

She was proud of the fact that she could refuse to answer him. She could make him wait. That he was helping her did not seem to matter. It was almost as though she was trying to keep him from helping her, not by actual active resistance but by a passive resistance.

It was impossible to fathom those deep expressionless eyes. At times the only outward sign she gave to show that she was aware of other people in the room was a slow, faintly audible sigh which escaped from her thick lips.

There were none of the usual signs of

a new baby — no knitted suits, no embroidered dresses, none of those garments which show months of planning and love. She could neither afford them nor did she want them. She made no outward show of affection toward the baby. He was merely a tiny hungry body that had to be cared for. The only apparent pleasure she had was that for a short time she alone was the center of attention.

Was this her dream of motherhood — this squalid home, this poverty, this ignorance, this short period of doubtful triumph?

## EXCERPTS

- I. . . . a golden ball of magnificence, brilliantly rendering fiery shadows across frosted trees . . . The twisted azure and golden shadows falling here and there . . . *Sunrise Serenade*, by Melvin Kuebler.
- II. Such pieces are the bastards of literature. They are errant misfits . . . doomed never to know a moment's exaltation from a thinker's lips . . .  
Some (writers) can swear and never use a profane word. Some can see death, and think only of life . . . These are the few; these are the great, of which the greatest has not yet come. *De Libris*, by Richard Jowitt.
- III. . . . the autumn-blazing landscape . . . Below me in the valley stretched a complete world with browning grass for continents and ponds for seas . . . The day was brown and yellow and the fiery orange of burning logs. It was the yellow haze of bonfires, the acrid smell of smoke. It was the supreme perfection of white and gold asters in turquoise bowl. *My Favorite Spot*, by Mary Elizabeth Black.
- IV. The big busses are like huge ocean liners, gliding majestically, smoothly away from harbor; the little ones

- pitch and toss like skittish catboats on a lake on a gusty day. *Market Street Harbor*, by Quentin West.
- V. The curtain rose on the first act, and flippant little fireflies coquettishly darted back and forth like tiny ballet dancers . . . Over the heads of these flirtatious insects soared the nighthawks and whippoorwills, diving and swooping like trapeze artists, soundlessly, without effort . . . Thus the orchestra of the northern forest prepares and plays its nightly performance. No famous opera goer's jewels can compare with the stars; no brilliant Hollywood Kleig light can illumine a scene like the moon . . . no great orchestra can ever play such a harmonious overture as Nature's children; and no great stage designer can fill in a more marvelous background. *Night Show*, by Edward F. Wright.
- VI. Then mother responds with a gleam in her eye, a dust-cap on her head, rubber gloves on her hands, and such a spirited vehemence that everyone in the family begins to make plans and appointments that will keep them away from home for at least a month. For spring cleaning at our house means a complete rejuvenation of civilized living.

- Spring Cleaning at Our House*, by Margie Ann Hukriede.
- VII. Names . . . distort everyone into the shapes their sounds suggest. How catalogue people then? Give them numbers and register the numbers; but do not try to take beautiful words and fit a living soul into them. *If I Could Choose My Name*, by Richard Jowitt.
- VIII. I had haunting memories of a quiet old lady puttering about a kitchen; I saw visions of tall angel foods, white and fluffy. Once again the pungent odor of hot spices was in my nostrils . . . *Violet Velvet*, by Margaret Dawson.
- IX. While resting, he drew from his torn overcoat pocket a dirty corn cob pipe.

As he stood at the side of the street, the busy throngs hurried by; yet he remained contentedly smoking . . . He did not possess much of this world's goods, but he was the picture of peace and contentment . . . His day's work was done. *The Close of Day*, by Don R. Cutsinger.

- X. Things were so confusing . . . destruction from the same sky which held rain and snow, uniformed men training in muddy brown at the camp, girls entertaining girls . . . knitting and bandaging with serious faces . . . Her young mind searched for a solution to these puzzles . . . *Young Spring*, by Suzanne Van Talge.

