor in the voice of the little missionary that held them enchanted, though they could not understand a word that he said. When he spoke in English, the soldiers became even more attentive.

As he read the Christmas story, Harney felt a sizeable lump rising in his throat. "Maybe I haven't been all I should have," he thought. "I guess maybe I haven't really thought of gooks as human beings. They could sure use a new church, too."

After the sermon, baskets made of woven rice straw were passed through the congregation. Harney was the first GI to receive the basket. He looked into it; the bottom was littered with 10 yen notes. "Aw," he thought, "Margie don't really need any jade." Hurriedly he reached into his pockets.

When the basket reached the next GI it was 9,000 yen richer. When the basket reached the next Korean, his eyes nearly popped out of his head. The basket was nearly heaped with large 100 yen notes.

When Reverend Crane and the native pastor, who had been at his side during the sermon, received the offering, Harney noticed that their eyes became quite shiny, as if with tears.

As the twelve Americans filed out of the church, shaking hands first with Reverend Crane and then with the Korean minister, each was greeted with "May God bless you. There will be a service tomorrow morning." The men blushed slightly, but they felt good inside.

As the soldiers walked slowly back to the hotel, Harney spoke: "You guys can go get your saki now." But a 10 o'clock bed check that night would have revealed twelve GIs all very sound asleep on their cots in the Kwang-ju hotel.

Always Stones

MARIA ROXANE CRUZ

It was a long summer day, and the sun was still warm. Slowly, old Quim was climbing the hill. He could hear the cattle-bells, as the shepherds were gathering their flocks, and, in the distance, the screeching of the bullock-carts loaded with hay. And he went on, slowly, up the hill.

Old Joaquim was just about the oldest person in Belmonte. He was a short, rather thick old man, almost blind of an eye, and showing only a little hair on his bald ivory head.

Experience had taught him resignation. He went through life very quietly, with a smile almost ever playing on his toothless mouth. Now, as he walked, his lips were moving quickly, telling something that only he himself could hear.

But then he grew warmer and now spoke audibly, muttering half to himself, half to anyone who might want to hear: "No one cares for what I say, for the news I bring or the good advice I give. They always say that my news is old, that I only carry stones when they are everyone's stale gossip. But today it's different. Jose will have to confess that I was the first one to tell him what's happened." And he concluded pensively, "the news isn't very good, it's true, and this will put a little black shadow on my triumph. Well, even so, I hope he'll have more respect for me in the future."

Joaquim finally reached Jose's home, a granite house, in a little garden with apple and fig trees, and sweet smelling flowers which Leonor watered every morning. The tender green vines crept up the corner of the house and made room for the nests of the birds.

As he got to the door, he wondered whether Jose had already come back from the quarry and called, "Jose, are you home?" But there was no answer. So, after cleaning his wooden shoes on the door-mat, he stepped in, mumbling half aloud, "I guess I had as well wait inside."

Old Quim had known Jose since the latter was a little boy, and so he felt quite at home in the house. They were good friends. Jose didn't always take the old man too seriously, though.

Once in the house, Joaquim went to the kitchen, the room which in the afternoon received most light, and sat by the table, thinking of the message he brought. He had heard the news down town, as he saw the boys talking excitedly, while Alberto, accompanied by his mother, was taken into an ambulance.

Now and then Joaquim would turn his head, almost closing his eyes, trying to catch some sound of steps outside. The house was too silent for one not to feel oppressed. He heard suddenly a window clatter and a dog bark. He saw the sun going down behind the hill, far away. Flights of birds were crossing the blue-rosy sky.

He was accustomed to eating little, but even so old Quim was now hungry. No sign of Jose yet. He smiled, chewing his gums, and looked around. Finally he went to the cupboard and took a piece of cheese which he put on a chunk of bread, then he poured a glass of wine, and sat at the table, again. He enjoyed his simple supper. Sometimes he dried his mouth with the back of his hand. Well, he smiled maliciously, hadn't he known Jose ever since a child? Wasn't a good friend's home like one's own?

Suddenly he heard a whistle, and someone trying to open the door, which had been locked. "Leonor! Oh! I'm hungry like anything and so tired!" The voice went on, "I guess I'll have to do all my life with stones, stones, and stones." And then, the voice shouted again. "Leonor!"

In the kitchen, old Joaquim tried to answer, but he couldn't. His mouth was too full. So he stood up, smiling and chewing, and slowly went to the door.

Jose, impatient and disappointed, called again, "Leonor! Alberto! What's this? Where are you? Don't you hear? Come on!"

"No, my boy," Quim thought. "They aren't home today. But I am," and he smiled.

Jose was a thin, tall, rather young man, with black melancholy eyes.

He was astonished when he saw Joaquim open the door. Instead of his wife and son, it looked as though Joaquim was keeping his home.

Jose seized him by the shoulders and asked abruptly, "Joaquim,

say, where are Leonor and Alberto?"

"Be good!" said the old man. "You are hurting me, Fe! Do you think my bones are stones?" And old Joaquim mumbled and chewed and smiled out of his toothless mouth.

"Please, speak, tell me what's happened," asked Jose.

"Why are you so wild, man? Don't you worry. You had better come in and drink a glass of wine. Good stuff, my word! And so fresh, too. Come on, man! It'll do you good. You look like having the jitters, Fe!"

"Oh, Joaquim, be good. Never mind my looks! Tell me everything. Where are they? What's up? Quick, please!"

Joaquim tried then to relate the whole story. Alberto had come, he said, from the farm, too early. He had been working with the boys. They had been sitting by the road, all sweating after long hours of hard work in the sun. "Then," the old man went on, "well, I don't know how it was. Everyone said a different thing. I dont know; think now that I could have asked the boys, and he wiped his mouth on the dry, wrinkled parchment of his hand.

"Yes, yes, but go on. You know something more," said Jose interrupting him. "Go on!"

"Of course. I'd like to tell you how everything happened. Don't worry, man. It'll all be well. Yes, I'll tell you. Poor boy, he was hurt. No one knows how it was. Who knows? Well, what is certain is that 'Berto was brought home by the other boys, whining with a bad, hurt leg. I heard a big stone fell and crushed his leg."

"Stone?" Jose shouted, in despair. Oh! Stones! Always stones! Stones in the quarry! Stones on my boy! Stones all my life, on my way!"

Joaquim went on, "I don't know, I think it was nothing serious. Leonor was rather upset, but, you know, women are like that."

"Don't say that! She is always very cool. If she wasn't today, then it only proves Alberto is bad."

"You may be sure it isn't anything so bad as you fear," the old man went on, "Come in, take care of yourself. Your wife is

enough to take care of the boy."

"Oh, Joaquim, how can you speak like that? You think my heart is of stone? Where are now my wife and my son? Tell me! I want to go at once. . . ."

"Leonor took Alberto to the hospital. . . ."

"To the hospital? What, man?"

"She said you go first to her sister's to know where they are, 'cause she'd call her sister."

And old Quim bent slowly to pick up Alberto's bike, lying on the ground.

"My boy! It's better you take it easy."

When he straightened himself up, he saw Jose already disappearing far down the hill, running to his loves.

Ill hurored and amazed, old Joaquim stood now by the door, muttering:

"That's how it is, nowadays. They no more care for an old man's advice. I'd like to know what he's going to do in town. Isn't his wife already there? He just sort of kicked me out of his way. I'm not a stone. Oh, well! These People! I don't know!"

And sucking his pipe, he started home, dragging along his limping legs.

Hungry Tongues

LINWOOD FREDERICKSEN

Tongues of yellow and crimson and orange
Dart to and fro in the midnight blue
Like the forked tongues of a thousand serpents.
Hungrily like a leap frog's tongue
They leap out and devour
The colonade of the forest cathedral.
Like gossips they circle and digest
Their victims with famished greed,
And leave their meal dissatisfied

The Searching Eyes

JOHN T. BECK

Michael Simms walked slowly up the hill to his rendezvous with the past. The past had a name. It also had sunny blonde hair, blue eyes and full, red lips. The past would be waiting for him, at the top of the hill. Waiting for him—bathed in the pale moonlight of a May night—waiting for him under the large elm tree at the top of the hill. Yet Michael Simm's grey eyes were troubled, and concern was written in bold relief across his face.

"Perhaps I've made a mistake," he thought, rubbing his hand across his forehead. "Perhaps I've made a mistake. But you can't be in the state of mind that I've been in long and get away with it. I was plenty content though, until last night."

Mike had gone to bed early after seeing Ann home. Ann . . . with her green quizzical eyes . . . with her dark hair as black as his own. "This is it!" Mike had thought as he crawled between the sheets. "Man—this makes seven months that Ann and I've been seeing each other—and not a fight worth mentioning." He chuckled to himself as he recalled that now people seldom thought of Ann and him as separate people—it was always Mike and Ann. Pete, his roommate, called them "The most ideally matched couple this side of Young-dung Po,"—and he would add, "Yung-dung Po is a long way from Fairview College!"

Then Mike had forced himself to open his Econ book. Tests were still tests—in love or not.

In a moment, however, Pete had clomped into the room, and with a broad smile on his ruddy face, spouted:

"Hi ya, Michael. How's the kid?"

"I was feeling great 'til you got here!" sparred Mike, feeling that he had bested his buddy.

"I s'pose, but say—have you heard? Your old flame, Connie, is on the loose again, free as a bird."

"What?" spurted Mike, a frown creasing his brow.

"Connie is once more a menace to males," explained Pete. "But I don't suppose that bothers you any! By the way, when are

you going to get Ann a rock? 'Bout time. Better do it before she gets away! Come on, let your roommate in on the secret?"

"I don't know," answered Mike faintly, "I don't know."

"Say, Buddy, what goes? You aren't still sappo over that blonde tornado, are you? Look . . . I've seen you two together enough to know that you don't mix—all you ever did was scrap!"

"Listen, Pete, you know how much Connie once meant to me. I loved her plenty, and she loved me. You've read some of those letters she wrote me while we were overseas. They're about all that kept me from going bats. I thought I'd forgotten her. In fact, since she got engaged I had hardly thought of her. But now . . ."

"So she's all that kept you going, huh?" retorted Pete. "How about when she wrote you that last letter? There you were—on top of the world, ready to go home and pick up with her where you left off—two months away from shipping for Stateside. Then . . . clunk! She politely informs you that she's going with this other jerk and you'd better forget her. That was sure a morale-builder, all right!"

"But, Pete, can't you understand? I can't give Ann a ring unless I'm absolutely sure about things. I've got to at least see Connie and find out if there's anything there! Can't you see that?"

"Sure, Mike, I guess you do. But if you do, keep your head and remember—you're living in the present, not the past."

"I'll have to tell Ann," thought Mike, shaking hs head. It'll hurt her, but I'll have to tell her."

The following noon, after an almost sleepless night and an unfruitful morning of classes, Mike met Ann and told her of the problem. In a choked voice she said, "You must see her, Mike. If I'm going to lose you, I want it to be before I love you more than I do. See her tonight and call me afterwards. I'll be home. But, Mike, don't forget us!" Mike felt as if he had slapped her face.

Getting in touch with Connie and arranging the meeting had been no problem. He had phoned her at the dormitory and she had readily agreed to meet him. Her voice, he noted, hadn't lost its musical lilt.

But as Mike Simms trudged up the hill, his soul was not at peace.

The moon was momentarily hidden behind a solitary cloud as he reached the hill top. He did not see Connie until he was only a few steps away.

"Hi, Mike," she called.

"Connie, how are you?"

"You haven't changed much, Mike. I used to wonder if you could still smile with your eyes, but I could never get close enough to you to find out. I believe you were avoiding me!"

The wind rustled through the trees above them. The cloud released the pale yellow moonbeams. Mike smiled at the girl and spoke.

"Connie, what happened to you and Bill?"

"We just couldn't hit it off, I guess."

"Are you sorry?"

"I don't know, Mike. I'm so mixed up right now. But I think perhaps I'll get straightened out!"

