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**Cover by Constance Forsyth**

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The train moved into the reflection of the dawn. Paul opened his eyes and looked out at the grey-black silhouettes of telephone poles stalking by, and the slowly rounding land. For a moment in the dawn, they looked like half-remembered poles and fields moving in a dream. But then he was awake and knew he was awake and California was ahead.

Home was ahead. Three years were being pressed to the past with the weight of every pole which moved to pile behind him. Three years of creating the hollow rooms for actors to cry their empty words through. Three years of small civic theaters and small summer theaters and small salaries. But he smiled and scoffed himself. It was always different and it was almost all exiting. The dusty, pugent smell of paint, the grimy feel of it beneath his nails — a griminess that wasn’t grime but was pleasant in its unpleasantness. The watching of a thing created grow to beauty of its own, yet existing, as he planned, only as a part of another creation, and making of the parts a whole. That was good. And the people had been good. All kinds of people, dull and interesting, good and bad, stupid and with genius. People were all interesting. They were vital as colours.

He coughed and shifted in his seat. His legs were tired and his back ached. But he had slept a little. That was surprising. It would be good to be back for a while. There was an anticipation that was almost pain in him as he thought of his father. It seemed unimportant that they hadn’t got along. Three years was a long time and his father hadn’t meant it when he said Paul was crazy. “The men in the white coats will get you someday,” he’d said even when Paul was a child. But his name was becoming pretty well known now and he was proving he wasn’t crazy. Besides, that was twenty years ago. His father wouldn’t feel that way now. Three years was a long time and he’d read aloud and laughed when Paul was a boy. Three years was a long time and his grey-green eyes wouldn’t be cold any more.

Paul coughed and sat up and then pulled a cigarette out of the pocket of his red wool shirt and lighted it with matches from a paper folder. Leon & Eddy's, it said. Not an exiting place. Someone must have given him the matches. That was his last cigarette. He crumpled the empty package and dropped it on the floor. He could get some more later.

Someone groaned and someone said, “God,” very wearily, and he remembered the soldiers. The train was jammed with them. They were piled on the seats and sprawled in the aisles, and there was something rather terribly forlorn in the closeness of the press of their pale-uniformed bodies in the dirty light of dawn. He’d had drinks and talk with many of them since New York. They were on their way to California too, but not going home; going to some port of embarcation and then jungle-fighting perhaps. At least he didn’t face that. He sighed and coughed again.
He moved his feet away from the fellow below him. This was a new one. Paul suddenly remembered he'd gotten up in the night and stepped right in the man's stomach. And he hadn't even stirred. Suddenly the fellow opened his eyes and squinted up a little. He yawned widely and his tongue was gray and his teeth large. Paul looked out of the window again.

There was a discouraging dullness to the rolling country, and few houses. The telephone poles were still leaping along with a rather disturbing regularity like people caught in the machine-tread of modernity. Strangely he thought of grey shadowed faces in a subway train. Then he noticed that the rhythm of the poles' passing fitted into the quick 'plat of the wheels. He could put words to it. "California-here-I-come, California-here-I come," he could say to himself, and the poles passed on each "Cal." He grinned a little at his own childishness and yawned. The morning looked as if it would be magnificent. The sky was like a Rubens lady, rising; placid, glowing, and uninspired. His cigarette was a butt and he dropped it between the soldier and his own foot and stepped on it. Automatically he reached for another and remembered they were gone. Oh, well. The doctor said he shouldn't smoke anyway. And his mouth tasted stale.

"Cigarette?" asked the soldier suddenly.

"Well — "

"Here, I have some."

Paul looked down at him a bit surprised. Then a small grin twitched his face. "Better not. You don't know what I did to you last night."

The soldier moved his eyebrows. "What?"

"Stepped right in your middle." He was a handsome chap. Only a boy, really. Blond and clean and strong.

The boy laughed. "Well, have one anyway," he said and held up a pack of Chesterfields.

They both took cigarettes and Paul lighted them with a match from the folder. He didn't like Leon & Eddy's. Who could have given them to him, he thought. He didn't like Chesterfields but it was nice of the boy. He had a beautiful body; firm, square muscled shoulders and a flat breast. His twill uniform was somewhat soiled and netted with wrinkles. "Did you have a bad night of it?" he asked.

The boy shrugged. "Not so hot. How'd you rate a seat?"

"I got here first. And I was so damned tired I just hung on to it."

"Don't blame you. Where're you headed?"

"Los Angeles. Going to visit my father. You're—ah—headed for San Francisco?"

"Um hum." He looked at his pants. "And we gotta stand inspection when we get there. My God," he said.

Paul felt sorry for him. He grinned. "Oh, well. Maybe they'll throw you out of the Army."

"No such luck. But they might gig us." "Gig? What's that?"

"Demerit. You have to walk around in circles for a while to work 'em off."

"How intriguing."

"Yeah." The boy gave him a rather odd glance.

"They'll consider the way you've had to travel, though," Paul said.

"I know. But it makes me so damn mad. Inspection. Won't be white glove, anyway." He stared at his shoes for a moment and drew at his cigaret. Quite suddenly, watching him, Paul felt old and ill and ugly. This boy was so vital and
somehow clean even after sleeping on the
floor all night.

"Why aren't you fellows on troop
trains?" he asked because he felt he had
to say something.

"Oh, most of us are coming back from
furloughs. We usually get one before we
go over, you know."

"Do you mind going?" asked Paul then.

"No. Why should I? It's the job.
But this damned inspection gripes me."

"If you'd gone on a troop train you
wouldn't have to stand would you?"

"I don't know. Probably."

"I'd think that would teach you how
a herring feels."

"Yeah."

"Of course you could get pickled."
That was a dreadful pun but Paul felt a
little desperate.

However, the boy grinned. "We do.
And sing *Sweet Adaline.*"

"That should be gay."

"Yeah."

He was silent again and Paul felt he
ought to say something else but he was shy
about asking any more questions. He
sounded like a prosecutor. Most of the boys
were waking up now. They were stand-
ing to stretch cramped muscles, talking
and laughing to each other. Paul felt alone
and very tired. This uniformed crew of
kids seemed to be the life of the world,
laughing and young and light, even on their
way to war and the possibility of death.
And he really didn't have a part in any of
it. The only reason the kid talked to him
was that he was so close.

"Did you have a good furlough?" he
asked the boy quickly.

The kid smiled. "Um hum. It was
swell to see my family. It's been almost
a year since I went in."

"Has it."

"Yeah. Dad's not very well, though.
He's going to have an operation. He'll be
all right though. Lots of old men have it.
It was good to see them."

"I haven't seen my father for three
years. I'll be glad to get home again, too."

"What does he do?"

"Oh, he's retired. He's nearly seventy.
He used to sell insurance." Paul smiled
a little , suddenly. Insurance. No wonder
he thought his son was crazy.

The boy was looking at him curiously,
inspecting his clothes. He felt suddenly
conscious of them, of his red shirt and the
spotted tie that looked like a Kandinsky.
"You must be some sort of artist," the kid
said. There was a bourgeois sort of toler-
ance that was nearly scorn in his voice. It
hurt Paul suddenly that this handsome boy
should scorn him. That was stupid really
because it really didn't matter.

"Yes," he said.

"What kind?" It was the boy's turn
to be prosecutor.

"I paint — scenery principally," Paul
said a little coldly.

"Scenery?"

"Stage scenery."

"Oh," said the boy , and the scorn was
greater in his voice. Paul saw him look at
the shabbiness of his green trousers. They
were rather disreputable, of course, and
he should get rid of them. But what did it
matter. And besides they were comfort-
able. Oh, well, this fellow probably sold
insurance like his father used to do. The
boy was like his father. That was the way
he'd say it and stare at Paul's legs. He
dropped the cigarette and stepped on it
and coughed.

Then he looked at the soldiers again.
All awake and talking. Griping, probably,
but laughing. A couple of them were play-
ing craps on the train floor. And he fancied
he could see scorn in all their faces, all
their faces ignoring him, thinking him "bugs."

