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Quiz

and

Quill

spring 1955

THE QUIZ AND QUILL

Published By

The Quiz and Quill Club

Of Otterbein College

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THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief.....	BETH HAMMON
Assistant Editors.....	ROLFE KORSBORN SARAH ROSE
Business Manager.....	CAROLE LINCOLN
Assistant Business Managers.....	FRANCES MYERS DONALD RAPP

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Spring, 1955

Founded, 1919

THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB — 1954-1955

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LITERARY AWARDS

Dr. Roy A. Burkhart Poetry Contest

First Prize	Judy Matthias '56
Second Prize	Sarah Rose '56
Third Prize	Carole Lincoln '55

Quiz and Quill Prose Contest

First Prize	Fran Myers '56
Second Prize	Sarah Rose '56
Third Prize	Carole Lincoln '55
Honorable Mention: Mary Ann Charles '56, Marilyn Hert '56, Dolores Klaich '58, Rolfe Korsborn '56, Robert Workman '55	

N.S.A.L. Intercollegiate Short Story Contest — 1954

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

First Prize	Carole Lincoln '55
Honorable Mention	Lois Benton '54
	Don Rapp '55

Roberts Essay Award — 1954

(Given by the International Association for Study of the Alcohol Problem.)

First Prize in the International Contest	Pat Jacobs '57
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Cover by Betty Gibson '57

A COLT INTRODUCED TO SPRING PASTURE

JUDY MATTHIAS '56

First Prize, Burkhart Poetry Contest

The man stepped back, freeing the mare,
And the colt blinked under the strong sunlight;
The mare realized the green under her feet,
She gulped the grass.

He trembled with a sudden fear of this new world,
Feeling the lack of the stall's security, nuzzling
His mother's flank, needing her quiet reassurance.
She went on cropping grass.

Looking around him he saw the pasture stretched out before him,
Saw the trees beyond the pasture,
Saw the house beyond the stream,
Buildings in a clean, neat symmetry.

Slowly he began to explore.
Smelling the texture of the earth,
Listening to his world's new symphony,
Whinnying a greeting to the vibrant spring.

A butterfly flew up before him,
Startled him and made him shy
Back to his mother's side as fast as his legs would allow.
She was cropping grass.

But he had felt the freeness in his running,
Felt the wind rush to meet him,
Felt the foliage under his tiny hooves,
Felt the sunlight on his silky coat,
And he ran in circles round his mother,
Wondering how far he dare venture.

Suddenly he saw a twinkling vision,
And galloped crazily forward to meet it.
The stream had movement too, he saw,
Yet it moved in an infallible serenity.
He followed it; perhaps to discover its composite nature,
Perhaps to see where it was going.

Nervously he turned around.
Toward him cantered his mother
With her teeth showing in her muzzle,
And her neck stretched out.

She slooped down upon him;
He turned and ran
Away from the stream,
Away, as the mare nipped at his flanks.
She stopped and began cropping grass.

Cautiously he regarded her.
She had forgot her sudden anger;
She did not appear disturbed.
He gazed down to the stream that winked merrily at him
Winked with a silent, playful promise.
He began cropping grass.

TOBY

FRANCES MYERS '56

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose

The knitting needles clicked rhythmically in and out among the threads of the skein of indigo yarn. The wrinkled fingers, grasping the needles, worked rapidly, accurately, forming the threads into a neat pattern. The muscles of the slender throat throbbed gently.

"Did you shut the window, Marta?" The old woman's voice was gravel. "There seems to be a draft comin' through."

The girl stopped short. The glass she was holding toppled to the floor. "Yes. Yes, Mama, I shut it."

"I'm chilly." The old woman still wasn't satisfied. "There's a draft from somewhere. These old bones won't take much of it." Suddenly her eyes shone like stars. "Toby," she murmured. "Toby'll find the draft when he comes home. Toby'll take care of it. He won't let me catch cold."

"Mama." The girl paused momentarily. "Listen, Mama. Toby ain't here. He's gone — gone. He ain't never comin' here no more."

The needles clicked on methodically. She was singing now, softly, to herself — whispering each word.

Marta busied herself about the room. She wasn't an unattractive girl, nor was she more comely than the average. Her face was apple-shaped and apple-colored. Sky-painted eyes peered from a mop of golden braids twisted carelessly about her head. Marta was not a little girl. Her first twelve years had shot her up half-past the five-foot mark and her last twelve had completed the final six inches' growth. Now the blue eyes rested on the stooped figure huddled in the corner by the fire.

"Toby," the old woman said tiredly. "Toby's not home yet, Marta."

"No, Mama."

"He'll catch his death. There's a cold wind out there, Marta. I can feel it." The bony forefinger pointed to the cracked window pane.

"Yes, Mama, it *is* cold. I'll tell you what. I'll go down to Mr. Bojer's store and get a nice big box of cornmeal and we'll have some mush for supper. It'll taste just right on a cold night like this."

The gray head was bowed. "No, I don't like mush. Marta, you go and get us some of that nice fresh meat like Papa used to bring home from Lena. You get three nice-sized pieces and we'll have supper cooked and ready when Toby gets home from the factory."

The girl shuddered. "Listen, Mama, you remember when we came here, don't you?"

The head nodded. "Papa and you and Toby and me."

"Yes, that's right, Mama. We came from the old country. Remember? We came in a big boat and then we got on the train."

"Yes, the train scared Toby so. He cried. I held him tight." The lined face remained expressionless, but the voice rocked with emotion. "We came to this house, Marta. Your papa told me I could pick our home the day he made me his wife. That was a long time ago, daughter, but I remember it well. I was a pretty bride, Marta."

"Were you, Mama?"

"The prettiest in town. At least that's what your papa used to tell me."

"Papa always did think you were the prettiest girl for miles around, Mama."

"Yes."

Outside, the wind whistled. "You go to the store, Marta. The wind's gettin' stronger. You go now so you'll get back before the sun sets. Toby'll be home soon and he'll take care of me."

The girl's jaw was set. "Toby ain't comin'. He won't be here, Mama. He won't."

The chair rocked back and forth. "Toby won't let me catch cold. You heat the water before you leave, Marta. Toby'll be cold when he comes in."

"He ain't comin'."

"He'll be here, Marta. Heat the water before you go."

"He ain't comin', Mama, and I ain't goin'. Listen, Mama listen. Do you remember the fire? There was a fire at the factory."

"Heat the water, Marta."

"Mama, please, Mama. Please remember the fire."

A faint glint of recognition shone on the old woman's face. "Marta?"

"Yes, Mama?"

"Marta, would you let me see the booklet the woman at the church gave you."

"You mean the one about the old women's home? I'm not going to send you there, Mama. I'll take care of you."

"Here, let me see it. Such pretty pictures, Marta. I'd be happy there, not a burden for you and Toby."

"Please don't talk about Toby, Mama."

"You could come visit me."

"You're better off here, Mama. I'll take care of you."

"I'm a burden, Marta. You should be going out. Your papa always hoped you'd find some nice young man."

"I'm all right, Mama."

"Toby gets out, but you never leave the house."

"Don't talk about Toby, Mama."

"He's your own blood brother, Marta. You act shameful toward him. He's a good boy."

"Mama!"

"Marta, you go to Mr. Bojer's store now and call on the telephone. You call the old women's home and tell them to come get me. I don't want to be a burden for you and Toby."

"You're *not* a burden!"

"Go to the store, Marta."

"Yes, Mama."

"The wind's cold, daughter. Get your wrap."

The girl draped the tan shawl around her broad shoulders and headed for the door. Suddenly she whirled.

"You're stayin' here with me, Mama," she said firmly. "You're not goin' to the Home."

"I'm a burden to you and Toby."

"You ain't a burden, Mama, but about Toby — you remember the fire at the factory."

"Is there a fire now?"

"No. No, it was last spring. You remember the fire, Mama. You remember the doctor came here and told us that Toby — you remember, Mama."

The old woman was silent.

Marta breathed a heavy sigh. "I'll go to the store, Mama," she said finally. "I'll get the meat. We'll have a party, you and me."

The knitting needles clicked in and out. "Yes, Marta." The old woman smiled. "You get the meat. You get three nice-sized pieces. We'll have supper ready when Toby comes home from the factory."

"SNOW, LIKE SO MANY THINGS"

PAT JACOBS '57

Snow,
Like so
Many things,
Loses its
Beauty
When it is
Touched.

SQUIRRELS

Miyoko Tsuji '56, Hyogo-Ken, Japan

栗鼠

校庭の素枯木の梢迄へとよ

ちうすのちゆのれきもあしと

獲お妙く進みよはれとどしむりすの群

枯れ葉をゆけく木の空あさく

校庭下斜陽の夕希素枯木の

影のしきさりすのつた動く

自動車の疾走に驚きて裸木も

つたのぼるやうに只樹の如くこゆ

一九五五年

オハイオ洲 ウェスミル

オッタバイレ カレッジ 校庭にて

Translation

1. Walking along the narrow path on the campus, how much I enjoy myself seeing the little squirrels playing their chasing-games jumping from tree to tree over the twigs whose leaves are already gone.
2. Jumping down on the ground with their timid but quick motion, these capricious creatures move forward, as if they were flying, and suddenly stop and, with their tiny hands, look for the nuts under the decaying leaves on the ground.
3. The dying sun throws the black, long shadows of the bare-trees on the campus so clearly that I can see the little shadows of baby-squirrels moving among them.
4. Surprised by a noise of a passing car, a baby-squirrel hurries back up to the bare tree so in a haste that it looks just like a feathery ear moving up to the tree-top.

THE CHALICE: AN ALLEGORY

ROLFE KOSBORN '56

Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Prose

Long, white stalactites hung from the lime-bleached ceiling of the vault. Barrels of holy water lined the walls like rows of pigmy coffins. A pale, white glow sifted down from a high, narrow window that was almost completely covered with spider webs and illuminated a slimy trickle of rain seepage that ran across the middle of the room in a groove cut in the wooden cobbles. There was no sound except a slight scurrying that might have been rats running and scraping across the casks of holy water.

Suddenly, a door opened from above and the room was filled with singing. It was the voices of the carollers practicing for Christmas Eve. They were singing "*Venid Fieles Todos*" ("O Come All Ye Faithful"). A small, golden light flickered between the arches that ran along the stone stairway. A priest's sandals came slip-slopping down the timeworn stairs. The priest stopped at the foot of the stairs and held the candle high. He heard a small sound coming from one corner of the room. He waited. Silence.

