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1953 Spring Quiz and Quill Magazine

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QUIZ
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1953
SPRING
EDITION

OTTERBEIN LIBRARY

THE QUIZ AND QUILL

Published By

The Quiz and Quill Club

Of Otterbein College

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief SHIRLIE DENNIS

Assistant Editors PATRICIA LASSWELL
DOROTHY PURKEY

Art Editor LOIS BENTON

Business Manager GARY HUNT

Spring, 1953

Founded, 1919

THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB — 1952-53

President	James Shaw
Vice-President	Gary Hunt
Secretary-Treasurer	Shirley Dennis
Faculty Sponsor	Robert Price
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Lois Benton	Dorothy Purkey
Robert Eschbach	Anita Shannon
Cleora Fuller	Janice Slaybaugh

Patricia Lasswell, Beth Hammon

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Caroline Brentlinger '51	Sylvia Phillips Vance '46
Jean Unger Chase '43	John F. Wells '48
J. Gordon Howard '22	Mary Carlson Wells '47
Ethel Shelley Steinmetz '31	

LITERARY AWARDS — 1952

Freshman Prose Contest

First Prize	Sarah Rose '56
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Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

First Prize	Lois L. Benton '54
Second Prize	James W. Shaw '54
Third Prize	Janice Slaybaugh '55

Quiz and Quill Prose Contest

First Prize	Beth Hammon '55
Second Prize	Patricia Lasswell '54
Third Prize	Janice Slaybaugh '55

Dr. Roy A. Burkhart Poetry Contest

First Prize	Patricia Lasswell '54
Second Prize	Anita Shannon '55
Third Prize	Beth Hammon '55

Weinland Writing and Selling Award — 1952

First Prize	Joan Bayles '54
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Barnes Short Story Contest — 1952

First Prize	Ann Carlson Brown '52
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N.S.A.L. Intercollegiate Short Story Contest — 1952

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

First Prize	Beverly Thompson '52
Third Prize	Klara Krech '54

Cover by Alice Carlson

TO THE OLD CHAPEL

JANICE SLAYBAUGH '55

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

The softness of the fading light shines through
The stained glass windows, flooding everything
With peace, until from somewhere distant comes the ring
Of steel to sound the promise of the new.
Where once her quiet, peaceful beauty drew
The hearts of worshippers unto their King,
The hallowed chapel now lays down her life to bring
To birth the child which from her honor grew.
We watch with heavy hearts the way she dies,
But always look ahead with lifted eyes
To that which from her death shall come to life
And know that though the world is filled with strife
And men may seem to trust in power and might,
Someone, somewhere shall say, "Let there be light." *

*When the Old Chapel was torn away in the Spring of 1953 to make way for the new library, this motto in Greek was discovered above the chancel.

JANUARY DRYPOINT

LOIS L. BENTON '54

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry

I watch the night
And see bare tree fingers
Scratch star holes in the sky
As they try to grab and silence
The rushing wind.

A bit of wind escapes the trees
And slips past me to investigate my room.
It lightly touches my chair, the bed, the desk.
And on the desk it finds an open book.
It caresses the book softly
Then flips the pages rapidly
And leaves chuckling.

It is caught briefly by the tree fingers
Then shakes loose
And rushes on, over the buildings
Looking . . . murmuring . . . touching . . .

And the tree fingers scratch vainly at the sky.

LOVE? NOT TODAY

BETH HAMMON '55

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose

I watched you slowly turn and walk away without a word—your face bitter and strangely tight. Suddenly I wanted to shout to you that that isn't how things are at all—that you don't understand. But I just stood there and watched you go.

You'll forget me in a week, or maybe two, but some of that mean, forsaken feeling inside you won't ever go away. You won't think to attribute it to me, but you'll file it under that hated supremacy I stand for in your eyes.

I know that you didn't really love me, Danny. You felt alone and out of place in a strange new city, and you were in love with a foolish idea. I used to smile as I passed you in the hall on my way out to lunch from work, and you'd smile back and say 'hello.' And then if there was time, sometimes I'd stop to chat. That's when you told me about Chicago and how you'd lived there all your life. I liked that, because I'd been to Chicago too, and I loved your city in my way almost as much as you did in yours. But while you talked of the thousands of zooming cars on Lakeshore Drive, or of the endless fascination of Chicago's Loop, I felt the loneliness that sounded in your voice. I felt you grasping for my friendship, but with the wrong kind of look in your eyes.

What I knew was inevitable came. You looked hurt when I refused to sneak off to the afternoon show. You wanted to walk me home at night, but Dad was always there to pick me up. I didn't smile so much anymore when I passed you in the hall. I didn't stop to talk. Sometimes you scribbled little notes and made me take them as I hurried by. They were awfully hard to read and the words were all misspelled. They were funny little love notes, pathetic, too.

Today was my last day of work here and I knew I'd never see you again. I felt relieved. So I consented when you motioned me to stop in the hall. But I wasn't quite prepared for what you had to say, or for the caustic hate in your voice and eyes. Tomorrow I'll be busy packing to go back to school again and I'll forget all this—but now I still feel the stinging impact of your spite.

"You don't even *want* to love me, do you!"

I could only answer 'no.' Then you walked away. I knew you had the wrong idea in mind, but I couldn't explain.

You see, Danny, love is more than a skyful of stars and I like you and you like me. It's nice to dream of that little world of paradise that two people in love can build just for themselves, but somehow nothing works out quite like that. Sometimes thundering black clouds obscure those tiny stars and intruders from the busy

world about you keep disturbing the privacy of that little paradise. Society just won't let you alone. So you've got to have something even stronger than your love, a kind of weather-proofing against the harshness of the storms. You've got to replace that pretty paradise with a world that's big enough to include the whole complex society you live in.

Danny, we couldn't have that weather-proof, bond and there's no society anywhere that our world could quite include. We've no common ground on which to meet. I can like you a lot in spite of the fact that you've had so little education that you can barely write your name. But I can't pretend that my college degree in contrast wouldn't cause misunderstandings and discontentment. I can be sympathetic with or fascinated by the crude, uncared-for way you've had to live and the social manners and ideas you've been forced to learn. But I couldn't really understand or live your way, any more than you could understand or live mine. The kind of religion I know, is not yours. You've rarely ever been inside Church. The clothes you wear aren't always clean, and I've seen you spit on the sidewalk outside the door. My kind of people wouldn't accept you, nor would yours accept me. Among whom would our children be brought up, and how?

You see, Danny, I couldn't dare to love you no matter who you were. But because your mind is untrained to grasp these basic social differences between you and me, you've misconceived the whole idea. You can't realize that a powerful human procession is making progress right now to blot out these differences, and to make it possible for your ideas and mine to blend. Every day more of your people are becoming more like mine. And sometime, Danny, I think the world will forget that I'm white and you're black.

HEART'S PAWN

CLEORA FULLER '53

Arms do — at least mine do — such foolish things.
They reach for you
Though well they know from their long-empty plight
That you are gone
As surely as the sun is gone
At night.

And hearts — my pitying heart — is foolish too.
To ease my smart
It puts its old-time faith in morning joy in pawn
That your return
Is certain as the sun's return
At dawn.

SURRENDER

ANITA SHANNON '55

Second Prize, Burkhart Poetry Contest

My heart without remorse is soon to lose
What conscience it commands, to run to you;
And yet I am afraid I misconstrue
The flame in hazel eyes . . . It is hard to choose —
To know if love or hate is right — you bruise
My soul. This love of ours is strange, and through
The night I doubt, I stumble, when you woo —
I am not sure . . .

Do not amuse
Yourself this way. Strong arms that hold me well
Cannot conceal intent; and so I give
Myself to you and do not care for mind
That works at variance with heart. To dwell
Apart would cause regret, because I live
For your desire and love is soon defined.

