

I resumed my nervous writings, trying to write something logical, with coherence and unity, trying not to begin rambling again. But alas, again I came to a stalemate. Oh, how my blood boiled. I grabbed the written pages and tore them to shreds, and mopped my brow; then, as the deadline for the essays came near I started again but still I could not satisfy myself. I would write something, then read it over. I would find mistakes, so many that I was disgusted. Then I said: "What is the use? I cannot satisfy myself, how can I hope to satisfy others?" Ah, but in defeat can I not realize a victory? During the past two weeks did I not suffer? Did I not live through a tragedy? I would write. I would tell my readers of the difficulties that I faced. How novel. How real.

Oh, kind reader of these lines, try hard to realize what I went through, for I suffer from being too harsh a critic of myself. Do you go easy on me.

— J. MAHAR '50

Autumn

As I sit at the window looking at the beautiful panorama around me, I cannot help thinking that God gave to Autumn the most beautiful of all His divine gifts,— trees tinted with green, yellow, and red; green lawns beneath them speckled with leaves that have already fallen. Brown fields, stripped of their fruits, lie bare in the sun. A soft wind blows gently through the trees, making their crispy leaves rustle and sway.

Yet autumn has far more than its beauty — it has a refreshing air that cannot be rivalled by that of any other season. Clean and spicy, it paints roses on the cheeks and freshness on the faces. It penetrates to the very soul and there leaves its marks of good nature, kindly feelings, and joy. All through the day, this refreshing breeze blows over us. At night there is stillness. Beautiful moonlight floods the earth with magic. Majestic clouds roll over the deep blue of the heavens, stars twinkle brightly, and a silvery moon stands sentinel in the sky. A breathless hush seems to pervade the night and one declines to break the silent spell.

Morning brings a misty grandeur, touched with silver. A white blanket of frost lies over the ground and this is seen to fade before the rays of the sun. Droplets of dew,

glistening like diamonds, lie on the grass. How wondrously God has given to nature a color scheme unsurpassed by any artists's creation.

But perhaps the chief beauty of Autumn to the farmer lies in the fact that after many months of hard labor, his crops are finally harvested. Golden grain is stacked in storage bins, potatoes lies in the cellar, and the whole storage room is filled with the sweet smell of apples stored in barrels to be preserved for the winter. Wonderful indeed are the works of God, but their real beauty can be judged only by those who love this God from Whom those things came, and who can appreciate His divine works.

— ALICE McCLOSKEY '49

A Fight For Freedom

Lem and Ike were now considered old men. Lem had been around these northern parts for a long time,—as a matter of fact ever since he was born, seventy-five years ago, and his intimate friend, Ike, had seen seventy-eight northern winters come and go.

These two old men had a cabin each. They provided their daily bread by fishing and hunting. In living this life they were extremely happy,—so happy that they gave little consideration to living any other kind of life. But according to custom in these parts when a man became old he was sent to live in the city for the winter season, in a home set aside especially for old men. But Ike and Lem were different than other old men, and for the last number of years had refused the comforts of city life, electing to "see 'er through".

This winter would be different. An officer had called to warn them that they would be expected to go to the city and that they had better make preparations to go. When the officer left Lem and Ike started talking.

"We can git along jest as well this winter as we did last winter and every other winter," said Lem.

"Yes," said Ike. "I can do the hearin' an' you can do the seein'." So the two old men visited each other every day and continued to make plans for the coming winter. One day when Lem went to visit Ike he noticed an odd smell in the cabin. He could see that the cabin was extremely dusty, as was usual, but there was more cause