



# The Anchor

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*Editor's Note*

Because of the enthusiastic response of contributors and the varied nature of the articles and poems submitted, it was deemed unwise to attempt place rewards. The Editor wishes to express her appreciation of the fine support given her in bringing out this first literary issue of the *Anchor* since its change from a literary journal four years ago.



# THE GUNS WENT BOOM

*Marian Litchfield*

TWO soldiers and a small boy were fishing from the river bank. Their poles were homemade; their bait, worms in a tin can. The mid-day sun was hot overhead and the air seemed to dance with heat waves. The leaves hung limply on the tree beneath which they sat. There was not even a vestige of shade. Even the river seemed motionless, for the tiny ripples had such a smooth continuity of movement that they looked painted in place.

One soldier lay on his back, his hat shielding his face. He might have been dead but for the slow, scarcely perceptible movement of his chest as he breathed. His comrade slouched wearily against the tree, his pole held carelessly in his hands. Only the boy gave the appearance of animation and this he conveyed without moving. He crouched on the edge of the bank, his brown eyes darting constantly around as he watched eagerly for a sign of a bite.

For nearly ten minutes, the tableaux lasted and the heavy silence seemed to press down around them in thick folds. Then, suddenly, a boom sounded across the water. The ground quivered slightly; the echo resounded dully from the hills behind them.

The soldier who had been sleeping sat up. The other had leaped to his feet. Both waited tensely for the second cannon roar that followed the first. Scarcely had it shattered the peaceful quiet of the countryside when they turned, one snatching the boy up under his arm, and ran up the dirt road. Their feet kicked up puffs of dust as they ran and their shoes and legs were soon swathed in it. The third cannon roared as they sped up the road, the heat forgotten.

"The fort!" one soldier said, not conscious that he spoke.

The other did not reply, nor was he expected to. They bent all their efforts on that desperate run. When they came to the fork in the road, they paused a second, and the one who carried the boy placed him on his feet.

"Run home, sonny, as fast as your legs can carry you! The Yanks are here!"

Not waiting to see if his order was carried out, the soldier sped after his friend up the left fork in the road. The boy kicked at the dirt with one bare foot and stared resentfully after them. He was only five and the sound of cannon held no meaning for him other than of a pleasant fishing trip's being interrupted. He looked undecidedly up the road toward home. Then a mischievous grin appeared on his freckled face. He turned and started after the two soldiers, his bare feet thumping the dirt in time to his monotonous chant, "Boom! Boom! Boom!"

At his home his mother had heard the cannon and dropped the pan she held. Her face whitened, her hands clutched the table. Only too well, she knew what the dreaded signal meant. For a moment she remained there; then stooping, she picked up the pan and with a straight back, she moved to the door. She looked anxiously down the road, then called to a colored girl who cowered in a corner of the yard.

"Melissy! Stop that and come here!"

With what little help Melissy could give, the silver and all the extra food—a pitiful, scanty supply—were placed in the hiding places long before prepared for them. Frequently the Mother stopped to gaze down the road. Her face grew whiter, tenser, as the minutes passed with no sign of the boy.

They could hear the cannon booming steadily now and the sound of lighter guns. Now and then, when the tumult of battle let up for a second, sounded a weird, unearthly cry—the Rebel yell.

The woman shuddered, her face at last showing her anguish and fear. She had long since given up all pretence of doing vague housework and sat staring with aching eyes down toward the river. Her shoulders shook each time the cannon thundered as though the sound beat against her slight form.

The sun was far in the west now and the shadows were beginning to gather along the

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# THIS THING CALLED SWING

*Frank Fallon*

THERE is an old saying that there's nothing new under the sun. This is also true of the current trend in American dance music, swing music. It has been proved that many of the old masters, such as Mozart and Chopin, in their lighter moments inserted little rhythmic patterns into their masterpieces. So we are incorrect in believing swing a purely modern innovation.

Strange to say, it is very hard to give a good definition of the new craze. The best method of distinguishing swing is to watch a crowd of people who are listening to it. When you see their feet start to move and their toes begin to tap, then: "Swing music is in the air!"

In every band there are musicians who are capable of putting more rhythm into a number than is written on the musical score. In swing terminology, they are called "hot" men. In the modern dance band, there may be four or five who are delegated to do this work. Staid Paul Whiteman has three men in his band who perform in this capacity. The "hot" or "swing" men have a knowledge of musical chords, and when they play a refrain, they put these chords to work. Because of their natural ability to syncopate and to accent the various musical passages, they turn out a more rhythmical and danceable music. The correct term for such embellishing is *improvising*.

Swing music was really born down on the levees in New Orleans and at the southern campfire meetings. Here groups of negro musicians, who knew nothing of the fundamentals of music, would play their spirituals and, in many cases, their own compositions. Each one would take his turn at "swinging" a refrain. Some of these meetings were held on streets in New Orleans; and in every dance band library of today, there are tunes named in honor of these streets. For instance we have *Basin Street Blues*, and *The Beale Street Blues*.