He looked out of the window and a desolation grey as the dawn they were leaving behind them filled him. It was the kind of loneliness that came on him so frequently of late, and most often in a crowd. It was partly that he wasn't well. But in that crowded train he felt completely solitary and he remembered his father saying in the voice of a strong blond soldier, "The men in the white coats will get you some day. They'll come right up to the door and get you." That's what they all felt when they looked at him. Eccentric and getting old.

Why should people laugh at his clothes. He wore them because he liked them. They were comfortable and red was a beautiful warming colour. And a red shirt gave him a sense of independence, usually.

But most people were so blind. They only looked at the edges of things with their close brains. They didn't know how to feel in the sunset or to weep at the cry of a cello.

He shut his eyes, suddenly feeling that loneliness so tight inside him he could have cried out. No, it was he who was wrong. He was queer and crazy and life was no more than a sweat-smelling train pushing into the night. How could it be more. People dominated life and they pushed and shoved for the best seats and they died. And if you thought life more than transient, they laughed and scorned you and left you scrabbling on the carpet seeking for the pattern. While — "Time flows past you like a river," — and the men in the white jackets crept up behind.

He sighed and opened his eyes, and suddenly he caught his breath. The train was making a long curve, and straight ahead with the sunrise on their shoulders were the mountains.

Pile against painted pile they lay, stained with sun-colours like glasses in a church window. Like the roll of the Siegfried song they stood, eternal yet cracking in time and scarved with a melting mist. And suddenly he thought, that mist is symbol of the slipping of rock and life. But in the beat of their beauty was the promise of time.

A tremendous elation leapt through him, a sweeping mount of discordant sound and colour and he thought, that's it. The recurrent stir of eternity of mind and beauty and joy. And he thought, I could paint that. He could paint the colour and surge of this sudden knowledge and catch the sense of time's pulse above the infinitesimal standing of the hills.

Schostokovitch could do it in music. T. S. Eliot could perhaps put it in words. But music is intangible and words are dry. But he could paint it in swirls of vital colour. He could paint in colours of a rhythm of the flux of death through life and cosmic living in the turn of death and the lake-deep blue of moons through eternity. If only he had paint and a canvas—or even a board, he could paint it. The longing for the instruments of his creation was an agony in him as the mountains changed their tone. Then, suddenly as it had come, the feeling fell.

The soldier on the floor at his feet was pulling at his trouser leg. "Hey, there. What's the matter?" he asked.

"Huh?"

"You looked like you were seeing ghosts. Or hearing music."

"Music?" Paul smiled. "Maybe I was," he said.

The boy looked at him strangely. He was a fine-looking chap, but the wonder and the scorn and a slight fear were in his face. The bone contours of his face were very like Paul's father's. But Paul felt
suddenly sorry for him. The look on his face was empty.

"Uh — why'd you say you were going to L. A.?” the boy asked uneasily, probably because Paul had been staring at him.

The contours of the boy's face were like his father's. The contours of his face and of his mind. But it didn't matter. This boy and his father could look at the mountains and see only grey rocks.

Paul stood up and let his hand brush the boy's hair. He was so beautiful and young and strong. His hair was smooth and crisp. He was a handsome chap. He looked as Paul's father must have longed to look once. The high anticipation of going home was gone. It had been foolish. But three years was a long time.

“I'm going home,” he said, “to see my father.”

To The Margin

JOY HIGDON

The castle was a huge gray mass of stone, high on the hill. Once it had been the splendor and austerity of Tintagel, castle of King Arthur. Now, a bleak gray ruin, the splendor and awe-inspiring quality persisted.

She climbed the hill, struggling against the wind, which, jealously inhabited the castle alone. The mist, rising from the sea, clung to her face and saltly dampened her lips. The mist, as she gained the peak of the hill, engulfed her with the grayness of unreality. Breathlessly she climbed upon a parapet and settled her good British wool skirt about her knees. She could see the short stretch of the beach in the cove from where she sat. It was gray, as was the ominous sea. It was gray, as was the solid hill, the massive castle. Gray waves piled upon each other and impatiently rushed toward the shore, breaking whitely against the sand. High in the sullen sky, white winged sea gulls screeched and swooped down to eat of the tawny sea weed which, ruthlessly, the tempestuous water had cast upon the shore. Upon the shoulders lining the beach sat the gulls, eating, looking with wild dignity upon the sea and upon each other. The girl stirred, and the salt in the wind stung her skin. She turned, and the grimness of the castle confronted her.

“King Arthur, King Arthur,” she thought, “Brave, noble, cold King Arthur to live in a place like this. Riding down to Camelot. So all day long the noise of battle rolled, among the mountains by the winter sea.

When she turned to the beach again, two red Irish setters were running side by side stretching their long, graceful legs with untamed glee. Proudly they held their heads against the wind. It caught in their burnished hair, and the free swiftness of the wind and of the animals were one.

The girl narrowed her eyes, peering through the mist.

And a tall man, in gray, cold mail strode along the beach.
Concerning Mr. Mundy

JANET JARRETT

Mr. Mundy lived on Seventh street. Seventh street lay between Sixth street and Eighth street which was the only way Mr. Mundy could tell that it was his street. Otherwise the three streets were exactly alike; they had the same houses and the same trees and the same square green lawns. There was no way you could tell them apart except that Seventh street lay between Sixth and Eighth.

One afternoon Mr. Mundy had nothing to do. He had a job. That is, he went to a large square building at the same time every morning and left the same large square building at the same time every evening. What he did between these times was his job. My Mundy had never figured out to what purpose this was, but it seemed expected of him and Mr. Mundy always did what was expected — except this particular afternoon.

On this afternoon Mr. Mundy had simply stopped in the inbetween time that was his job and walked out of the large square building at a different time. He had nothing to do and no place to go because he was not expected to have anything to do when the time of his job was. Since there was no place to go he stood for a long time against the green lamp post that stood across the street from the large square building. Mr. Mundy was watching. He didn't know exactly what he was watching, but he remembered that other people did this when there was nothing to do. He watched the building until he became embarrassed because it watched him too. It had a hundred blank eyes in its gray front and they were all watching him. It embarrassed him because the large gray building was probably thinking more than he was, which is always embarrassing.

So Mr. Mundy decided to watch the people. After watching intently for a long time, he found out that there was nothing to watch. They all did the same thing — not at the same time, of course, but eventually it always amounted to the same thing. They all had the same heads that were always hurrying ahead of their bodies as if they cared little for the close association. They all carried an assortment of bundles and satchels. These didn’t matter, since they all became the same thing sooner or later. It took Mr. Mundy a long time to find all this out, but when he did he stopped watching the people.

Then there was nothing to watch except the taxicabs and the birds. He didn’t like watching the taxicabs because they always went by before you had had time to watch them properly. He didn’t like to watch the birds either because they reminded him too much of the people he had watched. So Mr. Mundy stopped leaning against the tall green lamp post that stood across from the large square building and began to walk.

Since he nearly always did the same thing he began to walk toward Seventh street. He got as far as Sixth street and stopped. He thought at first that he would watch Sixth street, but then he remembered that he had just decided that he didn’t like to watch. So instead he turned down Sixth street until he was in front of the house that was exactly like his — except that his house was on Seventh street.

Because the house was so much like his on the outside, he decided to go in and see what it was like inside. He knew that
this wasn't expected of him, but then this was an unexpected afternoon; so he went up the walk and opened the door that was exactly like his door. There was no one in the living room, but he saw the chair that was like his only his paper was on the footstool and his pipe and slippers close at hand. Mr. Mundy didn't like this. They never were this way on Seventh street. He always hunted for them there. That was part of the adventure at home after the job. He didn't like this; it was too easy.

