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Spring 1954

1954 Spring Quiz and Quill Magazine

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Spring
1954

Quiz
and Quill

THE QUIZ AND QUILL

Published By
The Quiz and Quill Club
Of Otterbein College

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THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	JAMES W. SHAW
Assistant Editors	BETH HAMMON
	PATRICIA LASSWELL
Art Editor	LOIS BENTON
Business Manager	LOIS BENTON
Assistant Business Managers	ANITA SHANNON
	ROBERT ESCHBACH

•

Spring, 1954

Founded, 1919

THE QUIZ & QUILL CLUB — 1953-54

<i>President</i>	Patricia Lasswell
<i>Vice-President</i>	Robert Eschbach
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	Janice Slaybaugh
<i>Faculty Sponsor</i>	Robert Price
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Richard Zander	

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Honorary: Mrs. Mary Crumrine.

LITERARY AWARDS — 1954

Freshman Poetry Contest

Two second prizes.....Rilla Jenkinson, Larry Neeley '57

Freshman Prose Contest

First Prize.....Astrida Salnais '57
Second Prize.....Eve Miller '57

Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

First Prize.....Rolfe Korsborn '56
Second Prize.....Sarah Rose '56
Third Prize.....James Shaw '54
Honorable Mention.....James Bloom '54

Quiz and Quill Prose Contest

First Prize.....Phyllis Royer '54
Second Prize.....Robert F. Workman '55
Third Prize.....Lois L. Benton '54

Dr. Roy A. Burkhart Poetry Contest

First Prize.....James W. Shaw '54
Second Prize.....Anita Shannon '55
Third Prize.....Robert F. Workman '55
Honorable Mention.....Rilla Jenkinson '57

N.S.A.L. Intercollegiate Short Story Contest — 1953

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

Honorable Mention.....Anita Shannon '55

Quiz and Quill Cover Design Contest

First Prize (See cover).....Howard Hemmerly '55
Second Prize.....Betty Gibson '57

THE WHITE FLOWER

ROLFE KORSBORN '56

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry

Petals,
Little pale ghosts,
Slick-pressed to the side-walk
Or floating in small rain puddles,
Alone.

You were
The white flower
That stands against the rain,
That flutters in the bright sunlight,
Sadly.

And now,
You are only
Pale ghosts, memories of
A white flower fluttering in
The sun.

SHORT-STORY

JAMES W. SHAW '54

First Prize, Burkhart Poetry

An early shadow hunched itself up in
A corner as the evening edged along
The street. The leaves hung painted on the trees
While birds and people stood around in back-
Yard spaces waiting for a breeze. A day
Ebbled into dusk.

The stuffy heat began
To follow sunshine, fading into dark
Green hills. And then the sunshine slowly shrugged
Its golden shoulders once or twice and it
Was evening. Roses, violets bloomed above
The West, but blue and breeze strode silent toward
The houses from the East. Tired people moved
With aimless footsteps, speaking just a bit
More softly and relaxing in themselves.

The evening wind came out and wandered through
A treetop here and there, and gently pushed
A curtain back into a window. Birds
And people hushed to listen.

Then the black
Came softly, moving roses, violets to
The far-away. A calm descended; and
While listless birds and people sat and watched,
Night came.

NOTEPAPER ROMANCE

PHYLLIS ROYER '54

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose

To: Miss Ann Arnold
Owner of the 5th Box
1st Row of Boxes, Ad. Building

My dear Miss Arnold,

The Lord and master of my soul, in short, my most highly esteemed and venerated fraternity active, has deemed that I should choose a female-name-bearing box at random and write a letter to its owner. You, madam, have the misfortune of being the recipient.

Are you sufficiently amused? My active asks that I inquire, (as he lustily wields his sturdy paddle over my shaking pencil and paper). Then hold your breath, for the worst is yet to come. I am also to ask you for a coke date in the Union. That is, if you will accept! My active dictates that I inform you that nothing direful will result, except that you will meet me, his horrible, lowly, undutiful, witless pledge.

Where can I meet you, and at what time?

Very truly yours,
Bart Phillips

To: Mr. Bart Phillips
Owner of the 17th Box
9th Row of Boxes, Ad. Building

Mr. Phillips:

I should ignore your letter, but being a green worm myself, I felt it necessary to give you my sympathy. I enjoyed the quaking penmanship . . . the effect was quite chic. However, and here arrives the loaded bombshell, my own dear active has forbidden me to associate in any form whatsoever with *all* fraternity men except those in Alpha Rho. (That's because her own hunk of male hangs his hat at that particular house.)

So . . . you must be more specific, I fear. Are you, do you belong to the "one and only"?

Pledgefully,
Ann Arnold

Miss Arnold,
Said box, said row
Ann,

First test passed with flying colors! I am a member of the fraternity. Now . . . when and where do we meet?

Bart Phillips

Mr. Phillips, Esq.
Box 17, Row 9

Bart,

"First test" is only too correct! My active has further informed me that I can speak only to raven-haired men in your fraternity. (Isn't that utterly Poe-etic of her?)

Well?

Ann A.

Ann,

I think it's my turn to weep with you. I thought my active was a beast! Chin up, gal. This must be hard on your constitution . . . unless, of course, you're a confirmed old maid, anyway.

No, I am not blessed with dark tresses. I'm as Irish as anything, which means along with freckles I suffer red hair. I guess this means you may forget my "application".

Bart Phillips

Hello again, Ann,

Yes, it's me! My active wants to know who your active is. He says he is not going to put up a fuss . . . only chat with her . . . but it's the "principle of the thing" says he.

So?

B. Phillips

Bart,

I will gladly divulge the secret. Her name is Marty Elson. Tell him I said he should talk some sense into her head!

Ann

Ann,

Fred says it came out "No". Right? But he said the girl is "clever", "much more subtle" than he, etc. I don't know . . . maybe actives shouldn't compare campaigns? I wonder.

Bart

Bart — You're right on both counts. Ann.

Ann,

I'm actually disappointed now. Let's sneak out, anyway? I'm anxious to meet you, after all this!

Bart

Why? (Ann)

Dear Ann,

Because I detest medieval suppression of the fair sex, that's why! Besides, Fred says now he knows who you are, it's a dirty shame I missed such an opportunity. (Then he caught himself and retracted his statement, realizing that it reflected my sweet personality . . . something a pledge just doesn't have, in the books, you know.)

Are you woman or . . . or goose?

Bart

Bart Phillips!

I'm no more goose than you are . . . mouse! I would be very pleased to meet you at the Union, except for one thing. I'm going steady. He is not Alpha Rho, however, and I'm really bitter. You wouldn't find me very companionable, I'm afraid.

Ann

Oh Ann,

If he isn't Alpha Rho,

He doesn't deserve you, you know!

Bart.

The poetry is corny. A.

Annie, don't be such an icicle! The picture is of me. See? I'm not so bad!

Bart.

Okay, okay . . . so the shot was retouched. But, Annie, please!

Bart.

Dear Bart,

Oh, heavens, now we're as good as back at the beginning again! All right, you win. I'm tired of seeing notes in my box, and having to put answers in yours. In order to save wear and tear on my brain and notepaper, too, I'll meet you at the Union for that coke during chapel period on Friday. Is that satisfactory? You'll see a blonde girl draped over a chair and wearing an exasperated expression . . . that will be me.

Ann

Dear Ann,

You've just saved a life! I was going down for the third time! Yippee! You have my picture . . . I hope? Well, I still look the same except I'm a trifle haggard from worry, and fear that I failed again. I'll see you at the Union, Friday. Oh, boy, Christmas comes twice!

Bart.

•

REFLECTIONS ON THE TWELFTH ANNIVERSARY OF A DEATH

ROBERT F. WORKMAN '55

Third Prize, Burkhart Poetry

"It is with deep regret that we inform you —"

All I remember is the quickened pace
of war years . . . and telegrams and hurried meetings
and frenzied tears,
and the roar of planes and the whine of trucks —
and the September sun boiling the runway's asphalt
and you,
a faceless you,
your back straight
as you strode out of our lives.

What hells did you know after that day?
What sights of blood and rot and putrescence
did your twenty-four-year-old eyes turn away from?
How did you feel,
living within the circled arms of omnipresent death?

And when you died,
what crossed your mind in that instant before timelessness?
I was engrossed in being thirteen
and, because there was an eon-span between our years,
you seemed only strong and brave and heroic
and all that I aspired to be —
How *could* I have known you?

Had you lived,
would we have been friends?
Had you lived,
would we have had the closeness I see between brothers?
Would you have liked me?

I'll never know
because you are dead.
And I can't even remember you.

ILLINOIS CEMETERY

PATRICIA LASSWELL '54

Harshly the July sun poured heat across the treeless cemetery. Shimmering waves radiated from the roof of the worn brick church. Lonely and empty it stood on an isolated rise of ground surrounded by flat, parched corn fields. The uncared-for cemetery was a few steps from the church door and was separated from the gravel road by a ditch. Except for one, the stone markers were low and shrank into the ground as if seeking protection from the weather that had obliterated much of the carving. Clusters of tall brown grass clung carelessly to the stones.

In the center of the yard an iron fence separated one plot from the others. The tall, slender obelisk inside dominated the rest. It was grey and cracked with age. Along the once black-painted fence, white daisies, blue corn flowers and purple thistles sprang from clumps of uncut grass. The rusty gate creaked on its little-used hinges, bending delicate Queen Anne's lace beneath it as it swung outward. A grasshopper whirled up from one hiding place and disappeared into another. From a short distance the weathered writing became clear:

"Here lies Thomas Lincoln . . . and his wife Sarah."

•

FAILURE AT GETTYSBURG

ANITA SHANNON '55

I think that
They do not believe
Nor do they wish to believe
The words that pass my lips.

I must convince them,
But I would not dramatize,
And so there is no sound
From all this crowd—
Do none of them believe?