Colored bands, such as those of Duke Ellington, Cab Calloway, and Chick Webb, have always played swing music—even as

far back as fifteen years ago. Negroes are the best exponents of this rhythm and it is the only type of dance music that they can play, and play correctly. Louie Armstrong is the most famous of the negro trumpet players. White musicians idolize him and more of this man's recordings have been bought than those of any other individual.

Paul Whiteman was the originator of having music so arranged that each band would be able to play a tune differently and in its own style. Today every band has three or four arrangers, and in this way no one band plays a tune in the same manner as another. Guy Lombardo and Benny Goodman each has his style brought out by means of these special arrangements.

In the white bands, the person really responsible for keeping swing alive is Glen Gray with his Casa Loma Band. This, in my estimation, is the finest all-round dance band ever to be found in American danceland. Its symphonic arrangements of popular slow music, and its swing arrangements of *Studies in Brown* and *Dipsy-Doodle* stamp it as the finest and the most danceable band in the country.

Benny Goodman, of course, is credited by many for having created swing music, but this is erroneous. Goodman realizes that negro musicians are the best dispensers of this type of jazz; therefore he has two or three of them in his band. This is unique and shows that no color line is drawn in music. He even ushered Teddy Wilson and Lionel Hampton, two negro musicians, into the heart of the southern belt—in fact, to the Dallas Exposition in Texas—and the Southerners roared their approval!

Because Columbia University has started a course in this trend in American music, and because Columbia Broadcasting System devotes a half-hour program every Saturday night to this thing called swing, even the most conservative musicians agree that it is definitely a part of American music. Benny Goodman gave a Swing Concert in Carnegie Hall a few nights after Josef Hofmann, now



celebrating his fiftieth anniversary on the concert stage, gave a memorable anniversary performance of the works of Brahms and Chopin, in the same Carnegie Hall.

Through Cole Porter, Andre Kostelanetz, and the immortal George Gershwin, American dance music, because of skillful arrangement, has really reached the symphonic stage. Such numbers as *Night and Day*, by Cole Porter; *Rhapsody in Blue*, and "Summertime" from the score of *Porgy and Bess* by Gershwin; and the recent hit, *In the Still of the Night*, have actual symphonic leanings and are a far cry from the "Honky-tonk" jazz of post-war days. Andre Kostelanetz on his Wednesday radio programs arranges many of the current dance tunes, and it is hard to distinguish them from the classical numbers that follow them. Meredith Wilson and Frank Black, musical directors for the national radio chains, play these symphonic dance tunes and

agree that American dance music has reached a high plane.

Some people wonder why dance band leaders have gone to the classics in order to find their dance arrangements. Well, Tommy Dorsey became tired of the ordinary dance tunes and so now he is swinging such ones as *Dark Eyes*, *Liebstraume*, and the "Bacarelle" from *Tales of Hoffmann*. The swing bands of today can "swing" anything from a negro spiritual to an Hungarian dance.

The best exponents at present are Red Norvo and Mildred Bailey, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Glen Gray, Andy Kirk, Cab Calloway, Bunny Berigan, and last, but surely not least, Louie Armstrong.

The conquest of America by "swing" has been a rather breathless phenomenon; in fact many of our conservatives are still panting. However, those who are inclined to disapprove should regard "swing" as it is accepted by its admirers—simply as a means of harmless gaiety.

## Imprints

*Catherine M. Curran*

HE picked up  
the bleeding rose bud  
Its heavy drops clung  
to his palms  
And rested there—  
Then slowly rolled  
Into the open-mouthed  
blades of grass below  
Transfiguring them  
Into garnet sorceresses  
Dancing in the lull  
Of the winds  
  
Warm, lazy fingers  
Moving among  
the baby leaves of grass  
Warm, lazy fingers  
Digging into the wet earth  
And feeling akin to it  
Warm, lazy fingers  
Reaching to grasp the  
drippings of a cloud  
Warm, lazy fingers  
With cool winds playing  
among you  
You are like unto earth—  
enchanted  
On the verdant path—

Fumbling as the child  
with blocks of earth,  
Dancing as a youth  
with gilded feet  
and careless mind—  
Treading as the man  
pushing aside  
the grasses and cobbles,  
strewing the way  
with the seeds of his mind—  
Stumbling as the aged sire  
with a smile upon his lips  
and dead weeds  
in his knarled hands—  
The end of the twisting path  
Vistas of light  
over all  
Knocking, knocking  
Will it be opened unto him?  
  
Whispered prayer  
Silent plea  
Living dream—  
All, fingers of  
mental inquisience  
Grasping velvet ends  
Beyond reach

# OLD HOUSE

*Mary G. Munson*

IT was eleven-thirty of a dark cloudy night in late autumn. As he approached the gate of the old Wetherby house on his way from a visit with congenial friends, the Passerby stopped to search the sky. He hoped that he might find an encouraging sign that the impending storm would not break until he reached the shelter of his lodgings.

As he carried his glance once more earthwards after looking in vain for some friendly star, he was struck by the dejected desolate sight the old house made that night. Driven by some unknown impulse, he stopped to watch the shutter as it banged against an upper window and to notice the feeble light in the hall, flickering mysteriously through the darkness.

