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Spring 1956

1956 Spring Quiz and Quill Magazine

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QUIZ AND QUILL

SPRING 1956

Advice to the 1957 Editor of Quiz and Quill in commemoration of an error in literary history to be noted on page 32 of the 1956 issue.

Get all copy in early; moreover,

Read John Masefield over and over,

And remember that John

Didn't write the lines on

The beach Matthew Arnold called Dover.

THE QUIZ AND QUILL

Published by

The Quiz and Quill Club

of Otterbein College

•

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief.....FRAN MYERS

Assistant Editors.....MARY ANN CHARLES
ROLFE KORSBORN

Business Manager.....EVE MILLER

Assistant Business Managers.....BEVERLY BRUMLEY
JUDY MATTHIAS

•

Spring, 1956 *Founded, 1919*

THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB — 1955-56

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Judy Matthias '56
Eve Miller '57
Patricia Mizer '58
Fran Myers '56
Sarah Rose '56
A. Craig South '57

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LITERARY AWARDS

Freshman Poetry Contest

First Prize.....David Young '59
Honorable Mention.....Amy Brown '59, Lorraine Crawford '59

Freshman Prose Contest

First Prize.....Fred Ciminello '59
Second Prize.....David Young '59
Honorable Mention.....Lorraine Crawford '59

Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

First Prize.....Patricia Jacobs '57
Second Prize.....Janet Byler '58
Third Prize.....Mary Ann Charles '56
Honorable Mention.....Neal Lund '58, Sarah Rose '56

Quiz and Quill Prose Contest

First Prize.....Beverly Brumley '57
Second Prize.....Fran Myers '56
Third Prize.....Mary Ann Charles '56
Honorable Mention.....Sarah Rose '56

Dr. Roy A. Burkhart Poetry Contest

First Prize.....Rolfe Korsborn '56
Second Prize.....Ted Houston '57

N.S.A.L. Intercollegiate Short Story Contest — 1955

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

Third Prize.....Mary Ann Charles '56

Quiz and Quill Cover Design Contest

First Prize (See cover).....Betty Gibson '57

THE HIGHER SEAT

Beverly Brumley '57

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose

Calling jet fighter Blue Jay-2 — calling Blue Jay-2. Hal, this is Dave calling from jet fighter Red-6. How's the weather at fifteen thousand? Pretty soupy, huh? If it gets much worse we're gonna have a hell of a time landing on that carrier waiting for us. I'd sure hate to go into the drink today. Forty below is just too damn cold for a swim! Besides I just had a bath this morning! Come on, Hal, cheer up, old man. Ya know, this is the last time we'll be bringing our jets back to the carrier together. My feet are really aching to walk through that good old U. S. soil again!

Stand by a second, will ya, Hal? I've got to use the squawk box to call the carrier. Roger and out.

Jet fighter Red-6 — calling marine carrier FS300. How far off course are we, Captain? Just a couple of miles. H-m-m, that's not too bad. We should be in sight, sir, around thirteen hundred hours. Be on the look out for us. Roger and out.

Calling jet fighter Blue Jay-2 — calling Blue Jay-2. Ya still there, Hal? We'll be in sight of the carrier about thirteen hundred hours.

Hold on a minute, Hal, my radar screen just picked up a foreign object approaching at about six hundred miles an hour. Keep checking off your left wing and keep your eyes open in case it's one of those dirty rotten Migs who got one of our boys today!

I wonder who's gonna get the job of writin' Joe's wife to tell her how he got it? How do you tell a new mother you saw her husband go into the drink? He just got a letter from her this morning saying she'd named the boy, "Joey."

Hey, we ought to be seein' that object pretty . . . My God, Hal, a Mig! It's heading for your left wing! Look out! Look out!

Oh, no, it got him! Why you rotten . . . I'll blow you to bits!

Calling Blue Jay-2 — calling Blue Jay-2. Hal, I finally got him! Are you all right? Answer me, you fool! Your jet's losing altitude!

What's that? You say it's dark up here? Are you crazy, man? It's broad daylight out! Wipe the perspiration out of your eyes to see those controls!

You can't see! All right, Hal, get a hold of yourself or we'll never make it. Damn it, I said stop that hysterical crying and get your hands on that stick! It's right in front of your knees. A little more to the left. There you've got it. Now pull forward real easy like. Good! You're gaining altitude. Take it slowly, not too fast, and a little more to the right. Just hold the stick where it is now and we'll make it, by God, we'll make it!

We've only got a few more minutes before the carrier will come in sight, so listen to my instructions carefully: re-adjust your

crash helmet and make sure your oxygen mask is secure. Come on, Hal, you can't give up now. We've only begun. Now reach to the right of your seat and tighten your safety belt. There, you've got it. I'm flying right here beside you, Dave, so keep that jet steady while I call the carrier. You're doin' real fine! Real fine!

Jet fighter Red-6 — calling marine carrier FS300. This is Red-6 coming into view with jet fighter Blue Jay-2 hovering nearby. Jay-2 is blind! He'll have to land immediately with my instructions. There's no time for a conference, Captain, it's either now or never! All right Captain, get that flagman out on deck!

Jay-2, I'm going to take you in now. Steady yourself and do exactly what I tell you. Shut up and stop your arguing!

Will ya stop worrying about those thirteen deck wires. Your jet hook isn't going to catch the thirteenth one that crashes you into the nylon barrier, not with old Dave bringing you down, no siree!

Ready Hal? Good! Pull your stick back slowly. Now you're losing altitude . . . fifteen thousand . . . ten thousand . . . five thousand . . . When you reach forty feet, I want you to cut the throttle. Do you understand? Fine! You're down to one thousand . . . five hundred . . . forty feet. Cut it, Hal! Cut it! That's it! Tip your right wing down just a little more and keep that nose high so your hook will catch.

Well, I'll be damned if he didn't make it, that lucky son-of-a-gun!

Marine carrier FS300 calling Red-6. Can take no more jets on carrier due to change in wind and approaching enemy submarine. God help ya, son!

•

MORNING RIDE

CAROLYN CRIBBS '57

The air is soft,
And wan, early sunlight
Filters through branches overhead.
My horse picks her way
Daintily along the narrow trail.
Voices of other riders
Echo indistinctly through the mist.
My face is cold and wet.

SPRING

ROLFE KORSBORN '56

First Prize, Burkhart Poetry Contest

Frozen leaves tinkle empty shell-sounds
On the sidewalk.
A golden leaf-bird
Flies frozen under a rain puddle.

Photographed in ice,
Autumn's ragged fire recalls,
Instantaneously, memories
Of windows, open to the spring sunset,
Of sweaty words and comfortable embrace.

And now, the incongruity of this spring,
Frozen without love,
Even without yearnings.

•

APRIL IN VIRGINIA

ALICE SANDERS REED '26

Honorable Mention, Creative Writing Division in the Abingdon, Virginia, Festival, August, 1955.

First was a softness in the earth
Of embryonic, swelling birth

Young spring!

Then came a madrigal of song
That measured morn and kept it long

Sweet spring!

At last a gray-to-green-to-gold
As shoots and stems unfurl, unfold

Strong spring!

Afar, a mantle-mist of cloud
That made the hills to laugh aloud

Gay spring!

At home, a being inner-swept
Of all the things long winter-kept

Ah, spring!

POST-DATE BLUES

JOAN ENSIGN '57

On the top step he looked down into her sparkling eyes and touched her auburn, snow-flecked bangs with his icy hand. "Did you like the movie?"

"It was okay, if you like war pictures."

"Don't you like war pictures?"

"I guess most girls don't, but I do. Did you have fun?"

"Yeah, I guess so. Did you?"

"I told you I did."

"Well, I'll see you tomorrow. I'll call you when I wake up."

"Are you cold?"

"A little. The snow's getting under my collar."

"Come on in the lounge for a minute and get warm."

"I really am pretty tired. Would you mind if I just went home and hit the sack?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"If that's what you want to do."

"Oh, I'll come in for a minute."

"You don't have to, you know. Well, you could at least wait for me, Tom."

"Come on, I'm freezing."

"I thought you weren't cold."

"Well, I am. Do you want to take your coat off?"

"No, it's almost twelve. You'll have to leave in a few minutes."

"Oh."

"Tom, talk to me."

"What about?"

"I don't care, but don't just sit there."

"What do you want to talk about?"

"I said I didn't care."

"I'm tired, Sue. Let's just sit here and rest."

"What's the matter. Don't you want to talk to me?"

"I'm *tired*."

"Tom, are you happy?"

"No, I'm too tired to be anything."

"Then why don't you go home?"

" 'Cause I like to be here with you."

"Well, you're not a very exciting date when you have your eyes closed."

"I'm just resting."

"Well, I'm tired of you sleeping all the time."

"Okay, if that's the way you feel about it. I'll see you around sometime."

"I'll walk outside with you. I don't want you to fall over your feet."

"Your sense of humor has been absent all evening."

"Oh, it has, has it?"

"Good night, Sue. I'll see you tomorrow, maybe."

"Don't bother, please."

She dashed up to her room, her plaid stole trailing behind her. "That meanie," she said aloud. "Why does he even bother to ask me out?" Hanging her coat in the cramped closet and folding the stole into a tiny square, she decided that tomorrow she'd have to tell him that everything was finished between them. After all, she couldn't go with a big sleepy-head.

"Two longs," she gasped as she heard the third-floor buzzer. "That's for me."

She heard the deep familiar voice over the wire, "I'm sorry, honey."

