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Spring 1952

## 1952 Spring Quiz and Quill Magazine

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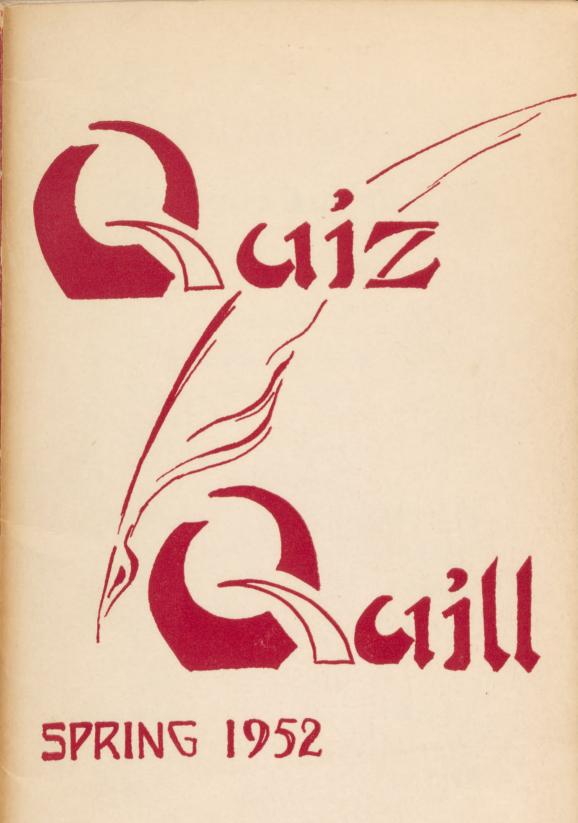
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# THE QUIZZ AND QUILL

Published By

The Quiz and Quill Club

Of Otterbein College

## THE STAFF

	Joan Bayles
Editor-in-Chief	
	Betty Leonard
Assistant Editors	Phyl Shultz
	Bev Thompson
Art Editor	
	Vince Palmere
Business Managers	Gary Hunt

Founded, 1919

Spring, 1952

#### THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB — 1951-1952

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Richard Coyle	Martha Lawson
Shirlie Dennis	Betty Leonard

Beverly Thompson

## LITERARY AWARDS - 1952

#### Freshman Poetry Contest

First PrizeP	'hyllis Royer '55
Second PrizeLyn	nne Walters '55

#### Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

First Prize	Edward H. Marryatt '52
Second Prize	
Third Prize (tie)	Martha Lawson '52
	Marvin Parrish '52

#### Quiz and Quill Prose Contest

First Prize	Beverly Thompson '52	2
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#### Dr. Roy A. Burkhart Poetry Contest

First F	rize	James	W. Shaw	'54
Second	PrizeE	dward H.	Marryatt	'52

## Weinland Writing and Selling Award - 1951

#### Barnes Short Story Contest - 1951

First Prize......Donald Walter '51

## N.S.A.L. Intercollegiate Short Story Contest - 1951

(For students of Otterbein College, Capital University, Ohio State University, and St. Mary's of the Springs)

Second Prize.....Joan Bayles '54 Honorable Mention.....Betty Hoff Johnston '54 Cover Design — Monta Stursteps

## TO A HEART-CARVED TREE

## By EDWARD H. MARRYATT '52

## First Prize - Quiz and Quill Poetry

O, stalwart, stately, sentinel of dreary nights,

How many fools, like me, have passed beneath your boughs And left no mark?

The years have come and gone, and still you stand, Unmarked, save by the elements — and one lone man:

A foolish lover,

Who took up knife and carved a monument to mark his love, A monument denoting moments spent together,

Beneath your diadem.

Who knows where they have gone, or who they were— Those two initials, written in your bosom's blood,

And circled by a heart?

And, yet, for years to come, those two will outlive death— Because the world was meant for loving hearts, for lovers, And for love.

## TO M. E.

## By JAMES W. SHAW '54

First Prize - Roy Burkhart Poetry Contest

The problem in a woman's glance is yet

But half untold as well. An eye of jet, A lip of scarlet—charm sublime. Regret

Of time! They leave in unsure hearts a hold Unbroken save by lonely time or cold

Rebuff. A woman's glance—but to forget Is heresy!

Oh, man or muse, search not For answer to love's wiles. Retain instead The fleeting beauty of a cherished smile Or glance. Unrest eternal is the lot Of those who ponder love. The fountainhead Of loveliness seeks only to beguile.

#### MIRRORS

By PHYLLIS ROYER '55

First Prize - Freshman Poetry

They say that the eyes are The mirrors of the soul.

But I do not believe it. For I have looked into eyes, And I have looked into mirrors.

Mirrors do not lie.

## REQUIEM

#### By BEVERLY THOMPSON '52

## First Prize - Quiz and Quill Prose

The first day of college. Martha walked across the green carpet campus, up the wide brick steps of a colonial-styled building, between the twin white pillars standing like stern sentries and passed through the red brick walls—Haller Hall.

Inside the wide, double door it was bright—the hard, cruel brightness of artificial lighting and the shiny, gray tile floor. As Martha raised her eyes she could see silhouetted girls, their hats making funny shadow patterns on the pale green walls.

She hugged her navy blue, leather luggage closer to her thin, tense body. Her mouth was dry. It was hard to get her breath and she felt that she was drowning in a sea of unfamiliar facesmonkey chatter-bright colors-milling and churning around her.

The thin woman with the horn-rimmed glasses smiled at her from behind a gunmetal desk. "207? Second floor—first door to the right."

Martha took the brass key from her outstretched hand, mumbled an automatic "thank you" and walked swiftly to the wide, curved stairway. She began to climb the stairs, step after step, with stiff legs. She could feel all their eyes burning into her back —right through her neat, brown gabardine suit. She straightened her slightly rounded shoulders.

There were gold letters above the door. She turned the worn, brass door knob, stepped into the room and closed the world on the

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outside. Once inside she relaxed. The sound of placing the suitcases on the floor echoed through the room disconsolately. Removing the tiny, brown cloche from her mousey, brown hair, she sagged into a chair and examined the room.

There were four, bare, cream walls, twin beds with maple headboards and naked mattresses, two maple dressers with cold mirror-faces. Between the bare windows on the far wall were two bare desks, also of maple, and two, straight, proper-looking chairs. The varnished, hardwood floor was bare—everything was bare, harsh, unfriendly.

She sighed. I hate it already, she thought. It isn't any different from Milford. The same laughing girls, laughing at me with their horrible, red mouths. Sweeping over me and pushing me farther and farther into this plain, brown shell.

Through the closed door she could hear the laughter, the footsteps in the hall. A telephone rang somewhere. Someone cried, "For me?" Excited giggles. A maple tree branch brushed against the impassive glass of the window. A yellow convertible sped by on the street below the window. The girl could hear the sound of her own breathing in the empty room.

Suddenly the door flew open. Martha whirled around quickly —startled and off guard. A shining, blonde girl walked swiftly into the room and dropped the brown, alligator overnight case. She She stood in the center of the floor a moment, sparks of excitement flying in all directions from her expensive, well-tailored bottle-green suit.

It was then that she saw Martha, looking like a part of the plain, walnut rocker that she sat in. "Oh, I didn't know anyone was here. You must be Martha. I'm Claire."

What was that speech Martha had rehearsed for their first meeting? "Y-yes." (Why was her voice so weak? "I'm glad to meet you, Claire." (How clumsy, Martha.) "Ah—I just arrived."

