

Rhapsody In Hue

DOROTHY MASTERS

Always, wherever I am, when I smell wood smoke, a blanket of color waves before my eyes. I can taste the crisp, juicy apples bought at a crude roadside stand and sold by a toothless 'hill-billy' and his apron clad wife or tousled-headed children. I see the brilliant orange of bittersweet clinging to the fence posts, and I can see each article in the antique shops — especially the spinning wheel and trundle bed and the corn-cob dolls with their hooped-skirts. I see fields of corn stripped of their harvest, standing tiredly, waiting, bearing no resemblance to the proud tall-tassled stalks that so recently waved gaily but sedately, to the breeze.

Everywhere I can see trees of every hue. I pity anyone who has not wound his way around those beautiful, treacherous curves of Southern Indiana to view Mother

Nature taking her last gallant, defiant fling before the cold desolation and isolation which is to follow. I pity anyone who has not looked down from one of those famous hills upon tree after tree pressed closely together in a crazy patchwork quilt of brown and green and yellow and scarlet, leaf upon leaf piled in that vast expanse, gently fading away into the blue smoky haze from the pipe of Shawondasee, who "from his pipe the smoke ascending filled the sky with haze and vapor, filled the air with dreamy softness, gave a twinkle to the water, touched the rugged hills with smoothness, brought the melancholy summer to the northland."1.

This, then, is Nature's grand Amen — this rhapsody in hue — before the stillness that will inevitably follow.

1. *Hiawatha* by Longfellow.

Three Silent Things

ANN HOLLOWAY

Things that cause the eardrum to vibrate are relatively unimportant in the Universe. Nature's thunder, the boom of the cannon on the battlefield, or man-made machinery in operation create sound, but the very fact that they do so has no bearing on their significance in the world. Trees, wind, stupendous buildings, books, music, and art possess audibility or visibility, but these objects and elements in themselves are meaningless. The silent, intangible factors that allow the trees to exist, the wind to blow, or the artist to paint are the foundations on which the

plan of creation is laid.

Who knows Nature? Who can exactly, completely explain who or what "Mother Nature" is? Who can see, hear, or touch the force which has created the elements and compounds or which causes them to act? The silent, unheard force of power which has shaped things in a physical state, a power called Nature, is far greater than the obvious thing in the state of creation. Nature is, therefore, more than what we hear or see, and is of greater meaning than that which can be listened to or looked at.