•

SEVENTEENTH STREET AT DUSK

CAROLYN CRIBBS '57

Unshaded light
Streams from uncurtained windows.
A swing creaks on the porch,
And darky kids play tag in the street.
On the corner
Three black-skinned dandies
Lounge against the lamp post,
Smoking and telling dirty stories.
Far down the street
A baby cries unheeded,
And a new yellow Buick
Fully equipped with "duals"
Roars around the corner.
Two lovers, arms entwined,
Stroll into the corner saloon
For a cold beer.
The heat settles oppressively,
And the sound of music
From a dance hall two streets away
Echoes plaintively.
A coarse laugh
Floats through the growing dark.
And from the little church
In the next block
Rise shouts of "Glory! Hallelujah!"

DRAW-BRIDGE

Mary Ann Charles '56

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose

"Whose turn is it to deal?" Mary inquired as she refilled her guests' cup from her new sterling silver coffee pot, a recent anniversary gift.

"I think," offered Laura, "that it is Heather's, my partner's, deal now. Because it was just last time, wasn't it, when Gloria described that bewitching twenty-dollar hat that she dealt *both* decks of cards?"

"But darling," Gloria reminded, "Heather has dealt since then, I know! Remember, she opened with 'one club' and didn't even hold a single one in her —"

"It *is* a proper bid with the cards I held," Heather defended herself, "and I made three hearts, didn't I? It's a system bid, Gloria; my husband taught it to me."

"Ah ha!" Gloria delightfully pounced on this. "Darling, did you learn *that* on your honeymoon?" Her quick, robust laughter shook her double chins and fat arms; and its infectiousness soon caused the three middle-aged ladies to join her.

With a heave of her large chest and a dramatic sigh, Mary interposed, "Oh, it was the loveliest wedding I've seen for years, my dear Heather."

"She was a very beautiful bride," Laura agreed with Mary. "How long have you been 'Mrs. London' now, my dear? Almost four weeks by now! Tell me, Heather dear," she lowered her voice to a confidential stage whisper, "have you had any arguments with your Henry yet?"

With a meaningful stare and frown, Heather whispered back, "No!" and asked aloud in the same breath, "It must be Mary's deal then, isn't it?"

"Well, to settle everything, girls, I will deal," Mary said, and she gathered up the cards to shuffle. "Gloria," she added, "you and I'll have to cut off their leg of three hearts."

"You'll have a hard time again with Heather and me!" proclaimed Laura.

"Please pass the cream," Gloria said.

Mary began to deal the cards.

"Anyway, Heather," Laura added, "I meant no harm in spoofing with you. It's just that it is *so* enjoyable, I think, to make up after arguments, that *I* even agitate disagreements sometimes with my James. Now, truly, that's all I meant, dear — not being nosey —"

"What an awful hand you're dealing me, partner," Gloria addressed Mary.

"Shush, don't reveal —"

"Well, it *is* aw —"

"Shush!"

"Humph!"

"Dealt and pass," sighed Mary.

Laura was, at this stage, still conspicuously counting Culbertson's points on her fat fingers without realizing that all the girls' nodding heads with each addition, agreed with her total of twelve points.

"Pass."

"Awful . . . pass!"

"Shush now, Gloria," Mary reminded her.

"My gracious, don't say that anymore! It reminds me of my mother-in-law. Do you know what she has done now?"

"Two clubs," Heather injected at this point.

"Well, she has — two! Heather darling, are you sure you know what you're bidding — opening with two?!"

"And clubs, again!" Mary poked Laura under the table and laughed. "Bet you a hot fudge sundae that you don't end up in that suit! And I'll pass!"

"Oh dear, Heather, you're forcing me to bid. Well, eeny-meeny-miny-moe! Uh, two spades."

"Pass . . . awful!" repeated Gloria.

"Hmm, uh . . . " Heather hesitated.

"What was it you were saying about your mother-in-law?" Mary asked.

"Oh, tsk . . . oh! She's getting worse — if you can imagine that — worse every day she stays with us. And yesterday —"

"If you don't mind too much, I'd like to bid. Three no trump."

"Oh!" squealed Mary. "Pass."

"If this is one of those conventions things, I don't have any idea how to respond to it. So, let's see, I'll say four spades, I guess."

"Awful, pass."

"Stop now, Gloria. I didn't deal you that hand on purpose," Mary insisted.

"Six spades," said Heather with a tone of finality.

"Oh joy! I'll double that!" exclaimed Mary. "I always double slam bids. My girl friends can never make them under pressure, you know. This is the first time that we've played with you, though, Heather."

"Pass, and I'm glad I'm dummy, so I can finish that crossword puzzle."

Heather said, "But you aren't dummy, though. I am; *you* made the original spade bid. Don't worry, though; it's a laydown grand slam if you bid properly with me, and a small slam if you didn't!"

"Well," Gloria said, leading with the ace of diamonds, "we'll soon see!"

Heather, as dummy, revealed a very strong, 3-suit hand, void in diamonds, and lacking only the necessary ace and king of spades, the suit her partner had bid.

"Well, Mrs. Henry London," pronounced Mary, "I must give you credit. I believe you do know what you're talking about. I might even say that your 'bridgility' (that's my word for agility and ability in bidding in bridge) exceeds this group's!"

Gloria remarked, "If you had only dealt me one or two decent face cards, we might have had a fighting chance! Oh, but let me tell you, now — James' mother has the ridiculous obsession that I am not being faithful to her darling son. So! She now reads — every night — the notes I write to the milkman! Awful!"

"Yes, that's awful!"

"Whose turn is it to deal?"

•

LIFE

EVE MILLER '57

A curious elfin sprite,
Tripping, peeking,
Investigating,
Running, hiding,
Skipping, seeking,
Living a joyous fantasy.

Were life only a brook,
Rippling, dancing,
Percolating,
Hopping, racing,
Flirting, romancing,
How simple life would be!

•

"Listen to me, my dear old friend,
I think you're under the weather."
"I'm not; on this you can depend,
I feel ash slight ash a swfeather."

DOLLY KLAICH '58

ATOM BOMB

TED HOUSTON '57

Second Prize, Burkhart Poetry Contest

A strychnine mushroom
Blooms over the desert.
It ripens and bursts
Scattering spores of death
In the trembling air.
It's a devil-plant
That laughs thunder
In defiance at the limits
Of its maker's imagination.

•

GOD LOOKS UPON THE HEART

A. CRAIG SOUTH '57

Three stately men in sacred garb
Walked down three separate ways,
And each one claimed he trod the road
That led through life's dark maze.

The first one wore a little cross
Upon his vestural dress;
The second chanted Buddha's life
Of simple quietness.

The third one told of Allah's grace
And sang his prophet's praise;
Yet each one prayed, as he walked on,
For truth to guide his ways.

So God observed each in his way,
And when their paths were trod,
Three stately men in sacred garb
Stood straight before their God.

•

LONNIE RAY

PATRICIA MIZER '58

A tow-headed one-year-old lifts a chubby leg high to step carefully from the slippery dining room linoleum to the thick living room carpet. He sets the foot down flat, then lifts his other leg and plods determinedly to the coffee table. For a moment he stands touching the edge with his bare stomach which protrudes above his sagging diaper. He looks at his mother with questioning blue eyes and reaches a fat, dimpled hand for the scissors.

HOMEWARD

FRED CIMINELLO '59

First Prize, Freshman Prose

The sun was shining brightly that summer morning; Marie Colussi sat in the train station at San Juan, California, waiting for her son to come home. The telegram had said, "Will arrive on the ten o'clock train." Yes, this was the kind of day Tony should come home. He always like this kind of day.

Tony was a tall, black-haired, dark-eyed boy of twenty-two. She remembered the summers when he had been a lifeguard at the swimming pool. Tony was a fine swimmer, a fine athlete, as his father had been. His father had died when Tony was only five years old.

In high school Tony was a star on the baseball team. He played football and basketball, too. And he was an honor student. He was offered a scholarship to the University of California, but there was trouble in Korea and he wanted to go with his friends to help fight for his country.

Tony left his mother two years ago and now he was coming home on the ten o'clock train. It wouldn't be long now, Marie thought as she heard the train whistle.

Marie sat on the bench, her hands folded in her lap, her gray head bowed proudly, her lips tight, a lone tear running from her brown eyes and down her face.

The train was pulling into the station now. Friends and relatives were rushing to meet loved ones.

The elderly lady in black walked slowly to the baggage car to claim her son.

•

REVELATION

MAUREEN O'CONNELL '57

I saw a man whose hair
Was frosted white as snow.
His eyes were blue
As glacial lakes.
His hands
As brown as bark.
His wrinkled face
Was molded like the side
Of a wind-swept hill.
I saw him standing there,
Looking out beyond the world,
And I asked myself
What do I
Know of Life?

A COMFORT

NEAL LUND '58

Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Poetry

Soft rain
Falling from high
Makes me think there might be
Someone above Who sheds more tears
Than I.

•

TREES AS WINTER WANES

PAUL WARNES '57

The rain had ceased her pelting of the earth below.
Azure rivers, now brown and muddied, swelled and
Split mountain, plain.

From the recesses of humid valleys
The suffocating sensations that cause a man to gulp deep draughts
of air as he walks through the forest after a storm
Billowed upward, meeting the swiftly drifting tang of the
evergreens,
Softly plummeting from the grey, shale ridges.

A frothing river collected the spent missiles and swelled further,
Touching timidly the willow roots invading her depths.

Cypress knees stopped the ocean-ward breeze that rasped the
leaves of the palm on the shore beside it, as if to chasten.

Scrub oaks shouldering their burden of congealing ice crystals
And shivering against the intense cold,
Cracked their glassy winter muffs which fell to the snow's crust,
And finding it impenetrable, lay atop it.

