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1952

# 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



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\* Langland Award

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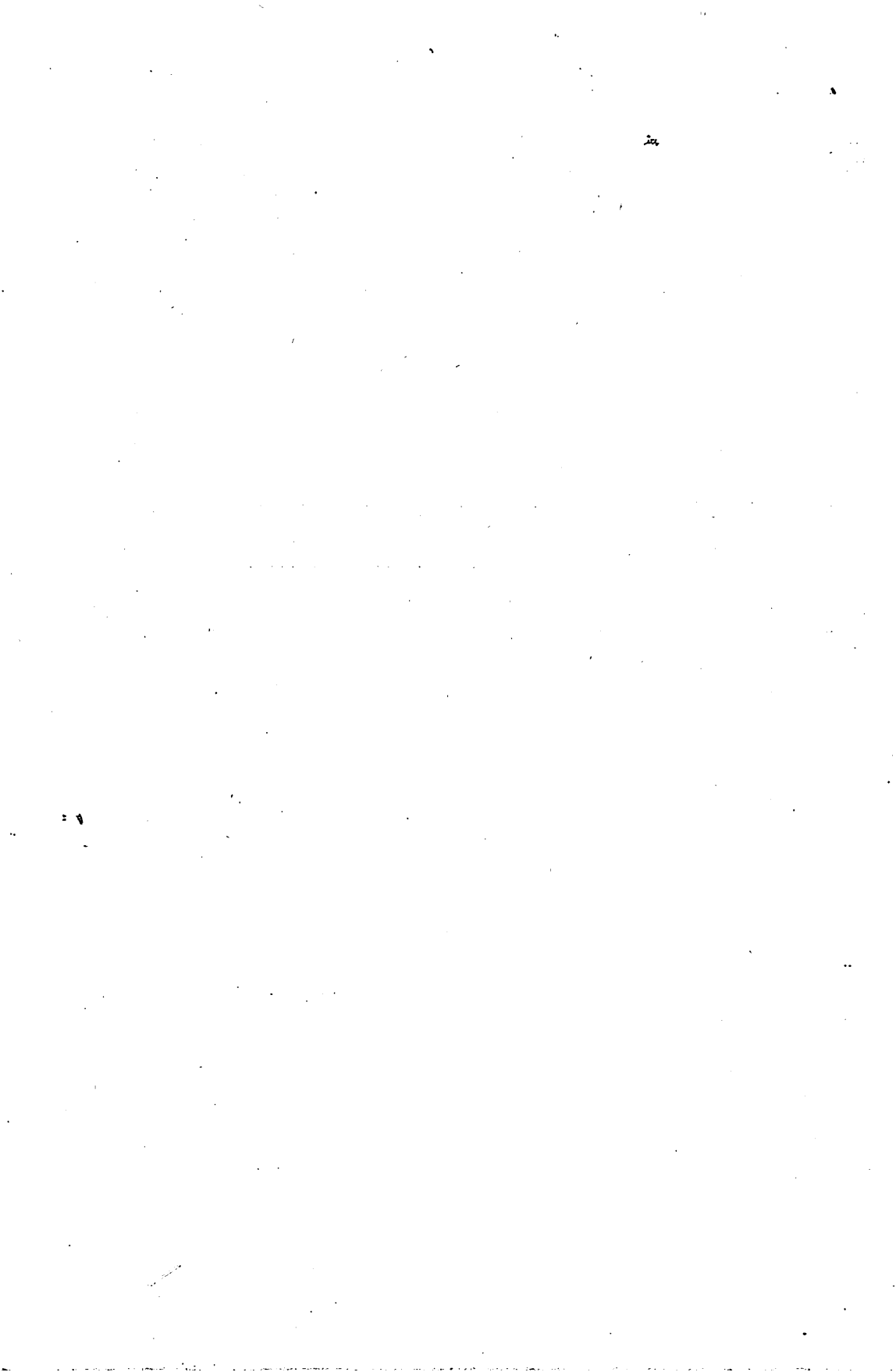
# OWER

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# Freedom

## Juri Taht

The train pulled into the railroad station at Bremerhaven and stopped suddenly, reminding the eight hundred emigrants aboard that it was time to gather their luggage and to prepare themselves for the unloading.

As I looked out, I saw that the station was busy like a beehive in summer. The policemen of the International Refugee Organization were on guard and watched anxiously that nobody left the train. They had a very high opinion of themselves and generally pictured themselves as the finest and most intelligent specimens of the race of "homo sapiens." They carried out their work with vigour and eagerness as, of course, they alone realized the tremendous importance of their task.

Their attitude created in me a feeling of distrust and even a feeling of opposition, for it reminded me very strongly of the days about ten years ago in Estonia when the communists made all efforts to liquidate people with opinions and convictions different from their own. It was then I realized what brutality is, and it was then I started subconsciously to develop a feeling of hatred toward totalitarian ideas.

I remember the day when I left my hometown in Estonia with my family. We were brought to the railroad station where all the refugees were gathered together and loaded on the train. Russian sol-

diers were guarding the entire area, and the people in the cars were too frightened to open the windows. Those soldiers meant death to us.

The situation in Bremerhaven was, of course, different, as these policemen were no threat to our lives, but to me the behavior of these men illustrated an attitude which is still prevailing in many parts of the world. It is the attitude of "I have the gun and therefore you shut up."

After waiting a few hours in the train we were loaded in trucks which brought us to the Embarkation Center in Bremerhaven, some twenty miles from the port. Like all the other emigrants, I had to go through the procedure of registration, where I received my room number, my meal ticket, my identification card and finally a shot of DDT powder inside my collar and under my hat. What a refreshing feeling, I thought angrily, to get rid of all these bugs and parasites which supposedly had found a home on me! But as a result of all this, the registration made me, for a few days at least, a citizen of a very peculiar city.

The Embarkation Camp covered about one square mile of land located just outside the city limits. The long, red brick buildings had served as a military garrison during the last war and were in an excellent and surprisingly clean condition.

I was assigned to a room on the second floor of a four-story building. It was very interesting to share the room with eight other people of various nationalities. They represented a variety of races, languages, education, intelligence and cultural background. Each one of them had an interesting life story, but they all had one thing in common: each one of them had somehow or other suffered from the last war. As everybody in our room happened to be from a different part of Europe, the only means of mutual understanding was the German language.

There was, for example, a pastor from Latvia who was on his way to Australia with his family. He was a very quiet man, very firm in his Christian convictions. Although he was seldom in the room, his influence was obvious. Cursing and swearing was common in the room, but as soon as the pastor entered, the tone of the language changed at once.

A Yugoslavian of about fifty years of age was constantly smoking cigarettes and constantly complaining about the high price of cigarettes which he just could not afford to buy. His favorite subject of conversation was socialism, which he hated as much as pickles of American origin.

Living in this conglomeration of races and representatives of various cultures has added much to my understanding of people and has helped me to form opinions about the world situation more clearly.