Inside the house, a slender woman with a despairing expression on her drawn harassed face, slowly and quietly closed a door in the upstairs hall. Blindly she made her way downstairs and into the long living room. Although the Angel of Death had but a few minutes before entered that house and triumphantly borne away the soul of her husband, her eyes were free from tears. The agony and torture that they reflected had not yet known the blessed respite that only tears can bring.

Crossing the room with the rapid physical movement that people are wont to assume when desiring to flee some mental pain, the woman finally came to a stop before the large stone fireplace which dominated one of the walls. She stood there for several moments looking into the fire. Her fixed stare told the jumping flames, better than words, the state of turmoil in which her mind was constantly revolving. It would light on one thought for a fraction of a second, then on another, and finally would dash on to a million thoughts all at once in an effort to find that blessed exit, the thought which says, "You are only dreaming; all this is not true."

But this outlet was denied her. She could not think even for an instant her husband's death but some monstrous deed of her imagination. She had been in the room when he had breathed his last breath; she had drawn the covering with her own hand when she

had at last assured herself that all that was eternal in her husband had left the mortal husk behind.

As she stood there, dry-eyed and hopeless, the woman suddenly took notice of the four numerals cut into one of the great, gray stones that surfaced the fireplace.

Seventeen ninety-eight, they said. The numbers had been there as far back as she could remember. She had been proud of them in an impersonal sort of way. She had often called them to the attention of her friends, telling them that 1798 was the year in which the old house had been built. This house was none of those characterless dwellings that grow up like mushrooms in the modern industrial world. It had a history.

"This old house has a history."

Somehow thinking of this the woman's mind suddenly seemed to stop its futile locomotion. It was as if a brake had been applied gently, but steadily. Thinking of its history made the old place almost come alive. Attributing to it a human characteristic, a history, made it human. It seemed to speak in a soothing caressing voice—

"I understand. I have been here for over a century. I have witnessed deaths and times of great sorrow. My inhabitants have many times thought as you do now. They have thought that their world had come to an end. Still, I am here. I have seen great griefs blossom into quiet sorrow and finally bloom into happy remembrance. Death comes only that mortals may find a happier life. When everything is over, I shall still be here. You can come back and by caring for the scenes of your happiness, in the things that do not die, you will forget your sorrows."

The woman laid her head on the mantle when the old house ceased to speak. Hope shining through in spite of the tears in her eyes, she gently patted the wall with her hands as if to say, "Dear old house, you *do* understand."

When the Passerby felt a drop on his face, he knew it was only that the threatened rain had come; but fantastically enough, it seemed as he watched, that the house was shedding gentle tears in an effort to sympathize with a close, sorrowing friend.



# TOWARD PARNASSUS

(In moods of Kipling, Omar Khayyam, and Wilde)

Joan Coffey

## Gunga Din Speaks

QUIET now, for once it seems;  
'Ard the bed, but sweet the dreams,  
Water's pourin' free an' there's no one call-  
in' "Din!"

But if I move or waken  
Ev'ry bone will be a achin'  
An' I'll 'ear their voices whisper for me, cry-  
in' "Din!"

Now the captain's mumblin' "'ere."  
Some one cries, "For God's sake, rear!"  
A moanin' where this bhisti should 'ave been  
With all that runnin' round  
An' death at ev'ry sound  
Luggin' water at the call of Gunga Din.

"I 'ear 'Din! Din! Din!  
You limpin' lump o' brick-dust, Gunga  
Din!  
Hi! slippery hitherao!  
Water, get it! Panee lao!  
You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din!"

Pourin' water that is green  
In a dyin' man's canteen  
In an idle moment pickin' out the things that  
float,

But when it comes to fightin'  
It's runnin', Gawd, like lightnin'  
An' I'll pour it thick and quick in 'is gaspin'  
throat.

Whizzin' past a dyin' man  
Drillin' me the while I ran  
This thing came to get in what they call my  
spleen.

An' now I'll be a pourin'  
Clear water for the roarin'  
In armies that'll not be servin' of a queen.

## After "The Rubaiyat"

I am blood of a soldier whose repose  
Is made calm and sweet by breath of a rose;  
I bloom loyal and brave as was the man  
Whose blood through root and stem and petal  
flows.

I am the Hyacinth in all my blue  
Matching the heaven and glistening with dew;  
Falling from a sweet maiden's last bouquet  
A thousand years ago—a day or two.

I am the tomorrow that never came  
To you—you saved the wick, time snuffed  
the flame:  
Live, and love, and learn—for there may not  
be  
A flame—then wick or none is all the same.

## After "The Ballad of Reading Gaol"

I AM the flow'r that blooms unasked  
Upon a prisoner's grave,  
That sways with whitest purity  
O'er a soul that men won't save;  
O'er a soul that can't be buried  
In earth's dark, dreary cave.

And in the earth that gave me birth  
Is dark loam full of bone,  
Cast there with living things it lies,  
For some men won't condone  
And some men can't forgive a sin  
Unless 'tis theirs alone.

Above his unmarked grave bloom I,  
Above his sin that I atone.  
Above the land they would not sow,  
A wild thing I bloom unknown;  
For so grows good amidst all sin,  
All sin of man that's sown.