I thought these words were truth—
(That this government
of the people
by the people
for the people . . .)
How still the battlefield—
(Shall not perish
from the earth . . .)
And yet, if I believe—
(But shall have
Everlasting Life.)

Have I then failed?

THE OLD MAN AND THE OAK

LOIS PORTER '57

A gust of wind stirred merrily through the growing pile of brightly colored leaves under the old oak. The sun beamed its warmth against the dark bark of the tree as if to protect it in its bareness.

On a weather-beaten porch sat an old, kindly-faced gentleman. His once fine clothes showed signs of wear and attempts at patching. He lifted his pipe momentarily from his mouth and gazed out into the yard feeling a bit sorry that the oak was losing its handsome dress. With his eyes resting for a moment on the tree, he settled back in the old rocker. His face expressed his melancholy mood as his mind traced through the years into the past.

As a little boy he had planted the young seedling and had watched it with care and full interest. He could see yet the thin trunk as it bent and twisted in a storm, and then to his delight he would find it standing undaunted after the battle.

The old gentleman's eyes grew misty as he remembered the happiness of his little son swinging joyously in an old-fashioned tree-swing under the branches of the maturing tree. The swing had been gone for years and there remained only the deep scars cut into the bark by the rope.

The oak had witnessed many times of merriment. For under its branches had been held the lovely garden weddings of both the old gentleman's daughters. In its shade were held family reunions. Picnics and lawn parties of the past had also centered under the oak.

The old gentleman smiled as he thought of the many secrets the old oak knew. It alone knew the whispered secrets of young lovers and had kept them well from human ears. He smiled again as he thought how wise and secretive the oak must be. He sighed wistfully as he remembered the many pleasant evenings he had spent with his now departed wife. He felt the oak understood his loss and seemingly waved its tall head sympathetically. For it had long since lost the friendly neighboring tree whose branches had brushed those of the oak in the breeze. It was alone now, just as the old man sitting on the porch of the once grand, but now weather-beaten house, was alone.

The man and the oak were like two close, old friends, for they had shared together so many events. They had been young together and had grown old together, the old man and the tree, growing old — and older.

THE TEACHER

SARAH ROSE '56

Ellen King slowly turned the Plymouth off the dirt road and into the driveway of the Lane home.

The large white farmhouse was set modestly back from the road, with the curving driveway a comforting arm around it. Beyond and to the right were the barns and sheds that made up the nerve center of the farm. But it was at the house that Ellen looked; the house that Milly Lane had worked for and in so long.

"It hasn't changed much, has it Mom?" she asked the older woman at her side.

"No, the house hasn't changed, but don't expect to find the same Milly you used to know." Mrs. King sighed and collected her purse and gloves from the seat.

They left the car and walked up the short incline to the kitchen door. Their knock was answered by a short spare woman with iron grey hair drawn sketchily back from her face into a bun at the back of her head. She wore a faded house-dress and an apron that was none too clean.

Ellen hugged her warmly. "Aunt Milly! It's so good to see you," she said. Her voice sounded sincere and loving, never revealing the shock inside her created by Milly Lane's unkempt appearance.

Mrs. Lane greeted Mrs. King, her voice saying words of welcome, but her face unsmiling and drawn. She led the way into the living room and perched on the edge of the couch.

"It's so nice of you to come, Irma," she told Mrs. King. "You haven't been here for a while."

"No," Mrs. King said, "John's been busy and hasn't had time to drive me over. So while Ellen was home, I had her bring me over."

"Is this Ellen?" Milly said, more as if stating a fact than asking a question. "I knew it was some one of your family but I couldn't quite place her."

Ellen could only smile through lips that had suddenly become stiff and unmanageable. This wasn't Milly Lane, her "Aunt Milly" of childhood who had been so gay and full of stories for Ellen and her brothers and sisters.

"How've you been feeling lately, Milly?" Mrs. King asked.

"Not very well, but then I'm never well anymore. I doctor and doctor with all those medicines they give me, and sometimes I think it does me good." Her voice was low-pitched and even toned with the clear enunciation of the school-teacher. She talked slowly and intensely, as though each word were being weighed

and balanced. Her hands worked constantly in her lap, twisting and rubbing together.

"Homer took me to the clinic and those doctors examined me but didn't tell me what was wrong. I know it's something in my head, but Homer tells me that's foolishness. But I know. I heard them talking to Homer and I know. They said they couldn't cure me but could help me. But I let them think I don't know."

She rose and paced quickly across the room, almost unconscious of what she was doing.

"Are you working now?" she asked Ellen, and settled momentarily on a straight chair.

"No," Ellen said, "I'm going to school now. I started to State last fall."

"Fine," Milly said, "that's fine. Everyone should go to college. What are you preparing to do?"

"I want to be a teacher, Aunt Milly," the girl answered. "I guess I must have absorbed that desire from you."

The older woman's face took on a faint look of animation. "That's wonderful," she said. "Teaching is the finest job there is. I taught thirty-five years and my biggest disappointment is that I couldn't have made it forty. You'll never regret your choice."

Her hands moved constantly in her lap, rubbing the fingers and joints grown large, pleating and smoothing the faded apron she wore, rubbing, rubbing . . .

"I remember how hard I had to work to get my schools those first years," she continued, her voice still even, smooth yet urgent. "They didn't like to hire married women then because some of them they had hired had proven lazy and poor teachers. Besides, some of those men on the schoolboard had the idea a woman's place was in the home."

"I can remember going to old Bart Shaw, the president of the board, and telling him that a marriage license didn't change a good teacher to a bad one. He finally saw my side of it, and helped me convince the other members. I never had any trouble getting a school after that."

She paced jerkily back and forth smoothing her skirt over her lean flanks. The dress was an old and not too clean cotton one, even though the cold November wind that swept down the hollows had persuaded everyone else to get out their woolens.

"I kept a good school, too," the quiet voice continued punctuated now and then by short nervous pauses. "No one could ever complain about my school. The children were always quiet and well behaved. I had no problem with discipline. I had their respect, and they learned what I taught them. I never had to use the paddle, and I never failed a child."

Ellen caught herself wondering what would have been the reaction of John Dewey and his fellow "progressive" educators to Milly Lane's schoolroom.

"The boys went to school sometimes until they were nearly full grown. I remember the only trouble I ever had with one. He was about sixteen and a lot bigger than I was. He threw a spit-ball one day and made one of the littlest girls cry, because he threw it hard and it hit her face. I walked back to him just as straight and said, 'Stand up!' He did, and I told him to hand over the rest of his supply. He hesitated, but he did it. Then I gave the hardest of the lot to the little girl and told her to go ahead and pay him back. Her aim was perfect—he had a red nose for awhile, and I never had any more trouble from him or anyone else."

Ellen realized suddenly that her own hands were tensed, gripping the chair arms tightly in sympathy for the ever-working hands of the woman now again sitting restlessly on the davenport.

Ellen looked across at her mother, seeing mirrored there her own thoughts.

Mrs. King rose to go, and Ellen followed suit. "We really must be going, Milly," the older woman said. "I told John I'd be back in plenty of time to help with the milking. Junior went to Charleston for the week-end, so I've got to take his place."

Milly followed them to the door, on her face the same withdrawn, harried expression she had worn all afternoon without change. "I wish you could stay longer," she said dutifully but without real conviction. Do come again."

"We will," Mrs. King assured her. "You take care of yourself."

Milly turned to Ellen. "You'll never regret being a teacher," she said. "It's the most wonderful thing you can do. I only wish I could have made my forty years. I only had five to go. There were times when Homer wished I'd stayed home and had a family of our own. But I had all my family in the schoolroom. In the end, he always gave in to me. It was hard work, but I didn't mind it, and the money helped out a lot when it came to fixing up the place. I don't know how we'd have managed without it with these doctor bills lately . . ." Her voice trailed off sadly and tiredly. She only nodded vaguely at their goodbyes, opening the door for them mechanically.

Ellen saw her still standing by the door as they drove out the driveway. They waved to her, but she made no response, just stood there looking out the glass pane of the door.

The hum of the heater filled the silence inside the car until finally Ellen asked, "Do they know what's wrong with her?"

Mrs. King sighed. "Homer told me they thought it was a tumor on the brain, but they don't know."

"A brain tumor," Ellen repeated, but she still heard the pathetically even, intense voice saying ". . . my forty years. I only had five to go," and saw the hands that wrung themselves together, rubbing, rubbing, rubbing . . .

OPEN DIAPASON

NANCY CARTER '55

The mighty organ swells and fills the hall.
Its tones are pure and sweet and heavenly;
Then softly comes a passage giving all
Who hear a sense of peace and reverie.
The stops are shifted, new tones replace old,
And those are gone. A pause and then a swell
And throbbing air picks up the music bold.
It dies out, then the pure tones of the bell
Reach out to all who listen, held, enthralled.
The bell tones linger softly, then are gone.
The organ parallels the lives of men:
Both heavenly gifts to do with what men will.
The stops and tones of both reach out to all
And touch the souls and lives of all who hear.

SUMMONS

CAROLE LINCOLN '55

"Our records indicate that you were absent from chapel on this date. If there is any error or excusable absence, please see us at once.

Vice-President's Office"

Reply

Your records, I'm afraid,
Are indicating right.
The error that was made
Reveals my sorry plight.

I was not lying ill.
O, 'tis such a pity!
I was not o'er the hill
Visiting some city.

I did not oversleep.
My clock did not run slow.
The reason makes me weep:
I just forgot to go.

OUT OF THE SEA

ASTRIDA SALNAIS '57

First Prize, Freshman Prose

The waves played gaily around my bare feet, and the coolness of the mammoth ocean was refreshing. Only a reflection of the sun was still penetrating the grey horizon, but that, too, would be engulfed soon by the dark, quickly gliding clouds. As I watched with pleasure the beauty and grandeur of the descending anger upon the boundless sea, memory brought back another scene, so much like this one—only then it was the Baltic. Could it be that never . . . never . . . ?