"So did I. The train was horrible." Claire took a comb from the neutral leather handbag that matched her neat pumps and ran it through the long, blonde locks. "I'm crazy about this place already. Don't all the girls look terrific? This room looks so bare. But it won't take long to fix it up. We can go down town tomorrow and buy some drapes and bedspreads to match. Let's seered would probably be a good color—brighten up the room, don't you think And then a few throw rugs on the floor. And pictures. Did you see the gorgeous houses on sorority row? I can't wait to pledge. Rushing is fabulous around here, they say. Just one party after another. Do you know any of the fellows in Delta Chi? I dated one this summer. Guess it's THE frat on campus. And I hear our football team is certain to be conference champ. How can we help but win with Jim Fuller playing fullback?" She chattered on and on without ceasing. Martha just sat and stared. She didn't hear what Claire was saying but she could see the red mouth reflected in the mirror moving, moving. She's doing a good job of covering her disappointment, thought Martha. I'll bet she could have sunk through the floor when she saw me. We certainly aren't anything alike. If only I could have her confidence, her poise . . .

"I'm too excited to unpack. Let's run down to the Hangout for a Coke."

"W-what did you say?" Martha focused her mind on reality again.

Claire looked at her sharply. "I said let's go over to the Hangout for a while. I saw some simply fascinating men heading that way. Come on."

"No, no thanks. Ah—I think I'll start unpacking." Martha shuddered. She couldn't stand seeing another new face. "Fascinating men"—she'd never seen one who was "fascinating." They were all vain, slick characters and besides they scared her. All of them were so self-confident and proud. And cruel, too. Everyone was cruel and she couldn't standing seeing another new face.

"Sure you don't want to go?"

"Yes. I'm awfully tired. Thank you, anyway."

"Well, o.k. I'll see you later." Claire was gone in a rush of vitality just as she had appeared only a few minutes ago.

Martha was alone—a little, brown mouse in the center of a huge, empty warehouse. "Claire, wait for me," echoed down the hall. Sounds of excitement, girls' voices down the hall and then footsteps running down the stairs and fading away.

Martha flung herself on the naked mattress and wept.

## THE ELEVATOR

#### By VIRCINIA KRAUSS '52

The macrocosmic elevator. "Going up." "Going down." We see the blank-walled box around us, without windows, lighted (artificially), filled with other faces, unknown and unknowing, moved by forces, unseen and uncontrollable.

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## BLIND

By LYNNE WALTERS '55

Second Prize - Freshman Poetry

Groping; fathomed in eternal night, resources unknown, guideposts unseen tucked away within the mind.

Seeking;

with strength abiding deeds of comfort; never pity, thoughtful words of love.

#### Helping;

with courage undaunted, giver of radiant light that others might envision through vacant eyes — Reality.

#### ONE KISS

## By EDWARD H. MARRYATT '52

## Second Prize - Roy Burkhart Poetry Contest

Are you the one for whom I wait-The woman I must come to know-The sharer of my earthly fate. And partner of my love? If so, One kiss is all I ask of thee-In kindness, or in love, to give-And, should that kiss show love to me, Rejoice, my heart, arise and live! Rebound from earth and soar on high; Surpass, in speed, the comet's flight; Explore the corners of the sky; And, then, return, with peace of night. My dear, one kiss does this to me-One kiss -- if heartfelt, warm, and true. One kiss - enough to set me free, And, yet, enslave my heart to you.

#### ON THOUGHTS OF THE ROMANTIC POETS

#### By JAMES W. SHAW '54

Second Prize - Quiz and Quill Poetry

If through the looking-glass of life we peered

In order better our real selves to see

And think on thoughts of immortality Unhindered by the things we most have feared To view—in looking, if real truth we neared

And purer caused our lowly selves to be,

By finding those Real Truths to set us free From bondaged souls-

#### Then all the many wierd

And misty doubts we feel would leave and pass Into a faith so strong and sure, that Hope Would be the force with which to rule our mound Of earth on which we fret our way. Our mass Of thoughts which now a frail life binds in scope Would then be free to soar to Truth unbound.

#### BLIND DATE

#### By BETTY LEONARD '52

#### Second Prize - Quiz and Quill Prose

"Hi, Kenny! You are Kenny, aren't you? Paula said to look for a boy in a Navy uniform, so I guess you are my date for the evening." (Ye gads! Is this what I am stuck with for the rest of the night? Why didn't Paula tell me he was so short? At least I could have worn ballet slippers instead of my heels.)

"Yes, I am ready to go. Just a minute until I sign out. But I guess you know all about rules, since you are in the Navy." (You could've at least helped me put on my jacket, you jerk. Not that I really mind struggling into it myself. Doesn't the Navy believe in manners?)

"Where are we going tonight? Oh, I don't care. You must know quite a few places to go since you have lived here all your life." (Where do I want to go? You know very well I want to go to the baseball game and see the Pirates. Paula told you how I love baseball.)

"Chicago is such a big place and there are so many entertain-

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ments here; but in the spring time I like to be outside when I can, don't you? The air is cool tonight and the stars are dripping their light."

"Go to the baseball game? Well, if you want to, I would like to go." (That certainly took you long enough to figure out. I would hate to have you on a quiz program. The sponsors wouldn't lose a thing.)

"Goodness, are we here at Wrigley Field this soon? I was busy looking at all the buildings. Oh no, I live in Pennsylvania. I just came out here several weeks ago to take a secretarial course." (If you don't hurry up, we won't get to watch batting practice. That is just as interesting as a game. You don't know the difference between a secretarial and agricultural course, anyway. What do you care what I am taking?)

"Where would I like to sit? Oh, it doesn't really matter. I do like the first base side though, second tier." (That is the only place to sit at a ball game. You can see all the players from there. Haven't you ever seen a game before?)

"These seats are fine. Yes, I would like a program. Thank you. Oh, there is Ralph Kiner—number 4 out there on the field." (Who is he? Good grief even my three-year-old brother knows him. Haven't you read any sports magazines before?)

"You see Kiner is the player expected to top Babe Ruth's record. Wally Westlake is stepping up to the plate now. He is our lead-off batter." (You act as if you have never seen a game before. Don't you know what's going on?)

"Isn't it exciting? Bill Werle is pitching a terrific game. He only allowed two scratch singles. Our batters are slugging away, making those 4 runs last inning." (You certainly don't seem very enthused over the game. I never really knew there were men that weren't baseball fans. I guess there is one in every crowd.)

"Leave? Already? But it is only the seventh inning Of course I don't really mind, if you want to leave." (I certainly do not want to leave. Anything can happen in a half of an inning, let alone three whole ones. But I don't want to walk home tonight, and I didn't bring any money with me.)

"No, I better not get anything to eat. We have to be in by twelve and I don't want to take any chances." (I'm in the mood for steak, not the hamburger I know you would buy me. Anything to get home quicker.)

"Here we are back at the dorm. I want to thank you for a perfectly lovely evening. Not tonight, please. I just don't think a girl should on her first date with a boy. Yes, do call me tomorrow." (Thank goodness this nightmare is over. Imagine letting him kiss me—not even on the twelfth date with him, but he will never get that far. I will let the phone just ring tomorrow when he calls.) "Goodnight! I'll be waiting for your call."

#### AN ENTRANCE TO ETERNITY

By MARTHA LAWSON '52

Third Prize (tie) - Quiz and Quill Poetry

The path of planets is elliptical, we learn. Yet we have met with naught in the straight-to-swiften air, that is rounded, circumspect, to veer the formidable front-break of the waves to us, across the space between us.

Lengthening unto the other, we have fitted skies to us, and made a mad music, felt, not heard . . . unseen, but tasted, touching deep and dense in every soul.

For we have come the way of vibrant narrowness, and through our plighted route into nothingness, we furrow deep for the cord of truth, without the twist and dippings, seen in birds, and lacking all the small gyrations; fusing deeper than the dusk to purple, devoid of delay with subtle preparations (pink, to rose, to scarlet, crimson) toward our death.

And coming steeply, sharply, face to face, and heart full-bared to heart, the air is of a quivering; the invisible dome of heaven breaks and rims our universe in crystal-carven stillness, cleanly lean, and towering over us.

## CASTE SYSTEM

A little fly sat On a debutante's hat— He made his mark on society. M. M.

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## GOD REVIEWS THEM ALL

By MARVIN PARRISH '52

Third Prize (tie) - Quiz and Quill Poetry

The cradle rocks, Time passes, Caskets find their sepulchers, Reviewing generations search through albums of time for leaders.

