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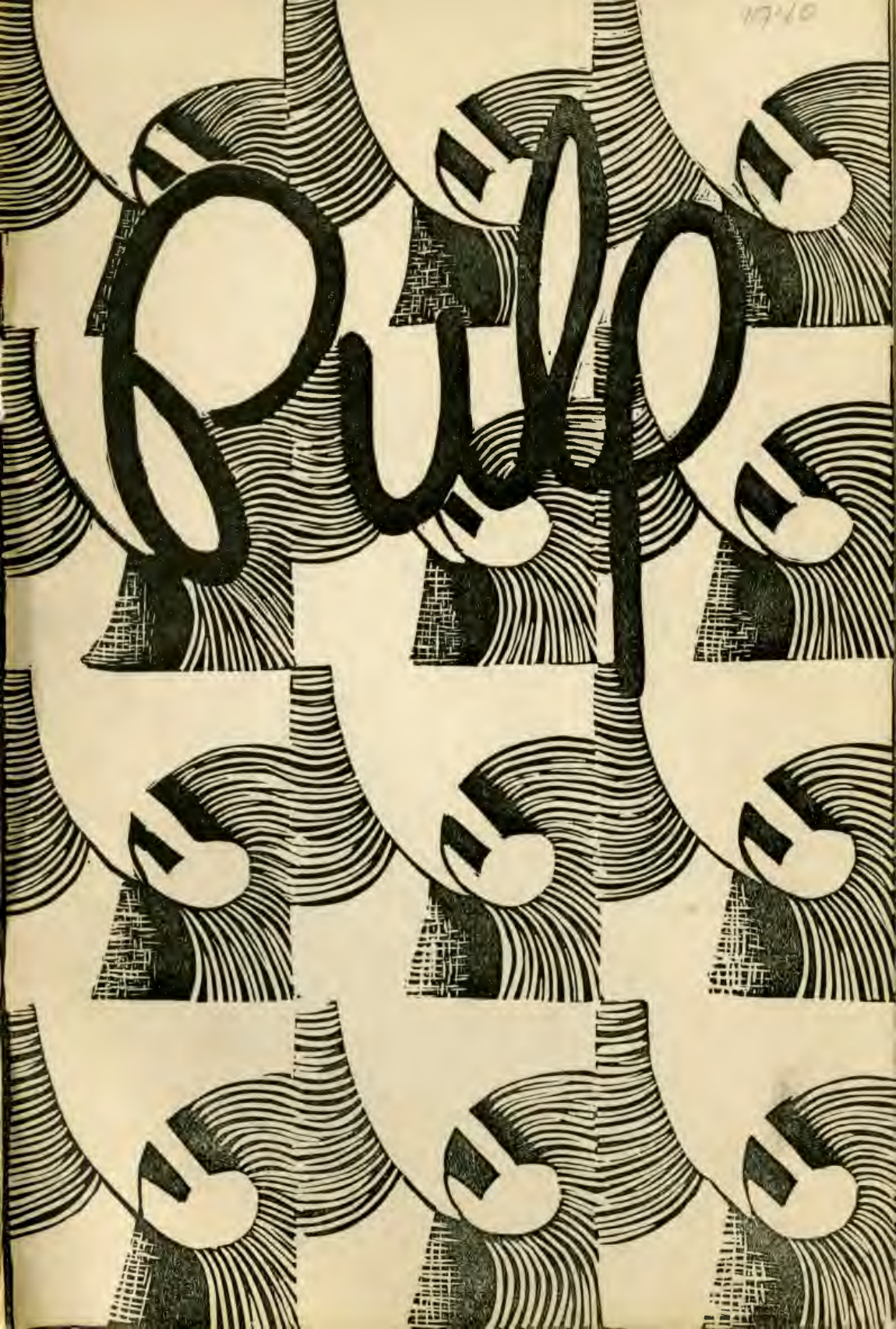
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Art work under the supervision of Miss Minnie S. Martin.

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The Red Shirt

Anne Birdwell

She sat looking at the dull golden sunbeam that was slanting across the room, suspended on dirty smoke. Always she had felt a sympathy for sunrays that had inadvertently strayed into houses and had not known how to get out; but rather, had become imprisoned by dust and had been kept there in all their silent death agonies. She had always felt a fierce sympathy for them, for when they were once ensnared by the dust of houses, they stayed there until the gold in them melted into the dust and disappeared. And most people did not understand sunbeams; they glanced at them and thought it was rather curious that sunbeams caught on dust looked dead. Then they shrugged their shoulders and went on about their work. Her husband had not understood about sunbeams.

The sunbeam reminded her of yesterday, of many yesterdays. The days stretched behind her like a dark dull necklace of smooth beads, all just alike, all the same somber gray, each one rounded out with the same chores and the same colorless people and the same gray walls. And each gray day shone a little with the dull glimmer of a sunbeam choked with dust. But at the end of the long string of gray beads of days, there was a jewel that sparkled and taunted her with its light. And she had reached back and back to try to grasp this jewel so that she could hold it once more and glory in its colors; but it was untouchable like radium and it had seared her fingers and then sparkled more brilliantly and danced provokingly back to hide behind the long string of uniform days. On each new day that rolled up to her as she did the same things she had done all the other days, she thought of the jewel that burned at the beginning of her memory and she reached out for it and tried to touch it. On the last yesterday she had made a mad desperate lunge for it and she had touched it for a moment. But today and for all the tomorrows she was here in a new place where the sunbeam was even more inevitably imprisoned in the most relentless dust she had ever seen.