Mike felt a rush of warm blood surge through him. Connie was indeed lovely, sitting there on the log . . . the moon was out and smiling benevolently down on his friend, the world . . . a thousand stars were sprinkled across the skies . . . they were alone. . . .

Connie looked up at Mike and smiled slowly, warmly, invitingly. Then she lowered her eyes to her plaid skirt, gazed at it intently, and asked, "Mike, why did you want to see me tonight?"

"You know as well as I do, Connie . . . ."

"What would Ann say if she knew?"

"Ann does know . . . she insisted that we get this settled."

Mike reached down and pulled the girl to her feet. "Connie," he whispered, "Are we still in love?"

"I don't know," breathed Connie, backing away from him, "but we'd better find out or somebody's going to get hurt. . . ."

"Yeah. Oh, Connie—what's wrong with me? Why by all that's good did I have to see you? Ann and I were so darn

happy, and, well, let's face it. . . . if we pick it up again, we'll just scrap back and forth, fight and make up, like we did before!"

"Perhaps, Mike . . . I'd like to know something—were you writing to anyone else while you were gone?"

"Yes, Connie, but while I was overseas I'd be almost willing to swear that I loved you. Your letters . . . I used to get in line an hour before they passed out the mail . . . I was so lonely for you, Connie, so very lonely . . . I used to be so wacky over you I'd even try to write poetry . . . Then I got your last letter . . ."

"Mike . . . the poems—do you still have any of them?"

"Yeah, one. I don't know why, but I've carried it in my wallet since I wrote it. Almost forgot I had it."

"Let me read it, Mike. Please."

"Sit down again, there on the log, and I'll read it to you."

After they were seated, Mike reached into his hip pocket and took out his worn, brown wallet. Then he opened it and removed a yellowed creased piece of paper with some scrawlings on it. He looked at Connie and smiled gently.

"I wrote it for you, Connie. It belongs to you. Whether I love you now or not, I did then."

"Read it, Mike . . . read it!"

Although his eyes were on the paper, Mike was not reading, He knew what the words were without having to read them. His voice was choked and irregular as he spoke:

"How long did I wonder,
How long it would be,
'Til I would see you, dear,
And you would see me.
The days stretched to months,
And the months stretched to years,
And slowly my sorrow
Was drowned in its tears.
So now, my beloved,
Stay away if you will,
For now I've stopped dreaming
My heart is so still."

"I wrote it after I got your last letter, Connie."

"You didn't write that for me, Mike, it was for someone else!" cried Connie, "Someone I probably don't even know."

"And you haven't changed much—as jealous as ever—" retorted Mike. "All we can seem to do is scrap."

"Oh, Mike," sobbed Connie throwing herself into his open arms. "Oh, Mike, what's to come of us?"

But the question was left unanswered as Mike's lips found Connie's, and he held her close in the stillness of the night. In a moment Connie glanced up at the star-studded heavens. "Mike," she whispered, "the stars up there, they're like a thousand searching eyes." Then she stepped back from Mike and their glances met. "Your eyes are searching too," she breathed, "What have they found, Mike?"

Mike turned away from her and sat with his head on his hands, "I still don't know!" he mumbled. "I still don't know."

"I don't either," responded Connie, her eyes wet with tears, "But, Mike, once we had so much."

Mike pulled her closer to him and she rested her head on his shoulder. He patted her consolingly. "There, there, Connie. Things'll work out the way they're supposed to. They always have and they always will."

"We've got to come to some sort of a conclusion tonight Mike."

"I know, Pug Nose."

"It's been a long time since you've called me that."

"Didn't even know I was saying it. Habit, I guess."

"Are we a habit with each other, Mike?'

"Maybe. I wish I knew."

"How will we, Mike?"

"Just have to feel it in our hearts, I guess."

"What time is it?"

"About 11:30. Did you get a special?'

"A late, Mike."

"Never can keep that straight. But did you?"

"No, . . ."

"I guess we'd better start back then."

"Yes, I guess so. I didn't tell anyone where I went. They'll wonder . . . ."

"Yeah . . ."

"Oh—kiss me, Mike!"

Once more their lips met, and the man in the moon averted his eyes. Although their lips touched only a moment, Mike held Connie tightly afterwards, his head nestled against her neck and shoulders. He felt an irritation in his nose. "Powder," he thought. "She must have lots of it on. Never noticed it on Ann. And this perfume she's wearing. . . ."

"Have you changed perfume, Connie?"

"No, it's the same I always used to wear. I sort of saved it. Still like it?"

"Sure," fibbed Mike. "Well, we've got to get back. Getting late." As the two started down the hill they both glanced up at the moon. Another cloud was passing over it. As they continued down the dusty road, neither made any move to take the other's hand.

In a few moments they reached the garden behind the dormitories. They paused there for a moment.

"Connie . . . you . . . you're just about tops . . . but—"

"Mike,—we'll always be close regardless—huh?"

"Right, Pug Nose. I know that if we were meant to be—well, if . . . if Ann and I ever . . ."

"I understand, Mike."

"Shall I see you to the door?"

"No, thanks, I think I can find the way alone."

Mike walked along through the trees. He looked up at the skies. "Yeah," he thought,—"A thousand searching eyes." He wondered if anyone was using the phone on the second floor. . . .

The Rose

PETER L. THORSLEV, JR.

It was just two weeks since John had started his teaching at St. Francis College. He hadn't really wanted to teach yet; he had wanted to go on to get his doctorate first, but he had needed money, and an instructorship in English was open at St. Francis. It wasn't a large college, nor was the city very large, but it had a beautiful name—St. Andrew's-by-the-sea. And he had always loved the sea.

He had first met Louise at a Literary Club meeting on the campus. That wasn't particularly significant, because a good many students went to the Literary Club who weren't particularly interested in literature—but she had been different. They had become engaged in a lively discussion—almost an argument— over the merit of Tennyson's *In Memoriam,* and it was refreshing for him to find someone who had still the interest to argue about poetry.

It would probably have ended there, but the very next night, having worked until late at his office, he had decided to walk back through the empty streets to his rooms. The night was dark, and it was raining softly—and he loved the feeling of soft rain on his face and the cool freshness of the wind from the sea.

Suddenly a dull red glow of neon in the mist had appeared before him, and on an impulse, he had walked into the little cafe. It was empty; it was almost closing-time. He went to the table in the corner by the window and sat down, pulling out a small blue volume of Shakespeare's Sonnets. He heard the door open from the back room, and in a moment Louise was standing before him, asking what he wanted. He had smiled and greeted her, and then ordered coffee and a sandwich. "It's rather late," she had answered, "but father is still in the kitchen and he can fix it for you. If you don't mind, I'll just start cleaning up."

Then when she brought back his order, she had noticed what he was reading and had made some chance friendly remark. The remark soon broadened into conversation, and then, while his coffee cooled and she busied herself tidying up the tables, he found him-

self rambling on and on, from poetry to his work, to his plans—telling her things one usually tells only to strangers one doesn't expect to see again.

He had always prided himself on not needing company. "Give me Keats, Byron, Shelley, Whitman, Eliot—the great thoughts and beautiful dreams of civilization—and what do I need with company?" He had said once as a joke, and it had been half-true. Now it was different. Before, he had to deal only with words on the printed page and dreams in his own mind; now he had to deal with the plastic minds of students, moulding them and breathing into them something of his own spirit of love for literature, the art of words.

Not that he didn't have friends. But in all who had any affection for him whatsoever he always sensed homething of the protective attitude of Mrs. Anderson, his landlady, who clucked in a motherly way over him at breakfast, telling him, "You really must have another glass of orange juice, John. I really don't know what would become of you if you didn't have someone to look after you."

Now that he thought of it, that was why he had first been so attracted to Louise. She treated him as if he was, after all something quite human. Then, too, she read poetry because she enjoyed it, and she loved the same beautiful dreams. . . .

So after that first night in the cafe he had come in again, on purpose, and then it gradually became a habit with him. Her father was a rather taciturn fellow, and after he found out that the young man who came in every night was an English instructor and quite respectable, he stayed out in the kitchen and kept to himself.

One evening they had taken a walk out to the beach, and they had read Byron together, sitting on the hard warm sand, with the dull intermittent roar of the sea adding its rhythm to the lines.

She had talked about herself—about her home, and her early childhood in French Canada—about her plans to teach music—about her hobby: she collected paper-weights, brass ones and old-fashioned stone ones and rounded glass ones, with ships or flowers or cottages and falling snow inside.

He had come to know her well in those two short weeks, and now it was Monday night again, and he was sitting at the corner table in the cafe, waiting for her, and looking out of the window at the fog becoming more dense and grey in the empty streets, and brushing against the window-panes.

He heard the door open at the rear of the cafe, and Louise's footsteps as she approached his table. "What do you have there, John?" she said cheerfully as she placed the coffee and sandwich before him on the table.

"Just a paper-weight I picked up in a curio shop in St. John when I was down over the week-end. Do you like it?"

The base had a cut-glass design, and through the rounded dome of glass on top a perfectly shaped crimson rose glowed darkly.

"It's beautiful, John. I've always liked that kind. It reminds me of some people I know—you can look into them, and see something very beautiful deep down inside them, but you can never quite get at it—it's always cased in cold hard brittle glass—to look at, not to be touched and felt." She glanced up at him and smiled.

"There's something I feel I should tell you, Louise. Or rather, there's something I want very much to tell you."

"Yes, John?"

"Louise, you've come to mean very much to me—I've never met anyone quite like you before—" She turned to the window, and looked out into the dark tunnel of the bleak and empty street.

John hurried on. "You've made all the things I ever dreamed of, all the beautiful things I've read about and loved all my life—you've given them shape and substance; you've given them life and meaning. To me you're like a fresh cool breeze, with the odour of lilacs and spring rain, blowing through an open window across the musty pages of a forgotten book. Do you remember the story of Pygmalion and his statue? He made a statue of a woman out of white marble, so beautiful, so perfect in every line and feature, that when he was finished he fell desperately in love. Every night he prayed to Venus that she would give him a wife like his statue, and finally that dear human goddess did even

better—she gave his statue life and breath—she made the cold marble to be flesh and blood under his touch. That's what you mean to me, Louise . . ." He paused. "I . . . I've fallen very much in love with you."

She didn't answer, and the room became so silent that John was certain that he could hear the grey curtains of the fog rustle against the windowpanes.

Then she answered softly, "I know, John. I've known that for quite a long time—ever since that first night you came in here, I believe." She spoke slowly and deliberately, weighing each word. "But it just won't work, John. You're not in love with me . . . You're in love with an idea, John, an idea in your own mind . . . Don't you see? I'm not your statue come to life. I've just hidden it away for awhile. And . . . I would always be afraid that someday you'd find it again—standing in the closet in the hall, or tucked away in a corner of the attic with some of your old ideas—in all its cold white marble perfectness. . . ." She turned to him and smiled gently.

"I'm sorry, John . . . I'm terribly sorry . . . But we'll still be friends?"

He didn't answer, and he looked at the table and the crimson rose cased in brittle glass. . . .

"But you've let your coffee get cold, John. Here, I'll get you another cup."

When he heard the door close behind her, he got up quickly, left a bill on the table, and put on his hat and coat. He picked up his book, and there on the table lay the rose in glass. On an impulse, he picked it up and stuffed it into his pocket as he walked quickly to the door and out into the cool darkness. The night had become more cold, and he pushed his hands into his coat pockets. There was the hard round globe of glass.

He paused under a street lamp and held the paper-weight up to the light. The rose glowed ever more darkly, even more beautifully, deep inside. . . .

Then he let it slip from his hand, and it smashed on the wet concrete in the gutter. For a long while he stood looking at the sharp splintered pieces of glass, like shattered fragments of a broken dream at dawn.

Then he turned quickly and stepped off into the night. The darkness cloaked him, nad the street lights were glowing drops of amber suspended in a swirling liquid sea of fog.

