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THE JUDAS TREE

John R. Foutty

We walked into the April dawn, and I,
Doubting, shivered beneath the darkening sky.
But she, scorning the chillness of the air,
Walked on a pace and turned to stare
Upon a Judas Tree which reached through space
From crumbling rocks in flowered but leafless grace.

She reached up, laughing, stripped a bloom
From shaking branches, and sighing in the gloom,
She pressed a sudden warmth between my teeth.
"This is my flesh," she said, and I, beneath
The branches, found myself alone; could only swear
The tree had spoken: no one else was there.

I ate each flower; the tree became my bride.
And with insatiable greed, I stretched to slide
Along a rope-marked limb where sap ran thick and red.
Moist on my lips, the dark wood said,
"This is my blood," and wet bark paid my fee;
Unfolded thirty silver leaves upon the tree.

BODHI

John R. Foutty

I did not sit beneath the fruited tree,
Spelling the impersonal word,
Nor shun the mystic key and show concern
For every singing bird:

But rather on a broken wall have watched
The nameless blossoms cling,
Without a question watched the bud unfold
Beneath the beating wing.

I need not fear the worm that mocks
Within the bitter fruit,
Nor puzzle feathers with a curve that's set
To lift a cumbrous boot;

I'll contemplate the scented wind and spring
The walls to blossom, dream
Of gardens, nightingales, and burning seas
Beyond the crystal stream.
THE DEATH OF MR. KAFFEEMANN

DORIT PAUL

I had met Mr. Kaffeemann that summer in St. Moritz. At the Cafe Hanselmann, to be exact. I was spending that last summer before my Ph. D. in Europe, and was in St. Moritz visiting two Swiss aunts. We stayed at the Suvretta Haus, where my aunts always stayed. They were the type of elderly ladies, often met in Europe, who stayed at the very cheapest rooms in the very best hotels. One was a widow, the other a “maiden lady”, though to look at them you could not tell which was which: they were both the prototype of the spinster aunt. The widow, Aunt Louisa, was always on the look-out for a suitor for the other, Aunt Matilde, and took it as her prerogative as a widow to speak on every occasion to strange men whom she considered suitable. Thus we met Mr. Kaffeemann.

We had seen him at the Cafe several times; Aunt Louisa always recognized a man she considered eligible, although I personally thought he appeared much too young for Aunt Matilde. One day, espying Mr. Kaffeemann all alone at a table, Aunt Louisa firmly steered us over to him, despite the fact that there were a few empty tables available. In due course, over her Eclaire, she started a conversation, and as she boldly and directly drew him out we soon discovered that the gentleman was a Mr. Kaffeemann, a bachelor, a bankier from Zurich, and that he stayed not in St. Moritz but in Celerina, the next town down the mountain.

“You see,” he said, in his breathless manner, the words rushing after each other as if afraid if they lingered too long in his mouth they would be swallowed, “I have a slight heart condition, and the altitude in St. Moritz is really much too high for me. Now Celerina lies considerably lower, and I can sleep quite comfortably there. And in the afternoon, I walk over to St. Moritz and have my coffee here, and view the beau monde. Or rather, what’s left of it these days in the summer.”

Realizing he had made an unkind remark precipitously, he jerked up and reddened until Aunt Louisa assured him she agreed, that there was no one here these days but passing tourists.

“We have had nothing but trouble keeping our nephew here for only two tiny weeks,” she confided to him, “not even the marvelous view and scenery here seem to help detain him, not to speak of us.”

We met Mr. Kaffeemann regularly from then on, and he and I became good friends. He was in the early fifties, but like most Swiss magnificently preserved, lean, with a shock of black hair falling in his eyes much too boyishly for his age.

We became quite confidential one day as we were walking to the Meierei, a farm converted into a restaurant, which Aunt Louisa considered more romantic than the town cafes. I knew she looked with disfavor on our walking ahead, but she could not catch up with
his long, nervous strides, and was too dignified to call after us. I, for my part, was much too engrossed in our conversation to change the situation, and so we raced on ahead. I had asked him why, if he could not take the altitude well, he came here at all. He could not go on any of the mountain excursions, for which I had persuaded myself he was up here. Also, Celerina, after all, was not that much lower.

"Ah, but I am a Swiss," he stated, "and as such I feel an inner coercion, a kind of moral duty, to go to the mountains. Actually, I am afraid of them," he whispered as if it were a heresy, "I am primarily a swimmer. I like the warm oceans or the large lakes. But of course, the water in the lake here is much too cold for me; I would get an attack if I went in, to be sure."

"But surely there are other places in the mountains," I said, and begged him to speak more slowly, as my understanding of German was beginning to lag behind his speech like my aunts behind us, "Wegen, or Gstaad, are only a thousand meters. And as I recall, there are pools. . . ."

He silenced me with a sweep of his hand. "I will tell you why, Richard," he said in a conspiratorial tone and took me by the arm. "I have told this to no one, but you Americans inspire confidence. I don't know why: you are a race apart. I once went to a dentist while I was in New York on business, and the first thing his nurse asked me was whether I slept with my mouth open. Who would ask such an intimate question here? Unthinkable! But I will tell you. It is the danger that attracts me here. A place that is low, and has just a pool—what is a pool for a swimmer?—would be so dull. Here there is always a chance, a risk for me. I might, one day, be tempted to go up one of these mountains, or into the lake, or one year even Celerina might be too high. You see, I am courting danger at every step up here. It adds, how shall I say, it adds life. And then, yes, why not admit it to you, I am a masochist. Basically I love the sea and hate the mountains, but it gives me a pleasure to come here and deprive myself as it were. It is all very strange, but no matter how reasonably I talk to myself, up here I go just the same. Every year."

"You should have a wife to look after you," I foolishly suggested, unnerved by the sudden unloosening of the floodgates of his reserve. "Ah, but I am not a lady's man," he retorted. "Even your Aunt Matilde, violet-like as she is, has noticed that. And my life is sufficiently complex: there is no room for women in it anymore. But come, don't worry so," he said encouragingly, mistaking my thoughtful expression for one of pity, "in September I shall go to Lugano, and swim all day in the lake. You see, I am not so bad, really; I come here only a few weeks each year, and then I compensate myself for it. In September I shall lose myself in my love, the Lugano See, like some fool would lose himself in a woman. Only," he added in a lower tone, "it is much easier to leave a lake."
We had many more confidential talks. I was, at that time before my emergence from the groves of ivy into the forests of the world, in great turmoil as to life, as to what one was to do with it. The subject naturally led him to emit his views, as if, once the barrier between us had been lowered, there seemed no way or need ever to raise it again.

"Life," he expounded on our daily walk in the maze of paths between Celerina and St. Moritz, "is dull, it goes its way, asking to be let alone, and leaving you alone, also. Your aunts, for example, accord with this perfectly. But if you have the courage, you can pick life up and forge it, and make it do what you wish. It is indifferent, and will ignore you if let alone; you have the choice to attack it or not. Every time I go to the mountains I attack it, I challenge life to do something to me, and whether it does or not, just the challenge is a glorious thing. By doing that I live, as you Americans say, in capital letters. At home I am a bankier; but not one of those glamorous figures you read about, who regulate the foreign market and fix prices, but a plain, ordinary banker, hardly more than a teller. That is something, is it not, to live in the capital of the international money market, and be a bankier, yet not have a thing to do with it? But that is life, unless you attack it, and frankly, on a daily basis, the fight is too hard for me. So I reserve my challenges for the few weeks in the summer that I come up here. You think it sad, really, do you not, you think I am an old man with stupid illusions? But I am not: I am a realist. Otherwise I would not tell you the things I do, for I could not see them, I would delude myself, tell you I am here for my health, when, you see, I am not. Not really, as you know."

He ceased and wiped his forehead, for the conversation together with the uphill walk had left him quite heated.

Once again, but delicately, I led the conversation to the subject of women, and asked him why he had never married.

"But how can you picture me married?" he asked incredulously. "What kind of woman could I get? Some dull, ordinary woman, who shudders at life like I do for eleven months of the year? And what would I do with her during the one month I really live? Or, if I took an adventuress, a woman exotic as heady perfume, what would she do with me once we came home? No, I can never marry. One kind would strangle me with her incapacity ever to live, the other would rub me against life until I was quite erased. And women fall either into one category or the other, quite unconsciously, they are not aware of it: they are much too busy being women to notice the difference. So you see, I am a bachelor, and amuse your aunts, and give them unfounded hopes that perhaps life can change for them without their raising a finger to challenge it."