The daily routine in the camp was pretty monotonous except on days when a ship was due to leave. Then, indeed, the camp was busy like a market place. The preparations for the final trip into the new world took plenty of time but were not anything to get excited about, I thought.

During the stay in the camp every emigrant had to work about eight hours a week. I remember very well the day when I was ordered to work in the kitchen for four hours. As I was not very enthusiastic about going to work, I was about the last one to enter the kitchen. By that time there were already enough people working at peeling potatoes, and I, together with two men, was ordered to work in another section where we sliced bread. Naturally, that was a much better and cleaner job and I considered myself lucky.

And, somehow, I was also lucky on the day after the episode in the kitchen. I found my name among the names of fourteen hundred emigrants who were chosen to leave with the trooptransporter, *General J. H. McRae*, on January 8, 1951.

The preparations for the trip started on the day before we left. First of all every person received his number, which was about the only means of identifying a person. Many people had names impossible to pronounce and the announcers in the camp would have been in a very unfortunate position without the numbers. And since most of the officials had had schooling enough to count to fourteen hundred, the problem of identification was solved.

After getting this most valuable number, everyone had to pass a final medical examination. Most people had already passed more than four thorough examinations about two weeks prior to this day, but the doctors could hardly believe that everyone was healthy. To keep away germs from these healthy emigrants, who were almost sick of being healthy, they distributed toothpowder, which was a very generous donation from the International Refugee Organization. We even received this powder with the remarks from the doctors that in America everybody cleans his teeth and therefore we, the emigrants, had to get used to it.

Incidents like that made me furious sometimes. Again and again I observed that people who have gained a somewhat high position tend to play the "big shot." They do not have the mental capacity to realize that they act ridiculous and selfish.

Later on that day I had to check my luggage and fill out a custom declaration. This was quite a puzzle for those who intended to smuggle something they had traded on the blackmarkets of Central Europe. I was really very happy not to have to worry about that and for the first time I was glad to be poor.

I did not sleep much the following night. I do not remember exactly what I felt, but I know I was glad that the state of uncertainty was finally coming to an end. I was also glad to leave Germany, a country destroyed in the last war, struggling for existence, and afraid to become the battleground again in the next war. Now I was hoping for a better future, and I am sure all the other people who were going to leave on the following morning felt the same way.

At five o'clock in the morning I checked in my blankets and my pillow and prepared everything for the journey. When I finally stepped out of the building, a cold north wind received me. The people were shivering as they were waiting for the final roll call. The excitement made the people feel the cold wind more than usual. But when I looked around I saw that all of them were glad to get out of this country of so many unpleasant memories. Everyone was eager to try again to begin a new life. The years of starvation and fear were over definitely. Being relieved from fear is something wonderful that has to be experienced; it cannot be explained.

Finally, after hours of waiting, the trucks started to transport us to the railroad station from where we started the final few miles to the harbor. The train stopped a few yards from the ship. Many times in the past years I had seen transatlantic airplanes flying over our town, and every time I realized that the world was open for them. They meant freedom, but not for me. There was the ship now that meant freedom for me, the ship which was to carry me into a free world.

I was happy!

Exactly at four o'clock on January 8, 1951, the journey began. The fog gradually hid from my view the shore of a country where I had lived half of my life but where I had never felt at home. For a moment I saw a white seagull in a steady flight high above the ship and suddenly this seagull became for me a symbol of freedom, of security and of a better future.

1952

Frank Jespersen

Faces, paper faces, paper masks,  
What do your painted eyes observe?

Do they see the shape of evil?  
Can they trace the lines of grace?

And of your ragged-mouths, I pray,  
What do those wretched holes have to say?  
Do they cackle from naked blindness?  
Do they rot from the stain of lies?

Your arms, your arms, what are they for?  
To build, to climb,  
To grasp, to crush!

And your heaving cardboard chests?  
Do human hearts behind them rest?  
Can they carry a ton of misery?  
Can they lift a mountain of pain?

No, I declare you cannot withstand  
The continuous waters, the shifting sands.  
You weave, you stumble, you fall,  
You falter, stop, and crumble soon!

Oh, poor pasteboard shells of human frames,  
You are sadly hollow, sagging with shame.  
Your end, your death is always the same,  
Lost in your mire, with none to blame!

# The Vamp

Joyce Hayek

For three days a high wind had blown, whipping the gray-green waters of Nagawicka Lake into a frenzy of wicked waves which crashed and tumbled fiercely over the white wooden piers. For three days Ellen's thoughts had been a part of this ceaseless turmoil.

Oh, why, she had breathed many times, oh, why didn't I run her up on the dolly? The weather had been so clear, the wind in little puffs—but only a few minutes and *The Vamp* would have been on land and covered by canvas. There would have been no need to worry.

Rain had poured down intermittently from the sky, and the summer residents of Oakwood Bay had built fires in all their fireplaces to ward off the penetrating dampness.

This morning, however, peace had once more returned to the turbulent waters, and they now lapped the shore quietly like a naughty child who, after being punished, behaves with a surprisingly good-natured meekness. Quickly she dressed her bronzed body—browned from continuous hours on *The Vamp* so that she was no longer susceptible to sunburn—and combed her bobbed, sun-bleached hair. I've got to find her! And before anyone else, she thought. She listened—still no one up. I'm in luck! she sighed as she tiptoed downstairs. In the kitchen each little noise seemed like a minor explosion as she made a mid-morning snack to take along. I'll hike around the whole lake—then at least I'll be the first to know, she thought.

She slinked past the downstairs bedroom where her parents slept. On the table next to the door she picked up her tennis cap and the binoculars. Once the door had been closed, she sped to the lakefront. There had been no mistake; *The Vamp* was gone. She ran up the steps of the boathouse and cautiously opened the door. Yes! Yes! the sail is here! She breathed faster. At least I didn't leave her rigged! Parts of the red letters on the sail made an odd design. N-49 may be a peculiar number, but it means luck to me, Ellen mused. Then she closed the door and went down to the beach. The sand was still damp, and even if the sun were shining, the sand would not be soft and warm and white as it had been last Monday. She breathed deeply; the smell was moist and uncomfortable. It was not hard for her to choose her route. The rising sun to the east made her squint—doesn't really matter she thought, but it'll be easier going west—this

cap won't shade an awful lot. Then abruptly she stopped and scanned the horizon with the binoculars. From this point she could get no glimpse of the missing *Vamp*.

The early morning hours were hot and sultry and before she had gone far she began to perspire. The sun persisted in beating down upon her as she trudged ahead. Maybe it's good the sand isn't soft. I'd never be able to walk this fast. I guess I'll take a breather when I get to Nystrom's Rock.

But the rain had raised the level of the lake so that Nystrom's Rock did not peer out of the water like a friendly haven, but was submerged so only part of the flat top showed. Just like an iceberg, two-thirds submerged, Ellen thought, as she rested on the pier. If a boat came crashing into it in the wind it would really be wrecked. But *The Vamp* hadn't. There were no signs of it in the bits of wreckage that lay washed up on the shore by the angry water.

"Hiking around the lake, today?" a friendly voice called. It was one of the gardeners.