## “DEAR TED--”

. . . and Ted, I was so much impressed by your enthusiastic praise of *Northwest Passage* that I finally took the time to read it, and I will say that I certainly do not consider a single minute of the reading time lost. To say that I was interested in it would be putting it mildly. “Submerged” would be a better word, for it gripped and held my attention throughout.

You know, Ted, I had the same impression about Major Robert Rogers that you said you had, for he seemed so vivid—so remarkably and consistently vivid—that I was continually pausing in my reading trying to think of someone whom I know like him. It was queer how elusive the thought was, and my failure to associate anyone with him left me vaguely disturbed, for I felt that I ought to know such a person.

I was extremely pleased by the characterization of Rogers. There was something magnificent about his driving, unquenchable spirit that manifested itself so intensely at times that it was almost terrifying in its grim finality and certainness of purpose. I was thinking especially of the march back from St. Francis when his sheer power of will to succeed kept his starving army of scarecrows ever moving towards an almost hopelessly distant haven of safety. And when they arrived there to find, by some quirk of fate, the life-giving food that should have been there gone, the situation seemed hopeless.

As the weak and exhausted men lay inert upon the ground, Rogers, the indomitable leader that he was, once more forced them to action, and showed them how they might obtain a small amount of food by digging for certain edible roots, while he himself built a raft to go down river for help. Finally, after heart-breaking effort, the wobbly raft was launched, and with three men aboard, floated down the river for a few miles before it was broken up by a water-fall.

Again Rogers drove the two men to build a new one, and at long last they reached the fort, to discover that the officer in charge was

reluctant to send food up-river to Rogers' men. Here it was that Rogers, completely exhausted, hardly able to remain upright, made the statement that reveals more than pages of description his marvelous qualities of leadership, loyalty, and courage. Raging, he turned to the officer and said, “Those men of mine are going to be fed, or by God I'll raid every house in the settlement!”

Well, Ted, I suppose it is only a story, but somehow as I was reading, I seemed myself to be living the story, actually present and taking part in the action, and although you didn't say so in your last letter, I have the impression that you felt the same. Did you?

Of course we both know that in reality we are giving praise to the author of the book, but it always seems a little more fun to treat the characters as though they were real. It adds something to the interest in a discussion to be able to praise or censure a character rather than the writer, I think.

This book aroused in me an interest in the frontier days, and at the first opportunity I read *Drums Along the Mohawk*. In my opinion that book does not compare with the first, for it is merely a historical narrative in the strictest sense of the expression, and does not have the principal characters so well or so carefully portrayed as does Mr. Roberts'. However, I know that you are more than ordinarily interested in American history and, in spite of my prejudices, I shall recommend this book for you, because of the different presentation of the colonial attitude toward the war with Great Britain. For the first time, I was shown the reluctance to fight for “freedom” that the already over-worked colonists had.

I'll stop now, Ted, for I don't want to spoil the story for you! And I'll be expecting another letter from you next week, perhaps after you have read *Drums Along the Mohawk*.

Your friend,  
*John St. Lawrence*



## IN MEMORIAM

*Albert Cohn*

BENEATH the roof of one of the small cottages in the unpretentious summer colony of Pine Beach, a bridge game was in progress. Around the table sat the large-faced, strikingly silver-haired Mrs. Ralston; her youngest daughter Edna in a red cotton halter and wide, navy blue slacks of terry cloth; Mrs. Lewes, a small woman of inquisitive habits; and Mrs. Creamer, the rather reserved hostess. About Mrs. Ralston's lips, which, like her daughter's, were heavily coated with cherry red paint, was a determined line that frequent sociable smiles and hearty laughs failed to dispel, and that stamped her as the dominating member of the group.

"Your hand, dear!" she stated autocratically checking her opponent's absent-minded attempt to lead from the dummy. Mrs. Creamer hastily excused herself, sighed, and threw down a card, instantly announcing that she shouldn't have played it.

"Sorry." Mrs. Ralston crammed into the tone of the word, "You've spoken too late, my dear," and swept in the trick. "Let me see, you're set two. And honors? I beg your pardon—I held the king." She turned to her daughter who was marking the score. "Simple honors, Edna."

Mrs. Lewes fumbled the deck. Though passionately fond of all manner of card games, she had never learned how to shuffle the pasteboards. While waiting for the cards to be dealt, Mrs. Ralston assumed an expression of infinite sadness. "I have to go up to town to-morrow. It's the twenty-sixth. My poor Lola's (may she rest in peace) birthday."

While the others also changed their expressions to sympathetic condolence, Mrs. Lewes, who was as yet unacquainted with the Ralston family history, looked inquiringly at the speaker. "My eldest daughter," explained Mrs. Ralston, her ample bosom giving an eloquent heave. "She died seven years ago. I visit her grave every year now, on her birthday. She would have been twenty-nine to-morrow."

"Oh, Mrs. Ralston! How too, too sad!"

exclaimed Mrs. Lewes, shaking her head sombrely, and trying to extract all the drama possible from the moment. She gazed at the cards she had finally managed to deal, and felt reluctant to pick them up. A blight seemed to have fallen over the table.