The next day after this conversation he left, as he had planned. Naturally we exchanged addresses, and I knew this was one summer acquaintance whose name I would not merely write in address book and then forget. I even took the name of his hotel in Lugano, in case I should change my mind and go there.
So he left me to ponder on what he said. I had realized by now that the reason he challenged life, or thought he did, was to be admired, to be thought of as a person apart, a person aware. I believe what he really aimed at, and just lacked the courage for, was to do one glorious thing, to build a mountain of his own, as it were, which he could leave behind him as a monument. He had been living with this for a long time now; I wondered if he would reach this step of awareness, and when he did, if he would do his glorious thing, and really take life into his forge and fashion it. Although it might prove disastrous for him, I hoped he would.

* * * * * *

After a few days the woman began to disturb me. She had not impressed me very much at first. I could not, and still do not, think of her as a person, a separate entity. The more we became acquainted, the less individuality she assumed. I could see Cybele as nothing but the emblem of sex. And I could see, too, the fascination which held Mr. Kaffeemann; I was beginning to feel the same, and it disturbed me.

Gradually I also became aware of what made Mr. Kaffeemann appear so changed. Previously he had always talked with great verve but done nothing. Now the passion of his speech had seized his whole body. He was constantly active. We never just walked, as in St. Moritz: we always went someplace. We took the lake excursion, we sailed over to Campione, we drove to Villa d’Este, to Ascona, to Locarno, we went in the funicular up San Sebastian. And when nothing else was planned, we swam strenuously in the lake. Mr. Kaffeemann seemed a man consumed by fever, attended by the woman like a slow shadow from another world.

He did all this not only because the fire of his life which had so long been smoldering placidly was now enraged to flame, but also because he wanted to show off before the woman. I was aware of this because I also caught myself trying to show off for her. I did not consciously want to steal my friend’s mistress, but I found myself talking louder than he, walking faster, and swimming longer and further out. It was as if I was compelled to prove my greater virility by such devious acts since I could not do the one act my senses longed for.

How much Cybele was aware of this I don’t know; she wore her eternal smile like a sphinx. It infuriated me that Mr. Kaffeemann knew the answers to her riddle, and I did not. What he thought of the competition I don’t know either. He may have been too much in love to see it clearly; at all events his manner towards me did not change. He often talked of her. One day, out of pure hatred for the unattainable, I dared to criticize his liaison. We were in his room changing into our swim trunks.

“Are you really sure Cybele is good for you? You seem to become more and more submerged in her.”
"My dear Richard," he said incredulously, "am I sure that I am living? Never have I known life before. I had touched it sometimes perhaps, by daring the mountains, but I never seized it, never held it in my hands, really, and forged it to my liking. With Cybele my life has assumed stature. I was a little puddle on the ground; now I am grown into a very mountain." He was silent a moment to savor this revelation. "Yes, a mountain. My life is about to become a monument. With Cybele I shall achieve great things—I feel it. As to being submerged, this is the very first time I am not merged in with all that is commonplace, in the nothingness that results when life is indifferent. Cybele to me is all I want. Not all there is, you understand, but everything I want. There, you see, lies the difference. By getting what I want, I become a man of action, a doer of great things. Thereby I live, as distinct from exist. No, Richard my friend, I am not submerged; I submerge everything unto me. Oh, I could talk to you about this miracle forever. All I do now has purpose, leads upward, leads to fulfillment." Intoxicated, he paused in rapture. It took him some moments to return to earth. Then his tact asserted itself.

"But come, we can talk of this some other time. You are waiting to go swimming, and it's getting late."

We went downstairs. Cybele was waiting for us on the hotel porch which overlooked the little beach. She never went swimming with us, but watched from her chair. She would move it close to the railing, so that she looked either to the right or left of the hotel. Whichever direction she faced was the one in which we swam. Today she was turned to the left, towards town.

"I'm sorry we kept you waiting," Mr. Kaffeemann said.

She smiled. Her smile was not a quick movement of the mouth that revealed a flash of teeth; it was an expression that spread over her face, illuminating, not jarring, her dark features. "I never mind waiting for you."

"Then watch us swim. To-day I shall swim out for you further than ever before," Mr. Kaffeemann said exultantly.

"As you wish," she murmured. He kissed her on the forehead, and then ran down to the beach.

It was already late in the afternoon, and no one was in the water but us. Mr. Kaffeemann was already far ahead of me. I turned back and took one of the little paddle boats and decided to soak up the last of the sun.

"It's foolish to try and show off for her," I thought, "she's completely indifferent to it anyway."

I paddled off in the opposite direction from Mr. Kaffeemann. I was angry and lost in thought. Suddenly I was startled by a long, foggy whistle. It was the afternoon steamboat from Campione. I had noticed it in the distance when we first went into the water. Now it was already beyond me, heading for the dock.
The dock was near the hotel, towards town. Abruptly I realized that the steamer did not toot until it was practically upon the dock, and that Mr. Kaffeemann must be somewhere in its path. I turned the raft around and saw with horror the splashing in the water in front of the boat. I shouted "Mr. Kaffeeman! Mr. Kaffeemann!" but the whistle drowned my voice. The boat veered off course, but Mr. Kaffeemann had changed direction also. His bobbing dark head was so pitifully small next to the black hull of the steamer. It was too late for him to turn again; he would have to cross in front of the steamer. The boat was slowing down and raised a great turbulence in the water. I saw the spot that was Mr. Kaffeemann on the side of the boat. He seemed to have cleared it. But no! The braking of the large paddle wheels had created a backwash, a small whirlpool. Into this he was sucked relentlessly, and the last I saw of him was a small dot, disappearing in the confusion of the churning water by the monstrosous wheels. Then the steamer resumed its course and proceeded to dock.

It was like a dream. I was still paddling away on my raft, and kept on to the dock. A minor official met me there. He whisked me away from the debarking passengers, who appeared to have been completely unaware of the tragedy. I overheard someone remark on the inept landing.

The minor official conveyed to me in a mixture of excited Italian and German that the whole incident was very regrettable, very regrettable indeed. One could not really blame the captain. A swimmer is such a small spot in the water, and besides, he was way beyond the safety markers. He had no business there, and had to look out for boats himself. Would I please keep my mouth shut and come to the company's office in the morning; in the meantime they would send out a motor launch immediately to see if they could find anything.

I went with them on the launch. We cruised around uselessly until it was dark, but found not a trace. Mr. Kaffeemann was submerged totally in the calm waters of the lake.

They told me the police would come and dredge the area. The minor official again asked me to be quiet. This had never happened before, and might give the company a bad name. They let me off near the hotel and I had to swim the rest of the way.

Cybele was still waiting on the porch. She had not seen what happened, she had only noticed I went to the dock. With mild curiosity she inquired where Mr. Kaffeemann was.

I told her, while I stood wet and shivering on the porch. I told her in every minute, cruel detail.

"I see," she said tonelessly and did not smile. Then she sent me upstairs. I did not see her the rest of the evening.

The next day we went to the police. They had found the body very quickly. He would now have to be buried on land, instead of lying softly in the waters of the lake.
At the steamship company we were again told it was very regrettable, but not really their fault. There was nothing they could do now. At Cybele's insistence, I left it at that. On the way back to the hotel she gave her one judgement of Mr. Kaffeemann.

"He was a very foolish man, but a very good one. He believed in himself."

I left the next day for Zurich to make arrangements for the funeral. Cybele did not know yet if she ought to go herself and meet his family. We said we hoped we would meet again. Thus was the death of Mr. Kaffeemann, builder of monuments.

**Beyond the Wall**

*John Robert Foutty*

"Always the beautiful answer who asks a more beautiful question."

**Paul** sauntered down the street, kicking the clumps of grass growing in the cracks in the pavement. He wished that he lived near the schoolhouse, and he wanted to run home, but he was afraid the others would notice. Several children shouted behind him and he winced, digging his hands deep in his pockets the way he did when everyone chose sides during recess period. The schoolbooks slipped from under his arm, and he wanted to let them fall, leaving them there on the sidewalk. He straightened the books with his free arm and walked on. The sidewalk was almost obscured by weeds so thick they seemed to grow from the cement. The other children had all turned into their homes, and Paul relaxed, stopped peering at the sidewalk, and gazed at the giant sycamore at the end of the street. Grey clouds filtered the light through jagged gaps, and the patchwork bark peeling from the trunk of the tree gave glints of white, purple, and gray in a shifting haze. The branches seemed to be great arms lashing out from the heavy body of the trunk; as if in pain from the great flesh-colored fungus encircling its base. He stepped from the last broken slab of the sidewalk and moved toward the tree, shivering as the tall grass brushed against his trousers.