CROCUS

SHIRLIE DENNIS '53

Awakened by a restlessness in the atmosphere,
I rise and grope through the film of darkness
That envelopes me.
Piercing radiance stings my winter-dead eyes.
Hesitantly I advance, pulled by strange stirrings
That tug at me,
Urging me on —
Luring me with their freshness,
Tempting me with their softness.
And something new.
What is this delicious half-remembered feeling?
I stretch out with my body to meet it —
A gentle touch — rain!
New awareness grows in me,
Leaping and bubbling, demanding expression.
Frantically I search for the way;
I struggle.
At last — achievement and peace —
I raise my yellow head serenely
In praise of God.

TWO CINQUAINS

PATRICIA LASSWELL '54

First Prize, Burkhart Poetry Contest

I

Why is
The clown so sad?
He, who makes the world laugh,
Hides in his eyes a universal
Sorrow.

II

Wild bells
Vibrate on the
Wet, windy air, brushing
Across the doorway of my soul
With tears.

ANGER

DOROTHY LAUB '54

Anger
Came swiftly
Like a great wave in a nor'easter on Lake Erie.
I pouted
Like a little girl.
He apologized and still I pouted
And denied my anger.
What can you do when anger comes
Swiftly, bringing a bitter taste to your mouth?
Can you deny your anger and
Try to hide it under a bright artificial smile?
Or should you brood and
Make him apologize?
It was such a little thing,
And I pouted like a spoiled child
When a toy is taken away.
If a little thing
Can bring that swift anger,
What will I do when the big disappointments come?
As surely they will.
He brought me to the door, kissed me,
And I was pouting yet.
"Smile," he said
And didn't even look to see if I did.

THE FISHERMEN

SARAH ROSE '56

First Prize, Freshman Prose

A man and a small boy walk single file down the narrow dirt path between the rank horseweeds. The stems of the weeds are as large as Stevie's arm, and the tops of the plants reach higher than Big Steve's time-stained hat. Their bare feet make little splatting sounds on the hot dusty clay of the path. Stevie clutches the worm-can tightly as he hurries to keep up with his long-legged father.

"Paw, how much more we gotta go?"

"Oh, not far, Son," Big Steve answers. "Cain't you smell the river and see the willers?"

"Huh-uh. All I smell is ol' hot dust, an' all I see is ol' horseweeds. What's the river smell like? I disremember it had a smell."

"Jist wait'll we git there, then you'll smell it. It's clean and fresh and fishy smellin'. There, now, cain't you see the willers up ahead, and see the river shinin' through?"

Stevie cranes his neck past his father's tall form.

"Yep! I see 'er now. I kin smell it, too. Don't the river have a nice smell, Paw?" He grins confidentially up at his father.

Big Steve looks down at the small sunburned face so like his own. He nods solemnly in agreement, and the two descend the sloping bank. The earth is moist and cool. It is divided into a mosaic pattern of rich slippery black silt. The heels of Big Steve and Stevie make rounded gouges on the surface where their feet have slipped.

A willow reaches a firm but graceful arm over the water, making an inviting seat for a small boy. Stevie takes his bamboo pole from his father and scrambles onto his perch in the willow tree. He selects a fat wiggly worm from the can and concentrates intently on threading it on his hook.

"Paw," he queries, his eye on the frantic movements of the tortured worm, "don't it hurt fish-worms to have folks put 'em on fishin' hooks?"

"I dunno, Stevie," his father answers. "Don't reckon I ever stopped to figure whether the fishworms minded being put on a hook or not. But fishworms don't have no brains, so I misdoubt if they care very much what happens to them."

Big Steve expertly flips his line out over the water, his hook making a little "plop" as it hits the surface. Stevie drops his line in, and sits staring at the wavering shadow patterns of leaves on the water. Everything is very still, the sun shines brightly on the broad river, the only sound is the soft lipping of the waves as they nuzzle the shore, and the gentle whisperings of the willow

and cottonwood leaves.

"What do the trees say when they talk like that? Why do they allus whisper when a body sits real still?"

Big Steve settles himself comfortably against a smooth rock before he answers.

"Don't rightly know, Son. Some folks say that trees don't talk. They say we just hear the wind blowin' 'gainst the leaves. I 'spose they're right; they're smart people what say it."

"But Paw, I kin almost make out what they're sayin'. I don't exactly *hear* it, but I kin almost catch it."

Big Steve's eyes seek the horizon while he turns his thoughts over in his mind.

"I heard a preacher say onct that there was more things on earth and heaven than a body ever thought the' was. Maybe those real smart people have too much stuff in their heads, an' they don't have any room to really think on things."

"Paw, when I'm growed, you reckon I'll know's much as you?"

"Hit don't take long to learn all I know, boy. I never had much book larnin', all I ever knowed was what I heard and saw."

"Will you show me how to see and hear things? I wanta be smart as you when I'm growed."

Big Steve grins and his eyes twinkle.

"The first thing a feller like you should learn is to watch his fish pole. Looks to me like you got a big one, and he might get away."

"You bet, Paw!" says Stevie as he hauls in a heavy, struggling fish. Already his thoughts have skipped to the picture of his fish nicely browned, resting cozily on his plate.

SONNET

ETHEL SHELLY STEINMETZ '31

My love for him who first made my heart bound
In wild exultant jungle rhythm strain,
No longer is that great glad surge of pain
And ecstasy that spun my senses round.
No longer am I plunged to depths profound,
Then lifted up to dizzy heights again;
The storms of Spring have changed to Summer's rain,
And I who walked on clouds now tread the ground.
I need no reassurance, need no claim
Of everlasting ardour and desire;
My love is now a steady glowing flame
That brings me warmth and comfort with its fire.
My heart which has with time its rapture spent
In quietude enjoys a deep content.

THE YOUNG PROPHET

CARL VORPE '51

These leaning years have trapped us in
And cannot stand so long alone;
The piercing wind and trackless night
Are obvious. Is there a light?

Beyond these near horizons, where . . . ?
Beyond this intellectual air
(Horizons, what are they
Up, down, over, across,
Or beyond and beyond and beyond . . .)

There is a light (as prophesied)
For else who hears
And else who calls
As in the year Uzziah died?

The quivering, questing soul
Stands watching the earth in quake.
(Oh, Lord, I am afraid!)
Once, I knew. Now, I am awake.

High mountains, climbed,
Seem pastureless hills.
And where the broad sea thrills
Stand shallow-wading fools.

I thirst!

This little spark is going out,
Scattered coals of a treasured fire,
Where cold fear splashes,
Question . . .

Eternity holds answers greedily to her heart
And only now and then man understands.

Yet time goes on,
and thought goes on.
Man lives on,
By bread, and alone,
And I must speak to my people.

PARTS OF THE WHOLE

PATRICA LASSWELL '54

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose

The unanswered letter lay on my desk. Though I practically knew it by heart, I picked it up and read it again. There was only one sentence that kept me from answering it. My English pen pal had asked, "What is the real America?" and I didn't know how to answer the question. She didn't want statistics and generalizations. She did want to hear from an American what America really is. I tucked the letter into my suitcase and started home for Christmas vacation.

Sitting in the busy Columbus bus station, I still had no answer. Absent minded I watched the small boy with his nickel clutched in his fist and his nose pushed flat against the glass of the candy counter trying to make a choice. The clerk was smiling and patiently attentive.

Suddenly, without warning, what seemed to be a horde of monkeys, but was only about fifty boys, descended on the station. Their harassed chaperon was trying to keep them all together, but one man could do nothing. The boys were everywhere at once, screaming and laughing, followed by amused or annoyed looks and futile calls from the leader. As suddenly as they had appeared they were gone. A broadly grinning porter said, "That was the Columbus Boy's Choir."