Gods Of Today

ANTONIO R. CRUZ

The Skyscrapers—
Gods of Today--
Scraping the sky
With sharp, cold claws,
Of power and progress,
Grown out
    Of immense,, numberless centuries,
Look up,
    With defiance,
At the Heavens,
And down,
    With scorn,
On men
They call and claim
    For worldly worship.
    And stand still.
Heavy and strong,
Soulless and heartless,
Brute,
Threatening,
Willful,
They are the Gods of Today.

Masquerade

DOROTHY J. PETERSEN

The music blared in my ears, its dissonant sound and passionate rhythm causing my breath to quicken and my heart to beat faster. I descended the stairway slowly, as one who enters the adult world cautiously, not quite comprehending the difference between this and the quiet safety of childhood.

It was a huge gathering, this masquerade. Color was everywhere—blue, black, orange, red—creating a feeling of unrest which seemed to be enhanced by the discordant music. People seemed to be shouting from every part of the room, their voices, somtimes gay, sometimes angry, ringing above the confusion. It was difficult to isolate individuals; they were a part of the glitter and glare of the artificial lights.

I was soon drawn, as if by some magnetic force, into the whirl of people. I found it relatively easy to make my way about the floor, for there was a general current, pulling and tugging me along. Once, though I bumped into a queer little man dressed completely in black. Then a lovely ballerina, in a wisp of blue lightness, came swirling into my path, her graceful pirouette ending as we confronted each other. Soon she flitted away, her tiny feet twinkling and turning.

Suddenly I was very tired. The music seemed to drain my very life from me and the endless pushing and pulling seemed to depress me. A strange sensation overcame me as I paused to rest. I felt as though someone was watching me. I turned to meet the eyes of a stranger. He was queerly dressed in a wide cloak and sandals, but I thought little of his costume. His hair was dark and curled gently about his shoulders and face—the kindest face I had ever seen. Yet I seemed to sense pain and suffering behind the gentle lines.

I looked back at the crowd. The confusion seemed to press against me, suffocating me, robbing me of my strength.

My glance returned to the stranger. He smiled and peace filled me, for I knew instinctively that I could trust him. Together we walked toward the door. At the threshhold I paused and

looked back once more. The gay colors had paled and the music sounded distant. It was as though a mist had formed, hiding the swirling mass from my veiw.

The stranger and I walked into the starlit night, toward the pink and gold light which meant the sunrise was not very far away.

"That Is You"

ANTONIO R. CRUZ

When the world looks like mud,
Brown, homogeneous mud,
A flower floats.
That's you . . .
When the summer sky looks empty,
Blue, monotonous,
A cloud swiftly flies.
That's you . . .
When my mind becomes dead,
Sleepy, doubtful and hazy,
When my heart beats slowly,
Loveless, hopeless, and lazy,
A vision transforms me—
Mind awakes
Heart breathes—
And that is you. . .

Matter Of Fact

CAROL PETERSEN

"Millions and millions of stars," sighed Leann. She leaned back and settled her elbows in the cool grass where she was sitting.

"What's that?" asked her father from the porch.

"I say there are millions of stars."

"More than that!" Mr. Garner sat down in his creaky wicker chair and crossed his legs. As far as he was concerned, the issue was closed. Leann chuckled. Father was so matter-of-fact. If statistics said there were millions of stars, there were millions of stars. Period! That was Father's way. He was a business man—, but had he always been that way? When he was younger, when he and mother were courting--?

She wondered if her father and mother had ever talked together under a starry ceiling on a summer night. Dreamily she closed her eyes and imagined a young man in a white dinner-jacket standing by a garden fence with a young woman whose light blue gown floated about her like a cloud. Stars were blinking above them and covering them with silvery light.

"I see stars in your eyes, Lilah. They enchant me," said the young man.

"George—," breathed the young woman. "You say the most wonderful things."

"I mean them," said George. "If what I say is wonderful, it is because you are wonderful." He took her hand.

"Such a lovely night, such a wonderful sky, such a thrill to be alive," cried Lilah gliding toward her companion. For a moment they stood, seeing the stars in each other's eyes.

"Leann, come in here on the porch. You'll get chigger bites."

The bubble popped! For a moment Leann was silent, then she laughed. Could that young dream man have been her father? Oh, no. Impossible. Or was it? Could the years of monotony of an office change a man? She would ask her mother. She must

find out. She laughed again at the thought of her father creating poetic phrases.

"Leann, what are you laughing at? Come in onto the porch."

"O. K." She heaved her long body to a standing position and clomped up the porch steps.

"What were you laughing at?" Her father peered over his glasses at her. Laughing or talking to oneself Mr. Garner heartily disapproved of, because he thought it indicated lack of intelligence.

"I was just thinking." She gave him a pixie look. "I was laughing to myself."

His look met hers with one of distaste. She swirled away from him and floated into the house.

The yellow artificial light was not nearly so wonderful as the starlight outside, but Leann had a mission.

"Mother."

"Yes, I'm in the sewing room." Leann came in and plunked herself down on the hassock near which Mrs. Garner was basting the skirt of a dress for her daughter. She smiled at Leann and went on stitching. In and out flew the needle. The east windows were open and a breeze flicked at the curtains, carrying with it the cool sound of the evening. Night lay awake outside the window

At length Leann spoke.

"Mother, may I ask you a question?"

"Of course, dear."

"Do you remember when you and father used to go with each other—before you were married?"

The needle stopped. Mrs. Garner looked far off for just a moment. "Why yes, I remember. Why do you ask?"

"Did you ever go for walks in the summer?"

"Yes, many times." Mrs. Garner looked puzzled. Leann, the cautious detective, pursued.

"Were there ever lots of stars when you went on these walks?"

"I imagine so Yes, of course there were." Again Mrs. Garner looked across Leann, into the past, and a faint smile played about the corners of her mouth

Leann was becoming excited, but she did not speak. Mother was remembering. It wouldn't be long now.

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Garner as though in a trance. "I remember one night when we were standing near the fence in the garden—."

Leann gave a little wiggle, but said nothing.

"Your father had on a white dinner jacket—this was before we were married—and I was wearing my light blue formal. It was the prettiest I had ever had and the saleslady said I looked as if I were wrapped up in a cloud. He looked very handsome. That was the night he proposed to me." She stopped and looked at Leann whose breath was drawn short so as not to miss a word. "There were stars that night, Leann. It was just after he asked me. I was so happy that I looked up at the sky and wanted to fill my very soul with its beauty." She laughed a little pleasure laugh. "Then I said something rather foolish. I said, 'Oh, George, look. There are just millions and millions of stars, aren't there?' He looked at me as though I were a child and said, 'More than that, Lilah.' And the subject was closed." She smiled.

Now Leann knew; that was Father, matter-of-fact. She sighed.

Harmony

MARIA ELISA R. CRUZ

Nature is beauty,
Is poetry and music
The wind plays endless symphonies,
The flowers are gentle and colorful,
The sea whispers poems of loneliness.
Nature has rhythm and sweetness.
Put, O God, within me
The harmony I find in nature.

Sicum Woman

HERBERT A. HJORTSVANG

I had hardly stepped into the house when Dad got hold of me. From the gleam in his eye I could tell I was in for it. And on the first day of Christmas vacation! Darn that roommate of mine, I thought, I would let him get in ahead of me. I'll bet Paul's called the folks and laid it on thick. Oi, and over the party line, too!

As soon as mother stepped into the kitchen to fix my favorite dish for lunch—cheese omelet—Dad dragged me to the front room.

"Son, what's this I hear about you having a 'sicum woman?' "

"What sicum woman?" I asked, trying to appear nonchalant.

"You know what I mean We've been hearing rumors about you."

"I'll bet that rumor was Paul."

"Never mind about how we knew, but it seems this is pretty serious. How about that?"

"Well, could be," I shrugged.

"So it's true," Dad said. "What gives? Aren't you the fellow who told us to watch your smoke? And I don't mean the knd of smoke you've been putting in your letters home. Mother and I would like to know from you what goes on at that college—and not have to depend on a little bird for news."

Darn Paul, I thought. He would have to get Dad excited. I'll fix his wagon. Wait until I talk to his folks.

"Heck, Dad, I didn't think I had anything to write home about."

"Look son, when you left for college last September I told you to flirt around for a local farmer girl. That way you could have chicken every Sunday and no damage done. But apparently you are taking up with a society girl from New York."

I had to break in before Dad got himself too worked up. Just because he was a farmer didn't mean that I had to go only with farmers' daughters. Heck, Uncle Ned had told me about the time Dad used to live in New York after he came back from France

in 1919. Dad didn't like it when that subject was brought up. I tried to keep my voice down and not show my felings.

"Dad, you've got it all wrong. She's no society girl. She's just like any of the girls around here."

"She's from Long Island, isn't she?"

"Yes." I knew in advance what he would say.

"That's enough for me. If I was you, son, I'd break off with her—do it nicely, of course." Dad's voice was firm. He sure takes me for granted. Guess there's no use talking, I thought.

"Wonder how mother is coming along with lunch?" I said.

"She'll let you know when it's ready."

I could see Dad was watching me so I leaned back in the chair and looked around the room. There were several new items of furniture that had apparently been bought recently—a coffee table, a lounge chair, and a hassock. As soon as they get electricity out our way, we'll really have a nice place, I thought.

"Is it pretty serious, son?"

"Perhaps, Dad. It could be, but I don't know yet."

"Well then, it shouldn't be hard for you to break off."

For a moment I had thought he was going to relent. It's funny he can be so modern in every respect but about my girls.

"No city girl would care for a farmer's life. I can see a big disappointment ahead of you son . Take a good word of advice."

Keeping my voice dispassionate was a hard job. "Wouldn't it indicate something about even a city girl if she is going to agricultural college, dad?"

"Shows she's a foolish one."

"Dad, you can't say that when you haven't met the girl."

"All right, go ahead—don't let me stop you. Be your own boss." Angrily he stood up and went to the window. He was looking out over the corn field, where the bare stalks waved brokenly over the snow-covered ground. When summer came again,

Dad would be out there under the broiling sun as he had for so many years.

"Dad," I got up and walked over beside him. "It's a beautiful sight. Makes me glad to be home." I paused and together we gazed over the wide expanse. Some day all this would be mine. "I'll bet mother has lunch ready. Let's go out and stoke up—shall we?"

He stirred and then turned and looked soberly at me. "Before we go will you satisfy my curiosity? What does 'sicum woman' mean?"

"You old square!" I grinned at him. "That's a pretty ambiguous expression, but in my case it means the girl is giving me a hard time."

Dad shook his grizzled head. "This younger generation!"

From the kitchen Mom called: "Come on you guys. Lunch!"

The Virgin With The Whistling Lamp

LOIS GIRTZ

I am going on an errand.
The twilight is early
and crowded with galloping clouds—
a phoebe calls nearby.

I cradle in my hand an old lamp,
oil-less, wickless and unlighted.
"Foolish virgin," I smile to myself.

The wind fills my lamp and it whistles,
mysteriously answering the call of the phoebe.
A surge of springtime laughter quickens my step
to challenge the galloping clouds. . . .
"O virgin, your lamp is full!" I smile again

The King Of The Mountains

TONI ROXANE CRUZ

The sun was large in the sky. The mountains were high and the streams were gay. The air kept for a moment the last notes of a tin flute pastoral!

The shepherd was lying on the grass, his bread, his cheese, his dog beside him, his flocks surrounding him. He thought of the tourists preparing to leave.

That handful of civilized people peering about and climbing on the rocks, smelling the air of the mountain, was no longer a pleasure for him. He had, however, selected a friend in the group, and now, on the top of the mountain, he didn't know whether or not he wished to see the intruders leaving the hills which they had contaminated long enough. Their leaving meant that his friend would go away, too, and he had become very fond of that big fat lady who wore pajama-like slacks and glasses through which he could not see.

At the beginning he had been radiant with the idea of having those tourists visiting his home--the mountains—for he knew that a group of people from the city represented an over-abundance of photographic cameras hanging from around their necks. They were famous hunters of good subjects for interesting shots. And he wasn't a bad subject, he thought. In fact, he would improve any photo they might desire to take. He secretly considered himself the spirit and the master of the mountains.