The clouds became thinner and broke up into uneven shapes as Paul walked into the shadow of the tree. A milkweed snapped in his path, and the juice ran down the shattered stalk like thick white blood oozing from a severed vein. He reached up and stripped the last gray leaves from an overhanging branch, uncovering the winter buds beneath. They were red and smooth, like the spurs on a bird's leg. The branches appeared to be gigantic rough claws now that he had revealed the buds, and as he heard a rustling high in the tree, he dropped his books and ran, stumbling over the uneven ground.

"If I can only reach the fence," he thought. "Then I'll be safe. Can't even see my house from here."

Bushes tore at his clothes, and his jacket and trousers were covered with mud where he had fallen, but he kept on until he saw
the wooden fence latticing the horizon. His tiring legs seemed stronger now; his lungs filled suddenly, easily, and he ran with his eyes fastened on the bobbing lines of the fence. When he reached it, his legs buckled, and he gripped the middle rail with quivering arms, his chest tight and dry inside. Gasping for breath, he saw the roof of his house looming above the hill before him. It seemed a long way off. Directly above the dark roof, two cloud-faces seemed to be arguing, rolling in the sky with strange mobility.

Paul glanced back, twisting the bottom of his jacket with hands that felt big and useless. "The books will be there when I go to school tomorrow," he thought. The branches of the sycamore jutted out awkwardly, and something seemed to be sitting on one of the limbs; something dark and sharp-looking. He turned away. Brushing the dirt and twigs from his clothes, he struggled between the lower cross-bars of the fence and started threading his way through the underbrush toward home.

As Paul approached his house, he searched for his mother's white face behind the dark hall window. The house was always in shadow, even on the brightest summer day—had an unlived-in look accentuated by smells of neglect and age. The quiet that filled it was like death lying in a casket behind locked doors. He always walked cautiously through the hallways, suspecting that a shadow from one of the corners would leap out at him. He thought of himself being swallowed up by the darkness and shivered. Then, as the wall enclosing the yard loomed before him, he wondered what he could say to his mother.

Mrs. Pallfeld stood behind the hall window, watching her son climb over the stone fence and shuffle toward the walk. Her faded green eyes peered steadily through the window, and blue veins throbbed at her temples as she twisted the thick gold band on her finger. When Paul came down the terrace steps, his head jerked forward, tumbling his unruly black hair over his eyes. Mrs. Pallfeld's hands fluttered to her throat. She remembered how Arthur had walked down those same steps five years ago. "Has it been that long," she mused. "Paul looks so like him, so unresponsive." Sullen, that was it, yet if there was no spark that could ignite whatever was inside; as if perhaps there never really anything inside at all—nothing she knew at least. Her forehead knotted into a grid of wrinkles as she shook her head. "He won't be like Arthur," she muttered. "He won't!" Her eyes glistened as she turned from the window and walked to the door.

"Paul. Paul, come in and wash!"

Paul threw his jacket over the back of a kitchen chair and went to the sink.

"Don't use the sink. What's wrong with the bathroom?"

"It's dark in there."

"You can turn on the light, it's just at the end of the hall. You could change your clothes too. Don't see how you can get so filthy!"
"Not very dirty," Paul grumbled as he turned on both faucets full force and stuck his hands under them, watching the water turn muddy as it splashed from his hands to the white bowl.

Mrs. Pallfeld sighed, picked up an opened can and threw it into the wastebasket, then sat at one end of the table, waiting for him to finish washing. "Your food's going to get cold while you're dawdling around, Paul."

Her son looked at the wastebasket, then at the table. "I'm hungry!"

"There's plenty to eat. You're to particular; probably have to throw half of this food out anyway." Mrs. Pallfeld broke a thin slice of bread and buttered it absently, watching him dig his fingernails into the soap.

There were no windows at the west end of the kitchen, and the afternoon sun filtered obliquely through the window above the sink, throwing a hazy gray light at the corner of the room. The rest of the kitchen was filled with an almost physical shadow which seemed to be squeezing the light back toward the window. A faint curl of steam rose from the two bowls of soup on the table and blended with the shadow, giving it an illusion of slow movement.

Paul dried his hands on the front of his trousers and sat down, eyeing the pale slabs of meat and artificial-looking vegetables half-heartedly, pushing them around with his fork until they were mixed into a lump in the middle of his plate. He shoved the plate away. "What kind of soup?"

"Vegetable."

Paul grimaced. "All right. Hot anyway."

Mrs. Pallfeld's face hardened into an impassive mask. She carefully cleaned the last bit of food from her plate and slid her bowl toward her until it clicked against the edge of the plate. The noise startled her and she squinted almost defensively as Paul glanced up. "I'd better turn on the light . . . hardly see in here now." She reached up behind her and flicked on the light without moving her chair.

A bright light plunged down, falling harshly on the table-top, but blunting against the shadows at the corners of the room. He blinked and stared at the kitchen cabinet filling the furthest corner of the room. A curiously-dressed man seemed to be beckoning to him from the surface of a porcelain jar which was surrounded by small vials of spices. The figure glared at him, and he shifted his gaze to the picture on the other end of the cabinet. Only the obstinate ticking of the living-room clock broke the silence. Paul opened his mouth as if to speak, but there was nothing to say, and he peered at the picture, his mouth open . . . making little soundless movements.

He felt the way he did when he was in church, wanting to laugh, but not able to because the window was looking and everything was quiet except for the monotonous rumble of the minister's voice.
He could almost feel his father sitting next to him at church as he stared at the picture in the yellowed frame. "He isn't dead," Paul thought, and he sat very quietly, waiting for his father's soft reassuring voice. The only sound in the room was the regular click of his mother's spoon in her bowl and the rattle of branches across the window. "She'll be sorry when he comes back," he thought, and he giggled, thinking how sorry she would be.

"Why are you laughing, Paul?"
"I'm not laughing."
"Is it funny to be late from school; to wander through vacant lots getting your clothes dirty while I'm waiting here, worrying myself to death?"
"No."
"Well then, what is it?"
"It's ... it's nothing."
"What?"
"There's a fly in my soup. It's drowning."
Mrs. Pallfeld stood up and looked into his bowl. "There's no fly there! Why do you tell these stories, Paul?"
He hunched over the table, stirring his soup slowly. He did not answer. When his mother sat down, he glanced at the picture and smiled.

Mrs. Pallfeld stacked the dishes carefully on the sink until nothing was left on the table except Paul's bowl. She drummed her fingers on the back of her chair, waiting for him to finish.

Paul heard a faint scratching at the door. "Boots," he smiled. "Let her in, Mother, she's cold out there."
Mrs. Pallfeld snorted. "I'm not going to have that dirty old cat in here. Don't see why you spend all your time playing with it. Won't have you taking any meat from the house to feed it either. Do you hear me!"

Paul snatched his jacket and darted for the door, wrestling into the jacket as he went. His mother's high-pitched voice lashed at him as he eluded her grasp, and he slammed the door behind him, shutting her voice up in the house.

As Paul stepped out, the sun moved from behind thin, scattering clouds, spreading a soft flow of light evenly over the yard. He glanced around anxiously and called for his cat. He peered between the orderly rows of untrimmed rose bushes, but Boots was not in sight. He stood very still, listening to the noises beyond the tall stone wall that shut off the yard from the outside. Branches creaked in the wind and scratched against the wall, crickets chirped in their sheltered crannies, and, further in the distance, he could hear the hysterical yapping of a dog. Boots usually ran to meet him every day as he returned from school, but he could not hear or see her now, and he waited impatiently, listening for her mewing.

Boots was a shabby gray alley-cat with the scars of many battles pock-marking the fur of her flat head, and one of her ears had been
nipped off, giving her head a lop-sided appearance, but Paul loved his cat despite these imperfections. He particularly liked to rub the tender spot behind her ears, and was contented when she quivered in his arms, purring hoarsely.

He began to call her. When she didn’t come to him, his voice rose to a shout and he ran frantically through the yard. But his shouting and searching were useless, for Boots did not appear. He leaned against the wall and began to cry, pressing his back against the rough stones. He listened expectantly as his sobbing subsided, then he sniffled, wiped his eyes with grimy hands, and slid down, sitting with his back against the wall. He sat there for a long while, wondering about Boots.