They find diamond-studded baby shoes, Ruby rings, Proclamations from minarets, Gold and silver caskets. We'll just say "silver spoons."

They find baby chairs with coat of arms, Cunning bravery, Salvos, salutes, and epaulets, Glass and metal caskets, We'll just say the "swords."

They find crude toys and tattered blankets, Righteousness and goodness, Pure as rivulets, Wooden caskets. We'll just say the "plow."

Silver spoons, swords, plows, all gleam brightly Then tarnish, fade, and pass. Future generations gaze only for a moment at the shrine, And seldom stop to read the faded epitaphic line. Only God reviews them all, And finds the merits of each class.

#### GRANDMA

#### By SHIRLIE M. DENNIS '53

#### Third Prize - Quiz and Quill Prose

October's masquerade was ended. After the rain the remains of her gay costume lay limp and sodden beneath the trees, leaving the maples and oaks wretched Cinderellas. Grandma Anderson looked away from the window and said in a voice richly flavored with the accent of her native Swedish language, "Remember, you

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was yust a little girl when you took me round the yard to see the flowers. My, how you growed!"

"Oh, Grandma, that was just last May!" I protested.

She smiled roguishly. She knew that for all my indignation at the implication that I was big, I was enjoying our private joke as much as she. Standing my full five feet, four inches, I easily looked over the twist of yellow-streaked white hair on top of Grandma's head.

As we sat laughing at each other, I thought, how like Grandma to look out on this damp gray world and still see the flowers of spring. While Grandma's crochet hook produced fine white lace edging, I sat quietly, thinking of that day.

Mother had said, "You really should go visit Aunt Eda. Her mother has come to stay with her, and I know she would enjoy seeing you."

I knew it was a lost cause, but I wailed, "Oh, Mother . . . ! Why doesn't Dick ever have to do anything? I always have to do the visiting!"

"Why, Shirlie!"

When Mother used that tone of hurt disbelief, I usually resigned myself to doing whatever task she had in mind. Still muttering and playing the martyr, I cast a dark look at my grinning brother and stalked out of the house.

Walking along pleasant tree-shaded Main Street, I fumed, "I could be riding my bike out to Janice's now." But the spring day, smiling and warm, refused to let me stay in an ornery mood.

Still, my steps lagged as I approached Aunt Eda's red brick house, one of the prettiest residences on North Main. I put each foot carefully in the middle of every stone step leading from the sidewalk to the front door. Pushing sharply on the small pearl button beside the doorknob, I listened for the buzz to sound inside the house. No one answered my second impatient blast on the door bell. I walked up the driveway to the side door, but as soon as I came around the corner of the house, I saw my aunt working in the back yard.

"Hi, Aunt Eda," I hailed her putting on my best visiting manner.

"Well, now, isn't this a nice surprise? Look, Grandma, we've got company."

A tiny, crippled old lady turned from where she had been admiring a clump of English violets. Depending heavily on a sturdy mahogany cane, she made her way laboriously to the driveway where she stood.

"Oh-h-h, she cooed. "Ain't that nice." Her faded blue eyes disappeared into the crinkles of her welcoming smile. She repeated my name, "Surely", and I liked the way it sounded when she said it.

"Such a purdy day . . . ." She shook her head and clasped

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her hands in delight, as we began a tour of the yard and garden. Grandma Anderson abandoned the mahogany cane and leaned on me. She clucked over the first green shoots of iris poking up through the earth beside the garage. The yellow-green of forsythia reminded her of a "... purdy yellow dress I had when I was a young gurl like you ...." Her sharp eyes missed nothing.

Attempting to add to the conversation, I volunteered, "There's a family of wrens in our yard."

"Tsk, tsk . . . ain't that too bad," was the puzzling reply. "Where did you live before, Grandma?"

"Yes," and a smile.

Aunt Eda explained, "She gets impatient with her hearing aid and refuses to wear it. She's beginning to get a little childish."

By the time we had made a complete circuit of the yard, we were comrades. I knew much of the story of what had contributed to the wrinkles criss-crossing her face: one from worry as a frightened girl of twenty-one coming to America, another when the little girls had scarlet fever the winter of the big snow, one etched deeply when John died.

My reverie of that pleasant May day was broken by Grandma's saying, "You want some candy?" She was limping from chair to chair to get it before I had so much as opened my mouth to speak. "I'll get fat, Grandma," I shrilled into her ear.

"Oh!" she scoffed, popping a chocolate into her own mouth.

Humming a tune to the pale yellow canary in the cage by her chair, she picked up her Swedish paper from Chicago. A blackhandled magnifying glass in her gnarled hand, she sat rocking and reading.

I smiled to myself. Senility. What was that definition I learned in sociology? "... the weakness or mental infirmity of old age ...." The sociologists don't know Grandma, and Grandma doesn't know senility.

#### YOUNG COWARDICE

#### By ANN VIGOR '52

And the speechless dome of loneliness An edifice sin facade; Even the floors are ether, And the sun gray.

Alone and free is strong as steel Until the sirocco of inevitable tomorrows Vanquishes the freedman.

Liberty 'till death is eternity And Vigilance drowses at the gate.

Sentry . . . soon so tired?

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## IT WAS A TOUGH FIGHT, MOM!

#### By KLARA KRECH '54

"With just one lotion in about an hour, Shadow Wave gives you the loveliest wave you've ever had . . . shining . . . soft . . . lasting . . . and so naturally curly!"

Yes, I'd do it. After spending \$3.25 plus tax for a "revolutionary" new home permanent set (it eliminates the usual neutralizing process), I was determined to convert my lifeless, stragglylooking tresses into soft, gleaming ringlets that would stun passersby into mute admiration. I scrutinized the rules on the gaily-colored direction sheet once more. Momma once knew of a girl whose hair fell out because she didn't follow the directions carefully.

Apparently no one was on fourth floor, Cochran Hall, this brisk, perfect-football weather Saturday afternoon. Probably watching the Otters attempt to slaughter the opposing team! Perfect. I didn't want any If-I-were-you helpmates around to watch me execute my operation.

First I checked my equipment—48 new French-style pin curlers, a small china dish, three cotton applicators, a Turkish towel, Kleenex, and the \$3.25 plus tax bottle of Shadow Wave. The moment had arrived, and I heroically began my reprisal against nature's forgetfulness.

After lathering and rinsing my locks thoroughly and absorbing most of the excess moisture from my hair with the Turkish towel, I marched over to my dresser and glanced into the mirror. Droplets of unconcerned water from my damp, straight, ringlets-to-be disdainfully trickled down my neck at irritating intervals. I grabbed the towel and angrily wound it around my neck and shoulders. Propping the directions against the mirror, I gazed at the picture of the enchanting girl who had successfully survived the ordeal of the Shadow Wave permanent. Lovely. Soon I would have that where-did-you-get-your-hair-done look, and I would tell interested admirers, "I always put it up myself." The flurry of enthusiastic compliments that would result would enable me to illustrate my modesty . . . soon . . .

The process was really quite simple. First I opened the 3"-by-4" tissues that were to be wound around the curl and then flattened them out on the French-style curlers. A French-style curler consists of a glamorous piece of 3-inch cloth-covered wire that is attached crossways to the center of the oblong tissues. Inferior home permanents compel you to use the tissues and the curlers separately.

Next I took a section of my hair the width of the paper and gently but resolutely combed it flat; then I slowly wound the curler tightly under all the way to my scalp. After I fastened

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the wire ends of the curler together, a sausage-like roll appeared. There. Only 47 more to go.

Putting up the front and sides of my hair caused no problem, but the unusual thick growth of hair in the back challenged my already aching muscles to combat. After twisting, turning, and stretching at various peculiar angles, the 48th curl was maneuvered into position—but I still had hair remaining to be put up. Nothing left to do but use woman's most precious beauty item. Eight bobby pins conquered the last few stubborn hairs.