Sugar maples bled cold and clear into soot-encrusted cauldrons
Which ever demanded more.
Seething, steaming steam that became
Entangled in the loose braids of the pungent wood-smoke
Tied tightly by flickering bows of red flame shooting from under
the soot-coated cauldron.
Winter had stolen the waxen glisten of Ohio's bumper crop of
buckeyes that lay still on the black,
Rain-pitted earth.

Naked locust spears stood near the barbed fence in the corner
Of the greening winter wheat field, blunted by the
wintry campaigns waged against them
Without their verdant, summery shields.

Forest of spruce marched over cold, snow-hardened ridges,
Embracing oaken comrades and allying ashen ones,
Swarming on until the earth was theirs as far as the eye
perceived in the dusk,
But quiet now, complacent and dreamy,
Like aged veterans.

THE EMPTY CHAIR

Dolly Klaich '58

The moment I saw Sarah walk into government class that morning last September, I knew that some day I'd be telling her story.

She chose an isolated seat near the window and straightened her immaculate, worn dress before sitting down. I saw her remove a pencil from her purse, open a notebook and sit silently staring at the professor, who was unconvincingly trying to look busy. After the classroom was filled, the professor repeated his few time-worn words of welcome, assigned the first chapter, and excused us. Sarah closed her notebook, put her pencil back in her purse and left.

I witnessed this same scene for the next three classes, and after the fourth, just as she was going out the door, I caught up with her and blurted, "Hi, Sarah, I'm Beth James. Are you busy now? How about a cup of coffee?"

It sounded silly when I thought over what I had said. I bit my lip as she replied, "Thank you. But I have to be at work in ten minutes."

I stopped and stood at the door until she disappeared down the hallway. I noticed her long hair, untouched by modern stylists; her neat, trim dress which had apparently been through many hours of study with her.

Sarah smiled shyly at me the next day in class but continued to sit silently — methodically taking notes. The professor mumbled something which sounded like, "Under the American economic system, individuals are born with equal potential; it is up to these individuals as to what they do with it. Countless examples are available of boys born into poverty, who are now successful and influential citizens." Sarah stopped taking notes, her face muscles tightened. The bell rang; she closed her notebook and left.

About a month later I saw Sarah walking across campus and I ran to catch up with her.

"Hi, Sarah, how are you this morning?" I ventured.

"Fine," she replied.

What else could she say? She didn't have time to complain.

I tried again, "Gosh, how about that government exam last week? What a test — the old man thinks government is our only course."

"Yes," Sarah answered. "It was quite difficult."

Silence followed and just as we reached the corner, I asked, "My roommates and I are going to the dance exhibition this evening. Would you like to go along?"

She smiled, and I noticed a spark of enthusiasm that quickly faded as she said, "I'd like to go very much, only I promised Ann King that I'd tutor her tonight. She has trouble with her French verbs."

"Well, maybe some other time," I said casually. "See you in class tomorrow, I'm sorry you couldn't go." Sarah waved goodbye as she turned the corner.

I stood on that corner for a long while — at least five minutes. Why was she so quiet? I asked myself. I never saw her at any of the campus events. She was always working, or studying. I surely wanted to get to know her.

I was reading Mother's letter as I walked into class the next day: " . . . and, Beth, Wilson's had a sale today — $25 cashmere sweaters for only $19. I bought two, a gorgeous beige, and a blue. They're on their way out, you should get them any day." Sarah's coming into the room interrupted my reading. Mother continued: "And dear, we won't be able to come down this weekend — Daddy has a business trip planned for Chicago and I'm going along (hope to get some shopping in). Daddy's sending you a money order though, honey, so don't worry. I'll have to close now, the girls will be here any minute and I'm chairman today — have to run over the agenda. Take care, dear, and study. Lots of love, Mother."

I looked down at my pink cashmere sweater and then at Sarah in her same immaculate, worn dress. I crumpled Mother's letter and pressed the hard ball between the palms of my hands. Some of the ink smeared into my palms.

The professor's monotone startled me: "I was amazed to receive such a batch of impossible examination papers from supposed college students. Just because this is your first examination there is no reason for such languid work. Out of all the papers only one was worth even putting a grade on! In the future, I want to see no more of it. That's all for today. Pick up your papers on the way out."

I'll bet it was Sarah's paper that got the grade, I thought, as I shuffled toward the door. It had to be; Sarah couldn't afford to become lazy, she didn't have time.

A week later I was late for class. When I got there, I saw Sarah's seat empty. Had she skipped class? No, people like Sarah don't skip classes. She must be ill, I decided — that was it — she was ill. She was absent from class the next day and the next and the next. I decided to find out where she lived, so that I could visit her and try and cheer her.

Her housemother's words still ring in my ears. " . . . Sarah Baranski, oh yes, Sarah left school." What? I couldn't believe it. "Her father passed away rather suddenly last week — an accident at the factory — crushed by a falling piece of steel. Terrible thing, she was such a nice girl, a hard worker. It seems she'll have to support the family now — has three little sisters. Her parents came to America a year before she was born and things haven't been too easy for the girl — working and all. She was on a scholarship here, you know. Even then it was difficult, but she didn't mind. It's hard to find a girl like her these days."

My informer stopped dead as if realizing that she had rambled on much too much already. I fidgeted and looked at my Swiss watch, the one Daddy had brought me from his trip abroad. "Gee, it's three o'clock, time for me to run. Thank you, thank you very much." I excused myself thinking, yes, it was hard to find a girl like Sarah these days.

I pushed myself into government class the next morning. I didn't hear a word the professor said until the middle of the lecture when he stressed: "The American economic system boasts education for all, no matter what the economic position of the individual. All the individual must do is take advantage of it."

My eyes filled with dry tears as they found Sarah's empty chair.

•

PRISONERS

PATRICIA JACOBS '57

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry

The moon is thin . . . .
It casts its slow beams
On the relaxed waters.
My footprints become ghosts
As the water drowns them.
The ropes that bind the waves
Lie sleeping on the sand
For when the tide comes in
They must begin their task again.
I too am held prisoner . . . .
How I wish it were but
Weeds that bind me
But I am captive in the dungeon
Of my own despair.

•

Love
Is the base
Of the teeter-totter
Of life.

PATRICIA MIZER '58

WHEN SOFT HAIRED CHILDREN DREAM

ROLFE KORSBORN '56

When soft-haired, shadow-children,
Ground sound-asleep
By the many-voiced jackal pack of waves,
Yelping down chasms here,
Under the steeple-chase moon
And the cookie-punch stars;

When well-eyed children,
Painted in brown configurations
On the oceans of the sand,
On the stammering hills of the sea,
Dream Ohio's crippled Spring in my eyes,

The stunted sea-sounds of the trees
Wagging their heads in a world of wind
Betray my salt-frothed heart
And bewilder my sea-legged hair.

•

INSECTOLOGY

JIM WAGNER '56

I

A
little bug
was quite upset.
He was by mishap someone's pet.
He did not wiggle or try to get out,
He accepted fate and didn't pout.

II

Why can't we be like the captive bug
When life seems lost in sweat and blood:
And try to perceive in our small way
The Master Plan from day to day?

•

SPRING

BONNIE PAUL '59

Sunny skies and gentle breezes
Fill our souls and try to tease us.
Quiet spring is hov'ring there,
Sighs of sweetness flood the air.
Oh, how lovely just to be
Alive — together — you and me.

BIG EVENT

FRAN MYERS '56

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose

Silence reigned in blackness; not an inkling of sound penetrated the barrier of nothingness that separated them. He shifted his weight somewhat. The muscles of his throat protruded so that he had difficulty breathing. His hand trembled as he turned the key.

"It's late."

"I know, Jack."

He put his foot on the accelerator.

"Your folks'll probably think we had a wreck." He patted her arm half-hesitantly as the car rolled down the tar-carpetedness of the highway.

"I — I'm sorry," she said again.

"Forget it."

"You're still mad?"

"I'm all right."

"It's something I just can't help, Jack." He could see that her eyes were wet.

"It's just one of those things, I guess." His hands clutched the steering wheel. He shrugged.

"I hope you'll find someone else," she said.

"Sure, sure. Gonna wear your pink formal to the prom, Amy?"

"I got a new one — white. Eddie wants to buy me an orchid. Are you going to ask someone, Jack?"

"I dunno." He stopped the car. "Well, here we are." He looked at her and wished her eyes weren't so blue.

"I'll never forget how much fun we always had."

"Yeah." He was thinking of how proud he'd been of her at the Christmas formal when she'd worn the pink dress.

"Well, it's late." He got out and walked around the car to open the door for her.

She smiled at him then, a sort of sad smile.

"We're still friends — ? You won't blame it all on Eddie?"

"It's okay." He walked with her up to the door. There was something like a magnet between them, almost forcing their lips to meet, but he knew he must keep it from taking control of him.

"Well —" he said.

"Good night, Jack." Her voice was soft — so soft.

" 'Night, Amy — and good-bye."

His hand felt funny. Gee, this was the first time he'd worn his class ring since the day he got it. It was worn kind of thin on one side where Amy's friendship chain had rubbed it. His little finger felt strangely bare, too, without her ring.

Sure, Eddie could buy her orchids. Good old Eddie. He reached his hand deep into his pocket and felt the small box. He started the car and wondered if his folks would still be up. After all, the night a guy had set aside to give his girl a diamond was a pretty big event in his life.

•

"— TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME"

ETHEL SHELLEY STEINMETZ '31

I cannot clean my house today
For there is my young son
Who calls to me
To say that he
Can't play at catch alone;
So I must go,
For well I know
Tomorrow he'll be grown.

