

Sower

1953

Dana College

me.



Elmer M. Rasmussen
Dana College
Blair, Nebraska

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

Dana College
Blair, Nebraska

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RELAX



**RELAX? HOW
COULD SHE?**

Mrs. Hardy

. . . CHARLES L. KALDAHL

"Get your evenin' paper. Tree men hurt in resternt fire. Oney fi' cents. Paper, lady?" A newsboy persistently pushed a paper in front of Mrs. Hardy. The bold letters of the headlines glared at her as she climbed into a waiting taxi.

"Methodist Memorial Hospital, driver," directed Mrs. Hardy. Now she could try to relax. Relax? How could she? The chant of the paper boy carried into the taxi. "Tree men hurt in resternt fire." Why did Herb have to eat there? He could have gone some place else. Why not Wedgewood's Cafe? It was nice there. "Get yer evenin' paper." "Nothing to do now but go to the hospital. "Come to the Methodist Hospital, Mrs. Hardy. Your husband has been brought here. Now relax, Mrs. Hardy." That's what the doctor had said. "Relax."

Mrs. Hardy sat back unrelaxed. Her short, efficient fingers nervously twisted a tear-stained hanky, the one Herb had given her to match her new tailored purple suit. There had been no occasion for a gift, but Herb was that way. A little something every once in a while to match something or to add to her plain attractiveness. Like the hand carved myrtle wood bracelet on her wrist. Herb had sent that from California when he was out there for a business conference. It clung neatly to her thin wrist now, just a little below her cuff. It wasn't everybody who could wear clothes like Mrs. Hardy, and that was one reason Herb had started dating her twenty years ago. He had told her that five years after they were married. He had had the idea that a woman who could dress well would add to his business. Business men liked to deal with well dressed women. That's what he had said.

She could remember the first night Herb had come for her. They were going to a fraternity dance and she had been asked by Herb. He wasn't the fellow she wanted to go with, but she had accepted his invitation. She had been listening to June's new records when "Mom" Goodner had called her to the phone. "Hello? — Yes, this is Marie—Who? Oh! Herb—well, let me think about it.—Listen, Herb, it's a girl's privilege to think about a date.—No, call me tomorrow.—I'm not sure I'm even going.—Listen, you're not the only guy in that fraternity.—How do you know no other fellow will ask me?—I think that's pretty low.—Okay

then, but I still think you should call me tomorrow.—All right! You can consider me your date.—Oh! It's purple.—Not real deep purple.—Yeah, about like that.—Bye."

She had gone back into the lounge and when she had told the girls that Herb had asked her for a date, June was furious. She had had her eye on Herb Hardy for nearly a year now and he had asked Marie Clemon instead. Herb was considered one of the most handsome men on campus and Marie was plain. The night arrived and Herb came with a white corsage box. Three gardenias, not just two like most of the girls got, but three! It had been a lovely evening, except for the rain while going home, but they had sung and gotten soaked in Herb's convertible jalopy without the top and when they got to the house, Herb had carried her through the puddles to the door. "May I see you again?" he had asked. At first it was Saturday nights, then Sunday afternoons, till finally it had become every night over a coke or coffee and then it was always "dutch." Of course, June was jealous. She was so attractive and Marie was so plain.

There had always been little gifts. A rhinestone brooch, earrings, imitation tortoise shell combs, lacy hankies. The next spring they were married. June had been maid of honor and she was still jealous. Before they were married, Marie had told Herb that she didn't want to be bothered with children, maybe one or two, but that would be all. And he must remember she wanted no interference with her clubs. But Herb had agreed, he was so in love; these other things didn't matter. Only Marie mattered and she had taken advantage of it.

She remembered the first time they had quarreled. They had laughed about it later. She had planned to entertain the Sewing Club on Monday afternoon and Herb had an important conference with a construction man from out of town. "I would like to invite Mr. Ames to supper on Monday night," he had said.

"Not Monday night you don't. I've got Sewing Club that afternoon and I won't have time to make dinner. Take him someplace else. You know my clubs are important."

"But, darling, this is important. If he signs the contract, it means a big bonus for me, and that means a bonus for you, too."

"NO! Positively, no. Can't you see the house will be a mess after those women are here?"

Herb hadn't argued further, but had taken his client to dinner at the Ritz Cafe. The next day he came home with a tiny package. "Something that caught my eye," he had said. The contract had been signed and this was a peace offering. At first Marie didn't think she deserved the tiny brooch. If she had made a dinner which had satisfied the client and after that dinner he had signed the contract, she would have felt she deserved it. She ran her finger across the brooch at her throat and knew now that she had no right to wear it. The driver of the taxi hummed with the strain of music which strayed from the radio, "Wish you were here, wish you were here." The headlines were so vicious, "RITZ CAFE BURNS" and the sub-title, "Three Men Injured." "Now relax, Mrs. Hardy."

It's my fault, thought Mrs. Hardy. But then Herb didn't have to take all of his clients to the Ritz. He could have gone to the Wedgewood or Richmond's. They were both nice, but Herb considered them women's restaurants. Still Richmond's was nice and a lot of men ate there. Herb was so stubborn that way. Always the Ritz.

Mrs. Hardy's face was drawn and taut and she blinked her eyes to keep back the tears. Her black eyes had lost some of the twinkle they had had so many years ago, like when she announced to Herb that she had seen the doctor and he had told her she was to have a baby. She so wanted a girl, but Herb was intent on a boy. His name was to be Timothy and he told her he had plans to have the guest room remodeled into a nursery for a boy. She thought otherwise and told him she already had plans to decorate it for a girl. They decided to wait. Herb was so good to her then and didn't argue any more about bringing home clients. He helped her in every way he knew how and even suggested they go out to dinner instead of having her cook a meal. She kept right on with her clubs even though Herb thought she should take it more easy.

She had belonged to so many clubs, but not nearly as many as she did now. She always wanted to be president or treasurer of the organizations and usually was. In that way she could control the spending of the money and there were never any women to contradict her, except June, and the women all knew Marie was more practical than June. They also knew that the only reason June was against Marie was because Marie had married Herb Hardy. When the doctor told her that she could expect twins, she wasn't too happy, but Herb was elated. She thought how awful it would be to have two boys, but she felt better when Herb told her he hoped it would be one of each. Men came to re-do the guest room, but they didn't paint it yet. That was to wait till THE day arrived. Herb had a conference that day, but he had put his

assistant on the job and had come to the hospital to wait. She could imagine him in the waiting room, calm and cool as he always was during a crisis. When he came into the room, he was grinning the smile of a proud father.

"Marie, I called the decorators today and told them to go ahead," he had said. "The walls will be pink with two of everything in the room. Everything pink." He looked so proud, even though he would never have a son. After all, she had said no more than two and he had agreed with her. While Rebecca and Romana were small, she had had to cut down on her clubs, but not for long! Herb stayed home with them at night while she went to her clubs. He had agreed with her that her clubs were important to her. A faint smile came on the worried face as she remembered how proud Herb was the first time Becky had said "Da da." Of course, all either of them had said was "da da" or "goo" but to him they were saying "Daddy."

The girls would be coming home from school now. Had the school nurse told them? They would really miss Herb. He was always so good to them. What would they do if-if? But, no, he's all right. He has to be. What would I do? It would mean fewer clubs and more housework. I could release Mamie. She'd understand. "Tree men hurt in resternt fire." "RITZ CAFE BURNS." Oh! Herb. What will I do without you, Herb?