Mrs. Ralston, however, with a dim, wistful look in her eyes, said, "Two spades."

The next day was of the fretful grey kind that is punctuated with sudden showers of uncertain duration. Mrs. Ralston rose early and dressed with care. Edna, with a worried eye on the sprinkled window-pane, suggested that her mother put off the pilgrimage till the following day. "Your neuralgia will begin to bother you again if you linger in that wet cemetery."

Mrs. Ralston, looking into her mirror, was satisfied with the effect she had achieved, and replaced the rouge puff. Then she turned to her daughter who was sitting up in bed among disarranged blankets. "This is the twenty-sixth! Even if hailstones were to fall, I would not fail my dear Lola (may she rest in peace) to-day."

Edna shrugged her shoulders. "To-morrow may be fair. I don't see why you couldn't go then, just as well. I'm sure Lola would look at it in the same way if she were here."

A transparent film covered Mrs. Ralston's eyes. "My poor Lola." She picked up her handbag, and tucked into its outside pocket a scented handkerchief. "I hope the florist has pink snapdragons. Lola was so fond of pink snapdragons. They look so pretty against her tablet."

Mrs. Ralston's married daughter who lived in town drove her and the snapdragons to the gate of the cemetery. "I'm coming back for you in an hour," she told her already sobbing mother. "As soon as I finish my shopping downtown."

"Not so soon," moaned Mrs. Ralston.

"This is just the drizzly sort of day that will give you rheumatism," her daughter said firmly, and drove off. Mrs. Ralston watched her disappear. A sister to Lola. Sisterly love. She thought of herself. She, the



mother. There was nothing so great, so all enveloping and sensitive as a mother's love. She picked her way amid the stones, some large and ornate, others chaste in design and unostentatious. Over Lola's modest tablet a small bit of ivy was growing. Mrs. Ralston tenderly laid a pot of blossoming snapdragons on the mound. Then she brushed the ivy leaves aside so that she might re-read the engraved inscription. The words swam helplessly and were drowned in her flood of tears. The pernicious drizzle filling the air, fattened into pelting raindrops. But Mrs. Ralston did not even know it was raining. Her grief was too intense.

The married daughter, true to her word, returned in an hour. Mrs. Ralston pleaded for more time, but her daughter was adamant, and finally the weeping woman allowed herself to be dragged away.

She was taken to her daughter's flat. By now she had nearly reached a state of exhaustion, and was led to a daybed where, after divers soul-tearing sighs, she fell asleep.

When she awoke two hours later, she was offered tea and sandwiches. But Mrs. Ralston could not eat. She had no appetite. She felt listless. She could only think and talk of what poor Lola (may she rest in peace) had missed.

Seven years had passed since Lola's death, and Time, that alleged great healer, had had its way with the married daughter. She could think of her departed sister with regret, and yet not be so affected as to be rendered helpless. At the moment she was busy arranging her living-room with more care than was usual. "The Hartleys and Jelberths are coming over to-night. We're having two tables of bridge."

"Oh?" Mrs. Ralston sat up and surveyed the room. "Shall you play for prizes or money?"

"Money, of course."

Mrs. Ralston took out her compact and began repairing her complexion. "What are you serving?"

"Oh, just drinks. And maybe fruit salad or cheese sandwiches. We've made a rule not to fuss too much."

Mrs. Ralston held up her rejuvenation work. "Why not let me make that ice-box cake for you? It's so easy. And they'll love

it. Whip up some cream for me, will you?"

Her daughter agreed. In fifteen minutes Mrs. Ralston had done the cake and was making a special filling for sandwiches. As she worked, her spirits revived. "I wonder," she said, as she mashed some sardines, "if I can get back to the Beach in time to sit in at our bridge game. We play every night down there you know."

"I'll drive you down as soon as you finish, if you wish," said the daughter.

The game had just begun when she arrived. Mr. Creamer, an unenthusiastic fourth, gladly gave up his hand to her.

"Mrs. Ralston!" exclaimed Mrs. Lewes, "what a day you must have had! You feel all washed out now. Yes?"

Mrs. Ralston sighed, and played a card. "I was drenched," she said slowly and distinctly. "Not just wet, you understand. But drenched. I must have stood like a statue over that poor child's grave from the minute I got there until the time my daughter pulled me away.—You should have finessed on that first round, Edna.—I can't begin to explain to you how I felt, so near to her, and yet so far away. I tell you, Mrs. Lewes, there's nothing like a mother's love."

"Ah," Mrs. Lewes agreed, nodding, "true. Too true."

"But I'm glad I went," continued Mrs. Ralston. "I feel different now. Satisfied, in a way.—My dear, that was a very foolish play. You should have known that the ace hadn't been played.—It's such a sight to see all those cold stones, and to know that under them lie the remains of people who—*Please*; that was my ten. Play from the strongest to the weakest. It's an excellent rule; I've told you more than once. There! You see! We've lost a trick. That was a stupid play. We could have set them. As it is . . ."

## Coquette

Jean Hinman

I FEIGN surprise  
As thy revealing eyes  
Gaze into mine;  
Then, with soft sighs,  
Drop my disguise,  
To thee resign.