Breathing a proud sigh of relief I picked up my heart-shaped hand mirror and examined my handicraft. The front and sides were perfectly aligned to look like proud soldiers, prepared to face the enemy. The back was like the proud soldiers after meeting the enemy . . . and losing. Miscellaneous straggly ends peeked tauntingly from their enclosures. I didn't care. Just so they resemble curls.

The waving lotion, which the directions stated must not be opened until all the curls were wound, I now opened and poured into the china dish. The hiss of escaping air momentarily stunned me, but the stinging odor emitted from the white liquid quickly returned me to my senses and to my task. Using the cotton applicators, I saturated each curl repeatedly with the nauseating lotion until my head was soaking wet. Some chemical reaction made the lotion change color, and purple Shadow Wave dripped down my neck, and my face, completely ignoring the towel wrapped around my shoulders. Ever-handy Kleenex absorbed as much S. W. as possible.

Now to wait until my hair was "perfectly dry". After 6 hours of mental anguish and constant reference to the directions, I was finally ready to remove the curlers and "Brush, Brush . . . Brush for at least five minutes into . . . the softest, easiest, most natural permanent to be had".

With mounting enthusiasm I unwrapped each curl and tossed the curlers "which can be used over and over again" into the wastebasket. At length, 48 springy curls plus eight half-hearted locks awaited the bristly mechanism I held in my hand. I brushed for five minutes. I brushed for ten minutes. I brushed for twenty minutes to be certain to bring out all the hidden highlights.

The snapping and crackling of electric currents set up by the furious friction only made me struggle more determinedly . . . then I peered into the mirror to admire my "shiny . . . soft . . . lasting . . . and so naturally curly" locks. A dull brown bush with wiry branches fleeing in all directions confronted my horrified countenance. Where was my straight hair, my beautifully straight hair? I looked at the picture of the girl who had successfully survived the ordeal of a Shadow Wave permanent. She placidly smiled back at a girl who hadn't. I stuck my tongue out at her. Hussy, that's what she was anyway.

Although I tried Dr. Ellis' wave set and Wildroot Creme Oil to flatten it, the bush remained helter-skelter. Only one solution remained.

Donning my heavy green coat and tightly adjusting a babushka around my head I exited from "beauty parlor 407". Dashing down the stairs, I collided with my roommate, who was returning from the game.

"Hey, watch it, kiddo-there's no fire-guess who won?"

"Shadow Wave", I muttered.

"We did, 12-0, and the band sounded good for a . . . what's the rush?"

"Gonna get a bush trimmed."

"You're what?"

With a final spurt of speed I was out the door, a new conviction imbedded in my heart. Straight hair can really be very pretty.

#### STUDIES IN SOLITUDE

#### By JOAN BAYLES '54

#### I

Four very perpendicular walls, A formal radiator, Great weighty drapes of dark maroon, Stiff chairs too proud to be sat on, And books.

#### II

A rain that comes in muffled roll Dispatched by breezes, A frame of wet cement, dark clouds, Black trees, And aimiable night.

#### III

A warm, proud, single secret Shutting out crowds. Night, capped with dreams — One foot in heaven, And sleep.

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## DAY

#### ANONYMOUS

The fiery hand of August grips the silent streets. A warm breeze, Moving slowly from the ocean, Wrapping clawing fingers on all it touches. In a white, silent room a woman lies quietly waiting, Her breath Before, a quiet measured rhythm, Now sharply halts, As moving shadows of pain; Convulsive fingers, Grope wildly through her body. Slowly unclasping its hold, the moment passes. Bidding reluctant leave of its grotesque pawn. White . . . everywhere white, some crimson red.

Colors in a human tableau. In a fleeting instant, The brilliant shades dissolve. Morning casts the city in a soft pink aura,

A new day, a new hope.

A child is born.

#### WALKING

#### By PATRICK DALY '54

The quiet times of rain-swept streets to me are best.

My solitary footsteps sound.

I cannot rest.

A woman's laugh steals through the mist. Two strangers meet.

The warm spring rains form shimmering squares beneath my feet.

#### "WEARINESS IS -"

By PHYLLIS SHULTZ '52

Weariness is the A - c - h - i - n - gback of a charwoman who is just seeing

> the faint tinge of light coming into the black world of night.

#### LITTLE MAN

#### By ROBERT SEIBERT '53

My Saturday morning class had passed smoothly. The winds had ceased to blow and the sunshine traveled downward to fall upon the pavement. The day was beautiful! The long walk up Vine Street was a pleasure. The thought of a nice warm meal flashed through my mind. I was at peace with myself.

That is, until I heard a weak voice say. "Hello Mister."

I turned around to see a small boy about four years of age. He was dressed in a yellow cowboy shirt and a pair of blue overalls with the cuffs rolled two inches above his small brown oxfords. On his head he fashioned the latest style cowboy hat. A black and white cord ran from its base down each cheek and slid neatly under his chin. The boy sat straddled over a tomato red tricycle. The tricycle was parked on a macadam driveway that belonged to the large white house beside it.

Sensing it my duty to reply, I said, "Hello sonny. How are vou?"

Before answering he edged the tricycle toward me and the sidewalk.

"O.K.," he said. "How are you?"

"I'm fine."

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Home-my dinner is waiting for me."

"Where do you live?" he questioned.

Oh-around the corner."

At this time there was a lull in the conversation.

I was about to continue on my way, when another thought flipped from his brain and landed right side up on his tongue.

Casting a glance at my books, he said, "Do you go to school?" "Yes, I go to school---"

"My sister goes to school too. She goes down to the Vine Street School. Do you go to the Vine Street School?" "No," I replied. "I go to Otterbein."

"Where's that?"

"Over on the other side of town," I answered rather coolly. "Oh-I know where that's at," he said confidently.

A vision of a bowl of soup with wings passed through my head. But the boy made no effort to peddle on. He just backed up and pulled forward, at the same time making a "brrr" sound with his lips. After jockeying for position near the stone steps, we continued our untimely conversation.

"Do you like my new bike?" he asked.

"Yes, it's pretty," I replied transferring my books from my

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hand to the stone steps. "Did you get the bike for Christmas?" "Huh?" he asked.

My question had soared roundabout his ears but never gained entrance.

"Did you get the new bike for Christmas?" I repeated.

"Uh huh," he replied, craning his neck to watch the back wheels go forward. "Santa Claus left it for me. I asked for a big, two-wheeler, but Mommy said he ran out of two-wheel bikes before he got to our house,"

I sympathized with the boy. The least Santa could have done would have been to leave one of his reindeer behind.

"Maybe he'll leave one for you next year," I replied in a consoling tone.

"I don't want a bike next Christmas," he answered sharply. "I want a pony."

I figured it was about time for Hopalong Cassidy to ride into the picture. So I sat down on my books, fixed my spurs in a riding position and made a daring assumption. "I'll bet you don't know how to ride a horse."

"Yes I do," he said emphatically. "Every time I go down to Grandpa's farm he lets me ride Nellie."

Taking Nellie to be a horse I asked, "Where do you take Nellie riding?"

"Oh I don't take her anywhere. I just ride her in the barn. I want to take her out in the pasture, but Grandpa always says Nellie just ate. An' he says it ain't no good to take Nellie out after she's ate, 'cause she goes around burpin' for two days afterwards."

"Oh—I see—that's too bad," I replied, getting up from the cold stone steps with my books. I was about to say goodbye, when the front door opened and a young lady appeared on the porch.

"Edward!" she screamed. "I thought I told you never to take your tricycle out of the back yard. Just wait till I tell your father!"

With jet-propelled speed she shot past me, grabbed Eddie under one arm and the tomato red tricycle under the other arm and marched triumphantly toward the house.

As they approached the front porch the little man turned around and half whispered, "Goodbye Mister."

#### DEATH

#### By THOMAS HAMMOND '52

Shine on wierd light of black and mocking death, Tear out the tongues of helpless men and women. Spit death and hell thru all the sinful world. Then carefully steal a look at stones and graves.