I haven't been considerate of Herb, thought Mrs. Hardy. I've taken him for granted. Why did he let me be this way? If he's just hurt, I'll change. I'll show him I can entertain his clients. I'll show him how much I really love him. Sometimes I have been selfish and haven't tried to see Herb's side. He's been too good to me. Now I'll be too good to him. But if he's—if he's—"relax," that's what the doctor said. "Relax." The taxi stopped for a red light. Not too far to go now, thought Mrs. Hardy. The driver whistled the popular tune as he waited for the light to change. "Wish you were here, wish you were here." Oh! Herb, if only I had cooked a dinner for that Mr. Ames that time long ago, then you wouldn't be in the hospital now. You could be sitting right here beside me. "Wish you were here, wish you were here."

The light changed. Only five blocks now. Five blocks. Why did the city build such long blocks? Herb, you have to be okay. You have to be. "Tree men hurt in resternt fire. Paper, lady?" "RITZ CAFE BURNS." "Three Men Injured." "Try to relax, Mrs. Hardy." "Wish you were here." Only three blocks, now two and a half. When I release Mamie, Becky can do the cooking. She always did like to cook. Ramona can get a job after school and when they graduate in the spring,

Ramona can get a full time job. Becky would want to stay home and take care of the house anyway. I can drop some of the clubs. The girls will understand. And they won't let June run them either; they have good sense. Then I can spend more time with the girls and with Herb. I'll be good to Herb.

The taxi stopped. "That's eighty cents, lady." Mrs. Hardy handed him a dollar bill. It's such a long walk up to the hospital. Why is everything so far today? At the desk Mrs. Hardy asked the girl where Mr. Herb Hardy was. "He's in 408, Ma'm." 408. Oh! Herb. I'm almost there, Herb. Almost there. What if—what if? Relax. Now in the elevator. Second. Third. Why do so many people want to get off on third? Can't they hurry? Can't they see I have to hurry? Door closed and now that hollow feeling in the stomach again. Fourth. 408. I'm going to be good to you, Herb. "Mrs. Hardy?" It was the doctor. "You may go in now for a few minutes. Don't excite him. He needs rest." Open the door slowly. Herb must be bad, the way the doctor talked. That smell, clean, too clean. Like all hospital rooms. There's Herb. My Herb. No bandages. Oh! Herb.

"Hi, Marie. Don't look so scared. I just tried to put out the fire without the help of the firemen. Don't ever try it. It doesn't pay off."
"You're okay, Herb?"

"Yeah, I'm okay. Just too much smoke. Like the first time I tried smoking a cigar."

"Weren't you burned, Herb?"

"Not to amount to anything."

"Oh, Herb. And here I worried about you. Why didn't you tell the doctor to tell me? I nearly died on the way over here. That sure wasn't fair of you."



Autumn Scene

Elva Jensen

Thin jagged curls of brown and gold,
Of red and fiery orange and frozen green
Are crunching to colorless dust beneath my feet
As I go down the cold, grey walk.
The wind blows past my ears and makes them ache
With his shrill whistle;
But my hands are warm in my pockets
And I kick at the rustling leaves,
Laughing.

Spring Day

Elva Jensen

The sidewalk is smooth and shining.
Dull sodden sky shows
Above the red bricks rising
Gaunt and gaudy against the gray.
Rain drips from one green bud
Growing
On a lean black skeleton tree.

A Memory . . .

Henry Rosenthal

Memories of war are usually concerned directly with the scenes of the various battles, but my memories are different. They are of the poor innocent natives who were not participating in the war.

Although I have been in the states for four months, I can still recollect those scenes which I saw. One memory in particular stands out in my mind, a memory of my trip to a Korean fishing village. I had been ordered to go to Po Hang and give medical aid to an injured South Korean soldier. Starting out in a jeep, I had gone a very short distance before I met some South Koreans walking along the road. The men, women, and children were very frail, and each step looked as if it would be their last. As I came closer to them, they stepped off the road and stared at me with an expression of fear and excitement on their faces. Although it was about fifteen degrees below zero, these people were wearing white cotton clothes with rubber sandals on their feet. The male children wore knee-high breeches such as our American children wear in the summer months. The babies which were too young to walk were tied to their mothers' backs with a shawl, and that was all the clothing the babies wore. The men appeared to be dressed the warmest, but surely their clothing was also inadequate.

As I approached the village, the first one I had visited which had not at one time been taken over by the enemy, I stopped at a guardhouse and asked the sentry on duty where the injured Korean soldier was located. At last when I found the hut where the Korean soldier was waiting, I parked the jeep at the side of the little hut. All the children, who had been playing with a bean bag, stopped and focused their attention upon me. One who was not quite as frightened as the rest came forward and asked me if I had any chewing gum or candy. When I handed him a piece of gum, the rest of the group swarmed about me begging for their share.

After giving away all the gum I had, I walked up to the door of the little hut, which like the others, was of grass and mud and consisted only of one room. This hut had no windows, but it did have a slide door

through which one could enter and leave. The thatched roof was very inflammable, and if it was like all the other huts, I knew it leaked continually during the rainy season. I knew I would find the walls plastered with newspapers from the various cities of America. The Korean people enjoy papering their walls with funnies of Dick Tracy and Bumstead and the picture pages of the *Stars and Stripes*, even though they can not read or understand them. I also knew that the Koreans heated their huts by a very crude and primitive method. They dig a hole under one corner of the house and build a fire in the hole, and the fire heats the floor of the house.

When I knocked on the door, a very short woman with long, black, coarse hair and many wrinkles in her face opened the door and beckoned me in. I took off my boots and entered the hut through the slide door. As I stepped through the door, I could see the Korean soldier lying on the floor. At one side of the soldier was a woman who was feeding him from a bowl with chop sticks. The contents were rice and fish with a tremendous amount of garlic added to it. The smell of the food was nauseating to me, and almost unbearable in that stuffy room with no ventilation. On the other side of him was a small under-nourished baby which was crying and coughing as if it had pneumonia. Its eyes were very red, and the ribs of its body could have been easily counted because the skin was tightly drawn over them.

I asked the soldier if he would please show me where he had been injured. He stated that he had sprained his left ankle, and with this information I started to examine it. When I lifted the small blanket which covered his body, I was horrified. The leg was covered with a layer of coarse dirt, which appeared to have scales on it. The skin was similar to that of an alligator and very rough. Upon examining him I found that the leg was not only sprained, but also broken. I informed him that he should not walk on the leg, and that a jeep would come and pick him up and take him to a hospital in several hours. The soldier expressed his appreciation by offering me some of the meal which he had been eating, but I told him that I had to rush back to the base immediately and therefore could not accept the food. I then pushed myself through the slide door once again, put my shoes on, and headed back toward the base, thankful that I was an American serviceman.

Voice of Supplication

. . . Ann Harms

The bus driver watched the high school kids perform on the stage, from the back of the auditorium. The swing band was playing "Tea for Two," and three girls were harmonizing with it—"cute kids," the driver thought. There had been several whistles from the strange audience as the trio had walked out onto the stage.

