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02 + 02
'51



Issue of

THE QUIZ AND QUILL

Published By

The Quiz and Quill Club
Of Otterbein College

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief ANN VIGOR

Assistant Editors RUTH ORR
DON WALTER

Art Editor ANN CARLSON

Business Manager WILLIAM DRENTEN

Spring, 1951

Founded, 1919

THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB — 1950-1951

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LITERARY AWARDS — 1951

Freshman Poetry Contest

First Prize	Richard Zander '54
Second Prize	Joan Bayles '54

Freshman Prose Contest

First Prize	Richard Zander '54
Second Prize	Lois L. Benton '54

Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

First Prize	Ruth Mugridge '51
Second Prize	Carl Vorpe '51
Third Prize	Ann Vigor '52

Quiz and Quill Prose Contest

First Prize	Janet Sprout '51
Second Prize	Marvin Parrish '52
Third Prize	Martha Lawson '53

Dr. Roy A. Burkhart Poetry Contest

First Prize	Carl Vorpe '51
Second Prize	Theodore Hellwig '52
Third Prize	Ruth Mugridge '51

Cover Design — Joan Platt Klimchak

THE YOUNG GOD

RUTH MUGRIDGE '51

Third Prize, Burkhart Poetry Contest

He was a very young god
And, therefore, conscientious.
The yearning prayers, the exhortations,
The rising clouds of burning incense
Found him faithful at his throne.
Of course, it was his first real world . . . that always makes a
difference.

He had been quite disturbed about Creation:
There had been Absolutely Nothing to work with.
But once he got started — once he had the feeling
Of hills curving under his hands,
Of grass growing up between his fingers,
Of water's throb and pulse around his feet,
His delight was almost too sharp for bearing,
And everyone said his works were full of promise.

But the breath of his being . . . the very life of his happiness . . .
Was poured into his creatures. The older gods watched and
wondered.

Some questioned . . . and some doubted.
But the young god had gone too far to be swayed by the others.
He had to check his passion, his overwhelming love
For Man . . . frail synthesis of flesh and bone,
Of the undivined depths
Of a desperately eager and hopeful god.

The older gods watched and wondered.
They murmured that he too would weep . . .
That despair would touch his heart . . .
That remorse for Creation would color his days . . .
That the river of loneliness would flood and drown
The early rapture and the tender promise . . .

The young god heard all these things, but went on as before.
He could not be deflected from his course.

That was a long time ago . . .
I have often wondered about that world.
I have often wondered about that god.

THE REAL THING

JANET SPROUT '51

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose

I fumbled around in my pocket until my fingers clutched a lone nickel. I slipped it into the slot and nervously dialed the number—5 - 4 - 3 - 8 - 3. I waited. B-u-z-z! B-u-z-z! I swallowed deliberately and hard and tried to regain my self-control. Hurry up and answer your telephone! B-u-z-z! B - u - z - z Click!

"Hello?"

"Hello—Dr. Wimple? This is Jane Cummings." My voice quivered and broke. Go on, get it over with. "I just got back from working at the Central Community House and I called to tell you I quit!"

"What's the matter, Jane, things getting a little too rough?"

He was smiling even as he talked, I could sense it. Did he think this was a joke?

"A little too rough? Dr. Wimple, I've taken more today than any normal human being could possible take and at this moment I don't feel very normal. It's just not worth the time, expense, or the experience to me or those kids, And—and if your department offered me fifteen hours credit for that course I still wouldn't go back to that—that horrible place!"

That was it—I slammed down the receiver, frantically gathered together my packages, folders, and purse and ran out of the drug store.

I was all choked up inside—the dark, dark night, the blurred glow from the street lights, the drip, drip of the steady, constant rain added to my feeling of depression. My eyes burned, my head was heavy and spinning, my stomach was empty, my shoulders were drooping and my legs ached. Why did this have to happen to me? Why? Why! I kept repeating, "Forget it—it's over—you don't have to go back there—ever. Forget all — — —." Who was I kidding? You just don't forget experiences like that.

I would never forget that eight-block walk through the slums of Columbus—through hell!! I had sarcastically scoffed at myself. What had you expected? White frame houses, freshly painted? Beautifully kept yards? Spotlessly clean gutters?

I would never forget my nervousness, the way my eyes had shifted surreptitiously from side to side trying

painted paper under my feet, a little girl screaming, how to take in the whole scene. 185 Mound Street, a dirty shack, a small fenced in yard, but not one tiny blade of green grass, a washing hanging on a line, patched overalls, tattle-tale gray sheets, getting even grayer as they hung there gathering the dirt from the air. Torn paper drapes hanging in the half-broken window, revealing inside an almost barren room save for an old iron bed, not yet made. That girl, hanging from an open window of her home—so close to the sidewalk I could have reached out and touched her—why was she watching me? Why did she keep staring? Even after I had walked past I could feel her eyes piercing me as painfully as though she had whipped out a dagger and had buried it in my back. I walked faster—faster—“Don’t trip over that broken pavement!” Broken bottles, cigarette butts, candy wrappers, newspapers flying, but no falling leaves, not one. Everywhere just dirt and filth, dirt and filth.

Then my destination, my refuge—significant from the other buildings only in the large sign above the door. **CENTRAL COMMUNITY HOUSE**—printed in large, formal, bold, now dirty gold letters.

Ten cluttered, cold, cement steps leading down to my club room. The indescribable smell that reached my nostrils as I opened the squeaking, heavy wooden door. The rusty door knob that had come off in my hand—the empty room save for two clumsy wooden benches, the small—too small—work bench. No windows, no ventilation, water on the floor that was seeping in from the adjoining rest room.

And the invasion! Eleven baby panthers and one spotted leopard. Twelve grimy, torn admittance cards pushed in my face. Joseph Albert—wool shirt, that maybe ten years ago had been bright shades of reds, greens, blues; faded overalls with no knees in them; tennis shoes, falling apart; sore on ankle, badly wrapped; gauze, dirty and raveling; dried, dark, blood stains!

Herman Carrol—age six—colored; brother Charles—age six—white. They were all around me, to my right, to my left, under my feet, on the ceiling—there wasn’t enough air to breathe. “All right, boys, today we’re going to make . . .” “Teacher, draw me a picture of a sexy girl.” I shuddered.

The wreckage. “Charles”—written on the wall in red paint, paint all over the benches, paint on the work table, great globs of it, paint on my blouse, my skirt, my hands, their shirts, their hands, their faces, wet, soggy scraps of

had she gotten in, what had happened? Johnny was laughing, Abraham was crying, Walter was shrieking, paper wads, dirty faces, spit balls, wet floors, overturned paint jars—.

Class dismissed! Run! Missed bus! Missed dinner! Drizzling rain—dark, dark night—Where am I?

I'm back! Back where the houses are painted white and the freshly painted fences enclose yards that are green except where covered with brightly colored leaves. I'm back where I can breathe fresh, sweet, air. The rain feels wonderful—it's washed the spots of paint from my hands. This is what those kids need—opportunity—help.

I have to laugh. Charles was rather cute today when I asked him if he was an American. "Oh yes, M'am, Ah is, but my brother, he ain't. He was born in Oklahoma City." Next week I'll explain that America takes in more territory than just Mound Street, Columbus.