Then he went through the dining room and saw that the table was set and there were flowers in the middle. He didn't like this either so he went on to the kitchen. There was a woman. She was mixing something in a bowl. She looked a little like his mother and more like a girl he had almost known once and she smiled and asked him why he was home early. Mr. Mundy couldn't answer this because at the same moment he saw a child in the yard that was beyond the windows. He almost watched the child, but it reminded him of the birds that reminded him of the people and he didn't. Instead he looked again at the woman and at the stuff she was mixing in the bowl. He didn't like her and he didn't like the stuff in the bowl and he hadn't liked the flowers on the table and his paper and pipe close by his chair; so he left. That probably wasn't expected of him either, but it was the only thing he could do under the circumstances.

Then Mr. Mundy decided that since this truly was an unexpected afternoon he might as well go to the house on Eighth street that was exactly like his. He almost stopped at Seventh street to turn down to his own house, but he didn't. He was not usually a curious man but this afternoon he was very curious. This was quite unusual because most curious people didn't have a job. He had a job, therefore he could not be a curious person.

When he did get to the house on Eighth street he didn't hesitate; he walked right in the door. There was no one in the living room and no one in the dining room, so he went out to the kitchen. There was a man sitting at the table. He looked a great deal like Mr. Mundy. Only Mr. Mundy always shaved at 7:15 in the morning and this man hadn't and Mr. Mundy's ties were always straight and this man's wasn't. Then Mr. Mundy who ordinarily wasn't a close observer of such things saw that the man was drunk — not only drunk but rapidly getting drunker. Not having had experience in the matter he wondered how long it had taken the man to reach this stage and how much longer he could still be able to lift the bottle.

After a few minutes in which Mr. Mundy forgot his resolution not to watch, the man saw him and motioned for him to sit down. He started to decline the invitation, but when he saw that the man was becoming very insistent he sat down on the edge of the chair across the table from the man. While the man was drinking he looked around for a woman like the one on Sixth street or even another bird-child, but they were not there. There was nothing there except the man and his bottle.

Suddenly the man pushed the half empty bottle toward Mr. Mundy. Mr. Mundy jumped because he hadn't expected that. The man's eyes were on him so he reached out a cautious hand and lifted the bottle. He smelled it and as he was smelling it he looked at the man and then down at the table. For the first time he saw the gun. It lay by the man's right hand and the man's fingers kept reaching out to stroke it. Mr. Mundy didn't like this any better than he had liked the house on Sixth street. Because he was a careful
man he set the bottle down gently and then ran from the house as fast as he could before the man could call after him.

He kept running until he got to Seventh street. Then he made himself stop and look behind him. There was no one there so he walked slowly to the house that was really his. He walked in the door and through the living room and the dining room and into the kitchen. Then Mr. Mundy sat down and smiled slowly because he was alone.

Yearning

Ione Colligan

They fell upon the polished desk—
Gold bits of pollen from the cosmos.
Last flowers of the year these were,
Rescued from bleak November death
To live a weary moment more.

The pollen fell, and fell in silence
Tears in a mutely speaking fragrance,
As the cosmos mourned for the buffeting wind,
For rain to mingle with falling tear,
For the sob and sough of the dying year.

And the pollen fell on the polished desk.
D. M. Greer, Sportsman

LUCY KAUFMAN

David McCawley Greer extended a tanned and exquisitely proportioned hand to the gleaming silver cigarette box and withdrew a cigarette with the casual facility for which he was so admired. Then to complete this remarkably adroit gesture he smiled a particularly disarming smile, with only the barest trace of a sneer in it, at Mrs. Celia Haven Morsell, who after countless endeavors had at last succeeded in engaging David in conversation and whom he intensely despised. The fortunate dowager, ecstatic at being so favored by such an enviable and esteemed young man, reciprocated with an expression which might also have been interpreted as a smile, although somewhat less disarming than that bestowed upon her.

"But you know, Celia, steeplechasing is really quite jolly and not at all as dangerous as you suppose." David's voice as well was smooth.

"One must realize, naturally, that certain inconveniences, certain accidents—" Here he paused to lend his words significance. "might occur, but fear is unknown to the true sportsman. I remember in '41 Aladore was running against me. Damn good horse! I was on Run And Carry that day, and I felt sure we didn't have a ghost of a chance. Well, we got off, and Aladore pushed to the lead. Run And Carry was just behind him in second place, but things seemed rather unfortunate, because I couldn't move up. We came to the third brush jump, and John, you know, John Hollingsworth, took Aladore in too fast — didn't rate him at all. Of course they fell on the other side. Well, as I said, we were directly in back of them, and at such a speed it's almost impossible to stop a horse. Besides, I wanted that race, so I had no alternative. I was forced to take the jump and the chance that we would clear Aladore and John. I couldn't see them; neither could the horse, as they were on the other side. By the grace of God we made it, with a few tense moments, however. Not that I was afraid for myself, but I was distressed at the thought of falling on those two in front of me. A horse with a broken leg isn't a very attractive picture, nor a man with a broken neck. I've seen both."

The chime of laughter and the purr of gossip which was mewed through ambiguous flattery, as it often is among well-bred people, ceased. Except for David's voice the room was quiet. Each eye was upon him; each soul was enrapt by him, and Mrs. Morsell's monopoly had been infringed upon: Reluctantly, she returned him to his adoring disciples.

As David concluded he leaned forward, delicately flicking an ash from his cigarette. Then with a movement that suggested both ennui and intensity he covered his eyes with his beautifully shaped hands as though the anecdote had unhappily conjured up an unendurable memory of all the broken legs and necks he had ever seen.

As usual, at precisely the right moment, which was, specifically, when David felt that the enthralled group could enjoy his presence for at least another hour before the first rapture disappeared, he executed a gallant departure. "He had spent a superlatively enchanting evening, Yes, he would join Steve Gardner for lunch, and of course he would be happy to dine at Mrs. Morsell's the following day.
The heavy door was softly closed behind him, and David stepped into a darkness, pricked by the glint of streetlamps. He walked quickly down the sidewalk for about three blocks and paused before a drugstore where he intended to buy a package of cigarettes. As he was about to enter, a small man, ancient and disheveled, limped toward him.

"Oh Mr. Greer, wait a minute, will you?" The tone was plaintive.

"I beg your pardon," replied David.

"Don't you remember? I took care of Run And Carry for you. I'm the one he kicked, here —" The man pointed to his leg. "I'm out of a job, and say," The man was painfully embarrassed. "Would you lend me five dollars?"

"Yes," said David, hurriedly producing the money from his wallet.

"Gee, thanks, Mr. Greer. I'll pay it back, honest. It's just that I've gotten a couple of bad breaks. You know how it is."

"Of course," the other man answered sympathetically. "I understand."

And as he limped away, David turned toward the drugstore and smiled, a particularly disarming smile, with only the barest trace of a sneer in it.

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**Saturday Night Date**

**MARY CHAPPELL**

She adjusted her hat and stuck in the pin which held it securely to the back of her head. He would arrive any minute now, and, she thought philosophically, whatever else she was, she was punctual. She admired herself in the mirror — a nicely proportioned figure in her little suit, good legs, and dark red hair that hung loosely beneath her black hat. Under her short veil her face was peach-colored and smiling. She whirled about playfully in front of the mirror. No wonder he was proud of her!

It amused her to see him try not to smile proudly at his friends when they saw him with her. He was such a simple person! Then she began to be amused with her own vanity. It was strange that a boy like Ed could please her with his flattery; it was strange that she should go out with him. He was so far below her! But no time for this because here he was, and she could overhear her mother talking to him in the living room.

Poor boy, she thought such hard things about him, and he was so good to her! She must be kind to him.

As they walked through the downtown streets she wondered to herself how it was that he never looked as nice in khaki as other men. Maybe it was because he was big and sloppy and looked that way in
anything. It annoyed her that she took such care in dressing and he apparently took none. But she must listen attentively to his tale about the sergeant and what the fellows in the barracks had said. She mustn’t appear embarrassed at all; she mustn’t appear ashamed of him.