The noise had awakened a baby who had been sleeping in his mother's arms. Its cries brought angry looks from the man across the aisle who was trying to read a newspaper. While the mother tried to comfort the squirming infant, two other children about six and nine arrived and pulled at her skirt for attention. A little white-haired lady sitting on her other side leaned over and said, "I'll hold the baby if you want to tend these other two." Then she confided, "I'm going to see my first grandchild and I'd like to get in some practice." With a grateful smile the mother handed over her youngest child and went off with the older ones. The new grandmother was beaming. "It's so good to hold a baby again. I always swore I wouldn't, but I know right now I'll spoil every one of my grandchildren."

The hardly intelligible sounds of the bus station announcement system suddenly blared forth into "Cleveland coach now loading in lane six."

A half sob caught my attention. Behind me a young man in khaki slung his duffle bag over his shoulder. He shook hands with his father and kissed his mother, who was gallantly trying to keep back her tears. Giving them a salute the soldier turned and walked out the door to the loading zones. His mother made a quick grab

for her handkerchief, but the father's big white one was already out. The couple walked out the opposite door leaning on each other a little for support.

The young mother reappeared with the two children who were supplied with chewing gum and comic books. She recovered her baby and started a conversation on baby care with the woman who had kept it.

Facing me a very weary looking father was trying to shush the questions of his young son. The youngster was excited and very tired. He poured forth his questions as rapidly as his father would reply to them. "How much longer do we ride these old buses?" "When will we get to Kansas?" "Why do we have to go there?" The father was carrying a small girl who was dejectedly clutching a dirty rag doll. An older boy was alternately telling and begging his younger brother to be quiet. The mother was sleeping, her head pillowed on the back of the hard wooden seats.

My attention wandered to the people standing in line buying tickets. I thought, "America certainly is full of people going places."

"America is full of people—America is the people." I had my answer. In the dingy bus station with its paper littered floor, hard wooden benches, stacks of baggage and gay travel posters I found the answer to the question. Here was a cross section of America—mothers, fathers, sons and daughters. The blind man there, his white cane opening a path before him, the farmer's wife loaded down with shopping bags, the bus drivers going about their business, the suited men going home from work. All these are a part of America. I am a part of America, only a student in a small midwestern college. Each of us is a small part of a large whole. The real America is the meetings, the partings, the joys, the sorrows, the friendliness and hostility of the American people.

"FAREWELLS ARE SADDEST IN THE SPRING"

MARY B. THOMAS '28

Farewells are saddest in the spring,
When tulips bloom and thrushes sing,
And pulsing life makes everything
Alert for love.

A parting in the dying year
Would not be half so hard to bear;
No mood of autumn could so tear
My heart in two.

White apple blossoms frame the sky;
The time has come to say goodbye.
Go quickly now before I cry.
God keep you safe.

UTTERANCE TO A DEARLY BELOVED CHILD

PHYLLIS ROYER '55

Life is the beginning of mystery,
and mystery is the beginning of life.

Oh, sweet, unendurable pain of being!

We shall carry a burden,
Though it be a burden of beauty,
Through all our days.

There is a choice?

Nay, since it is only once we are allowed . . .
and begged . . . to live,
We live in mystery.

Mystery is life!
It is a law.

No, I know not why, but more,
I do not search my feeble reasoning,
For if life were not mystery,
there would be no reasoning!
Nor would there be you, or me.

My son, oh, my son,
Do remember my words:

Life is the beginning mystery,
and mystery is the beginning of life.

RAIN

DOROTHY PURKEY '53

Gentle, whispering rain
Falls softly on new twigs—
Caressing.

Crashing, roaring rain
Descends upon the creatures all,
Beating.

Soft and sighing rain
Drips from heaven to earth,
Teasing.

WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK

JANICE SLAYBAUGH '55

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose

I'm one of those people who are sometimes dubbed "gullible." There are times I tell myself, "No, you're not really gullible. You just have faith in people." But even then I know I am just rationalizing.

I had been working in the Power Plant Office for two days and was beginning to feel at home. I was alone in the office. Except for the constant grinding of the turbines, everything was silent.

"Whew(it sure is hot! Wonder where Matt is with those coal sheets. I can't wait forever, but just the minute I start something else, he'll come in and dump them, coal dust and all, on top of my work."

The door opened, admitting the deafening roar. "Here y'are," Matt was shouting over the noise. "Sorry, I late. We have trouble—the coal scale—an' she get me screwed up." His big smile, his broken sentences and the light in his eyes made up for his slowness.

"That's okay, Matt."

He grinned widely and showed the decayed stumps of yellow teeth. "What we talk about this morning?"

"What's the matter with the coal scale?" I asked. "Will it throw us off all week?"

"Yep. Too bad. You got any coffee yet?"

"Perking now. You come back in a little while and it'll be ready."

"I think you try get rid of me."

"Why, Matt, whatever made you think that. But if I'm going to get this report straightened out, I can't talk very long."

"Okay, I go. I see you in little while."

The door opened and closed again. "Hey, Jan, love, do you have any of that good coffee around?"

"Just hold your horses, Johnnie, my boy. If she's perked, I'll get her for you."

Bill came out into the office. "Ready with the coffee?"

"All right, all right," I groaned. "Won't you guys even let me finish this work." I called to Joe. "You'll like the coffee this morning. It's a little stronger than usual."

"Good girl." He smiled. The stronger it was, the better Joe liked it.

The fellows adjourned to the inner office, all except Bill. He leaned lazily against my desk and listened as I began whistling softly to myself.

"Happy this morning?" He asked.

"Sure. I happen to like it here. You're not a bad gang to

work for."

"You sound like some sort of bird or something."

"Thanks! I can't whistle, but can't sing either, so what's a gal to do?"

He laughed and picked up a large green cup, took a long swallow and spluttered. "Good God, girl, what are you trying to do, kill us all?"

"What's the matter with you?"

"What in the Hell did ya do, dump the whole pound in?"

"Nope, lost count of the dippers full. Thought I'd better put in an extra for good measure."

"Yeah," he said weakly. "I'll do something nice for you some day." I smiled fondly at him, and continued whistling to myself.

Later that day I was again alone in the office, when the phone suddenly burst forth at its energetic best.

"Hello."

"Hi, kiddo, we're testing the phones. Hold your phone three feet from your mouth and whistle. Want to see how well it picks up the sound."

"But I can't whistle very well. Doubt if you can hear me." I laughed, and honestly, laughing and whistling don't combine very well. I stretched out my arm, tried to control my laughter, and made a few little squeaks. I tried again. Worse!

From the other end of the wire came a muffled laugh. "Thanks a lot." Click. The receiver went down.

"Fred!" I opened the door to the Turbine Room. "Someone just called to test the telephone." I explained the whole procedure.

Fred looked at me strangely, and smiled. "Oh, well," I thought, "Fred's a little hard of hearing."

The following afternoon, Clarence, the mail boy, came dashing into the office fairly bubbling over. Clarence couldn't have been less than sixty, but he was still the "mail boy". He was a small man with a stub where his left hand should have been, an amazing twinkle in his eye, and a deep and abiding faith in God.

"I got something for you," he said in his nasal voice. He handed me a package tied with dirty string. I shook it. It rattled!

"Where'd you get it?" I wasn't taking any chances.

Clarence only laughed.

I carefully removed string and paper and stared in astonishment at what I held. "Birdseed!"

"Yup!"

"But, Clarence, where did you get this? Who sent it? Whose writing is it? Oh, those guys!"

"Came from the South End." He turned to leave.

"Clarence, come back here! Don't you dare leave until you tell me who did this!"

"Don't know. Keep m' ears open."

What did it mean? Why the birdseed? I set the box with the picture of the yellow canary on the red background conspicuously on my desk.

The door opened. "Hi, Mike, say what do you know about this?"

Mike picked up the box. "French's Birdseed. With vitamin B-12 added. Oh, great. Where did you get this?"

