

along the streets, each gang in a specified district, checking and destroying each store systematically.

The next day we saw the full extent of the destruction, display windows were empty, pieces of wood had hastily been nailed over the broken glass. It was a picture of horror and desolation. Fire had been set to every synagogue in Germany. The one in our neighborhood had once been one of the most beautiful in the country with its mosaic ceiling and colored glass windows. Now it was a sad looking roofless skeleton, a monument of Nazi culture.

Friends of ours who owned a store down the street showed us what had been

done to their place. In their apartment in back of the store every piece of furniture had been broken, the wallpaper and the upholstery torn. They were asleep when the crowds broke in. Without putting on even a coat they went out through the back door and hid in a neighbor's apartment. For hours they heard the mob breaking everything. When they returned they found a gold watch and three hundred marks missing along with most of the jewelry.

The newspapers reporting the "outbreak of popular disgust" said, "the populace, knowing Jewish merchandize to be trash, left everything untouched."

Winter

JACQUILINE CRIST

The snow had turned Indianapolis into a fairyland. For three days there was a steady downfall of large clinging flakes. The houses looked like tiny white doll-houses, and the ground was a blanket of down. Pure white trees stretched their limbs toward an ice blue sky. The chill on the air turned Christmas shoppers into red-nosed, rosy-cheeked bundles of wool, fur, and packages. Santa Clauses of all sizes and shapes were packing them in at the department stores. Children dreamed of stockings "hung by the chimney with care", new sleds or bicycles, dolls with human hair, regiments of little tin soldiers. In the kitchens mothers were baking cookies and cakes planning the Christmas din-

ner, and trying to think of a good place to hide Dad's new pipe.

Indianapolis bustled with activity. At night many of our outdoor boys and girls scurried toward Lake Sullivan, which means ice skating at its best. Clad in jeans, bright plaid shirts, red corduroy jackets, and brilliantly colored scarfs, the skaters presented a colorful picture in the firelight against the midnight blue of the sky and the white of the hills and trees in the background. A slightly off-tune "White Christmas" filled the air as the happy group around the campfire rendered their favorite song. Around midnight a tired, chilled, but happy gang of teen-agers headed for home. Soon our town became quiet and tranquil. Night reigned .