I cannot clean my house today
For daughters need some care,
And I must go
To fix the bow
She fastens in her hair,
For it will be
Too soon that she
Won't ask what she's to wear.

I cannot clean my house today
For husbands have some claim;
Mine calls for me
To ride and see
The country after rain;
And I must go —
For all I know
He may not ask again.

I cannot clean my house today —
There's dreaming I must do;
If I have time
And find a rhyme
I'll write a poem or two —
For there must be
Some time for me,
I am a person too!

•

There was a young fellow from Dover,
Who had an old dog he called Rover;
On a stroll late one night,
They missed a red light;
Now the two of them lie 'neath the clover.

FRAN MYERS '56

A MOTHER'S WAR-TIME CHRISTMAS

BILL SKAATES '58

Christmas in a hotel room!
Not a very cheerful thought—
Particularly when you've always been at home.
Of course this room has been
Your home for six months now.

So you buy a tree, not very big
But still very much a tree
And then—since decorations can't be bought
You try your hand at creating.
Your first attempts are rather crude
But with a little practice
Your efforts are rewarded,
And you place your tree
In the fifth-floor window
For all the world to see.

You then find you've added a few to the gift list;
Now there's the chamber-maid,
The old man at the desk, and
Oh yes, don't forget the elevator boy;
Many is the time you've pestered him
With your endless trips.

You tie that final sprig
Of mistletoe beneath the chandelier
And tape that spindly pine spray
To the scarred old door.

And having done everything
You can possibly think of, you feel
"Well, maybe this won't be so bad after all."
And then when morning arrives
And the tow-head tumbles
Out of bed at five a.m.
You know that all your efforts
Have not really been in vain.

•

BREEZES

JANICE ELLENBERGER '58

Little breezes
Play gently
And command
The lazy leaves to rest and swirl.

Later they combine
With force
Helping Old King Snow
Design his lacy handiwork.

REALIZATION

LORRAINE CRAWFORD '59

Honorable Mention, Freshman Poetry

Part I

I am a child,
I play alone;
A make-believe world,
I make my own.

I am not pretty,
I am not bright;
They are the day,
I am the night.

Part II

The days pass by,
I cannot see
The kindness others
Bestow on me.

Two-faced mirrors
We all have had,
With one side good,
The other bad.

The good alone
Does not exist;
Both sides are seen
In the mirror's mist.

Let us strive
For a one-faced mirror;
Through faith the good
Becomes the nearer.

I was a child,
Through faith I've grown;
I now see things
Which were unknown.

•

FEEPLOG

MARY ANN CHARLES '56

Jumpergamp to Stindelpoof
On leeply loosing lanes,
Donk popperwhiff is peaky bleeze
A bibbling bounce to rains.

ENCOUNTER WITH ROMANCE

PAT SLIVER '59

Last summer my family, after much debate and a little coaxing on my part, finally decided to go to historic Williamsburg, Virginia, for our vacation.

Upon first entering Williamsburg, I realized that the eighteenth century was coming alive before my very eyes! No one with any imagination or love for history can escape the charm and splendor of this town and, since I have an abundance of both qualities, I was completely lost to reality.

Everything in the town — shops, homes, people — appeared exactly as it had in the 1700's, when rich silk clothes and lavish balls were the fashion.

The first building we visited was the Governor's Palace, and immediately I found myself in the year 1750, attending a grand ball at the Governor's mansion. My skirt and blouse suddenly changed into a full, satin gown and I was being escorted by a young, handsome fellow, James Garrett, from a near-by plantation.

The ball itself was a huge success; the music was beautiful, the food delicious, and everyone who was *anyone* at all was there. I danced with one man by the name of George Washington, who was the catch of the season!

Later in the evening Jim and I took a walk in the Palace Gardens, the most lovely spot in the whole town. We talked and talked; Jim told me about some of his future plans, which included eventually owning and expanding his father's plantation. As I sat listening to Jim, I realized that nothing would be finer than marriage, with all its tasks and responsibilities, to a wealthy plantation owner. Perhaps some day I'd be lucky.

The evening ended entirely too soon, and, before I knew it, Jim had called for the carriage and we had departed.

"Pat, Pat," I heard someone say. I turned and then realized that Mom was calling me. It was 1955 again and we were ready to leave the Palace. Mom and Dad wanted to rest awhile, so I decided to visit a private home, the Benjamin Waller House.

I walked down lovely, tree-lined Francis Street until I came to this delightful home, half hidden by the shadows of the trees.

I entered the hallway, began to climb the stairs to survey the second floor, when suddenly I tripped! Bewildered, I looked down and discovered that I was wearing a long, plain, cotton dress, typical of the middle-class ladies of early Williamsburg.

I continued upstairs and inspected the bedrooms to make certain the servants had done their duties properly. I returned to the kitchen, checked on the progress of the evening meal, and then went to the gardens to pick some flowers for the dinner table.

It was almost time to get ready for our evening guests. My husband, Benjamin, would be returning from the shop soon, so

I started upstairs to lay out his clothes for him when I heard someone say, "Miss, Miss! The tour is over and you'll have to leave."

I had returned to the twentieth century, the century of reality. Gone was 1750, with its atmosphere of charm, lavishness, and excitement, but the realization of the great inheritance that is mine will forever remain among my most treasured memories.

•

CARDINAL

ROGER CALDWELL '58

I saw a cardinal, a flash of red,
Like an idea come into my head,
Just a flash and nothing more,
Only an inkling of Truth's great store.

•

HOW LIKE A CHILD . . .

SARAH ROSE '56

Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Poetry

How like a child who wanders frightened in the night—
Where shadows' inky pools give rise to fear,
Where nature's face is masked in murky light
And windy voices cry into the ear—
Was I before you opened wide the door
To warmth and love and peace. Nor could my heart
At first accept what was unknown before,
To never walk alone in deepest dark.
With gentleness you led me to the light
And warmth that I had yearned for all the years.
You held my hand 'til I forgot my fright
And whispered words like music in my ears.
To you who gave your love, I give my all
And bless the loving heart that heard my call.

THE PINK DRESS

SARAH ROSE '56

Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Prose

Marty was walking down Center Street eating an apple when she saw The Dress. There in the window of Bartlett's Department Store was the most beautiful creation of frothy pale pink lace and taffeta she had ever seen. She stood and gazed in blissful oblivion while her "Lit" book slid out of her slackened grip and sprawled on the sidewalk, unnoticed. Smoothly the bodice hugged the waist of the mannequin and then flared out in a pool of pale pink, while the tips of matching slippers barely showed under the full skirts.

A wave of wanting swept over Marty from the crown of her shining brown head to the soles of her scuffed saddles and settled somewhere in between in the region of the pit of her stomach, where it lay like a piece of undigested apple. Absent-mindedly she picked her book from the street and settled it firmly on top of her shorthand, then went close to the window to look again and study every detail.

On a small, inconspicuous card near the model's feet was the price — $49.95. To Marty it might as well have been $4900.95. With an effort she pulled herself away from the window and continued on her way home. There was really no point in allowing herself to dream over the dress. At present her total cash assets consisted of $7.43, and although she started work for Mr. Morrison at the drug store on Saturday, she would never be able to earn the total price of the dress in two weeks.

If only her mother would understand about the importance of pink dresses and Spring Proms. "I'd pay her back every cent if she'd just loan it to me," Marty thought, but she knew she'd never work up enough nerve to suggest it. There were too many other things the Randall family needed now. "All Mom thinks about is fixing the plumbing and sewing on buttons!" Marty knew this was unfair, but now everything else was unimportant except the pink dress.

In two weeks she would be going to the Spring Prom, the one really big event of each year. And this was her last year, the last dance she and Tom could go to before he left for the Army. She had planned to wear her blue formal, the one she'd worn for the past two years. It was perfectly good, her mother would say, but the crispness had gone out of the net skirt, and it had a very uninspiring droop. How wonderful it would be to float around the ballroom on a pink cloud, and know that this would be the one dance they both would cherish always.

She pushed open the front door of her home and dropped her books on the hall table. "Mom! I'm home," she announced.

"Hurry and change your clothes," her mother said from the kitchen. "I'm just about through with your father's shirts and you can do your things while the iron's hot." Marty mumbled something

in reply and ambled up the stairs. In a few minutes she was in the kitchen, a sweatshirt borrowed from her father hanging baggily around the seat of her very tight and fashionably-faded levis.

"Well, what did you do today, dear?" It was a familiar question, often repeated.

"Nothin' much." The answer was just as familiar. "Mrs. Anders gave us a pop test on that bunch of poems we had to read last night. I think I flubbed on part of it. And, oh Mom, I saw the most gorgeous formal ever tonight in Bartlett's window. It's just beautiful!"

"Um hum," her mother said. "I noticed it this morning when I went down after the curtains for your brother's room. You must go up and see them. They've got a cowboy kind of print and they're washable, so I thought they'd do fine for him."

Marty ironed in silence. "There!" she told herself. "Just what I thought. She didn't even bat an eye over the dress. Jimmy's curtains are a thousand times more important to her than a new dress for the dance. She must have been born old and dull."

Late that evening Marty was sitting cross-legged in bed putting up her hair when she heard her parents come up the stairs for the night. Her father's heavy steps went on down the hall, but her mother's stopped by Marty's door.

Mrs. Randall knocked softly. "Marty? Are you still up?"

"Yes, Mom. Come on in."

The older woman settled herself comfortably on the edge of the bed. "Isn't the Spring Prom coming up pretty soon?" she asked.

"Why yes, it is. In two weeks." Marty looked at her mother in slight puzzlement. "Why?"

"Oh, I just wondered what you were going to wear. That blue formal from last year has seen better days, hasn't it?"