Seated across from her at a table in the restaurant, he watched her worshipfully. She smiled back kindly and with a little embarrassment. The food was good, and she ate steadily without talking much. At the next table a young ensign was eating alone. She noticed that he was a clean, strong man who yet had a delicacy about him. She wondered idly if he had a sweetheart and, if she existed, where she was. If Ed were only more like this ensign!

Outside it had become dark. She liked gay colored electric signs, the honking of automobile horns, the clanging trolleys, the hum of motors, and the lighted store windows. Men in uniform and girls were everywhere. She was glad for the darkness, for she couldn’t see Ed so well and his rough features weren’t so painful to look at. As they passed the hundreds of young people on the streets, she wondered how many of them were really enjoying themselves. Or were they like her, trying unsuccessfully to idealize their companions for want of a better? And were they also like her getting an evening of free entertainment and making themselves miserable? Miserable? Was that the word? No, that wasn’t quite it. . . . She really didn’t know how she felt, she concluded.

He was soon holding her hand when they were seated in the theater. The films dragged their way endlessly through the second feature, a news reel, the previews, and finally the main feature. When the picture became unbearably dull, she looked about the audience to amuse herself. It was like a dream . . . . How had she ever got into this sea of backs of people’s heads? How had she ever got into this dark cavern where all the couples she could see were holding hands? And what was she doing here, sitting holding the big hand of a boy who was almost a stranger, with a boy she didn’t actively dislike, but who certainly didn’t interest her? The back of her head and neck began to ache; her hand in his was sweaty and uncomfortable. He no longer paid attention to the film, and instead was giving her pained amorous glances which annoyed her.

She was glad to be outside in the air again. She really didn’t want anything to drink, but he was trying hard to show her a good time. To cooperate would be the only proper thing, then, she thought. Again she found herself at a small table and smiling out of kindness. His puppy-dog eyes were adoring her. She sleepily watched the dancing couples and some half drunk and very gay lieutenants at a nearby table. In the crowd she saw a girl she knew, a skinny blonde. The place was hot and blue with cigarette smoke. She wanted to be outside in the air again.

He hailed a cab to take her home. He had been very kind tonight. Going home in a cab was so much nicer than going home on streetcars. Yes, he was very kind, although so unlike what she wanted . . . . She saw that he was uncomfortable, seated beside her. Perhaps he wasn’t too simple to realize what was going on in her mind. Maybe he did realize that she was going out with him merely because everyone else she knew was gone and she was bored and lonely. Poor kid, he had such a crush on her. She felt sorry for him and ashamed of herself and moved toward him.
Geometry Of The Greek

JANET JARRETT

Men set down cubes
On the flattened curve of round space
That they measure with straight sticks
And angles between the sticks.
And this is the symbol of man's life.

Their thoughts are pyramids
That also forget the curve of round space
And become real only after
They trample down the curves
And make them flat.

Are they then to blame
When the space they have straightened
Wrinkles beneath the weight of their thought
And the pyramids they built
Tumble
As space again bulges?

Shadow Of A Cube

JANET JARRETT

Have you seen the shadow of a cube
Caught between two lights
That is five-sided
With the intersecting lines?

The world of man is that five-sided shadow of a cube.
A shadow made of paper pages and sullen stars
That are sunk in the night;
The wind-pebbled surface of water and green haloed cats
Under a neon light.

There is no reality outside the shadow's five sides,
And few are the men who dare to walk on the shadow's edges
Where the vision grows bright.
Lest they lose themselves in the blinding unreality—
In the end that is white.
Poems

JOAN FULLER

I

From the entrails of the machine you came
To sing the songs of vein-flow in the leaf
And star-life of a beauty
 Reached for with the weeping
Of children in the snow.
You sang of the blood of the rose-root
And the cosmic glow of music on the wind,
And the line of things in light
Evolving with the moon and no moon's
Goldness growing to the moon through dark
Too cool again and born again to cool,
And the soul-smell of the rose.

You came from the machine and singing,
soared.
It laughed with metal and you sank.

II

The ape in the moon
Cries tonight
And the new reeds cut.
And the earth-lava
Flows in the turf-shell
And the lidded gold boils.
Man from his fetus is formed
To build in his borning
The separate glass of his soul
And the diamond.
Rushing, surging, tough — roaring, overfed, rough. Hard as steel. The cultural and financial seat of the world; the leading port of America; Noisy, moving, ever-changing. The greatest melting pot of the globe; the home of the common man. That's New York!

Settled by the Dutch and named New Amsterdam, taken by the English, and won by Americans, this world of islands, whose heart is the rock of Manhattan, is, today, the greatest city in the world. New York is, without a doubt, the wonder city of all time. A city of steel and bronze, of brick and mortar, it has a face as hard as the geometric diamond and as fresh and gleaming as the sparkling sapphire. New York is a city of unparalleled extremes. Wall street represents fabulous wealth; the Bowery depicts hopeless poverty. Central Park is a spacious expanse of beauty; Dead End a squalid area of tenements. Wealth and poverty, beauty and sordidness, all describe individual modes of New York life. Every race, color, and creed is represented in New York, and all peoples have equal chances for success. Immigrants have played a leading roll in the outstanding development of this city, for here they have found boundless opportunities in all fields of endeavor. New York is an endless sea of commerce, industry, and professional, all manifesting the unsurpassed progress which the city has attained.

The skyline of any other city, if placed in New York, would be lost in the soaring heights of Manhattan, the borough of masts and spires towering serenely above the sparkling ocean waters, the borough of tunnels and canyons, of bridges and elevations, of thoroughfares and highways. Mahattan, seen thus, represents the image of all human endeavor.

There, in the heart of the metropolitan area the massive Empire State Building, tallest structure in the world, looks proudly downward from the dizzy height of one thousand two hundred and fifty feet to street level, and dwarfs all other objects to microscopic proportions. There, the ultra modern Chrysler Building, with its world famous spire, towers one thousand and forty-six feet from the ground and is but another tribute to the genius of human ingenuity. Rockefeller Center, a city within the city, is a modern colossus of construction. Composed of countless buildings, it houses many large establishments, of which Radio City, the heart of American broadcasting, is the predominant part. The Radio City Music Hall, largest indoor theater in the world, has the astounding seating capacity of six thousand six hundred people. The rows of anxious patrons are ever pressing towards its doors so that a line reaching two city blocks is not at all unusual. Times Square, the Great White Way, is the pulse of the city. Electric signs, theaters, night clubs, roof gardens, restaurants, automat, honkeytonks, gift shops, all blend together to make the Great White Way the brightest spot on earth. Crowds, milling, shoving, and shuffling endlessly along, all hours of day and night, create a constant World’s Fair in progress.

To say that New York is vast, is to say the obvious. To say that it represents the magical power of life and energy that has made America a living symbol of freedom and democracy, is to reflect its true greatness.
A Point Of View

JEAN PITENGER

For many years I had the distorted idea that a large back yard was a luxury to be desired since ours was comparatively small. I had gazed with envy at spacious, green lawns, edged with even, neatly trimmed hedges, with perhaps a row of rustling popular trees at one end, and carefully tended rock gardens at the other, rendering it a scene of symmetry and color; yards with rose-covered trellises or graceful bird baths.

I am now one of the unfortunate ones whose home is surrounded by such a lawn. At first I was completely satisfied with my back yard. It was long and level with circular rock gardens at either end, a white bird bath in the center, a cobblestone path at one side, while alternate lilac and rose of Sharon shrubs screened the view from the street. My yard is still long and fairly level, but most of the other pleasing characteristics have vanished entirely.

It seems that a back yard of this type is found equally as enticing by children as by birds and bees. In the fall it serves as a gridiron. In the winter it is a convenient site for a snow fortress. The spring atmosphere arouses the undying loyalty and enthusiasm of all baseball fans, and what can provide a better baseball diamond than a large back yard? Last of all, the summer season stimulates the vitality of the whole neighborhood into the eternal spirit of "Cops and Robbers."