"Couldn't wait," Ellen called back. Well, that's no lie, she rationalized.

She looked at the smooth and ripple-less water. Wow, it's going to be a scorcher today, not even a breeze this early. But I haven't got time to rest. She was on her feet and hiking again. Along the shore clumps of sodden seaweed and ridges of pebbles and fine gravel made walking in her sneakers difficult and uncomfortable. Occasionally she would put the binoculars to her eyes and study the shoreline impatiently but without success. Surely, it couldn't be smashed that badly! The mast broken, maybe, but not completely smashed!

Just Sunday during the race Fred Stamm had been teasing her: "Should think those old polka dots on *The Vamp's* deck would make you dizzy!"

"Just 'cause you're jealous!" Ellen had retorted. "Right of way!" she had called and rounded the buoy before him.

But there were no polka dots—not even a deck now. The polka dots and Dad's red handkerchief at the top of the mast made it easy for Mom to pick *The Vamp* out of the whole fleet without the use of the binoculars during any race. And what's more, these extra added attractions made *The Vamp* outstanding in the regatta too. She had forgotten about the regatta! Fifth place last year! Why, I could make third easy this year! Oh, ya! I'll be lucky if there's enough left to repair for next year.

The sun was hotter and still no breeze stirred. She noticed a branch of willow washed up. Willows belong way over in the bay, she silently commented. Boy! It's really away from home!

Lunch time came and Ellen enjoyed her wilted lettuce and mayonnaise sandwich with a warm coke in the shade of an old elm growing near the shore. She welcomed a chance to rest, but the day was getting hotter and—I can make it back in less than two hours if I hurry, she thought—and so she hurried on.

The crusty brown scum along the shoreline took on a more pungent odor which Ellen recognized as dead fish. Directly ahead lay a halfburied carp with a swarm of greedy flies buzzing around it. She held her nose and walked on. Then something caught her eye! Immediately she took up the binoculars. There was no mistaking Ryan's old green and white trimmed rowboat. But only half of it was left. Her sudden hope disintegrated.

With her trip almost completed, Ellen was ready to believe that *The Vamp* had been completely demolished and sunk to depths where it could never be retrieved. She was hot and puffing. Water's no good for swimming when it's that dirty—no day for sailing either, what with no wind. Ahead, buoy number five bobbed complacently on the murky water and seemed to be laughing at her because she was so ill at ease and tired. Murky water was not repulsive to it. She broke into a run. A jagged piece of glass stuck up from the sand and seemed to defy her. Then she could run no longer. She stopped and fanned her face with her tennis cap. She was flushed and her pulse beat rapidly. How silly of me to get panicky, she thought. After all, I haven't found her and if someone else has, Dad will know by tonight. I feel just as bad as he does, too; he's worried about the investment he made, and I'm losing one of my best friends.

The peninsula hiding the bay jutted out in front of her now, concealing most of the houses around it. Her eyes surveyed the landscape. Then she grabbed the binoculars impulsively. There above the trees was a red handkerchief dangling half-heartedly from a mast.

*The Vamp!* she cried. *The Vamp!* and she raced for the bay. In a few minutes the polka dots came into view. *The Vamp* was intact! There she lay, wallowing in the ugly water.

"I'll bring her home! I'll have her bailed out before lunch," Ellen shrieked, and she ran wildly toward *The Vamp*.

# Metamorphosis

Ann Harms

Ruth looked out of the window at the hulking willow tree that stood alone in the night. Now the tree was a black, molten mass, with no pattern or design. The heavy drooping branches of the willow wept with her. Shreds of boughs tore away from the tree, swinging out as if they were grasping and searching the vacuum in which Ruth stood.

Vacuum. Emptiness.  
Space with no time,  
No present, but  
With a past.

The vacuum in which Ruth stood had no present or future. There was emptiness, and she was alone, with no pattern except an undefined, misty fog.

Ruth could remember nothing but the past few weeks. The suddenness of her mother's death was still a nightmare that she had relived a thousand times.

She stepped outside, under the tree whose trunk seemed of one substance with the earth, growing from the earth to the branches above.

How could time erase life so completely?

Life,  
Breath,  
Heaving and gasping.

Terror,  
Silence,  
Terror and grief.

And Ruth again lived those hours of the past.

**"DAD—COME QUICK—SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH MOTHER"—AFTER THAT TELEPHONE CALLS, THE DOCTOR, LONG-DISTANCE, OXYGEN TANKS AND A RESPIRATOR. THE GASPING IN THE HOUSE WAS FINALLY COMPLETELY SILENCED, AND RUTH SOUGHT ESCAPE OUTSIDE.**

SHE WANDERED OUT FOR A WALK INTO THE NIGHT. NOW SHE COULD ONLY REMEMBER THAT THE STARS WERE LIKE COLD, CUT DIAMONDS, AND THAT SHE HAD SOUGHT FOR AN UNDERSTANDING AND PATTERN THAT SHE DIDN'T FIND.

Suddenly a breeze began to whisper.

Patterns, what are they?  
Designs, reasons.  
Happiness?  
What, why, how?

Shadows, created by the house lights, throbbled on the ground under the weeping willow, leaping and grabbing into the low boughs like black, searching hands. Silencing, heavy velvet drapes that suffocated all sounds hung from the sky.

Star-sequined black velvet,  
Soft light growing.  
Silence, peace.  
Remember?

Then Ruth remembered.

RUTHIE WAS IN THE FIRST GRADE, AND SHE FELT JOYOUSLY ALIVE AS SHE SWUNG NEXT TO JIM ON THE SCHOOL SWINGS. JUST AS SHE WAS READY TO JUMP OUT WHEN THE SWING PAUSED IN SPACE AT ITS HIGHEST POINT, THE CHURCH BELL IN THE NEXT BLOCK BEGAN A DEATH TOLL.

"GEE," JIM YELLED AS THEY GAVE UP TRYING TO COUNT THE DISMAL GONGS OF THE BELL. "HE MUST HAVE BEEN OVER A HUNDRED." AND RUTHIE LAUGHED BEFORE SHE JUMPED FROM THE SWING.

THAT NOON THE MOHAIR DAVENPORT HAD SCRATCHED RUTHIE'S FACE AS SHE BURIED HER HEAD IN THE CUSHIONS AND SOBBED.

"MOTHER, WHY DID GRANDPA DIE?"

"HE ISN'T DEAD, RUTHIE. HE'S WITH GOD."

"BUT WE'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN."

"SOMEDAY WE WILL. TIME GOES SO FAST. IT'S SELFISH TO WANT HIM BACK, BECAUSE HE IS VERY HAPPY NOW."

RUTHIE HAD TRIED TO UNDERSTAND, AND WHEN SHE WENT BACK TO SCHOOL LATER, SHE SWUNG AND JUMPED AND LAUGHED AGAIN.

The night was made of ombre shadows; Ruth saw for the first time the light tones that faded and blended into the darker ones.

"OH, BARB, I DON'T KNOW WHY I DON'T LIKE IT HERE AT SCHOOL!"