A very long time ago she had been a little girl. She kept her childhood wrapped up in colored memories. Blue memories the color of October hills. She saw herself dancing across those blue yesterdays in long leaps. She was so young then. Yes, even she had actually been young. She had felt the wind in her hair and smell of the prairie in her nostrils. And she had felt herself flying with the rocking motion of a running horse. What had she cared whose horse it was? Her father had not cared nor had the dark-eyed people who had followed her father's commands. Everything had been as free as the flames that shot high into the sky at night. Everything had been as free as the songs they had sung to the wind and as free as the songs the wind had sung back

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to them. She wondered what would have happened if she had been brought up in a square wooden house. If her body and her soul had been squeezed into one tight little mold all the time she was growing up. If she had learned to be at home living in one little house instead of anywhere there was earth not covered up by houses. She wondered why she had not been happy living in houses. It was the wind that did it, she thought. If only she had not learned to know the wind. If only she had not acquired a feel for the wind as an opium eater acquires the feel of his drug. But the wind had always been there. Whispering at her when she could hear it but could not understand what it said. Calling to her from around the corner of her little plank house. And she could not go. People who lived in square little houses could not be intimate with the wind. People who left their dark-eyed friends could not return. She had scorned the wind and she had known that the wind would have its revenge. But she had loved the tow-headed boy who had stolen her away. She had loved him enough to exchange a campfire with sparks dancing in the night for a stove whose sparks flew against iron. She had thought she loved him enough to live forever within four unyielding walls. But the tow-headed boy had insisted that he have the same thing for breakfast at the same early hour each cold, grey morning. Bacon and eggs, bacon and eggs each lamp-lit morning throughout eternity. Her tow-headed husband had insisted that she scrub his house to the same degree of negative cleanliness after she had washed the dishes. He had forbidden her to dance or sing or fly over the hills on horseback, and he had insisted that she go to church on Sundays and to the Missionary Society on Mondays and to the Sewing Circle on Tuesdays so the neighbors would think she had squeezed herself into the same tight mold in which they had all been cast.

And every morning when the little house was clean she had sat in her cane-bottomed rocking chair and watched that same dull sunbeam, imprisoned just as she was, stranded horizontally across the room where she could look at it and think that it too had once lived on the prairie and had danced in the wind. She looked at it, caught in her house beside her while she darned her tow-headed husband's socks. The yesterdays stretched out behind her, just alike, all of them gray, glowing with a little dull gold stripe. All the yesterdays were alike except the last one. The wind had been whispering to her all day. It was cold and the wind had been whispering at her through snow. It had been so far away she could just barely hear it. She had strained her ears to understand what it said, but there was only a faint murmur. Everything was gray and horribly warm inside her little square house. All the drab furniture was scrubbed. The little white curtains were prim and forlorn at the windows. Even the windows were gray with falling snow—and there, outside, the wind was whispering

to her. And then her tow-headed husband came in. He had come into the house many hundreds of other gray days. Perhaps it was the gray suit he wore, or the way he rubbed his dry palms together and said it was sure cold outside. Or maybe it was just the way he stood there with his blond head unruffled. Maybe it was a big gust of wind talking so she could almost understand it. Anyway, the gray in the room pressed around her so closely she could not breathe. She had been cutting sausage and the big knife was there on the table. She picked it up and plunged it deep into her tow-headed husband's chest. She watched his neat white shirt turn crimson as he lay there on the floor in front of the fire. But he was not warming his dry palms. He did not care what the neighbors thought of him and the front of his shirt was red. Color in her little gray house! Her tow-headed husband wearing a red shirt! Suddenly it was all too funny for her so she sat down on the floor and shook with laughter. Then she heard the wind again and she gave one last look at her tow-headed husband and his red shirt and ran out the door. She ran through the snow. The wind was in her hair. She ran almost as fast as the wind. Then she fell down in a snowdrift and it was soft and she remembered that her tow-headed husband was now wearing a red shirt. She lay there in the soft snow, laughing. Her laughter was as loud and as wild and as unintelligible as is the language of the wind, and she was laughing there in the snowdrift when they found her.

The dust laden sunray was fading a little. She watched it slip out between the bars of the window. She thought of the string of colorless yesterdays that slipped away behind her like a necklace of matched beads. She thought that the last bead was red, dark red the color of blood on a tow-headed man's shirt. And she laughed again and her laughter escaped from the bars and went around the corner and mingled with the wind.

Parting

I may not ask forgiveness;
'Twould be a boon too great
To beg of one
Whose love has turned
So recently to hate.

But may I ask in parting
One tiny little thing?
Tho' I still love
And always shall,
I really need the ring.

Jack Walker.

Patty

Melba Moore

I settled myself in the middle of my bed, propped up on one elbow with my book in front of me, a cookie in one hand and a box full in reach. It was a perfect afternoon for reading. My room mate was gone.

I hadn't eaten more than half the cookies when my room mate, Patty Haynes, barged in.

"Mary, oh Mary, I've the most wonderful news," she called.

"Yeah, what?" I growled, my perfect afternoon spoiled.

"Tonight! Tonight, after the dance, Johnny and I are gonna elope. Isn't it exciting?"

"Elope! Patty you dope, are you crazy? That stuffed shirt?"

"He's not a stuffed shirt! And I'm not crazy! If you're gonna act like that I won't even tell you about it!"

"But Pats . . ."

"Won't it be romantic to elope? I've always wanted to elope. We'll be the talk of the campus won't we?"

"Listen Pats, if you're gonna marry Johnny Blake I can't stop you."

"Well, I am!"

"Don't you think you ought to wait a while? After all, when you're married, you stay married a hell-of-a-long time."

"But Mary, you don't know Johnny; he's wonderful. You know I've been crazy about him for a long time before he even noticed me. Honest Mary, I've never known anyone like Johnny."

"No, oh no, no one but Harry, Ted, Bill and a couple of dozen more," I remarked sarcastically.

"Please Mary, I'm really serious. I'm gonna marry Johnny."

"Patty, please . . ."

"I told Johnny we'd take you along as a witness, but if you don't want to go, I don't care!"

"Pats! Of course I want to go if you're absolutely set on eloping," I answered quickly, fearing I'd be left out. "I just think you're being in too big a hurry. If you're determined to elope, you know I want to go along."

"I'm glad, Mary, 'cause I wouldn't like to go off without you. It just wouldn't seem right."

"Think it over, Pats. You've lots of time between now and tonight. I wouldn't like for you to get into something you couldn't get out of."

"Now, Mary, there you go again. I thought we'd settled that."