"Must be rats," he muttered.

He stepped forward. The sound came again. Distinctly now, the old priest could hear that it was the sound of someone coughing.

"Who's there?" he asked.

He held the candle higher. The acid light etched his face, strong, deeply lined, and full of understanding. He could just make out a dim shape, a darker shadow pressed into the corner.

"You might as well come out," he said. "I can see you."

The shadow let out a long sigh and slowly shuffled forward.

"Juan?" questioned the priest.

"Si Padre," came the mumbled answer.

The priest could see something in Juan's hands.

"What are you holding, Juan?" he demanded, moving the candle closer.

Suddenly, the room was filled with a galaxy of little glittering lights. The stalactites were transformed into chandeliers and the rows of casks into treasure chests.

"Ssss!" the little priest sucked his teeth in amazement. "The chalice!"

In Juan's hands, glittered a silver chalice, covered with diamonds and rubies. Each gem caught the candle-light, broke it, and splashed it a thousand-fold upon the floor, the walls and the ceiling.

"What are you doing with the chalice?" demanded the priest.

Juan looked at the floor. He shifted his weight uneasily.

"I am your priest, Juan."

The candle-light flickered strange shadows across Juan's trembling form.

The priest was filled with compassion. His parish was poor and, if one or two of them should do something wrong, it was only natural. Juan was a good man and the padre knew that he must have suffered a great temptation.

"I think I understand, Juan," said the priest softly. "Now, just give me the chalice and I will forget what has happened."

Juan looked down at the chalice. His long, knobby fingers trembled around it. His eyes were filled with its glittering and he was suddenly rich beyond his wildest dreamings. He saw himself riding down the dusty streets of San Jacinto on a fine horse. His friends were with him. They were laughing. And why not? He had a big house and servants who did all his work. He was rich.

"I said, give me the chalice, Juan."

Juan's fingers tightened around the chalice. His eyes were opened very wide.

"No," his voice squeaked strangely.

The stone walls, slick as snail slime from the rain seepage, suddenly burst into a dazzling blaze of diamond and ruby reflections. Juan swung the chalice in a great, glittering arc and struck the padre on the side of the head. The priest crumpled. The candle, rolling from his loose fingers, sputtered and smoked across the floor.

Juan's glittering world suddenly vanished. He stood staring at the old priest who was like a coarse, brown blanket rumped against the wet cobbles. Unnoticed, the chalice fell, clattering and rolling past the flickering candle and out of its brief area of brightness. The little, jewelled lights giddily flashed once across the ceiling and then were gone.

In the chapel above, the carollers were singing,

"—*Tiene anunciando al ninito Jesus*
Brilla la estrella de pas
Brilla la estrella de pas."

The chalice rolled back into the little circle of light and caught the last flickering of the candle which was lying in a small pool of wax and, with a single, flashing diamond, twinkled a tear on Juan's cheek.

"THE NIGHT IS A LONG HOUR"

JEAN UNGER CHASE '43

The night is a long hour.
Day, with its golden sun
Ticks fast away.
Beating, stirring, pouring seconds
Run swiftly.

But when the light is gone
And there is only silence,
Thick and heavy,
Night is a waiting, lonely, sullen,
Loveless hour.

WHEN TIME AND THE EARTH WERE STILL

ROBERT F. WORKMAN '55

We met — you and I —
and, for a brief afternoon,
time and the earth were motionless.

There was a sun,
but it was winter —
a wind tinkled the tiny glass prisms
that hung suspended outside the window.

The room was warmed by our words —
words that unfolded two minds and two hearts.

What did we talk of, that winter afternoon?
Was it of life and death? Or was it of ourselves?
I can't remember.

I do remember the sounds that reached us
through velvet —
the whine of a car, the blast of a horn —
the shout of a child home from school —
and the tinkling sound the wind made among glass prisms.

Those prisms were my responsive heart,
and the wind was your voice —
gentle, peace-compelling

I think I knew then my life would never be the same,
after that afternoon when time and the earth were motionless,
and the wind caused tinkling movements among glass prisms.
I thought, "Here — here, at last, is my love."

Then the earth moved again, and time awoke —
our afternoon was ended.

But the tinkling remained, and remains —
I hear it now. Do you?
Listen!
Listen closely, for it's here —
here in the heart of your love.

JET

ANITA SHANNON '55

"F-U two-two-zero, this is Manley Tower. Ready for take-off?"

"Manley Tower, two-two-zero. All set."

"Wind variable north-northeast, five to ten, on runway three-six. Altimeter 552 feet. Clear to taxi."

First Lieutenant Gig Claiborne taxied the sleek jet into position on the runway and checked his instruments.

"Manley Tower, this is F-U-two-two-zero, ready for take-off."

"Clear for take-off."

"Two-two-zero."

Gig pushed the throttle forward and felt the throb of the F-86 responding to his touch at the controls.

"F-U two-two-zero off on heading three-six at 1300." The tower operator broke in as the silver bird rose swiftly into the sky, with tremendous power.

"Manley, this is two-two-zero. If the base hospital calls me, pass on the message, will you?"

"Check. Anything else?"

"That's all. Thanks. Two-two-zero."

The F-86 streaked through a sky that resembled a celestial city; the hanging vapors built floor upon floor, like skyscrapers. Gig nosed the jet through one cloud and dodged into another feathery haze. From a clearing, he glanced swiftly down and saw Virginia beneath him, hilly, rich, covered with forests.

"Damn!"

The word exploded over the sound of the jet engines. Gig added a few more expletives, sparing the chain-of-command nothing.

"What the hell is flying time for! They won't even let a guy have a baby!"

He set the controls to gain altitude. When the plane had climbed to twelve thousand, Gig leveled off.

It *had* been a low blow. Dottie's baby was late, and he had put off his flight time figuring to go up after the baby came. Maybe it *was* his fault. If he had just taken time earlier . . . if he had just asked sooner to be relieved. He knew Air Force red tape was bound to get tangled on such short notice.

So today, May 31 — "Fly or no pay." And Dottie was in labor at the base hospital.

"Dottie . . ." Gig savored the taste of her name and smiled idiotically. Why, nothing would happen to Dottie. His mom had come out of it five times. Confidently, Gig put the plane through some dizzy spins.

He checked his watch. 1:45. He had another hour and fifteen to go. He wanted so much to be with Dottie today — or near her,

at least. He forced himself to think of something else . . . training at Smithson Air Force Base three years before.

Gig laughed to himself. Just a bunch of wild kids, college age most of them. Withers—the guy with a ski jump nose. Jeeter—the kid with iron nerve. Lee, Temple, Sorenson—all earned their wings. Edwards, Hobson, washed out. Ellerton, Dupre . . .

Ellerton had had a fouled-up landing. For Dupre it had been a flame-out at high speed. Gig shuddered and went into a dive.

Only 2:15. Gig was trying to push Korea out of his mind. Korea, with its hideously cold winters . . . its maddeningly hot summers.

The Lieutenant had felt pretty down-hearted when he got his first good look at that god-forsaken base in South Korea. He was Lieutenant Claiborne, a second looney fresh from the States—let-down and depressed.

Above him, he heard the roar of a jet fighter. He looked up without interest and stared, fascinated. The plane made a couple of passes over the field, then spun into a dazzling, low-altitude roll.

A mechanic was watching from the wing of another fighter. The Lieutenant tried to sound casual.

“What’s that idiot think he’s doing?”

The mechanic regarded Gig with interest.

“Ever seen a victory roll, sir?”

He hadn’t, he said, but he had heard of it.

“Well,” said the airman, tossing a nod toward the jet, “that boy just got himself a MIG.”

The young Lieutenant was impressed.

Gig’s crew went out on a mission on July 13. Just a routine flight. But his F-84 met a deadly MIG, and after a wild chase the MIG spiraled into the barren hills.

His heart pounded on the way back to the base—this boy who had got himself a MIG. Over the airfield he gathered his nerve and dived low, turning the plane over skillfully, as he had seen it done. When he leveled off, control tower called him three times before he heard them. His training had paid off—but his carelessness in not warning the tower nearly cost him his wings.

“A boy!” he exclaimed. “Got to have a boy!”

Before his mind’s eye stood a replica of Gig, stocky, blond—with brown eyes and maybe a smudge of dirt on his face. He would dabble in football, this boy, and fiddle with cars as Gig had as a kid.

George, Jr. . . . No, none of that “Junior” stuff. Maybe Richard—Rick for short. That was it. Gig liked that. Rick.

Who ever said it was hard to name a baby?

"F-U two-two-zero, this is Manley Tower."

The radio startled Gig. His voice shook with anticipation as he replied.

"Manley, this is F-U two-two-zero."

"Two-two-zero, you have Major Harver's permission to come in. You just had a baby."

"How's Dottie?" Gig broke in.

"Fine. And you've had a girl. Come in and circle for landing instructions. Congratulations."

"Two-two-zero."

Gig breathed deeply and thought his lungs would push his ribs apart.

"A girl!" he yelled. "A little Dottie!"

And then. . . "Another Pretty-eyes!"

He pulled a ready cigar from his pocket and chewed it excitedly.

Gig maneuvered the F-86 back to the base and spotted the hospital. He started to ask for landing instructions.

No—not yet. He eyed the space between the hospital and the landing strip. It looked wide enough.

"Hell, why not? I'm a father!"

With a whoop, Gig put the plane into a dive. The jet swooped low over the base in the turns of a dizzy, spinning victory roll.

"Two-two-zero!" The operator shouted into his radio. The voice faded into a horrified whisper.

"God! That crazy fool!"

"THE SUN BREAKS THROUGH"

ROLFE KORSBORN '56

The sun breaks through
The thin membrane
Of the rain
And shatters the shell of the sky.

The sun breaks through
The tear-streaked
Window pane
And creeps hand-over-hand down the wall.

The sun breaks through
The wires of my dreams
And, in that instant,
My self is caught: I dare not look in the mirror.

ROLL 'EM DOWN THE MOUNTAIN

MARILYN HERT '56

Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Prose

I was sauntering down the hall toward my room when a great wailing came from the adjoining room. Naturally my curiosity was aroused so I went over to find out what was wrong. When I opened the door my eyes were greeted by the sight of ten girls stretched out on beds and every last one was crying. Trying to make myself heard I yelled, "What's wrong with you guys!" Silence reigned as ten pairs of eyes turned toward me with their, "Don't-you-know-what-happened?" expression. Noting my blank expression, one of the girls blurted, "Haven't you seen the new waitresses?"