Before the show the bus driver had been backstage with the group—about twenty high-schoolers altogether. Some of them had been here before for programs, but they still looked with curiosity at the black-board back there that had those terms on it, naming different types of insanity—Mongolian idiot, schizophrenic. The bus driver had been here before—last year he had driven another group from the high school to this institution—but he could never quite get used to being here.

White jacketed attendants roamed up and down the aisle that separated the men from the women.

The auditorium was very pleasant, he thought, and remembered the comments of the kids as they had come up the wide spiraling, carpeted staircase of the administration building—"Say, this isn't bad."—"Pretty nice." And the auditorium itself was wide and shallow, with the sunlight pushing through the yellow drawn shades of the high windows.

The room had a golden cathedral glow, and between numbers the audience was quiet, except for a constant high-pitched giggle from a woman in the far left corner. She sounded frightened. From where he stood the bus driver could see that her eyes were vacant, and her cheeks each had a round, violent circle of red rouge. Lipstick extended her lip line for a half an inch around her mouth. She wore a colorful cotton house dress, but the red flowers in it clashed with her stiff crinkled hair that stuck out in a carrot-hued bundle. It looked strangely like excelsior, he thought. One of the nurses had whispered to him that the ladies were allowed to dress up today. Those vacant eyes, with that wide grinning mouth, wouldn't be seen any other place than here. After "Tea for Two" everything was quiet, and the bus driver could hear the frightened giggle again. Strange—she didn't move a facial muscle when she did that.

Some of the kids had been tense when they boarded the bus in their hometown of Manchester. So he had told them—"There's nothing to be afraid of—they'll look just like a normal audience—don't worry—they'll love you."

He was right, he thought, the audience liked them—but still they'd like anything that took them away from the morbidness of barred windows and crowded halls.

But the bus driver had known that they weren't like a normal audience—weeping women, giggling ones, men with stone faces, a sensitive-looking eight-year-old boy.

Now the band was playing "One-Meat-Ball," and feet started thumping in rhythmized monotony. The bus driver—he told the kids to call him Jim—suddenly remembered his thoughts on the drive over. Only the giggle broke into those same thoughts now.

—It's been a long time now—since I drove a bus over this road every day. Had a schedule to follow then, working for the old Fleet Line company. Always started out from Manchester to Watertown without many passengers, but with picking them up on the way along the farms, I had a full load by the time I reached Watertown—.

He could remember some of the people so vividly, and others were just places in the road where he stopped and let them on as they stood by their mailboxes. Those he remembered usually had swung aboard jauntily, with a smile and a "Hi, Jim," and they had stayed near the front of the bus to talk to him for a while. For no reason at all—except for some kind of chain of thought—he remembered one woman. It had been so long ago. But he remembered her red hair flashing in the sunlight as she stood waiting by her mailbox. Just a farm woman—he hadn't been very impressed by her—but she had always stayed near the front to talk to Jim. Not that he could remember those troubles now, but then he had felt very wise in his counsels. But there were others that had confided in him too. His reverie stopped at this puzzle as the stomping and catcalls ceased at the end of "One-Meat-Ball." But he remembered the red hair sparkling in the sun.

The auditorium looked different from before. He was reminded of the tortured faces of *The Snake Pit*. The giggling did not stop. And the kids looked rather frightened—or did he just imagine that? This was the end of the program, but the audience just sat there. The kids hurried off the stage, carrying their music stands with them. One of the boys lost his balance a little and leaned against the back scenic flat,

and the green and yellow trees writhed, distorted, and the canvas waved and rippled across the foreground and the perspective distance.

The motion of the audience ceased its restless and tortured effect, and now the attendants paraded down the two aisles and let rows leave separately. They were very orderly. The people marched in single file, heads down, quiet now, except for the frightened giggle.

Jim could hear the kids backstage, packing away their instruments. By the time they came out, these insane ones would be gone. The driver wished that he were in the back with them.

The row with the laughing woman was coming now. Jim wanted to get out—his reason told him to stay—what was the rush? The woman's eyes were fixed in front of her. And again Jim thought of his old bus route. The giggling stopped in front of him, and words were spilled at him in a monotonous, sing-song voice that had a sob in it.

"Jim, oh, Jim—remember, Jim? You can't—"

And the person behind her impatiently shoved her and she had to let go of his hand and go on.

Her hair had been red.

Jim got outside as quickly as he could, and dropped his freshly-lit cigarette. He ground it under his heel.

The long lines were moving to the other buildings—in silence, and in single file. The men each had their right arms outstretched and their hands placed on the right shoulder of the man ahead of them. The women went to another building, heads down, feet shuffling. The driver hoped that those dragging lines would be gone when the kids came out.

It was a beautiful day. The windows of the buildings that the people were trudging to had thick vertical bars.

Jim thought that he could still pick out the woman with the frightened laugh in one of the rows, and imagined that he could see her toss her head up to the sky and look beseechingly into space for freedom.

The bus driver rehearsed what he would say to his family that night.—"Funny thing happened today—saw a woman there who used to ride on my old bus route. She used to talk a lot about her problems. A farm woman." And a voice echoed, "Jim, oh, Jim!"

Now the kids were coming down the wide stone steps of the administration building. They were laughing.—“That wasn’t so bad,”—“Kinda fun,”—“How’d you like to stay here, Bill?”

And then they saw the long mute lines of humanity filing into the buildings with the dark barred windows, and they were quiet as they climbed into the bus.

The driver started his bus and it began to roll down the hill, and behind him he could hear a voice of supplication, “Jim, oh, Jim.—!”

Philip . . .

Gunnar Mengers

Philip sat on the back porch thinking about all the things he wanted to do that day. He idly ran his left hand along the edge of the worn wooden steps. He speculated on the number of people who had gone up and down the steps. “Thousands of hundreds,” he murmured to himself, then stopped abruptly. He remembered what his father had said about how annoying it was to other people to talk to one’s self.

He looked out into the garden and saw his father, then ran and skipped over the grass to him. “Can I help you plant, Dad?” Philip was proud of himself because he called his father “Dad” like grown up boys did.

“You’re standing right on my beets!” His father stood up straight, leaned on his hoe. Sweat glistened on his face and Philip could see his pulse throbbing in his temples. “Maybe you can help me next year when you’re a little older, but right now you’re a nuisance.”

The boy turned slowly and walked carefully from the garden and

into the house. His mother was ironing in the kitchen. "Can I iron the hankies, Mom?"

"No," she said curtly, "I've been working all day and I've got to hurry so I can get to bed."