By nine o'clock every Saturday morning the activities have begun. Boys of every size, shape, and description stream into my yard. Some are tall and very thin with shaggy mops of hair, partially concealed under brightly colored skull caps adorned with trinkets. Others are undersized, white-haired little fellows, anemic in appearance, but wiry and energetic. One loyal companion, more corpulent than his companions, is frequently compelled to halt the riotous proceedings while he mops his flaming face with a grimy handkerchief and gasps painfully for breath.

Bicycles line the sidewalk, some leaning on standards, others flung carelessly on the ground. Three or four barking, wagging dogs dart wildly from one boy to another, causing complaints from the whole of the canine neighborhood.

All of the participants are clad in their o'dest, most patched and ragged clothes. They invariably wear the customary rolled up pants and flying shirt tails, their hair uncombed and faces unwashed. The picture presented by those who are to be renegades runs distinctly true to form; the defenders of law and order, however, appear a trifle unkempt and negligent.

The game is begun immediately after the choosing of weapons. "Spike Davis", the leader of the upholders of the law, equipped with a Buck Roger's twenty-fifth century ray gun, is the envy of the entire group, while the leader of the outlaws is protected by a blunt-nosed, sawed-off shotgun. The lesser members of both ranks, for the most part, wield small, insignificant cap pistols or water guns encased in unique holsters.

Heated arguments ensue regularly and occasionally someone becomes angry and goes home, but never the whole gang until the last rays of the sun disappear completely.

Little Junior Watson sits on the sidelines hour upon hour, merely watching the proceedings, but no less enthusiastic be-
cause of inactivity. Junior is only four years old and, consequently, is not allowed to enter in physically.

Shouts of "You're dead!", "I got you first!", and "Drop that gun, you bum!" fill the air, along with a constant vocal barrage representing machine gun fire. Controversies arise continually concerning those dead or wounded, due to the constant reappearing of supposedly prostrate warriors at their stations on the firing line.

At last as the group is gradually dispersed by urgent calls for dinner, my thoughts turn to some of the boys my own age, who a few years ago were ardent "Cops and Robbers" enthusiasts, but have recently exchanged their toy weapons for the deadly implements of war. I find myself wondering if perhaps some of the enthusiasm and courage displayed by these boys might originally have been inspired through hours spent at games such as these. I decide that if these pastimes contribute such qualities, I shall gladly offer my back yard in order that they may be preserved.

Revelation In Discovery

Kitty Denbo

The green and amber patches of grass stretch from the sedate black enameled fence which envelopes the front yard to the sturdy, but well-loved back yard fence. This wrought iron guardian is fancifully decorated with sprigs of greenery and a few red berries which impart to it just a touch of dignified color and give the passerby an impression of loftiness. For it is the sentinel which stands guard against all intruders who might trespass into the private domain of liquid green velvet expanse.

Just inside the protecting line of defense, a carefree Sugar Maple has begun to display a few of its fall wardrobe selections. Becomingly gowned in russet with sequins of scarlet sprinkled carelessly at frequent intervals, it blends silently with the background of clouds, fleecy as cotton candy.

A gentle upward slope leads to the previous site of the fruitless plum tree, now replaced by a spreading rambler of unknown origin. Lengthy thorn tentacles seek new growth in their outward conquest.

A few steps to the left reveal the "Squirrels' Delight", a gnarled crab apple tree, so named because the neighborhood's furry, leaping creatures adopted it as their own sanctum. Although autumn has gently transformed this domineering patriarch into a handsome gentleman worthy of admiration, I think he realizes the chill winter snows will turn his majestic regalia into leafless boughs with an empty squirrels' nest as the simplest ornament to complement the wizened structure.

The northern boundary is formed by a row of poplar trees whose slender lithe bodies respond as slaves to their master, the wind's slightest command.
To Be Or Not To Be

BETTY HAWKINS

Personality-analysis tests fascinate me. I spend hours brooding over magazine pages entitled How Well do You Know Yourself? . . . So You Think You're Smart? . . . Do You Have a Sense of Humour? . . . Are You Kind to Animals and Morons?

Cooperatively, I carefully record my favorite color, perfume, poem, deoderant, and soft drink; my feelings toward dogs, red, high voices, black nail polish, fainting women, and clean saddles; my preference between being hot or cold, gay or morbid, brainy or brainless, pretty or chic, goonish or ghoulish.

My classifications are often amazing. On one occasion I repeated a test six weeks after my original trial — What Does the Postman Think of You? — I believe it was — only to find that in that short time I had been transferred from section AB to section BA. This changed my status from that of Jerk to Merely Uninteresting. I keep wondering if my postman knows.

At another time I found that I was unable to give several answers, due to lack of experience in the line of questioning — it concerned the degree of privacy I demand from my spouse. Because of this, I shall never know whether I am an “x” or a “y”. I would really prefer being a “y” since it seems that a husband would rather come home to a “y” than shoot craps with the boys, while with an “x” the choice is negligible.

All of my experiences with this amazing form of entertainment have been likewise highly unsatisfactory. Yet, personality-analysis tests continue to fascinate me.

Rains Fall

MARY CORY

This rain falls like powder from a fair lady's fluffy puff; It falls on lamp posts, diamonds on her dresser; Grass lawns, velvet wrappings for the lady, Now filmy, covered with this rain.

This rain falls as sand from some small boy's hand; It falls on barefoot mountains in his play; It pelts down the smooth brown cliffs and goes between his toes; Now rushing down a canyon into a sea below.

This rain falls like music to a blind musician's ear; It has a strange beat and rhythm and melody to hear. The rain is an inspiration for some great symphony; It forms a perfect background for a murder mystery.
No Military Autumn

MARY CORY

A military autumn would be a thing most truly rare,
A military autumn would be hard for me to bear,
For if a military autumn came with the frost some morn;
Each leaf would be so stately and the tassels on the corn,
And if the leaves kept up their flurly, and the tassels went on waving,
Or if the creek went right on gurgling, and the old fence rails kept swaying,
They'd be commanded to attention, made to face the guard house bars,
They might have to peel potatoes or march a million yards;
'Though the country has gone martial, and shirking is a sin,
I truly 'd rather have the autumn just like it has always been.

Winter Fairyland

PATTY MOORES

It was a cold day in December, and the tiny white flakes of snow had fallen consistently all morning. The ruthless wind had whirled the helpless snow into great white waves. These drifted about shrubbery beds and piled so high that they met the heavy laden shrubs.

Here and there were spots nearly barren, and the delicate snowflakes in their myriad design formed a cobwebby pattern of breath-taking beauty. The trees appeared to be wrapped in a cloak of ermine, against which the black trunk and branches made a startling contrast.

The glittering rays of the sun poured down and reflected a million gleaming diamonds. So brilliant was the light thus created that it seemed almost ethereal.

Hanging from the trees and eaves of the houses were literally hundreds of daintily formed icicles. Each house was a mass of snowy whiteness and seemed isolated and apart by the drifts that had piled against it. Black smoke was belched forth from numerous chimneys, marring the extreme virgin perfection of the scene.

Soon, too, the piercing stillness was broken by laughing children. The utter solemnity and beauty of the rolling white waves became a churning mass of dancing feet and sleds.

The whole aspect of the scene was so totally changed that it was almost unbelievable. No longer did I experience a deep feeling of reverence and awe.

As most pure and beautiful thoughts or things, when cast upon the fast-moving cynical world of today, become soiled or destroyed, thus it was with my winter fairyland.
The Lighthouse

MAX OWENS

Oh, the weak feeling I had in the pit of my stomach that first Sunday as my car came to a stop in front of Blue Lodge, a place I had rented for the purpose of a community church. Most of the dwellings in this section were given some sort of name; this one suggested the owner’s name. It was painted a pale blue which had almost faded to white from the sun and weather. A two-story house with a full-length screened-in porch, it did not have any of the characteristics that usually are associated with a church. Two cement steps in the center led onto the porch, not much of a vestibule, except, perhaps, for the abandoned town fire bell that rolled out the call of worship. It was understood that the mode of the clanging would determine whether the people were to bring buckets or Bibles, that is, if they had a Bible.