## PAS COMPRIS

#### By MILDRED KRAUSS '54

There is no understanding. Words, words, and more words We silly human beings pile up Like stacks of notes on a desk, Like milk bottles on top of each other, Precarious and confused, And in this jumble of audible thoughts We try and struggle and think we can Comprehend another.

Then amid the bafflement of failure We stack more words, Or fling and bounce them Back and forth, Like a ping-pong ball, and as empty, Yet not understanding, Nor being understood.

## PUDDLE

#### By RICHARD E. BORG '53

Darkness follows sunlight, Winters follow summers, Time has an endless age. The earth goes round and round, A star can fall forever. There was no beginning, There will be no end. Is life but a puddle, That comes, turns muddy, then disappears? The sun beats the earth, The moon lights it in darkness, His creations are all perfect. Rain comes and a puddle is formed, Soon it disappears. Why? A puddle is of no use to a universe, Yet it was formed. Is life but a puddle That comes, turns muddy, then disappears?

## SATURDAY MORNING AT OUR HOUSE

#### By George Liston '52

You know, the funniest thing happened at our house today. Daddy fixed the vacuum cleaner.

What's so funny about that? You've never seen my Daddy fix anything have you? When my Daddy fixes something he really fixes it.

It all began when Mommy started her Saturday morning house cleaning. She always saves her cleaning till Saturday when Daddy is home from the office to help her. Of course Daddy tried to get out of it by hiding in the closet, but our dog Rudy sniffed him out. Daddy was pretty mad, saying that was the only time that no-good dog could find anything. The only other thing the dog had ever sniffed out was a farmer's cow. It cost Daddy one hundred twenty-five dollars because he thought it was a moose.

Well, Mommy soon had Daddy at work vacuuming the rugs. But that didn't last long—not with Daddy running it. He hadn't covered more than four feet of our rug, which was only eight feet anyway. Mommy says that as soon as Daddy gets a raise at the office we can afford to have new rugs. Well, anyway he only covered a little bit when he tripped over the cord and fell flat on his face. He is the only man I have ever seen with a red rose running across his nose. That's the pattern of our rug, you see. Daddy jumped up and stepped right on the plug. Now here's where the trouble began. Daddy was going to fix the plug—just a simple little job for a big man like Daddy.

So he went to the basement and brought back a new plug and some tools. With a screwdriver he unscrewed the wires releasing the broken plug. Then he took a knife and pulled some of the covering off and put the new plug on. Then he wrapped the wire with tape and proceeded to test it. It didn't work. So Daddy thought a while and decided that he had done something to the motor when he accidentally jerked the plug out. So down to the basement he went for more tools. Up he came with a whole tool chest. When my Daddy goes at something, he really goes at it.

First he took off the handle. What that had to do with the motor I don't know. Then off came the bag, the cover, and a few parts I don't recall. I asked Daddy what each thing was as he took it off. My Daddy is really hep. The "what-you-call-it" that goes to the "do-jigger," which is "hybrid" with the "dowanger" and fixed on the top of the "what-is-it." I'm telling you, my Daddy's knowledge is unlimited.

Well, after that he took it apart and assembled it again, with only five parts left over, which is good for Daddy, because he had fifteen when he fixed the radio. "Plug it in," he said. I did.

Ha, ha, oh boy! Did Daddy light up! You know Macy's Christmas tree and the pinwheels on the Fourth? Daddy won hands down, no comparison. Seems as though Daddy forgot to let go of that little red wire. And such language! You know it isn't nice to say such things in front of a little girl who goes to Sunday School every Sunday. Well, about that time Mommy came in to see what all the fuss was about and pulled out the plug. Daddy just sat there and shook like an eggbeater. But that didn't stop my Daddy. He's got perseverance! About an hour later Daddy was ready again. So was I. Back to the doorway I went. This time it ran all right and Daddy began to vacuum the rug again. But soon I noticed that the bag was swelling. I told Daddy and he tried to shut it off, but he couldn't. Bang! What an explosion! The atom bomb had nothing on us. After the smoke and dust cleared. I laughed and laughed. Daddy's face was so black he could have been taken as a Ubangi and nobody would have been the wiser. Why didn't he shut it off? Well it seems that the missing parts were the switch, so he couldn't turn it off.

Eat over at your house tonight? Well, only if it's served buffet style. Seems as if Daddy didn't appreciate my laughter. Yes, sir, when Daddy does something, he does it well.

## A MISTY NIGHT

#### By BETH HAMMON '55

The night Is a star -Sprinkled mist, Glowing softly In the pale, White moonlight. The cold air Is crisp and alive: And I Am overwhelmed By the greatness Of God. Of His universe, Of His people, And, Stranger yet, Of me.

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## YOURS AND MINE

#### By JOHN B. CORNELL '52

A thousand thoughts, but one of Death, yours and mine; promiscuous Death, clothed in vociferous untruths, "onward christian soldiers," "a mighty fortress is our god." Short days ago we died, what for? Perpetually. . . . for a Machiavellian god? Yours and mine.

Propaganda, partial truths, inhuman Huns, dirty Nazis, godless Reds; Step right up! Who's next? "We are the dead...." "Posthumously awarded," Liberty or Death, yours and mine.

> "We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do, We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too. We've fought the bear before, and while we're Britons true, The Russians shall not have Constantinople."

To arms! "and one by one back in the closet lay;" Voracious, rapacious, unsatiable death, We hear your call, again we answer, You and I, yours and mine.

Out of the wind, comes the piteous cry; Why? Would that we were pusillanimous men, Hear ye again the call of Death's duty, "the moving finger writes, and having writ. . ." waits for the answer, yours and mine.

Writing—endless words of weakly expressed thoughts; Who can think of death and not wonder what silent hall holds what chamber, for you and me, yours and mine?

#### "ELEMENTARY"

#### By ANN CARLSON BROWN '52

I suppose most children would have been pretty excited about their first day at school but I wasn't! I could read "The Tale of Coralee Crothers" and I could print my name, so I probably would not find school at all difficult. I know Mother was excited because she didn't say one word when I ate only one bite of my oatmeal and brown sugar and she even helped me dress. I certainly was

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proud of my brown knee socks and my green and brown plaid dress. And to think my sister was home in her pajamas—still too young for school. On the way Mother chatted with the other mothers about the bad traffic on East Erie and all the reckless drivers from the American Legion Convention in Cleveland. I was glad of the traffic because then she would at least walk me up to the Sinclair gas station corner every morning and noon to see me across the street—even though I could have crossed myself.

Well, Fairhome School did look rather ramshackle, but if everyone else had gone there all these years I would too. It must be pretty old, though, because Georgia Stevenson went there and her son was now going to be in the first grade with me.

Our room was interesting and I tried to appear casual as I looked around at the clocks made of paper plates and at the color charts arranged to look like a bunch of balloons. I knew all those colors—maybe I would like elementary. The desks were very low and their legs were a fancy iron grill with a pattern that just wove in and out.

I knew Rosy because she had come with her father when he plastered our kitchen ceiling. And I couldn't help staring at Robert —he looked so funny in his new brown corduroy knickers. Always at home he wore short blue pants.

Miss Collins was fascinating. She smiled and moved about just as if she were having a party. She moved with a great deal of effort because her whole right side was crippled—it must be her leg was too short or else her hip was too high. She had flaky skin and very pink cheeks. Her mouth was tiny and straight across and seemed to match her pinch-on glasses.

Shirley June Bills came with her big sister who didn't have any upper teeth and whose hair was still up in curlers. Every time Miss Collins said anything to Shirley she would just scream and lie down on the floor. Since her big sister just chewed gum, I guess Miss Collins thought that was the way to handle Shirley, so she just left her lying there. It probably didn't matter because her clothes were old, but I think Shirley was terribly embarrassed lying there in front of all those mothers and children.

We were almost to the beginning of the line to Miss Collins' desk. I could hardly wait for Miss Collins to ask me a question and to see how surprised she would be to find out that I knew colors and could read "The Tale of Coralee Crothers."