*Pasture Graveyard**Eleanor H. Crandall*

SO many years have passed this little plot,  
Who knows where pasture is, and graves  
are not?

The cows have cropped the rank grass close,  
In careless labor trod the broken rows.

Only one or two graves they could not reach,  
Pathetic ones of half a coffin each.

If ever railing served to keep the cows  
away,

Oh, long ago it crumbled to decay,

Mixed iron with bone, and bone succumbed  
to hours

Along with weeds and monumental flowers.

Killdeer came, and at a headstone's base  
Brought life to being, over death's bald face.  
Surely the dead would welcome sea-birds  
here

Where captains lay, loving the screaming fear;  
Surely they dreamed of ships long since that  
plied

Their final voyage on an ebbing tide.

But, death-defiant, killdeer claimed one stone  
As nesting-place; young birds, brothers to  
bone,

Were playmates to the impregnable rock,  
until

They yearned sea-ward, with a young boy's  
will.

So many years have passed this little plot,  
Who knows where pasture is, and graves are  
not?

The sun has blistered even deep as root;

Nothing but lichen clothes the sandy foot

Of graves. Forgotten fathers of a race,

Neglected sires and sons of yesterday,

Know that whatever be the resting place,

Your names are moulded in New England  
clay.

*From an Irish Pipe**Dorothy McElroy*

COME down to the woodland at even',  
Mavourneen,

But oh, step it lightly, Macushla, my own,

An' I'll pipe ye a tune

Till the lingerin' moon

Once more by the first smile of dawn is out-  
shone.

Come out while the dew's on the hillside,  
Mavourneen,

Come out 'ere the mist o' the mornin' has  
flown,

An' beneath Erin's sky,

Shadow-grey like your eye,

I'll whisper the secret your heart has long  
known.

*Triad**Jean Feder*

TRANSPLANTED—

One deep-rooted Buckeye.

The growing tree was dug

And transplanted, watered, fed:

But thrived it not;

Its roots were still embedded.

\* \* \*

I dreamed that Pegasus

Came to me

And offered me his wings.

He lured me with his promises

Of seeing a thousand things.

And while I pondered deep

I thought

Of where I'd like to roam.

But after all, I refused his wings

And decided to stay at home.

\* \* \*

DAY gathers her sun to her bosom

And graciously says good night.

She slips away from half the world;

But half she puts in light.



# POPLARS

*Sylvia Kniznik*

- CHILD: Sister, won't you come upstairs a minute? I want to talk with you.
- SISTER: I'm busy, dear. Won't it wait until tomorrow? Or is it about what to wear to school?
- CHILD: No. But please come up. I want you.
- SISTER: Just a moment.  
(She goes upstairs)
- SISTER: Now, what's the matter?
- CHILD: (Lips quivering) I don't know, but I feel as though I were dying.
- SISTER: (Alarmed). Why, how do you mean? Do you have a pain? Does something hurt you?
- CHILD: No, sister, I just feel that I am dying slowly and I cannot help myself. I have no pain that I can locate.
- SISTER: (Puzzled) Well, is it your mind, then? What's wrong? Did something troublesome occur at school? Have you been reading too much?
- CHILD: No—(Sobbing) I—I can't help it. Everything's mixed up and different—and what I had isn't mine any more and there isn't anything beautiful left and Mother is sick.
- SISTER: But I don't understand, dear. Mother is feeling better today. She'll soon be out of bed and having tea with you downstairs every afternoon when you've come in from school. You must not worry yourself about her. Try not to be depressed any more, dear. Have you said your prayers?
- CHILD: (Quietly in a brooding voice) I tried to—but somehow I did not get far. I had to stop. I couldn't finish—. (She weeps silently.)
- SISTER: (Sitting on edge of bed) You haven't told me the real cause of your weeping now, have you? Please do. You know I always try to understand and—but this evening you are puzzling me.
- CHILD: Well, it's just—
- SISTER: Yes, please tell me.
- CHILD: It's just—that I've lost my poplars and I shall miss them so!
- SISTER: Oh, my dear! But I had no idea they meant so much to you. And when Dad spoke of selling the land—
- CHILD: It's not only that—I didn't guess it would be so hard. I didn't want to spoil it—when I knew it meant so much. I knew Dad hated to let it go, too. But I hate so to lose—
- SISTER: Look now, you're not really losing them. They will always be there for you to look at—.
- CHILD: But not from my window. The new house, that ugly, new thing, will hide them and I shall never be able to talk to them again.
- SISTER: Talk to them!
- CHILD: Yes, didn't you ever talk to the poplars?
- SISTER: Why no—I loved to watch them but—
- CHILD: Well I used to talk with them. All my thoughts, beautiful or ugly, I used to tell the poplars. They always understood. We had such pleasant hours together. Don't you remember—
- SISTER: (Gently and humbled) I never realized that you were like this—I thought you preferred your bike to books. I had an idea that you never stopped to think much. Stop crying please, dear. It hurts to hear you sob. Now, listen. You're not losing your poplars. You'll never lose them. God put them there—I know, Dad planted them—(they're eleven year old, too, aren't they?) But I mean that they were intended to give you this very inspiring emotional experience that—Do you see?—I—
- CHILD: I think I do.
- SISTER: You see, you must get used to



change. Things cannot stay the same. You're not the girl you were three years ago—you've grown in size and age and mind. You are three years of experience older than you were then— and in three years more you will find that you are even more aware of things—and life will be chuck full of things for you to see and do. But they will be different. You wouldn't want them to be the same.