"As if you didn't know."

"Me? Why me?"

"Well, if there's any devilment going on around here, you're usually in the middle."

"Aw now, you got me all wrong. Come'ere, we'll kiss and make up."

"Nope."

"Why?"

"Who'd want to kiss you?"

"My wife doesn't object."

"But I'm not your wife. Thank goodness!"

"Ouch!"

"No, about this birdseed, I want to know what's up. It's real clever, but who did it and why?" Just then the phone pealed forth.

"Power Office." I tried to sound pleasant.

"We're testing phones again. Hold your phone three feet away and whistle."

Like I said I'm gullible. I am also dense. "But you know I couldn't do it before. I *can't* whistle."

"Can't whistle, huh?"

"No!"

"Then try some of your birdseed!" Click.

I stood there, the light beginning to dawn. "Whistling! Birdseed! Telephones! Men! Bah! ! !"

I turned and looked at big wolfish Mike. "Why didn't you tell me?" The look in his eyes gave the whole thing away.

Now, tell me, how was I to know that was an old Power House joke. Let's try to rationalize it. I *hate* to think I'm gullible!

I WISH

DOROTHY PURKEY '53

Three things

I wish to be —

A queen to rule estates —

A little girl again — and then,

Just me.

"THE HEAT'S ON"

MARY CAY CARLSON WELLS '47

If I had spoken my thoughts that first tour of the house in which we were to live, I would have exposed colossal ignorance. For I was thinking, Heavens! Do coal stoves still exist? Yet, there before us were two of the most existing coal heating stoves ever to be tackled by amateurs.

With cold weather came the equally cold realization that we must learn the rudiments of heating engineering to survive the winter. Our self-education began with "putting up" the living room stove, an insolent, square, iron monster on four fat legs, one of which was dangerously unstable. This herculean task required more patience than the two constituents of our family possessed. We have since learned that family spats at stove-moving time were a local custom in that section of Ohio.

This stove anticipated the modern automatic clothes dryer by at least a quarter century. Here the similarity stopped, however. The busy housewife was not summoned to duty by the melodic strains of, "How Dry I Am," by Westinghouse, but by the unmistakable odor of smoke and the sight of flames shooting ceilingward from something, now unidentifiable, that had been too close to the stove.

The living room monster always chose night time to smoke. Perhaps it was bored with the quiet and wished to be amused by the antics of the pajama-clad head of the house sleepily flapping smoke out of the living room with a damp towel.

Our other stove which heated the kitchen was white enamel and looked quite respectable. Its dignified exterior, however, housed the meanest stove grate in Southern Ohio. Every third day it stubbornly refused to turn an inch. After a particularly irritating bout, the errant grate was on the receiving end of a good healthy kick by an ex-GI boot, and soundly broke in two. Friends overseeing the installation of the new grate agreed, to a man, that *their* grates cracked easily.

Eventually we became experts at stove-firing. As lady of the house, I, too, slung a mean coal shovel. My proficiency in scooping ashes dust from all surfaces after shaking down the stove, was indeed amazing, likewise.

Unfortunately, the day has passed for the necessity of developing these ancient skills. For the day after we moved, the wobbly leg was broken off the living room stove in shifting it for repairs; whereupon central heating was installed.

Rather than harbor regrets at the narrow margin by which we missed comfort, convenience, and central heating, we have chosen to rejoice that we were privileged to end an era.

THREE CINQUAINS

ANN CARLSON BROWN '52

"Second Honorable Mention," *Atlantic Prize Poems*, 1952

1.

I love
Three ancient things:
The leather book . . . grandma's
Rocker . . . purple lilacs that bloom
Each spring.

2.

Weeping
Willow, drooping
Softly with your sorrow
Your green is the earth's first promise
Of spring.

3.

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

GOD'S PERFECT DAY

BETH HAMMON '55

Third Prize, Burkhart Poetry Contest

Dawn
Peeked over the rim
Of the chilled night-world
And shattered the darkness
And blew the stars away.

She streaked the glass-topped
Lake with gold and yellow
Angel paint, and splashed
Her brightness among the cool
Dark shadows of the forest.

She left bright dew-diamonds
Twinkling in the grass, scared
A cautious doe into the safe
Dark of the wood, and chirped
A pert "good morning" from the

Throat of a twittering wren.

Midday

Blazed on the smooth
Beach-sands and dried the
Grass and warmed the sea-
Air. She skimmed across the
Lake in swift, unruly gusts
That threw a sailboat off
Its course, and roughed the
Waters 'til they rose in foam-
Topped waves. She flung

A pail of purest blue
Across the sky and shim-
Mering emerald o'er the
Lake and drifted as a white
Soft cloud behind a pine

Tree. She perched a minute
On the dock, then spread
Her graceful, seagull wings
In flight and called the
World to afternoon siesta.

Dusk

Drew long shadow-
Fingers through the pines,
Faded out the last red
Glow of sun, and blank-

Eted the chilling lake in
Black. She painted inky
Silhouettes against the
Thin grey sky. She tucked
A velvet cover over all, and

Bade the wildwood life
Goodnight and everything
Was still — except the
High-pitched chatter of the
Crickets and the endless

Even swishing of the
Waves against the shore.
Then Dusk lit the first tiny
Night-star in heaven and
God's day was closed.

A FROSH ON THE CINDERS

DON RAPP '55

The cold sensation of the concrete stadium strikes my sweat-shirt. My legs, stretching out over the soft grass, try vainly to relax. My head drops forward, eyes concentrated on the activity of the track.

Gripped with mixed emotions I face this new experience. Long hours of constant running are to be rewarded today or proved useless. My enthusiasm is great. I am eager to run but nervous and worried by inexperience.

Long shadows slip slowly over the Memorial Track as the athletes with sweaty, sun-baked bodies compete against each other. Otterbein College, which I attend as a freshman, is taking the lead in the scoring.

Al Zagray and Bob Hanaford, my two mile co-runners, have run the one mile and are stripping their sweat clothes to warm up for the longer race. Presently I am on the track jogging a lap with them.

The spring air strikes the body with a snappy crack. My legs feel wonderful, as if they would carry me across the cinders forever. Confidence overcomes the worry of inexperience. I am ready to make my debut into the track world.

"Bang!"

Suddenly five pairs of legs churn the cinders and strain for position on the first turn. I'm in a whirling mass of body and limb. Then the turn—

I am alone. Zagray and Hanaford appear ahead of me. The enemy competition is in the rear. My position is clear. I must keep third place.

The first four laps are easy. My legs beat out a rhythmic pattern on the track. Breathing is steady and strong. I feel the power in my straining body.

Then the fifth lap. I'm beginning to think. Thinking is bad. Four laps are finished but the big four are yet to come. Have I been running too hard? Are my competitors just coasting, waiting for me to tire, then to come sailing around me on the final lap?

My legs begin to tighten. They are tiring and my stride is getting shorter and shorter. My first wind is giving out and my second wind, if it is coming, is overdue. Breathing is getting more difficult and I am beginning to pant like a dog after chasing a cat across town.

The fifth, sixth, then seventh laps slip by. As I pass before the stands to start my last lap, I realize that a runner is only a few yards behind me.

As we approach the turn he makes his bid to take me. This is the race. It is now or never. I give it all I have forgetting that there is a whole lap to go.

I strain forward. My legs sprint forward with their last burst of speed. He is right beside as we hit the turn. For a second we strain forward side by side. I cannot hold the torrid pace long, but I pray that he will fold first.

Suddenly when I think I can hold out no longer, he folds. The rest of the race is easy. He drops back quickly and when I finally cross the finish line, is almost a half lap in the rear.

I am half dead but happy. I'm proud of a third in my first varsity race.