Miss Collins smiled and smiled at each mother and child, but her lips stayed straight and she had to speak quite loudly so that the mothers could hear her above Shirley June's screaming.

The line eventually melted until we were directly before Miss Collins. She told Mother that Daddy was certainly helping her ulcers and then smiled extra-special at me to show Mother how well she could get along with children. I was waiting for the questions.

Mostly Miss Collins asked Mother questions about such things as vaccinations and where I was born, but she didn't even ask me my name or our address.

Suddenly she turned to me and asked me if I knew my father's name.

"Benjamin," I answered without hesitation.

"Can you spell that?"

I just couldn't-I couldn't even read Daddy's writing!

"You mean to tell me you will be in the first grade and you can't spell your father's name? Dear me!"

She kept smiling with that straight mouth just as she had at the other mothers and children and my cheeks became hot and I was disgusted. I looked at Mother and realized that she was on my side. She didn't hold my hand or even look at me. She just spelled out very carefully, "B E N J A M I N."

#### FUTILITY

By BEVERLY THOMPSON '52

Alone

Silent

And lost -

I sit Unable to weep.

Too stupid to understand life; Too feeble to face it with faith.

But life looks down And laughs at me -A coward.

## SASSAFRAS JAKE

#### By MAX MICKEY '52

Fire in the mountain, snakes in the grass, An old man died drinking sassafras. Now on his grave there lies a stone On which this epitaph is shown:

> "Here lies Jake, who died drinkin' tea; He's buried 'neath this sassafras tree. So in the spring when the sweet sap flows, Ol' Jake'll have tea from his head to his toes."

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#### FANTASY IMPROMPTU

#### By BEVERLY THOMPSON '52

"Frickne Spritch," Elaine announced and closed the door of our room behind her.

"Been to the Health Center?" I mumbled between pages of my Business Law Book.

"Frickne, Acne, and Ethel Spritch," she tried again.

"Translated means - - - "I wished she'd shut up so I could study for my test.

"They just arrived today from Bangkok, India."

"Who did?" Perhaps if I humored her, she would leave sooner. "Frickne, Acne, and Ethel Spritch," she repeated patiently. "How did they ever pass customs?" I queried, not too kindly. "They came in a CARE package."

About that time her words had scaled the walls of "caveat emptor" and I looked up. I knew Elaine, or thought I did. Her imagination was rather fertile but this was a new twist. I remembered Jan's magnificent understatement in describing her: "She lies, you know."

Noticing my attention the tall, dark-haired girl collapsed on the floor, took a sip of my coke, and began cooing. "The kids are so sweet. You see, I'm a friend of their father, Reverend Spritch, an Australian missionary to Bangkok. He's a fine man who has kept to his early vows of celibacy throughout his entire life. Knowing that it would be impossible for the children ever to have a mother he thought of the next best thing and sent them to me."

"To you! Of course, Elaine Garvin, Miss American Mother of 1952," I said sarcastically. "Look, Elaine, why don't you run along to your family? I'm trying to study for a test. You can tell me more about the Fritches . . . " "Spritches, S-P-R-I-T-C-H," she corrected. "Spritches!" I sputtered, "Some other time."

She showed no signs of leaving. "The kids are fond of threehanded bridge," she continued. "Played all afternoon. However, they're somewhat handicapped since they have no means of vocal communication. But I rigged up a bell for each of them and they hit it with their elbows for bidding. You see, they have only one finger on each hand so they need both hands to hold their cards. But I never saw three kids have so much fun at a bridge game."

"Look, Bobbie, one doesn't just go around raising freaks on the fourth floor of a girls' dormitory in a church-supported midwest college."

Shh. Don't ever let them hear you call them freaks." She acted horror stricken, but a moment later her brown eyes had

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assumed a far-away look. "Just this evening," she spoke dreamily, "as Frickne was perched on my shoulder reading the 'Kinsey Report' with me, he dipped his finger in the ink pot and wrote in the margin, 'I'm as lonely as a pig on a windy hill.' Wasn't that beautiful?" she sighed.

"Oh, just scrump," I said bitterly. And me with a B. Law test at seven-thirty the next morning. "Elaine, why don't you run home to your family? Aren't you afraid to leave them alone?"

"Why, no," she answered, ignoring my not too subtle request for her absence. "They're used to being alone and I want them to feel they have some privacy. They're very shy, you know. That's why I haven't introduced them to anyone yet. They're still not used to their environment and I'd hate to think I was the cause of a neurosis or anything like that."

I gritted my teeth and plunged with determination back into the realm of "habeas corpus."

"I really must go," she said, as if I were still listening. "The children sometimes get to squabbling over their pogo sticks. Acne is jealous of Frickne because his pogo stick has a rubber tip. But after all, Frickne is older and sort of looks after the other two. He deserves something extra." She rose and walked reluctantly to the door. "Well, stop over in a couple of days and I'll introduce you to them." The door closed softly behind her.

I didn't do too well on that test the next morning. Guess it was lack of sleep. I just wasn't used to the thump, thump of pogo sticks up and down the hall all night.

#### TONIGHT

#### By LOIS BENTON '54

The wind is blowing-blowing high above me. I can hear its wail and see the tops of tall trees bend. But down here the air is still and heavy and hot. It presses upon me so that moving is an effort. Now the quiet air is stirred by a whirlpool of dry brown leaves and dry brown dirt. They spin around higher and higher and then drop with a startling suddenness and lie again on the groundstill and quiet. Everything down here is still and the silence around me is as heavy as the air. From above, down through this thick, tangible atmosphere seeps the sound of the wind. It is as if I were standing at the bottom of a lake, listening to the waves lapping, splashing, leaping, thundering above me. But lakes are cool and turquoise and the air is hot and yellow. Pressing down upon me is the sky. A dull, dirty, dreary yellow sky. It is the color of violence-of violence to be done on nights such as this. To be done by someone who understands the meaning of the high wind and yellow sky. By someone who understands the meaning as I understand it.

#### THE ALLEY

## By PATRICK DALY '54

The alley is a rutted winding path that forms a jagged artery between the two main streets of the town. The only sign of color that relieves the prevailing monotonous shade of grey is a group of willow trees which rise like a green wall at the end of the alley, separating it from the attractive houses and the neat concrete ribbons of highway which identify the town. The garages and tool sheds along each side of the alley are bleak and unattractive. Their wooden sides have been weathered to an astringent shade of grey, marred here and there by pencil streaks of peeling white paint. The doors do not close easily but swing on rusted hinges like sightless old men who set their lined faces in a scowl, defying anyone to make them change their ways.

There is one building, formerly a stable, which stands proud and alone at the end of the alley. Even now as you step inside its brown stained doors you half expect to smell the earthy aroma of animal sweat and richly tanned leather that once arose from the cumbersome harnesses lying at the side of the room. The bright rays of sunshine that start through the high narrow window above the door turn swiftly into grey slanting fingers as clouds of thick dust arise from everything the trespasser touches. Only a few dead leaves lie curled and shriveled in the bottoms of the heavy stone troughs in each stable. When you leave the aloof brown building and turn into the gravelled path leading to the alley you notice that the boards that were erected vertically along the sides are beginning to sag outward from the bottom. The foundation has become nothing but chalky grains of decomposed brick. Only a few thick beams prevent the entire building from falling to the ground and becoming part of the dust that long ago claimed its builders.

On the small plots of ground lying between the rear of each house facing the street and the garage facing the alley, sagging thin clothes lines hold row on row of family linen. In a maidenly manner the multi-colored shapes sway gently in the breeze as they lift their immaculate skirts from the littered ground beneath them. The large billowing armfuls feel cool and soft on your cheek as you gather each garment. A sharp, clean odor of laundry soap is exhaled heavily from the deep folds of each voluminous mass.

