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1958 Spring Quiz and Quill Magazine

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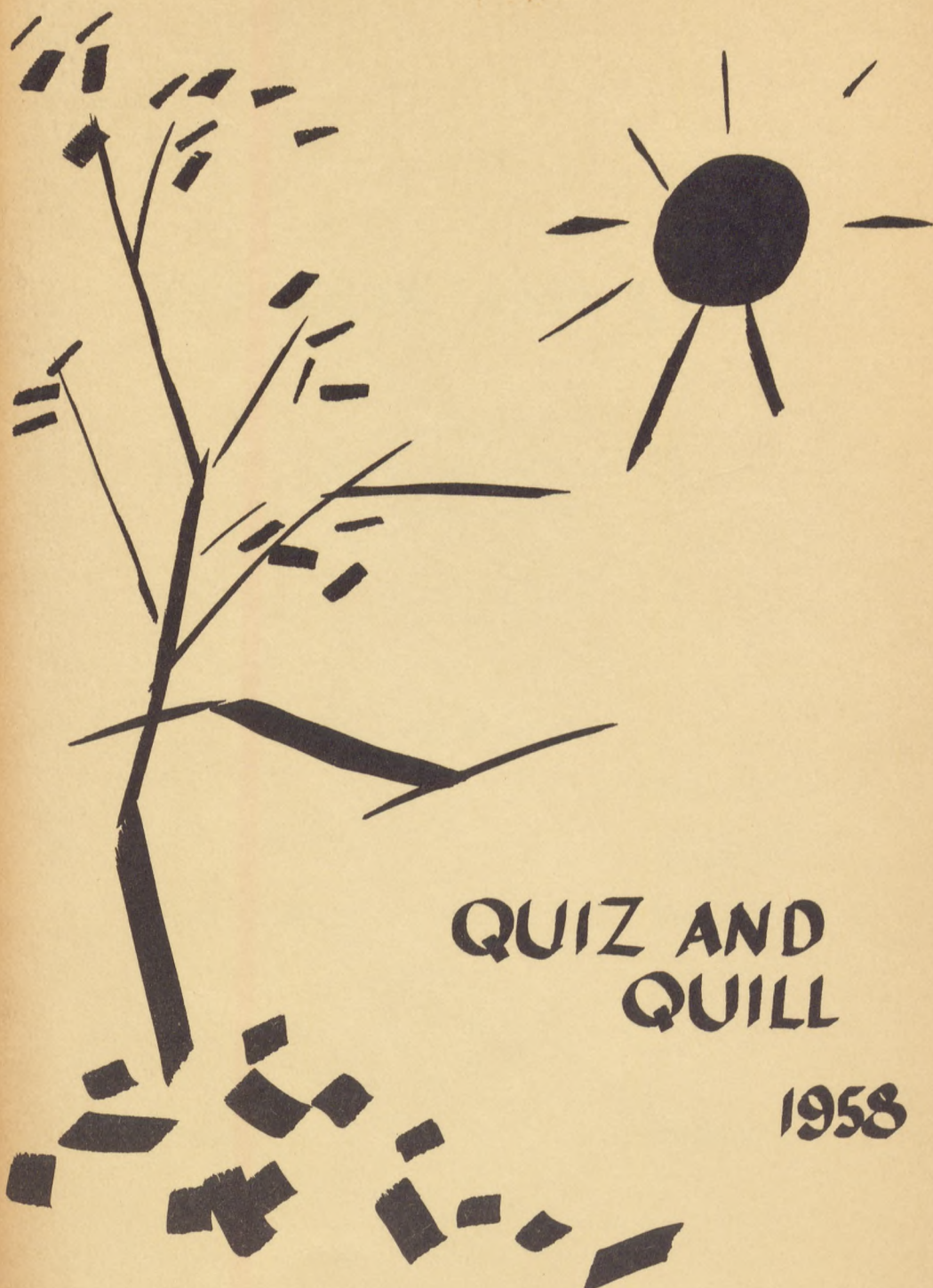


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**QUIZ AND
QUILL**

1958

THE QUIZ AND QUILL

Published by
The Quiz and Quill Club
of Otterbein College



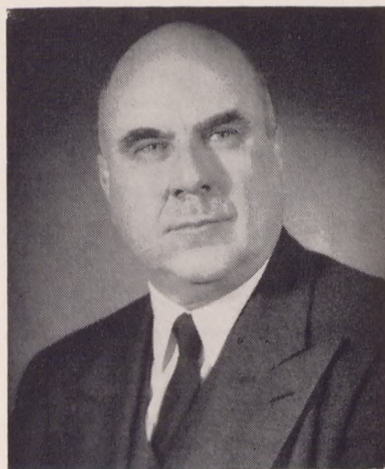
THE STAFF

Editor	Roger Caldwell
Assistant Editors	Shirley Baker Patricia Sliver
Business Manager	Julia Nicholas



Spring, 1958

Founded, 1919



BISHOP J. GORDON HOWARD

A DEDICATION

We humbly dedicate the 1958 issue of the *Quiz and Quill* to Dr. J. Gordon Howard, member of the Quiz and Quill Club, former editor of the Quiz and Quill magazine, educator, and church leader, in appreciation for the inspiring leadership he gave us during his presidency of Otterbein 1945-1958.

HAWK SONG

ROGER CALDWELL '58

First Prize, Roy A. Burkhart Poetry Contest

Oh, hear the song of the hovering hawk
And see the sweep of his flight.
He sings as he swings on powerful wings
In the shimmering, glimmering light:

"I abide
In my glittering glide
On the rolling ride
Of the air.
On the spiraling stair
Of a current's dare
I rise to the glare
Of the sun.
With the whispering wind I run,
Run through the radiant mist,
The towering twist
Of sun-loud cloud.
Proud, unbowed, with strength endowed,
Greeting the gladdening thunder sound,
Up and around
And away from the ground
To the sky-crowned joy I've found.
I dash through the flash of lightning lash
With a mighty slash of wing.
And the ring and the sting in my singing heart
Is a wonderful, wonderful thing."



LET'S GO A-HUSKING

MARGARET HALL '58

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose Contest

"I got a red ear!" yelled someone from the crowd. "I found the first red ear!" There was a great big cheer for Johnny. "Hurray for Johnny boy!"

"Hey Johnny!" another voice shouted. "Who're you going to kiss?"

Johnny didn't answer. He just walked through the crowd, looked at each giggly girl, gave them a wink and smiled. All eyes followed him. Finally, he came to a tiny little thing about eight years old. "Here's the girl I'm going to kiss!" he exclaimed, "L'il Nell."

Let me take you back to this particular corn husking party. I'm from the Western section of North Carolina and in this part of the country, about ten years ago, cornhusking was a favorite pastime in fall during harvest time. Since these new-fangled corn pickers were invented, there just isn't as much fun to husking as their used to be. Why, even I (and I'm only twenty) can remember the time when a whole bunch of us from the neighborhood would get together and have more fun husking corn than can be had at one of these modern "uppity" parties or dances.

Now back to this particular party. Earlier in the fall, the corn tops had been cut and shocked while they were still half green, leaving only the ears of corn on the remainder of the stalk. Later, the corn was pulled and laid on the ground. After it had been pulled, it was then picked up and put into wagons and hauled to the house.

I remember quite distinctly what happened at this particular get-together. On arriving with my folks at farmer Kirk's house, I was glad to see that there was such a big crowd. The corn had been pulled that afternoon, hauled to the Kirk's house by wagon, and piled in three long rows in the backyard. Oh, I'd say the rows were approximately fifty yards in length. Lights were hung on posts all around the yard. Everyone was standing around talking. In the far corner of the yard, there was a huge fire, around which several young people were standing and squatting, poking the fire now and then. The air was snippish this time of year and to the chilly fingers of everyone, this fire was especially delightful. Not far from the fire was a long wooden table, with food spread from one end to the other. Every once in a while, I noticed some little fellows who were constantly trying to snatch some of the cookies from the table. They would edge their way between some of the women standing around and soon I'd hear, "Ow, Ow! I didn't mean to do it! Ow, ouch!" It seemed that someone had gotten caught in the act. All I could see was the back of a chubby little, old lady and two legs struggling frantically. He learned an excellent lesson — cookie-snatching does not pay.

In another section of the yard were some girls, giggling and wondering if they'd find a red ear or by whom they'd be kissed, pointing out specifically by whom they'd *like* to be kissed. This one girl, in particular, I noticed more than the rest. She was about sixteen, with long, dark hair, dressed in blue jeans and a brown leather jacket. A very pretty girl! From what I overheard, her name was Lottie. She was visiting one of the neighbor girls and was very much interested in John Kirk, Farmer Kirk's son. He was about eighteen and she thought he was just the cutest thing.

Over by the white fence, several farmers were leaning on the old well, smoking their pipes, and speaking strictly about farming. They were clad in overalls, high-top shoes and heavy woolen coats. Their hats could stand a trip to the hatter for a special treatment in blocking. However, they were content with their shabby-looking apparel.

Finally, someone shouted, "I think it's about time we all got started shucking corn. So, everyone of you get on one side or the other of these rows." There was a general bustling and rushing about. "Okay, okay! Stop your shoving. There's room enough for all of you!" This man was Farmer Kirk, the judge and spokesman for the contest. He was a tall, lank, brawny man. He was fairly good-looking, but had that overworked

expression about him. He wasn't as shabbily dressed as most of the others, because he was of the more well-to-do class of farmers.

"Spread out evenly among the rows. We don't want any cheating. The first row done will take their pick of all the things they want to eat and drink. Is everyone ready?" he cried out. The response was favorable enough. "Okay! ready, set, go!"

The signal had been given and I never saw such hustling and grabbing of ears of corn in my life.

Being so young, I didn't know much about the idea of finding a red ear of corn. It had been pointed out by Farmer Kirk that any one finding a red ear could kiss any one he chose. This only occurred a couple or three times, but it always seemed like fun.

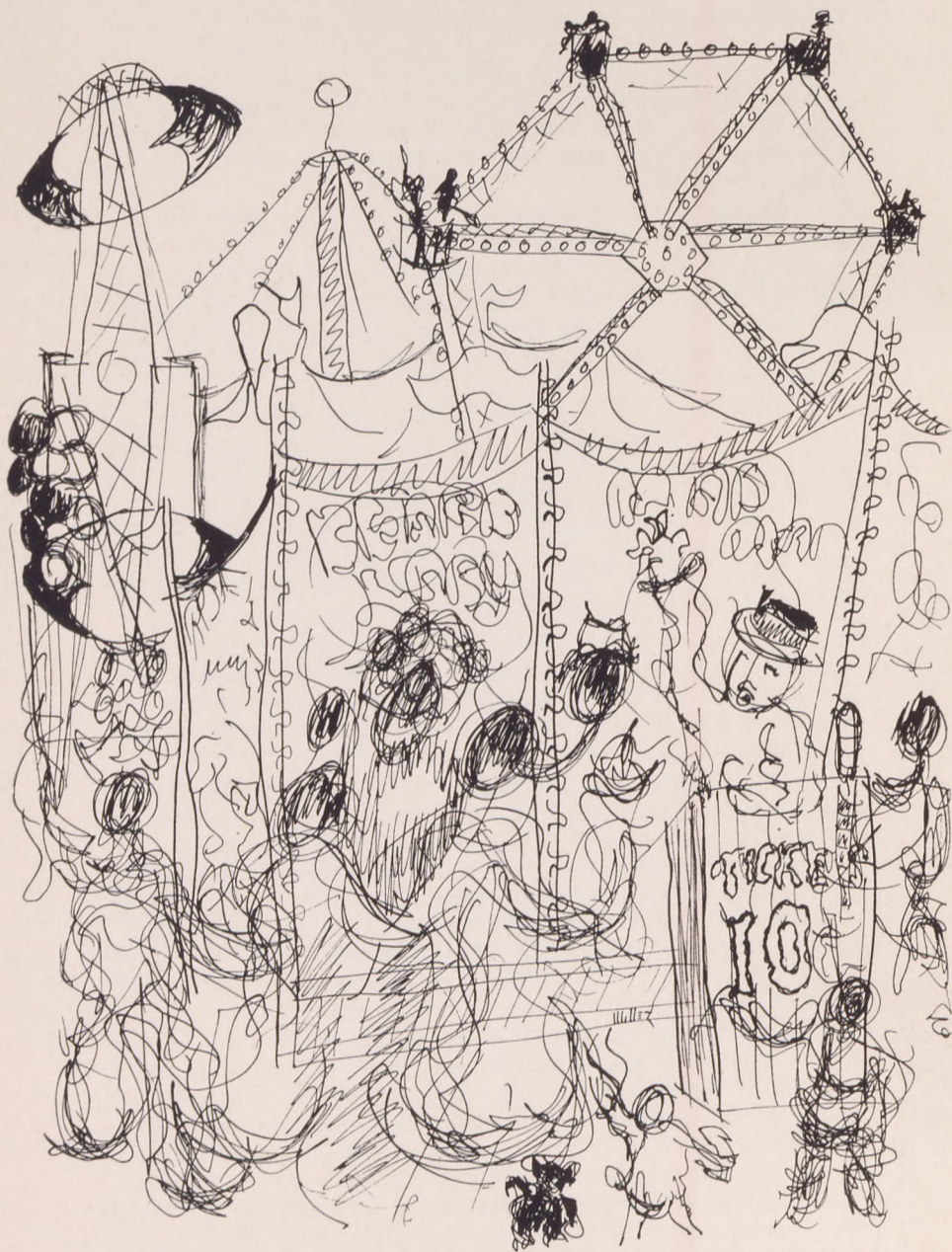
Johnny Kirk was the first to find a red ear. I could see Lottie at the far end of the third row. Her face was flushed with eager anticipation. When Johnny walked right by her, giving only a glance and smile in her direction, I could see the disappointment in her face. There was considerable embarrassment apparent, too. And when he stopped and kissed little, freckled-faced Nellie, her face became flushed, but not because of anticipation of the kiss.