SHELVES

ANITA SHANNON '55

I

Musty
Ancient caretakers of the graveyard
Of culture

Share dusty shelves with

Elegant
Records of the here and now —
Archives

Of the present — and with

Garish
Tawdry reports of never-hope-to-be
Novels.

II

Huge
Ponderous volumes tip shelves
While

At another dusty end

Tiny
Palm-sized classical editions
Struggle

To keep their balance and

Succeed
Challenging the heavy old ones
Winningly.

TO A PAINTER

TOM SEFTON '54

We praise the portrait at thy hand revealed.
Yet 'tis a hopeless task to paint of me;
You, striving for a semblance, cannot see
The quandary that my withered features shield.

The lad who sows his first seeds in a field,
Expects to tell of Beauty he may see;
But cannot hope to comprehend for me,
Complexities that Beauty has concealed.

Observing this we pause to contemplate,
To ponder thoughts of God's instructive hand,
And wonder why such treasured gifts befall
Men wrecked by war and greed and even hate.
And thus we see the scope which we command,
And marvel how our minds can be so small.

IN HIS LIKENESS

JAMES WEST SHAW '54

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry

What is this thing called Man? He lives, I know,
For I have seen him start and end his life:
He comes — a pain, and light; a span of strife;
He goes — a pain, and darkness. He can show
No reason for it. Much like melting snow
He slips away from living. Rumors rife
Surround life's cycle, cutting like a knife
New wounds in creeds established long ago.
What is this thing called Man? Oh, here it is!
Unnoticed in this ancient, crumbling sheaf
Of parchment lies the answer. "Man." (I may
Have missed it in the newer books.) Is his
Sole meaning but a jester here beneath?

"A Man . . ." How strange! An image made of clay!

DOWN ALONG THE RIVER

By EDNA DELLINGER CARLSON '22

Twice a year we used to go down along the river. Violets grew thickest there each spring, and goldenrod was brightest there in the fall.

Every spring and every fall there was one best day for our visit to this lovely place. We tried to choose this one best day, all the Lakeside Avenue children and I. When that day came, the news spread quickly.

"Come on. We're all going down along the river!"

The procession didn't vary much from year to year. Twenty or so there were. The fast walkers went ahead to guard the crossings. The little ones came next. There were a few bikes and a few tri-cycles.

One happy fall day four years ago when we started down along the river, the big boys took turns carrying Ben, the littlest, on their shoulders. We had to draw up some rules and regulations that year. We agreed that each big boy might take his turn and carry Ben past three telephone poles and no further. Then the next big boy in line could have his turn.

I can see it all over again, as if it were only yesterday. The big boys were wearing perky white sailor hats that day, gleaming white starched hats with brims turned up smartly all around. Mothers developed the fine art of laundering those hats so white and stiff.

"Hip! Hip!" everyone shouted.

"I had a good job on a ship!"

Some one clapped a sailor hat on Ben, who was riding high on the biggest boy's shoulder. We all laughed. He did look so ridiculous. Whoever saw a baby sailor before?

Everyone chanted,

"First they hired me,

"Then they fired me,

"Then b'golly, I quit!"

We quickened our pace to the rhythm.

"Hip! Hip!"

"Hip!" echoed Ben, and we laughed again.

It was so easy to laugh that day. For that one little hour it seemed as if sorrow did not exist. The whole world must be gay and carefree with us. We quickly reached our favorite spot down along the river.

It was necessary to discourage some of the boys from moving stakes set by the surveyors. A new bridge was soon to be built there. Giggling girls called, "Help!" to a passing tug. Boys swung wildly on a long trailing vine. It was a kind Providence that had

caused wild grape vines, instead of poison ivy, to grow there. We all busied ourselves with what seemed to be a hopeless search for the portrait attachment of a little girl's camera. It was found where it had been all the time, strangely enough, on her camera.

"At least," cried the neighborhood clown, "I can have a good rest." Then he sat trustingly, but heavily on an old discarded chair rescued from a junk pile. Of course he continued through a hole in the chair and his audience howled with delight.

All these pleasant, amusing pictures of children playing, pass in review before my eyes, but there was one scene that day that is imprinted forever on my mind. I can still see that huge iron chain coiled there like a sleeping monster. We came upon it suddenly where it lay surrounded by goldenrod. We all tugged and pulled at this black and rusty chain. There was so much of it, it seemed to weigh tons.

"Let's sell it!" someone suggested. Old iron those days was moving fast. Car load after car load had gone through our town. No one paid much attention to it or to where it was going. Selling old iron became a good business. Lakeshore residents were forced to carry their iron grills to the basements after their beach parties. Local store-keepers found it necessary to replace iron grates in their basement windows. We all tried to loosen the chain. We wondered how much it weighed and how long it was.

"Hey!" one of the boys shouted. "You know what they use old iron for? They sell it to the Japs to make bombs."

The loosened end of the heavy rusty chain clanked to the ground. We were silent. The chain lay just as when we first saw it. Then someone tossed dry leaves on it. Others added sticks, small rotted logs, dirt and more leaves. No one said a word. Soon the chain was completely out of sight surrounded by goldenrod.

The sun was setting and as we walked home, our feet once again beat out the rhythm of our old familiar marching chant:

"Hip! Hip!" we sang as we marched.

"I had a good job on a ship.

"First they hired me,

"Then they fired me,

"Then b'golly I quit."

"Hip! Hip!"

That perfect trip down along the river was almost over.

Last spring when we went down along the river to gather violets, the chain was still perfectly buried. Dredges had dumped tons of dirt upon our light covering of leaves and sticks.

Against my will, I think of the coming spring. Boys who love the river make good sailors. When the violets bloom two of those big boys who took turns carrying Ben on their shoulders will be wearing sailor hats again. This time it will be very different. This

time Uncle Sam will be responsible for keeping the white hats gleaming. The mothers who knew how to launder sailor hats so beautifully, must try to find other tasks to busy their restless hands.

Soon when I meet those mothers I must ask, "What do you hear from Ted and Jerry?" As I listen to their replies I'll be deeply thankful that the heavy iron chain is buried as we left it, down along the river where the violets grew so thick and where the goldenrod was so beautiful.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

GARY HUNT '53

The familiar tinkle of the Sarna bells over the double door told me that someone had entered the store.

Thomas Jefferson had just accused Alexander Hamilton of being corrupt in his financial deals and narrow minded in his public dealings, on page 238 of our American History book, when I was rudely taken away from this historical battle.

I faced my intruder and noticed immediately that this man could pass for "Alex" if he were a little taller. He wore a gray felt hat with suit to match; his thin face was criss-crossed by worry wrinkles; and a very hard and crafty set of cold brown eyes seemed to penetrate me. He spelled trouble from the tip of his deep brown Cordovan shoes to his thinning gray hair.

"May I help you, sir?" I said.

He scarcely opened his thin pale lips when he replied, "I should hope so."

What I surmised was true. He was trouble. From this one small statement I could tell that he had a thwarted attitude toward people which probably could be traced to his background.

Evidently he came in contact with people every day which would usually put him in the business category.

From his attitude, I guessed that he was not overly-fond of people. His business life was probably linked to unsatisfied people. I later found out that he was Mr. J. E. Jennings, a real estate broker.

Like all shoppers, he had evidently come in after one specific item, but his interest had then broadened, and he proceeded to look around. I offered all sorts of suggestions but met with failure every time.

"How do you like this lovely bronze vase," I said.

"Too much," he offered.

I tried small arrangements of flowers; delicate figurines by "Gardner"; drift wood; almost anything a person can imagine, but all met with failure.

He mentioned something about the ming tree which we have on display. I told him that it was only appropriate in homes where oriental decorations are prominent.

"They are \$10.00," I stated. He grunted his disapproval.

His actions were very sharp and fast. He moved from shelf to shelf fingering the objects with deft and understanding hands.

He was perfectly at home and never uttered a wasted word. Mr. Jennings was evidently looking for something to meet his fancy, but was not being very successful.