DRAUGHT OF BEAUTY

RUTH MUGRIDGE '51

The night has a vessel of liquid song
In waking from a troubled sleep,
Raise to your lips the cup . . . drink deep!

Drink deep, though draught be strange. Drink long
Of beauty tinged with piquant savor,
Loneliness' and darkness' flavor.

(But in the morning shall I weep
For half-remembered, yearned-for sips,
For taste of beauty on my lips?)

SONNET FOR AN EGYPTIAN HAWK SCULPTURE

ANN VIGOR '52

O wild bird with fierce eye
Now blinded in this colder stone facsimile
Now without sound, make clearer cry,
Herald remembrance of the all-past, and remembering of me.
I plead thy answer, O past and present friend
Whom I have found here wrapped in permanent shroud of grace,
Must I as mortal with less noble end contend
Here denied even that bitter solace to embrace?
I call again, O comrade from forever,
Be not deaf as well as blind.
Is all this known but bare endeavor?
This human closing yet less kind?

Eternal eloquence cast from permanance of perfect Beauty's hand,
Within thy image have I found the all-me, a worthy endless stand.

THE WALK

PHYLLIS BROCKETT '52

I was bored one day, so I went for a walk in my brain. The thick door was heavy and difficult to open since there was no knob and my hands kept sliding off its slippery surface.

When I finally opened it wide enough for me to slip through, I was frightened by the puzzling feeling that I had been there before but I couldn't remember when. Everything looked so vaguely familiar.

It was built like an old castle with gloomy high-ceilinged rooms which had no windows or light. As I groped along, I kept stumbling over dusty thoughts piled haphazardly everywhere, so I leaned against a rigid stack of principles to catch my balance. They were cold, hard and so unyielding that it was obvious they had been rarely used, but were only for decorative purposes; so I hurried on, eager to see everything before I'd have to leave.

Some of the rooms were almost bare with just little unrelated bits scattered here and there, but most of them were overflowing in a slovenly manner. Hastily I started to straighten things up trying to alleviate the confusion, but I soon saw that it was a hopeless task.

Dirty rags of prejudice, worn once as a fad, were thrown carelessly on top of expensive facts, preventing them from hanging together neatly. Dust was resting thickly on pleasant memories that I'd forgotten I owned. Furtively kicked in one corner were painful incidents, not nearly so horrible looking as I'd remembered.

It needed aisles to facilitate walking and files for easy reference, but I didn't have time to make either. The darkness hurt my eyes and the dust kept clogging my nose so I left. But I want to go back soon if I can, for no one can find me there.

NIGHT WINDS

RUTH MUGRIDGE '51

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

The night winds graze, a gentle flock, upon the fields
Of my loneliness.

The shepherd boy has strayed . . .

He lies contented, unmindful, by the hill,

Playing with a strange melody he has found.

Will nothing rouse him? Will he not return

Until his flock, persistent, nibble

To the roots of my unrest?

REQUEST FOR A PORTRAIT

CARL V. VORPE '51

First Prize, Burkhart Poetry Contest

Paint in my picture a small gray face;
Spare light dying, with a window for a frame,
A soul reaching outward, surging toward space;
And four walls as blankets which smother a flame.

A seventy-five-year contract with the earth:

Streaming sunlight on the furrow
A creation story in every burrow

He never shall stop looking for tomorrow, to plow again;
After evening, after rain.

To push his rested step through early dew
And under reverent morning trees
Watch the dawn come through.

At evening:

Darkness in its race
Colors last

The living hope in a human face!

He never shall stop looking for tomorrow through his pain:
After evening,
After rain.

MOMENTS

JO ANN FLATTERY '52

There have been moments,
In the stillnesses of life,
When I've been so God-alone
There was no one else on earth
But me.

There have been moments,
In the fullnesses of life,
When I've been so worn with people
That I've hated every talking thing
But me.

SCENES DE LA VIE QUEBECOISE

LA VELLE ROSSELOT '33

1. Giffard: Our Hill

We stood at the edge of night.
I know, for the trees
At the top of our hill
Were night's last stand
On the brink of the iridescent void
Where day had disappeared.

2. St. Lawrence: from l'Isle d'Orleans

The light of day has quit the earth,
And none but the faithful river
Still mirrors its borrowed brightness;
Till in feeble repetition
Man calls back an echo
By his lights along the shore.

3. Quebec: from Giffard Hill

I found the place where the stars settle down:
On the slope of the opposite hill,
Refugee stars from a windswept sky
Where even the clouds have been folded away,
Till all that is left to crown our hill
Is a raveling of silver moon

And the stars of a thousand nights below
In urban gaiety strewn.

4. C'est seulement au crepuscule qu'on goute
l'odeur de l'ether en Rose.

Au moment doux ou l'ame de la nuit s'ach'eve
par sa mort dans la naissance au jour.

"Au coucher du soleil"

CAROLINE BRENTLINGER '51

Au coucher du soleil
les longs doigts de feu
s'elongent dans le ciel pour arracher
le bleu, et s'evanouissent
comme la neige a midi.

TO REAFFIRM FAITH

MARTHA LAWSON '53

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose

The corner of her mouth quirked as she lowered her heavy-lidded eyes, scanning the manuscript strewn over the table. One finely wrinkled hand with its long, brownish-skinned, bony fingers deftly turned a sheet. As my eyes were fastened upon those hands, I faintly sensed the rhythmic beating of my pulse correspond with the drumming of those white-mooned, unpolished finger tips upon the dark, glassy surface of the table. My vision encountered the freckled arm, enveloped in lush black crepe; and up to the slightly stooped and bowed shoulders, my eyes traveled. The fine, aristocratic head perched atop that weighted frame like a peacock.

Quite suddenly she turned her face and whispered to a companion. Those odd, be-specked eyes twinkled gaily beneath shaggy brows and a deeply lined forehead. Her thick, grey-streaked hair framed a face that was indescribably homely — one which many would scarcely notice until the illuminating smile swiftly and miraculously changed it into one of benign loveliness. The large uneven teeth only accentuated the firmness of the full lips. Her regular nose was tilted to one side of her face, creating a haphazard air about her features. High sharp bones and full cheeks, ending in a rounded stub of a chin, completed that disturbing countenance.

All eyes stared!

Gripped with an utter fascination, I sat benumbed. Finally, I was abruptly awakened from my lethargy by the applause arising from my cohorts. This extremely attractive and disconcerting woman rose with the utmost grace, swan-like in every movement.

Unexpectedly, her voice, well-modulated but as expressive as a violin, vibrated throughout the room. Rich and eloquently, though using only an average vocabulary, she spoke. My very being responded to the silent call of that woman's personality. I was thrilled to the very core of my soul.

I listened intently.

The immortal words were burned into my consciousness. Her voice contained a contagious fire. I hardly breathed as that tone, ringing with a deep-rooted conviction, struck my ears.

"We shall practice tolerance and live together in peace

with one another . . . and reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights; in the dignity and worth of the human person; in our rights as men and women and nations large and small, with God Almighty as our Helper. For, in truth, we were all created equal in the sight of Him."