CHILD: Why? I loved my poplars. Did they have to change? Did they have to go?

SISTER: Well—no. It was not necessary that they go—it just happened. But if they've gone and left an empty place in your life—don't you see that there will always have to be some new experience—perhaps even more valuable—

CHILD: My eight poplars were eight dear friends. I never hid my thought from them—they just poured out of me and the poplars understood and nodded and whispered back to me and their slim, silver trunks shone in the sun. Such dear friends!

SISTER: Did they mean so much? And why have I never known how much you had to say?

CHILD: Some thoughts are hard to express—and busy people are impatient. The poplars just wait politely un-

til you finish and then they whisper to you and if you listen hard enough—you always know what they are saying.

SISTER: Oh!—Well, perhaps—perhaps—

CHILD: And the grass—I'll miss the bright, green grass and the keen, fresh odor when it's freshly mown and the dew in the early morning and the delicious freedom of running wildly when the air is cool and then rolling over and over and plucking a dandelion on the last roll---I'll have nothing.

CHILD: (After a pause) I see—I thought you were a child that saw and heard but did not speak nor think nor understand. I gave you books to read and played music to you, helped you to experience all these joys—and would not break the wall that kept us each alone. So you shared beauty with the poplars, and I kept beauty way inside me being too proud, too ignorant of myself and you, to see what beauty could have meant if two were free to see together.

CHILD: (Weeping now) Oh, sister—that's what I mean. I've tried so hard—It's been so long. I've been alone.

SISTER: Please don't cry any more.

CHILD: Nor you.

SISTER: Have you said your prayers?

CHILD: No.

SISTER: Together then— . . .

CHILD: Goodnight sister—I'm so happy.

SISTER: And so am I, dear. Goodnight.

## Reminiscence

*Eleanor H. Crandall*

THE sweet, cool comfort of the rain!  
The moss in woodland ways!  
We tramp the dusty roads again  
We tramped in yesterdays.  
Barefoot we work and roam and dream,  
Hearts light as whistled song;  
Six ragged gypsies—it would seem,  
With not a care along.  
Come, take my hand, and follow me  
Through barefoot days—in memory.

## Infinity

*Dorothy Berry*

TREMBLING on shivering moonbeams,  
Caught by the magical mist,  
Wandering over the Moon-Face,  
Cautioning men to desist!

Piercing the shadows that cover  
Much that is near the sublime,  
Aiding the mortal to worship  
Visions that never define!

# SAUNA

*Margaret J. Briggs*

BEHIND a clump of young scrub oak is a small shack that resembles a doll house. Rudely constructed and unpainted, it overlooks a brook that has been dammed to make a pool of water. In the still of twilight, one hears the monotonous croaking of frogs and an occasional splash as a grandfather frog leaps into the water. There is an oil lamp at the window of the shanty, and smoke is spouting from the chimney although the air is sultry. This little shack belongs to the farm of Jussi Lybeck, a stolid, industrious Finn, and was constructed for the sauna. Sauna is a Finnish word meaning steam bath, and, indeed, an odd sort of steam bath.

The shack is partitioned into two rooms. One room has hooks for clothes, basins for washing, and several switches of leaves piled on a bench. The other room is the steam room, and Mrs. Lybeck is in it preparing the sauna for her family. When she finishes scouring three benches of varying height, she goes across the room to a crude stove

that has a roaring fire within and many rocks piled on top. Then she throws a crock of water over the heated rocks; there is a loud, shrilling hissing of steam, and the room becomes suffocatingly hot. Mrs. Lybeck goes to the house to tell the inhabitants that sauna is ready. First the men go down to the sauna shack, and afterward, the women of the household.

After undressing and washing, the Finn goes into the steamy compartment and sits on one of the three benches, the highest being for veterans since it is the hottest. After a period of perspiring in intensely humid heat, the Finn beats himself with switches of leaves and dashes from the shanty to the pool where he swims and splashes; the water feels icy but invigorating.

To the Finn, the sauna is almost a creed and is a cure for all his ills, from colds to sunburns. At the mention of Finland, don't think of paid war debts but of the Finn's most venerated traditional habit, sauna.

## *The Guns Went Boom*

Continued from Page 3

road. Still the boy did not come. The minutes dragged like hours.

"God. Dear God!" She prayed. "His father with Pickett—but he's only a baby! Dear God! Not him!"

Suddenly, she saw a figure moving toward her out of the dusk. Her heart leaped. Then she realized it was a man who staggered up to the door.

Not until he came up the stairs did she know he carried the boy in his arms. She gave a cry and caught the child close to her breast.

It was the soldier who had slouched against the trees years (it must have been years!) ago when he and his friend and the boy had been fishing from the river bank. Now, there was blood as well as dust on the gray uniform. His youthful face was drawn with pain, but his eyes were still unflinching.