"How much for this plant here?"

I was stunned. Here was something which I had purposely skipped because I had little knowledge of its habits or cost. I found out later that it was a water Chinese Evergreen and was very inexpensive.

"I am not sure, but I could check if you wanted," I pleaded.

"Don't have the time," he lied.

I had committed the worst kind of error of store clerks—I was not sure of an article. I was defeated.

I wondered after that just why he picked on that Evergreen which was at least three years old. I really think he was testing my knowledge of the articles by picking out the most obscure things to ask questions about.

After a complete investigation of the flower shop, he stopped in front of me and came to the point. I knew there was something on his mind and now I was to find out.

"Have you any paper white narcissus?" he questioned.

"No, I am very sorry, sir, we do not handle them." He had out-manuevered me.

"I was in a couple of days ago, and Mr. Lee said he would have them in by now. He said that he had them in the Worthington Maple Lee Flower Shop, but not in this shop, yet." Was he deliberately trying to embarrass me?

"He has not informed me of this, sir, but I can find out by calling if you like."

"No, I haven't got the time," he said angrily.

I tried my best to make excuses for his attitude. He was an elderly man and had probably had a hard and nervous life. One has to make excuses for that.

Maybe his wife nagged him. Or maybe he was not even married and was lonesome.

Before I knew it, I felt sorry for him and he was walking all over me.

My attitude, of course, was very friendly and courteous, but it was a difficult situation to please him.

He ordered me to find out the price of the Chinese Evergreen and also about the white narcissus.

"I will be back on Friday to find out about the narcissus," he ordered.

He opened the door quickly and the bells of Sarna tinkled again. Mr. Jennings even gave them a disgusted look. The bells did not even suit him.

He passed under our sign which read, "Maple Lee Flowers-for the best in flowers," crossed the driveway and walked out of sight.

"What a relief," I sighed. "What peculiar people store clerks meet!"

Jefferson then stated that Hamilton was a detriment to society and was not suitable for the common people. I was inclined to agree with Mr. Jefferson.

"MAN LIVES ALONE . . ."

PATRICIA LASSWELL '54

Man lives alone, afraid, tied to the strings of futility,
An organism
Lost in a false sense of importance
Dimly sensing there might be other worlds,
But rejecting them as less than his own.

"There is a Being,"
Man says,
"Whom I choose to call Creator,
But I—I rule this planet
I alone am master of the world."

With each word man adds another rock
To the fence called pride.
Stones rolling off the barrier crush him in their fall,
But stubborn man with bloody hands replaces the boulders,
Trying to build a strong defense between himself and fear.

Other animals content themselves with shelter, mate and food,
Taking what nature offers, unworried, unafraid.
Man calls himself master of the earth
And faces life, alone, with fear,
Overcome with a knowledge of futility.

SONNET TO LOVE

JANICE SLAYBAUGH '55

As fire's sweet warmth so reaches out its hands
To touch the farthest corners of the room;
As deep and everlasting as the sands
Etern'llly being swept by Heaven's broom;
As rare and radiant as the dawn's first light
When seen with eyes still moist from evening's dew;
As clear and sparkling as the stars of night
When they shine down from Heaven just for you;
So does my love fill all my being o'er
With sparkling, radiant, everlasting glow
Which shall remain though wint'ry winds may roar,
Though icy sheets may bend life's branches low.
The warmth of love will melt the ice away
And turn the black of night to dawning day.

MOODS IN CHROME

CAROLINE BRENTLINGER '51

Yellow flames, crackling on a crisp winter night;
Ruddy faces, gay laughter, in the supple dancing light.

Blue embers, glowing in the coolness of the fall;
A whisper, a hush, and stillness covers all.

Red darts, shooting in the torpor of mid-day;
Greedy, hungry tongues, leap to grab their prey.

COURAGE

JEAN UNGER CHASE '43

If there could be a crooked fir
Against a winter sky;
In summer, sun and shadow
On a river-bank near by;

A breeze to dance, a leaf to fall,
A daffodil or two;
And you, with my hand tight in yours,
To make it seem not new;

If there were rain in springtime,
A meadowlark on high
To accent deep, still quiet—
I think that I could die.

PEMBERTON

SYLVIA PHILLIPS VANCE '46

The town of Pemberton didn't really begin at the bridge, Laura realized, but it seemed to. The small, ancient bus she was riding in had passed about twenty houses, a fire station and a church before it reached the bottom of a long hill. There the cold gray waters of the Pemigewasset flowed under the narrow iron bridge, almost like canal waters, bounded as they were on either side by walls of deep red brick that rose twelve or fifteen feet above the water line almost to the level of the bridge floor. Then, the bridge crossed, the street widened suddenly into the town square.

Laura's first impression as she looked out of the bus window into the center of town—overhung by gray November skies and surrounded at no great radius by snow-tinged hillsides—was one of an abundance of brick buildings worn and weathered by years into a mellow, gingerbread shabbiness. In the center of the square was a curb-contained island, triangular in shape, with a mounted cannon of Civil War vintage at the larger end and a symmetrical pile of cannon balls opposite.

The bus stopped in front of the drug store that served as a bus station. Laura followed the other two passengers from the bus, and as she stepped into the gray, snow-heavy air a feeling of depression, almost of nausea, overwhelmed her. This, then, was the result of her sudden idea; she was alone in the midst of a gray, dingy town on a gray, miserable Sunday afternoon. The square was almost deserted, and she knew no one. David was the only link she had with this place, and his young cheerful voice could not reach Laura to give her a welcome to his home town. How could this be David's home, she wondered. He had described it once or twice, but only in terms of skiing over glistening hillsides, or swimming in the blue waters of Canock Lake. Nothing had prepared her for this awful grayness. Pemberton in November was just a small New Hampshire mill town, forsaken by summer people and skiers, guarded by silent dulled hillsides.

Laura went into the drug store, carrying her suitcase. She noticed gratefully a Silex full of coffee on a small gas burner behind the counter. As the middle-aged man tending the store poured a cup for her, she took a worn envelope from her purse and studied a notation on the back.

"Can you tell me where Spruce Street is?" she asked, as the man set the cup down in front of her.

"You acquainted hereabouts at all?"

"No, I'm not."

"It's eight or nine blocks down from here on the Lake Road. You go to the far corner of the square and take the street to the right—that's the Lake Road."

"Oh," said Laura uncertainly.

"You want to call some one to pick you up?" he said, indicating the pay phone at the back of the store.

"No," Laura said quickly. "I'll get myself there. Is there a taxi in town?"

"Ed Hill runs one summers—he'd probably take you out."

"How do I call him?"

"I'll give him a ring for you. Where do you want to go on Spruce Street?"

"Number 79. Thanks a lot."

Laura took out her compact and renewed her lipstick. Her face was travel weary, but that couldn't be helped. Nine hundred miles on buses was a long, long count of jolting catnaps and hurried snacks. Laura wished that she had written to David's parents first, but that couldn't be helped either now.

The man returned. "He'll be over in a few minutes." He studied her a moment. "You going to Bill Moore's place, eh?"

"Why, yes," she said. "Mr. and Mrs. William Moore," surprised at first by the man's comment, then realizing that addresses were easily associated with names in small towns.

"Too bad about their son being killed in Korea," he said. Then glancing at her, "You know David?"

Laura did not know what to say. The momentary lift the coffee had given her spirits fell away, and the dull ache returned. "Yes," she said finally. "I knew him."

The man did not press the conversation. Laura sat and watched the thin snow falling outside, wondering almost with panic why she had come to this dull town with its gray skies and its unfamiliar faces.

"That's Ed Hill now."

Laura picked up her suitcase and started out the door.

"Thanks," she called back.

"Ed helped her into the taxi, a slightly battered black sedan.