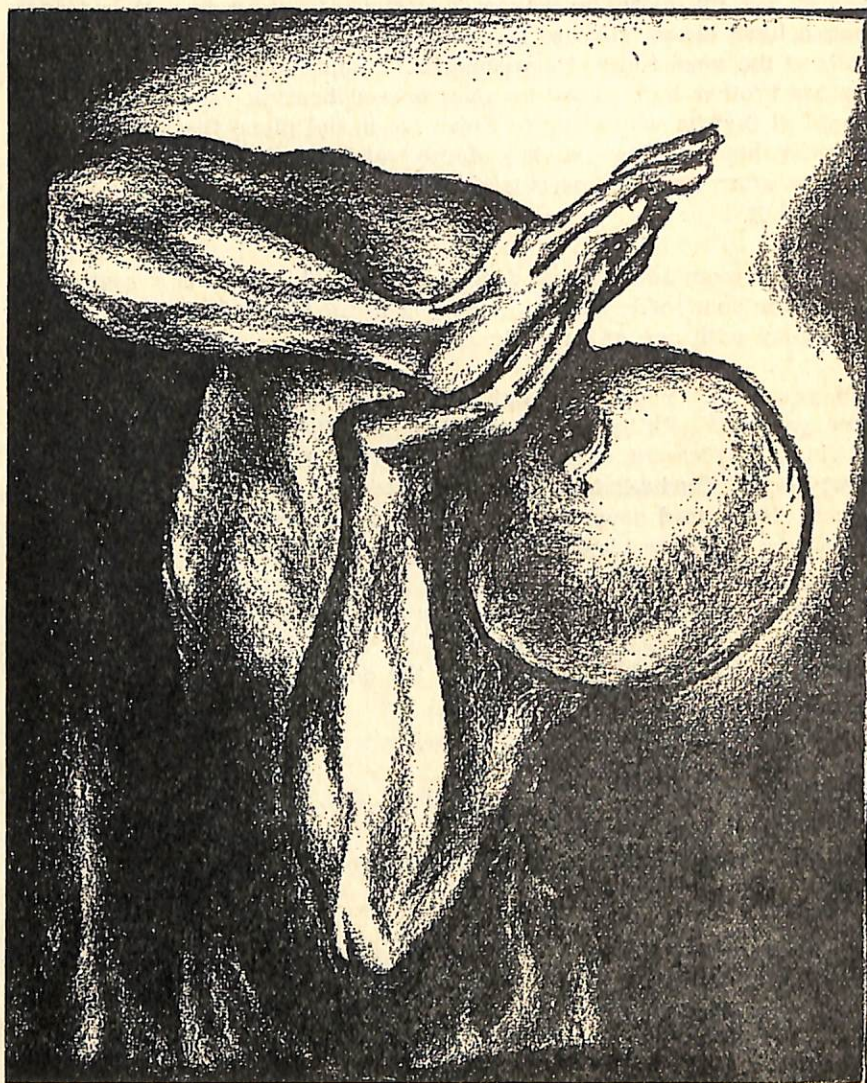
He watched her for a while and when he saw that she did not intend to say any more, he wandered upstairs to his room. It had once been a linen closet and was so small that he could almost touch both walls at the same time. He wished that he had a corner room like the one his brother had. Then he remembered hearing his brother say at breakfast that he was going to finish his model plane that morning. He looked at his brand new Mickey Mouse watch lying on the dresser. Ten minutes after ten. His parents would not let him wear it for fear of breaking it.

He left his room and skipped down the hall to his brother's room. He opened the door softly and, still standing in the hall, asked, "Hey, Frank, can I play with one of your planes?"

"No, you can't. You know what Mom said about messin' with my stuff. Now get lost." Philip closed the door silently, then stood a moment sniffing the pleasant odor of airplane glue. He turned and walked slowly down the hall, following the pattern of the wallpaper with his finger. He tiptoed down the steps, through the living room and out the front door. He saw his dog on the front porch, knelt down to pet him, carefully following the waves of the reddish brown hair. The dog thumped his stubby tail on the floor in answer.

Suddenly, Philip stood up and kicked the dog in the stomach.

On Finding That All of the Water
Has Run Out of One's Sieve . . .



... Elva Jensen

Tangled—
Struggling in a web of shadows and smoke
Looking now like bars;
But when I run for the bars to shake them and scream
They are not there.
And the smoke surrounds me, hotly.
I am choking but I cannot cough. I am fainting—
No! ! The world is moving,
It turns into a crazy elevator, swirling.
Down and down and around and around.
Dizziness and dizziness and dizzy—stop!
I'm falling, faster and faster, faster, faster.
I open my mouth to shout and the sound is sucked away by the wind.
Stop! Please stop! When will it stop?
I close my eyes waiting for the flash and the noise
When I shall crash to earth.
But no—the whirling has stopped.
I open my eyes and the shadows of bars are there again.
Dancing, flickering.
Criss-cross, back and forth—up and down.
Blinding me with their patterns of light and dark.
Light?
Light.....outside there is light.
Come, run this way.
This way there is light and I will be outside.
Outside there is freedom and air and a skyful of light.
Come. Run

And I crash into a mirror
Reflecting light.
And I see my own face in the half-light of the dark corner
Where I have fallen.
And I rise on my own knees and look;
Distorted, grimacing, in pain.
No.
No tears. Only an empty grin.
No tears repentant enough to express the shame
Of finding only a mirror with my own ugly face to see....
And I was running for the light.

And Wilderness Were Paradise Enow...

James Clemon

As the sun set on the little South Sea island of Bongo-Bongo, I slowly made my way back to my rude beachcomber's hut. As I stepped carefully over the piles of dried mongoes on the beach, I could hear the natives in the village begin the weird music of their ceremonial tribal dance, the zongo. Not until I was safely in my hut did I dare to open my pouch of dried schmongo-skin and extract the day's gleanings from the beach. There was a whale's tooth, an early edition of Sears-Roebuck, two valuable transparent pongo-shells, and a mysterious note, which I had found floating in an empty bottle off Cape Jongo. It was written in Surdian, and was completely incomprehensible to me.

Hurriedly storing the rest of the haul in my battered old sea chest, I sat down in my big, overstuffed chair and began pondering over the note, trying to decipher the jumble of the Surdian language.

Outside, it had grown quite dark, and the natives were growing wilder, partially from the influence of the giddy gyrations of their furious dancing and partially from their free imbibing of gongo, a calorific decoction made up of equal parts of alligator oil and molten lava. Ever louder the tom-toms beat; ever higher the ceremonial flames leapt. Soon there would be no stopping them. Even now some of them were brandishing their razor-sharp hongoes at my dwelling, and shouting strange oaths and imprecations to their heathen gods. I checked the safety on my Daisy Defender and continued my pondering.

Where could that mysterious note have come from? Even above the alarmingly clear vision of being stewed in my own juice arose the thought that maybe here was a plea for help from some poor soul stranded on a lonely desert island!! Perhaps this was a last desperate cry for assistance from some unfortunate seaman shanghaied aboard a Rangoon jute freighter! I shook my head wonderingly and began trying various combinations of letters and symbols, hoping to find some key that would unlock the ominous secret of this enigmatic missive.

I had just torn up my fortieth sheet of scratch paper when my bamboo door slammed open. I half-turned, an impatient oath on my lips, and beheld the most fearsome sight mortal man has ever laid eyes upon . . . a tribal warrior of the Ishpeming tribe, in full war regalia! The potent gongo had had its fatal effect! The natives were coming for me! The huge ebony tribesman stood there glaring malevolently at me, his sharp-tipped hongo held in readiness. Even at a distance of six feet his gongo-tainted breath was strong enough to hang a hat on. He wore the traditional Ishpeming headdress—derby, water buffalo horns, and a terrible, multi-colored voodoo mask. About his Gargantuan waist he wore a simple loincloth, held up by an "I go Pogo" button, and the parts of his anatomy which were exposed were covered with war-paint, depicting in symbols his various conquests on the field of honorable battle. Around his ankles were strings of dried tongoes, and his feet were swollen horribly from the bite of the poisonous longo, which infested the jungle.

