

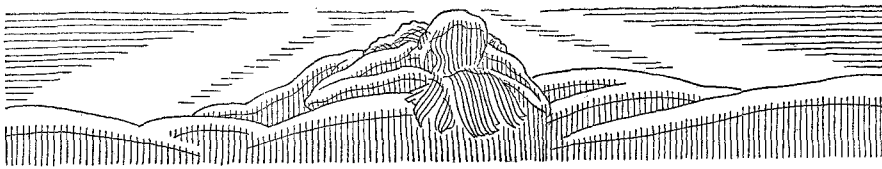
Sonatas of Spring

By Jesse Stuart

O Gods of Storm, beat savage-white and cold!
Crumble the ancient hills with lightning splits!
O Gods of Storm—you mighty Gods of old—
Shiver the spurging rocks to tiny bits!
Clouds kiss the jugged land with watery kiss!
This is the time for storm: make Earth awaken!
There is no better time for Storm than this.
O Gods of Storm, do all you've undertaken.
Awake reptiles cold-blooded in their sleep;
Awake the slimy lizards, water-dogs!
Awake the terrapins from mud knee-deep!
Awake the turtles and white-throated frogs!
Above all, wake the sleeping flower and tree,
Tell them it's Spring and not eternity!

Give trees, you ancient Gods, new blood for veins.
Give flowers, you ancient Gods, new blood for stems.
Give snakes, you ancient Gods, new blood for veins.
Give man, you ancient Gods, new blood for dreams.
Give man a new land with the high clean sky.
Give him a clean air where no factories burn.
Give man to breathe the clean wind blowing by
From lonesome waters and dew-dripping fern.
Give man green-velvet earth and light-green wind.
Give man the world where he can own his heart,
And own his brains and breathe no smoke-dyed wind,
New earth where he can play the different part.
Give man the Spring that heavy thunders wrought:
The wine-green wind for lungs; sweet Earth for thought.

Sing out, you mighty organs of the wind!
Bend down to wind-organs, you living trees!
Sing out, sing out, you organs of the wind,
Sing out in vast eternal harmonies—
The ancient Gods are close to hear your singing.
They love the sweet clean music of the Spring—
Sing out, sing out and keep your Spring Songs ringing—
Sing out, sing out, this dawn of early Spring—
What is this life without music and flower?
What is this world without the harmonies
Of wind and tree and flower and silver hour—



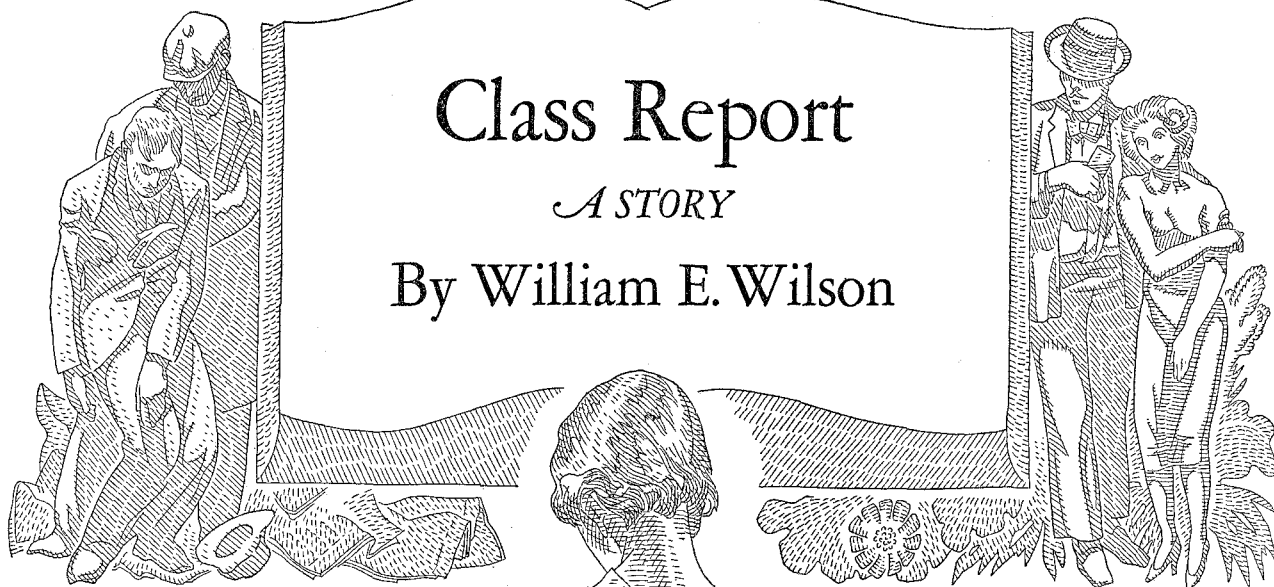
Sing out, wind-organs in green seas of leaves—
Sing out, sing out—this is the time to sing!
Sing out—this is the dawn, this is the Spring!

