

# *Sketch*

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## Five Years Ago

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## Winter Sunrise

*Anita Harding*

H. Ec. '39

With flying hooves she skimmed the banks  
And outward raced with steaming flanks.  
The woolly ears as black as coal  
Outlined against a frosty knoll  
Gave heed and swerved.

With hollow beat we crossed the bridge  
And upward lunged to top the ridge.  
As mobile statues we were caught  
Enchanted by the thing we sought.  
Before us lay a world of white  
Still sleeping in the morning light.

\* \* \*

Long sweeping shadows came before  
The golden disc burst from the core  
Of earth.

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## Five Years Ago

*George Summers*

S. '39

**F**IVE years ago! Could it be that far away? It was a column clipped from the *Central High Record*, entitled "Five Years Ago in Central Sports." Then he saw the whole thing again clearly. Night football. Chilly October night. Tom calling signals. Number Seven, reverse around left end, the right tackle and end pulling out of the line to run interference. Pivoting and receiving the ball from Tom, coming toward the right.

*March, 1939*

Would Tom ever learn how to pass that ball? Running behind Carlson now, Batham must have got lost on the play. Now, Carlson gone. All alone now. Two yellow shirts looming up. He must pivot. One tackler slides off, but then something has gone wrong! He feels a singing in his ears like the hum of a mercury vapor lamp.

His leg! Something is wrong with it. He must look at his leg when he hits the ground. Why doesn't he hurry up and fall? Then he is aware of the huge arc lights from above blazing into his eyes. His leg, he must see his leg. He holds it up and then sees what the trouble is. It juts crazily outward, half way between the ankle and the knee. His whole leg has that prickly feeling, as if it were asleep. People around him now. He feels the cool, wet towel on his burning face. The humming noise is gone and a surge of relief flows through his body. Voices. Someone is holding his hand. "Hang on hard now!"

Then a grinding of bone and a sharp stab of pain as the leg is straightened and the splint strapped on. The rest of it, too. What a night! The ambulance ride. Every time a corner is taken, the bones grind together. He thinks of dry wood. It almost nauseates him. Then the hospital with its clean smell of disinfectant. He shivers as he smells the ether. Nurse saying, "Breathe deeply. Almost under. Count, one—, two—, three—, four—." Nothing now!

Five years ago! It doesn't seem possible.

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## Summer Night Lyric

*Carol Foster*

H. Ec. '41

**T**HE MEN had threshed late that day. It was nine o'clock when they were finally washed and seated around the table. The women hurried about, pouring coffee and trying to revive food that had become dryer and harder each hour it waited. Jane looked up crossly from the gravy she was stirring as her mother spoke to her.