A squeaking sound came hom behind the wall . . . a faint animal squeal of pain. Paul shuddered, thinking that Boots might be hurt and crying for him. “I’ve got to find her,” he thought, and he tried to leap up and grab the top of the wall. The wall was too high, and he looked quickly to the side until he saw a large grape-vine draped over the wall. It was black and ugly, seemed to be tearing at the gray stones. His hands tugged feverishly at the rough vine as he struggled to the top of the wall, then he hesitated, trying to see through the thick underbrush on the other side. Broad heart-shaped plantain leaves and scrubby bushes obscured his view, so he jumped from the wall and tumbled into the weeds below.

“Boots!” There was no answer. Paul brushed aside a shrub that blocked his view and called again, but still there was no answer. Then he heard the squeaking sound again and saw a gray form moving in the underbrush by the wall. He stumbled through the weeds and pushed back the yellow-ribboned limbs of a witch hazel. Seeds stung his face as they popped from their pods. Grimacing at the impact of the seeds, he peered into a small clearing between the tree and the wall. Then he saw his cat. She was crouching by the wall, fencing with her paws into the shadow of an overhanging stone.

“Boots,” he whispered, but the cat did not turn. Paul walked up behind the cat, his arms outstretched. Suddenly he saw the object of her concentration. A baby mouse was cornered in a crevice between the rough stones of the wall. As he grabbed her from the ground, she plunged her claws into the mouse and snatched it into her mouth. “Let go! Let go!” he pleaded. She clenched the mouse in her jaws, making rumbling noises deep in her throat, and writhed in his arms, trying to escape. A spasm of rage trembled through Paul’s body and brilliant spots flashed before his eyes. Inarticulate sounds struggled from his mouth as he began to squeeze the cat, trying to force the mouse from her jaws. His fingers dug into her soft fur, but he was not conscious of their pressure. Suddenly, Boots turned and slashed at him. He felt a stab of pain as her claws raked his hand, and he hurled the cat at the wall. Snatching a branch from the ground, he struck her, but she yowled and ran away. He continued
to lash the ground until the branch splintered in his hand. Then he crumpled to the ground, exhausted.

The sun wavered on the horizon, sending out massive columns of light to gild the clouds. Only the sunset seemed alive, filtering kaleidoscopic hues through the branches of the witch hazel. “God,” he thought, and he felt as if he were suddenly being swallowed. Turning cautiously toward the wall, away from the light, he was conscious of a penetrating numbness. He wanted to run, but he couldn’t—something seemed to be pressing in on him.

“Paul!” The voice needled his spine. “Paul!” His mother’s voice was louder now, re-echoing shrilly, seemingly carried in the air all around him.

He ran to the wall and climbed up the vine. His hands moved surely on the rough bark. When he stood in the yard, he patiently brushed off his clothes. Then, as his mother’s worried voice prompted him, he shrugged and walked slowly between the rose-bushes toward the house, kicking the ground absentely as he went. The sunset had faded, leaving a quiet charcoal sky spread evenly above him. His hand began to throb where Boots had clawed it, and he clenched his fist, digging his fingernails into the palm until the pressure made him forget the scratches. Then he slumped up the steps and went into the house.

* * * * *

Jonnie and the Old Man

Dorit Paul

This Mr. Hicklemeyer, my boss, he was an old man, see. I used to work for him after school and sometimes on Saturdays. He would say on Fridays, “Jennie, you come in to-morrow,” and so I had to come in on Saturday, even if I had tickets for a ball game or something.

He was a jobber, they call it. He was supposed to sell buttons and jewelry and things wholesale. That means at half price. Only he had this sort of store in the front, too, where he’d sell the same stuff at full price to the retail clientele. That’s what he called it, only if they bought it by the dozen or so he’d sell it cheaper. That is, if I waited on them he gave me a price for which to sell it, but with him they had to haggle.

He was pretty old and kind of stooped over. He had a funny voice, wheezing sort of like a mosquito in your room at night. He wore these real heavy glasses down his nose, bifocals, and really was a four-eyes if I ever saw one. And did he act as if he had four eyes, too. This store was a real hole in the wall, everything gray and dull and dirty-looking, and you should have seen his desk. I mean the part he kept locked up and where I couldn’t clean. But if he saw the littlest speck of dust where I’d swept, would he get mad!
"Jonathan," he'd say—he called me that he was mad because he knew I couldn't stand it—"Jonathan, you say you cleaned here? Maybe before an army marched through, eh, Jonathan? This place is filthy!" and then he'd point his scuffed up old boot at some dirt he probably tramped in himself.

I was supposed to clean and help out with the retail business. And everyday I had to re-arrange the stock. We used to take the green buttons from the right side and put them on the left, next to the black buttons, one day, and then he'd change his mind and want them back on the right next to the brown ones. This he called being a smart merchant and displaying the stock to advantage. Then when a new shipment of buttons came in I had to arrange them in shoe boxes in the back room and sew a card of the buttons on the front so you'd know what was inside. Only sometimes, in the morning when I wasn't there, he'd take them all out and look at them, and sort of play with them like toy soldiers, I guess, and put them back all wrong. He did this because he was so old, I think: it's what they call second childhood. So when we went to sell them to a customer he'd find a different button in the box and then I'd get hell to pay. One Friday it happened three times in a row and he refused to pay me for the week.

"Jonathan," he said, "you cost me much business today. I had a man with a big order to go immediately, and he wanted to check if I had enough buttons. But you mixed up my boxes and he got tired of waiting. So I lost the order and can't pay you this week," which was a lot of nonsense because the man only wanted two cards of buttons for his wife.

I was also the shipping clerk. At least that's how he sometimes introduced me when he had a wholesale customer. "My shipping clerk will see that the order goes right out," he'd say. So I had to pack the buttons in big cardboard boxes and paste them up real fancy so nothing would fall out. Then I took them to the Post Office and mailed them. That's where we ran into a lot of trouble because sometimes he wouldn't believe me what the postage was.

I guess I really didn't mind too much working in a dingy store like his instead of in the supermarkets like most of the boys. He was a sort of relative and told my mother if I worked for him one day I'd have a big future. He told us he'd teach me how to run the business, and one day who knew what. . . . That's how I came to get the job.

It was just that he was so awfully old. His face was all wrinkled like a stale head of lettuce, only it was red. He had lots of white hair, though, and he wore it pretty long, to save on haircuts, I think. His fingers were all swollen and shaky, and had a funny smell. Sort of like old apple peels. I used to hate it when he touched me. He'd pay me my salary and count the last penny right out into my hand. The money he paid me with he took out of the cash register. It was usually pretty empty, and sometimes there wasn't enough. Most of
the money from customers he put into his pockets, only my sales were all rung up. I think that’s illegal: tax defraud or something.

Sometimes, when he was real pleased with himself, he’d look at me over his glasses and say, “See, Jonnie, that’s how you run a good business. You’re learning from me. You’re learning and getting good experience; that’s worth more than wages. So pay attention, and one day you’ll run this store.”

It wasn’t that I wanted his store. It was just as old and dirty as he was. He was just so old. It wasn’t right that he should be so old and go on cheating people, and taking their money. Some of the men worked awfully hard and they’d come in and want to buy a pin or something for their girl friends. Then he’d put on a lot of fuss and talk of Fifth Avenue, and make up prices. Hell, the dime stores wouldn’t have carried the stuff he sold them. So I figured maybe it wasn’t right that a useless old man like him should cheat young ones like that. I used to work pretty hard keeping the place clean at least, and he’d just sit at his desk in the back room in his dirty old clothes, and when he didn’t pay me in full he’d say I was earning experience.

Then one day he got a letter asking what happened to a certain shipment. Well, I mailed it all right. I’m sure the clerk at the Post Office would have remembered, because I wrapped it in cut-up paper sacks—we were out of paper—and he laughed at it. But Mr. Hicklemeyer wouldn’t hear of going down to check, he just claimed I must have lost it, or kept it. So he was going to make me pay for it. But I felt this wasn’t right. It wasn’t fair for him to carry on and take advantage of me because I was young and his rheumatism bothered him too much to go to the Post Office. Then I got real mad all of a sudden, and I guess I killed him. I guess I just hit him very hard. He was sort of like a dried up mosquito suckling blood from the young and juicy ones. They do that, you know: we read about it in school. So I swatted him, like a mosquito. They’re pest and no good. So that’s how I came to kill him. That’s all there’s to it, I guess.

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*A Sketch*

Ruth Paller

Dave swam to the edge of pier where two rowboats tugged at the ends of short ropes which held them prisoners. In the nearest boat an armless negro boy was bailing. Dave tossed the wet sun-bleached hair out of his blue eyes and squinted at the child silhouetted against the glare of sky and water.