"Where?"

"Didn't you see those two classy dames who walked into the dining room and talked with Jo? You know, those with the hats, and heels, and gloves. Dressed fit to kill."

"You mean those are waitresses!!"

"And we're all gonna lose our boy friends."

"Any suggestions as to how we can get rid of 'em?"

And with that statement, ten girls returned to their wailing.

"They'd better keep their hands off Jay."

"Hey, what am I bawling for, I don't even have a man to lose!"

"Oh, come on and bawl in sympathy for us."

"Girls, prepare to lose your men."

"Well, she'll have to be blonde for Jim to be interested."

"Hey, we haven't seen 'em close up, they're probably as ugly as all get out."

"I don't need to see 'em close-up. What I saw at a distance was bad enough."

"Did you notice their clothes — expensive, huh!"

"Their shape is enough to knock your eye out."

"Oh — why do you have to remind us."

"Their luggage is in the other room and it's expensive, too."

"I heard one of 'em was a Kappa."

"So what!"

"So what? That means she's sharp, that's what."

"Someone please, please, think of some way to get rid of 'em."

"I've got an idea."

All eyes turn toward Kay. Kay was one of those girls whom every boy likes. She was cute and always looked like a million dollars. Her clothes were not expensive, but she wore them well.

She saw the funny side of everything and possessed an indescribable, but unforgettable giggle. At this point her eyes were sparkling with excitement.

"Don't keep us in suspense. Give! !"

"Why don't we roll 'em down the mountain?"

"Hurray!"

"Good deal!"

"Our hero!"

"Brilliant idea!"

"We could sneak in tonight after they're asleep."

"And tie their hands and feet."

"Let's draw straws to see who gets the honor."

"And tonight about two, we'll sneak in and—"

"We'll roll them right down the side of the mountain."

"Can't you just see 'em bouncing off the trees on the way down!"

"And we kin throw their ol' expensive luggage right down on top of 'em!"

"Anyone got a hat?"

"Here, draw."

"Oh, oh, I got one with an X on it."

"Who else got the X's."

"I did."

"So did I."

"All right, Mary Lou, Mage, and Lynn roll 'em down the mountain."

"If they live, at least the fellows won't want 'em."

And all heads nod in satisfaction.



TO A FAVORITE NIECE

(from one who once was king)

ETHEL SHELLEY STEINMETZ '31

So you, too, think that love is worth the cost
Of royal pomp and glory of the throne,
And say as I once said, "The World's well lost,
Can I but claim my loved one as my own."
I, too, then young and weary of renown,
Was glad to shed the cloak of royalty,
Glad, at long last, to lay aside the crown
To share with my true love my destiny.
But now, though free, I still cannot forget
The power and the glory I foreswore;
I spend my idle hours in vain regret,
Condemned to live in exile evermore.
Now, love, once more than worthy of the price,
Is but a symbol of my sacrifice.

TO HENRY DAVID THOREAU

BETH HAMMON '55

Mr. Thoreau, sir, I admire you, though you would not have me say it to your face. To me you are a giant in the history of men.

You are surely not a handsome fellow — small build, tight-fitting skin. And your personality does not glow in social conversation; you have not attained the graces of impeccable *savoir vivre*.

But the soul of you, sir! Your spirit is as tall and straight and beautiful as a Maine woods pine; it towers above the multitudes of larger-structured men. And your mind is clarity and depth; and it glitters in the sun like Walden Pond each morning early in the spring.

You are the supple-muscled vigor of a youth, vibrating with the strike of his axe into the living wood. You, too, have felt the power of the swinging axe, have faced the natural world with challenge in your blood. The out-of-doors air burned your lungs in winter and warmed your veins in June days, and July. The wind and rain have cleaned your face; the rainbow shined your eyes with light that thunder-clouds and storms could never dull.

I see you whistling in the morning air like any youth, who walks with head held high because the will to live is nearly bursting out his seams. But you, sir, stand above him in your rights! You dared to live the life you dreamed — the life you saw as real. His vision glowed awhile, then was forgot. The iron of secure convention had locked across his swarthy chest, and fiery youth succumbed his will. Not you, sir. So rigorous is your hold on life that milder minded men become afraid of it. You met to master life on her own pine-floored battleground; success to you was sweeter than you ever hoped in wildest moments of desire. As much as human mind can transcend human life, you did — you met with God. You caught the star-fire of the heavens in your heart and you knew freedom in the cell that other men can find nowhere in life.

Amid hushed symphonies of busy forest life I see you listen, watch, and think. You know the out-of-doors, the subtle attitudes of spring and fall. You've heard the echoing laughter of a loon on Walden Pond, you've watched myriads of birds rising with the coming sun, you've felt the softness of a new-born fawn. But even more alert are you to something in the inward soul of man. You understand the workings of his weaknesses, his failures, and his fears.

You are rare, sir — a living challenge to the world of social

acting man. It would be a strange sort of world and quite impractical if there were more of you. But thank God that there is one of you, at least, to stir in awesome moments the adventurous souls of youth!

THE RIVER AND THE CITY

ANITA SHANNON '55

A misty rain was falling
Throwing a veil of freshness into their faces:
A youthful couple strolling darkened streets.
Gaslights sputtered
Streets glistened from the rain.
With unquickened pace they crossed the streets
Walked through arches dark with antiquity
Age and mellowness surrounding them.

They came to the river.

The river reflected light
Brighter than the gas illumination
Moved more swiftly than time
Pushed roughly through the city
Streams as clearly fresh
As the bridges across were old.

The river spoke to them.

You will see much along my banks
More than you have ever seen
You will move desperately through my city
Each night you will return to me
You have done this before
I have seen you . . .

My city lives
And while I flow through its veins
You cannot hear its heartbeat
Better than on my banks . . .

You will return as surely
As you would answer voodoo drums
When my city-heart calls to you . . .

City blood runs through me
You have it in your veins
Each night you will return to me
You have done this before

I have seen you . . .

And your faces will still glow
From facets of dew on your cheeks.

Silently they drifted back
Into the anonymity of the city-night
Feeling life pulsing at their temples—
Other nights just as the river vowed
They walked its lonely banks
Veins filled to bursting with city life-blood
And facets of dew on their cheeks.

THE SWIMMER

SARAH ROSE '56

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose

The light was fading into that after-supper softness when Lew started down the steep bluff to the river. The hard-packed earth of the path was still warm to the boy's bare feet and he made no sound as he followed its winding course through the stunted willows and water maples.

The river stretched before him, a smooth wide ribbon of serenity whose surface mirrored the dusky green of the trees guarding its banks. Lew looked out over the water a minute, standing with his hands rammed deep in the pockets of his faded levis, and seemed to measure the river against himself. Its quiet strength against his youth; its complacent indifference against his vitality and interest.

He hung his shirt on a handy tree branch and stepped out of his pants, leaving them on the ground as they fell. A nosy young catfish idled up to the bank, was startled by finding someone there after all, and made a thrashing turn back to deep water. Lew grinned, thinking that a baited hook would have to greet this imprudent visitor some other time.

Lew slipped into the water quickly, his young gangly body showing white for a minute against the dark backdrop of hills and bushes, then becoming invisible as he waded farther out. The water was cool on his skin and followed his movements with a scurrying wake of ripples.

As the water grew deeper, he began swimming with long easy strokes. Slowly the distance between himself and the shore widened, and he found himself in the middle of a smooth and shining expanse of water. He rested a few seconds, floating on his back and moving his arms only enough to keep the current from carrying him downstream. He could hear the voices of children shouting as they played through the evening. There were a few houses there on the high bank, and although he could not see it, he could picture how the rest of the town lay behind them. A screen door banged, and he heard a woman's voice.

"Here, Skippy. Here, Skippy." The sound carried clearly over the water.

Steadily he pulled his body through the water, glorying in his own power, and in his aloofness from the world. He came within the shadow of the cottonwoods on the opposite bank and his feet touched the sandy bottom. He waded ashore to rest and catch his breath before he started back. A few splotches of yellow light shone from the houses where the children had been playing

and he could hear faintly a few bars of a song from someone's radio. He felt alien and at the same time superior to be sitting on the opposite bank of the river, looking across at his town.

The shadows and distant hills were inky colored now and the river was beautiful in silver and black. A pale summer moon was caught in the branches of a tall oak upriver. As he started back into the water, the moon freed itself to watch him.

Lew swam steadily, pausing now and then to tread water and catch his breath. His arms began to tire so that he was glad when he could stand upright and wade ashore. He shivered a little when the evening breeze struck him, although it was far from cold. Hurriedly he pulled on his pants and shirt, then stretched out against a log washed up by high water.

It dawned on him suddenly that he was tired. With the tiredness came a warmth of contentment and pride. He had swum the river over and back by himself, and the river had been his friend. Lew stood up to leave, then paused and skipped a pebble out onto the moon-silvered water. It was the same as if he had waved good-bye to an old and intimate friend.

Hands rammed deep in his pockets, the boy climbed up the path to the narrow street at the top and ambled home. His mother was on the porch when he came up the walk. She rocked herself gently in the porch swing so that the chains made a regular skreak, accompaniment to her words.

"Well," she said, "I see you decided to come home. Never saw such a boy for slippin' off."

"Uh," Lew said, noncommittally. He dropped to a seat on the edge of the porch and leaned against a post.

"Where'd you go?" she asked. "You didn't go near the river, now?" Her voice held a note that was half questioning, half warning.

"Oh, what'd I want to go there for, Ma," he said with the age old impatience of youth for the questioning of their elders.

"Well, I don't know why you would go there, and you'd just better not. You'll fall in and drown, and then where'll we be!"

"Yes, Ma." Lew hauled himself to his feet and walked into the house banging the screen door behind him. Idly he flipped a pebble from the river bank; outside the porch swing went skreak, skreak, skreak.

"BLESSED ARE THE MEEK"

CAROLE LINCOLN '55

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose

As the screen door slammed between me and the warmth of the early morning sun, I saw that the huge, bare kitchen of The Inn had not lost its crude but clean appearance during the chilly August night. The oversize pans and spoons still hung along the wall on iron prongs; the banging of the heavy doors on the walk-in ice boxes still echoed through the big room; and the long, unvarnished, unpainted counter held the same rows of servings of melon and juices that it held every morning when I came downstairs to eat my breakfast before serving the guests.