"Seventy-nine Spruce Street, Miss—that right?"

"Yes."

She sank back on the seat and fingered the thin gold wedding band under her glove. David's ring, David's town, and she—David's wife—going to David's parents, who didn't even know she existed. She closed her eyes. Could this trip, this day, this town, this Laura be real? Surely in a moment the nightmare would go away, and she would be free of this gray town and back with David again.

"Here you are, Miss—79 Spruce Street. I'll set your bag on the porch."

BEFORE THE DAWN

BEVERLY THOMPSON '52

First Prize, National Society of Arts and Letters, Columbus Chapter, inter-collegiate short story contest, 1951-1952.

The benediction was pronounced. The small group of black-clad figures moved away from the rectangular shaft in the cool green turf of the cemetery. A few stopped to say a last few consoling remarks to Hal and Edith before walking back to the roadway and the line of long black cars gleaming in the late afternoon scrutiny of a July sun.

Reverend Hobson remained after the others had murmured hesitant, formal condolences.

"I'll stop by the house tomorrow if you'd like me to, Hal."

"Certainly, sir. Edith and I would appreciate it."

Suddenly the cemetery was empty except for two men from the funeral parlor who were removing the faded canvas canopy. Hal stood staring at the black hole.

"It's been a fine day. Mother would have been glad to know it was such a fine day. She always said she hoped she'd die in the summer. Thought the winter days were dreary enough without the added gloom of a funeral."

Edith touched his arm and spoke quietly. "Let's go home, Hal." He took her arm and they walked silently to the car.

Edith settled down in the Oldsmobile and removed her black hat with the heavy veil. She kept her eyes carefully on the black silk gloves that she was removing from her long fingers as Hal opened the opposite door and slid on to the seat beside her.

He started the powerful engine, put the car into gear and slowly drove along the winding drive through Fairhaven Cemetery, past the heavy marble pedestals supporting silent marble lions that solemnly guarded the entrance.

As they turned into the highway he relaxed as though he had left all sorrow and bereavement behind the walls of the still tombstone garden. He began chattering as if he were making a conscious effort to counteract Edith's silence.

"Reverend Hobson did a fine job on the funeral service. Nice day, too. Looks like a good year for the farmers. Notice how high the corn is already? We're working on some agriculture accounts down at the office. Farmers are getting smart these days—even they know it pays to advertise."

He turned suddenly off the main highway and down a small road which seemed to stretch across the top of a hill and to continue until it disappeared into the white clouds.

"Shortcut I learned about one time. It comes out on 440 just above the junction. Road needs paving badly. They may resurface

it before fall elections."

Edith deliberately raised her eyes to her husband's profile. What is he feeling, she wondered. There's been no sign of emotion—not since she died. It's as if it hasn't reached him, as if . . .

"Did you see F. P. Simpson there? Rather a good sign—I'll get that contract yet. With the commission from that Simpson deal we can put a down payment on a cottage over at Lucerne Lake. Be nice to have some place to run off to in August. We might move down there all month and close the house. I could commute—it's not a long drive—and it would be easier on you. Lots of good contacts on the Lake too. Couple of prospective accounts spend their summers there. A few bridge games in the evenings and we might win Adams over to the agency.

My God! Edith thought. My God, that was your mother's funeral—not a business convention! She loved you, Hal. She raised you and she loved you and you don't even seem to care that she's dead.

Hal began whistling.

That's our song, thought Edith. "My Heart Stood Still." We used to dance to it—before we were married. You always requested it. We were young and full of dreams then. You were working your way through State, and I was working at the department store—and waiting to marry you and leave Millersburg. We were going to have a home of our own in the city and you would be a big success. Yes, we had our dreams . . .

"Hey, you've got a birthday coming up next week," Hal said, turning to smile at her. Edith forced herself to smile back. "My gosh, you don't look a year . . ."

They had reached the top of the hill. The little road obediently followed the slope toward the valley, stretching sadly away from the calm sky.

Birthdays! So many since the summer before your senior year. The night of my party—you gave me your frat pin, Hal.

"I wanted you to have a ring but I couldn't afford a stone that was big enough for you, Hal said. "Do you mind waiting for it, Edith? I promise it will be big—larger than any you ever saw."

"I don't mind, Hal. But I don't care if the ring is expensive or not. I'll be satisfied just to have you."

"I want you to have a beautiful ring someday. And I'll see that you have it."

So I didn't argue—it was no use when Hal had made up his mind to something. We danced—"My Heart Stood Still." And

I was proud of you. Now I have the ring. It certainly is lovely. But I'm not so sure I'm proud of you any longer, Hal. You've lost something.

"A few more years with Taylor and Lander," Hal was saying, "and I might get a junior partnership. Or maybe my own agency."

They had reached Route 440 that led into the city. The highway was crowded with vacationers and Hal was forced to slow the car down.

Remember how proud we were the day you came over to tell me that you had landed a job with Taylor and Lander, Edith thought. The leading advertising agency in the city! As soon as you had paid your debts we could be married. Our dreams were coming true.

I went to see your mother and there were tears in her eyes. I didn't realize then that she had had her dreams too. All I could think of was us—our future. I never stopped to think of her feelings—that she was seeing dreams that had never come true for her materializing for you. Yes, she was proud of you. I hope she never felt differently.

I could have shared our happiness with her—we both could have. But we were selfish. It was us, us.

"My own agency," Hal continued to dream out loud. "Spencer Advertising Agency. Sounds wonderful."

They had reached the city limits and turned left down Hillsdale Avenue, noisy, cluttered and old—once proud and respectable, in the evening sun it looked tired and pathetic.

Our old neighborhood, thought Edith. We've come a long way since we were first married and lived in that second floor flat on Madison. I was working in a law office—the furniture was out of date—the carpet threadbare—the roof always leaked. But we were happy and laughed all the time. Even the night it rained so hard and the roof leaked over the bed. There were pans all over the apartment. We had to sleep on the kitchen floor—it was the only dry place. And Saturday night poker games with Nancy and Bill.

Bill! I guess that's when I first realized you'd changed, Hal. We weren't living on Madison. We'd moved to a better apartment on Grant. We were planning our own house. You came home that night and told me about Bill—he'd just been released from the Army. You were lucky. The bad knee from high school football had kept you out. You were given Doug Fisher's job when he was drafted—head salesman, an easy promotion.

Bill hadn't found his job waiting when he came back. There was a position open at the agency but you refused to recommend Bill.

"He's drinking quite a bit, Edith. If he failed at the job it would be a mark against me. I can't afford to take chances now."

"But Bill's had some tough luck, Hal. With Nancy just losing the baby, hospital bills, and no job. He isn't the drinking kind—you know that. He'd straighten out."

"But I'm not sure. Don't you see that if he didn't work out it would reflect on me? I've got to be careful. If everything goes all right we'll have a new house next year. Don't you think I'm right?"

"Of course, honey."

It had been easier just to let the matter drop. Bill would find something. After all, they wanted the house. Hal was being conscientious—and he was sure to make the top with his ambition. I always found it easier to forget these matters. Why can't I forget this funeral too?

The car slowed down for a moment and then swung into the Parkway that led to their home in suburban Carisbrooke.

And we moved into our house the following year, Edith thought. Modern, rambling—the best suburb—beautiful furniture—influential neighbors. I quit work and played bridge in the afternoons. We joined the country club and began attending all the concerts. Our dream was almost complete.

"Who knows where we'll be next year at this time, Edith?" Hal continued. "Everything has been going our way. The advertising business is better than ever and the future looks good for a long time."

Edith sat staring at her gloves and seeing another funeral—just about a year before. Your father's funeral, Hal. We hadn't expected him to die, had we? No plans were made. We had no alternative but to bring your mother to live with us. You seemed uneasy, restless after that. Was it because she wasn't what you called "cultured"—she said "ain't" and ate peas with her spoon. It didn't seem to matter to you that she was kind and sincere and good-natured. I guess it was just easier to have her somewhere else when we entertained.