A door from the porch opened into a large room that smelled of scrub water, for the floors were still damp. The only protection from the cold February winds was the outside weatherboarding, but an old, freshly blackened parlor stove radiated a friendly glow. An adjoining room, that had served as the kitchen, and which still had the gas range and pitcher pump as evidence, was separated by an enclosed stairway. The large opening between the two rooms made it possible to arrange the folding chairs, that had been borrowed from an abandoned tavern, in a semi-circular fashion. At the east end of the large room, in the corner, stood a well seasoned jardiniere stand that had become feeble from the years of service and now was to serve as a rostrum, not very substantial for a young minister who was to deliver his first sermon. The music was supplied by an old upright piano; it was as temperamental to the weather as are some folks’ aches and pains. A swivel stool that had at one time been painted green was of little assurance to the pianist.

To complete the setting for our first service, Tabernacle Hymn books with new green binding tape on the backs were distributed among the seats. To us and the humble worshippers it was a cathedral; God was there.

Retrogression

CAROLINE PRESSEL

Suppose that you were suddenly to find yourself twenty-five miles from the nearest town in a cabin on Bay Talaunch in the Alabama forests. How would you manage in this modern day if you were that far from civilization? After having all of the conveniences of modern life as a part of one’s heritage, it is a real art to be able to live happily and comfortably in such an environment.

A trip to the grocery store to purchase heaping quantities of staples is one of the first essential requirements in preparation for this experiment. One must include in
this “master camping list” a considerable quantity of such things as: salt, pepper, flour, bread, butter, sugar, coffee and tea, crackers, cheese, cookies, olives, pickles, jellies and jams, syrups, breakfast cereals, milk, bacon and eggs, pancake flour, potatoes and a host of other things that come to mind as one carefully surveys the grocer’s stock.

No doubt our ancestors, who spent all of their lives under such circumstances, would scorn our judgment and flatly inform us that we would be much healthier if we would restrict our diets. But, being victims of the modern customs, we would laugh and say, “We’re doing well enough, thank you.”

Having acquired the provisions necessary for sustenance, one must accumulate the required amount of bedding and cooking utensils, as well as his own clothing, and turn to the difficult task of packing the automobile. Difficult, is hardly a strong enough word, as the task is really worse; and the results are an aching head and frayed nerves which have nearly reached the breaking point.

The trial-and-error method is employed by those engaged in the undertaking. The bedding must be packed first. After some consideration, one decides to spread the blankets over the back seat until it is fully six inches higher than before, making it utterly impossible for the small children’s feet to reach the floor. Next comes the shelf behind the rear seat. One piles and crams until all of the space is filled; then suddenly he remembers that the driver must see the traffic which is approaching from the rear; consequently, all that work must be done again. At length, the already fatigued party is ready to begin its journey to the woods. Everyone is not only very tired, but also extremely hungry when he arrives at the cabin; therefore, kindling must be split with which to light a fire in the kitchen cookstove in order that the evening meal may be prepared.

As someone goes reluctantly to split the kindling, he likens himself unto Abraham Lincoln and rejoices that this is not to be his lot forever. Already he is lamenting his circumstances — but wait! This is only the first evening, and there are still five days more to this life to be endured.

Supper is over. Now comes the task of washing dishes. Always a joy for the one who must complete it, this obligation looms more trying to the patience when it is realized that water must be drawn from the nearby well and heated on the cookstove in order for this duty to be completed. It is not really so bad as it seems, and soon the clean dishes are gleaming and sparkling in the lamplight as they await the coming of the next mealtime.

Needless to say, everyone is coated with dust and grime after laboring so diligently at the duties heretofore described; so we come to the question of how to remove the dirt. Since there is no bathroom, everyone is of the opinion that a dip in the saltwater of the bay is the most plausible solution.

Everyone scrambles for his bathing suit and soon the bay is swarming with bathers who, for a few brief moments, are forgetting the cares of the past and the future, being completely lost in the joys of the present.

The sun sinks in the west; night falls; the nearest radio, telephone, theater, or dance hall is twenty-five miles distant; gasoline rationing is in effect; only one alternative remains — retirement. Without further adieu, the household prepares to sleep. Springs, mattresses, sheets, and blankets are brought to the sleeping porch; then beds are made up. All the nine inhabitants of the cabin will sleep in this
large bedroom outdoors.

Now all is quiet. If a stranger were to approach, he would hear only the regular breathing of the occupants, breaking the silence of the summer night.

Days are passing; the outside world is slipping into oblivion; the occupants of the cabin are enjoying their vacation uninterrupted. The problems which present themselves from day to day are solved in the same manner as upon that first evening.

The only forms of recreation are fishing, swimming, boating, sleeping, hiking, and reading magazines, most of which are a year old or older; for not even a newspaper reaches this remote shore.

Everyone must eat; consequently, crabs, flounders, mackerel, and frog-legs are obtained to supplement the staples which were acquired in the city. The ingenuity of the cook devises new ways of preparing them. One day the chief dish is baked crab; the next it is crab salad; then comes crab gumbo and crab omelet. "That's a lot of crab," you will say. Yes, but every dish is so different that one doesn't tire of it.

The five days are over now, and all of the problems of living in primitive fashion have been met successfully. Everyone works hard to break camp; soon the party is on its way to the city. Everyone is talking at once of the pleasures of a hot shower, a delicious steak or pork chop on the dinner table, the jangle of the telephone, the blare of the radio, the personal letters to be read, and the newspaper headlines. All these things which have been taken for granted in the past will be appreciated by those who have learned how to do without them.

Kitchen Kingdom

JUNE ANN GOODRICH

During the summer, the kitchen was the coolest and most cheerful place to find refuge from the summer heat. In the winter, it served as a sewing room, study and game room, as its old, iron stove was in great demand after the first frost.

The morning sun had just slid over the top of the large elm on the edge of the yard, sending yellow rays bouncing through the fluffy red and white curtains. As the beams fell against the shiny pots and pans, which showed the industrious scrubbing of busy hands, they were thrown back with diamond-like flashes.

The white wall had a border of red duck and chicken transfers. There was no head on the rooster because Jimmy had broken it off the rubber stamp while cracking nuts with it.

A lace or linen tablecloth would have been an alien in this kitchen, while the red-checked oilcloth had the situation well in hand. A milk bottle, taking the place of Betty's ornate vase, was distinguishing itself by holding the long stems of the proud, honey-colored Golden Rod which Jimmy had picked for his "mom".

Against the north wall stood an old oak cupboard with an enormous glass door. It was heavily carved and looked out of place in the small white room. It was no longer suitable for the dining room, so
it was now keeping vigil over the less important utensils of the family and Jimmy's pet frog, which was tucked carefully away on the bottom shelf. The only evidence of its presence was the pungent odor of dead fishing worms and the monotonous croaking of Wilbur. Across from the cupboard stood the iron stove on a piece of linoleum just big enough for the four carved legs and the coal bucket. Maybe at night, when no one was looking, it straightened out those tired legs and rested in peace. It was king of the kitchen, and if it had had a nose it would have looked down upon the lesser articles in its presence.

All that was needed was the mistress of the Kitchen Kingdom, and she was soon to appear.

**Her Majesty**

**MAXINE DEMLOW**

Zooming through the ever-changing, lofty clouds, a Lockheed Lightning Interceptor came into view, her wings outspread as a huge eagle. Queen of the airways, she seemed propelled by some forceful, hidden power, concealed from the human eye. The sun reflecting the drab olive green wings as the P-38 made a gliding left bank was startlingly blinding.

Circling the enormous landing field, whizzing by at such a tremendous speed, the masterpiece of intricate workmanship flew waiting for a signal from the ground to land. When she had received it, she chose a long, stretching runway, her wing and tail elevators moved, and she came out of the sun, losing altitude fast, the concealed cannon and guns in her nose gleaming.