The alley has many moods. On a Saturday morning in spring its weary buildings echo to the bright laughter of children. Their eyes quickly discover the magic that lies dormant in everything that seems commonplace to the grown-up world. At daybreak the harsh jangle of alarm clocks occasionally assault the ear of the solitary walker. A night's slumber comes to an end as the morning sun unfolds like a giant hand over the town. At nightfall the alley

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becomes a coiled finger of black that shrinks from the warm light streaming from the houses surrounding it. The creaking garage doors form dancing shadows that yawn like black open pits in the rutted earth. A death mask of moonlight descends upon the alley for a few hours, imparting a silvered cloak that shields its ugliness and decay from my eyes.

## STORM

BY PHYLLIS ROYER '55

A bright flash Outlines A distant hill And suddenly there is wind, A vicious wind, And rain.

Softly it falls, at first, But soon there is madness Behind it! Furiously, and more furiously And more furiously still Its frantic fingers beat out A pulsing rhythm Against the soil, Against the trees, Against the trees, Against the trues that shelter That shelter Man!

Then quickly, All is still again. As spontaneously as it has come, It has vanished.

Wet flowers begin to lift their weary heads To smile again, And birds sing. The sweet, fresh earth And the unladen sky Raise their voices together, Rejoicing that The fury Is gone!

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## THE OLD KITCHEN

#### By JOAN BAYLES '54

Those were the lean years. Perhaps a grown-up would have been painfully conscious of it in the old kitchen. But to a small child, the room was security itself.

The most important spot undoubtedly was the area by the stove occupied by the rocking chair—the worn linoleum testified to that. Beside the chair the cupboard of mellow-colored wood with dark metal hinges rose majestically, its bottom door concealing a wonderful hiding spot under the last shelf with the old newspapers. An old black iron stove with nickel trim stood menacingly in front of the little armless rocker, but the heat it gave was far from menacing.

Across the room the table covered with a red-checked cloth bore up under meager fare and groaning celebration feasts alike. A scuffed line on the wall spoke silent reprimand to "the girls" who sometimes pushed their chairs back too far. Farther up the wall in a dark heavy frame hung a print of ever-rosy apples spilling from a basket. It hung there not especially because anyone liked it, but simply because the wallpaper around it had faded.

There were more things in the room of pleasant interest to an inquisitive little girl—a south window that caught the most delicious summer breezes and the most delightful frost patterns in the winter —a rattling pantry door behind which there were potatoes and jelly glasses and Santa Claus—the light switch that maybe next year you could reach without a stretch—it's hard to remember them all now. Better times have ushered a more efficient but much colder kitchen, and the rocking chair in the cellar gently sways with its load of memories.

#### VACUUM

#### By ANN VIGOR '52

The morning, sunsplit at the source Is cruel as reason with my love. It forces light upon that course— Polar purposes unmasked by force.

I wish for a dark corner, or a dark tomorrow.

#### CINQUAIN

By ANN CARLSON BROWN '52

Just like The soft white sand Which you grasp so tightly, He slips silently, sadly from your Command.

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## THE CHILDREN AT THE FOUNTAIN

#### By MARY ELLEN CARROLL '52

The two bronze children raise a large red umbrella in an attempt to shelter themselves from the rain that is streaming down. The young girl is about five or six, and her brother is a year older. Over her old-fashioned dress she wears a short flowing cape. He wears a loose shirt and knee length pantaloons. They are a picture of childish devotion. The older draws the younger close to his side while he tilts the umbrella to shield her from the continuous downpour that falls about them. The water makes tiny ripples as it contacts the surface of the pool below the children. Looking past the iron picket fence that surrounds their pool, the children see a lawn of sooty grass and black dirt. A dozen grey and tan pigeons wobble about on the sidewalk which leads across the small park. The children hear the blare of horns and the screech of brakes. They see a ceaseless procession of trucks and cars rumble over the red brick pavement. Every forty seconds this caravan will halt and wait in abevance for the small god which civilization calls a traffic light, that hangs above the intersection. The brother and sister are ever aware of the heavy odor of lampblack which rises from the nearby rubber factories and becomes a part of the atmosphere.

The two figures have been in the park every summer that my grandfather can remember. As soon as the days begin to get warmer, the children enter the pool and hold up their large umbrella which is a fountainhead. They wait for the brownish lawn to turn green from the early spring rain. They listen for the few song birds which will visit the park. They watch the parade of busy people which will pass the park each day. They see the men in shirt sleeves, carrying straw hats, and the women in cotton dresses, hatless and hoseless. They are delighted when other small children play near the fountain. It is only the falling water that separates them from the outside world. They feel a sense of kinship with these small mortals, who chase the pigeons and cry when their mothers force them to leave.

The little boy can remember the first time he saw the park. Major Perkins, one of the forefathers of the city, placed him and his sister in the new fountain which stood on the village green. The grass of the first lawn was bright and shining; the air was clear and fresh. Horses and wagons jogged peacefully along the one main street in the village. On rainy days the street would be a slimy muddy river. The children would see the drivers turn their wagons back after failing to ascend the hill.

The children remember my grandfather when he was a redhaired young man. They knew the black imp that was my father. They smile at the memory of the young couple who walked through the park on the hot summer evenings twenty-five or more years ago—my mother and my father. The two in the fountain have seen a simple country village grow into a large sprawling giant. They have known war and peace, prosperity and depression. They have witnessed the aging of three generations. And they have remained serene and stationary throughout the years.

## BOY

By LOWELL MORRIS '52

He slops through the mud His girl friend to see, Or chases a fire truck, Or climbs up a tree.

He runs through the house And slams the door. He smudges the couch,

Yet he sits on the floor.

He likes to argue No matter who's right; Just skin stretched over A big appetite.

## A NOVEMBER DAY

By MARY ELLEN CARROLL '52

The black lifeless trees stretch their long, clawy fingers to the grey, cloudless sky.

Two forgotten sparrows peck and scratch in vain at the damp, barren earth ----

no color,

no life,

no hope.

## THE MOTHER AND HER DARLING

By ANN CARLSON BROWN '52

"Oh, hello, Polly. I am so glad you're home today. I just had to talk to someone. You don't mind, do you?

Sit down, darling.

I knew you wouldn't care. You are just one of those people that never have any troubles. Don't you feel awfully superior at times—I mean—seeing all your friends always mixed up and you know what I mean—but I always say they shouldn't hold it against you.

Sit down, Pet. Mommy's talking.

Well, as I was saying—the reason I came over was to ask your advice about Wendell. He has been such a problem.

Darling, now please stop pinching Mommy.

Honestly, it is this same thing all the time. Everytime I try to carry on a decent conversation with anyone, Wendell will just start acting up. Did Tommy ever act that way?

No. I don't suppose you could remember. He is three years older than Wendell, isn't he?

That's what I thought. Wendell was born in the June of '46. Frank and I didn't plan on it—we wanted to get the house completely furnished first—and I guess I was too young to settle down to anything—I was only twenty-four, you know. But those things you just have to make the best of. We were going to Florida that summer too, remember?

Sure, honey, you can sit on Mommy's lap. That's it. Give me a big kiss. I love you too, Wendell.

It really wouldn't have been so bad if it hadn't been so hot that year.

Yes, of course, I hated it for the baby. He cried so much.

Well, I was wondering if it would help any-Wendell's behavior ---if we'd put him in kindergarten.

Stop that, Dearest!

I know he is very dependent on me—you know I just hate to put him on his own—among strange children—I mean from all kinds of homes. Yet I was wondering if maybe they could apply discipline or something to make him behave.

Frank is always so tired when he comes home for supper and Wendell is so full of energy, Frank just can't cope with him. He gets so exasperated he just locks himself in the bedroom to get his paper read.

Wendell, dear, don't pull the cat's tail.

See, just like that-we can't get him to obey. We tell him

something, even repeat it three or four times and it just doesn't register.

Listen, Wendell, if you don't put the cat down we'll have to go home. *Wendell*! Stop that! That's no way to talk. Now straighten up!

Honestly, I don't know what to do with the imp. We have tried spanking him—but it doesn't do any good. He never says a word—just acts as if it never happened.