Marty looked wonderingly at her mother and nodded her head.

"Well, I was just thinking that you should get a new one this year. With this being your last big dance, and Tom leaving for the Army as soon as school is out, I think you ought to make this something to remember. And I know a new dress adds a lot to an already perfect evening."

Marty struggled to keep her jaw from dropping. To think that this was her mother, talking like this! "Mom," she asked unbelievingly, "do you mean it? You want me to get a new dress for the Prom?"

"Well, that's what I've been trying to say. I saw a rather nice one in Bartlett's window this morning when I went down for Jimmy's curtains. It was a shade of pink that would look good on you. It reminded me a lot of the dress I wore the night your father proposed. It was pink, too, and . . . "

"Oh, Mom!" Marty interrupted her mother by throwing her arms around her and giving her an exhuberant squeeze. How could

she have ever thought her mother was just plodding through life, with a dustcloth in one hand and no imagination in the other!

"Oh Mom," she sighed again, "why didn't you ever tell me you wanted a pink dress, too?"

•

HOW COME?

MABEL JO MOZIER SADLER x'33

Talents run in families,
Talents true and rare —
Some are artists
Some musicians
Some to writing heir.

Talents run in families,
Talents run in mine —
Some can paint
Some can play
Some in acting shine.

But out of all these talents
Guess which ones I rate?
A talent for left-handedness
And one for red hair straight.

•

MAY NIGHT

JANET BYLER '58

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry

The quiet black of darkness
Wrapped each spring leaf of the maple tree
In the soft soothing warmth of a May night.
The hushed stillness carried on a gentle wind
The breath of early petal-soft flowers.
It seemed to lay a hopeful hand upon a weary mind,
To chase the cobwebbed whirl of waking
Into the mists of the mellowing mood of night.

A DISSERTATION ON DEAR

DAVID YOUNG '59

Second Prize, Freshman Prose

Did you ever hear of my dear-hunting days in Canada? You didn't? That's too bad because I'm not going to tell you about that. I'm going to tell you about some pet dear I have had in the past.

Dear are strange things. At times they are so gentle and loving. I remember one dear that had large brown eyes, but that's another story. As I was saying, at times they are lovely pets, but at other times, they'd like to bite off a person's hand. They have large white teeth, you know.

There are many kinds of dear. There are large, long-legged dear that could outrun a horse; there are over-plump dear which like to get possession of anything that looks green and sounds crispy; and there are those that are neither fast runners nor great eaters. They are just right, and make the best pets.

One of the worst things about having a pet dear is the extra worry during hunting seasons. Dear are simple creatures (as are all who belong to their family), and they often run innocently to the hunter the first time they hear a "dear call." During this season one has to guard the dear very closely and with all caution.

Dear are very easy to feed. They require very little food because they have a strange fear of overeating. The kind of dear I like to feed are those that eat out of my hand.

A few tips on the care of a dear might be helpful. Never speak harshly. They cherish love and affection. Don't fool yourself, though, and think that just because they can't talk back, they are harmless. That isn't so. The bite is worse than the bark. Always give the dear a little fun and frolic, too — they like occasional excitement.

The last rule of care is the most important. Although you must be kind and loving, always remember to keep the upper hand. Discipline is very important. A dear that gets out of hand will run all over you.

Well, so much for my dear experiences. I just want to leave you with one thought. A dear's a dear the world over. They make fine pets just as long as you keep them eating out of your hand!

(NOTE: I'm not too sure how to spell the word *dear (or deer?)*. I have, of course, been referring to the hoofed, cud-chewing animal common to North America.)

•

A dateless young lady named Anne,
Was terribly hard up for a man.
Said she to her mother,
"I'd even date brother;
That just shows how desperate I am!"

FRAN MYERS '56

THE CHASE

LORRAINE CRAWFORD '59

Honorable Mention, Freshman Prose

I remember, with vividness, an incident which stands out from the many others I experienced my first year of dormitory life. My father, who is an Army medical officer, was stationed in Germany at the time. Our family lived about fifty miles from Munich, where the nearest American high school was located. Therefore, my older sister and I lived in the dormitory during the week and traveled to and from Munich on the weekends.

As I recall, the relationship between my sister and me at that time was on a somewhat strained basis because of the fact that we were going through that awkward age commonly termed "adolescence." We antagonized each other to such an extent that we found it better not to associate with each other any more than necessary. In fact, at the end of this hectic year, the majority of the girls were not aware that we were sisters!

There were many arguments which led to this undeclared cold war. This policy of non-fraternization with the enemy proved to be practical, for these tense arguments were wearing on the nerves. However, this one incident brought out the agitation between us more forcefully than all the others combined. When I recall it now, I feel both a tinge of embarrassment and an urge to laugh.

At the first of the year, my roommate and I had been fortunate in getting one of the better rooms (the only one with a sink). My sister and her roommate, considering their social and academic status as seniors, asked us to exchange our room for their small, dark, attic room. (They didn't phrase it exactly this way).

Well, after all, who wants to be stuck in a two-by-two attic room on the third floor? When we voiced these sentiments to the high and mighty seniors, they became annoyed. My sister proceeded to tell me, in no uncertain terms, that we, as freshmen, had no right to refuse to comply with their wishes. By this time this little argument had developed (for me) into a definite issue — the rights of the freshmen versus those of the seniors. I visualized myself as a champion for a cause, so I struck a bold attack using a barrage of highly insulting words. Whereupon, my sister responded with a sharp and resounding slap on my cheek. Realizing that she had gone too far, she apologized.

Not subscribing to the adage of turning the other cheek, I let her slap act as an incentive to spur me on to action. Blindly I struck back and the fight was on! Shouting insults back and forth, we chased each other up and down the three flights of stairs, into bathrooms and out of closets, and into the startled girls' rooms. Following close behind was the dorm mother, or warden as we preferred to call her, screaming to us, in a shrill voice, to stop.

Paying no heed to her hoarse shouts, I once more scaled the

first flight of stairs to the second floor. My sister then chased me out onto the balcony where, for a moment, I was cornered. But using inborn ingenuity, I lowered myself over the balcony railing and descended a thick vine which hugged the dormitory wall. As soon as I felt a window ledge beneath my feet, I deftly swung myself into one of the first-floor rooms. However, my flight was brought to an abrupt halt by a clothesline which was strung across the window. In my agile jump through the window the line unexpectedly caught me by the neck. Disentangling myself from the numerous slips, hose, and other unmentionables on the line, I shouted a cheery hello to the girls in the room and continued my flight through the hall.

The enemy was in hot pursuit. Not pausing to outwit them again, I started up the stairs once more. I was met at the first landing by the warden who, with tears in her eyes, pleaded with me to stop. Feeling sorry for her in her awkward position, I called my comrades-in-arms around me and delivered my victory message. This group of loyal freshmen, who had shouted encouragements at every new encounter, accepted my speech with reverence and gratitude; they, as well as myself, were confident of our victory. My sister's senior comrades, however, had the erroneous conception that they were the victors. They lacked the humility to bow before us!

Looking back on it all now, I realize that we, as freshmen, needed some of our "freshness" knocked out of us. But golly! Those were cold winter nights my roommate and I spent in that little attic room on the third floor!

•

ESTUDIANTE OF LANGUAGE

MARY ANN CHARLES '56

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry

When je parle another tongue,
It's several that I think among.

Confusé . . . yes! I'm often tort;
Vocabulary's not my fort.

Though yo estudio beaucoup,
My grasp of Sprache is — pas du tout!

HEART'S HOME

SARAH ROSE '56

A brown clapboard house with a split shake roof
And a cobblestone chimney by the door —
A high green hill with a soft round head
And a white birch bent before —
A long curving road that's dirt when it's dry
That spirals up a hill —
A valley carved out with the gentle touch
Of an Artist's mast'ry and skill —
A slow peaceful stream that meanders along
And talks to the trees by its side —
This is the land where my soul found rest;
Where my heart will always abide.

•

SEGREGATION?

HENCIE WILLIAMS '58

Heah I is
Sittin' in de chu'ch
Wif de white folk.
It ain't nat'ral
Fo' dem to see
The like as black as me
Sittin' in deah midst,
But dey ain't sed
Nothin' gainst it.
Fact, dey 'vited me heah.
And de Lawd ain't lookin'
At de colah of ma outside;
He lookin' deep in ma haht,
An' He findin' dat
It's a lot whitah
Den a lotta folks
Sittin' heah wif me.
It don't mattah wif Him
What ya look like
On de outside,
Cause He's always
A lookin' at yo' soul.
An' to Him,
All souls am de same colah.
So don't think you too good
To speak to
Yo' black brothah
Cause if yo do,
I specks God am thinkin'
That ya ought to be
As black or blacker.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH

BEVERLY BRUMLEY '57

Long pale fingers
Tapering softly on the violin strings
Caress,
stroke,
touch,
Shaping and molding the deep rich tones
Of the master's life.

•

SUPPER

AMY BROWN '59

Honorable Mention, Freshman Poetry

"You miss them most at supper
When folks have gone away,
Like Joe gone off to college."
That's what Mother used to say.

"You think about them often,
At night or in the day;
But you miss them most at supper."
That's what Mother used to say.

•

HENRY

FRAN SADLER '59

I love him; to me he is very handsome. He is tall and muscular with eyes clear and sky-blue. His hands are rough, strong, and extra large, yet gentle.

There are perhaps some people who, when they look at Henry, see only a simple farmer. I, too, see a farmer, but I see also a man who loves life and all the glory it has to offer. The man I see stands upright and straight like the pine tree he has grown. His thoughts are as pure as the spring from which he drinks, his eyes sparkle with kindness, and his smile whispers, "I love you."