With decision, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt re-seated herself by the conference table of the council for Human Rights in the United Nations' Building, Flushing Meadows, New York.

MOOD

GERALD E. MEIERS '52

A strange almost physical brooding
Deep within me
Gives me no rest.
And if I were to pray,
It would be for sleep,
And for sight without pain,
And for a woman.
And if I were to hope,
It would be for understanding,
Not in myself, but in others.
And if I were to be happy,
I would be dead.

VISITATION

BEVERLY THOMPSON '52

Our god comes in hunger;
Bow low, ye earth-men
And bring him tribute,
Live offerings of virile men,
And tender-hearted wives and mothers.

He reaps his harvest
Once a generation
And leaves the gleanings
To rise up and create
New sacrifices to his might.

But now his hunger grows
More and more insatiable;
He comes more often;
He demands greater homage.

One day he will destroy the earth.

RUN TO MEET THE SPRING!

CARL V. VORPE '51

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

Puddl-April days —

Children running toddling falling

Abruptly,

Into the new soft green whiskers of the earth

Running to meet the Spring;

April clouds —

Not mushroom-shaped

But giving life

Anew

Clean and fresh

Suddenly vanquished

By April sun —

Standing in the reception-room

Of Spring,

Greeting each breathless visitor

With his friendly warmth;

Run to meet the Spring!

Changeable April —

Those tiny atoms of hydrogen

And oxygen,

Held up to light

Can mean a rainbow . . .

Fear?

A promise . . .

Let dead branches fall!

Haul the limp and useless curtain

Of blackened leaves away . . .

And let clean hearts reach upward to the sun

And little children run

To meet the Spring!

NOVEMBER SONG

Sky gray is the look in an idiot's eye —

Vacant peace,

Resigned patience,

A dull lead roof.

B. T.

SUDERSHAN CHAWLA

RICHARD HOWARD '51

I met a man last night who lifted my
Conception of his distant land besieged
With weird perplexities. He did not fit
The stereotype I'd learned to flash upon
My mind when thinking of his race. Just why,
I wondered, had I such a warped and vain
Misguiding pattern of a people made
With flesh and bone the same as I? Was it
A picture held by me alone? Not so!
A hundred million think and judge as I.

His hair was black, his skin a shade more dark
Than others sitting there beside my chair.
He spoke. We heard. "How keen a mind," we thought,
"How fired his will! What understanding he
Reflects that we lack altogether. What
Contagious love he holds for all mankind!
Such depths of soul!"

Yet, born and reared, was he,
Amid a seething bed of discontent,
Of persecution, hunger, fear. How came
This paradox of peaceful mind when yet
A hundred million think and judge as I?

He pled for understanding.

"See the things
As we in other places see them. Feel
Our cares as though they were your very own.
Have patience. Give us time. We hunger yet —
Not just for recognition, but for three
Fair meals each day. Free India still is young —
A child born yesterday compared with you.
We're people! Ignorant? Yes! Illiterate? Yes!
But devils? No! Fools? No! We're rising to
A place in life!"

How hard their climb if still
A hundred million think and judge as I.

THE FIRE TRUCK

LOIS L. BENTON '54

Second Prize, Freshman Prose

I wanted a red fire truck with two ladders, a hose, and most of all—a silver bell! I wanted a truck more than anything in the world—that is, my world.

My world was a huge brick house—at least its six small rooms seemed mammoth to a not quite four-year-old. My world also contained a yard with a big stump. And there was a drive-way with more gravel than I could ever carry away in my blue bucket with its little black scotties. Then too, there was the store. It was presided over by a voice. The voice must have belonged to a man but I never quite saw him because I never saw over the counter.

There were other living things in my world other than the voice. They were Mother and Daddy, the most important, and the man and woman next door—I don't remember their names, but I do remember they gave me Snowball. Snowball was my pretty white kitten whose only fault was a desire to sleep in the coal bucket.

Yes, with all those places and all those people it was a large and interesting world. It would be complete if only I had a fire truck!

I knew all about fire trucks. I had ridden in them back when it was warm outside. When you rode in them you sat and turned the wheel—just like Daddy—and the truck went around. And, of course, ringing the bell was the most fun.

I asked for a fire truck but they avoided answering me. They mentioned something about Christmas. I didn't remember what that was but since it seemed I might get a truck then, I waited eagerly. It seemed a very long time. As it drew closer there were many other things I wanted but still more important than anything else was the little red fire truck with the silver bell.

Finally, I was told that when I got up the next morning it would be Christmas. It was a long, long time before I went to sleep.

When I woke up the next morning I could hardly see—but the room wasn't black, so this must be morning or at least close enough to it to get up.

Everything was very cold. As I hurried down the hall I could feel the cold through the feet of my sleepers. I reached the top of the stairs. I stopped—astounded.

There was a tree in our front room! I stared. Then I saw something else—a truck! A red fire truck!! I ran down the stairs. The truck's metal seat was very cold. I put my feet on the pedals and started to push. I whimpered and took my feet away. Each pedal was edged with a row of sharp, little, metal cleats. The cleats might have been useful for gripping shoes—but I wasn't wearing shoes.

When Mother and Daddy came downstairs I was cuddling a pink skirted doll. The fire truck was ignored.

Neither Mother nor Daddy ever noticed the cleats. Much less did they realize that the red truck with the silver bell sat alone and neglected merely because a tiny girl didn't know that the truck really didn't mean to hurt her with the sharp, little, metal cleats.

REGRET

MARY ANN GORDON '53

The mind submerged in naked hate
living the grudge
the wasted life
ragged red leaves falling into winter.

The outstretched hand that beckons
with avid twisted fingers
is not always to be trusted
for the scars of regret are there.

And as I turn to the left
and you to the right
we have at least
made our own decision

For the journey through life
is never chartered before
and there is never semblance
of straightness.

And the rising sun
and the fading sunset
will look after you far better
than regret with her chilled brooding

Your sorrow
like watery snow melting into spring
will fade
into the nothingness of the past
to be discarded
and forgotten . . .

DANTE IN CONTRAST

CARL V. VORPE '51

If Dante and Plato and Shakespeare could have gotten together before the world began to build a tent for shelter through life as an example for mankind in the centuries to come, they would have proceeded something like this.

Plato would busy himself with tent pegs, with the type of pegs, selecting and proving mathematically the position for each peg, the size and strength of the anchor chord, the kind of hide to be used for the dwelling, and he would determine the size of the opening in the front by the size of the biggest man of the three. He would assign every man to a position in the tent, and to his particular task. This done, he could relax and feel certain that it would be a perfect situation in which nothing could go wrong, since everything was reasoned out and planned in detail.

Shakespeare would be exceedingly careful to make the tent adaptable to the people (the three) to live within the tent. Given such a modern convenience, he would provide Plato with a reading room in which to study and to expound, would listen patiently to his questions. He would be a friend to Dante the Lonely, knowing that if anyone needed a friend it was Dante. He would argue with Plato about the nonsense of placing each just-so peg just so, when there were two other people around who might possibly (and very likely would) want to change them — if only to see what would happen. He might provide mattresses for the comfort of the night, but he would not call upon Dante's wife and family to come over to visit him, for that would turn the tragedy into comedy, and satisfy the dove-voice singing of hope in the midst of despair, and silence a Truth that must not and, ultimately cannot, be silenced: that the great things are taken on faith, and death and turmoil and disappointment and loneliness are inseparable from life. That without despair hope is meaningless.