Suddenly, as if appearing magically, her retracting gear lowered. Slowly, at approximately 100 to 150 miles an hour, the Lightning straightened, hit once—twice, then smoothly, confidently, and majestically taxied up the runway. Upon reaching the opposite end, she came to a complete standstill, her motors still throbbing, as if panting for breath after the swift flight.

She possessed a non-stall wing which served as a preventive measure against possible tail spins. This wing, developed from hundreds of wing tunnel experiments, bore the large white star, the emblem of democracy.

Proudly she stood, knowing that she had extra strength and dependability, that she could fly faster, higher, and farther than any enemy fighter; proudly she stood, the result of many months of designing, planning, and testing, knowing that she could take punishment and still deliver the goods, knowing that she is an essential protector of our great nation.
Java's Last Night

RICHARD G. FINLEY

He might have been your neighbor, or your boyfriend, or just the fellow you see clattering along in a Model A Ford any place in the country where college boys take the gang home from football games. He might have been, but now he was no part of that former life.

Tonight the moon flooded the field with a brilliance known only in those far flung islands of the South Pacific, and there he stood. Behind him, dark and silent, stretched the shadow of a P-40.

His face, half turned from the moonlight, was void of emotion, and his eyes looked far away into a distance that could not be measured by miles, nor separated by oceans. The square, strong line of his chin was accentuated by a month growth of whiskers, which of late were becoming ragged. His shoulders drooped slightly and every line of his lean frame showed exhaustion. He was tired, desperately tired.

As he turned from his thoughts and moved mechanically toward his plane, the moon caught full the twin bars of his captain's insignia and his silver wings over which reposed the star and wreath of a flight commander. His eyes, now alive, reflected not the sparkle of a game well played, and won, but the sharpness of a battle desperately waged against an inevitable end. Many things had passed before those eyes, and the weight of responsibility showed deeply in them as he met squarely those of each of the pilots who had by this time gathered at his plane for orders. None were in age more than a year younger than the flight commander himself, yet they listened respectfully and quietly to his last minute instructions.

With a steady hand he lighted his cigarette, and the glow revealed a face calm and passive, all signs of fatigue having fled. As I looked, a feeling of calmness overtook me, as I know it did those pilots gathered around him.

They followed him that night. They followed him to the end against a vastly superior enemy force. Somewhere, they follow him still.

The Quaint And Romantic City

JOSEPHINE HABOUSH

Ebony-skinned negroes bearing round baskets atop their kinky heads, easily balancing their loads of fruit and vegetables, make their way across the uneven stones of the old French quarter of New Orleans. Bright-hued sunbonnets, hiding the faces of dusky wearers, add color to this quaint scene. The beauty and romance of this whole Latin quarter have made it a Mecca for travelers and a theme for stories.

This old French quarter is, in reality, a city within itself and is very little touched by the tide of industry which has made
our bustling modern cities of today. The French quarter is hemmed in by smoking factories, rambling warehouses; and its narrow flag-stone paved streets run between crowded rows of quaint old dwellings, erected, I'd say, over a century ago, and designed after the Old World houses of southern France, Spain, and Italy.

As we walk down the narrow, crowded streets, we see heavy, iron-bound doors that open abruptly on the uneven sidewalks. We open one of the squeaky iron gates covered with clinging vines of roses and ivy, and we see fine old courtyards with time-scarred fountains and statues, well-worn walks, and sometimes, we might say, almost a riot of tropical greenery. Hanging over these courtyards are beautifully carved balconies of wrought iron. The Creole families, whose history dates back to the early days of New Orleans, in their quiet dignity, dwell in these old mansions. To make the scene more picturesque, we see twisted streets named after French and Spanish governors. The old market place reminds us of a vanished past and of an early morning when the market was crowded with hooped skirts of women and top hats and tails of men, or the less wealthy in their shabby shawls, haggling over their wares.

But, alas, tourists, as well as the old French and Spanish families sorrow as the wheels of commerce relentlessly crush down the old fascinating city, and in its place is erected a modern city. In spite of all this, however, I still believe that this city where history, poetry, and romance are so closely linked, will never lose something of its old charm.

Garden Of Eden

KEN SKELTON

The large wrought iron gates were thrown open to admit the throngs of people of which we were a part. Supporting the gates were square, substantial looking red brick posts; winding back through the posts was a narrow macadam road, which was last among the beautiful slopes. On one side stretched row upon row of small, heavily laden apple trees. The coloring was so perfect and the spacing so uniform that it seemed like an overdone picture.

When at last we reached the top of the hill, we came upon a group of white frame buildings. One, the house, was surrounded by bright yellow marigolds and symmetrical evergreens. In the side yard was a bird hotel. It, like all the other buildings, was white with a red roof. One of the other red-roofed buildings was used as a tool shed, although it was much larger than the average. The third building was, perhaps, the most interesting, and also the largest. It was beyond its large sliding doors that the cider bar was located. The bar was short, perhaps ten feet long and about waist high. Behind the bar was a large stainless steel plate with three spigots. Under the spigots was a well polished drain trough. This was much used, for the sparkling, amber cider flowed like water. Over at one side was the apple grader. This was a long, narrow trough, down which the apples were run. At intervals was a kind of chain with round holes in it. The apples
of the same size fell into the holes, which were large at the beginning of the chain and kept getting smaller until the last hole admitted only very small apples. Bushel baskets were placed under the holes to catch the apples as they fell. Not far from the machine were huge stacks of carefully crated apples ready to be run through the grader. Over on the other side were long, low benches covered with baskets of bright red apples. Around these people stood to drink their cider and talk to their friends, for the place seemed to be a great gathering place. All this goes on under one red roof.

Outside we saw the orderly trees standing in straight rows, with empty apple boxes underneath them. The trees were so heavily laden with shining red fruit that they had to be propped. In the distance, over the iron fence, we could see the pretty little new houses of Arden. When we turned the other direction we were faced by a gently rolling terrain covered with still green grass. If we looked closely, however, we could see brown leaves fallen from the walnut and maples which were thick on the hills. Some of the trees, like sumac, were turning a vivid red. Over the whole scene hung a smoky blue haze. It was like leaving a paradise to leave Lilly's fine apple orchard on a beautiful September day.

Complex Wally

MARY CORY

I was told at lunch by one of my high school friends that Wally wanted to see me at two minutes after two on the second floor bridge. That was Wally all right, always doing something peculiar and very exact. I was on my way to the bridge at two, and as I rounded the corner of it, I saw that the "Remarkable" was already there. He was standing tall and gangly in front of the window looking down at the street and appearing in a rather desolate and serious mood. He turned slowly toward me as I greeted him, and without acknowledging my salutation, spoke deliberately, "If you really feel that way, Mary, you do not even need to speak to me any more; that is why I sent for you — good by." He turned and strode away. Again he had left me suspended in mid air, so to speak, over one of his uncalled for actions. After I had watched his yellow wavy hair disappear down the stairs, I sort of slid back down to solid footing, took a deep breath and leaned on the window sill for support. I shrugged my shoulders uneasily and wondered again about Wally.

I remembered the day I met him. It was the first day of my freshman year, and in a history class. He sat right across the aisle from me, and I was fascinated. He seemed to know everything the other freshmen did not know. My first impression was that he might be one of these windy, popular fellows who thinks he knows all about everything, but who really knows very little about anything. As time went on, I changed my mind completely. I found he really knew his history, he used perfect grammar and dressed well when in class. Outside of class with the "gang" he used degenerating slang and wore slop-
pier clothes than the "number one Joe." He had two almost entirely different sets of friends, the "gang" and the faculty and students in the literary clubs. He could discuss easily Milton, Shakespeare, or Edgar Guest, and was usually in the midst of the frenzied cheering section at the basketball games. He was president of the Mask and Wig club and as far as real dramatic ability was concerned at the time, he simply could not be surpassed. Most people regarded him as just one of those nutty, lucky guys who could be a playboy and make good grades in his studies at the same time. They usually do not go together so successfully.

