

Excerpts

I

. . . The Intellect. His eyes are brooding as his mind ferrets out unique seeming truths about the policy of isolationism, the plausibility of the virgin birth, the value of poetry to the average mind, the possible existence of life on Mars. He scorns the body as a deteriorating factor in the growth of the mind. He wrote a book called *Deviations of a Barbarian*; then he went out and got drunk. He doesn't eat enough and his doctor asked him to take a tuberculin test. But he hasn't time for anything except stumbling thru countless weeds, chasing golden butterflies who presently turn to tarnished orange . . . From "Futility" by Betty Hawkins.

II

. . . The wind whistles fiercely down the country lane and swirls the snow into high drifts. Against the pure white of the freshly fallen snow the cottage appears a dull gray. A brave little rabbit scurries under the porch leaving a trail of marks across the snow. Smoke pours out of the chimney and drifts into the clear cold air until it is no more. Through the frosted window panes, pale begonias of a delicate pink peek shyly at the outside world. Trees loaded with snow, a row of black skeletons with arms outstretched and ice dripping from their many fingers, protest at each blast of icy wind. But the wind still howls and snow still swirls from the sky.

. . . Everything is frozen and still in the winter. Birds are gone and trees are bare. The snow covers the dead flowers, vines, and grass. The little old lady who sat on the porch is still. A somber black wreath hangs beside the door. The raw wind blows cold and swirls the snow around the cottage . . . From "Grand-

mother's Cottage", three sketches, by Eileen Campbell.

III

. . . Ellen is the most aware little person I have ever seen. She reminds me of a sharp knife leaving the hand of an expert, true and piercing in its course to its exact position in the target. She walks squarely, resolutely and independently while her brown, thick, shoulder-length hair falls about her head. Her eyes are blue levelness threatened by a pixie background. She is not quite six, yet her air of competence and individuality gives her a larger appearance.

One day we searched for four leaf clovers, and through Ellen's eyes I saw the details of the loveliness of the day and the complementary closeness of the grass with its sweet burned smell. She seemed to be a blended part of all nature. She knew the feel of the grass; she was able to measure the height of the sky, the proper proportions of sand and water to be mixed, and even how to find four leaf clovers. . . From "Ellen" by Juanita Beeman.

IV

. . . Archaeology is the study of antiquities. It is the story of all the past glories of the human race and a record of its tragedies. Through the findings and interpretations of the archaeologist, we of the twentieth century can know almost every detail of the life of the man of 1944 B. C. Too many people shudder at the very word, I'm afraid, and there is the notion that archaeology is merely the rather unnecessary excavation of broken remnants of bygone and therefore superseded antiquity. Instead, it is the resurrection of the past into the liveliest, most fascinating form

of modern science. . . . From "An Interest in Archaeology" by Jean Anne Taylor.

V

. . . American womanhood — that womanhood which for one hundred sixty-seven years has been looked down upon as being flighty, boisterous, spoiled — guided all its resources into a powerful river of Fortitude.

They are sewing parachutes; standing

watch, on star-chilled nights, for enemy aircraft; hovering over bubbling tubes of chemicals; rolling a thousand miles of bandages; performing a million little arduous duties. These women have become a compact, killing fist of knitting needles and Morse code and grease and blood and brave smiles and khaki and factory noise and typewriters and waiting. . . . From "Ladies Day" by Mary Alice Kessler.