It was twelve noon when on a gloomy autumn day Mother rushed in the house, threw her shopping on the table and asked, "Quick, where is Dad?"

"In his room," I answered, but before I could finish, she had brushed past me almost knocking me down. I followed her into Dad's room and got there in time to hear Mother speak in an excited, strained voice.

"The German gendarmes are coming here tonight to mobilize all able men who have not already been sent to work camps; the Russians are only thirty miles away on the other side, and they are coming closer and closer; our boys can't keep their swarms from breaking through any longer. We have to leave; it is much too dangerous to stay here any longer."

In a split second Dad was ready to act. He got up in order to do whatever had to be done, but then an idea stopped him, and on his face there was a puzzled and at the same time a desperate look.

"But how can we possibly? The civilian trains aren't running, and walk . . . How far?"

"I talked to the station foreman. There is one last freight car going west. He will stop it for two minutes—just enough time for us to get on it—but we have to be there at one, not a second later."

The worst started only now. Everything was in chaos. My grandparents refused to come with us, and Mother, with tears in her eyes, ran back and forth between the drawers and suitcases dragging out some things, throwing them into the suitcases, then taking them out again a moment later and throwing something else in. What should we take along; what would we need the most? Dad stood in front of his bookshelves, trying to decide which of the thousands and thousands of volumes was the dearest to him. Grandma and Grandpa were getting some food together that would last us for a while. No one had time for me. Everyone

yelled at me, pushed, and pulled me as if I did not belong there, as if I did not have to share all this. Only the faithful dog sat by my side rubbing against my knee and looking into my eyes with a look that said he knew more than I ever will.

Everything that could be carried was ready. It was twelve-thirty. Only half an hour left, and it was a good distance to the station. Once more Mother turned to her parents with a plea to come with us.

"We'll take care of you — somehow. It can't last long. We'll be back soon."

Grandpa hesitated for a moment; then his answer came with a sureness that would not stand contradiction.

"My feet have tread this ground too long . . . I'll die here, where I belong — not on a roadside. It is better this way . . . God be with you, children."

"Mother, then at least you. You are still young and strong — and it won't last long; maybe a week or two. Dad can take care of himself for that long."

"I spend my life with him and then now . . . after all these years . . . no, not when he needs me most. You are big now, you have someone to take care of you, you'll be all right . . . Come now, we'd better get started."

We left our home with heavy hearts and only one question in all of our minds. "Will we ever see our home again, our relatives, our friends?"

The station was deserted, and over it hung a quietness that disclosed fear, uncertainty, and despair. The only sound now and then was Grandma's sobbing as she desperately attempted to conceal her tears.

Then — the rattle of an approaching train — closer and closer, until it stopped. Dad jumped in on an open platform and helped me and Mother. Grandma, who had suddenly come to life, lifted the suitcases in while the train began to move, slowly at first, then faster and faster. The wheels began to clatter, and through that clatter came a quiet, "God bless you."

Our eyes were watching Grandma, as she stood there alone, friendless, becoming smaller and smaller, and finally she — everything — was gone.

I started. The waves were hitting hard against my knees. The horizon once so golden and blue, was black and threatening. The storm had come.

THE UNSEEN

BEVERLY BRUMLEY '57

Take my hand
For it is gentle.
Take my love
For it is warm.

Believe in me
For faith is good.
Follow me
For I am hope.

•

THOUGHTS TO MY MOTHER ON MOTHER'S DAY

ETHEL SHELLEY STEINMETZ '31

One time when I was just a little girl
And came in contact with a passing death,
I came to you with troubled thoughts
And asked if you could die
And what would happen then to me —
And you, as was your wont, were quick to grasp
How serious the question was to me.
You calmed my worried mind, assuring me
That God in his great wisdom gave to little girls
Someone to care for them
Until such time that they could go their way alone,
With strength enough to carry their own load.
And so, because you said it, I believed that this was true,
And through the years whenever you were ill
And we were much concerned that you might die,
I would send up a silent prayer and say,
"Not yet, oh God, we need her still."

At last when you were on your bed of death
I could not ask again to keep you here.
I could but say the words that I had heard
Were said before,
"If it must be, let it be quickly."

Is it then to be believed that I no longer need you?
You know that is not true — as I do, too,
For I will always need the strength and comfort,
And the well of wisdom that was yours
For me to draw on.
It is more true that now, at last,
I who was so much wont to lean on you,
Must find my strength within my self —
And so I learn the strength is there,
For you have given me a reservoir from which to draw.
You are not gone — but are still much a part of me,
And shall, through me, go on
Into eternity.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE . . .

ANITA SHANNON '55

Second Prize, Burkhart Poetry

The mystery of life, the maze of time
Enveloped me in wonder: I was weak
And thought myself destroyed by helplessness:
The brush of spider's feet upon a web
Is not more delicate than what I felt.
I stared around me at infinity
And thought my soul would shatter, paralyzed,
To be so filled with such a fear as this.

I watched the mountain stream rush swiftly past,
Then raindrops splashed into my lifted face,
And, seeing that the sun would soon break out
Between the clouds that ranged across the peaks,
I sensed my ancestry in all that was
And is, and life was not a mystery,
And time was what I wanted it to be.

I laughed and faced the broken skies relieved,
Aware that I had won the struggle with
My soul. I smiled and knew that not again
Would I be frightened by the mysteries
Of life, for I became life's mystery
And all in life must stand in awe of me.



TIME

ALLAN ZAGRAY '54

Time;
Measure of life.
Never begins,
Never seems to end.
Only moves eternally
Bringing life,
Or death.

Time;
Relentless, but never
Ending stream
Of life. Persistently
Pushing man to greater
Heights or
To doom.

Time;
Wellspring of hope.
Man will
Learn its secret
And bring happiness
And peace
To men.

VOYAGE

ROBERT ESCHBACH '54

I have been luckier than most people, I guess. In all my years of travel, I have been able to cross the Pacific Ocean five different times. I was young, though, and much of the picture is missing from my memory. I do remember, even as a boy, the ocean.

In traveling, I became accustomed to expecting no more than expansive blue water covered with crests of sparkling foam. I remember, even then, how small I was and how small the ship was. I remember, in the harbor, first boarding a liner. I marvelled at its size and beauty, but later the ocean showed me how foolish my little-boy mind was.

In heavy seas, the ship would often toss and pitch and roll. Many of the passengers on board would get sick. It would be on rough days like this that I would become a little afraid, or perhaps it was philosophizing in my own childish way. I would stand at the railing of the ship. It would suddenly lean, and I would come nearer and nearer to the water. It seemed like sometimes I could reach out and touch it. Then the ship would just as suddenly lurch the other way. I could look down and see far below the waterline of the ship. I used to wonder if it would ever capsize.

I can think of many things which happened aboard the steamer, but possibly the most thrilling sights were the changes in the water.

Leaving Manila Harbor, the water was deep blue, but as we approached the Chinese mainland, it became muddy. In the bright sun, it was almost straw yellow. Then, as the sun settled, it became a reddish-brown.

Back out on the Pacific again, the blue water comforted me. It made me feel sure that everything would be all right.

The Hawaiian Islands gave me my biggest thrill. The land rose out of the distance; and as we came closer, I noticed the water became darker. The dark blue gradually shifted to a dark green. The closer we came, the lighter the green, until it seemed to me to be a perfect shade of emerald.

•

SHE

G. RUTH KINGSBURY '54

She reminds me of a winter's day —
So lovely to behold,
So clear and clean,
Yet piercing — and so cold.
One yearns for warmth of Spring.

REBIRTH

LARRY NEELEY '57

Second Prize, Freshman Poetry

The sun was vaulting the hill when . . .
sleepily he trod around the barn
to the shed.
He pulled the door—it was s-s-stuck!
Then. . . with a bang, it tore loose.
He hesitated to sit down
on the cold metal seat.
But he summoned his nerve
and dropped down
all-at-once.
The mighty diesel engine
sputtered . . . fired . . . started.

Quickly he rolled out of the shed,
and steered through the gate into the field.
He bumped around the plowed ground
to the end of the field.
A rubber-lugged tire plunged
into yesterday's furrow.
The trailing plow
settled with a sigh
into the sod.
Early-rising blackbirds soon explored
the freshly-turned soil.
Two fat fuzzy robins flew into the act.
The plow skimmed along,
turning the rug on Mother Nature's floor.

The din of the engine
was a melody to the driver.
His thoughts roamed . . .
"Soon after my planting," he mused,
"There will be rebirth—
a rebirth of life in the soil.
Strange . . . that we can
rekindle the flame of
this sort of life,
when we are powerless
to light the spark of
human life once more."

Then . . . a thought!
he had forgotten to-watch-his-plowing!
And when he whirled in the seat
he saw . . . the furrow had curved.

Again he pondered . . .
"Strange . . . that I should be thinking
such thoughts, when
I know in my heart
that if *any* spark is kindled,
it isn't lighted by man!

Suddenly, amid the drone of an engine
A driver twisted in his seat and looked back . . .
The furrow was true.

KNOWLEDGE

RILLA JENKINSON '57

Honorable Mention, Burkhardt Poetry

Knowledge is a reddened sun,
A path of violets,
The swollen womb of life begun,
The symmetry of stars.

Knowledge is a leaf which falls,
A drift of virgin snow,
The piece of man which earth recalls,
A water-mirrored moon.

Knowledge is God's brilliant flame
Which man has tiptoed to
But sadly turned from, mute with shame;
For Knowledge is the Truth.

•

SOB

PHYLLIS ROYER '55

Life is a mist.
Today is a droplet in the mist,
An unhappy raindrop,
A streaking earth-tear.

The mist is thick.
The mist is many days,
Many sorrowful, unlovely days.

Yet only one tear falls at a time.
The crying is slow.