The laughter and chatter died down presently. Soon someone started singing a favorite old song, and they'd sing and husk, sing and husk. A faint, but audible, echo could be heard in the vale. I sang right along with them. I had more fun watching! (But sometimes I'd pitch in and help Daddy on his row).

All of a sudden, a multitude of voices cried out. "Hip, hip, hurray! Hip, hip, hurray! What-a-ya going to do? We're the first ones through." Row number two had finished first. So, now they were ready for the *real* fun — dancing and eating. An old phonograph had been rigged up. The square dancing was to begin. "Circle left, circle right . . . Swing your partners, circle round . . . Allamande left, allamande right," cried the caller. And on it went. Soon the others were finished and joined in the fun.

Food? My goodness! There was loads of it—pies, cakes, meats, homemade rolls (straight from the oven), and fruits of all kinds, cider and almost anything else one wanted to drink. Nothing intoxicating, of course, we thought. But it so happened that someone had put some corn liquor in with the jug of cider. You can imagine what happened. There were several who didn't have cider. Me being so young, of course, I didn't have any. It just wasn't allowed for kids. But we had more fun playing in the husks.

The food had all been eaten, the music stopped and the crowd dwindled down to a precious few. Soon everyone was gone, and the fire died down to glowing red coals.



" . . . a gay whirling time."

pen and ink

tom miller

MICE AT MY TOES

PAT MIZER '58

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose

Gads! I wish I could get some sleep! This old, lumpy dormitory bed . . . It's so hot in here! How am I ever going to pass that exam tomorrow if I don't get some sleep pretty soon?

I'll just lie here. I'll think myself to sleep . . . What was it that Napoleon said about sleep? Let's see . . . just close the drawers of your mind. That's it. I'll just relax . . . Sleep—sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care . . . Aw, t'heck with it!

Maybe if I just turn my pillow over t'the cool side . . . Then I'll push these covers down as far as they'll go . . . Just so I can keep my feet covered. There . . .

You crazy thing! Keep my feet under the covers? There aren't any mice in here. Even if there were, they couldn't . . . Heavens! What am I saying?

After all these years! A grown girl! In college, and . . .

Golly, I remember when Grandma used to tell me that . . . I can just see her, lying there in her flowered, little nightcap, a few gray hairs straggling down over her tanned, wrinkled forehead . . . And that skinny, pigtailed girl snuggled close to her soft, flannel nightgown . . . Oh gosh, those were happy days!

I was careful t'keep my feet under the covers then. I can still remember Grandma telling me that the mice'd get at my toes if I didn't.

When I'd wake up in the dark night, I'd be sure t'pull my feet under the heavy quilt and then touch grandma to be sure she was there . . . Then I'd feel all safe and warm and comfortable . . . I guess I really thought there were mice there. I guess maybe there were. I saw plenty of them on the farm.

But there're no mice here. I know it . . . No Grandma anymore either . . . But I still keep my feet under the covers . . . Can't sleep if I don't . . . Funny . . . I guess I still sort o' feel that the mice are still here . . . And Grandma too . . . Ho-hummmmm . . .



HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT

WANDA EDGERTON '61

Have you ever thought
How dreary it would be
If we locked up all the music
And threw away the key?

CARNIVAL TIME

SHIRLEY BAKER '58

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry

Carnival time,
A gay, whirling time,
A time when hungry people
Throng the cluttered streets,
Searching for gayety and laughter.
A time of bright lights,
Brilliant lights illuminating
A once-tired mass,
A short period in a long day
When gallant lovers
Win kewpie dolls for their sweethearts;
When starry-eyed children
Are carried into a dream world
By a spinning ferris wheel.
Carnival time,
Pink cotton candy and caramel corn,
Clutched in the hands of gayety personified;
Roaring whips, bugs and cuddle cars
Jerking adults away from their troubles,
Throwing them into a new being.
Carnival time,
A timeless time,
A happy time!

●

COLOR T.V.

JULIA NICHOLAS '59

The terror-stricken spectators
Squirm
As the black stallion gallops away
From the tree,
Leaving the marshall
Dangling by his neck
From the hangman's noose.
They are horrified
At the bulging, blood-shot eyes,
And the protruding, purple tongue.
They dare not move
Until the commercial.

RICH APRIL

PAT MIZER '58

Second Prize, Roy A. Burkhart Poetry Contest

When barren branches,
Etched against a clear sky,
Are shimmering strands
Of a silver spider web
In a sunlight shower,
And tiny crystals,
Dancing down to earth,
Are a myriad of glittering diamonds
In the last snowfall,
When a dim glimmer of lights,
Seeping through a filmy net of mist
Forms streams of molten gold
On a rain-glassed street,
April is a rich month.



SUNSET

WANDA EDGERTON '61

First Prize, Freshman Poetry

God just rearranged the sky.
The warm, red sun was taken in
And in its place
The cool, white moon
And myriads of stars were tacked against the dark.
Night! Restful, peaceful night
Until God rearranges the sky again.



TO A MEXICAN FIRE OPAL:

ROGER CALDWELL '58

Plain, brown Opal,
Your hidden fire
Tells of man.
Your coat of tan
Gives no hint
That underneath
Lies a glint
Of fiery breath.
But movement brings
A flash that sings
Of inner life.
The constant strife
Between body and soul
Finds no confession
In this expression
Of united whole.
The plain vessel
That harbors the essence
Of your flaming presence
Serves its duty
To be a sessile
Bearer of beauty.

THE TEASE

JAMES NUHFER '59

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose

For about five minutes Mary Anderson stood looking out at the large flakes of snow floating lazily past the livingroom window. Without turning she said to her husband, "Why don't we take a walk? The crisp air will be good for us. We never go out anymore; perhaps we could go to a movie." She was a pretty, blond-haired girl wearing a white sweater and a slender black skirt.

Jim Anderson was stretched out on the sofa in his stocking feet with a book propped up against his crossed legs; occasionally he wiggled his toes which was the only indication of life from his side of the room. The remark by Mary had somehow reached him for he raised up on one elbow and said, "You must be desperate for something to do, to want to go out in freezing weather like this. It must be 20 degrees out there and besides I want to finish this book."

"Well, I'm desperate; you'd be too if you were surrounded by four walls every day and never had a chance to go out." She turned and took a handkerchief from her belt and dabbed at her eyes.

"What's the matter, Honey? Are you bored with a nice evening at home?"

"Well, you may be content to lie around all evening—I certainly haven't been able to budge you—but I want to do something besides watch you bury your nose in a book."

"Well, if you feel that way about it, come here and we'll see what can be done." He caught her by the arm and pulled her down beside him on the sofa. "Kiss me?"

"Well, I don't know, now," she said consideringly. "I don't mind except that, then, you might want another. And first thing you know . . ."

Her face was just above his; he was just starting to kiss her when the telephone rang. "Let it ring, Jim."

He swung his feet to the floor, "I'd better answer it. A message from the outside world—we're no longer isolated."

Jim picked up the telephone. "Hello. Oh, hi! Yeah, she's here—she's just tubbing—I'll call her."

After listening for a few seconds he said, "No, that's all right—she can wrap a towel around her."

Grinning now, he listened again and said, "No, No—time she got out anyway—she'll be water-logged. Just a minute I'll call her. Mary! Ma-r-y!" he shouted, "Get out of that tub. Telephone."

"Jim, for heaven's sakes!" Mary became aware of what her husband was saying and charged madly down the hall toward the phone, her smooth white face momentarily creased in a frown. "Who is it, Jim?"

"Pam." Speaking into the phone again he said, "Here she is dripping like a newly washed hand towel." Then handing the phone to her he turned, covering his mouth to conceal his laughter.

"Hi, Pam. I'm glad you called. I need someone to cheer me up a little. Say, you left your stole here last Tuesday when we had club. It was put with my coat by mistake."

Looking puzzled for a moment she said, "Your stole, you left it here when we had club."

Again she listened to an interruption and her puzzled face turned into a deep frown. "Tuesday!" she said exasperated. Jim stood watching her interestedly. "Tuesday at club, you left your . . ." Suddenly she stopped, leaned intently over the phone and said, "Who is this?"

There was a short pause; then she said, "Jane! Oh for heaven's sakes! Jim said it was Pam."

Marion turned from the phone, covered the mouthpiece and said disgustedly, "You ornery devil, Jim!" Jim doubled up with laughter and headed for the livingroom.

"No," she said into the telephone, "he knew it was you; it's just an idiotic joke he plays on me. He tells me someone phones for me and I come to the phone all set for one person and instead it's . . . No! I'm not disappointed you called," she said pleadingly. "No, I wasn't taking a bath; I am fully dressed, honest, I'm really all dressed . . ." Suddenly she stamped her foot and called, "For heaven's sakes, Jim, stop that cackling and lay that egg."

"Yes, dear," he called musically. As he walked across the room to pick up his book he heard his wife say, "Yes, I could kill him sometimes. He's always doing mean things like that to me. How about Jim and me coming over for a while?"

"No!" he shouted from his reclined position, "Ask them over here and don't take yes for an answer."

"Where? That sounds super. Did you hear that?" she said into the phone, "Well, come on over then. Sure, we'd love having you. If the men don't want to go along we could take in the movie anyway."

"Oh, you too; that's all I can get out of Jim . . . There is? Well, I can try; maybe if I coax him; it's not likely though."

"Jim," she called hopefully, "Jim, do you remember that movie you said you didn't want to miss? Jane said it would be on only tonight at the Grand." He came toward the phone shaking his head negatively. He slipped his hands around her slender waist and whispered in her ear.

"Oh, Jim, stop! Go sit down and behave yourself." Jim walked into the livingroom and fluffed up the pillows on the sofa.

"I don't know how I'll ever convince him, Jane." Marion glanced toward the livingroom and saw Jim sitting on the edge of the sofa beckoning with his hand. "Jane, I really don't

think I'll be able to persuade him. No, that's all right I don't really care to go anyhow; I'm a little tired. No, that's fine. Let me know how it comes out. Bye now."

"Come sit down, dear," Jim called.

"What do you want, Jim?"

"Come sit down beside me; we don't want anyone barging in on our party. I'm the kind of guy that wants a pretty girl to myself."

"You're really not so bad, darling. Still want that kiss?"

He slipped a hand under her neck pillowing her head on his shoulder. "A woman," he said, "God's gift to suffering man—wife, mother, sweetheart . . ."

" . . . and stooge," she said.

"Still want to take in a movie?"

"I'd love it."

"To the movies, my little stooge; we can just make the first feature."

TO WATCH THE TIDE

HELEN ALTMAN '61

Second Prize, Freshman Poetry

I walk by the sea to watch the tide come in.
I see your face in the waves,
Hear your voice in the wind.
I reach out but you are gone.
There is nothing but the tide coming in.
The waves lap at my feet,
Your laughter rings in my ears.
I want to run and hide, but,
There is no place to go, nowhere to hide,
Just stand by the sea and watch the tide come in.
We stood here once, you and I,
To watch the tide come in.
We vowed never to part,
But many years have come,
And many years are gone,
Since we stood here together
To watch the tide come in.
Just your memory and I remain,
But each day I pray that you will return,
And once more we shall stand here together
To watch the tide come in.

LITTLE LADY

JOHN PAYTON '59

At last she was asleep. An affectionate toy panda sat un-comfortably at one corner of the bed. His unblinking eyes stared at the little face whose chin was lying over the edge of a white sheet. Her chestnut hair flowed softly over the white background to form a halo, accenting the angelic texture of her skin. Her mouth was parted just enough to let a slow, even flow of contented breathing pass in and out.

