

Sketch

Volume 25, Number 2

1959

Article 10

Home

Russell Wilson*

*Iowa State College

Copyright ©1959 by the authors. *Sketch* is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress).
<http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch>

Home

Russell Wilson

Abstract

The big Greyhound roared up the hill, reached the crest and nosed down the other side...

(continued from page 21)

flinched when his fingers touched the hot metal springs. He was suddenly aware of the jingling trace chains and the creak of the big wheels. The rivets on the narrow iron rim blurred, and he squinted.

"Tod, your father is coming home today. He wants very much to see you, you've grown so big an' tall since he went away. It's been a mighty long time." Her hand tightened on his knee.

On a small rise just above the station, Tod stopped the horses. He stood up and stared down at the neat brown buildings and looked along the shimmering iron rails to where they disappeared against the grass and the sky. A pair of hawks circled high overhead, and he watched them glide out of sight. One of the horses shook its head impatiently, jerking the reins in Tod's hand. He took a deep breath and looked at his mother.

She smiled uncertainly and touched his hand. He sat down and gathered up the reins.

"We better get there before the train comes, Mom. We don't want to keep him waiting." He slapped the horses.

Mrs. Tinney nodded and brushed off the front of her dress. She folded her hands in her lap, then leaned back as the wagon moved down the road.

— Ed Hill, *Ag. Jr.*

Home

THE BIG Greyhound roared up the hill, reached the crest and nosed down the other side. As the whine of the tires rose higher the soldier opened his eyes and sat up. There was home! The town lay neatly below, like a doll town. His eyes traveled down the main street, turned left at the Texaco station and went two blocks north. The house was a tiny white block among the bushy green of the trees. Twenty-six months! His hands were shaking — they wanted to wave in the air or slap his legs in rhythm, but he put them in his pockets and thought about how hungry he was.

— Russell Wilson, *Ag. '58*