Dante would never forget the first pains of his sensitive soul in hearing Plato and Shakespeare argue over where and how the pegs should be placed (if you will pardon the humble example) for it echoed in him the pain of another and irreconcilable fight which tore his city and his heart asunder. Nor would he ever forget the loneliness of the first sunset in this place where man is not, although he should feel at home in a stranger's house.

Dante, getting down to the building, would be concerned with the tent pole, making sure that it was firmly established — that it was of young, resilient wood, that its base be planted in solid rock of earth, so that it might point to heaven, raising with it the roof of disillusion which, otherwise, would smother them all. He would care not whether the tent was in the wind for he knew that it would be tested sooner or later: if not by wind, by age.

He would disagree with Plato's suggestion that a bed be assigned (or object to Plato's right to assign it) to each of them by one of them, although if Plato chose freely the one which Dante had chosen, Dante would not fight over it. Shakespeare would sit back and enjoy the argument.

If Plato would be confident of the tent's security, once set up in an orderly fashion, Shakespeare would demand that it be patched here and there through the ages: that it be kept up and altered according to seasonal conditions, and perhaps that they move it around from location to location for variety. He could understand the monotony of menial tasks, and would be the first to volunteer to help with those things which had to be done each day.

Dante would be mindful of the sins of the centuries and the joys of each moment. He would have a mirror placed face upward by the tent to mirror the heavens, and a mirror in his heart: and if we could look into both at once we should see hell in one and Love and joy and peace painted artfully in the other. The beam of light that would connect them is simply the hope which is the meaning of purgatory. The light of the world would mean to Dante and to us, to come later, through Dante, simply the Love without which perfect reflections are impossible. This Dante the world might see, standing outside the tent cathedral he would build, leaning over that the mirror of his heart might catch the reflections of his mirror directed toward heaven: he might be also a symbol of man's suffering, which directs him ever to that search for truth.

to say this is to mean that and then the image is lost in the space between the words so that what we said in september has little if no possibility of being what we will say in february toward the end of the month when after all the weather is and has changed leaving only a few tear drops of january evaporating on the still damp earth of a season passed

R. R. Z.

WE HAVE SOUGHT BEAUTY

C. O. ALTMAN '05

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
And we have sought beauty
Not with the wild, fierce passion of Shelley,
Or the keen, sensitive soul of Keats:
Yet we have sought for it,
And, sometimes from afar,
Have caught brief glimpses of the vision beautiful.

We have sought beauty and found it everywhere,
In the forest-covered lands that slope toward
The sunset sea, we found it:
In the Palisades, rich with the carvings of the centuries,
In the geysers of the Yellowstone, the smoke-like veils
Of rising mist — Old Faithful spouting gracefully;
In Bryce Canyon, with its vermilion cliffs,
Its pinnacles, domes, and towers,
Red, deep red, in the bright sunshine.

Yes, we have sought beauty
And have found it,
Not only in the lofty mountains and the sea,
But in the glorious coloring of deep solemnity
Of the Big Trees — the Mariposa.
There they stand, scarred by centuries of forest fires,
Deep-rooted, colossal — the most venerable living things.

Yes, we have sought beauty,
For "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

SO DIFFERENT, THE CALM

JAMES W. MONTGOMERY '48

So different now, the
calm in transposed quietness
here in April's short eternity; a magic time
when petaled wishes bloom; when

all the grasses, winter-withered,
return to life . . . and life itself returns
to mark the heightened
zenith of experience.

THE AUCTION

MARY ALTMAN OPPY '36

The auctioneer stood on a box
While folks from town walked round and round;
He chanted loud in sing-song voice,
They murmured softly when they found

A green and faded parasol
That once had dangled from her arm —

A brown felt hat she must have used
As all alone she worked her farm —

And in the secret drawer of her desk
A deck of cards well worn —

A walnut bureau at one side
Held twenty sheets embroidered
With blue birds and forget-me-nots.
An old, old lady looked and said
She thought not one had touched a bed.
A dozen pillow slips lay near,
And on them too the bluebirds flew
And flowers grew —

Upon a golden table made of oak
Two hundred shining fruit jars stood.
The long slant light of afternoon sun
Reflected the colors of cherry and plum
In tiny shadows on the wood.

The ladies rambled on and heard
The drone pitched high, "Come on and buy."
They talked, they bought, and then went home,
They shook their heads and said:
"How sad! Too bad!"

But I went to my room in town
And looked around. And with a sigh
I saw there was not much to catch the eye —
Not much to leave behind.

A MOOD FOR RAIN

RICHARD ZANDER '54

First Prize, Freshman Prose

It's raining harder.

Silver bells sound nearby. A soft clanging. A softness yet which carries the sound of pain. Do they suffer on this day of rain? Their sound is muted. The muted sound of Death. Always, they ring when the cycle ends. Happiness or sorrow from these silver bells? Happiness or sorrow?

People enter the graveyard. The body was not cremated. The noise made by slushing feet on the wet earth. A blind man knows such sounds. Hear them coming? Hundreds of them. Men led by a mouse caught hopelessly in the trap of fini. Mice led by a box which contains no cheese. Slushing and squishing along.

Rain had cleared the air of the smell of burning leaves. The air had been fresh until the perfume. Smashing clashing perfume. France and Egypt. Pressing the clean cool air to the tops of my boots. Queen Perfume.

A tear falls. Sound is different from that of a rain drop. Lighter. Less noise. A daughter. A wife. A son. Had he many friends? Was he a man? The tear fell. Weeping and moaning. The enslavement of the living. Nothing but yesterdays which pass into the forgotten. Yesterdays never last. Pitiabile? For only those who have no more than yesterdays. Not really.

. . . "Man cometh up like a flower . . ."

This, too, the blind man knows.

Over. Listen! Men shovel mud over a man. Splat . . . splat . . . splat. Mud on a hard wooden coffin. Ending is near. Flowers mixed with perfume. Flowers left in the rain to live over Death.

They go now. They walk slowly. Sputtering off umbrellas. Less and less. Back to their lives. Back over damp ground.

They've gone. Flowers and rain. Perfume trailing behind to the present. Flowers and rain and freshly turned ground. Silver bells and rain. They've gone. 'Still falls the rain'.*

* *Edith Stilwell*

PORTRAIT OF A PREACHER

WILLIAM M. DRENTEN '51

Ben looked up from the scattered pieces of broken chinaware with a hint of genuine amusement in his sparkling eyes. His wife had gone on a week-end vacation and had left him to do the cooking and dishwashing. Slowly, methodically, he gathered the pale yellow chips into an organized pile. His hands were narrow; his fingers those of an artist, long, well-formed, and sensitive. Deftly he let the shattered plate slide from the cardboard square into the waste container.