"I'm sorry, Mam, he followed us, but he's safe! I found him behind the stonewall at the end of the skirmish."

The mother had already ascertained her son's safety. He snuggled down in her arms sleepily.

"What happened?" she asked with trembling lips. "You're hurt!"

The soldier rested against the door, a twisted smile on his pale lips.

"Just a—skirmish! Part of Grant's troops swinging around this way—they're trailing Lee through the Shenandoah!"

"Sit down!" she begged him. Then eyes widening, she inquired,

"Your friend—Tom?"

The soldier did not reply, but the boy stirred in her arms and half-opening sleep-filled eyes, he murmured,

"Mama, the guns went boom!"



## Definition

*Betsy H. Wildes*

MORTAL, wince—but know it:  
 Life is but a birth.  
 And a short, sharp struggle  
 Smothered soon in earth;  
 With a bit of wasted beauty  
 That is wedged somewhere between,  
 A love that dies unwilling,  
 A God that lives unseen,  
 A hope that always beckons  
 But never satisfies,  
 A joy that sits and laughs at you  
 From other people's eyes,  
 A searching with no finding,  
 Doubt you cannot reconcile,  
 And a someone who's a no one  
 But who makes it all worthwhile.

## Snow

*Edward Hunt*

SNOW seems most beautiful to me at night.  
 The street lamp casts a circle of brilliance  
 down upon the freshly-fallen blanket, and  
 a million diamonds reflect the light. The  
 whiteness loses some of its purity at the edge of  
 the circle, takes on a delicate bluish tinge. A  
 picket fence nearby is a tracery of consum-  
 mate craft, and further off houses are faith-  
 fully outlined by the omniscient crystals.  
 Above the chastely-clad earth the sky is  
 dusted with gleaming stars. The whole scene  
 is one of sparkling, white purity.

To-morrow, alas, that scene will change.  
 Whittier's "Snowbound" captures the joyful  
 spirit engendered by snow, but misses its  
 melancholy which I feel quite as poignantly.  
 Snow becomes rutted by cars, is trampled  
 underfoot, is piled up ignominiously to melt.  
 Unwanted, robbed of its "elfin Urim", it  
 disintegrates, turns into slush, vanishes.  
 Therein lies the tragedy of snow—its beauty  
 is evanescent.

## Youth and Life

*Barbara Garner*

THE frank, fair voice of Youth naively sings  
 A lilting Lorelei in measures glad  
 That tells of treasures which from thee it's  
 had.

Exquisitely the verdant earth doth ring  
 A swan-song in duet. Why does Youth bring  
 This tale whose very tune with joy is mad?  
 I'll tell you, Life—and to my answer cling—  
 Youth worships you; in you there's nothing  
 sad.

It deeply drinks from out the cup you hold.  
 Unwav'ringly it sips—'een to the dregs,  
 And pleadingly for more of you it begs.

A song of songs—a happy harmony  
 Youth turns upon your eager ears, sweet  
 Life,  
 And makes the whole world sound a sym-  
 phony.

## Fulfilled Desire

*Ellen Bliven*

A BIRD sang high in the maple tree;  
 The grass was green as green could be;  
 A boy came whistling, young and free,  
 Along the dusty highway.

Another boy sat in the shade  
 Of the maple tree within the glade.  
 And, as he saw the former, bade  
 Him leave the traveled byway.

The first, averse, continued on.  
 He could not wait till day was gone.  
 His crown of pleasure would be borne  
 To streams beyond the highway.

And so he whistled, young and free,  
 To where a bird crouched in a tree  
 As still and quiet as could be

So not to scare the fishes.  
 The boy flung down his hat and rod,  
 Sat down, dug toes into the sod,  
 And starting right away to nod,  
 He dreamed out all his wishes.



## Suggestion in Moonlight

*Edith V. Poor*

**A**CROSS the meadow, through the moonlit field I walk tonight and dream. The grass is wet with dew beneath my feet, the naked cornstalks gleam, stark whiteness in the brilliance of the moon. This is the witching hour when men's souls reach out to the pale souls of their lost loves, and my poor heart in anguish reaches out to you beyond that farthest, dimmest star. Then through the arch of birches to the lake I come, and suddenly I feel the light touch of your hand upon my brow----'Twas but an erring moth's wing brushed my face and quietly I weep here, in the aching beauty of the night.

### Walls

*Joan Coffey*

**S**UNLIGHT and love and all things true  
Build walls that can't be marred.  
It's not their height,  
And not their breadth,  
It's not because they're hard.  
It is because  
There is no place  
In walls well built by things so true  
For squirming little snakes of fear  
To find their small way through.

### From One So Young

*Barbara Garner*

**M**Y heart is filled with ecstasy,  
You ask me "why?"  
Turn your sweet face to heav'n above,  
See you that sky?  
A pure white cloud floats happ'ly there—  
Serenely floats.  
The lark's song lilts from o'er the sea.  
Hear you its notes?  
And all things so entrancing are—  
In one accord—  
That this gay joy within my heart  
Won't be ignored.  
Ah, see! A dove now takes to flight  
In sky above,  
My heart does soar the heights with it—  
I've found my love!

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