He thought that he was now going to get some pretty pictures of himself; he deserved it. And he would make an impression when showing them to the other shepherds. He would have pictures just like the wealthy people had in the city, and that strongly satisfied his pride, the boy pride of a little shepherd. He was lucky that the tourists had come to his side of the mountain. The other shepherds would have to walk a whole day to the next town and spend money to have their pictures taken, if they cared to—and surely they would care after they had seen his—and their pictures wouldn't be quite so beautiful as those done by the people from the city. Sometimes they would even make them in color. He was a shepherd and he had a right to an especially good pic-

ture. Wasn't a shepherd a hero? He was a hero!

When, in the morning upon their arrival, the queer tourists, fed up with city life, had come out into the fresh air of the new born day, taking deep breaths, singing songs of praise to the mountain and hating more than ever their life in the city, finding beauty and purity in everything around them and caressing the shepherd dog with delicate city hands, the shepherd was there, waiting for them, waiting for their cameras, for his pictures. For the pictures he had delayed his going to the top of the mountains to feed his flocks on the grass the rain and sun had grown. The lambs were getting hungry perhaps, but that wasn't so important at the moment. Oh! he was a busy little shepherd, but he wouldn't change his life for any other. He was King of the Mountains, he dominated them, he was superior to them.

A few weeks had passed and the shepherd had lost his interest in the visitors. Stupid people of the city! They did not understand what a shepherd was. A shepherd . . . well, how could he explain? But they didn't understand, none of them understood, none except the big fat lady. She did, she really did understand him. And for that he was fond of her.. The picture she took of him showed clearly her understanding of what a shepherd is. He was proud of it. He asked his aunt to sew a pocket on the inside of his mended, million colored shirt and he carried that photo with him. That was his glory. During the day when the sun was high in the sky, he made it shine upon the picture and he thought himself the center of the universe, the king of the mountains, the great conqueror of the high, big, dark, green and blue mountains. Yes, now he was sorry that the lady was going away, he was sorry that his walks with her would be over. He was so sad, but at least he would keep the photo she had taken, as a souvenir in his shirt pocket, in the inside of his shirt, right on the skin. He would keep it warm with his blood and he would make it shine in the summer sun.

And now, as he thought of the tourists leaving, up on the top of the mountains, his flock pasturing around, his dog keeping him company, he took all his photos from his pocket and arranged them on the ground. There he was in so many different positions! He put his favorite at the top of the row and a tear

of self-admiration came to his eye.

Now, there was another, that picture taken by the young man, the photographer of the group. He recalled how hopeful he had been and how hopeful the young man had been when he took the picture. "Just be at ease, advance your left leg a little bit. Good. The expression is all right. You are a good model, little boy! I would say you are the incarnation of the shepherd's spirit. Good. Very good." He looked through the visor and shot. In one-fiftieth of a second the shepherd was inside the camera. The young man seemed pleased. He had gotten a fine, balanced picture, he explained to his friends. The boy was between the middle and the right side, the mountains rising, a mass of green, brown and blue, behind him. There was some blue sky, too, on the left to balance the composition. As for the idea and feeling involved, it couldn't be better. The mountains provided a proper background for the shepherd. There he was as in his cradle in the valley, the rising sun striking him from the left, projecting his shadow diagonally. It was a good picture, the photographer said. A big little shepherd with big high mountains behind him! It would illustrate Debussy's "Le Petit Berzer."

The boy shepherd looked carefully at the picture. Oh, that young man had a great deal to learn! A shepherd is . . . well how could he explain? But it was something more than that, anyway. Then he passed his eyes on to the other photos and fondly rested them on the fat lady's picture.

She had asked him in an ingratiating voice whether he would like to have his picture taken. He had nodded yes. Then she asked him to sit down there and play something on his flute, just to provide the atmosphere. You know, the music won't be in the photo but the atmosphere will, she had said. The big lady was delighted with his music. "Oh, fine, you play very well. Who taught you how to play?" Taught? Teach him? Wasn't a shepherd supposed to play on his flute? A shepherd plays, that's all.

The lady laughed and continued her directions: "Now suppose you go up on that rock so that I can take the photo from here below. So that I can get your boots and the furs around your legs on the first plane, since those deserve special consideration." And she laughed delightedly, subsequently adjusting her glasses, which had

become misplaced as a result. "A pity your pretty face will be somewhat distant, but you do not care, do you? We do not care, do we?" And she laughed and laughed. The shepherd was amazed. "Now take your staff in the left hand and keep it in the air. You may point it toward the sky, just any position, you know. Now lift your right arm and keep it as if you were protecting a lamb from the wolves." Such an order was somewhat harder to interpret, but he managed to find a symbolic position. The vivacious lady went on: "Fine, very fine, wonderful, just any position, you know, just to create the proper atmosphere." The shepherd was getting tired and the brilliant lady was about to enter the last step of her picture taking, which for her was invariably exciting. Very excited, she cried out: "Now a smile, an open, big, frank, broad smile." And she laughed and laughed and laughed. What a splendid picture she was going to make. The shepherd contemplated the big, fat, red lady of the city and couldn't help laughing at her. He laughed, he roared, and she was radiant with his cooperation. She took her camera to her face to shoot. Then the shepherd suddenly changed his expression and was caught by the film in a transition expression of anger.

Yes, that had been a few weeks ago. It had been quite a job, but at least she had taken a good picture of him. There he was on the rock, the mountains only reaching his waist, from there up, the sky. There he was as if trying to clasp the mountains with both hands, trying to dominate them with his ghastly, furious air. There he was, his arm ridiculously lifted in the air, his staff stupidly pointing to the sky, his enormous boots as if about to smash the mountains. There he was, the barbaric conqueror of the mountains.

There he was as the Prince of the mountains, he thought. Yes, he was greater than the mountains. These shouldn't dare pass the level of his waist. She had understood that.

Among his flock, in the setting sun, the shepherd was intoxicated, looking at his wonderful picture. He adored it and he tore all the others in pieces. Then he assembled his flock and started down the mountain. He got into the valley feeling like a hero.

And he was the hero of that day. The young tourist, ready to

leave, eagerly awaited him with a magazine printing of this little shepherd photo as the first prize of the year. The shepherd recognized the photo, looked at it for a minute, then through pride became angry and with his hands tense with hate, he tore it, as he had done before, into a million poor, small pieces.

Dawn

DOROTHY J. PETERSEN

I watched dawn
Climb from her bed
Of silvery sleep,
And stretch her arms
To the coming day.
I kissed a dewdrop,
Jewel slipped from night's finger,
And breathed my happiness.

Transfiguration

DORIS BARTL

The air is cold in the morning,
And the light is gray.
The cement and steel growing out of the sidewalks
Stand colorless, hiding themselves in the grayness
Of early dawn.
They are waiting—
Waiting for the warm hand to reach from the water;
Waiting for the pink light to cover their gray coldness
With beauty.

Innocence

TONI ROXANE CRUZ

The little boy walked along the street, kicking the rubber ball on the tar of the avenue. Now and then he had to run to keep it from rolling down the street. The avenue was wrapped in the shade of the trees, the fragrant smell of of the flowers of June sweetened the air, and the sea not far away sang a lullaby for an after-dinner nap; but the little boy didn't notice anything. He ran to catch the ball and, as the slope of the avenue increased, he took the ball under his arm. He hastened his step up the street. What the big ugly boy had told him that morning had entered his head and couldn't find a way out.

"It is a shame that a boy doesn't swim. If I were a girl . . . but a boy . . . What a shame!"

What could he do? He had tried, he had tried his best. Why did the family invite the big ugly boy to spend a week at the beach? It was to be a long week. And he wouldn't stand it.

The little boy bit his lip with his milk-teeth and said, "I will show him that I can swim: it won't be long before I can show him. I will." He raised up his head and saw the blue sky and the palm trees shaking in the breeze. Pleased, he smiled. He let the ball fall down on the street and kicked it with all his power. He ran after it and got tired. Turning, he walked along the sidewalk and looked down at the beach and the sea. He heard within himself the voice of the French lady who tried to teach him: "*un, deux, trois, un, deux, trois.*" Why couldn't he get his legs and arms to work together? *Un, deux, trois!* A tear came to his eye. Was he going to fail? He wiped it with the back of his hand and rubbed his hand against his *maillot*. "What a shame for a boy to weep," he thought he heard the big ugly boy saying, and he kicked his ball again. The sun was now shining upon him and his head was hot and heavy. The little boy was doubtful. He would descend the stairs, cross the beach, get into the sea, throw himself into it, and, when moving his arms and legs, he would hardly breath and and would drink salt

water by the mouth and the nose and would get confused and bewildered and would come ashore, sit on the sand, cough, think he was going to die, and recover. Then he would overcome that and keep himself floating and moving his arms and legs, but he wouldn't move away from the place. It was always so, and it was discouraging.

The sun was hot and the little boy was anxious to get into the sea. He went down the stairs, took off his shoes and walked on the sand. There was no one on the beach. All were taking the afternoon's nap. So much better for him! He crossed the beach. The sand was hot as fire. He reached the wet sand zone. A breeze was blowing from the sea and sprinkled salt water against him. The sea, so enviable when he was far from it in the heat of the sun, became less friendly when he was about to go into it. The little boy kicked his ball, which rolled over a munex. The munex reacted by expelling a purple liquid. The little boy was disgusted, and he went to wash his ball in the sea. The water was icy and clear around his feet. He bathed the ball and a wave secretly came and bathed him. He felt it cold on his tender body but suffered it, and entered the sea. He went till his legs were immersed, and on, till the water was around his waist, and he threw himself into the sea.

One, two, three, there he was floating; however, he was kept in the same place. Or maybe not, maybe he was gaining ground. Better check. The little boy looked at a boat anchored near the shore, near him, some ten feet from him. He threw himself in the water. One, he stretched his arms and legs and let himself slide on the water, two, he opened arms and legs, three, he folded them, one, two, three. He fought against the water, against the sea. Oh, if only he could win. *Un, deux, trois,* one, two, three. What? Was he getting nearer to the boat? There! He had reached the boat! He had swum! The little boy became suddenly conscious of his great accomplishment and cried: "I swim!! I can swim!!! I reached the boat!!"

One, two, three, and he was out of the sea. His *maillot* clung to his gentle body and the sun warmed it. The little boy was alone on the beach. He took up his ball, put on his shoes, and dripping the water of the sea, as if it were the blood of his foe, he reached the stairs, and the highway, and the avenue, running

like mad. He had good news to bring home, a revenge to take, and a dinner to eat.

Back at the beach the anchored boat continued its dance back and forth along the shore, and the sea murmured quietly with it.

The Christmas Dollar

BRUCE JENSEN

The cold air sent a chill up Bob's spine as he stepped from the hot press room out into the snow. The light, tattered jacket was not sufficient to keep even Bob's lean body warm on a night like this. He could hear the Salvation Army band playing Christmas carols. "The Salvation Army, they'll probably give us some old clothes again this year," Bob thought, as he trudged up the snow-covered sidewalk. They were good that way, always giving something to those that didn't have enough. Bob looked at his jacket. Last year they had given that to him. Maybe it did look a little shabby and maybe it was darned on the elbows, but it had kept him warm the past winter. "How nicely it was wrapped," Bob recalled. He had been disappointed to find a shabby jacket in such a beautiful package but the smiles on their faces and the expectation in their eyes—they wanted so much to make Bob and his mother happy then, he couldn't show his disappointment to them. He had smiled back and thanked them so they would be happy. "It seems funny," Bob thought as he trudged along, "my making them happy by letting them think that they make me happy. It must be wonderful to be able to give something at Christmas instead of always having to accept charity."

The old town clock began to strike and Bob looked up. "Eight already. I had better hurry or Mom will worry." The Christmas eve edition of the *Tribune* was big and there had been a lot of lead type plates to melt and pour into the molds. The responsibility of molding the lead and the thrill from the roaring presses and all would make most seventh graders proud of the job, but to Bob it was just a way of helping his mother buy their food.