"That was a right nice smash-up—right pretty!" he chuckled as he smoothed out the wrinkles in the petite tea apron. The apron contrasted sharply with the excessive number of deep lines covering his face. The wrinkles above his black eyebrows were the scars of deep thought and intense concentration. The turned-up corners of his mouth pushed another series of hills and vales into the oval depressions beneath his prominent cheekbones. He shook the towel with snappy briskness and hung it neatly on the rack. His glances darting into each corner of the kitchen told him that his clean-up had been properly executed.

He ascended the staircase with a youthful vigor still evident in his step. As he entered his study, he lifted a baggy sportcoat from the chair and slipped it over his slim, muscular frame while he lowered himself to his desk. The side drawer stuck as he made the initial tug at the knob. He banged his closed fist twice against the left corner, then smiled with satisfaction as the drawer gave way. Without fumbling, he immediately pulled his notes from their resting place and spread them on the desk before him.

The light from the small lamp made his dark hair glisten softly. He dropped his chin into the palms of his hands. Slowly his fingers crept past his temples and worked their way toward the line inscribed through the center of his scalp by the prolonged use of a comb. Whenever Ben began to muss his hair, it was a certain sign that he had become deeply interested in a problem.

Tomorrow was Sunday. His sermon must come from his soul, not from notes. Oblivious to us and to his surroundings, he silently transferred his thoughts from script to spirit.

PUZZLES

THEODORE HELLWIG '52

Night.
No moon.
The stars like shining beads
Form puzzles in the sky.
Small they seem, like trinkets that we wear,
These burning pulsing suns
That gleam from a blue unending vault.
While on our tiny unlit bead
We think and think:
And send off trains of wonder into the unknown
And watch until they fade away.
Here on our infinitesimal piece
Of Universal puzzle
Creatures with souls that can
Reach out among the stars
Build up our senseless monster things —
 the heavy crashing rumbling tanks
 the mechanistic guns
 the diabolic mind-made plans —
And kill each other.
The stars like shining beads
Form puzzles in the sky.

"and there is a willow tree"

ANN VIGOR '52

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

And there is a willow tree

Symbol of sadness.
Weeping waterfall of greenish ghosts.

Cease thy silent sobbing,
For thou art my own soul.

And with thee, unheard,
My heart is

 crying,

 crying,

 crying,

 blood-tears.

REHEARSAL

RICHARD A. HOWARD '51

Did I ever see two ministers in one wedding? Say, I saw three and what a mess!

All the folks met at the bride's home for supper before the rehearsal—

Why do they rehearse? Huh? You listen!

I was the ring bearer and after we got to the church everybody was laughing and telling jokes and then the organist started playing. We all walked down front kinda stifflike before cousin Jeanie. She was the one who was s'posed to get married. An' Mom said it was up to her to decide how to do things. But you'd never guessed it. 'Cause all of a sudden they started arguing.

No, it was the ministers who started arguing.

Jeanie's pop is a minister and he was standing there with a black book. 'Side of him was the pop of the guy she was s'posed to marry.

Jeanie was holdin' on to her uncle's arm. He was a minister-doctor from a big city way over in the East. He started sayin' he and Jeanie should stand back a ways for a part of the marriage. Jeanie wanted to stand up with Bill and hold his hand.

Huh? No, Bill's the guy she wanted to marry.

Why? I dunno. He's always buyin' her ice cream cones and stuff. Maybe that's why.

Anyway they started arguing. Bill's pop said in their church they did it different. They kept a-talkin'. Finally Jeanie's pop said they'd decide later whether Jeanie could walk clear up and hold Bill's hand or not.

Then Jeanie's pop started reading something and all of a sudden Bill's pop stopped him and said it was different in his book. Then he read something and Jeanie said she didn't want to say "obey".

Huh? I don't know who she was s'posed to obey.

Then this doctor-minister said he didn't say that either. But Bill's pop kept on sayin' it was in the book and they ought to say it. Then Jeanie's pop got to arguing with Jeanie. Jeanie's mom got to arguing with Jeanie's pop and the doctor-minister. Bill's pop said they were all wrong 'cause it said so in the book and the book was right 'cause some Bishop-man had said so.

Then Jeanie started cryin'.

Gosh, I thought you were s'posed to be real happy when you got married.

Huh? No, Bill didn't say he wouldn't buy her ice cream any more? Don't interrupt me!

Then the guy standin' side of Bill said they all oughta shut up and do it the way Jeanie said. Jeanie's pop asked her, but she just kept on cryin' and said she didn't know what she wanted anymore.

Bill's pop said it was all written in the book and the Bishop-man was right.

But Jeanie started cryin' harder. So Bill took her outside and everybody got real quiet.

An' when they came back Bill said Jeanie was gonna hold his hand all the way through and that she didn't have to say "obey him".

Mom said she thought that was right. An' pop said it was, too, 'cause she wouldn't obey him anyway.

Huh? Sure Bill'll buy her more ice cream cones—even if she doesn't obey him.

THE WEDDING

JOAN BAYLES '54

You stand there, waiting for the little run in the music which means you must start down the aisle. The aisle-cloth is crooked in the middle and you wonder if you'll trip on it. The last bridesmaid is almost at the altar, and behind you a little bird-like woman from the florist's is pushing one last rebellious rose into submission in the bouquet in Elaine's hand.

She looks wonderful in that gown, you think, but then she's always looked wonderful in anything. You wonder if your eyes will ever shine like that—if you'll ever find the one to make them shine for. Certainly they could never have shone for Jim, standing there to claim the sweet girl behind you. There's something about him that—but there go those four notes, and you begin.

Step, pause . . . and you see your sister give you a little wink of confidence from the last pew . . . step, pause . . . and you pray not to trip and spoil things . . . step, pause . . . you grip the ring tighter under the bouquet and you try to smile . . . step, pause . . . the organist slurs several notes together and you feel ashamed for her . . . step, pause . . . and lifting your chin a little you see the ushers' red carnations on their white jackets staring at you like four little red eyes . . . step, pause . . . and the first usher grins at you and you try to smile back, and you can't . . . step, pause . . . and you wonder if Elaine and her dad have started down the aisle yet . . . step, pause . . . the

people are still looking at you so you decide she must not have . . . step, pause . . . the little ripple of "oh's" which fans out like motor boat waves as you pass assures you you look better than you feel now . . . step, pause . . . you realize that you are past the crooked place in the aisle-cloth and a little sigh of relief crowds its way out . . . step, pause . . . and you reach the steps to the platform . . . carefully you pick up your dress so the hem won't trip you, and the candlelight shines on the emerald satin with a new brilliance for you . . . three steps—you waver on the first and then take the other two surprisingly firmly.

The music swells, announcing that Elaine is coming down the aisle, and your fears swell with every note. Are you doing the right thing? You've practiced, but now you're not sure. Elaine—Elaine is just a little girl—you've been doing eighth grade social science together—why is she here? Then you remember you're grown up now, but you know you are the same inside. Will you ever be the last one down the aisle in a scene like this? Will you . . . then you realize you've crossed the platform, and you must turn around.

You revolve slowly past the minister—Jim and the best man—the candles—the ushers—the people—and you focus your attention on Elaine. Suddenly everything falls into place, and you know it's right, and you smile.