"O. K., Pats. I just had to have the last word."

"You're swell, Mary, the best friend I ever had. I knew you'd come across."

The honking horn outside brought her to attention.

"Good gosh! Johnny is still waiting for me. I'll see you 'fore supper."

She was gone like a whirlwind, leaving me upset and unhappy. I couldn't think of a thing I could do to stop the nitwit. Johnny Blake was just one among her many loves and I knew it.

Suddenly an idea popped into my head. I remembered the boast of the "Campus Casanova", Tony Johnson. It hadn't been two days since Pats had been raving about Tony. Tony, a product of my own home town, boasted that he could break up any couple on the campus.

I dressed in record time and 'phoned Tony that I just had to see him at once.

"Tony," I said, with the calmest voice I could manage, "I want to call your bluff. I betcha two bucks I've found a romance that even you can't break up."

"O. K., Mary, spill it. What's up your sleeve?"

"Nothing, Tony. I just found a sure bet and this time I'M gonna collect off you. Boy, oh boy, can I use the money!"

"Put up or shut up," was his calm reply.

I put up, my last two dollars, and then told him my story.

"Patty Haynes?" he questioned, "Do you mean that cute little girl with the big brown eyes?"

"Yeah, you know; my room mate."

"Mary, I think you're trying to frame me."

"No Tony, honest I'm not. I wouldn't. You know me better than that."

"O. K., Mary, I promise you that if you'll be behind the big oak tree on the North just by that white bench, I'll let you hear Tony, the Campus Casanova, in action."

"Tony, if I didn't like you I'd think you were conceited. But when I take you for that two bucks I'll like you better."

"You won't! I promise you!" he yelled as he left the dorm.

I didn't dance that evening. I didn't feel like dancing. The fact is, I spent the evening under the spreading oak.

I must admit Tony worked fast for by ten o'clock here came Tony and Pat.

"Say, Pats, what is this you've got? Oomph or glamour or something? You really slay me." were his first words.

"I don't know Tony, I thought I'd turned all my glamour on for you and you never even noticed me."

"Patty Haynes! If you only knew just how you have impressed me! Why I got weak-kneed when you come near me and I just couldn't think of a thing to say and well a . . . Can't we sorta make this a steady thing, Pats?"

"I don't know Tony, I . . ."

"Pats, I just can't imagine another girl friend after you."

"Well . . ."

"Gee, Patty, you're swell."

I never knew what Patty told Johnny about her sudden change of mind. She discovered my plot and hasn't spoken to me in a week. It's hard to live with a person who won't speak to you and I can't go anywhere 'cause I sacrificed my last two dollars for Patty.

Garden Hours

I stepped into the garden
As the sun was going down,
And the perfume of the hyacinth
Was scattered all around.

The heliotrope and roses,
And the phlox and feverfew,
The columbine and lilies
Were there to greet me, too.

It seemed that they were smiling
At me as I passed by.
From afar came the call of the whippoorwill
And the night-owl's mournful cry.

The trees were all aglow
With moonbeams dancing through,
And on the grass I saw
Great pearls distilled from dew.

I found a place, and rested.
The night was cool and fair,
And soon I saw the moonbeams
Playing everywhere.

They danced in and out the branches
Of the little pin-oak trees,
And then they played light-tag
With the tiny lighting-bees.

Then creeping softly
And without a sound
A veil of mist enclosed me
And settled all around.

Lillian Ruth Harvin.

The Edge of Doom

Irvin Moses

Noel Windsor leaned against the entrance to the administration building and glanced meditatively around the campus. There was some gentle, familiar quality about it that made him remorseful when he realized that he would be leaving within a month's time to start his work.

College life, he mused, was different from anything else. There you live in a secluded world all your own, you meet new people who become intimate friends of yours, then after four short years, you return to the serious, indifferent outside from whence you came, carrying with you only a few slender memories. "The four happiest years" they were called.

He wondered whether they had been the happiest for him. When you have to skimp and work most of the time, it becomes tiresome.

Noel was a boy that some called brilliant, others queer, and the rest noble. He was a true gentleman, one of those you read about or hear your grandfather mention. He had been reared quietly, and college had been the natural place for him to go. In high school, he had always liked to try his hand at writing, so he made journalism his major and received his first baptism of printer's ink when he was only a freshman.

He was forced to work at all kinds of odd jobs for his funds and did not get to do as much newspaper work as he wanted to do, but he kept plugging away until he was elected school editor his senior year.

He had not had much time for the social affairs and dates, but when he did, he was typically consistent and always went with the same girl, Mildred Harris. Mildred and he had always been the best of friends ever since they were freshmen together wondering what it was all about. When they had been placed together in the "Fish" parade, Noel had worn a top hat and full dress suit minus trousers, while Mildred had on a ballet ensemble.

"Looks like the Prince of Wales had been cornered by an American chorus girl, doesn't it?" she had laughed.

"Quite," he retorted. Then added, "The Prince of Wales carried to a cleaning in a strip poker game."

They went to the dance together that night, and ever after that when Noel had something to get off his chest, he told Mildred. When she needed advice, she went to Noel. So natural and unhurried was the attraction that brought them together that they thought of it, when they thought at all, as a beautiful friendship—joking, jibing, feigned

arguments that neither would win, laughter and gaiety, and sudden serious silences.

At last Noel made the discovery. It wasn't moonlight, it wasn't spring, there were no flowers, or music, or soft breezes. It was high noon of a hot September day. He was waiting for Mildred at the steps to the Main Building—waiting to show her his column. She came out of the building smiling and talking gaily to some boy Noel did not know. The boy's hand rested lightly on her shoulder, and he was smiling down at her. Noel suffered his first pang of jealousy. What right had this boy to be talking so intimately to her, Noel thought. Mildred was his——. There his thoughts became chaotic. Was he in love? Why else would he be so glad when she smiled at him the way she did? Why else would he remember her so often? The perky way she turned her head and talked to him, the way his heart grew light when she was near.

The boy turned and went back into the building. Mildred smiled and swung down to meet Noel who was still staring dumbly at her.

