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 pic-
ture 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 apart-
ment. 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 “out-
break of popular disgust” said, “the popu-
lace, knowing Jewish merchandize to be
trash, left everything untouched.”

Winter

JACQUELINE 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 cook-
ies 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 .

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