CONTENTMENT

JANET JENKINS '54

To a child

This day is eternity:

As he looks upon the autumn days

At the blush of the leaves,

At the acrid smoke that permeates the air,

At the wind that weaves those leaves into a tapestry,

He gives no thought to what has gone before

Or what is yet to come;

His world is bounded by the dawn and dusk

He gives no thought to icy storms

Or sweltering summer suns;

He lives but for today —

And is content.

EXTRA PASSENGER

STANTON CARSON '53

I stepped in and eased myself down upon the seat and closed the door behind me.

"Where to, sport?" The cabbie asked.

"Wyncoff Hotel," I answered, and sat back, closed my eyes and relaxed. The cab, a forty-seven Ford, roared once, then pulled away from the curb. We maneuvered in and out of traffic across the Atlanta streets until we came to the extension of the famous Peachtree Street, where we slowed to a stop for a traffic light.

As I dreamed out the window, the kids playing marbles, a couple walking hand in hand and a shop keeper rolling up his awning formed a peaceful picture. I was happy and content; in a few minutes the long journey would be over.

The light changed from yellow to green. The cabbie released the clutch and we were starting to move again when the rear door opposite me flew open and a young excited voice pleaded, "Stop, please stop!"

The cabbie slipped through traffic to the curb. Then whirling with fire in his eyes he burst out, "What y' tryin' to do, git my new cab busted up? Can't y' see I . . ." With his last words trailing off, his eyes changed to surprise; he then turned and looked into my equally puzzled face. She was about twenty, wearing a red cotton dress with white trimming, sheer hose, and black high-heeled shoes. She had a well proportioned body and was about medium height. When she looked at me I could see her light cream complexion contrasted by red lips and dark eyes. She was crying. I looked back at the cabbie, we were both speechless.

"I'm very sorry," she started, "but you see I had to have a taxi."

"But, but, I'm sorry too, Miss," the cabbie tried to explain, "I already have a fare."

"Wait a second, cabbie." I was getting a little more used to the situation. "What is the trouble, Miss, is there anything we can do?"

"Oh yes," she turned to me with a new flood of tears, "I have to go to the Southern Terminal right away."

"Well, now maybe we can dry some of those tears, because that's just about where I'm going," I answered feeling something of a hero. The cabbie looked again, then turned still puzzled, faced the windshield and pulled into traffic once more.

"I just couldn't get a taxi and I have to be there at nine-thirty. What would he think if after all this time I weren't there when he arrived?" She threw this all at me in one breath, then started to cry again.

"Whoa, take it easy, start over. I can't keep up at that pace," I laughed.

She had been looking through her purse in search of another handkerchief but now she stopped and looked up into my eyes with her own soft dark eyes. Her lips separated and formed a tremulous smile. I felt strange chills running from my throat to my stomach. She reached out and laid her soft hands on mine. My heart pumped like a steam engine. She was out of this world!

Now as she spoke her voice was no longer high and excited, but soft and low and ever so smooth. ". . . and he went into the Marines before we could be married. He used to write me every day." She was growing very dejected now. "Then one day he was wounded and I didn't hear from him for months." She drew her hand away from mine and dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief. Everything was silent in the cab, then she continued. "I got a phone call from him the other day and he said he was coming home on the nine-thirty train tonight and wanted to know if I would meet him. He just got out of the hospital and I don't even know what was wrong with him, but it won't make any difference to me," she assured me, "I love him so much."

Then she grew suddenly quiet again. I tried to look out of the window and keep my eyes off her. I glanced at the cabbie, he was watching her through the rear view mirror. I thought how lucky the Marine was that was going to get this girl. If she were mine I would just sit all day and look at her. We turned into the Southern Terminal driveway and pulled to a stop. She jolted as if from a dream, then looked into her pocket book, found her compact and commenced to powder her nose. After that, she combed her hair with short, nervous strokes.

"First time I have seen him in two years," she said happily. She turned to me as she put her comb away, "Do I look all right? Do you think my hair is messy?" Then in softer tones, "Can you tell I've been crying?"

"You're a knockout," I answered and meant every word of it. "He won't notice a thing."

"Thank you ever so much," she gave me that same grateful smile, took a deep breath stepped out of the cab and made her way across the sidewalk into the station.

The cabbie and I sat there for a long minute look-

ing at each other, each knowing what the other was thinking. I nodded and we leaped out and followed her into the terminal.

There she was, walking toward the entrance of track two, slowly, hesitating at each step. Then she broke into a run, coming into his arms with such force that he lost his grip on the suit case and it fell to the floor. She was holding him close to her, her eyes filled with tears. She looked up into his face, he looked down but with his gaze still far over her head. The expression and feeling in his lips and face were great while the dark glasses that covered his eyes were blank. She took his face in her small hands and kissed him over and over again. There were large tears running down her cheeks, but as I had told her, "He didn't notice a thing." For he was BLIND!

CAN INK RETAIN

JAMES W. MONTGOMERY '48

Can ink retain
the memory
when I have left
this for you?
wealth of silver tears, I have
written your silence in black to be remembered
forever

PSALM FROM A FAR EAST PROLETARIAN

CARL V. VORPE '51

". . . and He brought me out into the morning,
and He asked of me,

"Turn your eyes east' . . .

And as my eyes held the sky,

My heart drew a picture:

"A half-starved crust of moon,

A brilliant drop of morning star

Splashed against a brightening vertical platter.

"Why did he show this to me?

(Meager sustenance for a starving man)

And so I walk into the day's

Preoccupation

Meekly, anxiously

The while I walk I starve . . ."

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS

MARVIN PARRISH '52

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose, 1951

It was a typical chilly evening in early fall. We were hurrying down the rough bottom lane to stretch the barbed wires. My father with his usual long stride was expertly missing all the rocks and bumps while I was almost jogging to keep up. Neither of us spoke. The only sounds were the scratching and thumping of our shoes on the hard ground, and the rattle of a few fence tools which we were carrying.

The sun was just dropping out of sight behind the woods, and as we went down the long slope toward the green bottom land we could feel the cold air settling around us. We hardly noticed it, however, because we were both warm from our walk, and both were thinking. Father probably had his thoughts about tomorrow's work, and I was thinking about what we had done earlier that day — the way the fence posts which we had just set were all crooked and out of line because Dad had let me sight them. How important I had been when we set those posts — me a kid only old enough to tag along, able to do only little jobs; me doing the important work of sighting the posts. My very chest swelled just to think of it. When my Dad had kidded me about those crooked posts at the supper table, I wanted to brag a little, but visualizing the zig-zag line I was held by pride in silence.

As we approached the place where we were to begin our work, I could see the line of posts stretching along the side of the hill almost half way to the crest. Our end of the already strung wires was to be fastened to another fence running up and down the hill. The other end, which was out of sight, was stapled to a big sugar tree on the edge of the woods.

We put the unnecessary tools down and began preparing to stretch the first wire. The chain, rope blocks, the clamp, — everything in place and Dad began to pull. The wire started to slide on the ground almost silently, dragging a little grass or weed on each barb. Dad halted for a moment.

"Run out to the top of the hill and pick up on the wire. That will get it out of the grass and help me get it closer to the posts."

I didn't particularly care for that job, but I pushed off along the side of the gentle slope. It was almost dark

now especially near the woods where the trees filtered the last western light. The bluegrass was soft and damp underfoot, and the air crisper than ever.