TORRENT

JULIA NICHOLAS '59

Third Prize, Roy A. Burkhardt Poetry Contest

The sun vanishes
Into the jaws of the puffy, black clouds.
There is a deafening crash
In the heavy, steel-gray sky.
The wind slashes
Like a giant blacksnake whip.

Torrential rains pound savagely
Against a thin window-pane.
Icy water trickles in
Under a warped, sagging door.

A two-year-old
Whimpers,
Creeps across the bare, wood floor,
Climbs,
Lays his tousled blond head
Against his mother's breast,
And falls asleep.

THE HIKE

ROSEMARY RICHARDSON '61

Second Prize, Freshman Prose

"Let's hike down to the Narrows."

This was the last thing I wanted to do that summer day in Zion National Park—hike down to the Narrows. However this seemed agreeable to my family, so off we went; Carl, his son Mike, and our family.

The Ranger was busy with his preliminary talk before the hike began, so we started off by ourselves, down the tarred walk between the tall walls of the canyon.

As you might know from your geography, Zion is a canyon in Utah. The geologists tell us that Cedar Breaks, in the same state, is the top of the layers of rock going down into the earth, Zion is the next step, and the Grand Canyon in Arizona is the last.

You cannot imagine the beauty of this spot. The walk followed the floor of the canyon between high red walls; the pines at the top of the canyon, which were in reality over one hundred feet tall, looked like pins sticking in a cushion. A small river, The Virgin, that looked harmless enough, was rushing along happily in the otherwise still air. This was the river that had carved out the canyon long, long ago.

Down along the river were the fatal Moonflowers that the Indians had used as a drug, but which could kill if too many were eaten. These beautiful flowers were a snowy white, but would die the moment the first ray of sun hit them.

There was water cress also, and sprouts of a bamboo-like plant that could file your fingernails just like an emery board.

The two boys, Mike and my brother, ran merrily along in front of us while we tarried in the rear. As we came to the "Amphitheater," we had to cross a small pool that was clear and cold. The moss on the red rocks was a dull green and a dark brown, but the minute water reached it, the moss turned to a bright green. How amazing Nature is!

Following the trail we walked on, farther away from the river. Here the small plants were clinging to the wall of the canyon with the determination of survival. Their hold was so precarious that some of the roots hung into the walk, water dripping from them. How good the water tasted, icy and clean.

Then we were at the Narrows. Although it was very unadvisable to go on up the stream, for here the walk stopped, we started on anyway. Taking off our shoes, we began to wade. The water was cold and the rocks slippery to our bare feet.

At first the walking was easy as we went along a path, or sand deposit from the river, close to the jutting rocks of the canyon wall. Occasionally we had to cross to the other side through the wildly rushing water. We came to the end of the path and stepped into the water. The stones cut our feet, but in grim determination we kept on.

Here was a thin waterfall cascading down the wall of the canyon, a path of silver between a border of rich green plants, brought to life by the water. We had heard stories of flash floods which brought the water pouring off the walls to fill the canyon in a matter of minutes, but the sky was bright, so on we went.

The boys were quite happy when they finally slipped on the rocks and got their pantlegs drenched. Mother and I weren't quite so elated when we suffered the same.

This narrow passage was the entrance the Mormons had used when they first came into the valley. How beautiful it must have seemed to them, truly as they pictured the real Zion. We wondered if we could make it to the place where the walls were so close you could stretch out your arms and touch each side at once; but it was getting late so we decided to turn back.

The going was far more tedious and slow than the coming. The rocks sloped downward and quite often we slipped, stubbing our toes on other rocks.

As we rounded a bend in the stream, we saw the Ranger and his group.

They spotted us, and expecting a lecture from the Ranger for doing such a foolhardy trick (but an exciting one nevertheless), the men decided this was the time to smoke a long awaited cigarette. The boys and I gathered our courage and splashed on. Not a word was spoken as we washed our feet and put on our shoes.

When the "big folks" reached us, we began the trip back to the parking area. The beautiful Moonflowers had wilted; the sun had gone down, leaving the glen cool, dark, and quiet; but, although tired, we felt wonderful.

JET

MARSHALL CASSADY '58

A tiny plane
glides through glass-clear air,
slashing east from west,
its bowels
emitting streaks of reddish cotton.
The westerly torch
heats silver metal
to a brilliant glare
in translucent blue.
The jet
leaps over a cloud of pinkish fluff
and re-appears, a falling star,
winking at earth.
The cotton breaks, a million clouds!
And the speck of pearl drops
in the orchid away.

●

GOD'S CATHEDRAL

PAT SPEER '60

There are no stained glass windows,
But the morning sun breaks through giant trees
Dividing the light into celestial rays that blind with their beauty.

There are no choirs,
But the winds sing through those same trees
In harmonious amens that complement the birds' songs.

There is no carpet,
But the sacrificial pine needles and leaves
Guard feet from intruding upon the meditation of the silent worshippers.

There is no sermon,
But you can lift up your eyes unto the hills
. . . Be still . . . And know that He is God! . . .

●

"DARKNESS OVER THE FOREST FALLS"

LARRY WILLEY '60

Darkness over the forest falls,
The silent night lies cold and deep.
Restlessly the low wind calls
The forest hunters from their sleep.

Dancing shadows stalk their prey;
The night owl chants its haunting song;
The fox, unseen in coat of gray,
Hunts the rabbit with hunger strong.

The raccoon fishes in quiet pools;
The wildcat prowls with angry breath.
For life goes on with all its rules,
And where there's life, there too is death.

THE SHIP

PAT MIZER '58

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry

Humid greyness hangs.
From a dingy, brick tenement
A scrawny six-year-old
Emerges,
Pauses a moment in the dreary doorway,
Saunters down several cement steps
To the wet sidewalk.

His grimy hand
Pushes a dirty-blond piece of hair
From a sweaty forehead.
He deliberately kicks a rusty, tin can
To make a clatter
Mingle with city noise.
He hesitates,
Turns, scowls at the brick building,
Glances suddenly from side to side,
Then quickly sticks out his tongue!
He shoves his hands into his pockets,
Turns to the gutter
And flops on the muddy curb.
A blue car streaks by,
Spraying dirty water on his jeans.
He looks at them,
Leers at the disappearing car
And explodes a hateful, "Damn you!"

A scrap of cardboard
Floats listlessly in the gutter.
He stops it,
Picks it up,
Shakes the water from it,
Turns it over in his hands several times,
And folds the corners
To make a tiny boat.
Holding tightly to one end,
He sets it on the water,
Pushes it downstream —
Pulls it upstream —
Pushes it downstream —
Pulls it upstream —
Pushes it

"There y'are, y' little brat"
A sloppy, rough-voiced woman
Yells from a third-story window.
"What the hell y'doin' in that water?
Git in here!"
"The brat"
Slowly gets up from the curb,
And kicks his ship
Toward the sewer.



linoleum block print

larry kantner

ALONE

LELAND PRINCE '61

A man dressed in dark clothing worked ponderously in the drizzling rain, pausing from time to time to rest, leaning heavily on the handle of his shovel. The water dripped from his uncombed gray hair into his bushy eyebrows. His head was bowed as in deep meditation. His tuberculosis-racked body coughed frequently; he wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth with an already blood-stained handkerchief.

The man slowly laid down his shovel and descended the long path, which led to a small shack, located in the center of

a large patch of mud. The door of the shack swung in the wind, its hinges squeaking loudly. He paused in the doorway as he peered into the blackness within. His eyes searched the shabby, half naked room, until they fell upon a small bundle wrapped in white linen lying on the bed.

The old man walked slowly toward the bed, then dropped to his knees before the small bundle. His eyes were filled with tears; he bowed his head slowly and placed it on his folded, trembling hands. He thought as he knelt there, "If I only had some money this could be done right."

After several minutes the man rose slowly to his feet, then very gently picked up the bundle. Half blinded with drizzling rain and tears, he stumbled up the long path to the top of the hill. There he knelt for a moment and embraced the bundle in his arms. Then very gently he laid the boy in the grave.

DESTINY

BEVERLY EASTERDAY '60

Destiny sits on our shoulders
Like a hooded monk hunching over his chosen tasks
It weaves the pattern of our lives with multicolored threads,
Carefully concealing from us the colors and the finished design.

Destiny sits on our shoulders
Like an angel of God hovering over his chosen creation.
It asks us to
Stop . . . meditate . . . go softly forward.

A MODERN PSALM

CHARLES WOODS '60

I will trust in the Lord forever,
In the Lord of creation I will trust.
Though the evil ones prepare against me,
Though the sky should hold their fiery darts,
Yet I will not be afraid,
Nor fear the terror if it come.
Though my body be destroyed,
And my flesh become dust,
My hope is in the Lord.
In the Lord will I be saved,
Though I descend to Sheol,
And my bones become faggots.
The evil ones scoff at the Power of the Lord,
They scorn the Arm of creation.
When evil days are upon us,
He will protect us.
Though the skies should rain death,
Though the evil ones prepare engines of destruction,
In the Lord of the universe will I put my trust,
And I will walk after the Lord God forever.

SOMETHING

PAT MIZER '58

Something between my mind and hand
Keeps me from expressing here
Those things that I have longed to say.
How often God must feel the very same way!

●

MY GRANDMOTHER

BY BILL SKAATES '58

Whenever I go to my grandmother's house I like to think of myself as meaning a little something extra to her. I am the oldest of her seven grandsons — by only two days, but still the oldest. And my dad was also her first-born.

When I was a little boy and did something which Grandma felt was wrong she would often say to Mother, "Why did you let him get away with that? If he were my son he surely wouldn't act that way." But then the next minute she would be down on the living room floor rough-housing and playing marbles with me.

My grandmother seems to fairly exude happiness whenever she sees me. I go into her house and she'll throw her arms around me, give me a big hug and say, "How's my Billy boy?" I can't help loving a person like that, no matter how irritated I may sometimes be with her.

Grandma always remembers what I'm interested in, and this time while I am visiting with her she fishes out several new stamps she has saved for me and also an old Canadian coin.

She also digs out pictures of her winter visit with my uncle, aunt and cousins in Tampa, Florida. I've seen the snapshots twice already but rather than disappoint her I look through them again. It's worth the time really, just to see her in that bathing suit again swimming in the Gulf of Mexico.

Somehow Grandma wanders onto the subject of how they'd go to parties and dances in the old days when she was a teenager. She says she used to ride behind her boy friend when they had only one horse, and often in the winter they had to start very early as they lived on a farm in the northern Kentucky hills. All that riding never appeared too romantic to me but it must have been to she and Grandpa because they were married before she was twenty years old.

Soon Grandma and I go back to the kitchen where I discover a whale of a lunch waiting for me. My grandmother can't eat sweet things since she is a diabetic and sometimes I think it makes her feel better just to watch other people enjoy themselves eating. Anyhow, she thinks I never eat enough and it seems there is always plenty of food left over.

Grandma never lets me help her with the dishes but quickly rushes me back into the living room where she turns on the TV.

She is a real wrestling "bug" and you can guess what we watch every Saturday afternoon! The grunt and groan boys put on a good show this afternoon so I at least manage to keep awake.

Later she opens her old pump organ and after getting out a few hymn books we begin to sing. I know this sounds a little odd going from "Gorgeous George" to "Rock of Ages", but Grandma is sincere and humble in everything that she does and that more than compensates for her oddities.

Singing these hymns we run the gamut from Homer Rodehaver to Billy Graham with several negro spirituals thrown in for variety. Believe me, you never saw two happier people than this old lady in her seventies and her young grandson rattling off these old standards.

Looking at my watch I see that it is about time for me to go, but do you think I leave empty-handed? Not on your life! Grandma has sacked up all the extra cookies, soft drinks, and Lord only knows what else in a paper bag for me to take home. These aren't always just left-overs either. If she sees something that's a bargain, she'll buy it whether she needs it or not just so she can give it to me.

So you see, every time I go to see my grandmother it's a totally new experience. I never know what to expect; sometimes I'm surprised, many times I'm thankful but more often I'm just plain baffled.



THE POSTMASTER

JOHN PAYTON '59

"Go through all of your cases once more fellas—flat and letter!"

I can't see him, but, judging from the pressure that the powerfully gruff voice made against my eardrums, he certainly must be a huge man. Probably another Ed "Strangler" Lewis.

Now his head is visible over the mail sacks. Alternating grey and brown hairs are shooting from the top of his head like porcupine quills. His elfish eyebrows are heavy and point up at the corners. Flat, brown eyes are two buttons stuck on his face above his cheeks. A continuously irritated expression has etched two deep lines from the flaring nostrils, past the corners of his thin lips to the edges of his hard-set chin.

