

it. He and the children and this house are more than I can handle. He's like a huge baby, with his whining, and having to be fed, and not remembering, and—"

"Kate, he's an old man. Have patience a little while longer."

"A little while—" Her voice failed. "David, that little while may be years. Can't you see what it's doing to the children? They can't understand the change in him. Berle is completely bewildered. Jamie came to me in tears yesterday. 'Mom,' he said, 'Grandpa won't talk to me or look at me or tell me stories anymore. Why does he hate me, Mom?' What can I tell him? 'Jamie, your grandfather's lost his marbles?'" She broke down completely and consented to the comfortable pressure of her husband's arms around her.

"But he's my father, Kate. I owe him a home and care till the day he dies. He spent his life making my life good. I can spend a little of mine repaying him."

"He won't need to know, David. He isn't aware of where he is. He's living in his memory."

"I know, I know—but every day I wake up hoping that today he'll know me, today he'll see me, today he'll look up and say, 'Morning, Dave, how's Kate and the kids,' like he used to do. There's always a chance, Kate."

Up in his room, old Joseph's mind worked back through the years—passing through good times and bad—searching lovingly the familiar faces of old friends. When he was ten, he remembered, Grandfather Moon lived with them. Grandfather Moon was funny, he had to be fed and put to bed just like Baby Sue. "When I'm forty," he confided to a friend, "I shall die. I'm not ever going to be old."

"David, please! Let's try it. Put him in the home for just a week to see if he's happy there. I promise you—just a week."

David's voice and face showed his resignation. "All right, Kate. For you I'll try it. I might as well go and try to tell him now."

His feet shuffled unwillingly up the stairs. They hesitated, then went on. A pause—a knock—David opened the door.

Joseph's eyes cleared and smiled at the figure in the doorway. "Morning, Dave, how's Kate and the kids?" he asked. The eyes shut, the empty shell relaxed again and fell forward, the mind within ceased its wanderings. Its search was over.

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The Jewel Box

Cynthia White

MARIANNE stepped carefully into the dim, brown room, avoided the dusty, leather-padded rocker, and opened an inlaid walnut drawer in the tall, topheavy secretary whose glass door had

panes like the windows of a Gothic church. She was in search of a receipt which she knew was not in this drawer, but which she nevertheless sought there because she had already eliminated other possible hiding places. As she looked, a finger of sunlight, flecked with tiny airborne particles of dust, pointed out a small, shell-encrusted chest. The mirror on the lid reflected the evening sunbeam into her eyes, blinding her for a moment. She sat down to examine the box more closely, experiencing simultaneously the sensation of sinking down farther than she had expected to, and the remote excitement of long submerged familiarity. Opening the box, her fingers expectantly shifted the neglected contents—collar buttons, costume rings, locket with rusted hinges containing blurred photographs, two or three strands of dull beads, all long past their day of stylishness; she recognized the objects with a realization of the complete finality of the past. Then her fingers contacted a tiny, fragile clip.

It had been her mother's. It was of white gold filagree, in the shape of a bow knot; a dark sapphire glowed in the center. In her childhood Marianne had associated it closely with her mother; now, in retrospect, she could see how appropriate this identification had been.

The chain attached to a soft gold heart had become twisted around the fastener of the clip. Marianne saw her own baby tooth marks in the malleable metal of the heart. She remembered the taste and feel of the cool gold, and recalled that the chain had been just long enough to reach up over her chin, permitting the little girl to test her teeth against the gold. She could feel again the smallness of herself, the stirring of inhibited energy packaged inside a prim, plum velvet dress.

From underneath a heavy, carved bracelet protruded a fuzzy, blue silk cord. Marianne pulled it and retrieved a folded card, which was labeled in brown ink, "Senior Class, 1915." Inside was printed, "Dance Program" and below on designated lines were inscribed the names of young men whose faces had for many years been only faint lights along the dark road of memory. One name, however, appeared more frequently than the others, and the face which belonged to that name was not blurred, although her last recollections of it were quite different from those called up by the dance program. Again Marianne experienced the feeling of elation, the flutter of the spring night wind, and the detached flow of the dancing.

An alligator watch band lay buried beneath a heap of simulated pearls. A gold plate on the inside carried the inscription, "James B. Tomlinson" and below, "from Marianne, Christmas 1925." She remembered how the expensive new watch had looked, bound by the new band, which was also much too expensive, on his wrist; but more distinctly she could see the wrist itself, and the hand with its tough tendons and pattern of veins, its fine, blond hairs and short, strong fingers with the square nails on which were tiny white scars and deep ridges.

As she laid the watch band back in place, Marianne perceived a lock of pale hair, almost white and extremely soft, secured with a rubber band and tied with a frayed blue ribbon. It revived in her the blend of pride and regret every mother feels, seeing the first locks clipped from her offspring's head. Marianne had experienced that same blended feeling many times since the first haircut; each major step in her children's lives had renewed it.

It occurred to her that she had much in common with the shell box. It stored symbols; she stored memories evoked by those symbols. She restored the treasures to their container and with the impression sometimes produced by music, the impression of insight into one's own meaning, she left the room.

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Levels of English

June Reiboldt

WHEN a young student leaves his home and starts out into the world, he becomes aware of many levels of English. He is quickly made to realize that different situations call for different levels of English, just as different situations call for different types of clothes and conduct.

The classroom is usually the first place where the unaware student's mistakes are brought to his attention. Formal usage of pronunciation, grammar, and word meanings are hurled at him. His question, "Can I have this book?" is quickly corrected to, "May I have this book?" The student is equally astounded when he learns that "immanent," "imminent," and "eminent" are three entirely different words, and not just one word with a conglomeration of meanings. Coming from a Hoosier farm, our student also learns that "fish," "dish," and "swish" are in assonance with "Swiss" and not "teach." How he suffers reciting, "I love smooth words like gold enameled fish, that circle slowly with a silken swish!"

The student also must contend with a second level of English which is used in his social world. In the college snack bar his vocabulary can become out-of-date within a few weeks. Even though phrases and words such as "square," "out to lunch," "barf," "sharp," "cool," and "neat" are considered slang, the correct usage of them seems important.

When the student mingles in a more adult social circle, he is confronted with a third level of English, the informal level. He observes that when a cultivated, middle-aged woman is inviting some friends for lunch, she doesn't say to her husband, "I'm having the 'gang' in," or "Are you aware of the fact that I have the intention of inviting some women to lunch." She merely says, "You know, I think I'll invite some women over for lunch."