Picking up a ripe piece of honeydew melon and a spoon, I walked back to the huge, outdated stove to order my usual breakfast of two scrambled eggs. The combined, delicious aroma of bacon frying in the heavy, black skillets, cornbread baking, and oatmeal simmering in the double boiler made its way invitingly through the kitchen.

"Two scrambled eggs, please, Mr. Tree." I said in the same way as I had every other summer morning, but the six-foot, six-inch Negro cook continued to turn the strips of bacon over in the bubbling grease. This was unusual, for since I had only a half hour to eat my breakfast, he usually hurried to fill my order.

Until this morning, on our mutual love of rich pecan pie and intense dislike of cold sliced tongue, I had built up quite a friendship with Mr. Tree (formerly known as 'Tree Top' because of his tall stature and later adjusted to Mr. Tree out of respect for his age and ability to turn out hot, flaky blueberry muffins on cold mornings).

His smooth, black skin rippling over the bursting muscles in his arms and back with every movement gave him a comical appearance as he busily went about the task of preparing three meals a day for eighty to a hundred people. He would have looked very much at home shoveling mountainous heaps of coal into a snarling blast furnace or chopping down trees of Paul Bunyan proportions in the great northern forests, but peeling potatoes or mixing up a batch of biscuits made him seem even larger than he was. Regardless of his monstrous size, however, a lifetime of abuse and defeat because of his Negro blood had molded him into a very humble person. Therefore, I was startled when he ignored me on this particular morning.

"Could I have two scrambled eggs, please, Mr. Tree?" I asked again. Still no answer. Indignant over this insult, I took two eggs from the crate and broke them into a bowl. Having beat them into a frothy, yellow liquid, I decided to try my luck again.

"Mr. Tree, would you please cook these for me?" I asked in a very disgusted tone of voice.

The big man calmly replied, "Why, Miss Carolyn, I thought you were doing all right by yourself."

"Nevertheless, this is not my job, and I would like you to cook these for me!" I sputtered, as I was quite flustered by this time.

Ignoring the eggs which I had mixed, he took two more from the crate and calmly broke them into a bowl.

"What's wrong with these?" I asked, pointing at the ones I had started. "They're for me, so I'll eat these."

Still he ignored me. By this time, I was too upset to realize what a trivial thing this whole business was. I left the stove and got a bowl of cold cereal, which I took into the dining room to eat.

A few minutes later, Martha, another waitress, brought a steaming plate of fluffy scrambled eggs to me.

"Mr. Tree said that these are yours," she said timidly.

"You tell Mr. Tree that I've already had my breakfast." Anger shook my voice, as I tried vainly to remain calm and indifferent. Martha and the eggs disappeared into the kitchen.

Suddenly, the memory of the big Negro cook turned my anger into fear. I began to tremble. "If a man as big as that became really mad, no telling what he might do!" was the sickening thought that kept running through my mind. My hands turned cold and damp. I could hear my heart thumping loud and fast. I reached for my glass of milk, but the strength to pick it up was not there.

I finally decided that I would have to apologize and with my knees quivering, hesitantly entered the kitchen. There, at the oilcloth covered table used by the Negro help, sat Mr. Tree quietly eating a huge plate of no longer steaming scrambled eggs. I was too relieved to feel triumphant.

"I'm sorry about the eggs, Mr. Tree."

"I'm used to takin' the white people's leftovers, Miss Carolyn."

Shame deeper and more painful than either the anger or fear I had experienced before swelled within me. I felt like a spoiled child whose selfishness and self-centered interests refuse to consider the feelings of anyone else. This was one of the trivialities that had helped to build the barrier between his race and mine; and I, who claimed to be so broadminded and free of prejudice, had felt it necessary to bend the will of this great man to mine. And being great, he bent.

A FIVE-CENT NOEL

WILLIAM H. RUSSELL '57

A song of saxophones,
engraved on spinning wax,
proclaims
 our Savior's birth.
Hear, oh God!
electronic thump and
sheet steel whine,
 our Christmas songs
compelling Christ with them
to death.

HILL-LANDS

SARAH ROSE '56

Second Prize, Burkhart Poetry

My heart lies in the hill-lands
With its roots deep in the rocky soil,
Where lean cows climb
To search for scanty pasture
And a black crow dots the sky.
I stand on the ridge with the sun and wind full
 on me
And sweep my eyes to other hills
That hump their bare brown shoulders
To protect farmhouses huddled in the hollows
— The farmhouses with curls of blue smoke rising
 from their coziness.
I rest in the valley with the velvet shadows a cloak
 over me
And the arms of the hills holding me secure.

REVELATION

CAROLE LINCOLN '55

Third Prize, Burkhart Poetry

Great men with bearded faces old and gray,
Since time evolved, with reasoned scheme have thought
That man, whom so divine a God has wrought,
Will not return to earth as merely clay;
Instead immortal life must be God's way.
"O, foolish man! See how the leaves are brought,"
Cried I, "to grow on trees, then fall and rot."
"Should we be more immortal yet than they?"
Then came the spring with warm and gentle rain,
And I watched glorious blossoms stretch and grow
From ground so richly vitalized with leaves,
Which during bleak December there had lain.
Now I see leaved arms shed their clothes and know
That He Who looms life's fabric, my shroud weaves.

EMILY

ROBERT F. WORKMAN '55

Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Prose

There was a time when she hadn't worried. She had had all the advantages, and they had given her confidence. But the years had passed and her assurance had ebbed with them. "Why?" she would say to herself as she boarded the bus for her uninteresting job downtown—"Why can't I meet someone?" At those times, she often pulled the tiny mirror from her purse and, on the pretext of tucking in a stray wisp of hair, examined her features. She had never been spectacularly beautiful, as it seemed to her so many women were, but there was a quiet charm about her that was sometimes hidden by the look in her verge-of-being-hurt eyes. She had inherited a comfortable income from her father, and she didn't actually have to work, but single women who stayed home these days were looked upon as oddities. She would replace her mirror in her purse with her young dreams and begin to think resolutely of the day before her, with only the faint echo of her inner, hopeful self saying, "Maybe today—"

This day started out like all the rest. She rose promptly at still-dark six, set the coffee perking and squeezed oranges. While the percolator murmured busily to itself, she showered and dressed carefully, deliberately prolonging the time before her breakfast, because she felt that, even with small things, anticipation is better than actuality. This morning, she used a more vivid shade of lipstick than that she was accustomed to wearing, because it was the exact shade of her new dark-red suit, the one she had hesitated before buying. But it went so well with her dark hair and skin that she had had the clerk send it out, a feeling of recklessness surging through her as she wrote the check for two hundred dollars. This morning, she looked rather ruefully at the completed picture of herself in her mirror, but the echo of "Maybe today" seemed particularly loud—

Alighting from the bus, she joined the crowd of office workers on the busy downtown streets. The cold, gray morning did not affect her unusual mood of expectancy; it was with reluctance that she turned into her building and rode the elevator to the floor where her cubicle was located. She worked for a publishing house whose payroll clerks would have been hard-put to have told you who Emily Grant was. She had made few real friends in the relatively brief time she had been there—if four years can be called relatively brief.

At ten, she looked up from the manuscript before her when she felt that she was being watched. A tall man was standing in

the open doorway of her office; he apologized in a quiet-voiced way for disturbing her before he asked for Mr. Patterson. She rose, uncomfortably aware that his eyes were on her trim body — it must have been the suit — and offered to take him to Mr. Patterson's office. He thanked her and she led the way down the corridor, feeling very self-conscious as their heels made a soft, swishing sound on the carpet.

At the door to Mr. Patterson's office, she stopped and he thanked her again. As she returned to her own office, she knew if she looked back that she would see him still standing there, his eyes on her.

Some time later, when she was beginning to think of where she would eat lunch, he returned.

"I don't mean to seem presumptuous, but I've been wondering if you have plans for lunch? You see, I don't know a soul except Chet —" He gave a jerk of his head in the direction of Patterson's office. "I can't leave for home until tomorrow —"

She had not really been surprised — she realized she had been finding non-essential things to do until she could see him leave — and she accepted.

Embarrassed at the eyes she felt were on her, she crossed the main dining room at the Elixar, her eyes riveted on the steady, navy blue back of the headwaiter. Once seated, she felt somewhat better, and she had an opportunity to examine her companion as he studied the menu. He wasn't handsome, but there was a look of honesty about him that she liked, and she liked the way his hair had grayed across the front and left the back still dark and crisp-looking.

They were immediately easy with each other, which was a rather curious thing because she had never really been at ease with any man except her father . . .

"I don't think we've even exchanged names," was one of the first things her companion said, and she felt the slow red suffuse her cheeks at what he must think of her too-eager acceptance. "Mine is Carl — Carl Henderson —" and he ended with a rising inflection.

"Emily Richardson," she murmured, and he made a great show of shaking hands, although she sensed that he, too, was embarrassed.

It was pleasant — almost exciting. She wasn't used to masculine attention and she found herself starting to light her own cigarette before she saw the lighter he had produced from his pocket.

She learned several things about him — he worked for a Milwaukee bookbinding firm and he had a fifteen-year-old daughter. He was in New York on business, he had a cousin in White Plains,

he liked Faulkner, and he was lonely. The latter was implied in everything he said.

The hour passed quickly and she started guiltily when she glanced at her watch and saw that she was already five minutes overdue at the office. She gathered her purse and gloves hurriedly and they left the restaurant quickly.

"May I take you to dinner? I suppose it's too late to get tickets for a show—maybe a movie?" And again, his question hadn't surprised her.

They made arrangements for him to stop by for her at eight and he left her at her office door. The rest of the day went by in a blur and she found herself unable to concentrate on her work. "Silly," she kept telling herself, but it didn't help.

She was ready before seven, and she was rather pleased with the way she looked. She had chosen a pale blue silk that she had never before worn, and she pinned her mother's diamond pin to the collar. The hour went slowly but, finally, it was eight and she laid out her new black coat and a new pair of white gloves. At eight-fifteen, she noticed one stocking had a snagged place and she changed them. At eight-thirty, she looked up the number of the small hotel where he had said he was staying. And at nine-thirty, brushing the tears from her cheeks, she dialed the number. The masculine voice on the other end had a slight whine in it that seemed to her to imply that he knew she had been crying.