Now he's moving to where I can see all of him. A faded brown sweater hangs over his stooped shoulders and is carelessly buttoned over a bulging mid-section. He is ill-dressed with a pair of baggy flannels, the cuffs of which are being constantly stepped on by his heels. As I walk up to him great disappointment overtakes me. It is only sixty-two inches from the floor to the top of his head.

DISAPPOINTMENT

MARSHALL CASSADY '58

The thirteen-year-old ran his hand unconsciously through his tangled, blond hair as he prepared to bid for the last time.

"Seventeen . . ."

"Eighteen!"

The boy lowered his head in disappointment, his chin touching the collar of his faded shirt. He turned slowly toward the road and his house on the other side. Suddenly, he spied a small, red stone lying in the ditch. With an overwhelming hatred the boy kicked at it and sent it bouncing. He glanced up; the evening sun hit him full in the face and sparkled in his watery eyes.

"I've lost him. I won't ever be able to get him now. What would that guy ever want with a fox?"



MUSINGS AND MUTTERINGS IN MARCH

NEAL LUND '58

See the pretty daffodil,
The blooms are at their best.
See the growing grass so green;
See this and all the rest.

Note the beauty spread around,
The flowers peeking through;
Note the smell within the air,
The sky so brightly blue.

Spring is truly here at last,
But friend, please, if you can,
All is still so beastly cold—
Please tell the weatherman!



AND NOW A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR

BEVERLY EASTERDAY '60

The most needed invention, many assert,
Is a silencer to keep the radios clear
Of all the slogans and jingles they blurt
About cigarettes and soap and beer.

From morning to noon we are given advice
On when to light up and how to be sure;
And if this is not enough to suffice,
We are told to use only the soap that is pure.

The breakfast of champions we dutifully munch,
But we always find it a terrible "blast,"
When we are told after eating our lunch,
That again we "ate too much and too fast."

If announcers would practice all they preach,
Agreement would be reached in all castes;
Here's the best slogan they could ever teach:
"I'm not talkin', while the flavor lasts."

STARLING

VANDWILLA HACKMAN '60

A starling in my treetop sits and mocks the world that passes by.
He simulates a lark and then a wren;
Not so his heart.

His song, he steals from others.

With boorish, bitter bile he bathes the block;

His chief desire is just to steal and kill.

"Oh vain and foolish bird, you hate because you do not know your
worth.

Your voice, if you desired, could mirror life with all its meaning.

You need not sit so bitter in your tree because your coat is brown;

The sun can make it glow."

He looks at me with daggered eye and laughs a harsh bird laugh.

"Oh foolish mortal, can you look at me and say that you don't steal?

The song within your breast, is it your own?

Don't frown on me, Oh walking one, for you are far more starling than
myself.

You cannot bear that any share your light.

You live within your silly world and think it made for you.

I was created thieving starling;

You were not.

You are man and make yourself an envious starling bird."

I leave the starling in that tree and go my way alone.

He even envies me.



A HOUSE OF GOD

LEWIS SHAFFER '59

Among the tallest of God's gifts,
There is a house that whispers.
We see in the rustic spires,
Shaded by the grains of Holy time,
A story growing taller and more
Inspiring with the passing years.
The top is never seen, but with awe;
And in His Presence the seer is
Transformed into a worshipper.

The hush is never broken for here
The forces of the motor never reach.
The silence of meditation never stills
For nature has created an asylum for itself.
We have seen the house of God and even man
Has sensed the divine demand for a whisper.

Man has likewise seen the spires of Rheims,
The immensity of St. Peter's, the columns
Of Notre Dame, and each has transfixed.
Man has taken years to build these shrines,
Yet only God has centuries upon centuries
To create the mightiest of them all.

I have stood there in worship
Among the tawny spires that hold
The roof of heaven above the carpeted earth.
I have seen the sign that calls this shrine,
"Redwood National Park" — and I have added
Four more words — "A House of God."

FOOTBALL, U.S.A.

GEORGE LLOYD '58

What on the American intellectual scene occupies or captures the imagination of student, professor, and alumnus alike more than football? The game has grown surrounded by legendary heroes, which still may linger in the ivory towers immortalized in picture, statue or tarnished gold vessel. There are the stories of long broken-field runs, whose distances are limited only by the length of the field, and not, certainly, by the creative imagination of the possessor of such a run. The size of the players seems to grow, not with youth, but with age. As any alumnus can tell you, "they just don't grow boys as big as they used to." The list of exaggerated events is only limited by the number of participants, both of a spectator and of a player capacity. But without all this pseudo-creative genius the game would not be the pride of bookworm land.

I guess the best place to justify chaos is where chaos originates, and to do this we must transfer ourselves to a college campus on a Saturday afternoon in early November. The mercury in the thermometer seems to be earth-centered as it dips below the freezing point. The brisk wind terminates on each person's exposed anatomy causing vibrations to be seen on the epidermal region. To justify one's presence in the outdoors for any length of time would be impossible; but to the spectator at a football game, it could not be any other way. How could football be football without cold feet, sniffles, coughs and the rest of the physical symptoms that go with over-exposure? One must have great faith that the spectacle that is about to unfold will give one many retrospective pleasures which can be passed on to friend and family alike. We now enter a vast stone colosseum which is used but a fraction of its total standing time. Within the confines of the walls (which seem to lack a cover), the crowd is enormous. We try with all our power to reach a seat that, in most instances, is a long way from the original entrance. We get situated in time, only to stand up for the kick off. The person we have brought with us has never seen a football game and it is our intention to describe with the utmost artistic semblance the spectacle that greets the eye.

Standing on an emerald green carpet, referred to as a field, are eleven players dressed in crimson, set off by black numerals and stripes. In physical stature each could be compared to a Grecian warrior and in poise to any Athenian goddess. Standing on the other extreme of this emerald rectangle are eleven players of equal physical stature and possessing rabbit-like agility. A man, seemingly much too old to participate in the game, blows on a whistle. Surprisingly he moves with the ease of any of his younger counterparts. An harmonious hush settles on the vast crowd.

One of the players on the red team approaches a brown

object, shaped like an elongated sphere, located in the center of the field. With the precision of a fine-moving machine his foot sends the ball sailing far down the field. On the receiving end stands one lone player, and with a single tenacious movement he gathers the ball into his mid-section. At first it appears that there is just one man against a host of swiftly pursuing red figures. As if by a preconceived plan, as intricate as any chess move, the red figures begin to lose hold of gravity and fall to the ground. For each red patch upon the green turf, there is an accompanying blue figure. The ball carrier moves across the field swaying and wiggling enough to become the envy of the most burlesque chorus girl. Never does he lose his delicate balance. No sooner had our eyes perceived his graceful movements, than the immovable object met the irresistible force. He joined his companions upon the ground. To our guest's surprise all the figures quickly rebounded from the turf and concentrated in two geometric patterns located in the middle of the field. While this was taking place the crowd gave out with tremendous synchronized yells and an occasional asynchronous outburst, such as one hears performed by a great chorus. The geometric forms shift from single T-shaped patterns to complex diamond shapes and all other conceivable arrangements. This battle of agility, specialized skill, physical stamina, considerable rote memory, aided by spontaneous thinking of the individuals involved, continues to dominate the attention of the spectators.

Yes, here is a complexity of organization seldom witnessed in everyday life. An intermission comes to what promises to be an unforgettable Saturday afternoon. In place of the players that had dotted the green landscape, a band of awesome size double-times onto the field, and for twenty or so minutes we view what resembles a horde moving with the precision of one person. Truly here is a picture of lasting value.

The second half proceeds much as the first, but with more tension as the drama continues. Several individuals of female and male sex run to and fro in front of the large stands, gathering enthusiasm where it can be found. They possess the energy of gazelles and the acrobatic motion of ballerinas, but with little of the latter's dignity. The language they use can hardly be called schoolroom English, or for that matter, English. But it conveys a sense of rhythm that can be felt by even the most structural purist of the language. The tension about us grows to a climax with the reverberation of a pistol shot signifying the end of the contest. Ironically the ball is still approximately in the middle of the field, so theoretically little work had really been accomplished in terms of a force acting through a distance, although it seems there is a vast number of tired players leaving the field. It is even hard to tell by the looks on the spectators' faces who had been cheering for the winning team and who for the losing. There is an almost uniform expression of contentment which follows an emotional release as provided by this aesthetic form of recreation.

I do not believe that one person among this vast throng could relate the actual accomplishment in terms of material value, but no poet or writer can capture the color of the scene, emotional release and pageantry that took place. No machine can match the perfection of organization, balance and agility displayed on this field. My guest adds the final words: "Here is art in all its third-dimensional glory."

THE BEACH

JULIA NICHOLAS '59

The blistering sun beats savagely
Upon two, tiny, brown, scuffed shoes,
Which lie upon the sun-drenched, pebbled beach.

A feeble cry
Rises from the pounding surf
And haunts the still, humid air.
The waves draw back
And spray the beach.

The blistering sun beats savagely
Upon two, tiny, brown, scuffed shoes,
Which lie upon the sun-drenched, pebbled beach.

TO MY TROMBONE

FRANK CIAMPA '59

There she sits in the corner alone,
Having no power to move.
I lift her from her resting place with gentle care,
And place her there before me, my trombone,
Beautiful, but dead.

The sun pouring through my window,
Glances from her graceful body in shimmering, shining rays,
Adorning her golden slide with a borrowed excellence.
Her bell, with smooth and flowing script adorned,
Boasts the name of the proud master whose skillful hands
Formed her delicate loveliness.

Now I take her up within my grasp,
Her whole length carefully balanced,
And move the slippery, slithery, silvery slide.
Responding to my fingertips.
She is beautiful.

Lifting her to my lips, I pour through her a song.
Now she sets the very air in motion with a vibrant, vital, vigorous tone,
Throbbing through her and beyond.
Now soft as a warm summer breeze, subtly stirring the leaves,
Now boisterous as the rolling, surging sea,
Now quickly as the doe bounds across the meadow,
Now slow and somber as the funeral dirge.
Now she is beautiful and alive.

ANGST

CHARLES WOODS '60

The mind of man can hold an awful anguish. It comes to destroy the will and to kill the creative instincts. It is a fearful spell created after certain events have taken place or are realized. It seeps into the mind so that no generalities or rationalization can wash it away. It is called Angst. Angst is the naked terror of foreboding doom; it clutches the heart in an icy grip, and weighs down the shoulders of the soul. It is man-created and man-centered.

Angst can come at any time in life, to the young or the very old. Consider a child's first realization at the death of a loved one. It becomes his task to try and fathom the infinite in his own childish way. He may imagine the turning pages of an endless calendar, hoping that when it stops he'll understand. He seeks to mark down, or otherwise pinpoint, a place in space and time that he hardly knows to exist. He does all this while in the arms of some loved one knowing all the while that one day the arms which hold him will be cold, folded in death. Who will hold him then, who will comfort him when the comforter is gone?

It may come in adolescence when the youth first really lifts his head to gaze into the vastness of the cosmos, trying to measure the distance and being dwarfed by the immensity he beholds. He cries out to them and seeks to find his identity, somewhere, comparing his frail tangibility with the infiniteness of space. Is he the reality on the threshold of intangibility?

It may come in a hostile place. In the thick darkness surrounding him he feels the eyes of his enemies seeking him out to destroy him. The foreboding clutches him and holds him breathless. He is alive and he seeks to preserve his life; which way shall he turn? What shall he do to face the reality of the situation with the defenselessness of only himself? He must live — but he may die.

. . . man hid in the thick shadows of the cave feeding twigs to the little fire before him. He bent over it trying to hold its warmth in his naked arms. He glanced over his shoulder at the cave mouth; outside, the compressed blackness stood like a wall. Must he go through the mouth of the cave and into that blackness alone? He heard a voice, a hushed strong voice, the voice of God . . . *Reach out your hand into the blackness and take my hand.*

THE HOUSE

JOAN LINDIG '61

High on a lonely hill,
Stands the skeleton of a house,
Whose shattered windows reflect
The memories which surround two graves.

THE ARMY OF MEN

ROGER CALDWELL '58

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry

An army of men came marching by,
Down by the windy sea.
I did not know the reason why
This army came to be
Down by the windy sea.

They marched in step to the pounding surf,
To its roaring, wild beat.
And they shook the trembling, sandy turf
With the drumming of their feet.

Their weapons glistened in sun-streaked ranks
And their eyes were grim-gray steel.
On they poured to the sea-edge banks;
Their numbers made me reel.
And the fear that I could feel
When I saw they did not wheel!
But headlong straight with the tread of fate
Down to the sea they went,
Into the breakers' raging hate.
And the sky was torn and rent.