As he walked along he watched the snow flakes swirl around the street lights—they made funny little patterns around the lights and then disappeared into the darkness. Shoving his hands into his pockets, he felt the cold envelope him. "More charity," he thought as he pulled the white envelope out and paused under a street light to take the card out. It was a simple card. The picture on the front was a sketch of the front of the paper office and of a street light with snow flakes swirling around it just as it was tonight. He compared the sketch on the card wth the actual building front. They were similar in shape but the card didn't show the cracks in the bricks and dingy appearance of the building. He opened the card and looked at the printing inside. "Season's Greetings from the *Rossie Tribune*" it read in big plain letters. The dollar bill inside was soon in Bob's pocket. As he walked along, he stuck his hand in the pocket to make sure it was still there. Mr. Andrews had smiled and said, "Have a Merry Christmas, Bob," when he gave him the envelope. Of course Bob smiled and thanked him and said he shouldn't have given him anything, or something of that sort, just so Mr. Matthews could think that he had made someone happy for Christmas. Oh, Bob could use the money all right, it wasn't that. But it was just some more charity for him and his mother. If he only could give somebody something this year.

As he continued on his way home, he recalled how happy he had been when he had given Miss Clarkston flowers that he had picked in the meadow. That was a good feeling, to make someone happy. Perhaps when he got out of school and had a full time job, he could buy everybody presents for Christmas.

He crumpled the dollar bill in his pocket as he walked along. As usual, his mother had told him they wouldn't get each other anything for Christmas because they couldn't afford it.

Shadron's Cigar Store was still open even on Christmas eve. "I guess Mr. Shadron never closes his store," Bob thought. "He must not make much money, poor man. He's getting awfully old." Automatically Bob went into the store to warm his fingers and ears. The door tinkled as he opened it. "Merry Christmas, Bob," the old man sitting behind the counter said cheerfully. "You're a little late tonight. Big paper makes more work, doesn't it?"

"Yea. Merry Christmas," Bob said as he rubbed his hands together and walked about the store.

"Maybe I could get Mom a little something with part of the dollar," he thought as he browsed about the store. "After all, she always does get me something," he thought, as he recalled the mechanical pencil she had given him last year. "I can at least get her a card," he thought as he went over to the card counter.

As he began browsing through the ten cent rack, a big card sitting on the top of the display caught his eye. "God bless you at Christmas, Mother," the beautiful gold lettering on the plush cover read. He stood and looked at its beauty a while and dropped his eyes to the ten cent cards again. "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year"—"Season's Greetings"—"Wishing you a joyous Yuletide"—they all seemed to be too cold and stiff like the card he had in his pocket.

"How much—" he hesitated.

"Yes," Mr. Shadron asked.

"How much is that—that big card?"

"That one 'To Mother' on top? It's a pretty nice card. They sell for seventy-five cents."

"Seventy-five cents," Bob muttered.

"Yep. That's an awful lot for a card, I'll admit. But then, some people can afford them, Bob."

Bob stood gazing at the card "I—I'll take it," he stammered.

"The seventy-five cent one?" the old man questioned, rising from his seat.

"Yea. Do you have a pen I could sign it with?" Bob asked, withdrawing a crumpled dollar from his pocket.

Carefully he signed the card while the surprised storekeeper made the change.

The music of the Salvation Army band had become louder and clearer by now. They were playing "Joy to the World!" "That's my favorite carol," Mr. Shadron said, as he handed Bob his quarter change.

"I think maybe it's mine too," Bob said, buttoning up his jacket.

"Thanks and a Merry Christmas to you, Bob."

"Merry Christmas to you too, Mr. Shadron," Bob sang and went out the tinkling door clutching the big envelope tightly.

When Bob got outside, he saw the band standing on the next corner. The snow flakes were still dancing around the street lights. The men had their big coat collars turned up and their cheeks and noses were red. They had just finished their carol as Bob approached them. "Yes, they do look happy," Bob thought as he went up to the smiling lady in the front of the now moving band.

"Will you please play "Joy to the World" again in front of Shadron's Cigar Store?" Bob beamed and dropped a quarter in the cup she held.

"Merry Christmas!" he shouted back to them, skipping through the snow towards home.

Blues

ANTONIO R. CRUZ

No red for me today. Neither yellow, neither green.
Give me blue.
Take the trees away from me,
Take the sun, take the moon;
Give me the sea and the sky.
Take the red away from me, take my blood.
Give me blue.
Give me the sky, bring me the sea,
To plunge in,
Drown myself,
Vanish, and
Forget.
Yes, give me blue,
dark and light blue.
I am with the blues today!

"That'll Be A Buck, Please"

BRUCE JENSEN

Eldo lay sprawled across his bunk and his head rested heavily in his hands. "I don't know about this woman situation. Some of 'em don't look too bad—from a distance. But when you get close enough to ask 'em for a date—they just seem to turn my stomach."

"There's a lot of nice ones here this year. You just haven't gotten that close to any," argued his roommate Doug, as he put away a book, apparently giving up trying to study with the conversation going on in their small dormitory room. "You fellows are gonna get dates for the Christmas Ball, aren't you?"

"Not me," sighed Al, leaning his chin on the back of the chair he straddled.

"None of them would go with me if I did ask 'em," sulked Eldo. "Anyway, there's none that I would ask."

"I know just the woman for one of you, Janet James. She's a cute number and plenty smart too."

"Her? I wouln't bee seen at a dogfight with her!" Eldo said quite emphatically. "She might be a genius in classes but who's going to class?"

"What's the matter with her Eldo? I think she's sort of cute."

"Yea—in a genius sort of way. You can have your Janet James, she's not for me."

"Come on. You guys are gonna get dates this time, aren't you? I don't think either of you have nerve enough to ask a girl."

"We'd ask 'em if there was any worth askin', wouldn't we, Al?" Eldo complained to his roommate.

"Yea, if there was any worth takin' that would go with me, I'd take her, but there isn't, so I'm goin' stag! How about you, Eldo?"

"You're a chicken if you don't get a date, Eldo," interrupted Doug as he began to realize that once more he might be going on a single date to the Ball instead of a double or possibly a triple

date as he had hoped.

Ok, ok," sighed Eldo. "I'll get a date."

"I'll bet you a buck you don't get one," teased Al as he put on his jacket.

"He'd better," cautioned Doug.

"I'll bet you both a buck I do."

"It's a deal," Al said, going over to Eldo's bunk with an outstretched hand to make it all official.

"It'll be worth a buck to see you get a date, if I do lose," Doug chimed in.

"Who ya gonna ask, if I may be so inquisitive?" smiled Al as though he had stumped a professor.

"Well—I don't know," Eldo pondered, rubbing his chin. "Maybe—maybe Rose Adams."

"Say—I hadn't thought about her. She might not be so bad at that," nodded Al.

"I don't know how good she'll be. She's a little on the fat side. But who else can I ask?" Eldo said scratching his curly red hair.

"There's always Janet," Doug winked, to which Eldo gave him a sullen look out of the corner of his eyes.

"I'm going down to the union for a cup of 'Joe'," Al said as he went to the door. "I'll collect my buck after the party, Romeo," he called back through the closed door.

"You'd better go over and ask someone now, Eldo. It's only two days away," encouraged his roommate. "You put off asking 'em until too late every time you promised to get a date so far this year. Come on now."

"Ya—I guess this is as good a time as any," Eldo said as he put on his jacket.

"Boy, it is cold out," Eldo thought as he trudged through the snow. As he looked back at his lighted window in the dorm, he could see Doug motioning him on. The still, cold air seemed to wash his face as he briskly walked through it, leaving his cheeks cheerfully rosy.

He didn't know Rose too well, but she seemed to have a

fairly nice personality from what little he did know. She'd be all right for one date anyway.

The cold had nipped at him till his ears were beginning to hurt and he started to trot across the white campus towards the women's dormitory and heat.

"Now, just what will I say?" he questioned himself as he slackened his pace to a brisk walk again. "I'll just say, 'Would you care to go to the Christmas Ball with me, Rose?' or should I say, 'Will you go with me—' I should probably apologize for asking her so late." When he reached the door to the dormitory his pace had slackened considerably in spite of his cold ears and nose.

Inside he could smell steam from a leaky radiator valve, but the heat felt good. He rubbed his hands together as he made his way to the reception room. He approached the door as carefully and as silently as a burglar. "What luck!" he thought, peering around the corner of the door, "nobody in here." After entering the room and closing the door behind him, Eldo once more cautiously glanced about the room at the empty sofas and chairs and then he stealthily approached the buzzers. He hastily found the one he wanted but paused before ringing. He held his finger in front of the proper button but hesitated, biting his lower lip. His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the outsde door opening. In the excitement and fear of someone finding him in the women's dormitory, he rang the buzzer without thinking. "What did I do that for?" he cursed himself, but his nervous body relaxed a little at the sound of footsteps on the stairs.

His rapidly warming ears were burning now. "Would you —Will you— Would you—Oh, why did I ever get myself into this anyway?" He walked over to the couch and sat down. He toyed with a button on his coat a short time and then he restlessly got up and walked about the room pausing momentarily before some of the pictures hanging on the wall. The warm, miost air made him perspire a little. Wiping his forhead, he went to the door and listened for Rose to come down the stairs. Not hearing anything he wandered over to a window, he could see someone walking over to the student union. "Oh, why didn't I promise Al I'd go stag with him?" Once more he walked back to the door and listened. Hearing steps he quickly returned to the window and stood with his back to the door. Hurriedly he

wiped his forehead and jammed the handkerchief back in his pocket.

A small blonde stuck her head in the door and inquired, "Did you ring for Rose?"

"Yes—" Eldo stammered a she turned around. "I— I was just—" He stopped short when he saw that standing in the doorway was not Rose Adams as he had expected, but a trim little blonde. "Oh—H-hi, Janet."

"Eldo?" she smiled. "Hi. Rose isn't in now." And then with her coy smile she added, "Would you care to leave a message?"

He stretched his neck a little as he gulped and his ears, pink from warming rapidly, turned a little darker shade. "No—Oh, no. I was just—just going to ask her about auditing the History Club treasury records. There isn't any rush about that."

"Oh, I see," she commented quite distinctively and then threw another of her smiles at him.

Eldo stood there waiting for her to leave, but she seemed to be stuck in the doorway. After the silence became awkward, with her eyebrows cleverly raised, she questioned, "Is there anything else? I'll tell Rose you want to see her about auditing sometime." Then she threw her powerhouse smile with her big blue eyes and daintily turned to leave.

"Say, Janet," Eldo hesitated. The trim figure turned about quickly.

"Yes?" she asked coyly.

"Never mind about telling Rose. There isn't any hurry about that. I was wondering," he continued, "Will you go with me to the Christmas Ball?" He didn't look up until he had finished asking the question.

" Why, yes," she said, trying to sound surprised. "I'd be delighted, Eldo."

"Uh—," he stammered, searching for something to say. "Would you care to go over to the union now and get a coke or something?"

"Why, yes," Janet said enthusiastically. "If you'll excuse me a moment, I'll get my wraps."

"Sure," Eldo said, cracking a nuckle behind his back. But

as the trim figure disappeared up the stairs, Eldo's thoughts began to move from Janet to his buddies. He had a date wih Janet James, and just how was he going to explain that? Just how did he get a date with her? He wasn't exactly sure of that himself. it was a mistake, that's it. He didn't know whom he was talkng to till too late. No--that isn't exactly right. He wouldn't have had to have asked her after he saw who it was. He would probably just have to explain it as an impulse. That didn't sound like too convincing an argument, but--

His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of someone skipping down the stairs. Janet had her usual tweed coat on, but it seemed to fit her a little better tonight. Gallantly he held the door open for her as they were greeted by the fresh, crisp air.

"Ooooh, it's cold out tonight," Janet exclaimed as she turned the collar of her coat up.

"Yea," Eldo replied. Once more he began pondering how he would explain this situation to Doug and Al. Then sensing the silence, he realized his lack of co-operation in a conversation. "Yea, it is cold out."