"HAPPINESS?  
THE ANSWER IS ONLY  
IN YOURSELF,  
AND WHEN YOU FIND IT,  
YOU WILL BE HAPPY.

"HAPPINESS IS  
CONTENTMENT IN WHAT  
YOU ARE DOING.  
THE ANSWER IS ONLY  
IN YOURSELF."

The weeping willow groaned in the breeze that came to fill the silence under the tree.

Ruth knew that she hadn't yet found that answer in herself. It was another part of the pattern she needed so desperately.

Something that Ruth had forgotten came back to her—something that had happened that day before evening.

THE MORNING SUN WAS SHINING THROUGH THE WINDOW, BLENDING AND CONTRASTING THE RED PETALS OF THE GERANIUM IN THE WINDOW. THEY WERE HAVING MORNING DEVOTIONS.

"MY GOD, MY GOD, WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME? WHY ART THOU SO FAR FROM HELPING ME? . . . OUR FATHERS TRUSTED IN THEE: THEY TRUSTED, AND THOU DIDST DELIVER THEM. . . BE NOT FAR FROM ME; FOR TROUBLE IS NEAR: FOR THERE IS NONE TO HELP."

"LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED: YE BELIEVE IN GOD, BELIEVE ALSO IN ME. IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS: IF IT WERE NOT SO, I WOULD HAVE TOLD YOU: FOR I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU. AND IF I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU, I WILL COME AGAIN, AND RECEIVE YOU UNTO MYSELF, THAT WHERE I AM, THERE YE MAY BE ALSO."

Those were the verses they had read that morning; verses so familiar that Ruth could hear them in her memory as her mother read them. And she could hear echoes of them from the years before.

SHE COULD REMEMBER, HER MOTHER'S PROMPTING HER WITH HER CATECHISM. RUTH WAS THIRTEEN, AND NOT TOO HAPPY OVER THE PROSPECT OF CONFIRMATION SCHOOL, WHICH BEGAN AT EIGHT O'CLOCK, AND WOULD CONTINUE EVERY SATURDAY MORNING FOR TWO YEARS.

"LEARN, RUTH. SOME DAY YOU WILL NEED ALL OF THE HELP YOU CAN GET FROM GOD. REMEMBER TO TRUST HIM."

"TIME GOES SO FAST; IT'S SELFISH TO WANT HIM BACK, BECAUSE HE IS VERY HAPPY NOW."

"THE ANSWER IS ONLY WITHIN YOURSELF."

"LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED. YE BELIEVE IN GOD, BELIEVE ALSO IN ME."

The knotted, twisted clumps of branches that had drooped so heavily parted, and Ruth could see the faint pattern of the narrow, slender leaves silhouetted against the sky. Now she knew that later, when the night was over, the branches would be fine, intricate filigree as the sunlight shone through them.

A willow tree,  
Laughing, dancing  
Branches etched  
Against the sky.

Then as Ruth looked up, the dark branches began to sway against the sky, and she felt that she had begun to find the new pattern.

# Snow

Franklin Jespersen

And the wind chisels the snow into shimmering waves,  
like an ocean rolling its graceful breakers  
toward a sandy beach, or yellow weeded slew.

And the wind sandpapers the snow, the freezing snow,  
like the desert air that snatches up the bleached sand  
and flings it about like fine mist, like pounding rain.

And the wind moulds the snow with its nervous, darting fingers,  
like an impatient sculptor shaping his clay,  
and cups it gently around tree trunks,  
spreads it thick on roofs and ledges,  
and tucks a little in window corners.

And the grayness of the morning finds the wind  
breathing its last, its effort completed.

And the palefaced snow stands silent, waiting  
for the first footprint to break its surface,  
the first churning wheels to wallow in its softness,  
and the first steel blade to cut deep into its sculptured waves.

# No Special Reason

Ruth Pedersen

"But why, Dave?" asked Amy, trying to keep calm. "Why does it have to end this way?"

"I don't know." Dave spoke in a puzzled voice. "I don't know. It would be easier if there was a reason—if I was mad at you for something. But there is no special reason. I don't know why. I just know it won't work any longer."

They had been sitting in Dave's car outside Amy's house for some time now. A cooling breeze played in the branches of the elm trees along the deserted street. Neither of them could understand exactly what was happening or why. It was just happening.

Amy looked down at her left hand. On it was Dave's oversize class ring, wound with adhesive tape to make it fit. She had worn that ring every day for over six months. It had been six months and three weeks, to be exact. She remembered the night she got it—New Year's Eve. What a perfect way to start the new year! She had been so happy. She had run in to tell her mother about it first thing. Thinking back, she wondered if her mother appreciated being waked up to be informed of her youngest daughter's new acquisition. It had been awfully late! But her mother had seemed happy about it, too.

But now Dave wanted it back. Amy could not understand it. He said there wasn't any reason, but that it just wasn't right any more. And Dave would have told her if he knew why it wasn't right.

She looked over at Dave. He was toying with the knob on the steering wheel. "I didn't think anyone cared that much about me." The words came out a husky whisper and he looked just as unhappy as she felt.

He sure is a swell guy, she thought. He knows this is hurting me, and so it is hurting him, too. As she watched him, Dave glanced at her and smiled. She couldn't help but smile back. Somehow it will work out, she thought. It has to!

She thought back over the long months during which she had been "Dave's girl." She remembered the day Dave's cousin, Brad, had introduced them. She had decided then and there that she would rather go with Dave than Brad. And the day Dave took her to meet his folks. How scared she had been! But they had been so nice to

her. She remembered the time they rode on the roller coaster. Dave had said she was white as a ghost when they got off. She recalled the warm, sunny days when they had driven leisurely through the country without a worry or a care. Everything had been so much fun with Dave. Even if she lost him, she could not lose those memories.

Suddenly she thought, why, I am acting silly! Just because Dave and I aren't going to go steady, it doesn't mean I will never see him again! He will still come up every once in a while. He said so himself. And we will still have lots of good times. And then—someday—everything will be okay again!

But despite her optimistic thoughts, Amy was choked up inside when she asked Dave "Are you sure this is the way you want it?" He did not speak. He just nodded his head ever so slightly.

Amy slid the ring carefully from her finger, looked at it lovingly, and finally laid it in Dave's hand. He let it lie in the palm of his hand for a moment before he closed his fingers over it. Amy turned away quickly to hide the tear that was sliding down her cheek.

## P o e m

Elva Jensen

I listen for the sound of your voice  
And your laughter still rings in my ears.  
I cup my hands to catch  
The smiling, laughing drops of happiness.  
But 'tis only an echo.  
And tears from my own eyes  
Fall into my empty palms.

*It Shines Unnoticed*



Francis J.

*by Frank Jespersen*

Swing, swing, you helpless fool!  
Your stubborn will shall bring your end.  
While eternal life, enduring life  
Shimmers above in the sky.

The choice, the choosing must be your own:  
The anguish pit,  
The salvation sky.

You cling to useless wood and steel.  
Oh, fool, donkey—rusted steel cannot shield you!