“Is the boat ready, Chester?”

“Jes’ about, Dave. One mo’ pailful’l do it.”
The counselor watched the boy grip the small pail with his feet, dip it into the bottom of the boat, and with a deft twist of his agile big toes, tip the water over the side.

"Say, you do that real well, boy." Dave braced his feet in the sandy lake bottom, reached into the boat and put his hands around the small brown waist. His fingers touched around the narrow span. "Hold yourself stiff. I'll lift you out. Up we go!"

He set the laughing boy on his feet on the pier and climbed up after him.

"Hop down to the other end of the pier. Dutch is going to practice your float with you while I take some of the other campers out in the boat."

"Ain't I goin' in the boat with you, Dave? I never get to ride with you any mo'. Always with Dutch." Pleading chestnut eyes looked at him out of wide open lids in a long triangular face, the grey-brown skin now tinged by the sun to a glowing mahogany shade. "I can't take you this time, Chester. I'm giving a life-saving lesson." He slapped the bony buttocks outlined by the shiny blue trunks. On your way, fellow! Dutch is waiting for you.

"I don't want Dutch to teach me. He gets sore if I don't kick right. I learn better from you. I'm not so scared." Dave jabbed him gently in the ribs. "O. K., I'll work out with you later. But get out of my way now. I have to load the boat."

He raised the whistle attached to a cord around his neck and blew a shrill signal. Four boys ran to the boat, dropped their towels on the dock, and scrambled into the seats. Dave untied the rope and climbed in after them. He fitted the oars into the locks and pulled out to the middle of the glassy lake.

On the dock, he could see the solitary figure apart from the other children who were splashing with Dutch in the shallow water close to shore. He waved and the boy moved down the pier to where the second boat rocked in the wake sent shoreward by the oar strokes. The wavelets turned the craft so that it scraped against the wood of the dock. Chester kicked the front of the boat away from the pier. It drifted back. He lifted a crane-like leg to kick again and his other foot slipped on the wet boards. Dave saw the dark trunk weaving for a second on the edge of the pier. Then it was gone.

Neither Dutch nor the other children seemed to have noticed.

He turned the rowboat and stroked for shore, turning his head with every pull to shout at Dutch; but the children's noise drowned his calls.

The boys took up the shout, and at last Dutch stood up in the water and waved a beefy arm to signal that he heard them.

Dave pointed to the tethered boat and Dutch lumbered down to the end of the pier, then spread his hands and shook his head. He
shouted something, but his words did not carry out over the lake.

Dave pointed down to the water. Obediently the other lowered his bulk into the water and surface dived. He came up beyond the boat empty-handed. Cupping his big hands into a megaphone, he shouted, "What's down there?"

By this time Dave was close enough to hear.

"Chester fell in. He's still under. Try below the dock."

The hulking figure disappeared under the water. The boat was close to the pier.

"I can take her in, Dave," said the biggest boy. "You go after Chester."

Dave dived overboard and sped for the pier. As he came around the tied boat, he saw Dutch back out from under the boards. The boy was in his arms, retching and crying. As the brawny counselor straightened, the child wound his reedy legs around the thick hips and flung his stump around the red neck of his savior.

At the touch of the long finger with its sharp nail, Dutch shuddered. He tore the claw from his neck and with his elbows pushed away the clutching legs.

The boy screamed his terror as he slipped back into the water. With a final stroke, Dave reached the pair and caught the boy by the armpits.

The child fastened his legs tightly around Dave's waist. Dave could feel the sharp heels digging into the small of his back. He nestled the wet woolly head against his shoulder, and the sharp chin cut into his chest. He could feel the reaching claw searching for a grip in his hair. From the muffled mouth came cheeping cries.

"Give me a hand up," Dave called to Dutch, who had clambered up on the dock. Dutch squatted on ham-like haunches and pulled at Dave's hand.

"I can't get you out of the water this way," Dutch protested. "Put the kid down on the dock."

"No! No! No!" shrieked the child. "Hold me, Dave!"

"It's O. K., fellow. Take it easy. I won't let you go."

Dave walked with his burden through the water alongside the pier and climbed up the bank of the shore. Dutch followed above on the board walk.

Dave dropped down onto the beach, the little body clinging ever more tightly to him. He rubbed the trembling brown back and felt great goose bumps under his hand.

"The kid's chilled through, Dutch. He wants me to hold on to him, so will you rub him down with that towel lying under the tree?"

Dutch snatched up the towel and threw it over the boy. "Here, rub him yourself. I hate the feel of him."

Dave's slow glance measured the ponderous figure that was Dutch, from the toes gripping the sand past the huge hands clench-
ing and unclenching at the sides to the flaming face and the little eyes filled with loathing.

“Get back to the kids on the pier,” he said. “Chester and I will manage by ourselves.”

* * * * *

Emily

Emily’s brown curls bounced as she jumped from the car and stood looking around her. Muffled noises came from underneath the car where her father was fixing something. Her mother sat in the front seat fanning herself with a handkerchief. Her eyes were closed. Emily watched a yellow-haired boy across the road who was jumping rope. He was very good at it and he seemed to be counting to himself. She went to stand closer and was surprised when he spoke.

“Hi,” he said.

“Hello,” Emily said gravely. “Do you like to skip rope?”

“Sure—when there’s nothing else to do.”

“My goodness. What else is there to do—around here.” Emily emphasized the “around here.”

He stopped in the middle of a particularly good skip and stared at Emily. “Where you from?” His eyes narrowed.

“Oh,” Emily said loftily, “back there.” She pointed down the road. “Elmwood.”

He skipped twice and then dropped to the ground. “My name’s Jackie.”

Emily smiled and sat on a stone at the end of the path that led to the house. “I suppose you live there?” she asked.

He nodded.

“But what a funny house.” Emily blinked. It was the strangest house she had ever seen. In fact, it wasn’t one house—it was two; one in front of the other.

“It’s not funny. Everybody has a house like it.”

“Everybody does not,” Emily said scornfully. “I haven’t. Mine’s brick and glass. And I only live in one house.”

“So do I. The other’s for my brother and his kids.”

“Your brother? But . . .”

“I have four brothers, and a lot of sisters.”

“My goodness, how many?” Emily caught her breath.

“Oh, ’bout five I guess.”

“Well, I don’t. Mother says children are hard on a house.”

“C’mon, I’ll show you the barn,” Jackie said.

“Will I get my dress dirty?”

“Well,” he crossed his arms and looked at her. “You might.”
“Then I can’t. I have to stay clean.” Emily sat on the stone again and looked at Jakie. She considered asking about his hair, decided not to and then changed her mind again. “Jakie,” she began, “Your hair is cut funny.” She finished in a rush.

It was his turn to stare. Emily wished she hadn’t asked, but she had to know.

“My clothes are funny too, huh,” Jakie said. He swung the rope violently around his head. “I haven’t got buttons on ’em and they’re blue—Amish blue,” he yelled.

Emily sat up straighter. “Well, you don’t have to shout,” she said indignantly. “I was just wondering, that’s all.”

Jakie said nothing.

“Well, goodness, don’t be so cross. I didn’t mean to make you mad. I really like blue,” she added.

Still nothing from Jakie.

She tried a question. “Where do you go to school?”

He looked at the ground and then jerked his head sideways. “Down that way. A brick school. All of us Amish do. We go in the mornings and we don’t have to go when it gets warm. We help with the planting then.”

Emily’s eyes sparkled. “Only in the winter and just in the mornings. I’d like that.”

“I like it. Even before the grass gets green and the sap runs, I help with the plowing. And then we don’t go back till all the canning’s done and the apples are gone.”

Emily considered this a minute. “I have to go to school almost all the time. And then I take dancing lessons and piano lessons. And I really don’t have much time for anything else,” she added archly.

“Not for sliding in the winter time or fishing? We have a stream with lots of fish in it. . . .” Jakie laughed, a little chuckle. “I guess I wouldn’t like to live in Elmwood.”

“But there are things to do there too . . .”

“No, I wouldn’t like it.”

“How do you know?”

Jakie shook his head and started to jump rope again.

“But . . .” Emily began, and then she heard her mother call.

“But, Jakie, you’d like it . . .”

“Your mother’s calling,” he said. “G’bye.”