The prospects of good weather for the night of the Ball managed to keep the conversation going until they reached the union.

Warm air filled with the humming of voices and an occasional burst of laughter greeted them when they opened the door. Glancing about the room, Eldo saw a plaid jacket like Al's hanging at the end of a booth. Nervously he directed Janet towards the counter. It would be a lot easier to explain the situation to Al alone. As he ordered, Janet nearly strained her neck trying to see who was in the crowded union. Then she nudged Eldo and said, "Look, there's Al Ross and Rose Adams, isn't it?"

"Oh, yea," Eldo answered vaguely turning around and looking in the general direction of her nod. "Al Ross and who?" he blurted out. "Rose Adams?"

"Yes. Don't you see them over there in the booth by the juke box? Let's go over there a minute, shall we?"

"Well,--uh," Eldo stammered. The temperature of the room seemed to have suddenly risen several degrees. "Uh—"

"Of course, if you don't want to—" she said turning to

Eldo and smiling at him with her big blue eyes.

Eldo stretched his neck and looked over to the booth, avoiding those fatal smiling eyes. "Oh, no, let's do that."

He unbuttoned his jacket and loosed his scarf before he picked up the two cokes and followed Janet, who led the way to the booth by the juke box.

Rose noticed the approaching couple before Al. "Oh, look, Al," she said, "There's your roommate, Eldo."

Al mumbled an "Oh?" in a rather high voice and slid down in his seat and looked over towards the wall as he took a drink of water.

As Janet and Eldo approached the booth the girls readily exchanged "Hi's!"

"Join us?" Al asked, still a bit bewildered about the situation. As soon as they sat down, the girls at once became engrossed about the new formal Janet had seen down town. Al looked blankly at Janet when he heard the word "formal" mentioned and then looked back at Eldo with a questioning look in his eyes but still a blank expression on his face. Eldo wet his lips but for no reason since he was still speechless. Slowly Al leaned forward and put his hand in his hip pocket and carefully withdrew his billfold. "Oh, ah—" he said as he withdrew a one dollar bill and tossed it on the table, "Here's that buck I owe ya."

Last Night

DORIS BARTL

The sky of night was black and deep
Above the faint and misty clouds
That roamed across its endless space.

But here and there between the wand'ring mists
I saw the brilliant rays of white
That purely shone as perfect light through heaven's floor.
And in the still and friendly night
I watched and wondered.

"Work Gangs"—The Common Man's Poem

ARTHUR SIMON

Analyzing a poem by Sandburg is quite different from analyzing a poem of a more conventional author. Since Sandburg writes in a style all his own, it is no wonder he shocked the American people with the publication of his first works. He is a unique poet.

"Work Gang" is typical of Sandburg and though the poem is very straight-forward and not flowery, there is an element that is hard to understand, at least on the first glance. Therefore I would like to psychoanalyze it.

"Work Gangs" is divided into five sections. The first:

> Hammers and shovels of work gangs sleep,
> in shop corners
> When the dark stars come on the sky and the
> night watchmen walk and look.

Sandburg starts this poem by treating tools of men as live objects when he makes them "sleep," although his stress on human characteristics is even greater in the next section. The first line gives one the picture of stillness at a place that was recently a buzz of actvity. The second line creates an impression in an unusual way by "dark stars." It gives a compact picture of darkness around the shop on a clear night. The latter part of the line retains the impression of unbroken silence that is created in the first line. Noteworthy is the manner in which Sandburg helps to create the mood for the whole poem in the first line with his repetitive use of the dull "s."

The second section:

> Then the hammer heads talk to the handles,
> then the scoops of the shovels talk,
> how the day's work nicked and trimmed them,
> how they swung and lifted all day,
> how the hands of the work gangs smelled of hope.

This portion of the poem humanizes the work tools by making them talk. It gives a wider background to the poem by referring to the preceding hours before the tools were at rest, when they were being pounded, pushed and nicked by the work gangs.

The lines echo a complete contrast. These same tools which were being swung and banged by the might of the men all day long with much commotion and noise are now at perfect rest in a corner of the same shop on a dark, tranquil night. Although Sandburg has the tools "talk" to each other, he does not disturb the mood of the poem, because in the first and the third sections the hammer and shovels are "sleeping" in the corner. This rather creates the effect of the author putting himself in the place of the still, silent tools and dreamily imagining what they could be talking about.

This section also gives a clearer picture of the men who work in the shop, how they "swung and lifted all day." The last line presents the attitude which the handles might have felt in the work men as they were being grasped by tired, sweaty hands. It is an attitude of hope—hope perhaps of getting the job done, hope of pay, hope of working to a better position, or perhaps hope of reaching home in the evening, resting and being with a family. It is the "hope" which could be the hope of any common man.

> In the night of the dark stars
> when the curve of the sky is a work gang handle,
> in the night on the mile long sidetracks,
> in the night where the hammers and shovels sleep
> in corners,
> the night watchmen stuff their pipes wtih dreams—
> and sometimes they doze and don't care for nothin'
> and sometimes they search their heads for meanings,
> stories, stars.

This middle piece of the poem takes one away from the shop corner and the conversation of the tools, and goes back to the general environment and atmosphere of the evening. In the second line Sandburg presents an unusual picture in saying, "the curve of the sky is a work gang handle." It seems difficult to imagine the curve of the sky as looking anything like a work gang handle, but perhaps Sandburg is trying to make the atmosphere absolutely real, and is depicting the sky as if it were actually something that could be grabbed.

The remaining lines again refer to the night watchmen and their thoughts. "Stuff their pipes with dreams" gives the picture of men smoking their pipes in silence for a pastime and

dreaming and thinking of things—things that a common laborer might think of. In this way the line has a connection with the last line in the second section which presents the hopes and dreams of the men who work there in the day. These night watchmen have the advantage of silence and they dream, hope, doze and let their minds wander during the quiet night. The things they think are presented in the next part.

The stuff of it runs like this:

> A long way we come; a long way we go; long rests and long deep sniffs for our lungs on the way.
> Sleep is a belonging of all; even if all songs are old songs and the singing heart is snuffed out like a switchman's lantern with the oil gone; even if we forget our names and houses in the finish, the secret of sleep is left us; sleep belongs to all; sleep is the first and last and best of all.

This simple philosophy of the watchman that is presented—and I believe Sandburg here means the watchmen to represent all laboring men—is not an intellectual or "long-thought-out" philosophy. It is rather the attitudes or thoughts that might enter and escape their minds during the course of such a silent evening. It might depict a watchman as he dreamily reminisces about how long he has lived and worked, and how long he must continue to go on that way. He has no particular goal in mind. He does not particularly enjoy working, but has long since been reconciled to the fact that it is a necessity, and therefore he accepts it as a matter of course. Though he has no particular purpose in mind for which to live, he likes to take it easy, have plenty of rest and enjoy life occasionally. He casually thinks that since he doesn't get a hilarious time out of activity, perhaps rest and sleep are the best things of all. He thinks how everything needs sleep. He thinks how even if a man loses all enjoyment of living or should forget who he is or where he lives, rest and sleep would still be his. It is something that cannot be lost or stolen. He thinks that, perhaps he is right, sleep is the best of all.

> People singing; people with song mouths connecting with song hearts; people who must sing or die; people whose song hearts break if there is no song mouth; these are my people.

This last part of the poem on the first glance seems to contradict the preceding part, the philosophy of the night watchman, yet I don't believe it does. The watchman hazily dreams that perhaps sleep is the ultimate good thing. But in this last part Sandburg strongly indicats that he loves "singing people"—people who enjoy themselves, people who work, play, plan, sleep, experience happiness and sorrow. Sandburg believes that people must live like this. If people cannot, if they cannot live these experiences and express their emotions, then they become broken people. Then all they have left is sleep.

Lautus ero

CHARLES J. CHRISTENSEN

When vernal rains the parched earth enfold
and wash the stain of winter's storm away,
the cleansed and freshened earth blooms forth in new
and brighter verdure, lifts up its head in song.
Holy Father, my soul is parched and dusty too;
these childish hurts have stained, have soiled, have fouled;
I barren am, and hard, and cold, and dead.
Oh send Thy healing rain! Let floods of love
and grace descend and cleanse, make pure, dissolve.
Let barren rock in spring bloom once again—
then I may lift my voice again in song.

Allergy

HERBERT ANDERSEN

An allergic man am I
One who likes it high and dry,
A little wet will cause a sneeze:
Gesundheit then if you please.

The Farm

CHARLES ANDERSON

"Say, Dick, I wonder if you hadn't better drop your studying now and go out to help Dad with the chores. I see he is coming home from the field now," hinted Mrs. Randolph.

"I s'pose I'd better," replied Dick reluctantly as he put the finishing touches on his history map and started up the stairs to put on some work clothes. It seemed so nice to be in a college and not have to think about those chores every night. Well, it was just for the week-end, so it wouldn't be so bad, he thought. In another month he would be in the city working and could have every night off from 6 o'clock on.

As Dick stepped out of the house, his father stepped up to the porch to get the milk pails.

"Hello, Son! I see you made it home for the week-end all right. Say, a little help tonight will sure be swell."

"Hi! Pop! I thought I could just as well make myself useful. How are you getting along with the corn planting?"

"I guess I'm getting it in but it's been rather slow. There's been a lot of rain, and it's made it kind of slow going," his father replied. "I'll be glad when you get out of school to help because the corn'll be getting pretty weedy by that time."

Dick remained silent for a moment; then he said hesitantly, "Pop, I hadn't planned on helping on the farm this summer."

"What's the matter, Son, has college life been discouraging for you lately?" Mr. Randolph asked in a fatherly tone.

"No. I just have never really liked the farm, and I thought that I'd like to try something else for a while."

"I think what you need is to get out and work in the open air again. That college life is good, but there's nothing like the smell of good country air to bring out the man in a person," said his father as they walked up toward the barn. "Why don't you saddle Bill and get the cows while I feed the cattle and the hogs. By the time you're home, I should be ready to help milk. I think probably the cows will be clear back in the West Forty

because the new alfalfa is pretty good out there and they really go for it. Besides, the fresh air will get your blood to circulating again."

"OK," replied Dick as he turned toward the horse-barn, thinking of the good times he used to have with Bill.

Soon Dick came out of the barn, leading Bill down to the tank to get a drink of water. A fine white cloud drifted from the basket as Mr. Randolph poured the newly ground ear-corn into the long narrow feed bunks for the hungry line of cattle. The sun gathered a reddish tint as it sank faster and faster toward the horizon.

Dick felt a thrill as he mounted Bill and swung down the hill from the tank to the pasture. He went up beside the gate as he had done many times before and took hold of it while Bill pulled it open like a veteran. "Good old Bill. He hasn't forgotten a thing." Leaving the gate open Bill walked leisurely along the lane, when he neared the creek bottom which led to the alfalfa, Bill broke into a swift, graceful gallop as Dick nudged his flanks. Soon they came to the bridge over the creek and the hoof-beats rang out clearly in the evening air as Bill glided swiftly over the bridge. Then Dick leaned the reins to the other side and again Bill responded promptly turning once more to the pasture.

"That's the way, Bill, old boy," said Dick proudly as the evening breeze tingled on his tender cheeks. Dick gave a glance toward the newly-planted field and thought of the times he had worked down there. Last year he had made hay on that same field. A glance to the other side revealed a greater change in the farm. Where there had been tall green corn last year was now a broad field of velvety oats. Where he had shocked oats last year was now a wavy black field of newly plowed ground. A chill ran up his back as he glided into the pasture and over the hill to the cows. The sun was now a fiery ball of red as it settled closer to the horizon. "Good weather tomorrow," Dick thought as he took in its beauty.

As they neared the cows Bill turned habitually in a graceful curve to gather the cows into a bunch. Having accomplished his purpose, Bill settled down to a slow walk, nodding his head rhythmically and breathing heavily to catch his breath as Dick

sat brooding in deep thought. The breeze stirred the trees in the creek gently and sent little waves scurrying up the hill when it struck the smooth field of young oats, as Dick again neared the bridge. The cows went down to the creek by the bridge to get a drink of the cool spring water just as they always had, Dick noticed, and Bill promptly began to coax them on as before.