Henry's heart seems almost to overflow with goodness. To me he will always be a king, whether he dresses in his Sunday suit or in his most tattered overalls.

Henry is no Einstein; in fact, I'm sure he would not know the theory of relativity if he met it face to face; but to me that seems unimportant, for, you see, Henry is my father.

UPON READING JOHN MASEFIELD'S

"DOVER BEACH"

LEODA BENCE '58

The full moon shone on the calm sea and the peaceful waves rolled in, meeting the moon-blanched sand of Dover Beach. John and Mary sat in their familiar secluded spot overlooking the tranquil bay where they had spent many of their past summer evenings. Listening to the grating roar and the eternal note of sadness swept in by the waves, Mary's thoughts traveled back to her first day at Dover Beach. She thought she would never get over the disappointment of having to cancel all her previous plans for the summer in order to spend three nice quiet months here at Dover Beach to improve her health. It just wasn't fair that a young girl should have to spend her entire summer in this deserted place. Dwelling on the thought that she would surely die of boredom before the summer was over, she was as melancholy as the sea that first night on the beach.

John studied her carefully from a distance looking admiringly at her blond wavy hair sparkling in the moonlight and noticing her well-developed figure as she sat perched on her beachchair, looking listlessly out to the sea. Coming closer he observed the sad eyes framed by her beautiful face. He knew then that he could never tell her the truth. Being a doctor had already brought him a countless number of joyous experiences, but never in his young career had he faced anything so tragic. How could you tell a beautiful young girl that she had but a short time to live — a few months or maybe a year if she were lucky? John, too, became melancholy that night watching the sea as it brought into his mind the turbid ebb and flow of human misery.

Mary met John that night, but it seemed as though she had known him forever. Her listless eyes soon began to sparkle as the days passed and their friendship blossomed.

Her melancholy sea became a sea of faith which she observed often as she meditated over happy thoughts while she sat on the sandy beach. John fell in love with Mary, too. He had previously been so engrossed in his career and his everlasting desire to help others that he had never taken time to fall in love. Now here he was in a land of dreams with everything so beautiful and new.

The summer passed swiftly and now tonight was their last night together on Dover Beach. Mary never realized that she would

some day marry John to fulfill the promise she made to herself that first night on the beach — the vow that she would destroy the sadness and pity in this young man's eyes so that he might enjoy life as she did. They pledged their love to each other as they looked out over the calm sea dreaming of tomorrow when they would be wed.

•

"HE STOOD . . . . ."

JANICE ELLENBERGER '58

He stood
Motionless
Yet alert
Watching
Waiting
Impatient
And nervous
New faces
All old ones gone.
The bell
Startling
This was it,
The beckoning
His first day of school.

•

SWEET UNREST

DAVID YOUNG '59

First Prize, Freshman Poetry

This mystic longing, sweet and unfulfilled
Which dwells within my pulsing breast,
Was planted there by one whose darts are skilled
In bringing painful joy and sweet unrest.
Ah yes! It is unhappy happiness
To wish for thee when we are both apart,
For then I yearn to have thee near to bless
Me with the passion of thy loving heart.
But even when I am so near to thee
That on thy lips I place a tender kiss,
I long that both our hearts one pulse might be!
Oh restless longing! Is it plague or bliss?
Bliss! The answer comes so swift and clear.
For what would I exchange for this, my dear?

THE PUPPET

FRAN MYERS '56

We didden eat supper at our house tonight. I tole Mom I was hungry but she just said be quiet and wait and when your pop comes home he'll take us to the cafe and get us somethin'. So I hushed up real quiet-like and I'm just sittin' here on the edge of my cot and playin' with Jerry, my little wooden puppet-doll that Pop got me when we went to the county fair last year.

Somethin' funny's goin' on, Jerry, and I dunno what it is. Mom's sure been actin' strange lately, and she's been in the kitchen with that man from the fact'ry for so long. I wish he wouldn't yell at her. Gee, last time he was here he yelled so loud it scared me right outa my wits. Mom don't deserve to be yelled at. That's right, Jerry, shake your finger at 'im. Here, I'll pull the string so your arm'll move. Now, shake your head; there, that's good. You're sure smart for just a little doll, Jerry.

Hey, listen — that fact'ry man's still yellin' at Mom. They're talkin' 'bout a fight. Hear 'em? Hey, I wonder who licked who. Are you hungry, Jerry? No, you're not. You've got a string for your arms and legs and your head, too, but there's no string for your mouth. I can't make you eat. You're a silly little doll, Jerry.

Don't you think it's awful lonesome around here since Pop ain't around home much no more? 'Member when he used to be here all the time — when the fact'ry was on strike? How Pop had that big banner and that fact'ry man come over afore and they all sat around and talked, and how that man tole Mom about how he wished Pop'd go back to work, on account of if he did then the rest would, too. Boy, I wish Pop hadden listened to that man. It was so much more fun when he was home all the time.

That old man's still yellin', Jerry. Hey, Mom's sayin' somethin'.

"You can't pull strings all the time. Even a puppet will break."

She's talkin' about you. How's come, I wonder."

What does he mean about the fact'ry's just a cover-up? This conversation sure don't make sense. *What* was the boy's duty? Hey, Mom's cryin'. You're just a silly dolly, Jerry, just a silly little wooden puppet.

"Mom, Mom — what's the matter, Mom? Where's the fact'ry man? How's come he called you *comrade?* Don't cry, Mom, please don't cry. Mom, what's the matter? Where's Pop? How's come Pop won't be home no more?"

PORTRAIT OF AN INHABITANT

ROLFE KORSBORN '56

Evening suppressed me,
Combing out its long, white hair
Among the trees,
Spreading it over the half-seen grass,
The damp strands catching the dust
In spores of sound and sight.

The air is somewhat warmer
Than this grey light foretold
And the cricket in my garden
Grinds his gears with more courtesy.

The few leaves (grown prematurely old)
That spot my lawn have lost their gold,
The evening bells retain but half their tone.

The colors of the leaves recall the progress
Of my green youth and brown age —
I see the bones beneath the skin —
My hand more fragile than the cup I hold.

•

LEAVES

MARILYN GAY MILLER '58

From tiny buds the leaves of spring forth come;
The season most adored is here again.
Their birth, a mystery to all remain,
But Mother Nature is the source to some.
As she completely turns all trees bright green,
The atmosphere obtains a scene quite new.
As fall now rushes in, a change is due —
Leaves turn bright hues as can be seen.
A mixture — yellow, orange, and brown — appears.
What happens only Mother Nature knows,
For could some fate or doom arouse her foes?
Destruction of the beauty, each one fears.
Then suddenly a gust of wind blows round,
And what the spring once brought is on the ground.

•

Life
Is the puppet
Of Time.

PATRICIA MIZER '58

ELEVATORS, U.S.A.

MARY ANN CHARLES '56

Third Prize, NSAL Short Story Contest, 1955

ten of six what the heck is wrong with these elevators any other night at this time i'd be speeding down the boulevard but not tonight of all nights come come jim parsons all these people must be close to forty or fifty waiting in this hall now they want to get out just as bad as you do control this impatience and those shifting feet and wait dumdada you are my sunshine if i weren't a monotone i'd hum to myself while waiting funny boy twenty-four floors down no i'll wait dumdedum hot loosen tie and collar parsons some relief imagine how hot under the collar mr snyder is waiting and waiting for me at the corner of 12th and north vine i wish i could call him odd crowd all kinds of people fifteen minutes and this crowd is restless getting shorttempered too ha sort of makes us all equals bigshotbosses to the office clerks no discrimination waiting in elevators u s a what a country huh that blackhaired man looks familiar like i think well it is

"Harold Gerber! Glad to see you! How's the family?"

"Jim! Fine, fine. Haven't seen you for a couple of months. Like your new job here? Say, by the way, know what's going on here tonight? I understand this place is crawling with F.B.I. boys — there's been a robbery up in Navy Research, Technical Information Division. Microfilm missing."

"Izzat so?"

"Yeah, that's the delay. They're searching everyone —"

"Everyone? You mean everyone in Griffith Building? Why, that's hundreds . . . Harold, we're liable to be here an hour, then, or more!"

"Yeah, that's right. They're searching each elevator's load. Why? You in a hurry?"

"Yes, I'm late now for an appointment. But he'll wait. He'll have to, I guess. Ha ha!"

"Right! Well, listen, ol' man, I have an engagement right now on this floor, and hafta run along. Keep in touch with me, okay. So long, Jim."

"So long, Harold."

nice guy i ought to try to see more of him oof what a crowd huh people were listening to us

"What was that? Sorry to have overheard, mister, but I couldn't help it in these cramped quarters. Did your friend say the delay of the elevators tonight is caused by a robbery?"

"Yes, government microfilm — must hold secret information."

"Well, what do you know about that! The Kremlin really does have spies well-planted in the good old U.S.A., huh! They'll catch

him or her, whoever took it, I bet! Hear that, Mabel? That government microfilm was stolen . . . "

everybody's buzzing now and look at the news getting around i wonder if what a little girl tugging on my coat she's frightened seems about six or seven years old where's her mother she is a cute wide-eyed little gal

"What's the matter, honey?"

"Is the elevator broke, mister? I'm tired, want Mommy."

"The elevator will be here in a little bit, Honey. Everything will be all right soon. Don't cry now. Here, here, now blow your nose . . . good, and perk up that chin! Like this! Ha ha ha!"

"I like you."

"That's good, 'cause I like you, too, Honey. Are you all alone? Isn't your mother with you?"