Emily got up and smoothed her dress. She walked slowly toward the car, and then turned for an instant to gaze at him. Her mother called again—this time with insistence. Emily bit her lip and then started across the gravel road. She climbed into the back seat of the car and leaned back feeling the cool leather on her legs. Her father started the motor and her mother said something about being late. Emily looked out the back window at Jakie, but he was still skipping rope. She waved and waved, but he didn’t wave back. Soon he was just a speck hopping up and down in the sunshine.
BLIND MAN
Robert Petty

Only we could damn him, being kind
In what we said of what we could not know,
And now we struggle with the thought of one
Who, smiling, stumbled where he might have run
Had nature known the differences in men
Who fear and worship still the god of sameness.
Stumbling? Heart? We pitied the eyeless mask,
Yet there was neither thankfulness nor peace,
But pity for our answer when he asked—
Are two eyes enough for all the seeing?
Is one life enough for all the being?
Is one hate enough for the deceiving;
Or one love enough for the believing?

* * * * * * *

VIAREGGIO
Robert Petty

Why did you reach for that tragic heart, Trelawny?
Why did you move, what did you dream to acquire?
The wind-born flower and stem die far apart,
And there’s great rustling in their separation;
Did the salt wind whip the little fire, Trelawny?
Did the seagulls call in strange deliberation?
And men would ask, is it a pirate’s want
To pull a spent heart from its given tomb?
Is it a pagan’s hand that bears it home
To make an idol in some shadowed room?
The waves still roll and wash that sand, Trelawny,
And there has been many another eager hand
Thrust to that fire. A pagan’s hand, Trelawny?
Had they but heard a skylark, once, at dawn,
And reached out desperately when it was gone.
THE PROMISED LAND

(Beauty to perfection)

John R. Foutty

Light springs the green valley to hours
Of sudden voices. All remembered words
Explain the old familiar-petaled flowers;
Define the grace of winging birds
Answer for answer, in confusion,
Blinded by the eye's delusion.

Unfolded, the breathing take their weary paths.
Unlocke d from hidden cellars of the night,
The heavy-lidded sparrows shake their baths;
Cocoons burst butterflies to sight.
Each stands revealed, renewed, undone
By those who seek the vitals of the sun.

Their words the baited lure, I cast beyond
The casual turn of time to snare their perfect year:
Snagging an unwound line, I snap the wand
And follow, half-reluctant; turn in sudden fear
To see the heavens scatter burning rain
Behind, charring the damp connecting chain.

The golden asters shriveled and were gone,
A falcon bent its singed head and wept.
The butterflies were cinders on a lawn
Where grasses faded to their rock and slept.
Clouds were dusted from a brittle sky,
And even human voices could not cry.

As leaden curtains clanged the past to place
A melting shadow clutched its cheeks of clay,
And unbound circles rippled space
In time to metronomes that clicked the day.
Kneeling on infinities of glass,
I felt for nonexistent blades of grass.

My hand twitched for a knife, a wound to heal:
There was no yielding substance, all was clear.
Seeking unseen patterns past appeal,
I heard the tick within my useless ear
Give token of a motion to belie
The unbound, inviolate, vacant sky.

And as I sought the entrance to return,
The leaden curtains fell into the crystal plain;
Revealed eternal reaches light could never burn,
Or turn to shadow a forgotten reign.
The great pulse stopped; the glass refused my face
And slip me in through its unbroken surface—
There was no pain.
LISTEN

John R. Foutty

It is not hard to comprehend
A crow, the sound of hinges in
The easy flight of miracles;
To trace the burning feather’s fall
From wings that falsely search the sun.
Who will press the wayward shell
Of seas into a plastic brain,
And bear the echo drawn within?

It is not easy to be heard:
The Griffin and the Roc appear,
Not curious, but obsolete,
And suffer their rejection nobly;
I am the one who is undone.
Pebble your eyes and trust the wax
In fumbling ears, trundle off
Your fears into a weary bed.

It is more difficult to speak
(To wear the heart’s rebuttal home,
And feel the bone encircle gold
Within my chest); to feign remorse
For triumph. An egg becomes a bell,
And Phoenix-like are feathered birds
Spelling the incredible word again
To answer the curve of the beautiful ear.
Rufus was worried. It was getting late and he had not accomplished anything all day. He had visited almost all the restaurants and taverns in the neighborhood and could find no one. And he thought it strange, for everyone seemed so happy. But surely, he reasoned, there was at least one person that needed his help. Sighing, he clutched his overcoat collar tighter around his neck and ears. He had to find someone soon, for it was getting colder by the minute and the wind was becoming stronger. He stood shifting his weight from one cold foot to the other, and every so often he curled his toes inside his shoes—trying to increase the circulation. Standing hidden in the shadows of a store-front, he searched the scene in front of him for a prospect. He scanned the people who dashed in and out of a barroom across the street. From experience he knew that they were the likely ones. But so far, the barroom had attracted and given up only what appeared to be satisfied customers. He yanked off a glove and fumbled deep inside his clothing, plucking out a large and blackened pocket-watch. It was eighteen minutes past ten o'clock. Not much time left. The restaurants would be closing by now and in less than two hours the taverns would lock their doors for the night.

It started to snow—blurring his view with a reeling whiteness. He shivered, pressing his arms against his bundled body. He despised the cold and he hated more the sting of snow. He pulled his head deeper within the protection of his coat and stepped back into the darkened recess of the store-front. He grew impatient as he watched the scurrying forms. The wind moaned like the distant cry of a bugle, whipping the snow into swirls, and the people quickened their steps, bending against the force of the gusts. They trundled past him—their individuality fading away in the snow and the night.

But Rufus remained vigilant, for he had ways of knowing them—knowing their peculiarities despite the veiling effect of the weather. It wasn't hard for him. At first it had been difficult and he had made mistakes. But now, after many years of devoting himself to helping others, he had learned to know the signs, and these signs had not failed him in over—well, not for a long, long time.

Surely, someone would soon appear. He glanced hopefully in both directions, but not a soul was in sight. Behind tight cold lips, his teeth clattered uncontrollably. A red glow flared behind the frosted plate glass of the barroom, beckoning to his chilled and shivering body. For Rufus, a man with such a warm and congenial nature, the allure was great. But he was used to temptation, and besides, he disliked sitting in a tavern by himself. It made him self-conscious. He forced his mind from the torment of the weather. Instead, he mused over the many whom he had helped in life. He
was proud of his success. All those people through the years that had known nothing but trouble. Now they had found refuge. And it was all because of him. Yes, he was proud, for not many could say that they had spent so much time in the true service of their fellow man. He recalled the first one to receive his attention. Let’s see now. What was his name? He often had trouble remembering names, for there had been so many. Was it O’Malley? Yes, that was it. Michael O’Malley. What a fine man he was, but so impetuous. He was a policeman and a traffic officer at that. But then being a traffic officer had been Michael’s plight. It had been such a trying job. All those cars and the drivers with their excuses and arguments. It had virtually ruined Michael’s good nature. He had become obsessed with punishing law breakers. Soon, he was handing out more tickets than any other policeman on the force. And his reputation had grown as the toughest cop in the department. Such an unhappy man and such an unhappy life! But Rufus had changed all that. Michael O’Malley was no longer the hated policeman.

Oh, there had been many like Michael O’Malley, and Rufus had been able to help them all. There had been distraught husbands, nagging wives, prostitutes, successful business men, thieves, and even an undetected murderer. Rufus meditated a moment about the women. He hoped that the next one would not be a woman. They usually carried on so, crying and sobbing as they told him their troubles. He hadn’t taken count recently, yet it did seem like there had been more women than men. Ah well, no matter, he thought.

But what of his last recipient? Rufus’s heart swelled with pride whenever he thought of this. The man had been devoted like himself, though confused in his methods. Rufus would never forget his name, for the man represented the pinnacle of his own success. This unfortunate had been the Reverend Marcus Blount—a man well liked and respected in both church and community. But he had been such a tortured man when Rufus met him. And in his torture he had preached with the power of thunder until the congregation verily quaked in their pews. There was one in the congregation who had quaked more than the others. That was the widow Clark. Mrs. Clark played the organ every Sunday. And when Rufus had first heard her play, he had been intrigued, for it was immediately after Reverend Blount had finished his sermon—a sermon that dealt with “The Woman at the Well.” And Mrs. Clark had pounded the organ until it sounded as though the church might very well burst from its foundations with the music’s soul-searching discords. It was then that Rufus realized the trouble, and in order to help the good Reverend Blount he had also to help the good widow Clark. But then, all ended well and Rufus had been very pleased. Every bit as pleased as he now was in retrospect.