"Henderson? Mr. Henderson checked out at four-thirty. He had a long distance call from his wife and he had me call the airport to see—"



"TEARDROPS"

BEVERLY BRUMLEY '57

Teardrops
Trickling gently downward
Glisten,

Sparkle,
And shine.

'Tis a shame
That something so beautiful
Is nothing
But a glimmer
Of sadness.

THE CYCLE

DOLORES KLAICH '58

Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Prose

It was a dismal rainy night. The rain droned steadily on the attic room roof and blurred the Broadway tenement window as it slithered down the side of the building. The neon sign across the street illuminated the small room from time to time revealing a withered old lady in a rocking chair.

Lola blinked her bespectacled eyes as the neon sign clicked off and on. She could faintly make out the writing on the marquee. It read: WORLD PREMIER RE-RELEASE OF "THE FRIENDS" STARRING EVE KELLEY. "*The Friends*," reminisced Lola, and her mind traveled back twenty desolate years.

"... camera, action. All right, Lola, this is the big scene. Now easy does it. This is the part you've been waiting for. After years of trash, you're here, honey; you've made it! Take seven— *The Friends* — Lola Lane. Roll 'em!"

That's Burt all right, thought Lola. Always there, always earning his ten per cent, yes that's Burt. Wonder what he's doing now.

Just as Burt had prophesied, *The Friends* was my part. Lola Lane — brightest of the new starlets. I began to feel that my life was just like a million other starlet-makes-good-stories I had read while sitting in those uncomfortable waiting room chairs in the casting offices.

After *The Friends* I no longer had to call at casting offices — they called me. It felt good after years of struggle. Then it was movie after movie, pretty soon hardly no plot at all — just me, always me bringing in those box office receipts. I moved to a Beverly Hills house complete with French maid and a swimming pool. It was one big whirl from start to finish. There was no more relaxing, only rushing; rushing to a benefit, rushing for a fitting, rushing for an interview — rush, rush, rush, rush, and all of a sudden, quiet. Then the newspaper headlines screamed, "Lola Lane Collapses," "Lola Lane in Sanitarium." Gossip columns whispered "broken heart," etc. How wrong they were, but of course who wants to read in a gossip column about a nervous breakdown from overwork?

It took me four years to recover after several relapses. I'll never forget Burt's words when I contacted him to tell him I was still alive. "Good to see you again, Lola, have a swell part for you; of course it's not the lead, but I consider it better than the lead. You know, it's the kind of part the public remembers after they forget everything else about the movie; here, take along the script; good to see you again, Lola." The public noticed the role

all right. So did the columnists; one of them noted in his column: "Lola Lane is back . . . too bad." Yes, it was true.

The next chapter I read in those startlet-makes-good-stories usually was titled "Star Makes Comeback." But here the resemblance to my story in the casting offices stopped. My next chapter was titled "Desolateness" for fifteen years.

A knock at the door interrupted Lola's thoughts. She got up shakily from the rocker and answered it. The newsboy collected his money for the week and left Lola with the slightly damp late edition.

Lola looked out into the night. She read the marquee again: "World Premiere." She glanced down the street and saw that the procession which nowadays accompanies a first night had started at the end of the block. The giant spotlights were turned on and wet shiny Cadillac after Cadillac rolled up to the red carpeted doorway. Tuxedos and mink stoles which emerged from the sleek limousines intermingled with the crowd. Flashbulbs clicked, newsmen scurried here and there, spotlights beamed, and suddenly everything grew louder as Miss Eve Kelley, accompanied by her agent, emerged from a Rolls Royce. Miss Kelley was beaming, she smiled pleasantly trying desperately to maintain a little composure among all this bedlam. A pretty girl, thought Lola from the window, wrapping her shawl tighter around her shivering shoulders as she watched the procession gradually filter into the theater.

Soon the street was deserted. Papers flew into the night air and were immediately flattened against the pavement by the rain. Mr. Laferty, the neighborhood cop, walked past the theater twirling his night stick, and somewhere in the darkness a river boat wailed its arrival.

Lola shivered once again as a recognition of the warm room and returned to her rocker. In her hand she noticed the evening paper which had dried while she was at the window. She flipped on the living room light and as she sat down the rocker gave its familiar creak; she smiled. Lola automatically opened the newspaper to the theater section and scanned the movie news just as she had done every evening for almost fifteen years. Her eyes stopped at Jim Hill's gossip column. She read: "Tonight at the Empire Theater another starlet will make her debut amid the bright lights via a world premiere. Her name is Eve Kelley, starring in the re-make of that great movie *The Friends*. As I write this preview I can't help remembering about twenty years ago — some of you oldsters can reminisce with me — when *The Friends* was first released. It introduced a great star, Miss Lola Lane. Miss Kelley has a big job before her to live up to Miss Lane's unforgettable performance in this movie, and if she comes through, I venture to say

that Director Sidney King, has another star on his hands. Festivities for the world premiere get under way at nine o'clock with the traditional parade of stars, and the showing of the movie starts at ten o'clock. Your reviewer will catch the show this evening and bring you the story in tomorrow evening's paper. By the way, what has happened to Lola Lane?"

The old woman dropped the newspaper, drew her shawl tighter around herself and began rocking in the gloomy evening. A smile crossed her face and then faded.

•

TO MY OWN TRUE LOVE

NANCY CARTER '55

I have known many loves.
The first, an adolescent's crush
On wavy hair and impish grin —
How foolish.
The next was tall and worldly-wise.
"The only one for me," I thought.
He possessed my heart until
He graduated.
The last was sweet and thoughtful and
I thought — until his wife came home —
This surely must be he who'd shower
Me with all his love. Oh, well,
I'm learning.
And now, my dear, whoe'er you are,
The next in line to take my heart,
Be gentle, please, and sweet — and tall,
With wavy hair and impish grin,
And worldly-wise, and last in line.
I'm waiting.

•

a mood

MARION ANNE JENKINSON '58

a mood is a red line on a piece of pink paper or
it is a piece of coal
it can be blue um-ber-ellas — it can also not be
blue um-ber-ellas it is a lead weight on your head pushing d

o
w
n

or it is butterflies on your heels — flitting
and picking you up it can be straight rows of baby
blocks or it can be balloons floating pink and
green and some yellow balloons

it is a temper of mind; humor esp.
the sum of those mental dispositions which give the dominant
emotional character or cast of mind. page 1509 and
"False face must hide what false heart doth know."

I DON'T WANT TO GO

JOYCE MILLER '58

"Say, Nancy, did you hear about the big ball the ROTC is giving at the Loodaine Air Base next Friday night? From what I hear it's really going to be quite a shindig. Can't you just imagine what it will be like? What I mean is that everyone knows how soldiers and sailors are — always so disgustingly rowdy and uncultured. Of course, just fellows from school are going to be there, but still, with the dance off campus and in that kind of atmosphere they'll probably go wild and really raise a rumpus.

"Why, did you know there's even a bar there — right in the officers' quarters where the dance is going to be held! Of course, President Doran had it closed and partitioned off from the dance floor, but I'll bet that there will still be some liquor floating around. At least, you know some of the fellows will get drunk — sooner or later they always do. There might even be a brawl and wouldn't it be horrible to be mixed up in something like that! The papers would really eat up that kind of news! I surely am glad I'm not going. Why, I'd be embarrassed to tears just to be seen there!

"Think of how far away it is, too. Why, it takes a good hour just to get there. Most of the fellows have never even been to the base and they'll probably waste the whole evening just trying to find it. On top of that, the newspaper says it's supposed to go down to twenty below that night. And what if it should snow? The roads would be as slick as glass and driving would really be a hazard. My parents would be worried sick if they knew I was out. After all, you never know how well the fellow can drive and it would be just my luck to go with a speed demon. As soon as the car goes over fifty, I'm positively petrified, and that always makes a fellow mad. On a night like that we'd probably all end up in the hospital or worse yet the morgue!

"The cars would be just packed, too, if you call those junk heaps cars! I wouldn't be surprised if we would end up on some country road with a flat tire, ten miles to a filling station, and fifteen minutes until our deadline. Oh well, who minds a two-week campus!

"And Nancy, just think of how wilted your formal would look after sitting on it for an hour in a crowded car. It would be so mashed by the time you got there that you would feel like turning around and going home. With bare formals and shortie coats every girl there will end up in the health center with pneumonia. As easily as I catch cold, I'd just be playing with fire to go. Besides, I don't even own but one decent formal and

I'm saving it for the big sorority dance the following week. All my other formals are just too old and I couldn't wear the same one to both. My cousin has a pretty blue one she would loan me but I do so hate to borrow. If anything should happen I'd have to replace it, so I'd worry about it all evening. There, you see, I positively couldn't go!

"Even if I finally got to the dance I'd probably have a horrible time. Everyone has to go through a reception line, of all things. I'd just die! Imagine me shaking hands with a whole row of strangers and trying to make polite conversation. I'm so tongue-tied I wouldn't even be able to tell them my name. Someone said you even have to curtsy to the officers and their wives. Can't you just see me tripping over my big feet and sprawling flat on my face in the middle of those people?"

"And Nancy, can't you imagine the kind of orchestra they'd have in an officers' club room? I know there would be a singer, one of those in a tight, black dress slit up the side practically to her neck. Naturally, she'd be an H₂O₂ blonde—they always are. Honestly, I blush to think of it!"

"Anyway, I've got tons and tons of studying to do—history reference work and all my education homework to read. It'll be a good time to really get all caught up. You see, I wouldn't even have time to go. After all, what did you come to college for—a good time or an education? Those kids have one-thirty permissions—think of that, out until one-thirty in the morning! Absolutely ridiculous! No sense at all! Just for a little dance! Anyway, I need my sleep.

"And when you come right down to it, I don't know any really nice fellows in the ROTC. They are all sort of creepy in an odd sort of way. I bet over three-fourths of them can't dance and it's terrible to spend a whole evening with a fellow who just sits on the sidelines, especially if you don't even know him very well. No, I really can't think of anyone in the ROTC with whom I'd want to be seen. In fact, I think I'd feel actually so insulted on being asked to the crazy thing that if somebody did ask me I'd really tell him off.

"Oh, telephone? Fellow calling? For me? I'll be right back, Nancy, so don't leave.