Decayed wood cannot support you  
Nor your wretchedly feeble body, weak from sin.

Oh, for a twist of the head,  
A moment of pure faith,  
A second of overwhelming love!

But the thought is repulsive, is it not?  
To submit, give in, are ugly words!

And when your rushing passion is gone,  
Your human spirit crushed,  
Your body wrenched of all effort,  
What then, dangling rag doll, die-hard donkey  
And universal fool?

# Mary Ellen

Elva Jensen

The sun was trying desperately to shine through the heavy mist that surrounded her as she set off down the beach. Her bare feet made no sound as she walked gently over the sand, stirring up the myriads of sand crabs that sucked small dimples in the sand as she approached. The large beach towel over her shoulders made a comfortable weight against the chill of the morning air and she began to whistle tunelessly to herself. The waves were quiet this morning because of the absence of the wind and she walked farther out so that the water lapped around her ankles. She began to hurry unconsciously as she saw through the fog that she was getting closer to the hulk of the old ship. Happiness was bubbling deep inside her because she was going to spend the day here, but a slight disappointment mixed with it as she saw the shadowy outlines that meant there were already people fishing from the deck. She had thought that she was early enough to be the first one here. Then she grinned to herself. One could never hope to be earlier than some of the fishing enthusiasts who arose at about four o'clock in the morning in order to get in at the best time of the day, and so she was happy again.

She passed through the deserted recreation area with its sagging volleyball net and the beach chairs that later on in the day would be filled with the fat old people watching the young ones play vigorously between dips in the salt water. She was glad she was not one of them. She suddenly resolved that she would never be fat when she grew old, or at least if she got fat she would never sit around on the beach not quite covered enough in an outdated swimming suit, trying to look half her age. The rolling white flesh of the ugly old women and the sagging pink obesity of the old men who wandered around in their too small swimming trunks leaning on their canes, with their dark glasses making black holes in their papier-mache faces made her ill when she looked at them. Neither did she like the proud young ones with their consciously brown skins covered with suntan oil and their straight limbs running—always running. They ran wherever they went—into the water, out of the water, when they played on the beach and then headed for the bright splashes made by their beach towels covered with portable radios and brilliantly colored scarves and decks of cards and beer cans and silver cigarette lighters. And then in the evening they ran to the line of streamlined cars parked near the beach and disappeared—only to return running in the morning.

By now she was at the bottom of the ramp which led onto the deck of the ship. Sometimes she dreamed about how this ship must have felt when it was new and proud. It had been built as an experiment during the first World War out of cement and then abandoned as unpractical. One of the old fishermen had told her that it had been sunk but then raised again to serve as a fishing dock for the everlasting fishermen who came to this part of the beach. She walked across the split in the ship where one could look down and see the ocean lapping around the wound made by some cannon which had powdered the concrete and made twisted pretzel shapes of the iron rods used as supports for the cement. Finally she came to the bow of the ship, and leaning over the railing, she tried once again to see to the bottom of the jade green cloudiness that marked this spot in the ocean. But as usual, she could only see so far. She noticed that there were getting to be more and more barnacles along the side of the ship, and here and there a clinging starfish made a design worthy of a sea-smitten surrealist. It always reminded her of that poem they had in high school about the Ancient Mariner and the skeleton ship on which death was riding.

Peter had always threatened to push her off because she leaned so far over trying to see the bottom. Dear Peter. She leaned against the railing and sighed. He had been such a wonderful friend. She wondered where he was now. They had played together as children, running along the beach splashing in the waves, and he had always let her use his rubber inner tube because she had not had one. How silly children are, she thought. They could be happy with a rubber inner tube as a boat and nothing but a beach and a sun all day long. He had envied her because she lived here always and he came only in the summers.

On the first day of July every summer, she went to the bus station to wait for him. Somehow she always knew that he would come, although they never wrote to each other during the winter. She did not like his mother. Peter's mother had been a tall blonde woman who seldom smiled and only talked to Peter to say yes or no, and don't do that and do this, and she never even talked to anyone else on the beach at all. She would sit under the big umbrella with her endless knitting and watch Peter to see that he did not go too far out, but she paid no attention to the other mothers who were always chattering to one another like a bunch of school kids. They always had something funny to tell and something to laugh about, but Peter's mother never joined them. When five o'clock came she would call to Peter, and he would reluctantly drag his inner tube from the water and walk back to their cottage by her side, the tall, blonde, silent woman and her small son looking backward at the lucky ones who could

play till six. But then in the morning about ten o'clock they would come back to the beach and Peter would get to play again until five, with his mother only telling him yes and no and don't do this and do that. She never played with him like most of the children's mothers did at one time or another. She just sat and knitted.

Then one summer when Mary Ellen was in her first year of high school and a young lady now, she had not gone to the bus station to wait for him as she usually did. And it turned out that it was lucky she had not, because he hadn't come. He had not been back since. She wondered what had become of him. And then she laughed gently to herself and tried to see the bottom again.

Now more fishermen were pouring onto the boat and she made a pad for herself of the beach towel she took from over her shoulders and sat on the deck. She supposed they wondered why she was here. She never fished because she could not bear to drag the fish out of the water and then take it off the hook. She dozed in the sun which had finally succeeded in piercing the mist and watched the fishermen who fished and smoked and fished and smoked and never seemed to want to do anything else. Well, she never wanted to do anything else than just sit here either.

More time passed and she began to feel hollow. Must be getting toward lunch time, she thought, and shaded her eyes to look at her watch. Only ten o'clock. Well, she could get something at the little stand on the way down the ramp—and so she got up and walked the length of the ship again. Little red-headed Herbie was on duty again today, and she smiled at him and asked him for a chocolate bar and a package of gum. She stood a while watching the people coming up the ramp and then noticed two children walking rapidly along the beach. A young girl and a little boy, obviously brother and sister, were walking side by side like miniature soldiers in perfect step. They went past her without even looking at her and she smiled and decided she liked that kind of children. They looked as if they were setting out on some grand adventure and nothing could stop them: Suddenly, on impulse, she decided to follow them and see where they went. She wouldn't really follow them too far, she told herself, and hurried down the ramp, past the old fat people and the young loud ones and onto the clean white sand of the beach and felt relieved when she was past them. She thought about it and decided she did not like them because they weren't clean-looking. The old ones were too white and the young ones were too covered with lotions and oils. Far down the beach she could see someone digging for clams and regretted she would have to pass him on her way. She walked more and more slowly, hoping that he would finish by the time she got

there, and then she could see that if she did not hurry she would lose the two children.

By now she was practically at the spot where the man was digging for clams very gravely and seriously, and a flicker of memory stirred in her as she saw the sun strike his blond hair. But she thought nothing until the man straightened and looked at her, and then she guessed it was Peter. Astonished, her mind said that coincidences like this just didn't happen—that she had just been thinking about him and now here he was. And she blinked her eyes to be sure that she wasn't still dozing in the sun on the ship.

"Mary Ellen."