With a blood-curdling scream, he sprang, hongo outthrust to impale me. His wits, however, were too befuddled with gongo. I dodged nimbly aside and let him have both barrels of my trusty Daisy Defender. He groaned and toppled, then expired.

I knew that hordes of his fellow tribesmen would be swarming around the place before long so, grabbing the mysterious note, my Daisy Defender, and enough Sterno to last three weeks, I stole out into the jungle, hoping to last long enough to reach the opposite shore, where I could catch a fast boat for civilized parts.

The trail I was on soon died out, leaving me hopelessly lost in a trackless expanse of jungle. Not a sound could be heard. That was just the trouble; it was too quiet. My nerves stood on edge; my hair stood on end; I felt a curious tingling all over my body. No wonder—I was standing on an anthill. Suddenly the air was rent by savage cries; the ferocious natives had found my trail and were close behind. Quickly I ran through the foliage, hacking and cleaving with my pen-knife through the dense tangle of vines and creepers.

Suddenly I burst into a tiny clearing. The tropical moonlight softly illuminated a little pagoda in the center of the clearing. On top of the temple perched a jade idol, an immense ruby set in its forehead.

I dodged inside. My pursuers arrived a few moments later, by-passed the temple with much awe and reverence, and disappeared into the

jungle. Turning, I was amazed to see a beautiful Oriental princess standing there regarding me inscrutably. I gasped, for she was obviously from Pokapottakettle, exotic and impenetrable land of the Surds and Cosines. I whipped the mysterious message from my pocket and showed it to her. She scanned it rapidly, then repeated it in English: "Leave three quarts of milk and one pint of cream. Nothing on Thursday."

The mysterious maiden smiled enticingly and stretched out her hands to me, but I bashed in her head with a pongo branch and went to throw myself to the barracudas.

My All . . .

Mary Jacobsen

Why are there tear stains on my face?
Alas, my friend, can you not see
His tear-stained, fear-stained, love-filled face,
As He kneels in Gethsemane?
Compared to His, my tears so small
Could hardly count as tears at all!

Have I no burden? Yes, but yet
Can I forget the cross He bore—
The burden of your sins—and mine—
The crown of thorns my Jesus wore?
Compared with His, my burden small
Is not a burden—not at all!

What faith is mine? A living faith!
A faith entrusted to His will—
A faith that turns the tears to song
And makes each burden lighter still.
Yes, though my faith is weak and small
It is my life, my all in all.

An Analysis of Hemingway As Expressed in his "The Old Man and the Sea"

... Elva Jensen

The newest of Ernest Hemingway's work is a short and simple story about an old fisherman who lives a great tragedy during the three days he engages in a struggle to the death with a giant marlin, which finally emerges into a physical defeat that is very beautiful. Although this sounds contradictory, as one reads the story of the old man and notes that the carcass of the fish is completely shed of meat by the sharks, one knows that in a natural sense the old man met defeat. Morally, he won a beautiful victory which is all the more compelling because it is really so simple. He fights sleep and hunger and pain and his own old age. He fights the sea and all it personifies. Most of all, he fights the temptation to give up. And from these struggles, we see the old man emerging with his moral integrity glowing and shining. We see that though the marlin was shed of all material value by the sharks, it, in the end, becomes the symbol of the treasure of the old man which makes him infinitely richer than his fellow fishermen.

Style new for Hemingway . . .

Acclaimed as a new classic by many who have read it, *The Old Man and the Sea* is in a style new for Hemingway. It presents a new philosophy never before expressed in any of his powerful works. It is simple, direct, always compelling; it is told in charming language with a depth of feeling which can be described only as childlike in its simplicity and warmth. It is not long enough to be really a novel and yet it is not short enough to fit into the accepted pattern for a short story.

It is a changed Hemingway who writes this new story. The Hemingway of old wrote constantly of death and the futility of the existence of many of his "heroes" and heroines". Up to this last work, he has been concerned primarily with the frustrated, spiritually meaningless existence of the world he saw emerging out of the first World War—the existence which became even more meaningless as the world progressed into the second World War. Although the old Hemingway could and did write frequently of love, it was always a love overshadowed by his preoccupation with death—hopeless death. The love he wrote of was always doomed—doomed to be discovered too late, were it discovered

at all. He emphasized these two themes in all of his writing from the very first, from *The Sun Also Rises* up to his next to the last novel, *Across the River and into the Trees*.

Now, however, he seems to be enchanted by the hope which filled the heart of the gallant old man. Although his theme is still clothed in the symbols of death, it is no longer a death that blights and darkens all. Now it is a death with peace and a sense of fulfillment, a death with a hope. His old style—shattering in effect, and jangling in its forcefulness of language—has completely changed. The clear, concise, enchanting rhythmical simplicity of this new Hemingway gives this work a quality which should make it as timeless as *The Pearl* by Steinbeck. The new style has a retrospective and dreamlike quality which is essentially different from anything he has written before.

Hemingway gentle . . .

He is at last sympathetic. Always before he was cursing and ranting of the uselessness of such existences as those of which he wrote. The gentleness one feels when reading *The Old Man and the Sea* is something unusual to experience when reading Hemingway. The old man expresses a new philosophy for Hemingway, not a hopelessness and utter futility such as that expressed by his Colonel in *Across the River and into the Trees*—but a new hope that the things and the humans of this world are good. Even the old man's enemy, personified by the giant marlin, is in himself worthy and right. Hemingway approaches very closely to an allegory in this story.

So in this new work we see a gentled Hemingway, one who looks at the world and in spite of strife, finds it good.

The Grinning Millionaire . . .

Marge Poh

Mom took the pins out of her mouth and gave me a swat with the yardstick she had just used to measure up the hem on my new dress. It was a gray wool jersey that she had made for me for school. "Go show it to Dad," she said. I straightened the collar in the full length bedroom mirror and then walked into the living room.

Dad sat in front of the window in his last Christmas romeos and an old wool plaid shirt—his favorite, even though worn out. Over a copy of the *Press-Gazette* I could see his shiny white crown bordered with a rim of black hair which was graying at the temples. He combed it with a wash cloth now, he said. "Hey, Pop." He lowered the evening paper enough to show two friendly green eyes deep set behind a pair of bifocals and two thin lips which spread into a grin as he looked at me. Dad had a funny grin which went straight out instead of curving up at the corners. He used it only at certain times. It usually came after telling a joke. And then we would all tease him about it.

"How do you like my new dress?" I asked, flourishing the full skirt and twirling around to show all angles of it. The paper was on his lap now—a lap which was each year getting a little smaller to make room for a growing middle age spread.

"Hmm, nice," he said, studying the dress. He smiled then, and the paper went back in front of his face.

Mom looked at me from the bedroom, and we smiled. That's Dad for you, we were both thinking. Each time I got a new dress I modeled it for him and he would say "nice" or "mm, nice." Never anything more. I had often been disappointed at his lack of enthusiasm, but Dad was never one to waste words. I had learned to make my own conclusions about how he felt, for he seldom told us.

It had always been that way. When I was very young, he used to put me on his lap and rock me. I would play possum so that he would carry me upstairs and put me to bed. When I got older, he began to take me fishing with him. Dad would tell me where to put the hook and how deep to set the line, and then we would sit for hours rocking in a little

boat and watching the corks bob up and down. When my cork would go under and I would pull up a slippery silver blue gill, Dad would take it off the hook and put a new worm on and smile his straight grin. He would row back to shore in a fast jerky way that always made me laugh, and then with his funny grin he would show Mom all the fish I caught. His quietness never bothered me then. It seemed so natural that I didn't notice it.