"Nancy, you'll never guess who that was! Not in a million years! It was Phil Matos, imagine—Phil Matos calling me! Better than that, (hold on to your pulse) he wants me to go to the Military Ball with him. Why, Nancy, he's a positive dream and I've had a crush on him for simply years. Imagine, the Military Ball—the biggest and best dance of the year! Oh, aren't I the luckiest girl to be able to go—and with Phil of all people? I'm

going to rush right down to call my cousin. Gracious, I'm so excited I can hardly talk. What did you say? Did I say 'Yes'? Well, you silly nitwit, why shouldn't I?

"Of course I did!"

A STUDY IN LIGHT AND DARK

BETH HAMMON '55

A sprightly hello with shining eyes and an I-like-you smile burst into the room like a rush of freshest air. The bite of the out-of-doors had left a November flush on her pretty cheeks; the winter wind had disarranged the order of her lively black curls. She was barely nineteen — sunshine, eagerness, and blue-jeaned charm.

She squatted Indian fashion on the bed and munched a piece of chocolate as she chattered. Life was fun if you'd been cycling in the fall afternoon. And it was even better if you thought you were in love with the handsome fellow with you on the bike for two. She twisted her legs about the back of a near-by chair and propped up her chin with her hands. She was a grinning pixie in a green and brown plaid shirt.

She tumbled off the bed and sprawled comfortably on the floor. Then for a long minute she was silent. An unwanted thought had forced itself into her mind. A thunder cloud stormed across her face and a tear spilled onto her cheek. Her world shattered; and suddenly lay all about her on the floor.

But the storm passed as quickly as it came. The pieces of her little world snapped into position like an army at drill. All was right again. A streak of sunshine fell into the room to punctuate her gladness. She was like a little girl of five whose doll had been mended like new. She perched elf-like on the bed again and chattered reinspired, about being in love . . . and cycling in a fall afternoon.

COMPARISON

JEAN UNGER CHASE '43

The eyelids slowly drop — and he's asleep
(Such a little guy).
He doesn't know that eerie whine
Is sweep of jets across the sky.

In another twenty years, if our world
Continues this mad pace,
I wonder (a mother does) if he
Will sleep in some more lonely place.

LAND OF THE PHAROAHS

MARY ANN CHARLES '56

Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Prose

Egypt's blazing sun was mirrored in the golden desert sands, reaching out to touch the horizon. The sand, like waves in the ocean, rolled on and on. Attempting to break the monotonous desert beauty, the black ribbon of road was decisively defeated and disappeared in the distance. Above, in the east, only the fire god interrupted the vast dome of perfect blue. December's hot sun mounted in the sky as we, members of a twenty-car caravan, sped northward through the Sahara Desert.

With faces pressed against the windows of the new 1950 Chevrolet, the family rode in excited silence, beginning to accept the reality of this journey. Just three hours ago, the ship, LA MARSEILLAISE, had docked at Suez, Egypt; and now, while the white luxury giant was passing through the locks of the Suez Canal, the four of us had joined a Cook's guided tour. Our itinerary included Cairo, city of the Nile, the famous Sphinx and pyramids near-by, and lastly, Port Said at the north end of the canal, where we were to meet LA MARSEILLAISE emerging from the locks.

Like a mirage, the city of Cairo appeared at the edge of the sandy wastes. It seemed incredible that in this barren desert was a civilization.

Drawing nearer we recognized tall, white marble buildings, palm trees, shrubs, grass—warm, green, and moist vegetation. My heart pounded in anticipation and excitement. For thousands of years the River Nile has sustained this city of green and white in the sterile desert land.

Early in the afternoon our guide escorted us to a square on the outskirts of Cairo. This day, of all in our family's Asian and European travels, had been the most anticipated. From this spot outside Cairo each adventurer in the Cook's tour was to ride a true Egyptian camel in an authentic camel caravan to the location of the Sphinx and pyramids! How excited we were, armed with our cameras and films!

Around the square huge, dirty camels and their Bedouin camel drivers waited for their "customers." My fellow-travelers began to choose their rides. My father, who is a very large man, accidentally happened to select an unusually small camel, and petite, five-foot Mother found herself swaying atop one of the largest of the group. The two made an amusing picture, side by side. I laughed at other sight-seers trying to pacify or to straddle the huge, snorting beasts; but at the same time, I was repelled by the ugliness and filth of all the animals.

With a jolt I realized that very few of the camels were left unclaimed. Spotting one remaining on the other side of the square, I walked between and around camels and Europeans, camels and Arabs, and camels and Americans. I pronounced this last beast mine. Covered with dirty, colorful cottons which protected all but his brown wrinkled face from the wind, sand and sun, my camel's owner seemed delighted to have a passenger. I approached my camel from the right side and surveyed his huge form. I was surprised to see only one hump! This was covered by half a dozen bright but dirty blankets, and precariously topped with a Western saddle. The beast lay on his belly, and greeted me by baring his teeth and snorting fiercely. Stories I had heard long ago of camels that attack to kill, bite, or crush, vaguely came to my mind. I made an ugly face back at the camel and was about to turn away when the desert man took my left ankle and threw it over the camel's neck. Before I could let out the breath I had gasped, I was atop the beast. Blindly I grabbed the horn of the saddle.

As the monster straightened his hind legs, suddenly I pitched forward, then lurched back again as his front legs raised him. He steadied himself; I grew pale with the realization that I was over five feet up in the air with my life in the hands of this animal and an Arab. I attempted to steady myself.

"Hubba hubba," the dirty Bedouin calmly remarked as he led the beast toward the caravan, already moving ahead. My formerly pale face flushed red as I realized my pencil-slim suit skirt, in straddling the beast's hump, was away up high, exposing much of my thighs!

As the beast lifted his long spindly legs to clamber through the sands, I swayed from side to side with the camel, jogged up and down with the saddle, and jerked back and forth all in the same motion. My heart sank to my already-disturbed stomach.

"Hubba hubba!" that horrible Egyptian again directed at me. I did not dare to let go of the horn for even an instant to try to pull down my skirt, and it could not have looked much more decent anyway.

"Chick, chick-a-boom, chick . . ." The beast began to dance, and almost successfully lose his passenger! His owner and trainer with this jazz-talk had signalled him to descend a small dune sideways with the four feet close together. I hung on for my life, wishing that I were dead. I hated camels, Bedouins, Egypt, pyramids, and Cook's guided tours!

"Come on, Hubba-hubba," and he pulled the beast straight, and headed toward my folks and brother. I gained back all my

good humor with one glance — Dave was ill, seasick on his camel; Mom's Arab was begging for American money, and was not taking a "no" answer. My dad's driver, in poor English, lectured on Egyptian history continuously so that he enjoyed nothing.

"D' you likes 'Hubba-hubba,' my camel?" the Egyptian conversationally asked.

I laughed gaily, patted Hubba-hubba's dirty neck, and called to the family, "Isn't this *fun*? !!"

THE PUP

HERBERT C. HOOVER '55

Hey! Mommy!

Oh. Yep! I'm wiping my feet off before I come in. Gee whiz! M' feet aren't very dirty anyway. Know what, Mom? Tim's dog Skip had a swell bunch of puppies the other day.

Can I have one of those cookies, Mommy? Boy! They smell good.

She had six of 'em.

"Six what?" Why, six pups.

Mom, I bet nobody else in the country can make raisin-filled cookies like yours. Mm! They're swell. Can I have another one?

Aw, supper won't be ready for hours. Shucks.

You like dogs, don't you, Mom?

Tim's dad said that Skip's puppies are purebred, almost. Mom, what does "purebred" mean? Mr. Stone said if it hadn't been for Schneider's bulldog, Skip would've had pure cocker spaniel pups.

They sure are cute, anyway. When you pick 'em up, they sorta snuggle up close to you and make funny noises. The one I like — the brown and white spotted one — is getting so he knows me. He comes to me when I call him. Tim even let me name him. I named him "Spot".

Mrs. Wamer thinks I'm doing O.K. in arithmetic, Mommy.

Yeah. She said for a second grader, I catch on quick.

Well — spelling's coming along a little better. I'd rather do arithmetic, though.

Remember what you told me when school started this year, Mom?

You know. You said if my grades were real awful good this year, I might get a present.

You don't remember saying it? But you did, Mommy! Ask Pop when he comes home. He'll remember.

Mud? I didn't track that mud in, 'cause I wiped my feet before I came in.

I think I got it all off.

Know what I'd like to have for a present, Mom?

My grades will be good, I bet.

Well, Mr. Jenkins, my Sunday School teacher, thinks every boy ought to have a pet, and I . . .

Gee whillikers! A little puppy isn't any bother. And Daddy could build him a house for outside. I'd take care of him all by myself.

Tim said the pups will be housebroke in a few days.

Dad wouldn't care. He likes dogs. He told me once he'd get me a dog when I was big enough to take care of it.

He said that a long time ago.

I am, too, big enough.

Cost? Shucks, it won't cost anything. Tim's dad said that they'd either have to give the pups away or send them to the dog-pound. Tim wants me to have Spot 'cause he knows I'll give him a good home.

Huh? No. I didn't hang my coat up yet. It's on the back porch.

Why-uh—I got some burs on it coming through the vacant lot, and I didn't want to get them on the rug. They might get on the furniture, too.

Yes, Ma'am. I'll pick them off before supper.

We need a dog to scare off burglars, Mom. I bet our garage wouldn't get busted into again if we had a dog.

How soon are we gonna eat? I'm getting hungry again.

Spot wouldn't eat much. He could lick my plate after I finished eating.

Why wouldn't that be sanitary? Pop drinks coffee from his saucer.

If Dad says it's all right, Mom, you'll let me have the pup, won't you?

Oh, golly! You will? That's great! Mom, you're tops! I'll ask him as soon as he gets home. I wish he'd hurry.

No. I won't pester him about it.

Hot dog! Here comes Daddy now.

Hey! Pop, Mommy says I can have one of Tim's cocker spaniel pups, if it's O.K. with you. Is it, Dad? Can I, please? He's a swell little pup.

I'll take good care of him, I promise.

We can keep him in the garage, or on the porch, or in a dog-house — if you'll build one.

No foolin', Dad? I can have him? Whoopee!

Where am I going? Right here on the back porch. Spot may have crawled out of my coat.

• PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN

ROLFE KORSBORN '56

A soundless explosion,
A falling rush of fire,
And black-ink dollops
Springing on a wire,
This, the dropping fire
Of sun-reddened leaves
Through the black, frost-bitten fingers
Of ragged trees,

This, the dropping fire of a woman
Bending beside the sun-seized bush,
This, the fire
Of frost-nipped cheeks,
Dropping through the earth-loving fingers,
Conceiving the green children of spring.