"She downstairs. I go up here all by myself! See Uncle Benny in big, big office. Mommy waiting for me at the bottom now. She told me to ride to bottom of elevata. Where elevata?"

"It'll be fixed in one minute, Honey. Say! How would you like to walk down the stairs to Mommy? Would you like that?"

"Oh, yes! I like you! Oh, I can't go nowhere — too much peoples."

"Just a minute, I'll look for the stairs . . ."

what guarded cops here too we will have to wait here then they are turning away that short seedy man he's mad about something unpleasant nervous looking character.

"Honey! Look, here is an elevator, at last! Hold my hand. There. You'll be with Mommy soon. I'll take you right to her, okay? Okay! Get in there, good."

ooh an elbow in my back i feel sardiney

"Don't push, lady. We'll get in."

that crowd waiting out there pushing and shoving won't all make the trip down but i bet that nervous character does ah and he did he'd make a good quarterback or an excellent illustration of how thepersonwhodoesnotreademilypost behaves

"Mommy at bottom elevata. Whee! Here we go doooooown!"

this lil blonde browneyed honey is certainly cute i'll make sure she meets her mommy at the bottom who is the elevator boy tonight oh tom he will tell me about the fbi oh oh that big man next to him

"Okay, quiet down, quiet down. Listen to me. I'm an F.B.I. agent, with a job to do. Most of you know about the robbery of secret microfilm from Navy Research in this building. Maybe *one* person in this elevator knows *all* about it, huh? Okay, quiet down! Sorry to hold you people up so long. We have warrants to search all. We're stopping here on the second floor. You will be questioned and searched one by one, and as your name is cleared, you may

leave, and walk down a floor to the street level. You, madame, your name and business?"

"Mister, I want Mommy now! Wh-where's bottom? Where's Mommy?"

"Don't cry, Honey. We'll find her. Hey, G-man, can you let this little girl out — you can see how upset she is. Her mother probably is very worried. She's been waiting for her for —"

"Sorry, sir. *No* one leaves until the investigation is complete. Try to keep her crying down, and I'll appreciate it."

well i think this is unnecessary he should let honey go humm nervey is getting more and more nervous he's indeed indignant about all this hubbub wants to leave gonna use influence knows representative dickenson that's a way fbi boy tell him off oo the search will be penetrating.

"Okay, Mrs. James, you're cleared. Now you may go. Your name please, and your purse and coat."

"Why, this . . . oh, an outrage! What right have you to look into my purse? I have my rights as a citizen of the United States. Give me my purse back."

"No, lady, I'm afraid you're wrong. If you knew about your rights, you'd know that it's my job to protect them."

funny how it ruffles some people's prides to have to undergo an investigation this fair redhaired woman with pimply cheeks is too upset dramatic that was nervy's cue he's stepping on stage now

"I agree with the woman here. You can't stop this elevator to search us for some film we've not heard of and that's probably a hundred miles from here by now — "

"If you'll leave this to the F.B.I., sir. This is one of the last elevator loads going, and we are sure the film is still in Griffith Building — somewhere! Uhh, do you have this gun registered, Mrs.?"

"Yes, yes, of course. This is outrageous —"

"You'll have to be detained a short while here on second floor; Miss Kay will talk to you."

"Me? Oh, my god. Oh oh."

"You next, sir."

"Bridgeton, George. I don't work on the floor where the robbery took place. Here's my identification, wallet, papers — nothing else in my briefcase."

"Turn around. Okay. Oh, just a minute. What's this $600 in your wallet, Mr. Bridgeton?"

"I uh, I withdrew it this noon, Central Trust. Call my bank, sir."

"Okay, we'll check it. Now, Miss, may I have your purse?"

she is quite flustered beautiful blond hair what's wrong these two seem an innocent enough pair

"Explain this, Miss Finch."

another wad of money wow she's blushing clear to her ears the two of them are speechless they better say something anything quick

"Mr. Bridgeton, Miss Finch, you'll be detained also. Step outside the elevator. Okay, next. You, sir."

nervy is scared to death why are people objecting so much to this

"Jack Gordon. Say, you're the Gordon with the police record, aren't you. Humm. Well, you're okay today. You may go. Now you, little girl. Don't be afraid of me. Come on."

"Go over and talk to him, Honey. Then you can find Mommy."

honey's crying so scared i'm next for the big frisk after her

"There, little girl, you can leave now. I just wanted to look in your pretty pocketbook. Don't cry. Oh, you want this man to come with you? Well, he will, in just a minute."

"I'm Jim Parsons. Can I take this kid to her mother downstairs? She's almost hysterical. Here's my wallet, and, see, my pockets are okay. All right? May I go now?"

"Sorry, sir. No exceptions to the searching. Turn around. This just takes a — Fred, come here! This, inside the hem of the cuff of his pants. Check this number, 100-4B95-X. Checks? Okay, handcuff him, Fred. The rest of you people leave."

"Hey, mister, show me Mommy. You said you would."

"Sorry, Honey."

"Mommy? Everybody gone left me. Mister, I like you — take care of me!"

sorry kid

•

I asked Mommy to show me God;
She said she couldn't.
I asked Daddy to show me God;
He said, "Ask Mommy!"

DOLLY KLAICH '58

TO ROBERT FROST, IN GRATITUDE

SYLVIA VANCE '46

I know a man who used to live in Boston.
He stayed at some hotel there near the Common
And worked the long days through and passed the nights
Thinking about the business of his office.
How long he did this I don't quite recall,
But my point is, he's not there any longer.

One Sunday late in spring he got a car
From a garage that rents them out to people,
And drove to northward and to east along the shoreline.
Oh, he came back all right, but with this difference —
He'd bought himself a beach shack for the summer
To spend his week-ends in, right on the ocean.
For being wiser than he realized
He felt he needed ocean, though that was not
The way he said it.

He went there week-ends for awhile, and then
Summer blazed up and died all through New England,
And folks came back to Boston for the winter —
But not this man. That is, he came to work
But not to live. He did his living week-ends
There in his ocean house (a shack, I said,
For it was built for fishing, not for winters,
And there were cracks that leaked the wind and coldness.)
Cracks can be filled, but what is more important
A place to live in should be built for winters.

And yet he soon quit coming back to Boston,
And as I said, he's not there any longer.
It's been a long time now he's lived on shoreline,
Though neither he nor beach is quite the same
As when he went there. The shack is gone.
It went one gale-swept night — collapsed to splinters.
"It really wasn't big enough for living,
And something bigger knew it," was what he said
When I drove out to see and found him building.
His new place is a house, and more, a home.
For now he has a wife, and there's a son,
And all of them are living by the ocean.
He says it's something big to think to.

I went there once upon a summer Sunday
And all of us — his three, my one — went driving
Into the village where the church is.
(That's what he calls it, though of course you understand
It has its share of stores and such included.)

And we all sat and listened to the preacher
Who was a city pastor on vacation.
I guess he was renewing city sermons
Beside the ocean, to prove them universal.
Then afterwards the four of us and he
Were talking in the vestry for a moment,
And my friend thanked the pastor, as he said,
"We come to listen to the words you say
Because the way you say them lets us know
You're speaking on the side that has the angels."

And then he added as we neared the door,
"Parson, what's in your book is in my ocean,
And we're both on the way to somewhere
And we'll both know it when we get there,
And I don't doubt we'll see each other."

Before the Sunday meal my friend and I
Stood talking on the beach and then I asked him,
"Don't you miss, ever, the things you left —
Your work, your friends, and all the life that was?"
I knew the answer, but I had to hear it.

"My work's wherever I am, and my son
Is my important work — the rest's for bread.
As for my friends, if they're my friends, like you,
They know just where to find me — always here."
And then he looked out toward the crested ocean,
"You see that wave that's breaking now on shore?
When that one's gone there'll be another one
And then another and another, ebb and flow —
As long as I have watched they're always there,
And they'll be there when I'm no longer here,
And this is what I want my son to know,
For this is peace, and this is love, and this is God."

We stood a long time silent, then I said,
"Couldn't all this be found, let's say in Boston?
That is, what's in it all that is important?"

"Of course," he said, "but that's not where I found it."

I haven't seen my friend for several years,
But many, many times I think about him.
I guess he had been born to ocean looking,
As all of us have been, one way or other.
There is in us this constant search for shoreline
Where man and not-man come for mutual knowledge.
And, as I said, the point of all this is
My friend is not in Boston any longer.

•

POST MORTUM

Lois L. Benton '54

The child stood on tiptoe to see into the nursery at the base hospital. She barely surpressed a squeal as the nurse held up a baby. She tugged on the hand of the woman who stood next to her. "My new baby sister! My new baby sister! Won't my Daddy be surprised when he gets home, Aunt Alice?"

The woman didn't answer. She stood staring through tear-filled eyes at the card on the baby's crib. It read:

Father: Capt. James P. Bell, Jr. — deceased.

A POEM

JOHN BAYLES x'54

A poem in anything, you say? Absurd!
No one finds poetry in every word —
Except perhaps in children's evening prayers
Or mothers' sighs that breathe out all their cares.
You won't find poetry in factory din —
Unless some hammer puts the meter in,
While young men made of dirt and sweat and dreams
Learn life as well as care of their machines.
The measured stanza isn't found at all
In grossness of great cities, sleep of small —
Except in throbbing traffic, urchins' cries,
Or murmurs of the dusty roads and flies.
There's poetry in law? That's hard to say
Unless poetic justice has its way —
But my soul's bound with common things instead
I miss the poetry 'round my very head.