"Say, do you have fever with those spells?" Mildred jibed, seeing the strange expression on Noel's face. "Or did someone frighten you?"

"Neither," he said, feigning laughter. "I'm not scared, and I don't have fever. I only made an astonishing discovery."

"And what has the brain child discovered now?"

"When you laugh, you have two dimples instead of one."

Thus he passed it off. But the rest of that day, and night too, Noel was dizzy from soaring to the heights of secret ecstasy and plunging to the pits of dejection.

The next day Tom Worley entered his life. Noel had gone swimming in the college pool and stayed in too long. In deep water he was seized with a cramp and was going under when Tom happened to pass by. Tom, acting on the spur of the moment, yelled for help and plunged in. He managed to keep both of them afloat until help arrived.

That night Noel introduced him to Mildred, and after that they became known as "the inseparable triumvirate."

Noel could not go with Mildred as much as he wanted to, but he did not mind at all when Tom had dates with her. He had encouraged it, really, because he himself was unable to take her; and he had rather that Mildred go with Tom and have a good time.

Noel had never told Mildred how much he cared for her. Just why, he hardly knew himself. Maybe it was foolish, he had reasoned, but he was not sure that her feeling for him was more than just friendship. Besides, it was better to be good friends than for a girl to know she had a "broke" sweetheart. But since he had been offered a position with the "Times-Herald," he saw no reason why he

should not tell her now. He had reached the point where he believed that it was better to be sure than to live in doubt that nearly drove him crazy. He now had at least something to offer her, and it would not go against his pride.

She had told him that morning that she had something important to say to him, and had asked him to meet her after her accounting lab was over. Noel had suddenly decided that this would be the time to tell her of his job and how much he loved her.

It was about time for her to get out of lab, and Noel wondered if his heart was ever going to stop playing new games with him. Sudden fears assailed him. What if she did not care? Suppose he was too late? Suppose a hundred things! The bell rang suddenly, loud and harsh, and he jumped startled to look up into her laughing eyes as she came down the steps. The sun rays flecked out the gold in her hair.

"What's the matter, Horace Greely? Get an inspiration, or did the bell disturb your amazing tranquility of mind?" she laughed.

"Neither, it merely interrupted a pleasant trend of thoughts," he replied laughing at his own nervousness. "You look witching this afternoon, fair lady."

"Most gallant of you, my friend, but you don't look witching after being in a three-hour lab, whether you are fair lady or fair angel. I still can't get over that three-cent loss on my balance sheet."

"Send for the FBI and forget it while we go for a walk," he joked.

"Not a bad idea. Shall we go the short way or the long way homeward?" she inquired humorously.

"Why not the long way," he said lighting his pipe, "I have some excess energy to walk off."

"Where did you get the new pipe?" she asked.

"Graduation present from myself to me. The other one went dead for the last time last night. Its ghost still haunts my roommate."

"Small wonder. What is this one's name?"

"Brutus."

"Why Brutus? Wouldn't Woodstock III be more appropriate?"

"Brutus is much better. When it becomes foul, I can say 'Et tu Brutus.' "

"Shall I laugh?"

"No, just smile. Suits your nose better."

"That is twice this afternoon you have poked fun at me. What have you been doing to get such ideas?"

"Merely reading the gossip column. By the way, before

you disclose your great news, I have some myself. I finally landed a job."

"Grand! Where?"

"Well, you see the "Times-Herald" decided to try me out on their staff as soon as I finish college."

"Big shot now," she said merrily. "Congratulations."

"Thanks, and there was something else I wanted to tell you too. I——"

"Just a minute. Turn about is fair play. Just listen to what I have to tell you, then you can really congratulate me."

Just then a familiar voice called out, and they saw Tom coming toward them with a book in his hand. Noel muttered something to himself about a new method of exterminating pests and was not too friendly.

"Heard the news yet, Noel?" Tom asked quickly.

"What news?"

"Hasn't Mildred told you yet? We are engaged. See the ring?"

Noel felt himself go cold, and he fought to keep rising pain inside him from seeping out his eyes and throat. "I mustn't show," he thought. "They mustn't guess." And no outward sign showed his emotion. For one brief moment he trembled, inwardly crushed to silence. Then his voice came back to him. It was slightly shaky, but the two strangers there in front of him did not notice, so enwrapped were they in each other's thoughts.

"Well, this is a surprise. Quite unexpected you might say. Congratulations."

"Gee, thanks, Noel! We knew you would be glad. We wanted to tell you first because you were our best friend," Tom said happily.

"Well—goodbye. I just remembered something I left at the building that I must get. I'll see you tomorrow." Noel suddenly realized that he had to get away in spite of what they might think.

"Sure, Noel, and here is the Shakespeare I borrowed from you. Thanks a lot."

Noel took the book from Tom quickly and started away. Blindly he stumbled down the walk. His mind had stopped, his heart had stopped, the world had stopped. Idly he looked down at the book in his hand and from force of habit opened it at random. As he gazed through the page and into the void behind it one of the lines caught on his mind—

"Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks
But bears it out even to the edge of doom—"

Little Sister

I.

Little girl with golden hair
And eyes that are so blue,
Where have you been,
Where are you going,
What do you plan to do?

You are so busy always
You never stop to say
That you are well,
Your dolly's good,
Or where you played today.

II.

Today I cut my hair—
The scissors just went WHACK.
Then Mother looked, and her
eyes
Were solemn and shiny and
BLACK
Nobody liked me without my
curls—
I WISH I HAD THEM BACK!

III.

Today we had syllabub—
It looked so good and fluffy—
But after I'd had just
one taste,
I'd had quite enough-y.

Madge Gribble.

The Mist Was There

Audrey Lee Blanton

Alden Wakefield looked from his car out across the valley to the west. He saw at a glance that the ravines were darkening already. His eyes darted back to the road before him, and automatically his foot pressed harder on the accelerator. The car roared on up the zigzag road that led to the top of White Mountain. If he hurried, he would be just in time to see the sunset, as he always did from his mountain cabin. But wraiths of a fine mist from the canyon below kept drifting unexpectedly across his way. . .