It wasn't his voice—but, of course, his voice has changed—it's only natural, she thought in confusion—I haven't seen him since he was about thirteen.

"You are Peter, aren't you?" she asked inanely, and he laughed.

"Yes, what have you been doing since that last summer when we played together on our little beach?"

"I finished high school and have been working in the telephone office in town"—inane answers to inane questions and still her mind could not quite grasp the fact that this was Peter standing before her.

"And what have you been doing?" she remembered to ask.

He blushed a little and said he was on his honeymoon and staying at the resort hotel and that she must come and meet his wife. He said this very proudly as if he were the first man in the world to think of having a wife, and she blinked a little and wished him much happiness and said she must be going. And she turned and walked away after telling him it had been good to see him again and then remembered that she had not asked about his mother. She could see the two children far ahead of her now still walking in step, and she wished she were little again and setting out on a big adventure walking down the beach.

# Textile

Ann Harms

Summer is blue organdy,  
Sheer dancing color on the world it holds—  
Crisply starched in floating folds,  
Airy lightness on a sequined sea.

A black velvet canopy covers the night—  
Its lush dark folds drape in curtains around,  
A dusky muffler that wraps about sound,  
A falling curtain veiling all light.

Indian summer is Scottish tweed;  
Dusky hill slopes are salt and pepper  
Dashed with flecks—green of late summer,  
Smoky yellow, flaming red.

# Winter's Tree

Ann Harms

Early dawn forged winter's tree—  
Wrought in bold relief from top to base  
Twigs hammered to wired filigree.

Winter's tree at noon was lace—  
Boughs meshed in threaded twigs of Brussels beige  
Blended strength with cobwebbed grace.

Dusky limbs at night melt and twist with age—  
As melting candles reach up in torture,  
Then bow and bend with silent rage.

# Youth

Hal Cole

What is Youth? What is this secret formula of beauty?

Youth is the importance of one hour against a life-time,

The ease of falling in love more than a dozen times each day,

The complexities of more than a thousand and one moods!

The age of dreams and love and carefree soul,

The excitement of a ferris wheel and a carousel,

The laughter of the Mardi Gras, the song of the dickey bird—

The sadness of a caged lion, the rage of a wild typhoon.

Youth is unobtainable; it is given and taken by God.

It is as fresh as a Nebraska spring morning,

As bright as the wild lilac blooming,

As reflecting as the glass clear lakes of Oregon.

It engulfs, holds, and completely thrills.

Youth is precious and short, yet some keep it for life!

Youth is what makes the world, what builds a nation!

Youth is the chaos of Babylon with the courage of David.

# Delusion

Mark Thomsen

Time often confuses man's mind. It either flies as if on the wings of a darting swallow, or lingers as if fastened to the shell of a cumbersome tortoise. One often wonders what causes this strange illusion. To me it seems that the rate at which time passes is inversely proportional to expectancy. In other words, time passes slowly when an individual is awaiting an event, but if the mind is involved with the present there is no time for expectancy and time passes with accelerated speed. Even to the lazy dreamer, time seems to pass swiftly, for his mind is busy with the present, though not in reality.

This concept, that the rate of time seems to vary, can easily be illustrated by a few common occurrences. I have experienced anxiously awaiting the departure of a bus, only to be informed that the bus would be late, and that I had one hour before leaving. In such instances the time passes so slowly it seems as if I have to place marks on the face of my watch to determine whether the hands move at all between the frequent glances at them. This phenomenon is wisely stated in the old proverb, "a watched pot never boils." The opposite illusion, that time seems to fly, occurs frequently and is agitating to the point of being nerve-racking. I have at one time or another had a dreaded appointment with the family dentist or had to meet a deadline with a two thousand word term paper. I then realized how easily one week can be transformed into twenty-four hours of rampaging time. Time is a phenomenal delusion; it is a law of nature that there are sixty minutes in every hour and sixty seconds in a minute, yet some people have lived years in a few anxious moments or seemingly just a few days in a fleeting year.

Another thought that often comes to my mind is whether time, as related to the human mind, can be added and subtracted in some type of unit. I have come to the conclusion that we may add units of time, but they may not be subtracted. These units of time, let us call them "tempa," may remain dormant, but they always are preserved to be added to future "tempa." For instance, if an individual alternately spends time in different environments, in his mind he forms different "tempa" for the different environments. Let us say the individual spends "x" "tempa" in environment "a," then spends "y" "tempa" in environment "b." Now if the individual returns to environment "a" and spends "z" "tempa," his mind will have spent "x+z" "tempa" at environment "a." Then if in the future he returns to either of these en-

vironments, he will have the concept of being there continually for a period equal to all the past "tempa" spent in the particular surroundings plus the additional present "tempa." This concept, I believe, may give the true meaning of experience.

To illustrate this second concept imagine a typical college student, Jeff Carpenter. Jeff's home is in Plainview, Indiana, where he spends the summer months employed by the Jackson Construction Company as trucker. During the school year he attends Williams, a liberal arts college in an adjoining state. Jeff has called Plainview his home for as long as he can remember, and has been employed by the Jacksons for approximately twelve months during the past three summer seasons, and is about to re-enter school as a first semester junior. When Jeff enrolls in school in the fall, he will have the concept of having been there continually for eighteen months or four school terms, and each week he remains there will be added to this previous period. Then when Jeff returns home during a vacation he will have the concept of having been there for about nineteen years, and that time consumed in school will lapse into space. In a like manner when he is re-employed the following spring as a trucker the conception that he has been working there for a continuous period of time equal to twelve months will control his mind, and the time exhausted during the school year will be obliterated by the present.

If one prefers environment "a" to the environment at "b," and is situated in "b," there will be a constant thought of "a" until he returns to that environment. This thought will be in future "tempa" rather than past "tempa." Naturally there will be reminiscence of environment "a" which could be called past units, but, I believe, reminiscence is directed toward the present or the future for the individual hopes to experience or re-experience the environments of "a" in some manner, in dreams if not in reality.

Let us again take the student to illustrate. If Jeff prefers his life at college to that which he has at home, he will, when at home, continually think about college and returning. These thoughts will naturally be based on memories, but they will be in terms of again returning to school and being able to take part in the life of that institution. The more enthusiastic Jeff is about returning to school, the slower the time will pass when he is at home.

These thoughts of Jeff's are in terms of the present and future, rather than the past, for time is constantly carrying us along as a raging river sweeps an insignificant swimmer downstream. It is hopeless for the tired swimmer to struggle toward the river's source, and neither can we move into the past and in reality miraculously re-create time and relive those unique moments and hours. Those past

units of time are now carved deeply in our minds as knowledge and experience. Dreamers either use these experiences to satisfy some need of the present by living the past over again in the unreal, or hope again to experience the past in the future or to make their present dreams a reality, and therefore their thoughts are constantly expectant.