Time is a vast and sounding tide,
Sobbing over huddled stones
As smooth as tortoise shells,
Eroding the brown face of the earth,
Eroding the brown face of the woman,
For they are the same face —
The earth and the woman
Are the same.

• CHRISTMAS, 1984

CAROLYN CRIBBS '57

Two weeks until Christmas,
And the red spider stretches its spiny tentacles,
Pulling one more helpless victim
To the impenetrable web.

Darkness as of night,
Pierced only by stabbing knives of searchlights —
Candles of hope —
And a blood-red light from nowhere.

A scream, a low moan, a cry for help:
These carols are sung once again.
And decorations —
A limp body, cold and slimy to the touch
Dangles from a gallows' skeleton,
The only Christmas tree.

"Merry Christmas" — a shriek of agony.

Christmas?
There was no Christ.

NIGHT TRIP

WILLIAM H. RUSSELL '57

Headlights reach out
pulling our car
over endless black miles.

Only a gentle pitching
recalls our pace.
She sleeps,
her hair in my lap,
soft hair
gathered in my palm.

Beams meant to illumine
measures of speed and time
light her face,
serene in loving trust.



PARTING

ROBERT F. WORKMAN '55

Our time together has melted away
and, like the gutting candle, now
is in its last, bright flaring.
Time has run out on us—
and all the things we haven't said
are fleeting and elusive—the desperate
fingers of our minds are grasping
vainly to imprison them.

A motor's roar and the glinting arc
of a propeller's whir, caught in the shaft
of a garish floodlight, remind us that
briefest moments are all that remain
for our final parting.

The reds and greens of patterned lights
blur mistily—and still I see
the bright orange truck that wheels away
into the dark to fuel a plane—
I see the clumsy bulk that's poised
not far from us—
Above our heads, the speaker squawks—
Your flight's announced.

I see reflected in your eyes
what we have known for weeks—
but never quite dared voice—
slow, centuried months must pass before
we meet again.

I turn away, embarrassed by my tears—
until I see them welling in your eyes.
Your lips move with, "I love you—"
I start, "Remember . . ." Remember what?

There is no touch—no kiss—
but I feel a kind of peace steal over me—
I know we'll be together once again.

STRINGS ATTACHED

JOYCE ELAINE SHANNON '58

Let's see . . . they tole me to go up three flights of stairs, turn to the right, and it would be the fourth door on the left. I better light a match. It's awful dark in this here hallway. Phew! Better wipe the dust off of the door. Yup, this is it! — "Acme Household Goods." Well, I better git in.

Hi, I'm Joe Moose. I come for a job in this here place. What? Have I ever filled out an application here before? No, I never filled none of those things out before. What are them things anyway? Funny, he didn't tell me nothin' about this . . .

Okey if I set here? Gosh, how long is this thing?

H-m-m-m. The first thing they ask me is my name. I 'ready tole them that when I come in. They sure must have powerful short memories 'round this place.

Address? My gosh, that's where I live, ain't it? Don't he know that by now?

City? If they still don't know what the name of this city is after being established in it for twenty years, it's pretty sad.

State? So far, my personal opinion would be that things are in a pretty bad state.

Born? Sure I was born. Do I look like I was hatched?

Age? Everybody knows it's the Atomic Age. That's sort of an unnecessary question.

Parents? Yup! Two of 'em . . . One father and one mother.

High School? Gee, that's purty tough. I always thought it was high but some of the kids didn't mind climbin' all those steps.

College? What does President College have to do with this here questionnaire? They're gettin' kinda personal with their questions about politics.

Clubs? I never owned one, but I always did envy those cave-men guys 'cuz of theirs.

Married? I wonder if they mean past, present, or future. Oh, well, I'll put down "yes." Maybe I'll get more pay that way.

Family? I 'ready tole them I had parents. What more do they want?

Children? 'Course they had children. What do they think I was? They sure do try to confuse you with this thing.

Good, this is the last question. But why did they leave so much space? What is it?

Past experiences? Gosh, yes, I've had plenty of 'em.

Here ya' are miss. I finished this here, what'd ya' call it, application. How soon do I start workin'? Oh, the boss'll call and let me know. Okey. Be seein' ya'.

Oh, there's the phone. Maybe it's about that application I made fer a job th'other day.

Hello, Yup, this is Joe Moose a-speakin'. What can I do you for? Oh, the Acme Household Goods.

What, you're so glad I applied at your place? I'm just the man you're looking for? Well, shucks, I couda' tole ya' that! When do I start workin'? Monday? Okey, Uncle Louie, I'll see ya' Monday!

•

“KNOW THAT . . .”

MARION ANNE JENKINSON '58

Know that

Knowledge is all
Contained in a steel sphere
Miles high
Miles wide
Thick
Heavy

A ball filled with the molten golden knowledge.
Truths contained, pressuring to be free.

Man is thus equipped: a little pin, a cup.

Man, as a baby, will curiously prick with his little pin,
prick at the massive globe,
prick and —

The golden liquid
spurts forth as a glowing thread it arcs — free!

Man, as a child, may hold his cup beneath the stream
from the pin hole.

Man, as a man, can

Leave his pin hole
To fill his cup with ready lead.

Or fill his cup
And let it harden dead.

Or fill his cup
And drink
And fill again.

DONORA DISASTER

CAROLE LINCOLN '55

First Prize: National Society of Arts and Letters, Columbus Chapter, intercollegiate short story contest, 1954.

When ya' hear outsiders talk about the "Donora Disaster," they usually mean the winter of '51 when the zinc works got outa hand and poured a grimy smog over the whole town and killed off people left and right like flies. But when Donorans hear that, they sorta smile to themselves, 'cause even us kids know how close we came to havin' a real disaster. I guess it's pretty hard for outsiders to understand how folks in a small mill town like ours can consider a smog that chokes up people's lungs and kills 'em off like flies pretty unimportant compared to 'The Day Aunt Agnes Went Away.' I guess I better explain, 'course you probably won't understand anyway.

Y' see, Donora's just a little town, but people here think it's the best. In fact, comin' down Snake Hollow Road from West Newton, you'll see a sign as big as a billboard that says, "Donora, Pennsylvania. The Best Town in the U.S. — Next to Yours."

We don't really think anybody else's is better, but we know other people do, an' so we wanta make 'em feel good. That's the kind of people that live in Donora. We like people; but ask anybody in town who they like better'n anybody else, and they say Aunt Agnes.

As far back as I can remember, Aunt Agnes has been the most important person in town. If you're walkin' down Kernic Avenue and get a whiff of the fresh baked bread in the air, that's Aunt Agnes. And if your stomach starts to growl and y' feel as if it's gonna gnaw a hole right through to get somethin' to eat, all you gotta do is walk up on her porch and knock on the door. And if someone yells, "Ya' know darned well it's not locked," that's Aunt Agnes.

Then you go out into the kitchen and join the others eyeing the big, round, shiny loaves of bread settin' across the tops of their pans to cool. The 'others' will probably be anyone from my gang from sixth grade at Thompson Street School to Reverend O'Hara, who baptized me, and Dr. Brown, who took my tonsils out last March.

Well, anyway, you can be sure pretty soon Aunt Agnes will cut one of those shiny, brown loaves into big, thick slices. Then you spread it with yellow butter which melts all over the warm bread. And when you sink your teeth through the crisp, brown crust into that soft, white bread and then take a big swalla' of cold milk, then you'll know why Aunt Agnes is the most wonderful person in town.

'Course there are lots more reasons why everyone 'round here looks up to Aunt Agnes so much. Everybody has their own special reasons, but if you ask Ronny O'Hara, he'll really sell ya' on 'er. Ronny's a year younger'n me, so naturally he's only in fifth grade.

Anyways, one day last spring, Ronny and I were sittin' on Aunt Agnes' front steps, flippin' my jack-knife in the soft dirt and discussin' my tonsil operation, when all of a sudden he drops a bombshell.

"I just gotta have a dog," he says. "Any kind, just so's it's a dog."

"You might as well wish for a rocket trip to Mars with Captain Video!" I said.

"Don't be funny."

"Who's bein' funny anyway? I'd say a guy who wants to keep a dog in a church is pretty funny."

"Aw, I wouldn't keep 'im in the church. The part where we live is a house."

"Yeh, but it's a parsonage, an' that's part of th' church You'd never be allowed. 'Sides, whoever heard of a dog in church?" says I; then I noticed Ronny's lower lip was startin' t' shake, so I decided I better sympathize with 'im.

"If your Dad was a plumber or a salesman or somethin' instead of a preacher, it'd be different."

Just then I saw Aunt Agnes standin' at the top of the steps.

"What's wrong with Ronny's father bein' a preacher?" she demanded.

"Ronny wants a dog, and ya' can't have a dog in a church."

"Why couldn't he 'ave been a doctor? They help people, too," muttered Ronny half to himself.

"More parts of a person need help besides the body," stated Aunt Agnes.

"Yeh," said Ronny, "but if he was a doctor, I could have a dog".

"You really want a dog?" Aunt Agnes asked quietly.

"More than anything else in the world," said Ronny, and he really sounded as if he meant it.

Just then Mother's piercing voice interrupted, "Haro-o-old, Ha-aro-old Boyd!" She was using her "I mean business" voice, so I took off across the street to answer. She wanted me to wash up for supper. An' we were havin' apple dumplin's, so I forgot all about Ronny and the dog business until the following Sunday afternoon.

Ronny and I were sittin' in his room readin' books ('cause that's all he's allowed to do on Sundays), when all of a sudden

we heard the doorbell ring. Reverend O'Hara answered it; and we heard a sound of people talkin' downstairs, so we peeked out the door to see who it was.

There stood Aunt Agnes with the cutest, little, black puppy you ever saw. Ronny got all excited; but I shushed him up, so we could hear what they were sayin'.

"But we can't keep a dog here, Agnes. You can understand my position. What would my congregation say?" Ronny's Dad was sayin'.

"They'd say you gave a poor, homeless puppy a place to live," said Aunt Agnes.

"No, I'm sorry, but I can't let the boy have him, much as I'd like to."

"Reverend O'Hara," said Aunt Agnes in her soft way of sayin' things that're important. "Am I to tell people that you have forgotten Jesus' words, 'For I was hungry, and ye gave Me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took Me in.'"