Wakefield was a man in his early fifties, about six feet tall and attractively slim-waisted. His broad shoulders he held erect despite his years. His greying hair, well trimmed and usually well kept, was blown back from a broad forehead making his blue eyes seem enormous in his pale face. His high cheek bones were made more prominent by sunken cheeks and dark shadows around his eyes.

He had worked indoors all his life. That was evident from the whiteness of his hands and face. The hands that gripped the wheel were long and slender, like those of a musician, and well kept. They gave the impression of not having done any hard work.

Somehow Alden Wakefield looked as if he moved always in a dream and saw everything out of sad, expressionless eyes.

The radio in his car was playing soft dance music. He suppressed a sigh, for he recognized the selection. It was one of his: "My Romance With You," the one that Margaret had loved so well and called her very own.

Today he had written another melody that he hoped would be as popular as that one had been. He glanced at the music folder on the leather seat at his side. The melody was written out, but he was concentrating on the words for the lyric. It was to be the best he had done.

When Alden arrived, he stopped the car and crawled out to limber himself after the long drive. As he looked out across the hills at the last faint rays of the sun, he felt peaceful and alone.

He turned his attention to the little log cabin framed against the dark pines and started toward the door. Tonight he was more tired than usual. He wished for bed and sleep.

At the door he stopped. Could that have been someone walking there off to his right?

"Probably it was only a rabbit," he muttered.

It became so quiet that Alden could hear the splashing of the waterfall into the dark pool, far below the little cabin. The leaves rustled, and the pines sighed. It must have been something! He turned. It was only the mist rising quietly from the little stream far below him in the semi-

darkness. It seemed to catch at his throat and strangle him. Drawing his coat about him more tightly, he hastily pushed the door open and went inside, closing it behind him. Everything was exactly as he had left it on his last trip. Tonight he would not bother to light the logs on the open hearth. He wished only to rest and perhaps put the finishing touches to his lyric.

"I feel so strange tonight," he mused. "Hearing things, too. Even the mist took on almost human form."

Then to his surprise he laughed aloud! Why did he laugh? He could not imagine himself laughing. The room caught the sound and mocked him hollowly. He felt strangled again, and coughed as if the mist were in his throat. Finally, however, he brushed away his strange thoughts and settled himself at his work table. Working rapidly and humming softly to himself, he ran over the new melody. He could think of nothing to improve it; so he threw down his pencil and cradled his head upon the table. Rest was what he needed more than anything.

Before lying down, he pulled back the curtains at the window and looked out. It was dark, and peacefully still.

Alden dreamed he was outside in the misty night. He was lost and knew not which way to go. He wakened, breathing heavily. He felt more lonely than ever. Restlessly, he stirred and turned wearily on his side toward the window. Through half shut eyes some movement too slight to be defined caught and held his attention.

Were the curtains being moved by the wind? No, there was no wind. Something must be in the room. Then he heard a light step upon the floor. He sensed the nearness of someone. There was the sound of a step again. He was not alone in the darkened room and the realization made him feel stranger than ever before in his life. He lay tensed and listening.

A swaying form stopped by his bed in the semi-darkness. Then, he felt a hand touch his forehead and smooth back his hair. The hand was cold and he shuddered.

He jerked away and cried in a choked voice, "Stop. Who are you?"

No answer.

"Speak," he demanded.

Only a soft ripple of laughter answered him as if from far away. Was someone tormenting him? Was he dreaming? Suddenly the laughter came nearer, sounding soft and pleasant. Almost familiar, he thought.

"Do not be afraid," a voice said at last. "You have fever, and that is why I felt your brow. You are not well, are you?"

"I think not," Alden returned, breathing more easily. "I did feel tired when I arrived."

Immediately he was angry with himself. Why should he answer a stranger like that? He realized then that the

voice was a woman's. A woman here in his room and miles away from anywhere!

He sat upright and heard himself speak in a voice he could scarcely recognize as his own: "If you will please tell me who you are and what you want, maybe I can help you. Lodging for the night? We are alone up here, you know. Has your car broken down and you wish me to drive you somewhere? I will do anything that you like, only will you speak and tell me what you wish. I feel tired and want to rest and sleep again. Tell me why you are here. You need not tell me your name if you had rather not. Just tell me what you want, then go." There was a long pause.

"Thank you very much," the stranger replied at last. "I see you are still the perfect gentleman, but you see, I was down by the stream tonight hidden in the mist, and suddenly, I felt lonely. I saw your light and knew you would be here over the week-end."

The stranger laughed again, soft and rippling, like wind blowing upon harp strings.

Alden shuddered as the faint familiarity of the sound tugged at the bottom of his mind. Feeling confused and angry, he turned back the covers and placed his feet upon the floor. "For the final time, I wish to know what you want. I do not care to be bothered any longer. Besides, I may catch cold from the heavy mist, and you may also."

"Please do not worry about me," the low voice soothed him. "We must consider you. Here, put this robe about your shoulders. I found it on the peg behind the door. I will light a fire to warm the room. Then we can talk."

Alden stood up and pulled on the robe handed to him. Worry about her? Well, he certainly would not!

"Your slippers are there too, beside the bed. And where do you think I found them? Behind the trunk against the wall!" Again she laughed. Alden began to wonder if he were mad, or if he were still asleep with some silly idea being crowded from his subconscious mind. He was not asleep, he knew. He began to rebel at the idea of a perfect stranger's ordering him around.

A light flickered at the hearth. He shivered and pulled the robe closer about him. How had the stranger found his things so readily? They had not been moved since Margaret last touched them.

Alden listened thoughtfully for a moment. Could that be someone singing away up here? Impossible! He realized suddenly that it was his strange visitor singing. Clear and beautiful rose her voice.

"I dream of a beautiful garden,
Filled with blossoms of rare beauty."

At first he was puzzled, and then he became angry.

"Stop it," he cried, taking rapid steps toward the hearth.

She continued to sing in that same wonderful voice,

"I dream that a rose in that garden,
Was sent down from Heaven to me!"