I watched them march to their sea-froth death
From my fear-bound rock in hiding.
I saw them take a life-last breath
With a prideful, prideful striding.
And a man, a white horse riding,
Urged them to their striding.

What manner of men, I wondered,
Could march to that terrible pace?
With anxious eyes I pondered
Each individual face.

One was a boy with laughing hair—
The devil was in his eyes.
And he strode to his waiting grave there
With gleeful, lusty cries.

A grey, bent wretch who was stumbling blind
Reached out a mangled hand.
There were faces of white fear, scorners, resigned;
And on each forehead, a burning brand.
But the dread of knowing clutched at my mind,
And I could not understand.

Until I turned my head and met
The chilling gaze of the man
Who rode the white horse, glistening wet.
Then I knew and turned and ran
And ran and ran and ran.

.

At night I sigh for I know why
This army came to be
Down by the windy sea.
An army of men came marching by,
And all of them were me.



charcoal and pencil

terry kennard hitt

THE WAY, TRUTH, AND LIFE

DAVID SCHNEIDER '58

Man's mind conquered space
when wire-wound steel
formed missiles.

Sociology studies society,
developed ecology;
now man zones and plans,
all improves.

A submarine penetrates
the depths of the far north pole.
Leaders, the most able,
decide our government.

Church attendance grows.
"Ism's" claim new ways;
thousands follow.

Perfection still lacks.

A man's life,
conceived when the calendar began,
presents a perfect way.



THE ROSE OF SHARON

JULIA NICHOLAS '59

A lithe goddess
In flowing white robes
Appears at the gateway of a garden.
Her walk is like the fluttering and fluttering
Of a thousand butterflies.
Her light feet scarcely touch the emerald grass.
She skips, spins, leaps, and whirls with arms outstretched.
The songs of birds accompany her.

Suddenly,
She beholds the crimson, dew-sprinkled Perfection,
Nestled amid the thorns.
She pauses,
Then darts away,
But entranced by Its radiant beauty,
She returns,
Bows before this King of Nature,
Creeps stealthfully forward,
Bends down,
Plucks It from Its thorny resting place,
And clasping It to her heart,
Soars upward,
Bearing Home the season's Perfect Rose,
Leaving only Its fragrance behind.

THE REVELATION

MARSHALL CASSADY '58

Alone I walked the streets one winter night,
Strong wind slapping my face with numbing cold.
Dark silhouettes, etched in shadowed light,
Made varying shapes of blackness uncontrolled.
The dark immensity, the single mind!
One person, I, before the universe!
What did I know? What could I ever find?
Nothingness stood round me like a curse.
Thin bushes strained to touch me as I passed,
And cast a grotesque shadow on the ground.
The grass held diamond dew-drops frozen fast,
And metal gravel made a tingling sound.
A cloud that hid the white moon set it free—
I saw the terrible beauty of a tree.



AN EVENING AT THE CONCERT

JANICE ELLENBERGER '58

Rain fell in torrents and fiercely hit the white cement front of the concert building. It finally converged into a miniature river by the curb. A low atmospheric fog settled over the village making vision impossible. Grotesque figures danced on the dimly lit brick. The expansive steps reeked with cigarette butts tossed carelessly into shallow puddles as rain drenched enthusiastic observers who dug into their wallets for mutilated tickets. Loud horns broke the silence accompanied by automobile doors slammed by hurried hands.

Inside the crowded lobby newspapermen and performers discussed the concert and jotted notes on the group's recent tour. As the rain fell heavier, droves of people pushed their way to the ticket booth. The ticketseller automatically passed out the tickets and passively threw the money to one side. One buyer commented on her inefficiency as he angrily stuffed his hand into his pocket and headed toward the balcony grabbing his wife by the elbow. Several elderly ladies appeared in the vestibule and made a passing comment about the "terrible" night. One young girl stood to one side of the doorway and observed a black muddy mark on her new brandy-colored fur coat.

The huge auditorium was filled with chattering people exchanging political views, discussing the latest best sellers, and criticizing the season's Shakespearian play, *Othello*. As the house lights dimmed, hesitant voices finally died out and all was still and quiet.

The long, velvety curtains opened gracefully to reveal uniqueness of splendor. Tall and white-haired, the distinguished conductor strode to the platform. Applause rang from the audience as they observed the luxurious purple velvet choir robes lined with smooth white satin worn by the choristers.

Praise in song filled the massive superstructure with a new glow. Scowls and frowns disappeared in the magic of song. "Praise to God, all Earth Adore Thee" floated from the stage and rested on the hearts of all observers. Voices were lifted in ecstasy to reveal "Peace on Earth" to all people.

During intermission the distraught seller of tickets closed the booth, the angry buyer changed to better seats which were unoccupied, the elderly ladies wondered if the rain was still falling, and the young girl had rubbed the mud from her coat.

In the last part of the choral interpretation the patrons were even more touched by the beauty of song. Petty cares were shoved into the back of minds and a close bond existed among everyone who listened.

As the last note diminished, the audience sat quietly for a moment and then prepared to leave. Outside, the rain fell softly and lazily slid down the white cement front of the towering hall. The fog had lifted now and the moon shone through the wet glistening trees. A sweet fragrance of freshness filled the air. From the distance could be heard the high shrill whistle of a passing locomotive. Up and down the street automobile doors opened and shut; many feet scuffed the sidewalk.

Finally the huge auditorium was empty and dark with only the memory of "Praise to God, all Earth Adore Thee."

SAN FRANCISCO

WAYNE WRIGHT '60

City of towering hills and precipitous streets,
City of chaotic sounds and infinite silence,
Metropolis of today, with your sky-scraping Mark Hopkins,
Your thunderous shipping, and mightiest of mighty bridges,
Pioneer town, with your past so vividly enshrined in your ancient Nob Hill
and your clanging, rattling, screeching, banging, immortal cable cars,
among the wonders of the twentieth century;
I have a deep, enduring longing for you, a longing to stand again in your
midst and tremble at your vastness.

Let me wander again through the exotic streets of Chinatown,
With its enchanting incense and bewitching Oriental shops,
With its mystery and foreign intrigue;
Or let me stand again on the heights of Nob Hill in a frosty dawn,
And watch the docking of the *Lurline*, shrouded in mist down on the bay;
Or on a sunny afternoon, watch with amazement as the great white fog bank
creeps in from the blue Pacific, moving relentlessly on,
Until it envelops the shining majesty of the Golden Gate,
And slithers over Fisherman's Wharf and up the hill, blotting out every-
thing it touches,
Until finally, its hungry fingers surround me and I am lost—
In the bleak, white nothingness that is San Francisco in the late afternoon.

MELTING POT

BERNARD LIEVING '59

The day was hot and dry, too hot for the first week in June. The maple trees lining Main Street were in full leaf and the monthly roses and peonies grouped in the neat lawns were in their fullest beauty. The children were enjoying the first week of freedom from school by heading their bicycles toward the swimming pool.

To a traveler the small town would have seemed to be as peaceful and quiet as any of the other innumerable small villages through which he had passed. Only the citizens of the town knew what was happening. Only the small knots of residents gathered on the sidewalks under the protective shade of the store awnings and in the cool stores knew of the tension in the air.

There was one topic of conversation among the seven hundred and fifteen citizens of the town. It was Election Day! For the first time in the two-hundred-year history of the town a Catholic was running for the office of mayor.

As I left the restaurant I looked for a place to finish out my lunch hour. I saw a group of the town loafers, retired railroaders and miners, in front of City Hall and headed for the group, sensing a lively time. As I approached the group I heard Mr. Cundiff saying, "I remember the day that Wiles and his family moved to town. I was sitting right here on this bench when I saw the moving van turn up 7th Street and stop at the new house. Another new family was moving to town. I know that an hour hadn't passed when I saw Bertha coming down the street faster than the dust devil that the wind had stirred up in the gutter."

He paused and shot a long stream of tobacco juice past my ear and into the gutter. He remained silent for several moments and after eyeing the group around him he continued. "I knew that Bertha had found out something that had to be spread all over town before she finished. I saw her stop Burris up the street and even though they were half a block away I heard her tell Burris, 'Yes Catholic! They're Catholic!' Her voice was as good as the party line and it wasn't long until everybody knew that the first Catholic family was in town."

Harry Miller spoke up, "Yea, I remember old Hazel came rushing into my store and asked what this town was coming to, letting a bunch of Communists move in. I told her that they were just Catholics, not Communists. Then she said that she thought that Catholics and Communists were the same thing."

With a laugh Carvin interrupted Harry, "By the time that story got to my service station the town was being invaded by Communists and they were going to set up their own government. 'Most everyone was in favor of getting up a committee and going right up to Wiles' house and telling him to get out of town."

"Yes, and the only reason that they didn't do just that was the preacher convincing them that everything would be okay," said Layton. "The people started settling down then and seeing how foolish they were acting."

I decided to add my small bit saying, "Some of the people started seeing that but some of them didn't. You know that Mac refused to do business with Wiles for six months."

The clock on City Hall struck one and my lunch hour was over. As I went back to work I kept thinking how the people began speaking to the Wiles family on the street and then visiting their home. The people saw that they were very much wrong in their first impression of the Wiles.

The family entered into community projects and organizations. The two small children played with children of the oldest families of the town. Even though the nearest Catholic Church was twelve miles away, the family didn't mind the drive and the community respected them for that.

Now seven years have passed since the first Catholic family moved into town. Several other Catholic families have since joined them and the town cordially accepted them. With the changing attitude, Karl Wiles entered into town politics, first being elected City Recorder. Now he had been nominated for mayor by the Independent Party. His campaign had been highly successful and a victory was expected for his party.

The votes were all counted by five o'clock and Karl Wiles was the new mayor. From a suspected, distrusted Catholic to mayor in seven years. The townspeople certainly had changed their attitude toward the first Catholic in two hundred years to move into a strictly Protestant community.

TO A LEAKY RADIATOR:

SHIRLEY HAMILTON '61

You there, Radiator against the wall,
Pay attention, will you, to my call!
What do you mean with that cheerful clanging,
Sputtering and gurgling and bubbly banging?
Who gave you leave to be so glad,
When everything else is all too sad?
Look through the window at the heavy sky;
It's so lonesome it's ready to cry.
And see those dead leaves down the way,
The long, long winter has turned them gray.
The gloomy trees, who've lost their dress,
Are sadly naked, you must confess.
Now tell me honestly, how can you be
So optimistically full of glee?
—What did you say with that last loud ping?
You say (it can't be) it'll soon be spring?

A BRIDGE IN THE FOG

CARL V. VORPE '51

In the wandering silent white the bridge is lost.
A long high span fades in wispy mist,
The line is broken from grounding to beyond.
Midnight leers. High, hounding fears
Freeze action, soul. No goal, no ground?

No one quite knows
Where the journey goes.
How shall we return
When we cannot discern
Where the end—
The end will be?

Up there in nowhere, no turning back to see
Beyond the girding steel the springing band,
The reaching hand.
Morning is hidden in midnight sand.



ALWAYS IN DARKNESS

FRANCINE THOMPSON '59

The game was lively and gay. Five children scampered up the steps, raced across the porch floor, clambered up the banister, and jumped to the ground. One landed on his feet and another on his knees. Betty Jo took her place on the railing and leaped, stumbling as she landed. Her face hit the grass that concealed a broken milk bottle. The kids all laughed because she didn't land on her feet and Sammy began shouting, "Cry baby, cry." The howl put forth from Betty Jo was piercing. Her hands flew to her face instinctively.

Hearing the screams, Betty Jo's mother came to the door from the social gathering of mothers, still holding a tea cup. "Why, Betty Jo, what is the matter?" she asked. Betty raised her head from the grass turning toward her mother with white hands still covering her face. Blood was trickling between her fingers. Her mother screamed, dropped the tea cup, and rushed to the girl. She reached down, scooped her up, and pulled the desperately clinging fingers away from the girl's face. She saw to her horror that Betty's eyes were bleeding. The mother screamed to the women who, hearing the commotion, had come to the door, "Get a doctor. Please, get a doctor!"

Mrs. Nelson rushed to the telephone and called Dr. Holmes while Betty was being carried to the sofa in the living room. The other children began to cry and ask how badly she was hurt. The noise was one of confusion.

The time seemed endless before the doctor arrived with an

ambulance. All of this time Betty had been screaming. "It's dark. I can't see you, Mommy. Where are you?" "My God, give us strength," prayed the mother over and over.

The ambulance raced speedily with sirens squealing. As they arrived at the hospital, attendants rushed out to help them.