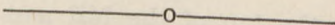
When reaching the approximate center of the wire I picked it up with both hands and stepped closer to the posts. I felt the wire begin to move again slowly, spasmodically.

Then all of a sudden I was thrown down. I seemed to turn completely inside out. Then I felt pain and a tearing sensation in my hands.

The painful outcry of a lone voice piercing the solitude of evening brought action from my Dad. I am told that when the wire broke he fell backward hitting his head on the hard ground. He was stunned momentarily, but when he heard the cry his senses were restored and he realized that I hadn't let go of the wire.

I was blindly picking myself up still screaming and bawling trying to determine where I hurt most, and seemingly walking in all directions at once when Dad grabbed me. My palms were tightly pressed together but he pulled them apart and we both looked at my barb-torn hands. I could see his face change expression as if the wounds were hurting him as much as they hurt me. He put his handkerchief between my hands and pressed them tightly around it, then carefully picked me up and carried me back to the end of the crooked line of posts showing only by moon light.

I was seated on the ground with my feet in a furrow, the handkerchief between my hands, and sobbing violently. Dad had gone to pick up the tools after trying to console me. I don't know what he said, maybe he couldn't speak; but actions speak louder than words, for I never felt closer to my Dad. I felt small — even smaller than I was, and Dad seemed big — very big, watching and sharing my grief with me. I felt like a soldier wounded in battle; like my job was important and even more important now since I was hurt and since Dad had cared for me so tenderly. I wanted to keep it that way. I wanted to make it last.



STALIN — a Lenin grad making his Marx in the world

"the city"

RICHARD ZANDER '54

First Prize, Freshman Poetry

the city

an early newspaper
 crumpled and torn
 lies dead
 between two ashcans (one lid-ed)

an empty bottle
 neck cracked
 label half gone
 by the can (un-lid-ed)

the city

here where they shall live in
 the company
 of old
 cracked
 bottles and cans
while the rain of life
always the rain of life
 pounds hate

the city

the clouds being silently grey
never more
in the city

movement from only those who fear

the clouds
the rain
the city

the city

where only early crumpled torn newspapers
 and empty cracked neck bottles
 have found happiness

"They say spring is an awakening"

JOAN BAYLES '54

Second Prize, Freshman Poetry

They say spring is an awakening,
Yet fall holds tight inside each crumpled leaf
All summer's laziness,
To be replaced
With winter's happy bustling.
Each red apple has within its skin
The breathless sigh of the first snow. The fire
Of fall expends more waking energy
Than ever did the tender glow of spring.

IMPROMPTU

THEODORE HELLWIG '52

Second Prize, Burkhart Poetry Contest

Tell me, how can I find the Lord
Between the covers of any book?
Why is there music in a rosined chord
Or the murmur of a mountain brook?
Say, how can a mortal find
Life, perfection, and the highest station?
How understand the endless complication?
How see the light when conceived blind?
How know the meaning of an unknown's glance,
Forestall the fatal blundering of chance?
What is the meaning of the wild bird's song?
Not what the poets say, for they are wrong
To find a passion in the singing of a bird,
To try so clumsily to explain
God, the universe, Love, the rain
With the deceptive, pointless, written word.

LIFE

JO ANN FLATTERY '52

Life
Is like
A little ball of ribbon
Unwinding . . . out and out,
Until it reaches the very end
Then it rolls back up
Into its
Little roll
Again.

LITTLE GIRL

DON WALTER '51

The city was breathing a sigh of relief after a terrific hot spell. I was sitting in my usual booth at Joe's Place. Being a reporter on a large daily newspaper is no snap, but getting material for a column is even more rugged. It's my sacred duty to have a column about people and places on the editor's desk by 8 o'clock every morning except Sunday.

I hang out at Joe's because Joe points many a story my way, of course, I plug his place regularly.

Anyhow, this night I am about desperate for material when I notice a man bending over the bar talking earnestly to Joe. I guess it's the fate of bartenders to listen to people's woes.

From where I'm sitting I see the guy using shots as punctuation marks he's downing them so fast. Finally, Joe gives me the high-sign of a possible story. I think he's getting tired of listening.

I slid on to the stool next to his and said, "Say, Pal, you're going to have an awful headache in the morning."

"That's none of your damned business."

"O. K., you don't have to get sore at a bum joke. How about letting me buy a couple for you?"

"What's your angle?"

"No angle."

"That's a crock. Everybody's got an angle."

"Maybe I just like your face."

"Don't get wise. I'm still sober enough to floor you."

I was getting nowhere fast. I waited until the drinks arrived, and then asked him to join me in my booth. He eyed me suspiciously, but followed me over to the booth.

After a dead silence of about five minutes—and a fast shot, he began to loosen up. The story started slowly, but gained speed as the whisky took effect.

"I still don't get your angle. You know, Mister, I have my own money. I don't drink much. Just once in awhile."

He paused to get some reaction from me. I nodded to his last remark.

"I used to have a nice home. Had five rooms, kitchen, and bath. Was in a swell section of town. My wife and I were happy. My little girl and I were happy. We were just one big, happy family."

I noticed a tinge of bitterness and sarcasm in that last remark. It struck me with a chilling effect. He drank another shot and rolled on.

"The little kid had big, blue eyes, curly, blonde hair,

and a little turned-up nose. She was as cute as a button. My wife and she were so much alike that I often thought they should be models for mother and daughter pictures."

He broke the narrative. Memories can be painful. He pressed his hands hard against his eyeballs to shut out the memories and continued.

"I had a good job in those days. Worked for Gray Advertising Inc. You ever heard of them?"

I nodded. They were big-time stuff.

"I was a senior executive. They paid well. My wife and I decided that the kid would have the best of everything. She was our only child. Wife had a lot of trouble with her."

I knew there had to be an end. He deviated somewhat, but always got back to the little girl.

"She was a real sweet girl. Never gave us any trouble. Happy kid."

"We lived on a pretty well-traveled street. Cars came by pretty fast, but they were always careful of the kids. It was a good neighborhood."

We had both finished our drinks. Joe was right on deck with another. He took his drink—gulped half—continued with the narrative.

"I nursed that kid through measles, chicken-pox, and all the colds she got. The wife used to yell about me spoiling her. I guess it's natural to spoil kids. She was the only one I had to spoil."

"Her name was Mary. She was five years old. That's too young to die — too damned young for a kid to die."

The tears were rolling down his cheeks. He finished the drink. The story had to end soon—he was near to passing out.

"Why were automobiles invented. They only kill little girls that are too young to die. They only kill people. It isn't worth all the pain. Damn all the people that invented automobiles."

He dabbed at his eyes with a handkerchief. I pretended to take no notice.

"I'll never forget picking her limp body out of the streets. She was like a blond rag doll. A rag doll broken in a million pieces. She was dead before I got to her. I knew it when I saw her."

I felt like crying along with him, but I said, "What was it? Some hit-run driver?"

He looked at me blankly. "No, I hit her."

TWO CARS

JIM SHAW '54

Our family owns two cars! Sounds like bragging, doesn't it? But not in our case; we are the reluctant owners of a 1935 model and a 1936 model Oldsmobile.