It was always amusing to me when we had company. Mom and the ladies would sit in the kitchen or dining room and their conversation never ceased. In the living room the men would sit smoking their cigars, watching the smoke float around the room. Then someone would think of a fish he had caught or a deer he had shot. The conversation would spurt for awhile, fade away, and then there would be nothing but smoke again until someone thought of another deer, fish, rabbit or "the one that got away."

Then one year Mom and my younger brother went away for a week to visit friends and my older brother at college. I had to go to school, so I was to keep house for Dad. I'll never forget the first night. Dad smiled as he came in the kitchen and sat down. After grace I told him what had happened at school that day, and then it was quiet—silent except for the silverware clicking on the plates. Never before had I heard it so quiet at the table. Mom and Ray and I kept the conversation chattering and Dad always contributed something. Now, except for a few comments, he was quiet. He doesn't like the food, I thought. It was my first attempt to make a meal alone. The silence was uncomfortable—unbearable. I found myself saying silly things or asking questions I either knew the answer to or to which I didn't care to know the answer. The evening dinner was a dreaded ordeal until Mom came back. After that I could never be quiet and comfortable with Dad as I had been before.

The Christmas I was fifteen we went to Wauwatosa to spend the day with relatives. I had learned to knit, and after a three-month struggle, I had succeeded in making a pair of navy blue socks with a gray design in them. Then, with a navy tie I bought, I wrapped them in red and white paper and put a big red ribbon on the box. They were to go with Dad's new gray suit. He didn't know yet of my latest talent, and I was anxious to see what he would think of them. I studied every move as he unwrapped the box and looked at its contents. "Hm, nice," he said with his grin. "Thanks, Jean." I should have expected it, but I felt let down. Was he being polite, or did he really like them? That grin—what did it mean? What was he thinking? He was my own father, and I didn't understand him. I didn't know him.

The next day was a gleaming sunny winter day. We were all in exceptionally high spirits on the way home. Jack, who was home from college, had decided to drive, and Dad was put into the back seat. Whether it was the change or the weather, I didn't know, but Dad became unusually talkative and gay. We all sang and cracked poor jokes. As we neared the end of our three hour drive, Dad became serious. "You know," he said, "our relatives all have more money and can give fancier gifts than Mom and I, but we still are the richest. We have three kids, which is more than any of them have, and I wouldn't trade any one of them for a million dollars."

The crazy grin was on his face again, and suddenly I understood it. I knew Dad was proud of us, even as I knew now that he was proud of my new dress. I knew it as I knew that we were the richest family on earth.

Grey Dawn...

Ann Harms

Night melts with iridescent wind.

In a slow rustle the darkness shimmers, stirs,

And streaks across the frosted span of the sky.

Pale veins of light throb in the murk

Until night is washed to a watered glow.

Grief

Ann Harms

A wind hurls across the troubled empty land
Into the bare tortured limbs of the tree.
I stumble without hope under the moaning boughs
As the wind tears itself, as it rips with shrieks and groans
Through the twisted sharp branches.
Then silently it falls in grey rags around me.



Life's Symbol

Dick Andersen

In the gloom,
Behind the mist,
Amid the muck and mire,
Above the brush,
Below the puffed clouds,
Surrounded,
Unshrouded,
It stands . . .

It stands straight and stained blood red—
Precious blood, royal blood, holy and sacred;
It stands straight, and stained—
Blood red.

On Calvary's height,
Its summit gruesome in the darkened, dismal din
It stands . . .
Surrounded by remorseful mourners,
Unshrouded by death, enlightened in hope
Stands the simple, wooden cross . . .
Death?
Death of Christ to bring
Redemption, peace, peace,
Hope.

The Dancers . . .

Ann Harms

Jean struggled with the heavy side entrance door of the art gallery, and managed to squeeze into the building. The strong wind had lifted her hair the moment before she entered and had left it thrown about her head in the sudden quiet inside. The prospect of a half an hour just to walk in the gallery's silence seemed good, she thought. Especially today, when she felt this strange sense of urgency, and everything outside was so drab; the ground was brown and soaked by the thick fog, and even the people on the street seemed to have absorbed the moisture.

BROWN
THICK
HURRY
HURRY!

She went into the lounge and hung up her coat. Two little girls were there too—about nine or ten years old—Jean decided. They were happy—school was just over for the day. And they were very vigorous and alive, giggling, and talking. They were filled with a nervous energy, and bustled around refreshingly.

WHAT A CONTRAST TO
THE THICK AND THE BROWN!
THIS VIGOR AND VITAL
MELODIOUSNESS.

Jean combed her hair in the wide full-length mirror on one wall, and in the reflecting glass could see the two little girls, studying a Persian tapestry on the wall opposite. They were graceful tiny things—slender and lithe.

GRACEFUL, ALIVE,
FLEXIBLE, BUT
THEY WON'T BREAK!
THEY ARE IN NO HURRY.

Then she went into the sales gallery and looked at the paintings for sale and for rent. It was quiet here this afternoon. She went up the

stairs to the main floor and crossed the mosaic-inlaid court to the side of the contemporary artists. The calm and light for some reason made her think, "Why, this must be what an old Egyptian tomb is like inside."—She had never even seen a picture of the interior of an Egyptian pyramid, but she had had that fancy before in art galleries, and couldn't decide how she connected the two—a rather strange association of ideas, she mused. But it was a delicious thought, anyway, and it would be spoiled if she even attempted to understand it.

FORGET TO HURRY.
CENTURIES AGO THE
TOMBS WERE NEW.
THEY ARE BIG ANCIENT THINGS—
WHAT ARE YOU BESIDES FANCY?

Some of the rooms were exotic, some extremely modern, all of them were empty of other visitors. Somewhere Jean heard pounding—a new exhibition was being planned, she guessed.

And some of the paintings were delightfully familiar; Jean liked to look at them again for a long time. The familiarity and the rhythms of those paintings seemed to release the tensions that tore her.

"NOW WASH ME
AND I SHALL BE—"

The funny feeling of urgency was in her throat. It almost choked her. All of those people—every day—so much to do—why, here it didn't matter. She could twirl around down the hall—it was a quiet place, and no one was there. She was alone, and she stopped and made herself stand quite still until that choking feeling left her. She stood motionless, and let herself be carried into the emotion and the curving rhythm of an oil abstract.

FORGET,
FANCY,
LET YOURSELF BE
SWEPT AWAY INTO
SOMETHING ENDLESS.

After that Jean strolled again through the galleries; there were a few others there after all, besides the two little girls in the lounge and herself. But the others were quiet too.

That old feeling came back to her as she stopped to look at one painting. It was dark and heavy, surrealistic, and the forms were too smooth. Jean shuddered and went on. Now that light, airy, little thing—that made her feel like dancing. But even after the urgent feeling was al-

most gone, she didn't feel complete. She knew she must leave soon—she couldn't stay much longer and must walk faster. But then her heels made so much noise, and the echoes mocked back at her.

HURRY hurry
FASTER faster
NOT COMPLETE not complete
HURRY faster
YOU MUST GO MORE SLOWLY.