As suddenly as he started he stopped. What was she singing? It must not be, yet it was. She was singing his song, the one he had just finished! She stood between the table and him, the table where his manuscripts were.

"Get out of here," he cried harshly. "Why have you done this to me?"

He brushed her roughly aside as he strode to the table. He saw at once the manuscript of his new song was not there! He was ready to fight for it, but he realized the futility of such a course. He hated to think that a woman such as she must be would be singing his song. Yes, their song, his and Margaret's.

"What have you done with it?" he demanded.

He received no answer.

"Give it to me, please." He was now pleading like a small child. "You have no right to take it. It does not belong to you."

She started to speak.

"But you do not need it now. It is finished and now belongs to me. I love it so much." Softly she spoke and began to hum the melody again.

He realized for the first time he had not once seen the woman clearly. The fire was roaring now, filling the room with light, and he turned to see what the stranger looked like.

She stood by a chair placed by the fire. She was tall and he got the impression of beauty, though her features, for some reason remained indistinct in the fire glow. Her black hair hung almost to her shoulders, and made her face appear white as death. She wore a pale pink negligee; yards and yards of material, he thought. Why, it was like those Margaret once wore. Yet, no, that could not be possible. He felt faint for a moment and tried to steady himself. In an instant she was by his side, helping him into the easy chair, the one Margaret had chosen for him. He hated the nearness of the stranger, her offer of assistance.

"Stop it. Do not touch me. I will not have you helping me. I can care for myself," he grated between set teeth.

"Please do not think me bold," she whispered. "For I am not. You see, I came tonight because," here she faltered, "because the mist was there."

What did the woman mean? What she just said did not make sense.

Once more she was laughing, a laugh he now liked.

"Do you remember our walks together along the stream, and our pledges?"

Now he knew he was crazy. No! she must be crazy, for

he was entirely sane, only tired, terribly tired. In the days gone by Margaret had laughed like that. They had made many vows. . . .

"I see you every day," her voice continued, "and think of a promise I made years ago to someone I loved."

"Yes," he breathed eagerly. "Go on, tell me who that was. You smile at me as if I should know. Am I supposed to? Wait! Perhaps I do," he added softly.

"Of course you do, for you are that person, the only one I ever loved. The promises we made, never to be separated, no matter what happened. Do you remember now, Alden?" She whispered his name softly.

As he remembered he felt his weariness and heartbreak fade away and heard her softly singing.

"I awake with a start in that garden,
And find the Rose of my Dream;
No fairer Rose ever blossomed,
For you are that Rose in my Dream!"

All at once he held out his arms to her. Clearly he could see her face in all its beauty, for she was the Rose in his Dream. She was Margaret.

"Then I am dead," he whispered to her. "I died tonight."

She nodded and kissed his forehead as he folded her in his arms. . . .

Far below in the depths of the canyon, cold mountain water brawled indifferently over the battered remnant of what had once been a powerful automobile and the fine mist rose in long hushed prayers toward the far-off stars.

A Forest Fire

Vermillion skies
Blood red clouds
Unearthly cries.

Fleeing forms
Falling trees
Electric storms

Crowded lakes,
Rivers, seas,
Tremors, quakes.

Havoc wrought.
All seems void
Of life or thought.

The demon leaves
Path of ruin,
The whole world grieves.

Margaret Chaney.

Dust

There was a pack'd mule team
Tramping through his brain,
Phantom mountain falls
Increased the pain.
Derelict boom towns left
For desert wind and time
To sandpaper to dust so fine.
The desert is an embalmer too
But its birds soon find you.
Its sun is an immaculate
Bleacher of the bones of its dead.
Tear out that dirty brain
From its dirty head.
What if he dug his way
To hell, and screen'd a thousand
Streams, and sack'd a million's
Worth of yellow gold—what if?
His story is told . . .

Dust . . . gold dust . . .
Nuggets of neverrust . . .
Pann'd streams . . .
Thirst dreams . . .
Blistering desert breeze
Over Satan's oven . . .
Sweating mad muddy tears . . .
Waterbag empty—goldbag full . . .
Greatest treasure and most
Dominant hope was for an
Old wooden bucket
Hung to a water-rotten
Rope that dipt mossy years
Out of an antique stone-curb well.
The old dusty throated Desert Rat
Stagger'd his way across Hell's Sands
Waded mentally through ghost lakes
To kiss that cool bucket rim
With suncrack'd lips.

Reality reached . . .
The shrieking pulley sang
One more rusty song.
Refresh'd the old prospector
Lay down upon his oasis grass
And grew cold
With the wasteland's setting sun . . .
Coalescent dusk and dust.

Bryan Reynolds.

Regret

Rose Marie Poe

Kathleen decided to take a walk along the shore. She was in a thinking mood; she was remembering everything that had happened to her in the past year. As she walked along the rocky beach, she recalled her "first love." When she had been eighteen, the boy had asked her to marry him, and that same night he had been killed in an automobile accident. She had been so broken-hearted that she had done something that she was soon to regret. She sat down on a rock and stared at the stormy sea with unseeing eyes.

As David walked slowly down the beach, he saw the girl sitting on the huge rock. When he approached her, she suddenly turned, as if having foreseen his coming. She was not beautiful, but David knew that she had the most interesting and unusual face that he had ever seen. "How do you do?" he said. "I live in the new house down the beach."

Kathleen replied, "I didn't know that it had been finished yet." As she spoke, she studied his face. He was not handsome, but he had such kind eyes and such a pleasant voice that she did not notice his faults.

Kathleen and David talked a while, but not once did one's eyes leave the other's face. Finally Kathleen said that she must be going, and David remarked that he hoped he would see her again soon. He watched her as she disappeared down the beach.

Kathleen dared not look back. She realized her mistake. She knew that she loved David, but she also knew that she must see him no more. She would never leave the nunnery grounds again.