•

A MEETING OF MINDS

JAMES W. SHAW '54

Our minds are closed in self-esteeming thought
of I-am-right. Why do we fail to see
another facet, sparkl'ing truth, in rea-
son's two-side answer? Love you Right? Or sought-
for-never-found Excuse (for minds untaught
in I-am-wrong). Our hearts ask not agree-
ment, only understanding. Must this be
a world of conflict, always webbed and caught
in one-side?

No! For this is world of mind
and conscience. Reason solves the problem? Con-
science (thought, with God-like ken) is Right's own dar-
ling. Two-side is the answer. We can find
it with a look past cold-mind-thinking bond-
age; our compassion will release the bar.

A PASSING FANCY

ROBERT F. WORKMAN '55

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose

Do you know Carol Jennings? Well, I can tell you that she's just about the sharpest girl in Midland High's Senior Class! Of course, I may be prejudiced because we go steady, or it may be because of what happened a few weeks ago.

It all started when I took a job after school at Joe Bremen's grocery store. Joe is a vet who came home after the war with a wife from Indiana and opened this market over on Third. I had a lot of fun there—Joe was nice to me, and Marge, his wife, wasn't all that Mom and her friends said—I liked her. But Carol couldn't see it. Whenever I mentioned Marge, she got that look in her eyes and started talking about something else. But one day after school she got pretty mad and told me off. We were just leaving the building and she turned around to face me on the steps.

"Okay, Jerry. So I'm sticking my nose in where it doesn't belong. All I'm saying is that you must be pretty dumb!" Real mad, she was. And so was I! Dumb, was I?

I was burning as I crossed the school lot to my car and drove into the street. Who'd she think she was? She needn't think she could run my life—I'd show her! Jealous, that's what she was!

Over at the store, Marge was at the counter checking a customer out. She gave me a quick smile while she counted change.

"Joe wants you to stack the cartons in the back room, Jerry. He had to go to Steelton this afternoon and I told him we'd handle things here."

"Yes ma'am." I started toward the back of the store, peeling off my jacket as I went.

The customer left and Marge followed me to the door of the storage room and stood there watching me as I began to move the heavy boxes of canned food.

"How come you call me 'ma'am', Jerry? I'm not *that* old, am I?"

"That's a laugh! You look like any of the girls in my class—Marge." The name didn't come easy.

But what I said was true. She must have been at least thirty, but her long blonde hair and the sweaters she wore made her look like a teen-ager. I couldn't understand why Carol didn't like her. I guessed Carol thought she had a priority on me or something. But it wasn't like she thought. Why, you could tell that Marge was crazy about Joe; they were always clowning and having fun. I decided I'd better quit talking about her so much, but, gee, when you like someone, you ought to be able to mention

her without everyone thinking you have a crush!

"Cigarette, Jerry?" I took it and leaned forward for the light Marge offered me. The habit was still new, and I coughed at the first drag. "Damn," I thought to myself, "won't I ever learn to do it right?"

Marge went back out front then, and I crossed the room to the mirror she had hung on the wall to repair her makeup. I let the cigarette dangle from my lip and peered through the smoke at my reflection. Not bad, I thought. I squinted my eyes and assumed a world-weary expression; my crew cut marred the effect a little. I went back to the boxes and worked steadily until I finished. Marge came back just as I arranged the last stack.

"Anything else?" I reached for my coat.

"What's your hurry? Heavy date?" Marge brushed her hair back from her forehead and I thought how pretty she looked with her hair sort of tousled.

"Here — let me help you." She came to me and held my coat while I slipped my arms into the sleeves. She turned me about and buttoned the collar. I felt embarrassed at her attention, but pleased, too. And then she put her arms around my neck and kissed me! I was so surprised I just stood there. It wasn't like kissing Carol — Marge's lips held me there for a long time and I could smell the mixture of tobacco smoke and perfume from her hair. For the first time, I noticed that her golden hair was dark at the roots. Her fingers tickled the back of my neck and her mouth was soft and moved against mine — criminy! I could feel myself blushing and I wanted to draw away, but I was afraid I'd hurt her feelings. The sound of the front door opening finally broke it up and Marge gave me a secret smile as she touched her hair and went out front.

As soon as she had gone, I ran out the back door and jumped into my car. As I drove toward home, my thoughts were a jumble. Carol must have known what she was talking about! I flushed again when I thought of that kiss; what if Joe had come in? Man, was I glad to be out of there!

On a sudden impulse, I passed our driveway and turned the corner into Carol's street. I stopped in front of her house and went up to the door.

Carol came in answer to my ring. When she saw who it was, the smile left her face and she just stood there, waiting. Irrelevantly, I noticed how the light framed her short dark hair.

"Carol, I — Look, Carol —" I didn't know how to say it. I tried again.

"I guess you were right. I'm pretty dumb." Once it was said, it was surprisingly easy.

Suddenly, she smiled.

"Brother, you can say that again! Come on in — Mom's just getting dinner on the table. I'll tell her to add another cup of water to the soup!"

As I passed her, she dabbed at the lipstick on my mouth with her handkerchief.

See what I mean? Carol is some girl!



GOD'S RESPONSE

RILLA JENKINSON '57

"Darkness!" Satan shouted.
Light was God's response.

He took the pin of Loveliness
And pierced the sky of night.
Behind the night's dark veil was love,
And through the holes broke light.



REMEMBERING

CLEORA FULLER '53

The cool, hesitant, impeccable
Odor of apples
That have spent the winter
In a cold barn
Deep in straw

Brought out
Into an early June day
By the rummaging hands of boys
Warm from swinging on the hay rope
From mow
To empty mow

The soft crunch
Of the tangy winter-wrinkled skin
Between their eager teeth

The swell of new summer grass
Under their backs
Their lazily tilted knees —
— indolently propping arms —
— ambling and aimless words —

In their eyes,
On their faces,
Leaf-sifted sun and the gentle air —
June's gentle air
In no hurry to be
On some sure predestinate day
The breath
Of their summoning.

SEPTEMBER WOMEN

ROLFE KORSBORN '56

The threadbare trees
Clad in the red sunset,
Red-laced women of Autumn,
Walking, half naked,
Through yellow corn fields
And red stippled grass,
Scattering confetti leaves.

September women,
Standing against the coral-sky,
With arms outstretched,
Praying, in vain, for life.

The brown-leaf quivering trees
Shedding brown tears,
September women,
Clad in the sack-cloth of Autumn,
Mourning their own deaths.

•

CULTURAL LAG

BETH HAMMON '55

Precision mind has learned the cause of rain, and snow, and sleet . . .
Can tell in scientific terms why sky is blue . . .
Will define sunlight and microscopical particles of dust in the air . . .
Conceives the nuclear construction of grass . . .

But Reason fails to rule where Inner-man begins. These warring parts
Of man are so at variance that Mind is crushed into the narrow confines
Of mathematical figures.

Only Passion swells . . .
A wild heart beats against the wall between the Soul and Brain;
Reason recedes to the naming of the chemicals in a red-brown autumn leaf.
Mind, corroding in its murky cell, starves for peace-bread —
Aches for the rainbow sky, the simple light of day.
Man's Mind and Soul struggle in a world of fury and
Human destinies hang
On a long warped rope in the night.

Yet somewhere above or within this creature, Man,
A fragile silver thread — like the thinnest streak against a charcoal dark;
Electric — piercing — clean —
Charges the Soul,
Strikes something in the Mind that for an instant blends these two strange
Contenders and brings a flood of momentary heaven-light —
A glimpse of Reason for Being.

And Man, renourished, surges onward.
His Soul is partly bleached: his Mind has stretched another one-thousandth of
an inch;
And the wall between the two wears thinner day by day.

PARDON ME FOR ASKING

JAMES W. SHAW '54

I shouldn't have been surprised, but I was. Our garbage collector was holding himself straight out from a clothes pole, using only his arms to support himself at right-angles to the old iron post.

"Wonderful," my mother said. He had been performing for her benefit. "Simply wonderful," she lied again. "Where did you ever learn to do that?"

That was her chronic mistake — she always asked him a leading question. I was just edging behind a small fir tree when he grinned at me in eager recognition.

"Welcome, brother!" he said. He always greeted everyone this way. As an aspiring member of some sort of go-getting religious group, he never passed up even the remotest chance for a conversion.

"How did I learn this trick?" he said, looking at me as if I had asked the question. "Well, I'll tell you; it was in New York at the World's Fair. Me and . . ."

"Excuse me," my mother interrupted very softly, "the potatoes are boiling over," and she hustled into the house. Of course there were no potatoes boiling over — we never boiled anything at two in the afternoon, but she had seen her opportunity and had grabbed it. I learned later that she had already been there twenty-five minutes.

"Me and my wife," he continued moving fraternally towards me and cutting off my escape route to the garden, "were visiting her brother in New York. He's a parson there," he added with relish. It always pleased him to be able to work his brother-in-law into the conversation. "You knew my brother-in-law was a parson, didn't you?" he asked, settling himself comfortably on the bottom of our garbage can.

"Yes, you told me," I said. "Say, if you'll excuse me . . ." I tried, but it was no good. He was halfway through the next sentence and going under a full head of steam; I would have had to climb over both him and the can to reach the house.

"But anyway," he continued buoyantly, "we were visiting him in New York and he took us to the fair and we seen this feller — a Frenchman — who . . ."

"Oh, oh," I thought, "here we go." Herb, that was his name, Herb Collitin, liked to speak French and this was a perfect opening. It wasn't that he liked to speak French better than the other languages he knew (seven by his own count; not even English by ours), but he knew more French than any of the others. He liked

German best, but he knew only two phrases in it, "Danke schon" and "Nein, Herr . . ." After a few times over those he'd get discouraged and move on to Italian or Spanish. But as I was saying, he knew eleven or twelve French phrases, some as long as "Voulez-vous pousser a moi une question?" Most of the time, however, he stayed within the limits of "C'est la vie" or "Bonjour, mon ami."