But Rufus’s reverie was interrupted by a brittle, grating sound that shrieked from a large metal sign, hanging on the front of the building that housed the tavern across the street. Its lettering was
blanked out by a plastering of driving snow and its creaking sounded on the wind as it swung back and forth upon wet hinges. To Rufus, standing there in the loneliness of his shelter, it was a comforting sound. And then, he almost shouted aloud, for the swinging sign had been an omen. At that moment he saw the person he had been waiting for. Yes, it was true! There could be no mistake about it. There he was, a young man walking slowly along the street. Rufus's heart leaped at the sight. Now he could consummate his service. He restrained himself though, watching to make doubly sure. But he could not be wrong, for this young man had the most obvious symptoms. His shoulders were rounded with despair, and instead of hurrying like the others he shuffled along as if he pursued an aimless goal. Yes, here was a troubled heart, and Rufus watched with renewed vitality and warmth. The young man stopped in front of the tavern. He stood motionless, without looking up, and then turned toward the tavern door and went in. Oh, this was too much to ask for, thought Rufus. Now he would not only be able to help someone but he would also be able to warm his aching bones at the same time. Happily, Rufus sauntered across the glazed street and followed the young man into the tavern. Inside, he welcomed the warmth. Rufus really felt fortunate this night.

His furtive eyes searched the people sitting at the bar and then turned to the booths along the opposite wall. And there he found his young man sitting in the last booth near the back of the room. Rufus took his time, gently shoving his way through the crowd of extended elbows and overhanging rumps along the bar stools. He stopped near the pay telephone and hung his dampened ash-grey overcoat on a wall hook, then carefully settled his glistening homburg on top of the coat. With his hat off, Rufus's bald head, embraced with a halo of silver ringlets, glinted in the red lights that flickered above the bar length mirror behind him. He was beginning to feel better already as the warmth and pungency of the smoke-filled room closed around him. Turning, he looked down at his long awaited prospect and greeted him cheerily.

"Good evening, young man, may I join you?"

The man's head jerked up. He grunted and Rufus could see that he was squinting up at him through tears that were spilling down his haggard young face. Rufus tried again.

"See here. I just thought you would like to talk to someone. May I sit down?"

The boy mumbled something and then stammered a reply.

"Well, I . . . I guess . . . Sure, go ahead if you want to."

"Thank you."

Rufus slid in on the seat across from the young man. He noticed that the boy's hands held a sheaf of papers that had been ripped in half. Then a waitress, heavily rouged, hipped her way to their table and asked for their order. The boy muttered that he wanted a
Sterling, while Rufus asked for a double shot of old Bacchus and water. Neither of them spoke until after the waitress had returned with their drinks and Rufus had felt the warming glow of the whiskey as it radiated down through his chest to his stomach. Then Rufus opened the conversation.

“Well, now, young man, you seem to be distressed about something. Would you like to talk about it?”

The boy had regained some of his composure and he looked at Rufus curiously and a little amazed before he said, “Look, Mister, whoever you are, I . . .”

“Allow me, young sir,” Rufus interrupted. “I am Rufus Lockiman, friend of all men, philosopher, and at your service.”

The boy blinked his eyes as if startled by what Rufus had said and then he continued his remark.

“Look, I don’t care who you are. You asked to sit down and have a drink, not to drag out anybody’s family skeletons.” The boy’s eyes were hard now, and his voice was bitter.

Rufus looked at the young face for a moment, trying to find softness behind those steely eyes and finally he said quietly and with slow deliberation, “My boy, I watched you as you walked along the street out front, and I knew that you were in some kind of trouble, and I . . . well I just thought maybe I could help you.”

This time the boy’s eyes did seem to soften and his face looked confused, as if he did not know what to say next.

Rufus saw his chance and he said casually, “Suppose we begin with your name.”

“It’s . . . it’s Richard. Richard Long.”

“Well, then, Richard, I’m very glad to know you.”

Richard lowered his eyes, sipped at his beer, and with his left hand drew the torn papers out of sight beneath the table.

Rufus eyed him closely, and at the same time questioned, “What do you do Richard? You look like you might be young enough to be in college. Are you?”

“No. I graduated last year. I’m a writer.”

“Well, that is nice. What sort of things do you write?”

“Fiction. Humorous stuff mostly.”

“Wonderful, wonderful! We need more humor now-a-days. Tell me, have you published anything yet?”

Richard’s eyes again resumed their hardness and the sensitive line of his jaw tightened as he said with bitter emphasis, “No!”

Rufus’s tone was consoling. “Hmm. That is a shame. But I have known a few writers in my time, and I must say their lives were not easy. Even the successful ones had difficult times at first. And they suffered. Some of them never stopped suffering. I suppose it’s because of their conception of the reading public. Writers can be very vain sometimes, you know. And they are a jealous lot. Jealous of themselves and jealous of their public. Yes, writing is a hard life in a cruel world. . . .”
While Rufus talked he observed Richard's face. He saw the boy's eyes widen and the sensitive mouth soften. And he saw that tears were welling back into the eyes. Now Rufus knew that he was making headway.

"... Yes, Richard, writing is indeed an exacting art. But now let's talk about you. Do you write novels or stories?"

"Both," Richard answered.

"Good. That's fine. How many novels have you written?"

"One."

"And it was rejected?"

"Yes."

"Didn't they make any comments about it?"

"Oh yes, they did that all right."

"Well, what did they say?"

Richard stared downward at the slipping foam in his beer glass and he answered the question with a whisper.

"They said it was ... that it was ... they said it was putrid."

"Oh, I am sorry, Richard. That is too bad. It really is," Rufus paused. Noticing the boy's shoulders slump forward, he reasoned that he would make a success of the situation yet. He continued with his questioning.

"Now then, what about your stories? You say that you write mostly humorous things. Have you written many?"

Richard's reply came dully. "About a hundred."

"A hundred humorous stories. Say, that is a lot. But out of a hundred stories they all couldn't be bad. What do the publishers say about them?"

Richard's reply was again dull and this time his voice dropped to an almost inaudible low.

"They said they weren't funny."

Rufus waited a moment before he said anything else. He wanted to make sure that Richard Long was looking at him before he continued. Finally Richard looked up and Rufus stared deeply and fixedly into the boy's troubled eyes. Then Rufus began slowly and in a monotone, what he had been waiting a long time to say.

"Richard, those papers in your hand beneath the table—they're a story you've torn up, isn't that correct?"

The boy nodded affirmatively.

"And it's another humorous story, isn't that also correct?"

Richard nodded again. "Well, then, it seems to me that you should try your hand with a different tone in mind. I should think that you'd try something more serious, especially after so many failures with humor. Yes, Richard, if I were you I would write, at least try to write, about more serious things in life. After all, Richard, though we need more humor in the world today, the fact remains that when we look around us, we fail to see much that is funny. Of beauty, there is plenty, but of humor there is little. So, as an example, Richard,
why don’t you turn to beauty. It can be a wonderful thing. You can find it in the living and you can find it in the dead. . . .”

He paused, leaning closer to Richard’s attentive face.

“. . . A very close friend of mine, you would know his name, Richard, once said, ‘Beauty is the virtue of the body, as virtue is the beauty of the soul.’ Now what about your soul? What about its fathomless beauty?”

Rufus’s voice became more intense.

“Just think of it, Richard. The beauty of your soul. Shall you know your soul, Richard? Shall you know its beauty? Of course you will. You will know it Richard, because you have suffered.”

Rufus leaned closer, his voice reaching a higher pitch.

“And if you come with me, you will know it. You will have your chance. The chance that only I can give you, Richard. So come. Know the victory. Know the beauty. Know the wonder of total release that shall be yours. Come Richard. Come. Come with me.”

Rufus’s voice rose to the words. So also did he slowly rise from the table and Richard rose with him and they left the tavern, leaving their coats where they hung, and they walked through the whiteness of the snow and they walked to the pale river and it was not far away.

Regina—Oh No!
Ruth Paller

Gayle carried her pecan roll and cup of steaming coffee to the window seat in an alcove of the dining room.

“I'll have my coffee now before the crowd gets here. Then I can pour for you, Susan. Is your symphony speech all ready?”

Susan placed a tray of hot rolls on the table. They gave off a smell of carmelized sugar and toasted nuts.

“I don’t have to say much,” she replied. “Mrs. Bingenham will give the speech. After all, she’s supported the orchestra for years. All I have to do is pass out the names to be solicited by the committee.”

Gayle put down her cup and lit a cigarette. She stretched her legs and leaned back in the sunny alcove.