Oh yes, there are other children in the neighborhood, his age. You know, I think maybe that's why he acts bad—it's those kids. They are constantly picking on Wendell and trying to get him in trouble.

Why, just yesterday Peter and Jane who live across the street came tattling about Wendell breaking something—Jane's doll I think it was.

You know, I do believe that if he'd go to kindergarten he wouldn't be so much under the influence of the neighborhood children, at least.

Hush, honey.

Yes, we'll be going home soon.

Well, now that I've talked to you I feel sure that there isn't any fundamental thing wrong with Wendell—I am sure it is just his environment.

Well, Polly, thank you so much for all your advice. I am going to hurry home and tell Frank about your kindergarten idea. You are so lucky not to have any problems.

Come along, darling."

## WISHFUL THINKING

By MAX MICKEY '52

I wish I could have been a worm Within that fateful fruit That Eve to Adam offered then To tempt the naive brute.

As Adam raised the luscious sphere To take that sinful nip I would have summoned all my strength And bit him on the lip.

He might have sought a wormless fruit But I'd a trick in store, For having then increased my race, There'd be one in every core.

## "OH I COULD GIVE YOU PROMISES"

By PAM POLLOCK SCHUTZ '49

Oh I could give you promises Of staunch fidelity And mended socks and hearty meals, How conventional we'd be.

But I would give you verses, A fireside to hug And all my love like cider In a big brown jug.

## SONNET TO MY SON

#### By ETHEL SHELLEY STEINMETZ '31

I gaze upon you as you sleep, my son, All scrubbed and prayered and tucked into your bed, And think of all the words I have not said, Of all the kindnesses I've left undone. I want to tell you many things: the fun You've brought into my world, and that ahead There's more to life than earning daily bread If you with joy would greet each rising sun. Oh, why is it that I can never say The things that are forever in my mind Oh, why is it that all throughout the day The only words my stupid tongue can find Are "Wipe your feet," or "Pick up all your toys," Or, "Heavens! What an awful lot of noise!"

## SILAS TO ST. PETER

By JEAN UNGER CHASE '43

I said to Manthy (She's my wife, you know) "Manthy, I want some buckwheat cakes Sometime a'fore I go."

Manthy used to bake 'em-Light and golden brown, When I was still a'farmin'---Before we moved to town.

PAGE THIRTY-FIVE

Since the kids have growed and gone, Seemed like lots of fuss To mix a batch of griddle cakes Fer jest the two of us.

But this morning Manthy baked some-Wonder how she knew That this-of all the mornings Was the one I'd call on you!

#### "SOMEONE IN"

#### By JAMES W. SHAW '54

It all started when my father decided to repair the cracks in the living-room ceiling. They weren't bad cracks, but they bothered him. He was a rather nervous man anyway.

"Let's just have a man in, George," my mother said to him, "Someone who knows how." She was always wanting to have someone in. It worried her that my father might fall or something and it made him mad when she mentioned it.

"No sir," he said. "Anybody can repair a few little cracks in the ceiling anyway." He was holding this thought firmly in mind the next day when the plaster fell on him. He had been tapping it with a broom handle to see if it was strong-it wasn't.

My mother who always hunted for the bright side of things said, "Never mind, dear, we'll just have someone in and remodel the whole living room. "Fine," replied my Dad. He was still a little weak from being hit by the plaster.

One week later, at breakfast, my mother proudly announced, "The wall-paper removers are coming this morning." "I'd better come home at noon," said Dad, "You never can

tell."

The paper removers had done a remarkably good job by noon when my father arrived home. He walked into the room and stopped dead. "Just what," he asked with a tense, clipped voice, "do you think you're doing?"

"Just taking the paper off the living room, Doc," answered the workman.

"This," said my father with unbelievable calmness, "is the dining room."

"Oh," said the man.

By supper, my mother had a solution. "We'll just have someone in to paint the walls. I have it all arranged-it'll be a delicate green.

As it turned out it was a very delicate shade of green-it took the painters one hour and forty-five minutes to mix the shade

she wanted. They were in a rather nasty mood by the time they started to work.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, Mike wondered in. Mike was our Irish terrier and this day he felt mean. (He always felt mean—but some days it was worse.)

As nearly as we could ever figure out, it must have been the way the painter looked at him. He was standing on top the ladder and Mike spied him. The dog started stalking the ladder and when about three feet away he gave a lunge and bit the painter on the ankle. It must have been quite a painful bite, because when the painter fell off the ladder he grabbed for his friend and pulled him over too.

In spite of our most gracious gestures the painters left in quite a huff, swearing under their breath and threatening to get that dog.

We never did find anybody who could match that color of paint. We finally did get a fellow who blended a shade that was fairly close to the half of the room that was already painted. But my mother was philosophical about it all. "Lots of people have two-tone living rooms," she would say. "Besides, we'll have someone in someday to even it up."

#### NATURE TIME

#### BY LYNNE WALTERS '55

Minutes ticking on are fleeting birds migrating to foreign lands. Others will return in their stead each Spring.

Days ending so are lovely flowers fading away at twilight. Others will bud and blossom next Spring.

Weeks going by are peaceful brooks flowing through shady spots. Other ripples will hasten by Come Spring.

#### TO BE

#### By DOROTHY PURKEY '53

To be A little mouse And crawl through cracks and holes And steal the cheese from the grey cat That sleeps.

#### THE USED CAR DEALER

BY WM. H. HERGENRATHER '53

Good fellow, Descendant of horse traders, Laugh and slap the young man on the back. He may return. Bargainer in old rubber and steel. Holder of the dispossessed and the drafted. Practitioner of American bazarlik, Stopping place between the finery of yesterday and the disembowled mess of the wrecking yard. Thumb your bluebook, And look shrewd. From your bluebook prices, stroking of chin, kicking of tires, May come: The hot rod's thrill and demise. Sunday drives for the worker's family, And transportation to and fro to pay you and finance for to and fro. One-owner Dan, Down-payment Bob, Easy-term Ed. and Laissez-faire Lou. Last vestige of the high pressure boys. Belongers to the twenties, Just take a look at this convertible and you can have Twentieth Century Romance, A girl to win, A payment due.

#### CAVALRY 1951

BY CARL VORPE '51 Atlantic Monthly "Top Paper" 1951

1

They came out of the dark-night cave mouth Knowing of neither north nor south north nor south, Sprawled out climbed out hurried out stumbled out Where outside on the mountain of inward fire They stand still rooted.

"Going up! Down, please!"

If forward is but one direction It is a circle in a sphere of imperfection.

One cannot say, one cannot know. Therefore we cannot say—so: "Ham makes you drink. To drink quenches thirst. Therefore, may we think That ham may satisfy our thirst?"

PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT

We are always bribing, repenting with the hanging; We are always describing, and think we are explaining.

II

What are these cries in the wilderness wind? We'll grow more than ever before In twenty centuries, twenty nights (Of incidental war). The stone, the rod, the springing stream —

From wanderers to a wanderer's dream; Where madmen lead the blind, false cliffs arise. If we see no way, shall we thus deny our eyes?

#### We only heard there was a genius once

These lonely beseeching hands reach futilely up: Out of the wilderness mountain wilderness just one tree To gaze at one the only one forsaken among the three Into the gentle heart pounding and pounded and riven Back to this only (into one's own) horrified and forgiven.

"My microscope, please, my smock!" (To test blood content — Dawn born, night spent — In long-dried petrified Perspiration on a rock.)

#### III

One might win if it weren't for the others; Man was born in a family of too many brothers, Skinned and bruised and bleeding, needing: "Next." "Chaplain — over here!" "Who was your servant this time last year?" As one of the masters used to say, "There is no easier way."

Purposeful and fruitless and endless Not yet not quite friendless.

Would you trade heartaches and tears for freedom? Freedom, tears

(And a colorful arc against receding clouds.)

Now could but will not Cannot when we cannot

Priceless jewels from an ancient cave! Earth's treasures at her heart spilled out.

Oh, hovering, risking heart! And precious idiots And precious, precious idiots.

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