" . . . So after his act I walk up to this feller and I say to him, 'Bonjoor, missewer' and you bet he wasn't surprised? He don't say anything," Herb explained, "so I say to him again, slow-like this time, 'Bon-joor, mis-sewer.' Well, one thing led to another (it usually did in these narratives) and he takes me around back and into a tent."

I decided to sit down. There wasn't any help in sight and my mother had probably figured that it wouldn't do any good to call me—Herb usually said he'd wait when we called each other into the house on imaginary errands. I'd been caught like this once before with no one around and it cost me one hour and eighteen minutes of a hot August afternoon in 1951. I slumped down in a lawn chair and began to scan the back of the house with my split vision, wondering if we'd have to paint this year.

" 'Not like that,' says this Frenchman, 'like this'." Herb began to wag his finger in my direction. "And then that feller grabbed a holt of that there pole and dang if he didn't stick himself straight out from it. Well, I see that this heathen . . ."

Herb thought all foreigners were heathens. In fact, he'd always had a sneaking suspicion that we were heathens, too. He used to stick revival notices and an occasional Sunday school bulletin under our back screen door.

"So I tried it again!" Herb was beginning to pick up speed which meant that I could expect the climax within 10 or 15 minutes. "And, mon dieu, I did it! Well, I . . ."

"Now," I thought, "I'll be out of it by two-forty-five if I don't ask him anything. Just pay him and say good-bye; that's all," I cautioned myself.

" . . . Never seen such a surprised heathen! 'Sacre bleu,' he yells . . ." Herb began to yell, too. Ragged French and English conjugations began to mingle in sudden and loud confusion. He started to wave his arms a little. I stood up and reached in my pocket for the change, ready to make my break.

"And that's where I learnt!" he concluded triumphantly.

"Well, well," I said, moving quickly to his side and pressing the dime in his palm.

"Danke shay, Herr Obermeister," he said. "Con molto aggrandazio," he beamed.

"What's that mean?" I said.
"What! Don't you know?" Herb asked eagerly. "Well, it goes
like this. You see . . ."
My mother said she didn't know what possessed me.

BALLET DANCER

JAMES M. BLOOM '54

Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Poetry

Whirling,
Twirling,
Like a top.
Around,
About,
Sudden stop.
Stepping spritely,
Tripping lightly,
With a tip-toe prance.
Now back again
Around again
This, the ballet dance.
Pastel pink, blue or green,
Black ribbon fringe supreme,
Full color is your dress.
The dance is over now.
Come and take your bow
With curtsy and caress.

PRE-DAWN AT CHAUTAUQUA

MIRIAM GRESS '54

Brisk, chill night breezes
Send waves sloshing rhythmically against the docks.
The little sailboats bob idly back and forth at their moorings,
Their naked spars dipping from side to side
Reflecting fleeting patterns in the strips of moonlit water.

Ashore, blackness lurks beneath the trees;
Opera house, art school, lecture halls, athletic clubs,
All are indistinct ghosts.
The culture-seekers and sportsmen
Sleep in the silent cottages.

Only the treetops rustle in the wind
And bats flit low like silent night watchmen
Finding nothing but the day restlessly waiting to be born.

OKLAHOMA 1954

LOIS L. BENTON '54

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose

The road was hot and the dust on it was almost an inch thick. At every step it rose in clouds. The girl's brown sandals had become the color of dust and her legs had taken the same tan shade. Her blouse stuck to her back. "I'm glad there's no wind," she thought. For when the wind blew, the dust covered everything and you could taste its grittiness in your mouth.

Everyone's clothes were stained tan; for never did a washing get dry without at least one gust of wind coating them with dust. Even the once white curtains in the houses were the color of dust. It was too hot to keep the doors closed and the wind and the dust found every corner.

She was walking to the store for bread and she tried to lengthen the trip. She knew it would be the last she would ever make to that store and she was a little frightened. In all her thirteen years she'd never been any farther away from home than just across the line into Kansas and tomorrow morning they were leaving for California.

All week they had been packing and throwing things away and giving things away and selling things. They had been doing this ever since her father had said, "Maud, I can't do it. We fought it once but now we're too old. It's beat us and we've got to get out."

She was frightened but she was glad too. Now she would get to see Jimmy and Doreen. Their families had left a month ago. They had written back to say that jobs were easy come-by. Her father said other friends would come later, so it might not be too bad. She hoped not.

Then she saw the wind coming. She turned her back to keep the dust from getting in her eyes.

•

DILEMMA

ETHEL SHELLEY STEINMETZ '31

If it is true, as I have heard,
The poet said of yore,
That man must reach beyond his grasp
(Or what's a heaven for?),
Then I am in a sorry state,
Distressing to the core;
When I hold Heaven within my arms,
How can I reach for more?

THE WIDOWED MOTHER

MARY B. THOMAS '28

I cannot have the luxury of tears
For there are weaker ones whose way is dim,
And though I too might fear the lonely dusk,
I have to hold the light on high for them.

And sometimes, when I am most brave,
Because the other ones have gathered near
That I may be their comforter and guard,
I think that it would be a joy to fear.

There is no good in harboring a sorrow;
And in my heart I know that it is wrong
To long to be the weaker one. And yet
I am so tired of always being strong.



A LONESOME WORLD

JAMES W. SHAW '54

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry

The world, a lonesome world, is close at night.
The breeze is quiet; lonely people talk
In dull hushed tones. Lost footsteps — hollow souls —
Resound in lonesome echo through the night
While empty streets and velvet-shaded walks
And fuzzy globes of light are by themselves.

A blackened building stands erect and stern;
The hollowed moon floats color over roofs
In ivory-midnight contrast with the walls.

And shadows — shadows start their trek along
The silent walks, among the trees, their slow
And aimless movements searching through the grass.

Two lovers wend around, around, around;
They follow creeping shadows while the world,
The breeze, are close to them, a part of all
Their whispers. Footsteps soft caress their earth,
A hushed-push-shuffle, meaningless, without
Direction. Shadows wander close behind
Them, smiling, weaving in their lonely wake.

A bell begins to sound; a whistle wails
From far along the rows of woods. But though
Together, lovers yet are lonesome, for
The quiet stands between them, endlessly.

The moon rolls on, but still the shadows creep;
Then peace — the breeze is soft — the world is dark.

WHEN BOTH ENDS MEET

ANITA SHANNON '55

Honorable Mention, NSAL Short Story Contest, 1953

Tom cut a thick slice from a warm loaf of his mother's home-baked bread and spread it liberally with golden butter. As he watched the butter melt and soak into the bread, he rubbed his hand over his stiff black crewcut and frowned in concentration.

"So where'd you go?" he wanted to know.

Jenni laughed a teasing kind of laugh — one sprinkled with delicate birdlike notes. She pushed her chair from the table and stood looking down at him like a quizzical bird of prey.

"Want a coke?" She reached for his slice of bread and took a nibble.

"Plenty of ice — and in a glass!" Tom snatched the bread back, poking her button nose. "Monkey, I asked you a question! How 'bout an answer?"

Jenni walked to the refrigerator, conscious that he was watching her. She turned away from it with two bottled cokes in her hands. She'd have to get familiar with the kitchen, she thought. When Tom had called last week he had invited her for the weekend. She'd never seen his home before. And she was used to making herself at home — especially in a kitchen.

She stopped at the corner cupboard and swung around to study the room. It was nice. Not what Stan would call the model kitchen, but nice.

Across the wall from the stool was a picture window overlooking a rose arbor. Jenni tried to imagine it with roses crawling over it in June. Then she remembered that Tom wanted to marry her out there. And he wanted to marry her next summer. She made a mental note that they'd have to discuss his plans soon.

She moved a few steps till she could easily see into the dinette, just off the kitchen. Tom was seated there, his long legs wound around the maple chair, his lower arm resting on the edge of the matching table.

Mrs. Norman had put a fresh cloth with a rooster print on the table. Jenni decided that the cloth was in rather poor taste, since the rest of the room was done in floral patterns. She wondered momentarily if Tom expected her to live there if they married.

There were seven tiny pots on the shelves in the dinette. The ivy in them sprawled gracefully over each shelf. Everything seemed to be in place. She supposed Tom's mother had cleaned it specially for her visit.

"Where're the glasses?" Jenni looked for the right cupboard.

"I'll get 'em." Tom unwound from the chair and pulled it

in front of the refrigerator. He climbed onto the chair and swept an exploratory hand over the shelf. "Mom would crown me if I broke one of these."

Jenni grinned, and as he stood there she took a quick inventory of him. Square shoulders, small waist and hips — like an athlete. "Collegiate" was a better word.

She couldn't actually see them, but she could visualize the slender fingers that probed the shelf. And she knew that wrinkles would play at the corners of his eyes — laugh wrinkles — if she teased him.

They made a strange contrast, she thought. Not many blue-eyed, black-haired fellas were around. And even fewer of them dated brown-eyed blondes.

When he jumped from the chair, Jenni crossed to him. "Measure me, Tommy."

Tom's face broke into the laugh wrinkles. She was amused that he liked the game, silly as she thought it was. She slid under his arm when he stretched it out. He was well over six feet and dwarfed her five feet one inch very emphatically!

"D'you think I'll ever grow, Tommy?"

Before she could move away, Tom caught her neck in the crook of his arm.

"You'll never *live* to grow if you don't answer me. Where'd you go?" He tightened his grip and tickled her with his free hand.

Jenni struggled to keep a straight face. "Well, if it's any of your business . . ." His grip tightened.

"It is," he assured her.

"We went to his fraternity's spring formal."

When Jenni felt his grip relax, she stepped away.

"That such a secret?" Tom handed her the glasses and assumed a lordly air. "Here, woman, fix my coke."

Jenni returned to the refrigerator for ice cubes and began to work over the sink.