Being forced to remain in the hospital corridor, the anxious mother and father paced, trying not to think of the inevitable. After two hours of waiting, which seemed like two days to the parents, the doctor came out of her room. "Your daughter will be blind for life. The glass has cut both eye lenses beyond repair," he said and quietly walked away. The shock hit them with its full impact. Their five year-old girl was blind, their only child, their own Betty Jo. The mother reached out her arms to her husband.

"BARNEY IS DYING"

CARL V. VORPE '51

It was mid-afternoon-toward-evening and
The sun was hot and all at once someone shouted
"Barney is dying!"

Sure enough, as we looked out across
The hot, dry, crumbled earth where harrows
Clawed hard clods, one harrow was stopped
And before it lying prone was Barney;
The hired man was jumping on the old horse's side
Trying to move an old heart to pump again.

But heart and life and work were still.

*The wind always blows where it will
Cold comes under the sill.
And dust rises on the lonely hill.*

Yes, Barney was dead. But that jumping,
Pumping man thumps a waning memory;
Beating a dead horse on a futile journey
Like searching hearts for warmth and love,
Spark and life that never was.

Who spoke the Word first?
Whose first gentleness was cursed?
—Never reached the depths
Of the created Image?

He, too, flogs dead horses on a forgotten journey.
Hearts cry out on a hot and ending day:
Grief for Barney! (And all the world's dead)
... daily walk and are not moved ...
... daily speak and cannot hear ...
... who endless round the circle come to Lost again.

*The wind always blows where it will.
Cold comes under the sill.
And dust rises on the lonely hill.*

IAGO, LISTEN TO ME!

MICHAEL CHRISTIAN '61

"Shame! Shame! Shame on you, Iago. Your actions are scorned by the world, and I, also, completely disapprove of them. Iago, what insane motives could have led you to commit such cruel actions towards your superior officers and towards an innocent young bride? I'll tell you, Iago: you were bitterly disappointed because you didn't receive that promotion, weren't you?

"Iago, don't you turn away from me like that! You have this coming and you are going to hear every minute of my little speech.

"As I said, before you attempted to elude me, you were disappointed because you didn't receive that promotion, weren't you? Answer me! I thought so. You said yourself that Cassio was unfit for this position. When Cassio actually received that honored rank, you couldn't even begin to accept this turn of events. It hurt your pride, didn't it? Didn't it, Iago! Did you even stop to think about this promotion? Did you evaluate it properly or even bother to look at it from other points of view? I doubt very much if you gave these questions one thought. Instead, you became bitter and then you had the gall to cultivate a feeling of revenge towards your superior general.

"In the beginning, your influencing Roderigo was simple, wasn't it? So easy, in fact, that it presented a sort of challenge to continue with your ill feelings toward your military comrades. It is too bad your first plan somewhat failed, but it certainly caused a ruckus, didn't it? Were you satisfied now? Scarcely, because when Othello returned from battle, you still were determined to do harm. Just exactly what did you want at this particular time, Iago? Was it Cassio's position and eventually Othello's place? You know, Iago, I don't think you actually knew yourself.

"To continue, the fight between Roderigo and Cassio went rather smoothly, didn't it? Cassio was demoted just as you had hoped. Why didn't that satisfy you? Was it because you used the demotion simply as a quick stepping-stone for continuing your revenge? Well, I must say, you certainly did a splendid job of antagonizing Othello about this affair between Cassio and the beautiful Desdemona. This was all very cleverly arranged, Iago. Congratulations upon your success at this stage of the episode. But you were momentarily stopped when Othello wanted actual proof of your insinuations, weren't you? You will have to admit that your wife found that handkerchief at precisely the right time. Othello wanted tangible evidence and—presto—there it was! Very, very convenient, wasn't it? Then the fateful night when Cassio was to die; quite an exciting night, wasn't it, you evil-minded devil of a man. I'm sure you remember in exact detail the events of that evening. There is not even much need to discuss it, is there, Iago?

"Now that everything is in the past and nothing can be changed, I want to conclude my little speech by showing you just how great you could have been. Everyone knows that you were a brilliant man. Yes, that is what I said—a brilliant man. Besides, we know that you were extremely clever, understood man's behavior patterns, and, for the most part, you were an outstanding opportunist. Iago, there have been many great men throughout history that have served as guides for the people of my country. These men had high qualities that you possessed at one time or another. If only you had not become bitter, hateful, jealous, and revengeful. Oh, the pity of it, Iago, the pity of it! You could have helped mankind in many ways. I'm sure of it, Iago, I'm very sure of it. You could have helped people in your day as well as mine, if only you had used your excellent qualities for constructive goals. Your name might have remained as great as Plato, Solon, Alexander the Great, Augustus Caesar, Charlemagne, William of Orange, or King Richard, the Lionhearted.

"Alas, Iago, you chose the fork in the road of good and evil that led to your destruction. You could have attained that higher rank honestly. If only you had reasoned, Iago, reasoned with honesty which might have passed you on to greatness. Instead, with your choice, you heard the dying gasps of Roderigo, Emilia, and your general, the honorable Othello. These deaths along with the death of the beautiful Desdemona remain as blood on your hands. My speech to you is finished!

"However, Iago, both of us are now at the eternal fork in the road of life concerned with good and evil, for God's Judgment Day for all the world has ended. Farewell, Iago, I go to be with my Lord, and as for you . . . "

SONNET

RAYMOND PIPER '60

All beauty is expressed in poem and song,
And oh, how sweet these melodies of love
That give us rest and joy that last so long
We find ourselves at peace with God above.
Music reveals men's hearts in such a way
That all can know just how these men may feel.
Their loves, their hates, are easy for them to say,
And all can see their love is truly real.
Now poems and songs I know I can't create;
I can not find the words to show my heart.
One grave fault that clearly scars my fate:
That I can only show my love in part.
But this part must become the growing seed
That shows you that your love is what I need.

SONG AT THE BEDROOM WINDOW

ROGER CALDWELL '58

Dusk at the window is gone, and evening brings
Light rain falling and the wind in the dark.
Lightning, flaring like a great welding arc,
Silhouettes in the blue daylight the trees that throng
The horizon, brushing the room with instant wings
Of brightness. There, as I have never seen,
She lies in a soft curve, her angel head between
Our pillows—and my heart bursts, gushing song.

Love is neither all dark nor all light but is shade
Of a substance more real than a thousand days,
Darker than the sky where the coal-black night is laid,
Deeper than the tears of the wind, its higher blaze
Of joy more gloriously bright than lightning, and more calm
Than the afterdark when the light has sung its psalm.

WAR

SHIRLEY BAKER '58

War
Is an axe
Its sharp, rusted edge,
Bringing the death blow
To a young sapling.

THINKING

DAVID SCHNEIDER '58

What is a poem? Here is a question to direct our thinking. A poem is like the roots of a tree. The poem is just the ground work for something much bigger. The outward expression of the roots is the trunk, branches, windblown leaves, thus the complete tree. The ultimate purpose of a poem should be to build a new complete thought in each person's mind. This thought should be over and above the body of the poem itself. The foliage is what the reader thinks after reading the poem.

To explain this idea let us call it "wakism." Wakism advocates that a person reading a poem be awakened by something within it. Being a wakist, I believe that all art should wake people out of an unused brain. People of the world today need wakening to think above base desires which are mostly self-desires. A dam does not prove its strength until water overflows it. So man does not realize the full possibilities of life unless he sees the vast swell of the All which is flowing over his head. It might not hurt too badly to poke our heads up and begin thinking—maybe even about poetry.



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A NIGHT IN THE STORM

SHIRLEY BAKER '58

The headlights of my red roadster pierced the midnight darkness and danced about the lonely highway. But still the cold blackness engulfed me, pushing in at me from all sides. The wind played a weird melody as it tore through the bare trees and swayed their cloakless branches.

I turned on the radio, hoping some rock and roll music would keep me company. But any such program was drowned out by insistent static. Just as I turned the radio off, jagged streaks of lightning danced about the starless sky, cutting their way to the ground. The loud roll of thunder that followed set my tense body into a cold shiver.

I forced my foot down harder on the accelerator. "Won't I ever get to Mrs. McCurdy's house," I thought to myself. "Oh, why didn't Jim come with me? He knows I hate being alone during a storm."

Just then it began to rain. The hail drops drummed a haunting melody on the cold metal of my car.

To some people the wish, wish, wish of the windshield wipers, the beating rain, the cracking lightning, the crashing thunder and the howling wind would have sounded like the harmony of a symphony orchestra. But to me it was like being surrounded by millions of people, pointing their fingers at me, whispering and laughing, a weird snake-pit laugh.

My hands tightened about the steering wheel as the car sped down the road, faster and faster. My heart drummed along with the rain. The calls of the storm echoed in my ears. I felt as if hundreds of eyes were watching me from behind the trees which lined the highway.

The lightning lit the sky and I could see the old, massive McCurdy house standing high on the hill. The car had barely stopped when I was out and running up the steep steps, the cold rain beating against my face.

This Victorian monstrosity, which looked as if it had been deserted for years, always gave me the creeps when I approached it. Tonight I wanted to turn away from it and run. But I had promised Jim that I would make sure Mrs. McCurdy was safe and sound."

"I wish Jim would worry half as much about me as he does about Mrs. McCurdy and her hidden fortune," I thought jealously to myself.

As I climbed the rickety porch steps, I could see a flickering light in the livingroom. The splintered boards of the porch floor squeaked under my weight. I knocked three times and waited.

The wind banged the broken shutters against the wood siding. The heavy rain rattled the loose, glass window panes. I jerked backwards as I heard the sharp cry of a frightened cat from inside the silent house.

I dug my trembling hands into the pockets of my raincoat. After a few seconds, I pounded on the door. But still there was no answer. I turned the rusty knob and the door opened.

"Mrs. McCurdy," I called. There was no answer. I walked down the hallway, feeling my way through the darkness. The dusty air filled my lungs. I clasped my hand over my mouth to silence a cough.

"She probably fell asleep in her rocking chair. If I turn the hall light on it may frighten her," I whispered encouragingly to myself.

Just as I reached the livingroom the only light in the house went out. I proceeded into the black-box of a room. I tripped over something on the floor and fell to my knees. I blindly felt about the floor, my hand came to rest upon what to me felt like a human face. Just then a flash of lightning filled the room and I could see Mrs. McCurdy's lifeless body lying in a puddle of cold blood. In her hand she held an old walking cane, her protection, so she had said, from uninvited guests.



THE OLD HOUSE

CHARLES BYWATERS '61

Walls crumbling with ages past,
Times of gaiety gone at last.

Gone is the chimney, gone is the bell,
Gone is the fireplace, gone is the well,

Gone is the farmer, hoe in hand,
Gone are the children and the hired hand.

I knew as I stood in the road that day,
That I, like it, would soon pass away.



AFFAIRES de COEUR

PAT SPEER '59

It's been nearly ten minutes since Roomie left . . . Nervously I run a perspiration-moistened hand down my nose to see if the seams are straight . . . Just one more quick spray of "Evening in Paris" . . . He'll probably think I tripped with it! . . . That's funny — I glance warmly at a dried-up corsage of sweetheart roses on the bulletin board . . . Who were they from? . . . I adjust a pinching earring . . . Are these the ones what's-his-name gave me? . . . A dozen faces pass through my mind . . . They are all waving goodbye . . . BUZZ! . . . My heart beats too quickly; I can scarcely walk to the 'phone . . . "Yes?" "Bob is here." "Thanks. I'll be right down."

A CHAT WITH MISS FORBES

MARGARET HALL '58

Third Prize, Essay Contest

I like to imagine that Miss Esther Forbes, author of the colorful novel, *Rainbow on the Road*, has invited me to her house for tea. We are discussing her recent book and she tells me that she has spent most of her life spading up New England past. She began her writing of old New England twenty-eight years ago, she says, and during this time she has written eleven novels. *Paul Revere and the World He Lived In* took the 1942 Pulitzer Prize in American History. *The Running of the Tide*, in 1947, won the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer \$150,000 novel contest. I can see why Miss Forbes has become so popular in her writing over the years.

I ask her why she writes mostly of by-gone days and this is her answer: "It's true that I write self-confidently of the past . . . It is not a matter of antiquarian interest or escape of the past. I approve of a great many things about the present. The present is exciting but it confuses me. I'm like a painter who needs a frame to know where to stop. I have tried again and again to write a contemporary novel, but it won't go. For me, there is no frame, no art form." I remark that though she does not live at the time of which she writes, she appears to have a thorough knowledge of her subject and reveals very colorfully the New England scene of more than a century ago.

She also tells me that some of the background for *Rainbow on the Road* were things she read as a child. "I went to museums and studied portraits of the period. Ruby Lambkin isn't based on anyone in particular, although there is a folk figure of Tom Cook of Westboro. He was a robber Robin Hood, stole from the rich to give to the poor."