Of most old cars it is said, "It gets there and back," but not in our case; we consider ourselves quite fortunate to arrive downtown without mishap—the worry of "getting back" is secondary. After all, one can always catch a bus. My mother so aptly found this out the day she had ordered fifteen dollars worth of flowers for decorating and then had to carry them home on the bus in a bushel basket that was not particularly designed for such a purpose, all because it (the 1935 beauty) got stubborn and wouldn't start.

The 1935 model has nothing much important wrong with it, unless the fault of having an unfastened back seat could be called important. This car's chief bid to fame is the variety of petty annoyances it can thrust upon the unsuspecting driver. These include, in addition to the floating seat, a rear door window glass that falls out if the door is slammed too hard, a "heater" that persists in belching forth cold air the year round, no gearshift knob (a situation to be explained later), and an uncanny aversion to starting during the warm months of the year.

We experience little difficulty in starting our car in the fall or winter but come spring, beware! If the car has been driven for three miles or less it is a reasonable assumption that if you stop it, it will refuse to start for the next half-hour.

This quirk led to my most embarrassing situation. It was the night I took my girl out on the fourth date. We had gone to the airport to eat, a distance of about two miles. When we came out and got in the car, all I could manage to get from the motor was a sort of rasping growl, sounding something like a sleepy scotty who had just caught sight of a dozen rats on the pantry floor.

My feeble explanation that, "Well, we'll just have to sit here till it decides to start," evoked only a look of appalling disbelief on the face of the girl, who did not doubt in the least that this was only an excuse to "park" and moreover, one belonging to the rankest of amateurs.

For the lack of anything better to do, I jumped out and began to push. The results of this were a mud splattered overcoat, a smothered laugh from within the car and the loss forever of the knob on the gearshift. (I did not discover this till later, when in an attempt to shift gears, my hand

could find nothing more substantial to grasp than the emergency break, which I pulled in desperation and immediately stalled the car.)

My efforts were not entirely in vain, however, as I did manage to shove the car about ten feet backward into a rut made by a tractor-trailer.

By this time I was blocking the exit of another car, so I enlisted the aid of his Buick and his profanity and emerged on the open road. A short push started the engine again. (It always started if there were someone around to push it.)

Our other auto, 1936 vintage, is a year younger and thus does not possess the variety of discomforts which are found in its predecessor. It, however, because of scientific improvement, is more specialized and precise in its eccentricities, the two foremost being a short circuit in the radio and an ability to deaden a battery the second week after we have bought it. The latter fault is always explained by the garageman who installed the battery as having something to do with "leaving your lights on all night, Mac." Since both of us know this is obviously not the reason, the only other conclusion that can be drawn is that the car itself is constantly absorbing juice from the battery by a means as yet unknown to modern science. We have found it best to ignore this situation.

The radio, however, presents a far more entertaining problem. For the last twelve years it has defied with equal disdain the best efforts of radio repairmen and mechanics. The problem is not in finding the station. This is predetermined by the direction the car is headed. The problem lies in volume control. Of course, when riding behind a hill or under high tension lines the quirk is eliminated because no reception at all is possible. But due to the short circuit, everytime we hit a bump in the road the blare increases (or decreases depending upon the previous jolt). Thus a program gives the general effect of listening to a merry-go-round while riding on a roller-coaster. The advertisement "So folks, use (bump) DOME'S PILLS—GOOD AD (bump) vice," is not an infrequent interlude during a Sunday afternoon ride.

Naturally there is always this advantage in having two old cars: we only have to cope with one antagonist at a time. The other is either stranded on some side street or is being repaired at the corner garage. Several years ago we used to look upon our autos as a means of transportation, but lately they have assumed the more important role of the means of support for the local mechanic. Since we have

entrusted him with our cars, he has twice entered a new income tax bracket.

In spite of all our troubles, we will never give up either of our cars. We can't afford to. We always need one to push the other.

THE MEDALLION

ANN CARLSON '52

Cool, black night is my wishing well.
The secured moon is my medallion.
Often I lean on the edge of the pool
To watch as it sinks toward the bottom.

AT THE BROKEN WINDOW

JOAN PLATT KLIMCHAK '51

Spring, the seamstress, came today
I watched her wend her way
and stop here at the broken window of *my* heart
To mend.
She brushed away the whispers
From the dusty pane
So I could see
The outside world that she
Had patched
With carefree scattered
Rainbow thread.
She took the brightest sunbeam
To melt away the sighs
That barred love
From the doorway
Of my heart.
Who was it said,
You never can put back
The blossoms on a tree
When storms have torn them
From their life source?
Then Spring, the seamstress
Could not find
Their overladen hearts,
And stop, and brush away their dusty sighs—
And mend.

LOST BUT FOUND

ROBERT M. ESCHBACH '54

The still of night which comes in light and dark
Is forever haunting me but never daunting me
On my march through life.
It draws like evening, continually weaving a spell
Of strange wonder which lightens and thunders
The soft and the swell of my ears.
The hatred, the worry, the scuffle and hurry of people
Who never mind themselves nor ever mind themselves
To listen to steeples with bells.
I learned when young and when I was flung into darkness
Of eternal length and nocturnal strength
That beauty was not sadness of the soul.
It is the sound which constantly pounds the ears
With expression of thought not depression that's caught
In the mood of cheerless love.

IN MEMORY

THEODORE HELLWIG '52

Our rooms face corridors
That lead in all directions.
In mine, the candle casts its colored shadows —
Dancing figures on ceiling
And wall and floor — a changing pattern
That comes and goes
With whimsy of the mind.
The omnipotence of Fate
Makes darker the dark of Night;
The tears are shed
Of generations gone —
The language of the Past:
Hear them speak on wood and stone and flesh
And you, O Death,
Whose fancy-free follows not
A straightened path;
But like the moving, seeking wind
Causes the dancing bubble
To move ahead,
Then with a merging
Bursts the bubble, bursts the skin
And transposes Time
From our worldly judgment
To All Eternal:
Be proud.

HAMMER-HEAD

A nosy young carpenter's daughter,
Mending roofs as her father had taught her,
Found an int'resting flaw,
So took hammer and saw
What she really should never have oughter.

L. R. M.

WANT A FROG FARM?

MARVIN PARRISH '52

There once was a fickle farmer who owned a frog farm.
This fickle farmer loved frogs.
Naturally the fickle farmer loved frogs or he wouldn't be farming
a frog farm.
Well really the fickle farmer didn't farm the frog farm;
The fickle farmer just raised fickle frogs.
One would expect the fickle frogs to be fickle if a fickle frog
farmer raised the fickle frogs.

This fickle farmer had a pickled wife,
The fickle farmer's pickled wife didn't raise fickle frogs,
She raised prickly pears.

You see the fickle farmer and his pickled wife got along very well
together;
Because the fickle farmer fed his fickle frogs prickly pears from
his pickled wife's prickly pear plants, and the pickled wife
fed the fickle farmer frogs from the fickle farmer's frog farm.

DRAIN-O

The wife of a plumber is lucky;
Her days will be free from all care.
She never will plunge in depression,
She never will flush with despair.

L. R. M.

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