I, too, along with the rest of the bigots had criticized Wallace for being so aggressive, self-endowed, conceited and talkative. I had wondered at his unending vivaciousness, been disgusted at his monopolising Open Forum with himself and his opinions. I had been hurt by the blunt, sarcastic way he had told me what he thought of me and my immature ideas, and his cynical laugh. With all this fact, I thought I had discovered what Wally was like, but I had not.

It was when the two of us were discussing some of our original poetry that I found I didn't yet know him. This was a Wally I had never dreamed existed. I found he was very plain, sweet, unassuming, and considerate, with a soft infectious laugh and gentle manner. I noticed his long pointed fingers and neatly manicured nails. His blue eyes had a depth and twinkling kindness in them. Notwithstanding this, I found him still pulling almost outlandish stunts, saying questionable, inconsiderate things to other people, and yet there seemed no end to his knowledge and artistic ability. So now he told me I need not speak to him — I wonder why? This was still another angle to Wally, the incomprehensible. I simply can not seem to get him lined up in any particular category. Wally is simply too complex.

Dust

MARY G. FRENCH

It was August 21, 1936, in the days when Kansas was a part of our country known as the Dust Bowl. The sun shone down on a parched and thirsty earth. The lawn, which should have been a beautiful green velvet carpet, was instead an ugly brown expanse of dead grass whose roots had long ago given up the struggle to reach life-giving moisture. Where no vegetation grew, the ground was cracked and broken. The trees, prematurely brown, swayed lazily in a hot breeze which came drifting in from the west. Birds, mostly boisterous bluejays, friendly robins, twittering sparrows, and an occasional rasping crow, sat about idly discussing the situation. No flies buzzed about, simply because there were none.

About noon there fell over the landscape a hushed expectancy. The birds stopped their conversation, and the breeze died a quiet death.

Then suddenly, as though from out of nowhere, it was upon us. The foe of the farmer, the enemy of an abundant harvest, the murderer of plant and animal life. Dust.

The wind came forth now with renewed strength, carrying with it fat,
frolicking tumble weeds which hopped and skipped along, happy to be free. The dust was like a thick heavy mist upon the earth, slowly blotting out the sun. The air had a strange cold, clammy quality which caused people to shiver in spite of the heat. Houses, fences, and trees became dim outlines that were slowly, but completely erased. There was no sound except that which the wind made as it screeched around corners, in a hurry to go wherever winds go.

For one brief moment the dust-laden air seemed to increase in density. Then, as quickly as it had come, it was gone. The sun shone down with the same intense heat on a world where every object was shrouded in death — in dust.

To Save Our Soles

MARJORIE PHILLIPS

Americans in 1943 are doing a number of things that we never did before and, in all probability, will never do again. The world is changing rapidly, adjusting itself to the necessities of a nation at war. We are beginning to feel, for the first time, the insidious fingers of the international conflict. There is a seriousness now behind the American smile, a strength, a realization of what this war means.

But let me take you back a few months — a year, if you will — to the middle of 1942 when the American public strode briskly about its business, oblivious of anything so mundane as saving shoe leather. The possibility of shoe rationing was remote indeed. One still read of the stars of Hollywood buying a dozen pairs of shoes at once, and a few other resourceful individuals managed to purchase several pairs of shoes in anticipation of the day of rationing — perhaps not realizing that thus were they forcing the government to limit the public's supply of leather.

Then came rationing. The nation gasped and was completely taken aback. Even those who had vaguely suspected an impending shoe ration were stunned at the suddenness of it. The government, I presume, was aware of the fact that surprise was essential to the success of such a movement, for had the general public been warned, there would have been no shoes left to ration in a short time.

There were quarrels and heated discussions, of course, and exclamations of dismay from the ladies, but that is a privilege of Americans — especially ladies. We soon resigned ourselves to our fate and began dragging out last year's footgear to be repaired. We hurried to the basement and sought out our discarded patent leathers with the scuffed toe, and our suede pumps with the shiny spot on one side. We polished and brushed them tenderly, and sighed with relief that they hadn't been thrown away.

Miss America, after shoe rationing, learned to buy shoes more carefully. She looked for durability and comfort instead of spike heeled, flattering slippers. She shopped for a suitable color and correct size, not for a too small pair of brightly dressed sandals. None of these things had she ever before considered in buying her shoes; but, now, when she parted with her
precious number seventeen stamp, she wanted to be sure she had made a wise choice. When at last she found a pair that was suitable for her and answered her very rigid requirements, she felt very proud of her cleverness in selection. It gave her an exalted feeling of having done something really worthwhile; and I think she decided, then, that being a good American meant more to her than did having a wardrobe groaning with shoes.

War In My Lifetime
JEANNE SUTTON

The war has been going on for almost two years now. Think of it! Two years of the worry, heartache, tears, last-minute smiles, last-time kisses, letters, day and night news broadcasts, furlough dates, rationing, last-minute shoe rush — a million things which happen to a girl only in war time.

A learned man once said of my generation that we had never known what it was to live in normal times. I think he's wrong. Our lives have been abnormal to our parents or our aunts and uncles, perhaps, but to us they are the only lives we have ever known, so naturally they are normal.

Do you understand what the girl of today is undergoing? Her male contemporaries have left their homes for training camps; her family life has been disrupted by the absence of a father or a dearly-beloved older brother; her mother is doing war work of some kind, perhaps working in a factory, or at the Service Men's Center. Generally speaking, her whole emotional life has been upset at the most important time of her existence. She is getting letters daily from the boys she used to date. Some letters urge marriage, and others merely want a connecting link with home. She must watch not only her feelings when she writes back, but the feelings of the generally immature youth. His future life may be determined by the kind of support he receives while in service, and the girl of today must realize this.

Girls in every war have rolled bandages, sent boxes of food and clothing overseas, knitted sweaters and socks, entertained soldiers and sailors in their home towns, and we, of this generation, are no exception. But we have, it seems to me, an additional burden to carry. Most of us are trying to further our education. And to keep our minds on sociology and botany or chemistry and French, and at the same time try to forget what our sweethearts are doing on the battlefield is sometimes rather difficult. I'm not saying it can't be done. It will have to be done. Men who have been in the war and come safely home are going to have a fairly good idea of "what the score is". They won't want ignorant, unintelligent wives, no matter how beautiful they may be. So it is up to us, the girls of today, to become as much as possible like the ideals our husbands and sweethearts have set up for us.
The Playground Of The East

JEAN HARLAN

I lay down on the beach and looked dreamily away to where the deep blue of the sky blended to meet the blue-green of the ocean. The sun shone brightly on the golden sand about me while the brightly colored sea shells came and went with the ocean waves. The whole shore seemed secluded, but by noon it would be jammed with people bathing or basking in the sun. The shore would be a mass of red, yellow, blue, orange, green, and purple umbrellas.

The Million Dollar Pier was now quiet, and all I could hear was the swish of waves. One could hear the murmur of waves now instead of the music which the electric organ at the pier had provided the previous day. I remembered the odor of fresh popcorn and crackerjack and the roar of the lions in the circus. Although I could not see them, I knew the fishermen were still fishing from the end of the pier.

That same evening the Steel Pier had provided much excitement with its endless strings of electric lights, its swimming, boat racing, and horse diving. A daring young girl had climbed to the top of a steel pole over the ocean. The pole had swayed to and fro in the heavens as she approached the top.

Next I imagined myself strolling down the ever-crowded Board Walk noticing the neatness and oriental look of the tiny shops. Some of the shops were clothing stores; however, most of the shops were stands selling ice cream and soft drinks.

It was quite fashionable for one to be pushed by a boy down the Board Walk in a Chinese cart. I had preferred walking so I could do as I pleased. Facing the Board Walk were the magnificent hotels with their large floral gardens and picturesque water fountains, which had different colored lights reflected on them at night to show all shades of the rainbow.

Where is this playground of the East? It could be only one place. It is the beach at Atlantic City, New Jersey. Sixteen million visitors vacation here, and five hundred conventions are held in the city yearly.