There was a rumble over the bridge and again a slow walk toward the cow-barn. When they again neared the gate, Dick could hear the squealing of the hogs while they fought for their corn. The windmill squeaked tirelessly as it slowly made round after round. Soon Dick had the gate shut again and was herding the cows toward the barn door. He felt a sense of satisfaction as he again stopped to give Bill a drink. While Bill was drinking, Dick jumped off and stretched his soft muscles.

Bill was leisurely munching on his box of oats and hay after he had got rid of the saddle and had received that much-liked currying. The sun had settled behind the hill and cast a shade of darkness in the barn and Dick was singing the College song in rhythm with the squirt of the fresh warm milk as it sank quietly into the foam in the pail. Soon he stopped and there could only be heard the sqush, squish, squish of the milk as the two were finishing.

Then Dick broke the silence. "Say, Pop, I was just thinking."

"Yes?" Pop prompted.

"Did you say you wanted me to work on the farm again this summer?"

That Is Easy

ANTONIO R. CRUZ

I am alive today;
I'll be alive tomorrow,
For tomorrow will be today
When today is yesterday.
By induction we can say
There is no room for sorrow:
I am alive today,
I'll be alive tomorrow.

Pass To Wakayama

HERBERT A. HJORTSVANG

For half an hour they had stood by the rail of the transport waiting their turn to climb down the landing net into one of the LCM's below. The early afternoon sun was shining brilliantly on the choppy waves of Wakayama harbor and on the only buildings in view, two miles away on the nearest point of land. Although it was October, both Bill Randin and Ted Johnson were shivering. For a while they were silent, then Ted spoke.

"Wonder what it will be like—our first time in Japan?"

"First of all, it's a lot colder than back in Luzon," Bill said vehemently. "Wish I was still there."

"I don't mind the cold so much, Bill, might as well get used to it now. Come in handy if we get back to the States in Winter."

"If they don't get Nagoya swept out soon we won't get back to that "Golden Gate 'til '48." Bill was thinking of the thirty days they had already spent aboard the transport, U. S. S. Montour, part of a convoy carrying the 25th Infantry Division to occupation duty at Nagoya. But the typhoon they had dodged on the China Sea for almost a week had swept over Japan and sunk or disabled all available minesweepers at Nagoya. Until the harbor was again cleared they would remain anchored at Wakayama. The only good thing about it all, he thought, would be that he could try his trading ability with the Japs—sort of a preview. He hoped that the bulges in his shirt and trouser pockets would escape the keen eyes of the Marine sentries. The cigarettes there were going to be put to good use. "Hey Ted," he whispered, leaning confidentially near his tent mate. "Got any cigarettes with you?"

"No, you dope. Put 'em away. You know what I mean."

"No, I haven't. Only one pack. Have you?"

"Notice anything in my pockets, Ted? I've got twelve packs with me."

Ted looked at his friend closely. "How come you're going to trade with the Japs?"

"Are you bothered?"

"After seeing what they did in the Philippines, I can't see trading cigarettes with them. They're still the enemy."

"The war's over. Anyhow, after the way you took money from the Flips for rations, beer and cigarettes, I don't see how you can be so pure. You were as bad as I, if not worse."

"Bill, there's a big difference. With the Filipinos cigarettes were a form of barter—really of currency. Cigarettes were their currency—good as gold."

"OK, then tell me something, Ted. You're always sending some stuff to that girl of yours. I'll bet you can't buy much in Wakayama with your partial pay. Things are bound to be high. But cigarettes—with a few packs you can get more than with your few yen."

"Don't worry—I'll stick to money. Come on, let's go down. We're about to shove off."

It didn't take long for the LCM to make shore. Several craft had made the trip before theirs and they found numerous men waiting in a rough line on a long concrete pier. As soon as they were ashore, a marine M.P. officer gave the visiting army troops their instructions. "Be back here promptly at four" was his final injunction.

With shouts of laughter the soldiers started off on the road which led to town, about a mile away. Soon the group broke into a large number of small groups, friends and buddies, each bent on a particular form of entertainment or sightseeing.

"Hey you guys, where you two headed for?" came shouts from one of the groups. The six men were members of the same platoon as Tom and Ted. "Forget the money. Got all your life for that. Come on—we're going for a little fun."

Bill waved them on. "The fools! They'll be in the poor-house when I'm spending my winters at Palm Beach." He glanced at Ted. "Maybe you'd rather join the boys? I'll be busy making a few dishonest yen."

"No, I'll keep you company. Might have a few things I want to buy."

They walked down the road and soon were in the city of

Wakayama. Many portions of the outskirts and business and residential sections were completely in ruins. The men hurried past the debris, not noticing closely the people living in huts amid the rubble, or the little gardens rising from small cleared spaces. In the undamaged portion of the city they didn't notice the narrow winding streets, the small picturesque two-story frame houses, crowding one upon the other.

Bill was busy trying to attract attention. He walked along, continually smoking, and tossing in his hand a pack of cigarettes. It wasn't long before a small group of women and children followed them, staring curiously at the tall Americans.

"Watch my smoke," Bill said to Ted. "Let's turn off on this side street and I'll set up my shop." In two minutes there were at least twenty people crowded around them and more were coming from various houses along the street.

Ted watched his companion begin his trading. The way Bill was haggling, in a crude sign language and in a dialect that would have been a perfect mimic of a Hollywood Chinese-American laundryman, it would take him a long time to get through. Ted watched a moment longer, then tapped Bill the shoulder.

"See that building on the far corner?"

"Yeah," said Bill curtly, as if irritated at being disturbed.

"It looks like a store to me. I'm going over there and take a look around. Might be something there worth buying."

"Go ahead—I'll be there in a few minutes. You can probably borrow a few yen from me then if you want to."

Bill stood there among the crowded Japanese who now numbered almost a hundred. They knew he wanted thirty yen for a pack. Thirty yen was equal to two dollars, American.

"Come on saps—cigarette—thirty yen." He waved ten yen notes in the air. The women were muttering among themselves. When one of them giggled, others joined in and soon the whole crowd was giggling.

"Shut up," Bill yelled, putting on his face the fiercest scowl that he could muster. The women became silent—almost afraid. Then he waved the yen above his head again. There were no answers;

there was no movement in the crowd. He cursed silently a moment. "All right then—twenty." He waved two ten yen notes in the air this time. Again there was a murmuring in the crowd, and the women turned and talked rapidly to each other. Then came another silence. "Twenty yen—cigarettes—twenty yen." But there were no takers. "Nuts with this," said Bill and turned to edge out of the crowd. Just then a boy, looking of about high school age, stepped before him and bowed low.

"Sir—Sir," he said and bowed again.

"You talk American?" Bill asked.

"Sir, I speak—little . . . learn in school."

"Well, what do you want?"

The boy bowed again and then stood at stiff attention before Bill. His eyes bulged queerly behind thick lenses. His face was the inscrutable face of the Orient.

"Sir—this people vera vera poor. Can only pay fifteen yen."

The tall soldier gazed into the eyes of the boy. "You sure about that?"

"Sir, sure, sure. Fifteen yen only. This people vera poor."

Bill cursed fluently. The boy was gazing up at him, not comprehending the stream of invective.

"Ok, kid. You win. Tell them fifteen yen." It didn't take long and his cigarettes were gone. Slowly he walked from the shrill chatter.

He found Ted talking to an elderly Japanese man in the store on the corner.

"Hi, Bill. This fellow speaks a little English. He has a brother living in Frisco."

"Hi," Bill said in response to the introduction. Then he stared at what Ted had in his arms. "Hey, what's this—a kimono? Le' me see it." He picked up the smooth, cool material and rubbed it against his cheek. "Man, that's really soft."

Ted picked up another mass of silk from the ancient wooden counter. "Here's another one I got."

Bill turned to the old Jap. "Joe, you got any more of these?"

"Yes, sir. One more."

"Let me see it quick!"

He watched the man depart into the rear of the store, his wooden sandals clattering against the boards of the floor.

"How much for those, Ted?"

"He wants two thousand yen for each or ten cartons of cigarettes."

"What!"

"Quiet—I'll tell you later. Here he comes."

"Joe, how much you want for this?"

"Sir, two thousand yen. Cigarettes if you have them— ten cartons."

It was a beautiful kimono that Bill looked at. His girl would love it. With its abundance of material it could be made into a dress. He could visualize her dark beauty set off by the richness of the design. In his pockets were 480 yen, representing all he had gotten from the cigarettes and from the partial pay.

"Come on, Ted. Let's go if you're all through."

The old shopkeeper followed him to the door. "Sir, vera cheap for best silk kimono. You buy for your wife."

Bill walked faster to get away from the wrinkled old man. Ted joined him on the sidewalk and they walked for a moment in silence.

"Ted," Bill could keep silent no longer. "Just tell me one thing. How could you buy four thousand yen worth of silk in that store?"

"Easy, if you know how," Ted answered.

"You got three hundred yen in partial pay—same as me. Other than that you were broke as far as I knew."

"I was. Except for one tihng I wasn't sure about. Take a look at this." Out of his wallet Ted took a green bill.

"But, this isn't worth anything—unless . . ."

"It's worth something all right. Lucky I remembered back in Luzon about that old trick of using cigar store coupons for cash. I figured—not very strongly—that these might come in handy in Japan. The invasion money the Japs printed for the Filipinos is coming back to them—back to home, sweet home." He laughed merrily.

Bill groaned. "And to think I could have brought thousands with me. Cigarettes—I never want to see them again! Ted, let me have a smoke—I'm dying!"

The bill slipped from his shaking fingers, and carried by the breeze, floated across the street. Ted ignored it and they went on. The sun shone on the kimonos in his arm, prettily showing the wonderful design.

Across the street a small native urchin saw the bill, and after the Americans had passed down the street he bent down and picked it up. When he saw the figure on it—100—he laughed with glee and hurried down the street, carefully clutching his find.

"Summer Evening"

ALICE SCHULTZ

The clouds move across the darkened sky
Like sheep returning from the field,
Guided by the driving breeze,
As the shepherd guides his flock;
Tumbling, pushing, hurrying to the fold
Before the break of summer storm.

Mood

CAROL PETERSEN

When the sweet night breeze
Breathed 'gainst my cheek
And ran cool fingers
Through my hair,
I closed my eyes
And raised my face
And softly kissed
The rushing air.

My Impressions On "The Rime Of The Ancient Mariner"

ANTONIO R. CRUZ

If I took the sensations I would get from an exhibit of modern art, the music of a film of mystery, Chopin's famous Polonaise, an electric shock, the first movement of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, and a session of spiritism and mixed them up together, maybe I could feel what I felt after reading "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

There is something different and complex in Coleridge, and "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" has a charm of its own.

Coleridge takes for his theme the supernatural and aims to present it with all the appearance of the real. He weaves together the supernatural and the real and concludes with a philosophic reflection. He gives, so I found, the feeling of the inevitable. He makes present, diffuse, fascinating, almost hypnotic, the mystery of things.

He presents an hallucination created by remorse and he has a moral and human purpose which he expresses in the stanza:

> He prayeth best, who loveth best
> All things both great and small;
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all.

Coleridge presents us the Ancient Mariner telling his story to a Gallant, who was going to a wedding-feast, and makes the latter interrupt him now and then to lend reality to the situation and to emphasize by the short dialogue between the two the feeling and the thought that is being developed. If he is masterful in doing this, he is no less so in making the story itself real. He achieves this end by the use of a very careful description and by the discourse of the Ancient Mariner. The passage "It had been strange, even in a dream to have seen those dead men, "rise," leads us to believe that, though very strange, this event actually happened.

Coleridge gives us plenty of speeches and dialogues, many of which take place, almost without our noticing it, among super-

natural beings, so perfect is his power of description.