"It was a terrific dance. I mean — really special. White dinner jackets, and I got a new formal. And, incidentally," she teased, "a white orchid. That's something *you* never gave me."

"Yep," Tom growled, "some guys are born to be gentlemen — and to give girls white orchids. Wonder how much his dad payed for it?"

"Don't be silly." Jenni was annoyed by his attitude, but she could see that he was reacting as she had hoped.

"There's something about a fraternity man . . . about Stan . . ." She handed him his coke and sat down. Patiently Jenni waited for a comment. She knew what it would be, but she waited. Tom was moodily silent for a moment.

"Too bad the guy at home never joined a fraternity, huh, Jenni?"

She made no reply.

"Too bad he never finished college, wouldn't you say?" His voice was ominously quiet.

"Too bad his dad died and he had to take over the business so his mother could live decently. Isn't that right?" Tom ended his sentence with deliberate intensity, but Jenni didn't notice that he had never raised his voice.

"Don't shout!" She made an impatient gesture.

"You and your fraternity men!" Tom scoffed. "They're a bunch of puppets! Flashing pins and sticking together like fly-paper wherever they go. Sure, it's nice to 'belong' but *those* son-of-a-guns think God made them for women and fraternities!"

"Sound off, one-two." Jenni was bored by his recital. She'd heard it before. "Tell me, Mr. Stay-at-Home, what kind of a wonderful guy were *you* in the good old boola-boola days?"

"I'm serious, Jenni." She knew at once that he was. "I haven't figured out yet what it is — but there's something artificial about a lot of guys and girls who go to college. Maybe they just get that way in a *big* school, like State. But everything's a rousing hello for the old buddy and whoopee for-he's-a-jolly-good-fellow. It isn't sincere."

"You're wacky!" Jenni hadn't liked that. "And I don't mind saying that I hear these lectures a little too often anymore."

"Sorry, baby. Your old Dad gets off on a tangent once in awhile. But tell me — is Stan at all like that?"

"Nope!" Relief at his apparent relaxation gave way to a smile of remembrance. "Nope. He's really sincere, I'm sure. And I'm *positive* the things he says to me aren't a line."

"Such as . . ."

"Such as . . . oh, nothing in particular. Just thinking."

Then she pretended she hadn't seen the frown that had flickered across his face.

"Come on, Jenni, let's have it."

"Have what?" she teased. And she picked up a knife and began to cut a slice of bread.

"You know damn well what!" Tom stormed over to the window and caught her staring at him when he turned abruptly.

"Figure it out for yourself," she said. "When a fella is out with a girl as much as Stan is with me — as a friend — he sometimes gets kinda fond of her. And maybe says nice things 'bout how she looks, or what a nice dancer she is, or something. Nobody's been hanged for that!"

"I'm sorry, doll."

When Tom looked down sheepishly, Jenni moved on her advantage.

"That's all right, Tommy. I know it's hard for you here at home, with me having all the fun at school. I feel like I've tied you down. Really, Stan's a little odd."

"How?"

"Oh, dumb, I guess. Like the terrible, big bad fraternity men you preach about. I never really stopped to think about it before."

With an air of humility she went over to him and put a hand on his arm. Then she went on.

"It's really a panic! He wouldn't have dated me in the first place if he didn't think I had a mad affair going on at home. It does something for his ego to think he's beating someone else's time."

"So . . . ?"

"So . . . what?" Jenni knew what he meant — she had planned it this way. But again she waited.

"So . . . what?" she repeated tauntingly, with the smile he had a weakness for.

"So . . .," it was taking longer than she had planned. "So . . . is he beating someone else's time?"

He had suddenly become so serious that Jenni hesitated for another second. "This isn't like Tommy," she thought. "But I can snap him out of it easily enough. Wait till he hears *this!*"

"So . . . he thinks I'm wearing his fraternity pin. It's upstairs pinned in my suitcase."

She smiled again and reached for his hand.

"Isn't it a real riot, Tommy? I mean, some fellows are so shallow — just suckers. I wouldn't dream of wearing his pin while I have you."

The hand she had reached for was under her chin. Jenni turned her face up for the apologetic kiss she knew would follow.

Almost before she could close her eyes Tom pulled his hand back. It wasn't more than six inches from her smooth cheek.

And he slapped her.

Jenni opened her eyes wide with wonder. She rubbed her hand over the smarting cheek. The look of wonder was replaced by a glare of fury. And suddenly she felt disgust and an almost bitter hate.

"Get wise to yourself, baby."

She watched him, fascinated, as he walked back to the window and turned away from her. She visualized a look of hurt carefully veiled by anger. At least Jenni thought he would be hurt. But

Jenni was beginning to realize that a lot of things she had thought just weren't so.

This was the first time, she reflected, that Tom hadn't seemed her Tommy. As she reviewed the situation, she started nervously clearing the table.

"Will ya get wise?"

She realized when he whirled around that what she had expected would be a look of veiled hurt was, in reality, nothing at all like it. He was angry.

She struggled to keep the fury out of her own voice and stumbled on her words.

"What do you . . . uh . . . mean?"

Jenni desperately wanted to regain control of the situation. She had had it before he slapped her. But she wondered now if she had just imagined that, too.

"If I don't teach you another thing today, Jenni, you're going to learn that you can't play both ends against the middle. Because both ends usually meet."

She was afraid he had gained the upper hand, but decided on another try.

"That makes a lot of sense!" Jenni picked up her glass and tilted it till an ice cube dropped into her mouth. She began to crunch it, earnestly hoping to make him angry.

Tom regarded her carefully. He picked up his own glass. She watched him take an ice cube from it. Then he, too, began to crunch. She realized that the only thing the occasion lacked to be hilarious was a smile on both of their faces.

But Tom couldn't have been more grim. Confusion, and the fear of another slap, kept her from reaching for another cube when she had finished.

When Tom was through, in his own good time, he slowly stood up and took the glasses to the sink. She waited for him to resume the conversation.

"If you're through playing kid games," he dropped the ice cubes into the sink and began to rinse out the glasses, "I'll tell you how that applies to us."

Jenni sat down stiffly and waited.

"I look at it this way, baby. Something tells my better nature you wouldn't have taken Stan's pin if you weren't playing the same game with me that you are with him. It doesn't figure."

She had already decided to let him finish before she spoke. He went on.

"Any way you take it, somebody's a sucker. And nobody's going to be tellin' a guy at school what an idiot *this* fella is to think she's faithful." He turned to face her. "Got it?"

"But even then, that doesn't . . ."

"Got it?"

Her shoulders drooped and she slid back in the chair.

"Got it," she said resentfully.

"Okay, then, let's straighten out a few more things. You agreed when we first started going together not to beat around the bush if you wanted to break up. Don't you think this is a pretty cheap way to do it?"

Suddenly things became very mixed up. Jenni wasn't at all sure what she wanted. Or of how wise she had been in trying to get it this way.

She had intended to break up, she thought. He knew that. She had planned on making him angry so she'd have an excuse. She was afraid he knew that, too.

"You wouldn't have taken his pin if you had wanted me."

Jenni's thoughts still rambled. He had it all figured out, and she wasn't sure any longer.

"Damn it, speak up. Don't sit there like a bump on a log. I feel like a prosecuting attorney in a case with nobody to speak for the defense."

Jenni still didn't answer. She hadn't counted on being slapped. She hadn't counted on his knowing what she had been up to.

Tom took three long strides to her and shook her shoulders.

"Say something!"

"What do you want to hear?" Jenni didn't feel like teasing anymore.

"It isn't what I want to hear, it's what you have to tell me. Out with it."

She said nothing.

"Look, Jenni, I may not have finished college, but I'm not a dummy. Here's the way I figure it. Tell me if I'm wrong. You wanted a fella on campus and Stan suited you perfectly. Probably because he has a phobia about fellas at home. I came in pretty handy then. And you've got a case on him now . . ."

"I haven't said that!"

"Then why the hell'd you take his pin?" Tom's voice rose, and for a second Jenni was afraid to answer. Then she made an attempt.

"All right. I took his pin because I like him and I tried to start an argument with you because I didn't know how else to break up." Jenni began to cry. "Tommy, I can't explain it. I thought you were *it*, and I still like you, but . . ."

After a slight pause, Jenni sensed that Tom had cooled off. She pulled a handkerchief from her skirt pocket and dried her eyes.

"Look at it this way, baby." He pulled a chair in front of her and straddled it, leaning his elbows on the top. Jenni didn't take her eyes from his face. "D'you see what I'm driving at?" Jenni looked puzzled. "How it's not fair to treat a fella like this? Whether it's me or Stan, it just doesn't go over."

Jenni nodded her head. She was worried that she had hurt him. She had hoped that they'd be friends, but there seemed to be no chance of that now.

"Okay then, let's clear another point between us. When did you get my call to come here? D'you remember?"

Jenni stared absently at the seven pots of ivy and reviewed the week. "Last Wednesday, I guess."

"How long had you been pinned?"

She was surprised at his question. "Since Saturday."

"Now use your head, Jenni. Didn't you stop to think that a lot of news can travel a long way in a week?"

Suddenly she realized what he meant.

"And didn't you stop to think that a guy can get used to the bitterest medicine in a week?"

Jenni half-smiled, ready to speak, but not sure what she could say.

"D-do you mind?"

Tom faced her squarely.

"Baby, there are a lot of things I mind about the whole deal. Losing you is the least of them."

She opened her mouth, shut it quickly. Tom had more to say.

"When I left State, I had a fairly good idea there wouldn't be much left between you and me when you came home. Why'd you think I was so willing to let you date? I figured you would anyway."

Jenni rose and took the bread and butter from the table. She put the butter in the refrigerator and the bread in its place in the breadbox. Then she stood for a moment without turning.

"But when I knew you were two-timing, that was the final blow." Tom spoke deliberately.

She turned to face him.

"I'm sorry, Tommy," she said simply.