When Romeo and Juliet parted in the love scene of Shakespeare's play, they took with them many memories, but those reminiscences were directed toward the future when they would again be reunited. If those same loved ones had parted knowing they would never again share the love they held for each other, of what significance would those memories have been to them? They would have significance only in the unreal, for only there would they be reunited in love. In Vergil's *Aeneid* we read of the lover Aeneas who deserted Dido and set sail for Latium. Dido had many precious memories, but they meant nothing to her, for she would never again share them with her beloved. After having lost all hope, in despair the lonely princess stabbed herself to death. Time can have meaning to us only in the present and in the future, for the past has gone and is unable to return.

Fascinating? Yes, and also very strange and misleading. Time is continually deceiving man's mind. It may be likened to a fluid which slips from one's hand, and though he may try, man will never quite grasp it.

# Anaconda, 1951

Richard Andersen

Dashing,  
Lashing,  
Water running deep  
Over river bank, dike,  
And highway ribboned  
Countryside,  
Through farms of a thousand men,  
Through city and town,  
Through store and street,  
Through factory, packing houses,  
And sanctuaries of peace . . .  
Through Kansas City  
The river lunges.  
As a hungered snake  
Devours its prey,  
The Anaconda  
Rushes,  
Crushes,  
And swallows  
As it violently  
Engulfs its  
City-clad banks.

The river filled with  
Days, weeks, a month  
Of rain spills over all  
With its surging torrent.

# The Bottle

Frank Jespersen

The coffee stung his pale lips as he sipped it noisily at the greasy counter. From the side, his body was twisted into an awkward looking "s," his back bending over the counter, his trunk planted on the tall, worn, black stool, and his feet, clad in battered brown shoes, tucked beneath. His hat was an aged felt thing, drooping at the frayed edges, and mashed carelessly down on his muddy black hair. The waiter, in a dirty white apron, was wiping the counter with a gray rag and missing most of the spots where he shouldn't have missed. He spoke to the man with the coffee.

"We're closin' now, Mac."

"I got eyes. I can see you're closing. Give me another cup of coffee."

"Sure, Mac, but hurry it up, will you? I want to get out of this heap," the voice returned, dry and sarcastic. The waiter came back with the cup of coffee and pushed it in front of the man.

"Thanks."

The man raised the coffee to his mouth with both hands, spilling some on his gray sport coat, now much too small for him and exposing much of his shriveled wrists and forearms. His face twisted in mild satisfaction as the hot liquid flowed down inside him. His eyes, black smudges on his pinkish face, stared deeply into the cup. He hunched over the counter, letting his hair tumble down in front of his beak nose, cupping and uncupping his hands around the coffee, sucking in bits of air with a noisy grunt or two and looking very tired.

The waiter with the fat face and dirty apron switched out the neon sign that advertised the little lunch shop and then took away the man's empty coffee cup. The man fumbled in his coat pocket, fished out his antique looking purse, counted out five pennies, and then threw in a dull looking nickel. He walked out of the shop, his coat sagging at his sides.

Outside it was raining. The man pulled his collar up tight around his wrinkled bare neck, twisting his hat down low over his sallow face. He shivered as the rain made polka dot designs on the thin brown pants that bagged around his stubby legs and tumbled down

over his shoes. Turning his back on the bristling wind, he headed into the dimly lighted street. He walked for blocks, not knowing where, not caring, staring at the dark windows and tattered fronts of stores and shops and brick fronts of towering department buildings.

Once he passed an exclusive club and paused a moment to listen to the sporadic bursts of laughter that drifted out into the wet street. The doors burst open and light flooded the pavement. Two young figures clad in evening dress rushed wildly out into the rain, making their way to a car nearby. The man noticed the girl. She was tall and shapely, her skin, exposed and flattered by the yellow light from inside, a flashing gold. Her laughter made her shake in a sweet manner, her black dress like a spray of deep blue violets. She clung snugly to the boy's shoulder. The man wondered why she did not have a coat on and remembered when he had gone sledding with someone a long time ago wearing only a shirt. He shivered again and twisted his collar up tight against his neck. The couple had disappeared into a nearby car and the roar of the engine and sliding tires, coupled with hoarse shouts and drumming music from inside the club, made the night suddenly noisy for the man in the gray sport coat. For a long time he stood at the curb and watched the street, seeing the car speed away, hearing the delightful tinkle of a girlish laugh, and feeling very cold.

He shook himself and with a step painfully slow, a head that had settled down almost between the rounded shoulders, started once again down the street. The music trailed after him, as if unwilling to leave his ears. He stopped beneath a street lamp and looked about him, staring at the naked streets and the deserted, dark show windows and store fronts. His eyes, opaque and cold, traced the sparkling rivulets of water that raced down the washed street gutters. He walked that way for a while, his head bent, looking dully at the water swirling and gliding over the gray, rough cement, carrying bits of paper and cellophane with it. Abruptly a car swung around the corner, its headlights cutting through the misty veil of rain, its tires groaning, and its black paint flashing wet and sleek in the drizzle. A door opened and a blurry-eyed youngster of about fifteen flung a bottle into the street.

"Here, Pop, you can have the rest of it," the voice said, and the words were slurred together and followed by a howl of laughter, and the bottle smashed in the gutter, splattering glass in every direction. The man with the gray sport coat had shrunk back toward the wall when he heard the smash of the whiskey bottle. Now he came forward and stared at the speck of a red tail light that was being swallowed up by the night. And bowing his head, his eyes fell on the

broken remains of the bottle, and he watched the water rush around it, carry little chunks of glass away, swirl and churn against the jagged edges, and slowly peel the wrinkled label from one side. He watched it as it floated gaily away with the dark muddy water. As he turned to walk away, his trousers, now drenched, clung like seaweed to his legs.

He mounted the stairs and pushed open the dark, paneled doors and stepped into the warmth of the hallway and looked about him and found it all the same and knew he would find it the same. He lifted his yellow stained hands to his lips and breathed on them. He could faintly smell liquor. And he cursed himself, and he heard the haunting laughter of a girl somewhere far off. Turning, he stared at his unshaven, hollow face in the mirror. He tried to smile but stopped when the black stubs of his remaining teeth glared back at him. He covered his face with his hands and heard the sound of a bottle shattering against a cement walk somewhere far off. He looked up.

"We've been looking for you, Ambrose. Some of your friends said you left this morning and I missed you at services tonight." The voice spoke smoothly, with a practiced evenness. "We've missed you, you've been away quite a while."

"I know, Father Becker, I know." And the man in the gray sport coat passed on down the hall, his steps echoing back to him and his coat clinging to his rounded shoulders.

# A Bit of Old Milwaukee

Joyce Hayek

It's a good day, aina? I tol' Venzel it vas yust too luffley to stay in. He ain't got der entusiasm I got or he'd be out. So I vas tinkin' maybe you would like a walk to go fer mit me. Yah, I taught maybe you would. . . Ofer by der drugstore I could meet you first. Yah, in ten minutes or so.

\* \* \* \*

Vell, I vas beginnen' to tink to git here you would nefer make it. Ach, I don't walk so fast as vonce I would haff eider, but der park ain't so far. Dat's vat I sed to Venzel, but only he sed, "Nien, for vonce I am not goin' by der park mit you, Hildagaarde. I haff verk to do." So I sed, "O.K. Venzel, I'll get Clara, und you kin stay by der house."