She asks me if I would like another cup of tea. I answer yes and I ask her what sources, other than herself, she used for her novel. Outside of herself, she says, her sources for *Rainbow on the Road* include wonderful notes on talk and legend left by her mother, who was herself a writer. She also includes in her sources Hawthorne's *American Note-Books* and Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Old Town Folks*. I find it very difficult to conceive of a woman ever experiencing any of the very raw scenes about which she writes, until she explains her sources.

She relates to me some of her quite interesting background. Regional devotion comes natural to her, Miss Forbes says, for she is the daughter of a pre-Revolutionary clan, one of whose seventeenth-century members died in jail while awaiting trial for witchcraft. Unfortunately, I find very little witchcraft in her latest novel, *Rainbow on the Road*. I say to her that I think the whole plot is an afterthought for it does not make an appearance, a real one, until one is half through her delightful pages. It may be even too episodic but the novel is redeemed by its brilliant recreation of a region and an epoch.

I tell Miss Forbes, that her characters are portrayed with the skill of an artist who sees them as creatures of flesh and blood. She successfully captures their living quality and that of their setting by her ability to reproduce in print the actual speech, salted with proverbial sayings, earthy metaphors, and special Yankee rhythms, once characteristic of old New England. They are still, although rarely used and heard, fondly remembered by its older natives.

I mention that I especially like the variety of characters she uses. There is a whole gallery of them. There is Jude's wife, Mitty, so firm and angular in her righteousness. Also, there are the relatives who would never invite Jude in until they were sure he had brought a ham. There are sheriffs and squires, teachers and peddlers of all sorts. I'm sure many of these characters can be met in New England today.

I explain to Miss Forbes that at times I find it difficult to accept and follow her treatment of the flashback technique. A solid fog of research muffles the characters, but whenever the fog lifts for a page or two, the sights and sounds of New England country-side around 1830 come through in a kind of pastoral poem. For *Rainbow on the Road* is a picaresque tale of the 1830's told by a narrator looking back more than sixty years.

Jude, the hero, is a peddler-limner, and is a very delightful character. He spends his winters painting in the figures of men and women on canvases but leaves the face blank. When spring comes, he hitches up a cart, piles in his canvases, and hits up the New England towns for people who will pay three or five dollars to have the blank spots filled in with their likenesses.

"This may sound sentimental, Miss Forbes, but one of the most touching scenes I have ever read is Jude's scene with the almost insane mother whom he brings back to reality. This particular woman and her husband share their home with Jude and Eddy, his companion, for several nights. While there, Jude learns that the couple has lost three children through death and that the mother has never fully realized that her babies will never come back to her. Sometimes she can be heard talking as if to a baby. Sometimes she sings lullabys. Jude talks to her, soothes her. He asks her to describe the children to him. She does and he paints them to her likeness. After she has her children back with her, she asks Jude to go with her to the little graves out back of the house where she has refused to go until that time. Jude brings her back to reality."

I can see that Miss Forbes is in a deep reverie of her story, so I sit back in my chair and listen to her tell the story all over again.

Rainbow on the Road covers one season's adventures on Jude's circuit as told in flashback by a fourteen-year-old boy, Eddy, who goes with him. Jude loves telling tales. Here I interrupt her and say that I enjoy those tales very much and that, undoubtedly, some are inevitably destined for thousands

of anthologies—the wonderful story of how Shubael outwitted a flock of drovers, or the story of the mean sea captain who could eat nothing but clams. (This one almost made me sick at my stomach, but I didn't tell her.) Even better, I continue, is the unfinished story of freezing the hired man for the winter.

I then allow her to continue. Jude is seeking for a goal beyond his reach and longs for an outlaw's freedom. He saves a girl from making a fool of herself by marrying an old man. He does her portrait as if she drowns herself like the old man's previous wife had done. The closest he ever comes to real trouble is when the sheriff mistakenly nabs him as Ruby Lambkin, a highwayman whose legendary misdeeds run a counterpoint through the novel, and off and on in Jude's gentle, wistful thinking. Jude enjoys being mistaken for Ruby and even goes along with the mistaken identity to the point of spending several nights in jail. Jude loves the glory that goes along with the whole idea. The women adore Ruby, the men detest him, and a ballad had already sprung up about him:

Ruby Lambkin is my name.
In breaking jails I've won my fame
I give to poor and steal from rich.
No laws of man's can hold me.

Miss Forbes and I both agree that *Rainbow on the Road* is enjoyable because of the local types and talk. Eddy remarks of one little country girl: "She was as plump as a little pig, active as sin, awkward as a calf, and not much more legs on her than a pigeon."

I relate to Miss Forbes the criticism, a very favorable one, that Mr. Edward Weeks had concerning her novel. "I want to say that I have been having a lovely time with Esther Forbes. Not in many a year have I read a book so meadow-sweet, so quizzical, so full of Yankee life and talk." This pleases her very much.

I tell her that what I enjoy most about her book are the evocations of New England in four seasons. The book begins in the spring and ends in late fall. "Crows were out gleaning, looking like blown bits of charred paper. And talking all the time, like crows talk. Harvest is over. It's the loneliest time of the year." I mention that to me, this is poetry, beautiful poetry. Country life, everything about it, intrigues me. To read about it is satisfying, but to live it is true happiness. (Being a North Carolinian, I wonder if New Englanders ever had a corn-husking party. I'm sure they would have enjoyed it thoroughly).

The Yankee lingo interests me very particularly, I tell Miss Forbes. Some of the lingo reminds me so much of the dialect that James Russell Lowell used in his writing. I say also that I found it rather difficult to read at first, but before I'd read ten pages, I'd gotten in the "swing" of the talk. Miss Forbes

admits that she faced the problem of speech in her writing of *Rainbow on the Road*. She is certain, she says, that "the talk of New Englanders reflected the style and tone of their reading and the sermons they heard. But also, they talked with a salty Yankee lingo." She says that she adjusted the formal sentences and double negatives in part by depending on the ear of memory, her own memory of the talk she recalls of old folks she knew in her youth.

I say to Miss Forbes that it is time for me to leave, but my stay and talk with her were most pleasant. She invites me to visit her again. As I leave, I am thinking that "Miss Forbes is in love with New England and this wonderful book is her confession and declaration. It is, to be sure, about New England of a century or more ago, but much of it is familiar, both in appearance and character." Only if one has a background of the life in New England in the Nineteenth Century can he thoroughly enjoy the sights and sounds which Miss Forbes so vividly illustrates. "This view of New England is a welcome change from current fashion, and it is a long time since we have had a book that delighted in the granite ledges and the noisy brooks and the little white villages and the flavor of the villages . . . What is memorable about *Rainbow on the Road* is the humor, the high spirits, the sense of the richness of life, and the beauty of the land."

MAN, OBSERVE

WILLIAM DUTEIL '58

Dark clouds hover overhead,
Changing the once beautiful tree,
Into shadows of desolation and forbidding.
A white blanket covers the once green, soft, earth.
The snow continues to fall hard and heavy,
Adding, adding to the already heavy, deep,
And entangled burden of the soft green earth.
The wind comes and scatters the snow,
First to the East, then to the West,
Then to the North, and then to the South.
It is decided that the many directions
Will not ease the burden.
Where will the wind decide to blow the many scattered drifts?
After contemplation, the many drifts are drawn into one.
The earth begins to absorb and dispense with the burden,
Putting it to work to restore the tree's beauty,
And the earth's soft, green blanket.

Man, observe these works, and apply them,
When your burden becomes heavy and displaced.
The sun begins to shine brighter and brighter,
The burden becomes lighter and lighter,
The tree acquires more and more beauty,
The earth's blanket becomes a rich green chroma,
And the snow soon disappears.



the stranger

pen and ink

tom miller

THE STRANGER

MARTIN LIGHTNER '59

The city is covered with a thick, heavy fog. Its gloom hides the streets, the buildings, and the people. Into the city a stranger comes. He walks through the many streets. The misty veil of the fog parts to admit the stranger and closes behind him leaving no trace of his passage. There are many side streets and by-ways. The stranger turns first here, then there, always moving on through the murky night. He comes to a lighted tavern front. The neon and incandescent lights drive back the inky blackness. The stranger looks long at the carousing crowd, chuckles and moves on into the night. A person passes the stranger, mumbles a greeting and is swallowed by the fog. At last the stranger comes to the end of the street. He sees a man under a flickering street lamp. There is death in the man's face. They walk off together, and the fog closes in behind them. All is the same as before the stranger came; the streets, the buildings, the people, and the fog are all there. No one has noticed the passing stranger.



AFTER THE PLAY

NEAL LUND '58

The big night has come,
And gone.
The seats are empty,
The house is bare.
I sit alone on stage.
My life is dead!
For only in this play did I live,
And now that it is gone,
I care no longer.
This is how they shall find me,
In this chair.
Free at last!



RUPERT

JOHN PAYTON '59

Rupert's upper lip protruded to reach at the tip of his nose. His heavy jowls, triple chin, and beady little eyes matched the description of the painted ladies in the picture he was looking at. An empty glass sat on the table in front of him. A tall, black, silk hat was balanced upon his round head and he had put on his heavy, black coat over his bulging frame. He was ready for action, his walking stick in hand, choosing which of the fair damsels would be his companion for the evening.

THE TRANSFORMATION

PAT SPEER '60

Twilight:
Hour of the day
When darkness' dimming shroud
Engulfs the world; prepares it for
New life.



CHRISTMAS EVE

ADELAIDE WEIR '61

Honorable Mention, Freshman Prose

The sacred strains of an ancient Christmas hymn were echoing through the church. At the altar the flames of tall white candles illuminated the brilliant red poinsettias and cast shadows around the black-robed minister, who was preparing bread and wine for the traditional Christmas Eve communion service. The whole scene reflected beauty and solemnity; Sandy and I, sitting in the congregation as visitors, were in a quiet, reverent mood. Little did I suspect that the scene was set for my most embarrassing experience.

The ushers distributed the bread in the usual manner and proceeded to do likewise with the wine. I took my glass, and when the minister had intoned the proper words, drank the wine in one swallow, just as I had always done at my own church. At that point, the similarity ended; for as I swallowed the wine, a stinging, burning sensation pulsed through my throat and crept steadily down to my stomach. The wine was real, and it was strong! (At my church the mere mention of anything more potent than grape juice would have sent the Board of Trustees scurrying hastily toward the conference room.)

As I stood there, my mouth involuntarily dropped open, my eyes widened in surprise, and my hands fell limply to my sides. Simultaneously, a woman behind me, who was evidently also unaccustomed to wine, gave a choking cough.

All this was more than Sandy could bear; and in spite of the impressive surroundings and solemn occasion—in fact, perhaps because of them—she began to giggle. I soon joined her, and the more she laughed, the more I laughed. Then, to my great consternation, I discovered that I could not stop. Vainly I tried lecturing myself on how childish and silly I was, thinking soberly about the significance of communion and the Christmas season, and even stuffing a handkerchief half way down my throat. All my efforts were useless, and soon I was laughing so hard that tears were trickling down my cheeks and shrill, squeaking noises were coming from my throat. Needless to say, my face was also turning red, and I was afraid to look around. I could visualize five hundred pairs of eyes staring disapprovingly at me and could hear their owners saying, "Tsk, tsch! What a giddy young thing! Who is she?"

None of these thoughts, however, helped me regain my self-control. I continued laughing, in a choking, breathless way, all through the long prayer that followed the communion service, six stanzas of "Silent Night," and the benediction.

After watching me become practically hysterical, Sandy was in about the same condition as I; and as sedately and properly as possible, we rushed toward the nearest exit the minute the benediction was over. As we nearly ran from the church into the frosty, quiet night, the peaceful silence was shattered by our shrieks of laughter; as we walked home, talking about what had happened, our faces matched the color of Santa Claus' suit.

WASHINGTON, D.C., in APRIL

JULIA NICHOLAS '59

Pale pink cherry blossoms
Float on the still April breeze,
And drift
Gently downward
Onto the shimmering blue mirror.

Lovers pass
The massive, glimmering
Snow-white Lincoln Memorial,
And smile
At their quivering reflections
Amid the fallen, pink, petal canoes.

CESSATION

NEAL LUND '58

The day dawned bright and clear. It was a beautiful Spring day late in May, a day just a little more beautiful than those which had preceded it. The little town of Pleasant Bend was just waking up, and coming alive in the early morning sun. The shopowners, opening their places of business, stood to talk to their neighbors in the pleasantly warm street. School children were trudging slowly to school, each reluctant to arrive and take up the day's studies, each thinking that days like this were made for fun, not for school. Soon the town was up and alive, but it was a slow, lazy aliveness as if it was shaking the last of winter from its memory, and basking luxuriously in the warm spring air.