There is fatalism from the beginning to the end: " . . . and listens like a three year's child, the Mariner hath his will . . .,". " . . . He cannot choose but hear.". " . . . That moment that his face I see, I know the man that must hear me. . . ."

There is also a feeling of suspense when he deals with the supernatural (as when the ship of Death is coming) but at the same time Coleridge describes everything so well that the imaginary becomes real. He associates the familiar reality with the most complex emotions and gives the impression of the inevitable. He ties nature to emotion and his senses give to his impressions of nature a freshness and an extraordinary brightness. However, he is exact and demonstrates a careful analysis and criticism.

The special taste of his poem is derived, I think, from the intellectual, metaphysical approach to his theme and the sensibility, tenderness, beauty, majesty, vigorous description, vivid and original imagination which he puts to the serving of his purpose. His individuality and mysticism makes him taste different from any other poet I know.

He used repetition in order to emphasize some feelings, some particularity. The use he makes of color helps greatly in giving the impression of reality: ". . . black lips baked . . .,". ". . . and every track was a flash of golden fire. . . .,". ". . . all in a hot and copper sky. . . ,". ". . . as green as emerald . . ," etc., etc.

Expressions like "my heart as dry as dust," "a still and awful red," "all dumb we stood," "the bay was white with silent night," "the silence sank like music in my heart," "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean" and so many other lines and stanzas are rich in reality and understanding of human nature and make us believe anything that the Ancient Mariner says and follow him and respond emotionally, just in the way Coleridge, himself, makes the Gallant respond in the last stanza of this poem:

> He went like one that hath been stunned,
> and is of sense forlorn;
> a sadder and a wiser man,
> he rose the morrow morn.

Swan Swanson's Revenge

JOHN BECK

Swan Swanson's great, white, walrus-like moustache twitched nervously as he trudged wearily ahead of the two hunters. Ordinarily when there was a blue banket over his head, broad, game-infested fields before him, and a gun in his hand, Swan was content, but today there was no smile crinkling at the corners of his eyes and no laughter was playing under his moustache. In short, he was quite dejected. He felt that his time might be better spent at home playing checkers with his brother-in-law, Olaf, but as his wife, Hilda, had said, "Yumpin' Yiminy, Svan, ten dollars is ten dollars. Git on your overhaulers and go!" Swan Swanson's expansive moustache had shaken mightily as it always did when he was disturbed, but he had grimly nodded his head in assent and agreed to go with the two men who had requested his services.

Not only was Swan the principal sportsman of the little Wyoming community of Beaver Rapids, but he was also the town's handy man. In fact, his occupations were so varied that when the two men who were now following him had arrived, he had not only carried their bags up to their rooms, but he had also immediately sold them their hunting permits.

But from the very moment that Swan had first laid eyes on Colonel Barlow Blurp and Mr. Archibald Van Poodle, of the New York Van Poodles, he had felt that any close association with them would be a mistake. Swan was a simple man with simple tastes who liked simple men like himself for company, and these intruders on his peace of mind were, in his opinion, anything but simple men. But ten dollars was ten dollars; a bargain was a bargain.

Swan Swanson paused a moment and turned to wait for the two to catch up. He could hear the Colonel wheezing.

"Mr. Swanson," called a squeaky voice. "Colonel Blurp is wondering if we won't locate some game soon."

"Call me Svan. I ban Svan ever since I leave Stockholm. I ban Svan now."

"Suh," bellowed the deep, bass voice of Colonel Blurp, "Ah have come heah to hunt. Ah have not come heah to play follow the leader with an aged Norwegian walrus." The Colonel was obviously disturbed.

"Svedish," corrected Swan, "And I am not a valrus."

"Suh, that may well be, but you sutanly look like one. And what, suh, may I ask, do you do when you are not misleading hunters over this barren country?"

"I ban many things in Beaver Rapids. I tank more than you tank," spurted Swan, his moustache trembling. "But I tank there be pheasants over the rise."

The three men moved forward carefully. True enough, there were pheasants over the rise. Both the Colonel and Mr. Van Poodle got two.

"And what, Suh, is the limit?" questioned the Colonel.

"Six," replied Swan, wondering if he really resembled a walrus.

"Archibald!" breathed the Colonel, his eyes bulging from their sockets. "Look yonder, grouse. Scores of them in that hollow."

"Yes, Barlow. We'll move up and get our limit in no time. All we have to do is to frighten them into flight."

"Vait a minute," interrupted Swan. "Dem is fool hens."

"Suh, I am not concerned with the mentality of those grouse. Come with me Archibald. We will let this Danish walrus remain here if he so wishes."

Swan Swanson's moustache bristled and then seemed to frolic all over his fae. "Svedish valrus — and," he added hurriedly "I am not a valrus!"

Swan followed the hunters slowly. He carried his shotgun, but he had not used it. He wanted his customers to get their limit first. He called to the Colonel. " You von't get any fool hens! Dey are too smart!"

The Colonel glanced disdainfully back at Swan, who shrugged his shoulders.

As the Colonel and his friend neared the grouse, they paused.

"Barlow," whispered Van Poodle. "We'll frighten them into flight with pebbles." Both of them threw a handful of gravel at

the grouse. The birds only looked at them.

From behind them came the voice Swan Swanson. "Dem is fool hens. Dey von't go so you can shoot dem."

The Colonel's face became beet-red. "They will, Suh," he barked, firing several shots into the air. The grouse seemed to be enjoying the interruption. They seemed quite engrossed by the Colonel's behavior. The Colonel sputtered and then threw more gravel. The birds remained undisturbed. Swan admired their courage. The Colonel cursed them bountifully for a moment and then retreated a few steps. Gathering speed along the way, he ran headlong through the birds. The grouse, nimbly dodging him, looked at him searchingly, as if doubting his sanity. The enraged Colonel kicked one of the bolder ones.

Swan Swanson ran to its rescue. "Yumpin yiminy," he cried, "in Vyoming we shoot birds. We don't trample dem to death." The fervor in his voice caused the Colonel to consider the situation more carefully. He noisily retreated and joined his companion. Swan fastened a band aid tenderly around one of the wounded grouse's legs. He looked at the fool hen. There was sympathy written across his face. "I tank ve get even," he mused.

Swan led the Colonel and Van Poodle farther through the fields. The group had just reached the edge of a small, wooded area when a covey of pheasants alighted. When the Colonel bagged two more in flight, Swan grudgingly admitted to himself that the Colonel was a good shot. Fifteen minutes later Swan shook his head in admiration as another fell prey to the Colonel's marksmanship.

"Now ve see," thought Swan as he turned to the other two. "Ve go back now," he said slowly.

The Colonel sputtered for an instant and finally shouted, "Why you Finnish walrus, Suh! Ah refuse to go back."

"I am a Svede!" shouted Swan. "I am a Svede!"

At that moment a single pheasant flew from the bushes ahead of them. Both Swan and the Colonel fired at the same instant. The bird fell. "I got him!" exclaimed Swan. "Hilda will be glad." His moustache quivered magnificently.

"Suh," interruted the Colonel. "Ah shot that bird."

Swan's eyes brightened a little. "You are sure?" he asked.

"Sutanly, Suh," replied the self-assured Colonel.

"Vell, den, it ban my duty to arrest you for getting more than the limit. I forgot to tell you that I vas also a game varden. Don't vorry, it vill yust be a fine."

Later that afternoon Colonel Barlow Blurp and Mr. Archibald Van Poodle checked out of the tiny hotel and moved on. Swan Swanson, the hotel handy-man, carried their bags out to their car.

Sinner's Prayer

PAUL JERSILD

Do you see upon my soul
That which is as clear and pure
As bells of gold that sweetly ring
The break of day?

Do you see upon my soul
The brightness of a burning light,
Shining as the sunny glow
That ends the night?

No, I fear that what you see
Is not the light of endless day;
And thus, O God, this is my plea:
Forgive, I pray.

Portrait Of Loneliness

RUTH NEVE

The twisted tree stands rooted on a hill,
A lonely creature circled by its foes;
The wind and dust and leaves around it mill,
They pour upon it all their woes.

In Memory Of A Laboratory Dog

CHARLES CHRISTENSEN

In the midst of the mystery of life I see in awe
The grandeur of the hand of the Most High Creator.
Filled with an insatiable hunger for knowledge,
I relentlessly probe this mystery--and sometimes,
I think I see the curtains part---
And I think that I think I see.

But sometimes in the night, I am haunted,
Sometimes in the night I remember—

I see ropes, tying, binding, restricting,
And boards, white boards, with dark brown streaks:
I smell the sickening, penetrating smell of ether;
I see a glittering array—sharp, hard, and cold—
Scalpels, forceps, probes, haemostats, clips, scissors, syringes;
I see black rubber tubes, revolving drums, writing instruments,
In orderly, merciless array;
I hear chatter—low earnest tones;
I hear strange words:
Pneumagraph, tambour, inductorium, kymograph,
Adrenaline chloride, pilocarpine, cyanide, phenobarbital,
Cannulate the trachea, cannulate the carotid, cannulate the femoral,
Cut the vagi, stimulate the sciatic, stimulate the phrenic,
Mark the record, record, *record*, **record**, *RECORD*, **RECORD**
And blood, and blood, my hands are red with blood,
My face is black with soot and wet with sweat---
And ebbing life, and death, routine, orderly, deliberate.
But life, life recorded, translated into formulae, equations,
And white wavy lines on black paper.

I am pleased—a fine experiment, I say,
And it is a fine experiment;
I feel a quiet glow, a sense of knowledge gained,
A glimpse, if you please, into the infinite void;
For there is a knowledge that in time brings wisdom,

And with it, the power to save and restore the lives of men.
I wonder about the old adage, "A life for a life,"
And there is a humility, deep, before the vast magnitude of the unknown,
And a sense of the light shining in darkness.

But sometimes in the night, I remember—
I remember the wag of a tail.

I Walked In The Wind

CAROL PETERSEN

I walked in the wind and it whispered to me
Of the rolling shore and the rumbling sea,

Of the fresh salt air and the blue blue sky
Where the cloudlets puff and the seagulls fly,

Of the roaring breakers that lick the beach
And recoil to the ocean from whence they reach,

With my head thrown back and my hair blown free,
I walked in the wind and and it whispered to me.

The Last War

CAROL PETERSEN

A black stillness covered the Earth.
It was not Night. It was Death.
His ebony fingers curled softly about the lifeless sphere
And an icy smile touched his lips
As he looked at the lifeless Earth in his palm.
It was his!

Solitude

DORIS BARTL

The kindly tree did shelter me;
The gentle wind did stroke
  Its fingers through my hair;
The laughter of my fellows
  echoed dimly in my ears.
My mind, apart from all
  of these, yet still aware
Did wander with the
  stars across the spaces of
  the sky.
And there was peace and
  harmony to rest my anxious
  mind,
And here beneath the tree
  my heart did sing with joy.

Also Like This

MARIA ELISA CRUZ

Gentle spring softly comes and goes.
Rushing summer, warm and strong,
Brings color and brightness everywhere.
Then gray autumn, in sad moood,
Throws to the ground red brown leaves,
Which the winter snow covers piously.
And everything is forgotten under the snow.

Also like this our life flows,
Also for us spring dies away,
Also for us winter will come.

Darkness

DOROTHY PETERSEN

The glow of the embers
Became but a memory
Fanned by the wind of time,
And as I watched,
Night came and sat with me.

My Love Is A Mountain Brook

GERHARDT MENGERS

My love is a mountain brook:
Crystal clear, soundless noise.
The trickle through a shady nook
Is her tinkling voice.

Quiet water on the way,
Still, past the new-mown hay,
To the outstretched ocean bay,
To my arms at the end of day.

Sky Song

CAROL PETERSEN

O yellow, yearning sky,
What think you as you boil and writhe
And lash the limbs of yonder sapling,
Black etched, slashing 'gainst your bosom?

What horror leads your spirit?
Is it anger that upheaves you?
Is your soul steeped deep in anguish?
Pray, what bitter passions seize you,
Thou sickly, seething sky?

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