Der wreslin', it vas perty good last night, aina? You didn't see it? Vell, dere vas dis von fellow, big und tall mit der light hair, Tarzan Kovalski, der referee sed. Yah, he vas big, maybe ofer der six feet. Und der odder fellow, a little short runt mit oh, so much off der hair on his chest—his name? Ach, I forgit now—someting like Rozmarnowski—it vas a long von like dat, aina? My, but he vas ugly. First, I taught he would beat dis Tarzan, but I vatched. . . Nein, ve don't haff a television yet. Ve vent by Valter's Inn, yust me und Venzel fer a beer or two—Yah, it iss so friendly dere, aina?

Vell, like I vas sayin' first, dis Tarzan grapped aholt off dis Rosie guy, und den der tings sure did fly. Von vas on top off der von, von minute or der next. Tree times he trew him out off der ring, und den von time he stepped right on his stomach.—Yah, I don't tink dat iss fair eider, but der referee, he didn't say nodding. and dey yust kept on like nodding had happened. I didn't see who von, but I vas sure it would be dat Tarzan. Ach, I haff nefer seen such a man. Venzel said he hadn't no schoolin' nieder, und yust imagine as good off fighter as he vas!

Nyah, it's gettin' a bit shilly und Venzel von't be startin' der vieren schnitzel mit out me being dere, so best ve be leafin' . . .

It vas svell off you to go mit me fer dis little walk. Maybe again soon ve could take anodder, aina? Yah, vell, auf wiedersehen—

# Good-Night My Boy.

Hal Cole

I walked today  
Where you might have,  
My son,  
If you had lived.

I saw  
    the graveyard old,  
    the vineyard green,  
    the blossoming plums,  
    the church strong,  
    the short main street,  
    the city park gay.

I remembered you,  
My son,  
And your first long pants—  
    your confirmation,  
    your high school graduation,  
    your engagement,  
    your wedding,  
    your first and only son.

I remembered  
    our arguments,  
    our manly discussions,  
    the little loans,  
    the family car borrowed,  
    love letters,  
    rings.

I weep in heart,  
Yet, I knew it must be.  
You have died,  
My son,  
That your son  
And the old generations  
Might live on.  
This war will end,  
Perhaps another start,  
But you have given  
The supreme—  
That freedom might live.

I remembered you today,  
My son,  
And decided I would tell you  
Of my thoughts.  
So good-night,  
My boy.  
Sleep well!

## Sleepyhead

Gunnar Mengers

The pew was getting hard. Bob slid down so that his head was leaning against the back of it, and his knees pressed against the hymn book rack ahead. He looked across the aisle at old Mr. Knudsen. The sun was shining through the stained glass windows on the other side of the church, making the saliva on Mr. Knudsen's lower lip glisten. Bob was mildly interested in this for a while, then looked down at the floor. He counted eight floor boards from the base of the pew to the aisle rug. How many were on the other side? He was leaning over to count when his mother pulled him back.

He yawned louder than necessary, ran his eye up the wall, and gazed at the hot air vents in the ceiling. He wondered how the workmen had put them in, with a ladder from the inside or from the roof. Two of them were different from the others. They had lines curving into the center from the edges, but the other two had straight lines. Maybe the workmen ran out of the one kind and had to use the other.

His arm drooped over the end of the pew, and his fingers ran over the carved design in the arm rest. It was the same shape as the stained glass windows, even to the crooked lines that ran across the pictures. His mother had told him that they were scenes from the Bible. They did not look as real as the pictures he had in a book he had gotten for his birthday. There were more of them, too.

He laid his head on his mother's lap. It was even warmer and cozier than his bed at home. He scratched his head on the bones of her corset. The minister's voice became blurred as he dozed off . . .

## About Our Authors

Last year's Langland Award and the publication of a poem in a national anthology are among the achievements of Elva Jensen. Among her poems published in the 1951 *Sower*, "Futility," was selected to appear in *The Voice of Young America*. Elva, an English major, is the editor of the *Danian* this year. Background material for the story "Mary Ellen" can be traced to California, which she claims as her home state. A junior, Elva is also active in the Viking Players and choir, and is the chairman of this year's exchange program.

Hal Cole was one of the three Dana students killed in an automobile accident this Christmas vacation. A sophomore, Hal was active in the Dana literary and dramatic activities. Also an English major, Hal was enthusiastic about the possibilities of the creative writing class, which was organized the second semester. His poem, "Youth," was written last fall. The 1951 *Sower* also published several of Hal's poems.

One of the two freshmen contributing to the *Sower* is Ruth Pedersen from Blair. She plans eventually to become a laboratory technician. Gunnar Mengers, the other freshman, is also from Blair. Ruth's story and Gunnar's charming sketch were written for an English class.

Classes and playing the cello in the Omaha and Sioux City Symphony Orchestras keep senior Juri Taht busy. An Estonian DP, Juri's story, "Freedom," is autobiographical. Before entering Dana the second semester of the 1950-'51 school year, Juri attended a German conservatory of music. Unless the army interferes Juri is planning to enter the Eastman School of Music after graduation.

The Kansas City, Missouri, flood gave Dick Andersen vivid material for his poem, "Anaconda." Dick, a junior, has written articles for the last two annual issues of the *Christmas Chimes* and has also assisted with the publication of the recent Dana publicity booklets. An English major and a member of the creative writing class, Dick is on the *Hermes* staff this year.

Mark Thomsen, a junior who is a mathematics and physical education major, wrote the essay, "Delusion." Mark is an outstanding athlete in football and track.

Joyce Hayek claims it really is a distinctive Milwaukee accent she uses in "A Bit of Old Milwaukee," and she's the authority on that, for Joyce lives near Milwaukee. She is a junior, a physical education ma-

major, and a transfer student from Wisconsin State Teachers College in Milwaukee. Joyce is another member of the creative writing class.

Sophomore Frank Jespersen finds time for both art and creative writing, and proves it by doing the illustration for his poem, "It Shines Unnoticed." Frank plans eventually to attend an art school. A member of the creative writing class, he has also contributed to the 1951 *Sower*. Versatile Frank is an active member of the Viking Players and was the winner of this year's oratorical contest.

Another English major, Ann Harms is next year's *Sower* editor. Her aim for the two companion poems, "Textile" and "Winter's Tree" is to paint landscapes with words, using their sounds and the images they suggest. Ann is a sophomore and a transfer student from Wartburg College. She has had another story published in a special issue of the Wartburg literary magazine this year. Ann is a member of the creative writing class and is on the *Danian*, *Hermes* and *Sower* staffs.

## *From the Editor*

The theme of death and eternity and of the individual's relationship with God is prevalent in much of the material that was submitted to the *Sower* this year. Perhaps the events which have transpired during the year have brought this emphasis, or it may have occurred because of the uncertainty in which we live in our day.

The youth of today has been called the silent generation. We may be silent, but this magazine shows that we are thinking. And thoughts can be more important than empty words.