* * * * *

FISH? Fish confuse me. This sounds fishy, and you are poor fish for paying any attention to a frosh fish. By the way, we had fish for dinner. Fish are composed mostly of fin and scales. They usually live in water. They haven't any legs, arms, or hair. They haven't any shoe shops, barber shops, or beauty parlors. Yet they must be highly educated because they go schooling. Then they just swim and eat. When they're angry, they don't go off to eat worms and die. They just eat worms anyhow. But sometimes the worms turn. Moral: A little learning is a dangerous thing—for a poor fish.

Fannie Mae Alexander.

Pines: the mourners for lost dreams of a lost generation

Don't Get Old

Naomi Banks Taylor

One calm Autumn afternoon, an old bachelor sat on the doorstep of his lovely, yet lonely colonial home, in the small East Texas town of Shelbyville. He was mumbling and thinking to himself. In a few minutes he was aroused by footsteps and a voice. "Hello, Mr. Bob. Why are you looking so sad?"

The man looked at the child's happy and smiling face, then said in a kind but surprised tone, "Who me?"

"Well, maybe you're not, but you look it. Mrs. Perkins told my mama that you passed by her house the other day with your head down, mumbling to yourself just like you were then." At this the man looked out across the stubbled corn field at the pines. But he said nothing.

"Mr. Bob, the best thing for you to do is to forget your troubles; go places. If you don't like Sunday School like me, go hunting or something. Just lay your old books, pipes, and troubles aside. Cheer up Mr. Bob, you're still young. You don't look like you're up in your fifties.

"Come on, Snip, we got to get home, don't we'll catch it again. We ought to be home now with these baking powders. 'Bye Mr. Bob."

The man sat smoking his pipe as he watched Nell and her little white dog climb the long hill to her home. She was singing "When You and I Were Young Maggie." It stirred his mind with distant memories of his youth. But quickly he jerked himself back to the present and rose and began whistling. As he passed along the side of the house, the flower beds of yellow marigolds and purple and white chrysanthemums seemed to say "Hello, Mr. Bob." When he came to the back of the house, he stopped and reached under the porch and got his shovel hoe; then he put it on his shoulder and walked swiftly down the trail to his garden to hoe his turnips and onions. The birds stopped their singing to listen as he whistled. It was something unusual for this fellow to whistle.

When he finished his hoeing he returned to the front steps. Soon he was disturbed by cow-bells coming down the dirt road. He turned and saw Bill Latimer, driving his two red milch cows homeward. When Bill got even with Mr. Bob, he naturally stopped to talk about their gardens and what had been going on in Shelbyville for the past few days. Then Bill hesitated a moment, looked at his neighbor and said, "Say Bob, come over to the house tonight. We are going to have a little party. Oh, there isn't going to be many there—just a few of our neighbors—the Wilsons, Hughes, and McDaniels. Maybe a few more."

"Bill, my goodness, you know I haven't been to a party in years. I wouldn't know how to act."

"Oh yes you would, Bob. Come on over; the old spirit will come back to you before you know it."

"No, not me. Guess I'll stay at home tonight. Parties have ceased to interest me."

"Well, have it your own way, but we are going to have a big time, 'cause the Miller boys are bringing their fiddles and geetars, and you know what that means."

Bill rounded up his two cows that had been grazing on Bob's lawn. On down through the lane the cows polked, their bells jingling and Bill whistling behind them. "We're gonna have a hot time in the old town tonight."

The bachelor carried his hoe and shoved it under the back porch; went out the back gate to the woodpile and chopped wood and splinters for the night; carried them to the kitchen and put them in the woodbox near the stove. Then he went to the lot to milk old Beauty, shuck corn for his three Poland China hogs and Beck, his horse. He carried the milk to the kitchen and strained it in a three-gallon brown churn. All the time he was thinking about Bill Latimer and the party.

After supper he began getting ready, humming all the while, "I'm gonna have a big time tonight." He took a bath, put on his stiff white collar and shirt, black bow tie, black trousers and frock-tailed coat. He stood before a long mirror for half an hour, combing his hair and curling his grayish black mustache. He turned and twisted before the mirror to get views on all sides. Then, reaching up in the top of a wardrobe, he brought out his black silk high topped hat and his gold knob walking cane. He hurried out to the lot and harnessed Beck to the buggy and climbed in. He led her through the gate. When he cracked the whip, Beck jumped into a pace, and down the narrow road the buggy went, bumping and rocking along.

As he neared the Latimers' he could see a light in the front room. People were moving in front of it. Driving nearer, he could hear the music. He said to himself, "Seems like I remember that old tune. Ah yes, that's 'Leather Britches'." He hitched Beck to an iron rod near the gate alongside some eight or ten other buggies and wagons. When he saw the crowd gathered in the hall and the front room, he said to himself, "I thought Bill said there wasn't going to be many here." Anyhow, he straightened his hat and coat, put his walking cane under his arm, and took the long walk up to the house. When he reached the doorsteps, the tune had changed to "Turkey in the Straw." He could see boys in frock-tailed coats and white stiff collared shirts strut and prance across the floor and catch the girls by the hand and swing them round and round. The Miller boys were over in one corner "fair going to town," playing their two brown home made fiddles and geetars. Over to one side was Grandpa Miller, clapping his hands and patting his foot

and calling the sets as loud as he could, "Swing your partner back to the left and promenade the girl behind you." The people sitting on the benches around the room were clapping their hands and helping Grandpa call the sets. The crowd was having such a time either dancing, clapping, talking, or watching the frock tailed coats, they did not see the man with the gold knob walking cane make his entrance. He finally worked his way through the crowd in the door and on to the place where the dancers were the most numerous. The crowd was getting tired and dizzy, because the Miller boys just kept playing and playing. Mrs. Perkins must have been the dizziest, because when she was supposed to have been promenaded, she began to reach for her partner and grabbed Mr. Bob by both hands; the music stopped and she lay half fainting on the bachelor's shoulders. When she looked up and saw where she was, she almost fainted again. He shyly helped her to a bench in the corner. She looked up into his eyes and smiled and said, "It's been a long time since we were at a party together."