The Oldsmobile passed the sandstone columns bearing the brass plates that announced, "Carisbrooke." "The Gates of Prosperity," some called them. In the reddish glow of sunset the straight sentinels seemed like prison gates to Edith. A prison for those who place material values too high. You have to sell your soul for a

home in Carisbrooke, she thought. I'm a prisoner. But I don't want to be. That's not the way Hal and I planned it.

"Beautiful sunset," Hal remarked. "Should be cool enough to sleep tonight. God, how I hate hot summer nights!"

Oh, Hal, I should never have let you put your mother in that rest home. It was highly recommended, I know. It was very expensive and everyone thought you were such a fine son.

"She'll be happier with women her own age, Edith. You don't have too much time to spend with her; you have your meetings. This way she'll have company—as well as trained care."

Happier? She was dying of loneliness. I tried to tell you but you thought she just missed your father. It was more than that. She never complained—never said a word. But I knew, and let you talk me into believing that she was better off. Until she died. And now it's too late.

The car swung into a concrete driveway between well kept lawns. Hal stopped the car and pulled on the emergency brake.

"Home at last." He smiled cheerfully and leaned across the seat, pausing only long enough to touch his wife's forehead with his lips.

Edith started slightly, opened the door and slid out. She found her key after fumbling in the black faille handbag. Wearily she turned the key in the brass lock and pushed the heavy door open.

Hal followed her into the room and sat down heavily in the arm chair next to the white brick fireplace.

"This has been pretty tough on you, hasn't it?" he said quietly.

"Yes." And Edith thought to herself: Someone has to mourn.

* * * *

Edith finished drying the last pan, placed it in the cupboard and closed the door. She removed her apron and thought to herself: I'm mixed up. I've got to get things straight in my mind. I've got to be alone and think.

She walked slowly into the living room and saw Hal sitting in his favorite chair, reading the evening newspaper. She had to talk loudly to be heard over the radio which was playing Evening Dance Music.

"I'm going for a walk, Hal. I'll be back later."

"Huh? Oh, alright, Edith. Anything wrong?"

"No. Just want to cool off." She opened the door and stepped out into the cool black night.

It was quiet. The stuffiness of July had vanished with the sun. Edith walked across the grass to the sidewalk and started in the

direction of Jefferson Street.

Feel better now, she thought. It's like being a prisoner in that house. I guess it's because Hal is there. Hal, sitting there reading the newspaper as he does every evening. Not even caring that his mother has died.

He has what he wants, all he cares about—social position, money, a new house. Signs of success.

But I can't blame it all on Hal. I could have stopped him before. Could have told him these things weren't important.

Not important? They had meant just as much to me until I realized that Hal had changed. That he no longer cared about anything but money—not even his own mother.

She reached the corner and continued straight ahead. She had no idea where she was going. But she had to think.

Even if it is my fault too, I can't stand staying here, knowing that this kind of life we've been living will continue.

I can't stay here but how can I leave? Her mind went round and round in circles.

And then quite suddenly she realized that she had circled two blocks and she was standing in front of their house again.

There's nothing to do but go back tonight. Maybe after I've had some sleep—maybe then I can decide. I'm so confused, mixed up inside. . . .

She opened the door quietly and stepped into the living room. It was empty.

Then she heard a sound, a strange sound. The sound of a man's sobbing.

She ran quickly to the bedroom. Hal was flung across the bed—sobbing.

Edith bent quickly and brushed a soft kiss on the shoulder of her husband.

EYES

ANITA SHANNON '55

Eyes,
Narrow and hostile,
Stared glassily at Him, and

Hope
Momentarily faded
That His words
Could be distinguished —

Words
He uttered simply,
But with devastating pain.

Thoughts
Crossed His weary mind,
Journeyed through
The agony He felt,

Before
They reached
Those unreceptive ears;

Past
The pounding Heart
That was beating
Unknown rhythms,
Rhythms
That were strange to most
But not to Him;

Because
He had felt them
In the Garden,
Not long before.

"Father,
Forgive them . . .," He gasped.
It was finished.

Spoken
Were His words,
But yet no shouts
Of approval

Nor
Of disapproval
Were heard above the wind.

Only
Pitiful cries
Of loyal followers
"Oh, Lord, our Savior!"

Eyes,
Loving and compassionate,
Were moved to tears.

COPENHAGEN — IMPRESSIONS

RUTH EHRLICH '39

1.

In the night darkness appear three eyes, not glowing, but faint and wavering. Directly, eerily they approach—is it a mythical unicorn grown modern with illuminated horn to help its lighted eyes pierce the blackness? Is it some strange, unearthly creature exploring its neighboring planet?

Closer it draws and suddenly its disguise is revealed—three friendly bicyclists move side by side, each with a tiny head lamp burning.

2.

It is noontime and an expectant interest shows itself in passing shoppers. Police officers busily divert motor and bicycle traffic, and the way is cleared in the area for the parade of stately marching guards—the King's Guards with ponderous black furred hats held fast by chin straps, dignified dark blue coats crossed with white, and lighter blue, white-striped trousers.

In close double rank, with faultless, rhythmic step, they march through the streets. A black-coated band precedes them, sometimes playing a march by Sousa, or at times blaring a "ragtime", but the steady step of the Guards is not disturbed by a change of rhythm.

Children gaze raptly as though a troop of toy soldiers had come to life, and other folks watch with delight this short pageant. They love it, and they are proud of this symbol of their kingdom.

3.

The Danish capital is a city of towers—graceful, charming copper towers whose golden color has turned to a soft and lovely green. It is a heaven-made color created by years and centuries of warm sunshine and cold, salt-misted winds.

There is the lovely spiral tower of Our Saviour's Church with outside staircase winding its way around and up to the gold-crowned top. From a distance, the stairs form a graceful pattern of lace against the soft green tower.

A delight to one's imagination is the tower of the Bourse—the Stock Exchange—formed by four dragons' tails entwining in midair and balancing above the green copper roof.

Ancient St. Nicholas's Church tower of gradually diminishing rounded form stands impressively aloft, a proud and stately landmark.

The cathedral, the castles, countless churches, the beloved town hall—each has its characteristic emerald-toned tower visible above the city, and all are an inseparable part of the charm of Copenhagen.

HO, FOR THE NEW FRONTIERS!

FREDA KIRTS SHOWER '27

When we think of pioneers,
We think of them with Conestogas and oxen,
Slowly and painfully plodding westward
To the new land of which they had dreamed.
They took the land and built their homes;
But today there are new frontiers.

Frontiers of disease and misery,
Frontiers of suffering and ignorance,
Frontiers of hate and prejudice.
They call and their call is urgent.
We have heard the names of pioneers —
Reed, Nightingale, Pasteur, Trudeau,
And others who have helped humanity
In the long fight against illness and disease.
Doctors and nurses are needed, and trained technicians.

Doctor Laubach is working against illiteracy
Where he finds it in the dark places of earth.
Who will follow him in his new trail?
And after the "Silent Billion" learn to read,
Who will give them Christian literature,
Plain enough for them to understand?

These frontiers are all about us.
Our forefathers found discomfort and hardship
In blazing the old trails across the continent.
Pioneers of today do not expect to find easy going.
Patience, courage and strength will be needed
To build new highways for the human spirit.
God will be always present to help
In the trials and duties and the fulfilment of destiny.

Ho, pioneers! Ho, for the new frontiers!

ON LINES FROM THE LETTERS OF EMILY DICKINSON

CLEORA FULLER '53

'The past is not a package
One can lay away.'
It is the accustomed garment —
We wear it every day.
Its beauty lies well hidden
(Accumulate of years),
A little kerchief-pocketful
Of sparkling joys and tears.

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