That one thing was still lacking—she did not know what that was. Something different—she must find it, but she couldn't—it wasn't here, not in these paintings—yes, here it was in part, but they were only reflections of life, some even a mockery.

NOT HERE
WHERE ELSE?
INCOMPLETE—HURRY
TODAY IT IS URGENT
YOU MUST FIND IT TODAY.

And frustration and hurry grew as Jean entered the hall near the lounge.

WHAT'S THIS?
SCAMPERING?
BREATHLESS LAUGHTER?

Children's laughter, girls' laughter, and the sound of prancing feet and fun came through the door. For a moment Jean forgot everything and pulled the door open. The two little girls were in their stocking feet and were twirling around, their skirts in a straight plane rustling around them, intent on a child's play form of ballet in front of the wide full-length mirror.

JOY, EXCITEMENT!
ALMOST THE RIDICULOUS!
BUT YOU'VE FOUND IT—
NOW WHY WOULD THIS MAKE YOU
FEEL COMPLETE?
WHY?

When the children saw Jean, they stopped, and looked at her, and the freckled girl, unembarrassed, gasped, breathlessly happy, "Oh, there you are,—we wondered what had happened to you."

And their airy, fantastic dance twirled joyfully on.

T. H. Huxley: The Voice of His Age

Paul Jersild

The student of history is often impressed by the tendency of man to exalt his own age in relation to all preceding eras. This tendency results from a notion which seems peculiar to human nature—the idea that man is constantly progressing. He believes that he is so steadily advancing in every aspect of culture that at some time or another he shall arrive at the dawn of a new day which, indeed, shall be the consummation of all history. This propensity of man to put the claim of ultimacy upon the developments of the present age is found in every generation. But one example of particular interest is the assertions made in connection with the rise of modern day science in the nineteenth century. And perhaps the person who most uniquely typifies this age and its claims is Thomas Henry Huxley.

Huxley a Darwinian . . .

Huxley was a scientist of distinction himself, and it was in his later years that he turned his attention to literary effort. He wrote a large number of essays on scientific method and thought, applying himself vigorously in the defense of Charles Darwin's theory of Natural Selection. Calling himself "Darwin's bulldog," he fought for a third of a century to win general acceptance of Darwin's views. Although he seemingly contradicts himself in various essays, his "On the Advisableness of Improving Natural Knowledge" is a typical example of the claims which he makes in behalf of modern day science.

In this essay Huxley makes note of those who regard the "improvement of natural knowledge" (or the advances made in science) as merely new developments which have resulted in a conferring of practical benefits on man. Such people, in making scientific progress synonymous with material gain and gratification, are "blind leaders of the blind". In reality, science has not done this alone for humanity, but also, "in so doing, has effected a revolution in their conceptions of the universe and of themselves, and has profoundly altered their modes of thinking and their views of right and wrong. I say that natural knowledge, seeking to satisfy natural wants, has found the ideas which can alone still spiritual cravings. I say that natural knowledge, in desiring to ascertain the laws

of comfort, has been driven to discover those of conduct, and to lay the foundations of a new morality."

Nineteenth century influence . . .

There is no doubt that nineteenth century science had a profound effect upon man's conception of the universe. It gave new impetus to a type of thought which had found expression in ancient times and again in the aftermath of the renaissance, culminating in its modern conception with the contribution of science. It was a naturalistic view, placing man within the natural process and denying him his supposed freedom of choice and action. Indeed, such a conception is bound to change man's view of "right and wrong," perhaps even to the extent that he no longer regards the terms as having any significance.

But Huxley's assertion that the discoveries of his era have "found the ideas which can alone still spiritual cravings," is debatable. Human experience would lead us to believe that man is made up of two parts: not only is he a physical organism subject to the laws of nature, but also a spiritual being who is able to transcend the natural flux and regard himself as an object in it. Huxley represents that type of thought which would make an abortive attempt to regard man as nothing more than a physical organism subject to natural law. Is this helping man still his "spiritual cravings"? It is, on the contrary, denying that quality in man which enables him to speak with his God and live in the hope which that fellowship inspires. Man seeks an answer to the question of his own destiny and that of history's. Is that answer sufficient which denies the very answer which by his nature he expects, and is seeking?

There has been a reaction to the philosophy which Huxley proposes. His claim that "there is but one kind of knowledge and but one method of acquiring it" does not coincide with human experience. Man is usually conscious of the fact that not all of reality is contained in what he sees, hears, feels, tastes, and smells. Huxley expected the "new day" to appear as a result of the improvement of natural knowledge. From his limited perspective he greeted science as the savior of mankind. But man is now beginning to realize that science cannot tell him what to believe and what to do. He is beginning to realize that science is merely an instrument, and that he can use it either to better his world or destroy it.

"But I Didn't Do It"

David Smith

"Gosh, but Miss Morris is mad today. She's been bawling us out ever since school started this morning," thought young Jimmy Byrnes as he squirmed in his seat. "She can sure make me feel uncomfortable . . . even if I didn't do anything wrong." He nervously squirmed around in his seat in the corner of the room again and looked up at Miss Morris, whose finger was wagging furiously at the group in front of her.

"Class, this infernal noisemaking and horseplay has got to stop. I've never seen such unruly children as you. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. I thought that by the time you had reached the eighth grade you could be treated like young ladies and gentlemen, but I see that I was wrong. I want you boys back in the corner, Charles, Marc, Allen and Tommy, to pay special attention to this. You four cause most of the disturbance in here and I've put up with all I'm going to."

"Why me?" thought Tommy, "I didn't do anything.. Just because those other three cause a lot of trouble she always thinks I'm in on it too. They've got me surrounded—Marc in front of me, Allen across the aisle, and Charlie in front of him. I don't have a chance. I wish Miss Morris would move me up to the front of the room so I could get out of trouble."

"The next person to disrupt the class will be taken down to see the principal, and I can guarantee that he'll be sorry," said Miss Morris, her finger still wagging like the tail of a puppy. "Now, let's see if we can get back to this history lesson. We were just starting to study about Napoleon. I'll write his name on the board so you'll all know how to spell it." Miss Morris turned and picked up the chalk.

"Ouch," bellowed Marc, who was sitting in front of Tommy.

Miss Morris whirled swiftly and slammed down the chalk.

"All right, that's enough! What's going on back there?"

"Tommy stuck me with his pencil," said Marc.

"I did not."

"You did."

"Quiet, both of you. Tommy did you stick Marc?"

"No!!"

"Yes, he did. I saw him," popped up Allen.

With a sly smile on his face, Charlie spun around and said in a whisper loud enough to be heard throughout the room, "You shouldn't have told on Tommy, Allen."

Miss Morris started walking slowly back toward the corner, her blue eyes blazing and her mouth drawn in a tight line.

Tommy's heart was beating wildly, and his hands gripped tightly the sides of his desk. Frantically he thought, "It's three against one but she's got to believe me. I didn't do it."

"Tommy, I just got through telling you that the next person to disrupt the class would go down to the principal's office. I don't like to use such harsh measures but you leave me no choice. If I use you as an example maybe the rest of the class will realize that I mean business."

"But I didn't do it, Miss Morris. Honest I didn't."

"Lying about it won't get you anywhere, Tommy. That only makes it worse. Now get out of your seat and come along." She grabbed him by the arm and pulled him up. Tommy stood on shaky legs and looked down at Marc, who was wearing a big toothy grin on his face.