By this time most of the crowd had seen the bachelor and the widow. If they had not, they were soon reminded of the scene, because everyone was whispering, "Look at the Widow Perkins and Bob Miller. Guess that will be a match before long."

The widow and bachelor paid no attention to the crowd; they kept talking.

"Yes, the last party I went to was in this house, twenty years ago. Why I came tonight is a mystery, for it was here that the great tragedy of my life occurred."

The widow looked at him and then said sympathetically, "Bob, will you tell me all about it?"

"Why, don't you know?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't. Please tell me."

The man looked vaguely at the crowd of young people dancing, smiling, and laughing; he then turned to Mrs. Perkins, "Maggie, I can hardly believe that you do not know, but the night you dropped me for Jim Perkins I've never been the same man since."

She took him by the hand and told him she was sorry and that she did not know why she dropped him for Jim. "Bob, Jim never did have the fine qualities you have, though, he treated me good. Since his death two years ago, I've had a hard time."

Their conversation was interrupted by Mrs. Latimer who came to the door and said, "Everybody come into the dining room for eats." The crowd stopped its dancing; boys got their girls and formed a line; the bachelor caught the widow's hand and they fell into line with the younger couples. The dining room was lighted by a large swinging lamp from the high ceiling. The windows were decorated with lavender and black check calico curtains that swept the

floor. In the middle of the room sat a long seven foot table with eight good-sized cakes, some chocolate, others plain, and still others trimmed with preserves. At each end of the table stood a large five gallon coffee pot with steaming black coffee. Cups were stacked high on each side. Each fellow served his girl and himself. Some of the boys and girls boasted later how many pieces of cake they ate and how many cups of coffee they drank.

After thirty minutes of eating, laughing, and talking, the crowd passed back into the large living room that was well disarranged. The benches around the sides of the room were either knocked over or their covers were off. In a few minutes the Miller boys took their seats near the fireplace; the older folks that were not in the other rooms talking stayed in the kitchen and washed the dishes. The Miller boys reached behind a tall trunk in the corner and pulled out their fiddles and geetars; they soon got tuned up and then lit out on the "Arkansas Traveler." The boys and girls, including the widow and the bachelor, sprang to their feet and began square-dancing again. Bill Latimer, tickled to death that Bob had come, walked over to Grandpa Miller, who had been calling the sets and said laughingly, "Gosh, just watch old Bob. He can still swing a wicked leg as good as he usta, can't he?"

"He sho can. Yea, but just watch that widow. She ain't doing a bad job of turning them corners either."

The couples continued swinging their partners back and forth; the widow and bachelor were as fresh as any of the younger couples. When two thirty came, the couples began telling Mrs. Latimer what a good time they had had.

They were all so tired that they dragged themselves to their buggies and wagons. Some of them saw the bachelor help the widow into his buggy near the gate and drive down the road toward her home.

The next morning the autumn sun seemed to shine just a little brighter on the town of Shelbyville, but the people did not get up early. If they had and had passed the bachelor's home at ten, they would have seen a couple sitting in the porch swing arm and arm, and would have heard a voice singing in a low tone, "You're as sweet as you were, Maggie, when you and I were young."

Youth

I sighed for you
When I was young—
'Twas but a day ago.
I tried for you
Til you had sung—
Oh, Lord, that aged me so!

Jack Walker.

How to Write an Essay

John Kilpatrick

First you are faced with the momentous question of how long the job can be put off. On any evening even a novice at this game can think of six good reasons why an irreparable gap would be left in his education in at least one and probably four or five subjects if the current film at one of our local movie houses were missed. There is always the old stand-by of more pressing work or you may convince yourself that you do your best work at the last moment. Never attempt serious work if you are not in the right mood. If your wooing of the Muses has little success, just wait. There is no need to let that Thanksgiving, mid-semester or Easter dead-line worry you. The old professor didn't really mean those tough remarks. It's a cinch that you talk him out of a Wh and that gives you a whole year to work at your leisure. Practice will soon make it a snap to convince yourself. Shakespeare or Bacon or somebody said "Procrastination is the source of true culture." We all want to be cultured, don't we?

But tireless though your efforts be, that dark hour when work must be started approaches as relentlessly as the procession of the equinoxes. You are faced with a blank sheet of paper, an equally blank mind and a bottle of—what, no ink! A reprieve! (Intermission to secure ink. Probably have to go all the way to town to get some, too.) It is in circumstances like these that one's shoestrings, the music from the radio (by all means keep the radio on. I have found that a blare of music always is a fertile source of ideas and an aid to concentration), and the spots on the ceiling become especially attractive. There are four small ones above me now. I do believe that they form the vertices of an inscriptable quadrilateral. Now isn't that odd? Who says geometry is of no use.

The subjects your English prof recommended are likely unattractive. What do you know or care about "The Moral Lesson in the Raven." Everybody knows Poe was drunk. Or "Is Beowulf a Forgery?" That would only precipitate a bitter argument, divide the literary world and start foundations rocking. A nice non-controversial subject like "Spring in the Gobi Desert Contrasted with Autumn Above the Timber Line" ought to do. Put that down. Now let's see. You are getting sleepy. Should you make some coffee? Coffee is bad for the nerves, and the exact amount to drink is a delicate point. Certainly you don't want to risk a sleepless night. You had better go to bed and finish it in that off period in the morning. Remember, you do your best work when pressed for time.

Evening star shone like a policeman's hat in a blackout

The Wishing Well

Within the shadow of a mission bell
I looked into a wishing well
And held a coin in sweaty palm
Looking there at the surface calm,
Deep, deep into the well.

'Twas a night in May at the Wishing Well,
And the saying is a maid can tell
By the light of the moon on the water low
The face of her lover, if a coin she'll throw
Deep, deep into the well.

The coin clanked against the wall,
And the water laughed at the coin's fall,
And circled and circled while the mirrowed clouds
And trees and buildings danced and bowed
Deep, deep into the well.

The water was stilled in the deep, deep well
Shadows no longer bobbed and fell,
And I leaned perilously over the cement rim
To find my face instead of him
Deep, deep into the well.

Gladys Burrows.