

Lie in the Dark And Listen

Noel Coward

Lie in the dark and listen.
It's clear tonight, so they're flying high,
Hundreds of them, thousands perhaps,
Riding the icy, moonlit sky,
Men, machinery, bombs, and maps,
Altimeters and guns and charts,
Coffee, sandwiches, fleece-lined boots,
Bones and muscles and minds and hearts,
English saplings with English roots
Deep in the earth they've left below.
Lie in the dark and let them go,
Lie in the dark and listen.

Lie in the dark and listen.
They're going over in waves and waves
High above villages hills, and streams,
Country churches and little graves
And little citizens' worried dreams;
Very soon they'll have reached the sea
And far below them will lie the bays
And cliffs and sands where they used to be
Taken for summer holidays.
Lie in the dark and let them go,
Theirs is a world we'll never know.
Lie in the dark and listen.

Lie in the dark and listen.
City magnates and steel contractors,
Factory workers and politicians,
Soft hysterical little actors,
Ballet dancers, reserved musicians,
Safe in your warm civilian beds,
Count your profits and count your sheep—
Life is passing above your heads,
Just turn over and try to sleep.
Lie in the dark and let them go,
There's one debt you'll forever owe.
Lie in the dark and listen.

Lt. Kenyon Tells Of Life in Navy

(To the unselfish recipients, who so generously are sharing the following letter—especially appropriate at this time—from our former Art teacher, we are grateful.)
November 11, 1943.

"Dear Dr. and Mrs. Rondthaler:
"I'm afraid it has been a long time since I've written you, but I'm sure you understand. We are kept busy and there is little news we are free to pass on.
"I'm keeping in good health, have a nice tan and a very short haircut. In addition, I'm shot full of so many serums that exposure to a pest house shouldn't even affect me.
"The insignia above is one I designed for our squadron. We fly F6F planes, popularly called 'Hellcats.' Under the head of an imaginary 'Hellcat,' I crossed 50 cal. machine guns in the skull and cross-bone fashion. The bolts of lightning symbolize speed and power. (The green-headed hellcat, the white crossed machine guns and the blue bolts of lightning are in a black bordered triangle with a yellow background.)
"Have I told you that in my spare time I'm doing a lot of sketching? I'm in the process of completing a portfolio of portraits of the entire squadron. The pilots are very willing subjects, and, of course, I enjoy it tremendously.
"I can't tell you how much I look forward to the end of this war and to the time when I can return to Salem and my chosen profession. I dreamed the other night that I was back teaching and it was a real disappointment to wake up.
"Anita (Mrs. Kenyon) sends me many pictures of Bruce (the nine-months-old son of the Kenyons), so I more or less keep up with his progress that way. The last one
(Continued On Back Page)

O, To Be a Tree.....

By Mildred Avera

I certainly would like to be a tree. Now don't get me wrong. I wouldn't like to be just any old tree. To be a scrub pine or a deformed oak is most assuredly not my highest aim in life. I desire to be a weeping willow tree. And I don't want to be a plain ole weeping willow—nope, I want to be the willow tree in front of the Louisa Biting Building.
On third thought just being any weeping willow would be pleasant enough. Just imagine what an experience it would be to pass annually through the metamorphosis from sprightly youth to regal old age—regardless of what one's chronological age happened to be. In spring with a pastel green costume one could gaily whistle with the breeze or do a rhythmic hula-hula or perhaps be just a sweet, demure young willow tree. As middle age approached the costume would be changed to a more dignified shade of green. The actions would have a slower tempo. The yellow dress of the willow of course would be for the late middle age. When the tree becomes entirely void of raiment and stands forth in bare stateliness against the sky, that would at last be the ultimate stage in our metamorphosis—old age.
But it isn't for the beauty involved that I long to be a weeping willow tree. I am more concerned with the distinct social advantage I would have. To be perfectly frank with you I'm just a long-nosed old gossip, and if I had to spend the rest of my life as a tree in order to pick up the most choice bits of gossip, I would do it gladly. If you can't understand why a tree would have such an advantageous spot, just listen to what passes on under the willow of Biting on a typical day at Salem. From now on imagine that you are the tree and just listen.
About seven in the morning the

dining hall maids pass right under you.
"I think it's just ungrateful the way these black folks keep leaving us and going to Reynolds."
"So do I! Do you know what I told that—"
The maids pass on by, but they've given you something to think about for awhile.
A bit later you hear the hump-shouldered little night watchman stop and chat with the yard man before leaving.
"Leaves aren't turning so well this year are they?"
"Nope. That shower we had last night bother you much?"
Just a simple, friendly conversation, but it makes your old limbs ache with gladness to hear it.
While you are smelling the aroma of coffee and bacon floating from the dining hall, one of the neighborhood dogs runs friskily around your roots. You hear the paper boy come whistling through the arch with his bag of world history. You see the lights in the dormitories flick on one at a time.
Soon the girls start pouring out of the building—at first rather slowly like cold molasses—and then in throngs. You hear conversations in snatches the way you do when you continually punch radio buttons and change the stations.
"Wonder if I can get a fried egg this morning?" . . . "I've been up since five studying for that math test, and I'm so sleepy I'm 'bout to die." . . . "Hope I get a letter from Mother today. I haven't heard from her in a week, and I'm rather worried." . . . "But I tell you that isn't what Emerson's Transcendentalism means" . . . "Getcha 'phone call last night?" . . . "How 'bout going to the Book Store with me after breakfast to get some cigs?" . . . "Can't—I'm on restriction."
While the boarders are going to breakfast you see the day students

coming to school one at a time—silent and unhurried. You will often wonder what they've got on their minds.
Now they're all going to classes. Not much conversation. The girls are too intent upon the last minute reviews of their assignments. About time for the last bell to ring you'll always see several sleepy-eyed individuals dashing out of the dormitories usually exclaiming to the folks behind that she hopes her pajamas won't fall down below her coat while she's in class.
Ten minutes after the first class has begun, girls will casually stroll beneath you on their way to gym—often buttoning the last button or fixing their belts on the way. Again the conversations are varied.
"I wish we could play hockey in our gym classes" . . . "You going to eat lunch in the dining hall today?" . . . "My feet hurt. I don't think I'll do anything in class today."
As the day progresses, faculty members, students, academy girls, servants, and sometimes school children will pass beneath you, willow tree. You will often survey their innermost thoughts for they won't be aware of your presence. Regardless of season or century your days are filled with intimate human contact. In winter when not too many of the girls are out of doors, you can always resort to peeping in windows. You have a most strategic position for such maneuvers. In spring on moonlight nights the girls have dates beneath your silver branches. Thoughtful bull sessions are held daily around your trunk in early summer and during the glorious fall.
Oh willow tree, you are the most envied object on the campus! If only I could change places with you for just one day!

Dependable as Santa Claus

A cheerful red carton of Christmas Chesterfields is a gift you can depend on to please any smoker. Their Milder, Cooler, Better Taste is appreciated everywhere. They never fail to SATISFY, and here's why—

Chesterfields' Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos can be depended on every time to give smokers what they want.

Put Chesterfields on your must list for Christmas. You can't buy a better cigarette.

They Satisfy
NOT A SLOGAN
BUT A FACT

Chesterfields
100 Cigarettes