Scarcely finishing their breakfast chores, the women paused in their housework, went out into the spring air, and discussed the unusually nice weather with their neighbors, as well as enjoying the quiet gossip of a quiet town.

All over town people agreed that this was the finest day since Winter's icy blasts. Yet on this quiet, peaceful day, the world ceased to be.

THE POTENTIAL POET

MARSHALL CASSADY '58

There once was a man, and I know it,
Who could have become a great poet.
He wrote many times
The most marvelous rhymes
Except that he never could end correctly.



PERSPECTIVE

JANET LOUISE ROBERTS '46

Rome, Italy

A painter works for a while close to his canvas. Then he moves back several steps and looks. He needs to see the work as a whole, to gain perspective.

So I feel as a writer it is necessary to take time off to look at my writing as a whole, to step back from daily routine and try to see clearly what progress I have made, to look ahead and plan what to do next.

Four years ago I went to Florence, Italy, where I lived for the winter. I was able at that time to begin making the difficult adjustment from an amateur to a professional point of view. I saw the need to specialize, to choose one kind of writing and work hard at it, to refrain from tempting by-paths of poetry, articles, plays. The short story is my field for the present, and it deserves and requires full attention, as I work toward my goal of full-time free-lance writing.

An amateur is one who enjoys writing. A professional is one who works hard at writing, studies published stories, learns technique, presses hard toward a definite high goal, and very occasionally takes a small pleasure in what he has accomplished, knowing he has far to go.

I decided to come again to Italy to gain perspective for the next years ahead. It is good to have several months just to read stories, study techniques, write my own stories. It is good also to sit on the Spanish Steps here in Rome, to squint against the bright sunlight, to watch people go by, to think quiet thoughts, and one day to find that whole new ideas are rising golden in the mind.

These months are a time for letting past experiences come to mean some sort of wisdom. In the rush and haste of everyday madness, there's no time for pondering, and no time for ripening of ideas. One day a writer finds he is a parrot and not a person. Yet the material for his own knowledge is there, waiting for him.

In Rome, I live in the present, but amid the past. There is a Roman wall casually leaning against the railroad station. A gas station operates for Ferraris and motor-scooters, except late at night when the moon makes 2000-year-old ghosts in the

Forum across the street. John Keats died in 1821 in a house beside the Spanish Steps, but I for one do not believe in his death, because lovers still hold hands as they sit on the Steps and murmur to each other in poetic words. On a rainy evening, one can stand at the top of the Steps and look out over Rome, at the lights shining in the wet streets, and it could be any time at all, any century.

As I begin to understand the past and the present, so I have time for the future here, time to wonder, observe, think, plan. I am beginning to know what I believe. Over the years, a pattern begins to form, and truth is clearly in that pattern.

In the next few months, I shall try to discover what I have done, what I am now capable of doing, and what I want to do next. With a painter's perspective, I need to see clearly and see whole.

TOUGH BREAK

With apologies to EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

PAT SPEER '60

This I saw — in a nightmare, I think —
There spread a cloud of feathers along a room,
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and my roommate yelled, and pillows
Batted into pillows. A girl's sleepy form
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.

Some scrounge hung along the battle's edge,
And thought. "Had I a bigger pillow —
That foam rubber one my roommate has — but
This flat thing!" She dropped it to the floor
And sneaked to the lounge for a coke.

Then came I, bruised, beaten, bedraggled
And pillowless; saw the flat head rest,
Featherless, half-buried in the dusty hovel,
And stumbled and picked it up, and with a battle shout
Lifted it and threw it at the enemy.
It didn't phase her. What a lousy pillow!

THE PASSING OF THE TIPPED HAT

PHILIP O. DEEVER '34

Any pessimist could cite grounds for holding that today common courtesy has become a fairly uncommon thing. Not being pessimistic myself, I refuse to yield to such a verdict upon modern manners. At least I should like to put up a fight against it. Yet who can fail sometimes to ask, "What is the significance of the passing of the tipped hat?"

Perhaps such talk tends to date one. In that case, I want it clearly understood that I definitely stand well this side of the McGuffey Readers. Nevertheless, in kindergarten I learned

that "Politeness is to do and say the kindest thing in the kindest way." And I still cling to the memory of lines learned long ago:

"Hearts, like flowers, will ope' with ease

To very simple little keys;

And don't forget that two of these

Are, 'Thank you, Sir,' and 'If you please.' "

Once, when I was a child, I gave up my seat to a lady. As I recall, the idea was my mother's. But at any rate I conceded. We were riding the trolley interurban of the Dayton, Covington and Piqua line—the old "red traction" as we called it, running north out of the Gem City. The car was full; the lady had several packages; I was less than ten years old. So it was easy to see why I should be the gentleman. Anyhow, I nobly did as nobly should—and was rewarded by the lady with a big red apple and an approving lecture on the virtues of being genteel. I recall feeling quite pleased and proud. After all, being good had paid, if only in apples!

What a change has occurred in manners and in me since then! Not long ago I found myself lecturing on the New Testament in a neighboring city. To the credit of the subject if not of the lecturer it can be recorded that the classroom overflowed. In that mixed crowd with plenty of seated men, who might the standees be? Half a dozen women, to be sure, as you have already guessed.

Things have come to such a pass that if one feels uncomfortable sitting in the presence of standing women, one has to work some kind of a ruse to avoid appearing queer by giving up one's seat. Thus on the subways of New York, for instance, I found that the thing to do was to stay out in the vestibule of the car as though you were really going to get off at the next station. Then after the car filled up you could stand any place in the aisles you wished without being conspicuously courteous.

Of course, times *have* changed. It is no longer necessary for the gentleman to walk on the outside in order to protect his lady from the splashing mud of passing buggy wheels. And as far as the fiction of the "weaker sex" is concerned, everybody knows that in these days the female lives longer than the male of our species. At least married females live longer than married males. Which proves, as you wish, either (1) that women are tougher, or (2) that they have an easier life than their tension-torn, hurry-harried husbands.

Be all that as it may, sticking somewhere in my craw is the conviction that we ought to try to act like gentlemen just the same. Call it nothing but an expression of masculine arrogance if you will. Still I should like to enter the campaign for the sincere apology sincerely expressed, the word of thanks appropriately and genuinely uttered, the smiling voice even and especially when answering a wrong number, the prompt rising to one's feet when ladies enter, and the gallantry of the tipped hat.

POOR RUSTY

DONNA TAYLOR HITT '58

Mr. Doctor, do ya think ya can fix my dog up? . . . Huh? . . . Do ya? I think it's his leg, it must be broke and he's kinda cut in some places too. See how he's bleedin' all over my jacket? Mom will skin me, I know. She don't like Rusty much no how.

Poor Rusty, he's sure a brave dog. He hardly let out a whimper after that big, black car hit him an' then left him layin' pitiful like in the street. I know he hurts 'cause it makes me hurt all over jest lookin' at him. Yes sir, he's sure a brave dog. Why, he's the bravest dog in the neighborhood . . . he can whip any mut that dares ta stand in his way. He ain't very big, but he's really a scrapper and he sure sticks up fer me. One day Benny Walker was a pickin' on me and durned if Rusty didn't sneak up and take a hunk outta his leg. Benny ain't bothered me since, thanks to this fella.

Please, Mr. Doctor, go easy and don't hurt him. Gee . . . don't his big eyes look sad blinkin' up at me? What's that needle full of stuff for? . . . Huh? . . . Ta make him feel better, ya say. That's good 'cause he's squirmen' around like he's in lots of pain.

Ya know, it was sorta my fault, his bein' hurt I mean, 'cause I sicced him after my Mom's old tom cat. Rusty can't stand Felix and I can't either. Well, anyway, Felix was a sittin' on the other side of the street and his mean, yeller eyes was jest a darin' Rusty ta chase him. 'Course Rusty wouldn't do it unless I told him. He's such a good dog and he minds ta ever-thing I say. Well, I looked and didn't see Mom no-where around an' I knew Rusty was jest a achin' for a chance at that sneaky cat, so I sicced him on. I shouldn't have I 'spose, but I did. Jest as Rusty ran out in the street a big, black car comes racin' 'round the corner and run'd the poor little fella down. Rusty didn't have a chance. 'An you know, the mean old man didn't even stop! There ought ta be a law 'gin such people!

Oh Mr. Doctor, please be careful stickin' that tube in his leg there. What's that s'pposed ta do? . . . Huh? . . . Oh, yer letin' the water from that up-side-down bottle run in him 'cause he's bled so much. Poor Rusty . . . Poor little fella. Do ya think he'll be alright? Do ya, Mr. Doctor? . . . Huh? Please make him well . . . Will ya? Please? I jest can't get along if anything happens ta him. Why, Rusty and I are together all the time; we have been ever' since the day he follered me home from school. He was such a skinny little thing then, but I knowed the minute I set eyes on him that he was the dog fer me. I 'member how Mom raised Cain when she saw him go into the house with me. She really made a fuss an' said I couldn't keep him 'cause she didn't want no mongrel chasin' Felix. Believe you me, it wouldn't hurt that lazy cat ta get

chased . . . do him good ta get some exercise! Well, I hid Rusty in the garage fer 'bout three days but Mom finally found out an' it really took some beggin' fer her ta let me keep him. That was a year ago an' he's been taggin' me ever' since. I jest can't get along without him, Mr. Doctor, honest I can't. Please, can ya fix him up? . . . Can ya? . . . Huh?

Do ya have ta give him another needle full of medicine, Doc? Ya already gave him one . . . Ya say it's an overdose of Pheno Barba . . . whatever it is. That ought ta make him feel even better, huh? . . . Ohhhhh . . . I kin almost feel that needle goin' inta me 'stead of him . . . What are ya takin' the tube out of his leg for, Mr. Doctor? All the water ain't run in ta him yet — not even half of it . . . Gee, that last shot musta made him feel lot's better 'cause he's quit squirmin' . . . he's sure awful still . . .

GOAL

MARSHALL CASSADY '58

I want to climb the big tree in the grove behind my house.

It's a giant sugar maple, and its bark is full of knots.

It stands to one side of the grove by the old dirt road and towers at least two feet above its companions.

I've conquered all the others, but they were different.

The same kind, maybe, mostly maples and a few oaks;

But this one seems more noble, more defiant,

As if it were challenging me to reach its lowest branches.

But that isn't the reason I haven't tried.

If I climbed it, part of me would be destroyed,

A boyish part, irreplaceable.

So, I'm afraid.

Funny, how such a common thing as a sugar maple has the power to evoke such a feeling.

I don't guess I'll try to climb it just now—

But someday, I will.

I'll rush out and throw my arms around its trunk

And climb.

When I reach the tip, I'll stop to get my breath and look at the world around me.

Then, I'll descend, unsatisfied, wishing that I could go higher.

TYPICAL OLD MAID

AMY BROWN '59

Oh no, I'm not the kind of girl
Who likes diamonds, pearls and lace.
I'm just a simple home-like girl
Who has a simple face.

I guess I'm not like other girls
I try to be less bold.
Perhaps by the time I get some nerve
I'll find I'm much too old.



"... someday I will. I'll rush out ... and climb ..."

composite drawing

terry kennard hitt

THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB — 1957-58

<i>President</i>	Janice Ellenberger '58
<i>Vice President</i>	Marshall Cassady '58
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	Shirley Baker '58
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Roger Caldwell '58	Julia Nicholas '59
Marshall Cassady '58	Lewis Shaffer '59
Janice Ellenberger '58	William Skaates '58
Neal Lund '58	Patricia Sliver '59

<i>Honorary Members</i>	Mrs. Mary W. Crumrine, Mrs. Hazel H. Price, Walter Jones
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LITERARY AWARDS

Freshman Poetry Contest

First Prize	Wanda Edgerton '61
Second Prize	Helen Altman '61

Freshman Prose Contest

Second Prize	Rosemary Richardson '61
Honorable Mention	Adelaide Weir '61

Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

First Prize	Roger Caldwell '58
Second Prize	Patricia Mizer '58
Third Prize	Shirley Baker '58

Quiz and Quill Prose Contest

First Prize	Margaret Hall '58
Second Prize	Patricia Mizer '58
Third Prize	James Nuhfer '59

Dr. Roy A. Burkhart Poetry Contest

First Prize	Roger Caldwell '58
Second Prize	Patricia Mizer '58
Third Prize	Julia Nicholas '59

Essay Contest

Third Prize	Margaret Hall '58
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Weinland Writing and Selling Award — 1957

First Prize	Craig Gifford '57
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Walter Lowrie Barnes Short Story Contest

First Prize	John Payton '59
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Quiz and Quill Cover Contest

First Prize (<i>See cover</i>)	Tom Miller '58
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Drawings by Terry Hitt, courtesy Wartburg Press