Well, I'll tell you, Reverend O'Hara looked at Aunt Agnes for a while and then at the puppy. Then with a smile, he took the puppy from her arms and said, "'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.' I almost forgot."

So Ronny O'Hara got his puppy.

And it wasn't too long after that that it happened. Right out of the blue, Aunt Agnes' husband, Mr. Campbell, just ups and dies. I didn't know him very well, 'cause he worked down at the zinc works all day and wasn't around very much. But Aunt Agnes was all broken up, so I felt pretty low about it all too.

Mom made me put on my Sunday suit (which is too tight and makes me feel like I'm gonna die when I button the coat), and we all went down to Mr. Lawson's Funeral Parlor to see Mr. Campbell. I didn't mind the suit that day, 'cause I wanted to tell Aunt Agnes how sorry I was that her husband died.

When we got there, though, I couldn't say anything, 'cause she just sat and stared. Her face was as white as the inside of one of her loaves of bread; and when anyone said they were sorry about it all, she just stared at them as if she'd never seen them before.

The sweet smell of the flowers together with the hot room and tight coat made me sick at my stomach, so I left early and went home. I figured I could tell her how sorry I was the next day. My mother messed that up though. She wouldn't let me go over the next day or the next day or the one after that. There

were all sorts of strange people goin' in and out all week. Finally, I couldn't stand it any longer. Without tellin' anybody I was goin', I went over.

When I walked in the front door, I knew right away somethin' was wrong. There weren't any curtains in the windows; and there were boxes sittin' everywhere — some marked 'Dishes'; some, 'Utensils'; others just said 'Personal.' Then I spotted Aunt Agnes; she was talkin' to Mr. Heffner, the lawyer, and Mr. Parkins, who owns Parkins' Real Estate Company.

"Harry," she was sayin' to Mr. Heffner, "you arranged for the storage of everything until I decide?"

"Yes, Agnes, John Martin said his men would pick it up tomorrow."

"They'll be sure to see it's not put any place where it's damp or anything?"

"Yes."

"You've checked on the insurance?"

"Yes, it's insured for two thousand. That includes furniture, dishes, personal, everything."

"I guess that's about all it's worth; things get old and lose their value That sofa alone was valued at two hundred when it was new, but that's been many years ago What about the house, Glenn?"

Now she was talkin' to Mr. Parkins.

"I'll let you know just as soon as I find a suitable buyer, Agnes Are you sure you want to sell?"

"Yes Yes, it's the only thing to do. This town has nothing left for me. I've to go away go away somewhere and try to forget."

"Where are you planning to go?" asked Mr. Heffner.

"I don't know I thought maybe I'd go to California for a while. I have a brother who lives in San Diego."

"I hope you know what you are doing," said Mr. Parkins.

"It's the only thing to do," said Aunt Agnes wearily, "there's nothing left here for me anymore."

I didn't stay around to hear anymore or talk to Aunt Agnes either. I couldn't the lump in my throat was too big. Now if there's anything I can't stand, it's a sissy, but I'll tell you I locked myself in my room that day and cried like the biggest sissy you ever saw.

The next day Ronny came over, and after we talked it over some, we decided to go talk to Aunt Agnes to see if she'd change her mind. We figured out what we'd say and then went over.

There was a big movin' van outside the house, and the men from Martin's were carryin' out boxes and furniture wrapped in

big covers (so it wouldn't get scratched). And right in the middle of everything was Aunt Agnes bossin' the whole works.

"Be careful with that bureau, Timmy," she was sayin'. "It's older than you are."

"Aunt Agnes," I said, "we sure wish you'd change your mind about goin'."

"Yeh, Aunt Agnes, if you'll stay, we'll come over every week to cut the grass and hedges," Ronny's eyes were pleading as much as his voice.

"And we'll go to the store for you every day, an' scrub the porches once a week, an'"

"Now, boys," broke in Aunt Agnes puttin' her hand over my mouth to shut me up, "I've made up my mind, an' nuthin'll change it."

Secin' how sad we looked 'n all, she added, "But I appreciate your offer anyway. Now, you two run out in the kitchen an' finish off those oatmeal cookies."

She turned and started tellin' Johnny Kovac about not bumpin' her china dishes around 'cause they'd been in the family for four generations. So what could we do, but go out and eat the oatmeal cookies.

Pretty soon, she came out in the kitchen and sat on one of the chairs they hadn't taken yet.

"Uh, when do you plan to leave, Aunt Agnes?" I could hardly talk for the lump in my throat.

"There's a train at 10:45 tomorrow mornin'. Helen Johnson said I could stay at her house tonight, and her husband will take me down to the station in the mornin', since he's workin' the night shift this week."

"Could we go down with ya'?" asked Ronny.

"No, I don't think you'd better. Don't want no fuss; just gonna get on the train and leave Well, you boys better run on along home now. I hope those cookies didn't spoil your appetite for lunch."

We knew we probably wouldn't see her again, so we choked out a good-bye and left. I even wished her a lot of luck, 'fore my voice gave out.

Ronny and I didn't feel like talkin'; he went on home, and I went up to my room.

The next morning I woke up early, 'cause the sun was shining in my window, and 'cause the telephone was ringin' away. My mother had gone to the store, so no one was there to answer it. I jumped out of bed and ran downstairs. Just as I was about to pick up the phone, I glanced at the hall clock. It said quarter to ten. I remembered then what day it was, and a chill ran up my back.

"Hello."

"Ronny! What do you want?" I was surprised that it was Ronny, 'cause since we live so close, we never bother much with the telephone except in emergencies.

"Stranger? What's wrong with 'im?"

"Gee, that sounds bad. Let me think a minute."

Ronny's parents were away at some missionary convention, and just his grandmother was home. An' she didn't know anything about dogs. Since Donora's so small, we don't have an animal doctor, 'cause we don't have much need for one. I was really worried, an' Ronny wasn't much help. All he could do was cry.

Then it hit me; there's only one person in Donora who knows about dogs 'n animals.

"I'll call ya' back in half an hour," I said and hung up.

I ran upstairs and got dressed. As I ran out the front door to get my bike, I noticed the hall clock said five to ten. I grabbed my bike and started pedalin' just as fast as I could go down Kenric Avenue.

'If I can only make it in time,' I kept thinking, and then I'd pedal faster. I went down Thompson Avenue like a streak of lightning and didn't even stop for traffic at McLean Street.

As I tore across the gravel lot surrounding our train station, I could feel the little stones hittin' my legs and smell the hot, dry dust that made a trail behind me. I put on my brakes and squealed to a stop in front of the door.

As soon as I opened the door, I recognized the familiar figure lookin' out at the trains goin' by. The station clock said ten minutes past ten.

"Aunt Agnes!" I yelled.

"Now what are you doin' here?" she sounded mad, but she was hidin' a smile.

"Please, Aunt Agnes," I begged, "Ronny just called me, and Stranger's awful sick. There's no one to do anything for 'im."

"Now, Harold, there are lots of people in this town."

"But no one who knows anything about dogs. Please come. Please, Aunt Agnes!"

"I've bought my ticket; my train's pullin' in now; I've made all my arrangements."

Things were gettin' blurry because of the tears in my eyes. My voice was all choked up, an' I could hardly talk.

"Aunt Agnes, remember that part in the Bible where Jesus said about bein' sick and goin' to visit him? An' the people asked when did they visit him when he was sick?"

“ ‘Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.’ I remember.” She looked at me for a minute and then messed up my hair with her hand.

The conductor started yellin’ “All aboard!” but we were already on our way out the door.

REFLECTIONS OF A WOULD-HAVE-BEEN IDEALIST

ROBERT F. WORKMAN '55

The storm came to me and said, “Come with me, for we are alike, you and I!”

I laughed and cried, “Yes! Yes, we are alike!” And my laughter was shredded by the storm as it whipped about me. Together, we raged and battered at things secure and firm; even I, with my paltry strength, managed to tear some things from their moorings—beat them into momentary uselessness. But the storm didn’t tell me that violence is short-lived—that my fury would diminish and, except for abating gusts, that I would settle into comparative calm. The extremes of my violence have passed—perhaps not forever, for storms *do* return—but there is peace now. Peace, even if it be temporary, is welcome and there is, in me, the relief and tiredness that comes with the cessation of exertion. I have not accomplished as much as the storm—it can change the landscape, remold the earth’s surfaces, destroy man’s insignificant structures—I have done little except make a decision. My storming against the structures of society and the surfaces of convention has been futile. Peace and conformity go hand in hand.

Yes, the storm has passed. The evening is bathed in the half-light that is curiously yellow, and gives a clarity to ordinary objects—a clarity not usually theirs. My mind is like that. The storm that raged in me has left ideals and truths suffused in a non-permanent light that shows each detail of perfection, and each tiny flaw. I see clearly the entire pattern of existence—*my* existence. I cannot return to what I was but an hour ago, when the storm began. And there is a sadness with me that will be there the rest of my days because, in my rage, I loosened the already-weak foundations of my own ideals and I laughed, goaded by the storm, as I saw them crumble into dust.

Weak? Perhaps. But, in a sense, the storm took me to my Gethsemane and I found peace.

VALENTINE

CAROLE LINCOLN '55

This is the lacy red heart time of year
When men begin to think in terms of "dear,"
When those who nag and irk you all year long
Now lift adoring tones to you in song,
When friends you never knew belonged to you
Now suddenly declare a love that's true.

This is the lacy red heart time of year
When I should really overlook, my dear,
The time you promised we'd together sup
And then without a word just stood me up,
The time you told me you were sick in bed
Then took my best friend out to dance instead.

And so I send this Valentine to say
I never really liked you anyway.



THE LADY

ANITA SHANNON '55

She is a lady of fashion,
donning chic suit and furs
an original chapeau
strolling from street to street
leading a curly poodle on a leash
a fashion plate much-admired.

She is a lady of culture,
spending afternoons in mute admiration
of valued works of art
or wandering through musty nooks
where history was made
some evening going to the opera.

She is a lady of beauty,
smiling face mellowed
yet full of youth and charm
wearing delicate loveliness
deep and fine tall and graceful
amazingly perfect.

She is a lady of excitement,
daring to disappear at night
into cafes on narrow streets
exhaling intrigue vitality desperation
as she searches for diversion.

She is a lady:
fashionable
cultured
beautiful
exciting.

She is Paris . . .
And Paris is a lady.

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