You mountain rivers running to the sea
Under green-mansions of the wind-stirred leaves,
Sing to the world your mighty symphony,
Sing to the lonesome wind, sing to the leaves.
There may be no one near to hear your singing
Only the ancient Gods in wind and leaves—
These Gods are all you need to hear your singing,
You wind and leaves in mighty harmonies!
You mountain waters jumping rocks and roots,
Sing out—sing out—you lonesome waters—sing!
Sing to the drooping fern, the tendrils shoots;
Sing to the bright clean wind for this is Spring.
Sing out, you mountain waters, to the sea—
Sing out your music, sing a symphony!

You golden flitting moth on tender wing,
Tell me: are you a symbol of the Spring?
Tell me who fashioned you of fragile clay
And made the earth for you and put you in it.
Who gave you wings to flit the time away
Among the flowers and waste the golden minute?
You spent the winter hours in your cocoon,
Brown thimble-thing on sagging winter weed;
This Spring you blossom sweeter than percoon,
Unlike percoon from clinging stems you're freed.
Could we but bloom in second Spring like this,
Blossom from graves like you from your cocoon,
We could love less, go lighter on the kiss,
In second Spring beneath the blue-ghost moon.

O, Sun of gold, ride up with golden light
And pour your golden rays on the green Earth
And make new day of all that once was night
After that white-rain baptized for new-birth.
O, mighty Sun, give warmth to man and flower!
Give warmth to weed, to dirt, to terrapin!
This is the new time of the newer hour
This twilight-dawn new Spring has ushered in.
Draw living forms toward you, mighty Sun!
Draw Spring tendrils to you, O mighty Light!
Draw human eyes toward you, mighty Sun,
Let them look heavenward for golden light!
O, Sun, eternity has come undone
In floods, O mighty Sun, of golden light!





Class Report

A STORY

By William E. Wilson

Morton Downs Philbrick
Occupation: Office Manager; Philbrick, Philbrick, and Downs, Insurance.
Permanent Address: Pittsburgh, Penna.

Immediately after Commencement, I bade the boys a fond farewell and sailed for Europe. I was abroad three months and a half and travelled in England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Denmark, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Algeria, and Tunisia. Of all these countries, I preferred Norway. The Northern Lights are well worth seeing. Also, don't fail to go to Frognerstern and see the Ski Museum, the only thing of its kind in the world. Down in Algeria, I ran across a couple of members of our class. I won't say who they were or where I found them, but we had a grand time, didn't we, Bob? Returning to the U. S. A., I went to work with the firm of Philbrick, Philbrick, and Downs, beginning at the bottom and working up to my present position in three years. I have been recently elected colonel of the Pittsburgh Lighthorse, honorary military brigade. My plans are to remain in the insurance business.

THE sixth annual report of Morton Downs Philbrick's college class, containing, with 300 others, this short autobiography, lay open on his desk, thumbed and heavily pencil-marked. It had come in the afternoon mail.

Philbrick pressed a thick, double-jointed thumb on a button by one of his telephones, and a tall red-haired girl appeared at the door.

"Take a letter, Barbara."

With a slow glide, the girl crossed the room, sat down, and looked up at him impudently.

Philbrick got up and began to pace across the thick office carpet. He had the heavy athletic carriage of a man who had played football but had neglected himself in recent years. His blond hair was thin and his face round and florid.

"Dear men. . . ' No; make it, 'Dear classmate. . . ' No; that won't do. It must be personal. Just make it, 'Dear. . . ' and then fill in the names from the list I'll give you."

He paused at the far end of the room and held his chin in his hand.

"You are breaking old Mort Philbrick's heart!" he began.

The stenographer sighed audibly.

Startled from his concentration, Philbrick looked up. The girl, without raising her head, smiled at him under lifted eyebrows. Philbrick grinned.

"That goes for you, too, Miss America!"

Then he fell again into his pose of deep meditation.

"You are breaking old Mort Philbrick's heart. . . "

"Exclamation point . . . new paragraph. . . "

"When I took this job as secretary to our class, I naturally assumed we were all good fellows, that there wasn't a slacker in the bunch. Old F. U. doesn't turn out slackers, you know. It turns out men. . . "

"Put 'men' in capitals. . . "

"But here I am writing my third letter to you this spring, asking for contributions to our class fund. . . "

"New paragraph. . . "

"I've been doing a little research lately, classmate. Remember the research we had to do for old Professor

Newell? Well, I learned one thing from Newell's course, anyway. It just goes to show what a college education will do for you. I've discovered that 90 per cent of you birds that have failed to answer my requests are listed as "lost" in the sixth annual class report, which came to my hand today. That means you haven't been keeping in touch with the old alma mater and no one knows where you are or what you are doing. Now that looks bad, fella. . . "

"Spell it f-e-l-l-a. . . "

"Are you going to let your name be checked off the list of good fellows? No, of course you're not. You're coming through with at least a dollar, like the rest of the gang. . . "

"New paragraph. . . "

"This is my last appeal. I've got my daily bread to earn. I can't take time out every day to remind you of your debt to dear old F. U. I'm counting on you. . . "

"Put that last in capitals."

Philbrick came back to his desk.

"There's a list of names checked in this book, Barbara. Be sure to bring the book back when you're through with it."

The girl picked up the annual report of Philbrick's class and left the room. Philbrick watched the motion of her narrow hips until she had closed the door behind her. Then, opening a desk drawer and taking out a bag of salted peanuts, he began to munch the nuts one at a time as he watched the lighted windows of the skyscraper across the street.