"Come on, Marc, tell her I didn't do it."

"But you did. Allen saw you."

"Get going, Tommy." Miss Marris' voice was rough as she pushed him down the aisle.

Tommy stumbled toward the door, his small heart full of hate and fury for Marc, Allen, and Charlie. He hesitated before the door. "Tell her Marc, please."

Marc grinned.

"Come on Tommy," and she yanked him through the door.

"But I didn't do it," he said as the door slammed shut behind him.

After Thoughts . . .

John Nielsen

The election is over. The people in unprecedented numbers have spoken. General Dwight D. Eisenhower has led the Republican party in a tremendous popular and electoral victory. The usually impenetrable South has been penetrated and the Republicans have won control of both houses of Congress by narrow margins. These are the uncontested facts of the 1952 election.

Again the pollsters have erred but this time by counting live-voting Democrats where there were nothing but memories of former loyal blocs.

The trend of the voting had hardly been established before both parties began to formulate definite repudiation of President Truman and the policies of the Democratic administrations of the past twenty years on both the domestic and foreign scenes, while Democrats countered by saying emotions, not issues, determined the outcome. They maintain the aura of the triumphant general still surrounded Eisenhower and that in him, the Liberator of Europe, the people saw an early solution to Korea. Whatever the reason, the choice has been made.

Future decisions unknown . . .

Certain inevitable questions, however, confront the thoughtful. With which faction of his party will General Eisenhower as President ally himself and who will be his chief advisors? What will be the exact nature of the policies to be pursued both at home and abroad? If he advocates policies too liberal for Mr. Taft and the majority of Republicans in Congress, will they with the conservative Southern Democrats thwart his legislative program? If on the other hand he embraces measures acceptable to this group, will the Republican party be able to hold the powerful Northeast and Far West in future elections? Is the rift in the Democratic party of the South a forerunner of a true two party system in that region or is it merely another passing protest? Can the Democratic party purge itself of Southern reactionaries and remain a truly liberal party after receiving its only electoral support in the South and border states? These are the thoughts foremost in many minds today.

Individual only explanation . . .

Behind every ballot, however, in the life and mind of the individual who cast it on November 4, lies the true explanation of this election—an explanation that will not be fully known until November 1954 or November 1956 when the American people again go to the polls.

Reviews:

-- H.M.S PINAFORE

-- EASTER

The quality of the performance and not the operetta itself credited the Dana college senior class with a production of developed beauty and skill at the March 18th and 19th performances of *H. M. S. Pinafore*. Despite the loosely constructed plot of the famed Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, the cast gave a musically superior performance.

Well-cast, the play was a success in vocal interpretations. The play itself was the biggest drawback. Considered one of the most popular operettas ever produced in England, its age and style are hindrances to a talented cast and chorus, and one would hope for a more recent work in next year's presentation. The scenery, much the worse for inspiration, succeeded in its attempts, however. Those responsible for the production benefited from last year's *Mikado* in direction and presentation.

It is hoped that a growing interest in college musical ventures will draw larger and larger crowds each year. The response both in attendance and applause was stimulating and appreciated for this year's production.

The junior class presentation of August Strindberg's notable symbolic drama, *Easter*, exemplifies Dana's ability to perform plays of a higher calibre, though the performances rate praise only as amateur ventures. This was the first amateur performance of *Easter* in this country, and also the second production of it in the United States.

Margie Poh's interpretation of Eleonora, the mentally distraught daughter of Fru Heyst (Ann Harms) was commendable. Ann Harms fared well as the beloved yet dictatorial mother. Charles Kaldahl, as Elis, Eleonora's brother, had certain dramatic qualities which were laudable.

Joyce Petersen (Christina), Kenneth Ostergaard (Benjamin), and Ralph Spear (Lindquist) supported the play well. The most important defect was the lack of spontaneity and polish; the most important contribution was the initial performance of a major dramatic work on this campus in many years.

Director John Nielsen and student director John Hansen deserve much credit for the interpretation of Strindberg's play.

Dick Andersen

About our Authors . . .

Winning the Langland Award for poetry in 1951 and for short story in 1952 plus the publication of a poem in a national student anthology last year are among the achievements of senior Elva Jensen. From Wyoming, Elva is an English major and music minor and is a member of the 1953 *Sower* staff.

Another senior, philosophy major and violinist Paul Jersild of Blair, toured Europe last summer and attended the Hannover Conference. Paul will attend the University of Nebraska for graduate study next year; later he plans to enter the ministry. Dana LSA president and a choir member, he wrote his essay on Huxley for a literature class.

A navy medic in Korea before entering Dana this year, Henry Rosenthal drew upon very true experiences for his feature article, *A Memory*. Freshman Hank is from California and plans now to become a lawyer.

"Firsts" as far as publication experience goes are the three other freshman contributors with their promising material. We like Mary Jacobsen's sincere and meditative poem, *My All*; David Smith's short story, "*But I Didn't Do It*," reminiscent of grade school experiences; and Jim Clemon's satiric fantasy, *And Wilderness Were Paradise Enow*.

An English and social service major from Wisconsin, Marge Poh is a member of this year's creative writing class. Secretary of the junior class, Marge is also a choir member. She will teach after graduation. Audiences liked her warm and sensitive interpretation of Eleonora in Strindberg's *Easter* this spring.

Alumni Quarterly editor, senior Richard Andersen also has two majors—English and history. Dick claims Missouri as his home state. In his four years at Dana he has edited publicity material and has had articles in the *Christmas Chimes* and a poem in the 1952 *Sower*. A former member of the creative writing class, Dick is on the 1953 *Sower* staff. He is a pre-seminary student.

About our Illustrators . . .

Another *Sower* staff member, sophomore Gunnar Mengers, is from Blair. He has had a poem published in a national student anthology and a story in the 1952 *Sower*. Gunnar hastily adds that his startling sketch *Philip* really isn't a true experience.

Representing Trinity Seminary, joined with the college in the United Student Association of Dana College and Trinity Seminary, senior seminarian John Nielsen of Minnesota is also Dana's dean of men. A Dana graduate, John was the director of *Easter*. His editorial, *After Thoughts*, appeared in the weekly campus paper, the *Hermes*, this year a proud All-American winner.

From Oklahoma, Junior Charles Kaldahl is an English and a biology major. Charlie is a member of this year's creative writing class, has already taught school, and plans to resume teaching after graduation. Critics applauded his performance in *Easter*. His character study and analysis of *Mrs. Hardy* is an ironic comment on selfish women.

Sower editor, Iowan Ann Harms, is also Literary- Fine Arts Club president. Other material by Ann has appeared in another college magazine, the 1952 *Sower*, and the *Christmas Chimes*. Co-columnist on the *Hermes* and an English major and philosophy minor, Ann is another former member of the creative writing class. Treasurer of the junior class, a member of the cast of *Easter* and of the student-faculty senate this year, she is next year's student association president—the first woman to hold that position in Dana history.

Artist Marion Christensen of Omaha plans eventually to attend the Kansas City Institute of Arts and then to teach. Marion, a junior, is a psychology major. An art laboratory instructor this year, she also created the cover for the 1953 yearbook, the *Danian*, and designed the set for *Easter*.

Ann Harms has little art background—she just likes it—and is a member of the art class.