•

OCTOBER

ROBERT F. WORKMAN '55

The day has gone. The wet, black night came swiftly
to shroud the somber grayness that was afternoon.
A street light casts dim, incandescent slivers
on dull-red, gleaming faces of silent bricks.
The dank, dead leaves crowd mutely at the fence —
their lifeless shapes bear witness to a killer's strength.
A car's hulk crouches at the curb, its top and hood
a final resting place for leaves torn from their parent limb.
Summer has laughed her last — her perfume drifts
no longer past the empty swings where lovers sat.
She died today, her heart run through by thin, sharp knives
of the first fall rain. Her crystal blood is dripping
from the gutter's edge like tiny drops of voiceless agony.

•

There was a young fellow called Jack
Who sat himself down on a tack.
He said, "I'm afraid
That I need a bandaid;
I've discovered the needle's haystack."

MARY ANN CHARLES '56

GOLD FINCHES AT BREAD LOAF

CLEORA FULLER '53

Whene'er a bit of gold belongs to me
I, conscience-crossed, must take it seriously.

And tho', as if on wings, it goes its way
I can account for all at end of day.

But God has gold enough to spare:
By handfuls He can toss it to the air.

A half-handful for fun he will array
With quick black wings that in the air can play.

Darting and pausing, choosing a grass stem tall,
The erstwhile bird becomes a flower at will;

Then in caprice this blossom set with wings
Alights upon the pinetree top and sings,

Or holds a quiet pose against the green —
A feathered, flower-like thing that must be seen

To be believed. And even then I doubt:
Can this be bird or flower? Or is it naught

But warning sign to me?

To lose my two-plus-two, my this-for-that foresight
In the laughing chittering flutter of gold in flight.

•

BRANDY BROOK

CLEORA FULLER '53

This brook is much the same as ours —
Swift water singing over stone —
But ours sang to us long ago;
Now this one sings to me alone.
So again I know — I've known it long:
A different day, a different song.

And yet this evening just at dusk,
When two went hand in hand to hear,
It sang our song of long ago
A love song, joyous, rippling, clear.
And well I know — I've known it long:
A different day, the same sweet song.

LAST CHANCE

William Bale '49

Thirty years ago his name had been blazing in front of only the largest and finest theatres. Great men in all walks of life had boasted to their acquaintances that they had shaken his hand or dined in the same room with him. He had been the idol of the hundreds of thousands of youngsters and their parents whom he had mystified and thrilled. The Great Mysto had been one of the most luminous stars in the galaxy of the entertainment world.

Tonight, he sat before a tarnished and ill-lighted mirror in the shabby dressing room of the old Woodstock Opera House. He was abstractedly manipulating two coins in the fingers of each hand. His supple fingers displayed a skill acquired by years of intensive practice. He felt nervous tonight, more nervous than he had been for a long time. Tonight opportunity was to stand once more outside his door . . . opportunity in the guise of Mr. Felix Lombard of the Associated Bureau . . . Mr. Lombard was to catch his show tonight . . . Mr. Lombard and fifty-two weeks to offer a magician who could meet his standards . . . Mr. Lombard also had numerous magicians clamoring for those fifty-two weeks of big time!

The Great Mysto sighed as he heard his wife on the stage arranging paraphernalia for tonight's performance. The past years had been tough for Maud. They had been married at the peak of his success. At that time he had had his own company of thirty people. Now there was only Maud. Through these intervening years she had devotedly stuck by him, cheering him in his gloomier moments, diligently working to dress up the production and skillfully assisting in its presentation.

A fifty-two week contract with Mr. Lombard would mean a lot to Maud. It would mean a lot to both of them. It would mean playing big time once more. It would mean the end of the hand-to-mouth existence of the past few years. It would mean a nest-egg with which to retire . . . to retire in a blaze of glory!

The opening strains from the orchestra brought him out of his reverie. He hastily deposited in his pocket the coins with which he had been toying. Turning to the mirror he quickly put the finishing touches to his makeup, then carefully adjusted his white bow tie. Rising to his feet he painstakingly brushed off a neatly tailored long-tailed coat and carefully put it on. He inspected himself in the mirror. Yes, he still made an impressive appearance with his snow white hair and slim straight figure.

He had nearly completed his third trick before his eyes had become accustomed enough to the glare of the footlights to recognize Mr. Lombard sitting near the middle of the crowded auditorium. His hand trembled slightly as he extracted a huge multicolored silk from the empty cone that he had made of a plain sheet of newspaper. He must get over this nervousness. A magician needs a steady hand.

Maud came forward with a box on a tray. He took the box and Maud stepped back. He very carefully exhibited the box to the audience, showing it to be entirely empty with nothing concealed on the sides. He placed it on a stand and after making a few mysterious passes reached in and extracted a lighted Chinese lantern which he handed to Maud. She placed it on an especially prepared rack. Again and again he repeated this process until twelve lighted lanterns hung from the rack. The audience gave a mild round of applause, much milder than usual for this trick. He glanced toward Mr. Lombard and saw him fidgeting in his seat.

The next trick went better. He bowed at the gracious applause and then, showing both hands to be empty, he thrust them into the air and in each appeared two large fans of playing cards. Then followed a whole series of manipulations with the cards. He would make them disappear and re-appear at will. They seemed to respond to his wishes like well trained soldiers following the commands of their officer. Then something went wrong. Some of the cards slipped from his hand onto the floor. There was a slight rustling sound from the auditorium. A figure rose and made its way up the aisle and out of sight. As he bent to pick up the fallen cards he could see a vacant spot where Mr. Lombard had been sitting.

His heart skipped a beat. A heavy feeling settled over him. For the first time he began to feel the weight of his sixty-eight years. But when he straightened up he was smiling. With a joke for the audience he proceeded to put the cards through motions that astounded not only the audience but himself and Maud. When he finished, the cards had completely vanished. The audience greeted him with hearty approval.

Now Maud came forward displaying a set of brightly shining stainless steel rings. This was his oldest and yet most spectacular trick, the famous Chinese Linking Rings. Very few performers had ever mastered the routines well enough to present the effect with showmanship. The Great Mysto's routine had once been acclaimed the greatest ever offered. His hands were steady now as he took the rings and faced his audience.

"I am often asked the question: 'What do you consider to be the oldest trick known to magic and magicians?' and I always answer: 'Perhaps the Linking Rings of China.' It may therefore not be out of place to relate here a legend regarding these rings . . ."

Down front in the third row he noticed two eager faces that had not caught his eye before, one a young boy about twelve years of age, the other a distinguished looking middle-aged man. Both were intently watching every movement. The Great Mysto felt his fingers tremble again, and then a strange thing happened. This distinguished looking man seemed to wink at the magician and make an encouraging gesture with his finger. At once a calmness settled over him. The heavy feeling vanished and he stood before this group with a vitality that he had not felt for years. He felt as confident and sure before this small town audience as he had felt

before the great audiences of thirty years ago. A new quality came into his voice.

"Centuries ago in China a priest in the temple made a chain of links of steel to suspend a lamp . . . the lamp of life . . . and this lamp hung directly over the altar. Now this old priest of the temple with his followers gathered about him would lower the lamp, remove it from the chain, and place it upon the altar. Then he would take the chain, made of these huge links of steel, separate them, one from the other. His followers noticed that he had no difficulty in doing this, and though they examined these links of steel again and again, they could find no opening in them."

The Great Mysto continued with his story and as he talked, various designs were formed with the linked rings. The ten links of steel were linked together and unlinked in a most mysterious manner. The final effect was accomplished by linking all the rings together in the form of a cross. Then the magician linked all the rings in one ring and suddenly unlinked them one by one and dropped them to the floor. Now the audience thundered its acclaim.

•

GRANDMA

JOHN BULLIS '56

"It . . . it just doesn't look like Grandma. She never looked so peaceful and rested. But then, I guess she would have appeared this way if she had ever stopped her hustling and bustling about, always worried about something, constantly cleaning, cooking or sewing. She never seemed to need a time out. Somehow, I never imagined her sleeping before. Even after her heart attack, she refused to slow down, laughing off all suggestions by relatives that she take it easy. And now, Grandma will never laugh again. The small, sweet, wrinkled face will never gaze kindly in anyone's direction. Why couldn't she have listened to people? She . . . she killed herself because she was so stubborn! . . . . No . . . no I can't think that. Grandma could have lived longer but she couldn't have been happier. Maybe she realized that the only rest for her would be . . . *death!* And yet, as I look upon that face, so unfamiliar in its calm state, I can't believe that she is really dead. In this dark, flower-decked casket lies her frayed shell. Grandma never kept things long when they started to wear out. But, somewhere . . . somewhere her soul must still be alive. Grandma's kind of spirit never dies. But I'll still say goodbye to the lovable little figure and shed tears for the lively personality I once knew. So long, Grandma, wherever you are!!

LIFE

LOUISE KIPHUTH '58

Boy
Girl
Laughter
Fun.
Man
Woman
Marriage
One.
Husband
Wife
Baby
Son.
Grandpa
Grandma
Living
Done.

•

STEPMOTHER GOOSE

FRAN MYERS '56

Little Boy Blue, forget your horn,
So what if you can't find your sheep?
The Junior Prom is Friday night,
Why don't you ask Bo-Peep?

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
But not for H_2O;
They're with the class on a nature hike
To see where the daisies grow.

Little Bo-Peep, the poor, dear lass,
It's not her sheep this time;
She's a Union hound who's just now found
That coffee costs a dime.

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives;
I never could quite figure why,
'Cause he was such a homely guy.

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet
Eating filet mignon rare;
What happened to her curds and whey?
She really doesn't care!

Hi-Diddle-Diddle, the prof. and the fiddle,
The prexy jumped over the moon;
Farewell to the lovely lectures,
We graduate in June.

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