She watched the tall, good-looking non-fraternity man stand and push his chair away from him. He crossed the room, stopped in front of her, and placed both hands on the shoulders of her crisp green cotton dress.

"I would have done anything else in the world but slap you, Jenni, if I thought it would have made you say that."

He tipped her head back. Jenni smiled weakly into his not-so-stern face.

"Can you understand that?"

"I think so."

This time Jenni got the kiss she had expected before he slapped her. It was apologetic. And it was on her cheek, just above a little red mark that didn't hurt anymore. And this time she hadn't planned it. She hadn't even expected it.

"C'mon, baby."

Tom pushed her toward the door.

"Get your stuff together. When I talked to Stan, Monday, he said there was a dance at State tonight you wouldn't want to miss. Your train leaves in twenty minutes—and he'll be waiting for you."

"Oh, one more thing," he added. "I think you were right the first time. Stan isn't at all like the big bad fraternity men I shout about."

•

MORE WISE?

JANICE SLAYBAUGH '55

Why feel
That we must always stand on mountain tops
Reaching
To touch the stars
That shine so near our grasp?
There must be valleys with the hills.

Why feel
That tears and sorrow
Should not touch our hearts again?
The sullen rain
Unpleasant though it be,
Gives nourishment and growth
To every tree and flower.

Why feel
That shadows must dissolve
And total brilliance fill the world?
Even master painters know
That without shadow
There can be no depth
And no reality.

God has made
Hill and Valley
Sun and Rain
Light and Dark,
Joy and Pain.
Are we more wise than He?

SONNET OF LOVE

SARAH ROSE '56

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry

Why must I love thee when I know so well
How hard it is to bridge that width of space
That pushes us apart? Why must my heart compel
My eyes to seek until they find your face?
We talk, and speak of all life's little things
That have no meaning, nothing to excuse
Their very being, but that hope within me springs,
And I know I shall continue with the ruse,
To have you near is all that I can pray;
To feel your eyes go searing into mine,
To touch your hand for courage through the day,
And know your kiss so like a potent wine.
How futile is my love for you! And yet
I cannot, may not, let myself forget.

•

EARTHLY THINGS FADE AWAY

DAVID KAY '55

Chapel chimes, cherub choirs, clanging bells
Swell the air on Christmas Eve — to every home, in every heart.
Lights of piercing reds, glowing blues, gleaming golds;
Spruces green, poinsettias shiny red, mistletoe crisp, come as art,
While the sparkling snow, the cool moist air, and the stars above
Act as beacons of good will, God's message to impart.

*But iron rusts, wood rots, buildings crumble, seasons change,
And all man's former creations fade away.*

The chapel chimes, the cherub choirs, the clanging bells
Are heard no more. The majestic tones are put to sleep.
The lights of piercing red, glowing blue, and gleaming gold, no longer shine.
The green spruces, the crisp mistletoe, the red poinsettias all die in a heap.
A faint glow of yellow light is all that emits from house and heart.
The blinds are taut, the shutters closed, the doors locked in fearful keep.

*Iron rusts, wood rots, buildings crumble — is there no hope?
Is man nothing more than organic machinery, exploring, discovering,
Creating, building, then dying, in a mechanical world
Which one day becomes with him a useless pile of scrap?*

Chapel chimes, colored lights, thick spruces, sparkling snow renew themselves,
Though flying on wings of silver thought and golden mood in mind and heart
that never rots.

Love from God abides again in human souls.
Christmas music, lights of joy, beacons of good will, come as spots
Not seen, not heard, nor observed through human sensations.
Love and truth from God touch not man's senses, but his thoughts.

*Iron rusts, wood rots, buildings crumble, seasons change,
But howling winds, the raging storms, changing seasons,
The crumbling empires, passing footsteps, the march of time
Make love and truth more perfect, more beautiful than it was
The day when human souls first longed to touch it.
The earth changes, things perish — but thoughts live on.*

SWIMMER VERSUS TRAINER

EVE MILLER '57

Second Prize, Freshman Prose

The tall, sturdy girl dived into the cold lake. She swung into a slow easy crawl. The row boat started out at her side.

"Come on, Joan. Speed it up! Keep those knees straight," yelled a gray-haired woman through a megaphone.

The girl immediately responded. A thousand thoughts ran through her head, but swimming pushed them all out. She glanced at her brother, Bill, who kept close to her side. On she swam, almost automatically.

She thought of her slim graceful body—the result of many hard hours of work. Then her thoughts flew to the wardrobe of bathing suits. Her shy, liquid-brown eyes danced at the thought of swimming. Yes, swimming was her life.

She glanced at Fanny Lane, her coach, as she gulped air. Suddenly she choked.

"Slow down, Joan! Keep your mind on what you're doing!"

Joan smiled ruefully. Fanny, an ex-Channel swimmer, had consented to groom her for the Olympics even though she was only eighteen.

"Eighteen," thought Joan, "is rather young to expect to win, but I must make it. I must!"

Her thoughts returned to Fanny. At first she had seemed the "grandmotherly" type—iron gray hair, steel blue eyes and a loving smile—until Joan found out how unmerciful she was upon her student.

Resentment had started to grow in Joan's heart. It seemed to her that she loved, hated and respected Fanny all at once. Nothing she did was good enough. Something was always wrong.

As she finished her fifth mile she signaled to her brother. She climbed over the stern and pulled off her cap as Bill started for shore.

"You are looking better, Joan. Why you're not even breathing hard."

Fanny said nothing until they reached the dock. As she climbed out of the boat, she said, "Your timing is bad. Your arms can be straighter and we have to work on that kick."

Joan's face fell as she nodded in assent. As she pulled on her cap she started over the side of the boat.

"One, two, three, four, five, six. One, two, three, four, five, six. That's better! Keep swimming."

After what seemed an eternity, Fanny shouted, "Okay, take a break."

Joan climbed onto the dock and threw herself down. She hugged the sun-baked dock in an effort to get warm. The hot sun beat down on her tanned back. She glanced over the country side. A few birds chirped in the tall green maple trees. A lazy wind rustled the leaves ever so lightly. Big white clouds soared through the warm blue sky. Then her gaze fell to the lake. The gentle waves slapped against the dock. Motorboats whizzed by. Carefree people shouted as they carried their picnic baskets to a suitable spot. Shouts came from little boys who were cooling off in their modern version of the swimming hole.

"Time's up. Back to the house for your rub down."

"Please, Fanny, couldn't I lie here just a little longer?"

"The trials are in two days. After that you can sleep for a week. On your feet now — let's go!"

Fanny gave Joan an expert rub down. As she finished, she remarked, "Take the afternoon and tomorrow off. Rest. Remember, though, no tennis. We don't want to ruin those muscles now."

Joan nodded and started for the shower. Even though she would not see her friends (who would be playing tennis), it would be nice to catch up on her reading. Joan sighed, resigned to her lonely "vacation."

The big day dawned early. Fanny woke her at six o'clock. Joan dressed quickly, putting on a trim rose suit. She began to gather her robe and suit.

"My cap, where's my cap?" Frantically she began to search for it.

"Here it is. Right on your dresser," commented Fanny. "By the way, you won't need that suit and robe."

Fanny handed Joan a large, long box. Joan opened it and pulled out a navy blue swimming suit and matching robe. The robe had her name on the front, just above the pocket. She looked at Fanny, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Oh, Fanny, thank you," she sobbed.

"It's nothing. Quit your blubbering. Just a little something to bring you luck. Come on, we have to hurry. You'll be late."

An hour later they arrived at the section of the lake where the trials were to be held. Joan went to the booth to register.

"The mile race is at 10:30, Miss Pickett, at Section 4. Be there no later than 10:15 and good luck. Oh, your dressing room is number 3."

"Thank you."

Fanny took Joan to her dressing room. She began to dress slowly. Nine-thirty. Joan looked at her watch at least a dozen times. Fanny began to give her final instructions.

"If you do as well as you have been, you'll make a good

showing. Remember this is your first appearance, so don't expect too much. You're only eighteen and you have a long career ahead of you."

Ten o'clock. Joan started for the section. As she began to shiver, she felt a comforting arm on her shoulder.

"Now, none of this, Joan."

"My stomach is churning so!"

"That's only natural!"

The contestants lined up. Joan took her place. The time-keeper looked at his stop-watch.

"Ready . . . set . . . go!" The gun cracked and ten forms hit the water. Joan pulled into the lead and began to swim as fast as she could. Just past the half-way mark she began to lose her lead. She looked back and saw the girls catching up to her. She began to lag behind. She felt the terrible nausea of tiredness. It became an effort to move her arms. She was badly winded. Then suddenly she thought of Fanny, the hard work, and the hope of victory. Her strength returned and she began to swim with renewed vigor. As they reached the three quarter mark, Joan had moved up to third place. She steadily gained. Her arms flashed in the sun as she swam faster and faster. In the last hundred yards she pulled ahead. A cheer went up from the crowd. As she crossed the finish line, many hands grabbed for her. She felt Fanny put her robe about her shoulders. She turned and hugged Fanny.

"We did it, Fanny! We did it! We're going to Oslo for the Olympics!"

"Yes, we did, but your breathing is still off and that kick needs more work!"

Joan started to protest, but then she looked at Fanny. Both women smiled and started back to the dressing room, arm in arm.

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RECIPROCATATION

LOIS BENTON '54

The rain was falling.
The night was growing dark.
And someone called for help.

I refused.

The rain fell.
The darkness grew.
And I was alone.

SNOW

RILLA JENKINSON '57

Second Prize, Freshman Poetry

Streaks of light,
from stars
a million
miles away,
March down a soundless track
to the cloud-surrounded earth.

The clouds absorb
the cold
and silvered
light
which starts to freeze
to crystal flakes of snow,

And the frozen stardust
sprinkles
softly
down
to powder-puff the scarred
and wounded face of earth.

