

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.

The artist's painted picture, the writing of a poet, the design of a building, the musician's rendition of a symphony, or the pianist's performance of a sonata are purely physical happenings. The genius in an artist, an architect, or a musician is silent. Yet genius, the unheard force, is the shaping, determining factor in the physical production.

Everyone knows, or imagines himself to know, what love is. No one has ever heard love. The results of it may be

audible, but love itself is a silent, powerful force that causes the very earth to rotate; that lets life continue, that makes souls sing or sob. Yet, love, known in some form to every heart, is something which, like nature or genius has never been heard.

The silent things are the forces of powers which create. The state of creation that appeals to sight, hearing, smell, taste, or touch is relatively insignificant because it is responsible to the other silent, yet far bigger forces for its very existence.

The Three Most Quiet Things I Ever Knew

DICK RUNNELS

In these turbulent, noisy days, I sometimes like to stop and think of the peaceful, the quiet things in my life. As a child, I suppose the most quiet things I knew were the great, silent hills of our farm. How often have I romped and scurried over these hills, independent of all restraint? Or how often have I wandered aimlessly through their protecting shadows while pondering my boyish problems? Always their vast silence offered no opposition to my mood. Like friendly old men, they sat about watching me grow, sometimes smiling, sometimes frowning, but always quietly understanding.

When I was thirteen, I moved to the city with my family, leaving my silent hills behind. Here in the city, however, I found a new quiet. I found it in a little churchyard about six blocks from our apartment. It seemed that here were shut out the disturbing noises of the city. Here were offered the peace and quiet so restful in time of stress. I remember evenings after I had finished my paper route how I used

to stop in the little churchyard for a few moments to remember past joys or to dream of the future. It was in this quiet that I sometimes prayed, sometimes meditated my adolescent doubts. The quiet of that little spot will always live in my memory.

And now today I've found still another quiet: the twilight quiet of my campus. Jordan Hall, the Chapel, the willow trees—all these form the silent background for my thoughts. After a long day of study, classes, and work how comforting it is to walk about these restful surroundings. I consider as an essential part of my college years these quiet walks through my campus.

Where I shall find my quiet in the future I do not know — perhaps on a battlefield or aboard a mighty destroyer. What I do know is that in my memory there shall always remain a spot for my farm hills, my city churchyard, and my college campus — the three most quiet things I've ever known.