AT THE CONCERT

ROBERT BREEDLOVE

When Sevitzky approached the podium, there was loud applause from every part of the house, and some of the ladies rose to see him better. My companion, a young musician, seemed to devour him with his eyes. Sevitzky had a dark, sensitive face, though it was smooth shaven and tired looking; his temples were high, and his hair was thin on the crown of his head, though the rest of his hair was dark and wavy. His dark eyes gleamed and seemed to reflect the footlights. He had a straight nose and an expressive mouth, which was rarely still, but twitched with many imperceptible movements. He was tall, and held himself tensely, like a runner on his mark, waiting for the sound of the gun. He conducted smoothly and lithely, with his whole body swaying, like his music, with gestures, now caressing, now sharp and jerky. It was easy to see that he was very nervous and his nervousness was reflected in the music. The quivering and jerky life of it broke up the usual apathy of the orchestra, calling forth greater depths of volume and tone than they had ever produced before. At the end of the performance there was a storm of applause and cries. The whole audience was enthusiastic, fascinated by the success, rather than by the compositions. Sevitzky's face was wreathed in smiles as he bowed and turned to the concertmaster, motioning for him to stand and receive a share of the acclaim. As the applause continued Sevitzky turned to the orchestra, and with a wave of his hand, they stood as one, to receive the recognition they so well deserved. Thus was born greater appreciation of music in the cultural life of our city.

THE OHIO

JOAN HAYDEN

Flowing peacefully between green banks and fertile cornfields, the Ohio winds slowly on its way to the Mississippi. A hot midday sun beats down on the brilliant blue of the water, casting a glare into the eyes of a drowsy fisherman on the bank . . . . . Fish bite easily on a lazy summer day . . . . Trees along the bank make shadows on the water, as the sun sinks toward the west. When twilight comes, the busy hum of the mosquitoes and monotonous croak of the frogs tune up for the evening's concert. Couples stroll along the bank, waiting for the moon. Romance is part of the river tonight, as the silvery, rippling moon path over the water beckons to lovers. The twinkling lights of the ferry boat and the noisy voices of nightbathers are dim in the distance. This summer Ohio is happy, lazy, peaceful.

Crawling between frozen banks, the Ohio struggles on toward the Mississippi. Icy winds chill the few pedestrians on the river road. Trees on the bank are gray and gaunt against cloudy skies, casting no shadows now. At dusk the ice-clogged water seems scarcely to move except for a small ice-free path in the center. There the fast-moving current fights on toward the Mississippi warmth. A million diamonds glitter, as the moon shines on the desolate beauty of ice and snow-covered banks. This winter Ohio is cold, lonely, sad.

An angry, rushing torrent pushes the banks aside sweeping everything before it in a mad race for the Mississippi. The
ugly, muddy water swirl with logs, drift, pieces of houses, and dead animals. People watch the river with fear waiting for it to devour them. The hungry current tears trees from their roots and drives the ferry boat to a safe anchorage in shallow water. Even at dusk the rescue boats are still toiling to save the homeless. The moon casts light, as the rescuers work feverishly on through the night. The river is fierce, ugly, and frightening during the days and nights of early spring.

**JUST FOR FUN**

**TOM STUMP**

The first book that I remember having read for myself was A. A. Milne's *Winnie the Pooh*. I read and re-read this book many times, as well as its twin, *House at Pooh Corner*. Whenever I grew tired of reading one of these books, I would skim through the pages and look at the winsome little pictures of Pooh, or Eeyore, the donkey, or Kanga, the kangaroo. Although as I grew up I soon considered myself above such juvenile literature, I was amazed not very long to find that I still enjoyed reading about the exploits of Pooh, the amiable and human-like bear.

It was not until I was in the fourth grade that I began to read much for myself. My tastes in books from this time until I reached the seventh grade ran almost exclusively to Indian stories and stories about the Civil War. Altsheler, Gregor, and Schultz were my favorite authors and indeed, I read almost nothing except the works of these three men during this period. When I was about ten or eleven, I began to look forward to joining the Boy Scouts. My interest in woodcraft increased tremendously, and it was during this time Ernest Thompson Seton became my favorite (and exclusive) author. I believe that I read at least once every volume he had written, while his *Two Little Savages* I read until I had almost worn the cover off the book.

*Ivanhoe*, by Sir Walter Scott, so enthralled me as a high school freshman that I was stimulated to read more of Scott's books. Since his vivid descriptions were so colorful and as much a part of the book as the plot itself, I found myself quite effortlessly reading all the descriptive material instead of skipping it as I previously had done. With this sudden realization of the pleasure that could be gleaned from descriptive material, I began to read some of Robert Louis Stevenson's travel stories and many of Mark Twain's stories of his experiences in Europe.

About this time I also became a strong admirer of Dumas, with his short, terse conversations and swift, decisive action — a style in direct contrast to the long and carefully descriptive style of Scott's *The Three Musketeers*, naturally, stands out in my mind as one of the most thoroughly entertaining and gripping books that I have ever read.

Today, Mark Twain is still one of my favorite authors. Sir Walter Scott I continue to read, occasionally, while I enjoy most short stories that are along a lighter vein. In spite of the fact that I often claim to prefer light selections such as Wodehouse's works, the only long books that I have ever read more than once are Alexander Dumas' *Three Musketeers* and his *Count of Monte Cristo*. I enjoy only those detective stories in which I cannot figure out who committed the crime, for it exasperates me no end to have my guess as to the villain concur with that of the