•

GEORGE

SARAH ROSE '56

George lay on his stomach in the front yard and peered wisely at a bumblebee he held captive between his paws. The young spring sun felt good on his back; it made him feel lazy and at the same time full of mischief. The bumblebee buzzed with discontent and he nosed it gingerly. There was no reason why he should tease it, only that it was there and he had nothing to do.

The folks had gone away, leaving him alone with no one to play with. He had come loping into the yard last evening, full of complacency at having barked a stray cat into a tree, only to find the Dodge gone from the garage, and the doors firmly locked. He thought it was quite inconsiderate of them to go off that way without him. They hadn't even left any dog biscuits in his bowl by the kitchen step. He wished Tommy had remembered him, especially if they went to the country. George loved the country; there were so many fascinating smells to investigate, and tracks to follow. Tommy had first taken him there last year when George was still a wobbly pup and Tommy was nine-going-on-ten.

George moved his paws from the bumblebee and watched its lumbering rise from the ground, full of noisy irritation. He rose and shook himself happily in the soft spring air before trotting around to the back of the house. He seemed to remember having

buried a bone a few weeks ago in among the daffodil bulbs along the back fence. The daffodils were in bloom and looked like big blobs of yellow paint on the green clumps of leaves. George burrowed through them, and managed to uproot several before he finally found his bone.

He dragged it out past the yellow-paint-blobs of daffodils and began to gnaw contentedly. It was delicious, with that mellow, earthy taste of a well buried bone. He gave himself up to the ecstasy of the morning and the bone, only vaguely conscious of Mrs. Jonston's displeasure the last time he had dug up her flower bed.

After a while even the bone lost its charm and George found lonesomeness settling itself over him in a thick fog. He surely did wish Tommy would come home. Today would be a swell day to play ball in the vacant lot. George loved to chase the balls and bring them back to Tommy. Sometimes his help wasn't appreciated and Tommy would scold him, making him sit on the sidelines where he watched enviously.

Yesterday's game had been a good one. George had run after balls, and chased the boys as they ran around the little diamond they had marked out. Everyone was in good spirits and didn't seem to mind him at all. He remembered Tommy yelling at him only once—when he dashed out into the street after the ball. A loud screeching of brakes just behind George's heels had scared all thoughts of ball chasing from his mind, and he had jumped, startled, into a run that covered three blocks before he could slow down. He had been ashamed to go back then, for fear the boys would laugh at him. He had not come home until dusk, his feelings eased by scaring the cat, but no one was there.

George abandoned his bone to prowl aimlessly around the yard and out into the street. It was deserted except for a very small girl peddling her tricycle up and down in front of her house. George ignored her and trotted down to the vacant lot in hopes of getting in on a ball game. Tommy might even be there. He quickened his pace a little but the lot was empty when he got there. He waited a while to see if someone might come, but when no one did, he gave up and crossed the street.

He saw the ball there by the curb and pounced on it happily. It was Tommy's ball that he'd been chasing yesterday afternoon but had forgotten when the truck scared him. He picked it up and carried it home, his head held high. Tommy would be very glad that he'd found it.

George was playing with the ball when Mr. and Mrs. Jonston returned. They looked very queer, George thought. Mrs. Jonston's face was all red and swollen, especially around her eyes, and Mr.

Jonston looked sort of white and pinched. George bounded to greet them with his toothy dog grin and his tail that wagged with wind-shield-wiper regularity.

Mrs. Jonston clutched her husband's arm with an odd little cry. "That dog!" she said in a strange half-strangled voice. "Tom you'll have to get rid of him."

George stopped, puzzled, but still grinning and wagging his tail.

"Now Mary," Mr. Jonston said, and George noticed his voice didn't sound natural either. "It's not his fault. He's only a dog."

"I don't care if he is only a dog," she said in that same voice that sounded as if there were something tight around her throat. "I don't care. It was his fault."

George ran to pick up the ball, and carried it to the front porch, dropping it at their feet. Something was wrong and his soft brown eyes begged them to make it right.

Mrs. Jonston turned her head away from him. "I can't," she said. "I just can't! If it hadn't been for him . . . !"

Mr. Jonston quietly led her into the house; the door closed on her sentence.

George sat in uncomprehending confusion and bewilderment over this strange behavior. The ball rolled slowly off the porch and down the steps. George watched it without interest. He found himself whining from the loneliness inside him, and wished longingly that Tommy would hurry and come home.

SAM BROWN

ROLFE KORSBORN '56

The sun rose,
Stretching its lean fingers
Through the iron filligree
Of the winter twisted trees
To touch —

Sam Brown.
Blood-wet hands
Grasping gravel.
Red streaks on
Black tar.

Sam Brown —
Lying dead in a ditch
In his bullet-ripped shirt.

Sam Brown —
He was born
Black!

DON'T PRATE TO ME

JEAN UNGER CHASE '43

Don't prate to me of twilight hours—
The peace and beauty of a winter dusk,
For I have gone swift miles through barren countryside,
Bleak and wind-swept,
Seen houses stark and lone.

No sign of life save here a dog
Who trots for home,
Or cattle standing patiently
Beside their barn.

Waiting all—the houses, dog and cows—
'Til it is dark.
And with the dark comes life and light
And warmth again.

(Say not this is the witching hour and
A time for love)

For there is only deadness and a
Lonesome void
Between the sunset and the ink-poured night.

•

NIGHTMARE

ROBERT F. WORKMAN '55

Had he screamed? His throat felt raw, as if tearing sound had forced its way violently past the vocal muscles. He sat up in bed and looked at his watch. Five-thirty. It must be morning, because there was a murky, half-light in the room that announced the sun's approach. But surely he hadn't screamed. Why would he? And then he cowered back against the headboard as the horror of his dream returned to him. Ellie, her face contorted in fear and pain as he struck her again and again . . . Ellie, lying still at his feet, her beautiful face marred by vicious bruises, her blonde hair matted with blood. He shuddered and put his face in his hands to blot out the clarity of the picture.

Ellie was gone, thank God. She had left—was it yesterday? No matter, because the year of bitterness was finally over. It had started when Ellie began to worry about his drinking; being Ellie, she had nagged and cried and made an issue of what, to him, was a social necessity.

"It isn't a 'social necessity', Stan! I don't object to a drink now and then, but it's getting the best of you. Why do you think you missed out on that promotion? It wasn't bad luck—

Gressinger isn't blind — do you think he wants a man in the general manager's chair who doesn't know when to stop drinking?"

And another time — "Stan, *please* see Dr. Wharton . . . it's not too late to stop! Oh, you're such a fool! You're ruining yourself and your job — and us. I can't take much more — I don't have to!" That was the time he had hit her. The only time, but she had never let him forget it.

Well, she was gone now. Just a few short hours ago, he had come home and found her dressed, her bags stacked beside the front door. She had been curiously distant — he had never seen her so detached. And there was a lifelessness in her voice as she told him matter-of-factly that they were through.

"I didn't want to go until you came home. I'm leaving you — I just can't take it any longer. I'll be at aunt Martha's if you have to get in touch with me."

Idiotically, he had cried. But she had gone. He had left soon after — that was all he remembered. Somehow he must have gotten home and into his bed — he was even wearing his pajamas. How long would he have slept if the dream hadn't awakened him?

He shivered again as he thought of the vividness of the nightmare. The scene had been the same — they were in the downstairs hall and Ellie had been saying something about his being less than a man. He had seized the heavy brass candlestick from the hall table and had hit her, over and over and over . . .

God, he needed a drink. If all this meant the beginning of the D.T.'s, he'd have to go on the wagon — but right now he had to have just one. Thinking about it made him feel better; he could almost taste the harsh burning of the liquid, and the easing of his jagged nerves as the liquor spread through him.

He threw his legs over the side of the bed; against his foot, he felt the coldness of glass. He stooped quickly, but the bottle was empty.

He felt his way across the room and into the hall. In the early light, he could see the stairwell ahead — he'd go down to the kitchen — Ellie usually kept something there . . . wine, or sherry . . .

He moved slowly down the stairs, his brain reeling from the effort of walking . . . halfway now . . . just one shot would do it — then he'd go back to bed. Tomorrow he'd stop drinking. He'd show Ellie that he *was* a man — *but she hadn't said that!*

He stopped on the last step. She had said it. The downstairs hall was still dark, but enough pre-dawn light filtered through the windows for him to see Ellie's body sprawled grotesquely on the floor, the candlestick beside her.

THE SPIDER

ROLFE KORSBORN '56

Billy was playing in the garden when he saw the spider weaving its web. He was afraid of the spider when it was jumping from string to string, but when it stopped, finally, right in the middle of the web he wasn't afraid anymore. It was a very small spider, about the size of a pea. He looked closer at it until he could see the eight bright little eyes and the eight little legs. The spider began to grow. At first, Billy didn't notice that the spider was growing. He didn't notice until he saw the hair on the spider's legs. Then he saw the mouth with its jagged teeth. The spider grew and grew until it filled the sky and the earth, and everything was black hairy legs and shining eyes. Then the spider closed its eight staring eyes, opened its huge mouth, and ate Billy.

They found him lying dead in the garden. He hadn't been there long, but a little spider, no bigger than a pea, was making a web over his eye.

TO MY SON ON CHRISTMAS EVE

ROBERT F. WORKMAN '55

The lights are in your widened eyes —
Reds, greens, blues
Your eager, darting gaze tries to see everything.

We know you don't understand —
yet we hid your toys surreptitiously!
Forgive our foolishness.

You were born not quite a year ago
and already we're telling you of Santa Claus!
You laugh, uncomprehending.

Bear with us, my son —
you are our first —
you are our rarest experience.

Let us go on pretending you understand
our secrecy, our carefulness
as we tack your tiny stocking to the mantel.

SPRI'G

ANITA SHANNON '55

Eadch year I ged spri'g fever —
A fuddy ki'd of thi'g:
Id's like a winder head co'd,
Bud id habbeds every spri'g.

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