“It's lucky the painters got out of here in time for the meeting. You must be exhausted! I love what you’ve done to this room. The soft coca walls, this gold drapery print—it’s perfect. It's—”

She sat up abruptly.

“Look who’s coming up your driveway! I could swear Regina Lord’s name wasn’t on the committee list. I crossed it off myself when I heard she was going to Florida—thank goodness.”

“She flew home yesterday. Seems she couldn’t stand the service in three different hotels.”

“Well, for Pete’s sake! Did you have to call her right up and invite her. I know your husbands are in business together—but
couldn't you have managed not to know she was home for one day?"

Susan broke a trailing branch of forsythia into a shorter length and arranged it more securely in the turquoise bowl on the table.

“It puzzles me,” she remarked. “Ted came home last night with the story that her husband asked him to ask me to invite her.”

The short coppery banks on Gayle’s freckled forehead bounced with the vehemence of her derisive hoot.

“So the good little wife said, ‘Of course, dear. Anything to keep your precious senior partner happy. By all means, she must be on our committee. What’s it to us if she never does a lick of work? What’s it to us if she never gives a dime unless it’s spread across all the papers? I don’t know what we’d do without—’”

Susan dipped her finger in the turquoise bowl and flicked a drop of water at Gayle’s nose.

“Oh, it’s not that bad! We can stand her for an afternoon. You know she’ll disappear as soon as we begin dividing up the work.” She pulled her creamy flannel skirt into place, smoothed the matching sweater over her hips, tilted her head reflectively.

“I can’t help wondering why she did want to come. She doesn’t even go to the symphony concerts.”

“Well, we’ll soon find out. Taciturnity is not one of Regina’s faults.”

Gayle peeped out the window once more.

“Holy Cow! She’s had her hair done platinum blond. It’s in ringlets all over her head. Those curls over that bull-dog jaw—she looks like the wrestler—what’s his name—Gorgeous George?”

“Gorgeous George!” Susan giggled as she passed through the archway into the entrance hall. “What a comparison!”

“Why not?” Gayle gestured expansively. “She has the build—and the delicate touch.”

Susan started for the door, then stopped before the hall mirror. She smoothed her palms over the two shining wings of black hair which swept back from a center part over her forehead and retied the ivory ribbon which held her low chignon in place.

Gayle's eyes mocked her in the mirror.

“Be careful, Lamb. Make sure that every hair is in place.”

Susan raised a warning finger and opened the door.

“Hello, Regina. Did you have a nice vacation?” she asked.

“Oh, my dear, it was dreadful. I can’t begin to tell you. The service in Florida is absolutely unendurable. And the class of people that goes there now—well, it’s the last time for me.”

She pushed past Susan into the dining room.

“I had my cook bake you some of her delicious jam tarts so your table would look nice.”

She deposited an ornate silver tray of cakes in the very center of the table, pushing the bowl of forsythia out of the way.

“My dear, branches from your yard? I’ll call the florist and have him rush over a centerpiece. I told my cook before I left. ‘Mary,’
I said, ‘I know Susan Weil. She’ll serve her usual pecan rolls and
stuff something from her garden in a bowl and call it a day.’”
“To tell you the truth,” she continued, “I would have stopped for
flowers on my way down only I was afraid I wouldn’t get here before
your committee arrived. But the convertible wouldn’t start and of
course it had to be parked in the driveway behind the stationwagon.
By the time the garage man came out and fixed it, I just didn’t have
time. Where’s the telephone? I’ll take care of it right now.”

Susan set her lips.

“Thank you for the tarts, Regina. It was nice of you to think of
them. But I don’t want a floral centerpiece. The yellow forsythia
goes with the drapes.”

Regina looked around. When her eyes rested on the new draperies,
she folded her arms across her ample chest in disgust.

“Susan,” she snorted, “You didn’t go ahead and get printed
draperies after I told you everyone is using plain silk gauze. Honestly,
did you ever?”

Susan smiled tightly. Gayle rolled her eyes and made a mouth.
She walked over to the table and seated herself behind the coffee
service.

“Let me pour you a cup of coffee, Regina,” she said.

“Just coffee—black—no sugar. I’m on a diet. Say I found a
wonderful little masseuse at Fountainblau Hotel in Miami. She
took eight pounds off of me.”

Gayle ran her ~yes ~lP the sausage-shaped torso, from v~h~
bust jutted, shelf-like, into the beaded yoke of the black silk suit.

“You could stand it,” she said.

Regina examined the table critically. “I still don’t think this table
looks like anything. The first time I met Mrs. Bingenham, she was
hostess for the Federation meeting at her country club. You should
have seen the table she set out.”

Gayle’s laughing green eyes met Susan’s brown ones in a knowing
wink.

“Did I hear Mrs. Bingenham’s is head of the admission’s com-
mittee at their club?” she asked innocently.

“Umm-mm” Regina mumbled as she turned back her beaded cuff
and raised the diamond encrusted lid that covered the dial of her
wristwatch. “It’s almost three o’clock. What time did Mrs. Bingen-
ham say she’d be here?”

“At three,” Susan replied. “She’ll be here in a minute, I’m sure.”

Regina flicked a dust puff from her watch lid. She sighed.

“This thing exasperates me. It’s at the jewelers half the time
being cleaned. I have a wonderful cleaner for my rings.” She spread
her fingers and examined the solitaire which covered the first joint
of her plump ring finger and the broad band of diamonds and
emeralds glittering on her small finger. “It does my earrings beauti-
fully, too.” She touched her ear-lobes, from which glistening pendants
dangled.
“But this watch is impossible,” she went on. “How do you clean your diamonds, Gayle?”

Gayle waved her hand airily. “Oh when mine get dirty, I just throw them out and buy new ones.”

Regina blinked her little eyes, bloodshot from too much sun. The thin lips in her florid face twisted in a tentative smile.

The door chime sounded and Susan admitted Mrs. Bingenham.

* * * * * * *

**LINES**

Robert Petty

There are rather looking men
Who fountain dreams,
From which we built a mansion
Out of mud,
And it is warm,
And lovers come—
And that is all we ask.
Pity the fool his genius and his dust.
I don’t know how the discussion got started. The four of us, Janice and Tom—Janice is my roommate—and Jim and I, were out at the wine cellar one Saturday night. We hadn’t had anything special to do, so we’d just gone to a movie and then out there. We sat around for a couple of hours drinking a bottle of wine and eating liederkrantz cheese and crackers. When we started talking about the things that make a girl popular, either Janice or I, I don’t remember which, advanced our favorite theory, and the boys thought it was the most ridiculous thing they’d ever heard. Naturally they would think it was ridiculous, we told them—they were men. You see, our theory of what makes a girl popular is this. All she needs is a big buildup. Give a girl the illusion of popularity and pretty soon it will be a fact, because men are really sheep about such things. When word gets around that all the men are anxious to date one particular girl, they break their necks to get on the bandwagon. You can see why Tom and Jim didn’t go for our theory. They didn’t believe it, and even if they had, they would have died rather than admit it.

When we got back to the sorority house that night, after a very heated discussion, I had a brainstorm. “Janice, why don’t we prove our point to them? Remember that new girl we pledged last week, that transfer student from some small town. She’s not known on campus yet.”

Janice was incredulous. “You mean that little washedout blonde with the chubby face? Oh, come now, let’s not go overboard.”

“Wait a minute, she’s not so bad. She’s no beauty, of course, but she has possibilities. She is awfully quiet and shy, but I think we could do it, Janice. I really do. And what could better prove our point. If we put her over, the boys would have to admit we were right.”

We finally decided to give it a try, and we could hardly wait for morning, so we could get Barbara alone and present the idea to her, in a tactful way, of course. Well, the poor kid was almost embarrassingly grateful. It seemed that, in a way, we were already her ideals. She had been looking through the sorority scrapbooks a couple of days before and had come across a lot of clippings about the two of us being elected queen of this and sweetheart of that. Then, too, the girls had been telling her a lot of tales about our phenomenal popularity, and how many hearts we’d broken when we’d both been
pinned about a month before. This had really made a big impression on her, so she was ready to listen to any advice we had to give her, having already catalogued us as the greatest experts she knew on the subject of attracting men.

We started on our little experiment that very afternoon. Janice was a whiz with the scissors, so she went to work on Barbara’s hair. She gave her one of those cute gamin cuts that made her face look thinner. Then we got rid of the faded pink lipstick she was wearing and tried some of my more vivid shades. The next point was to check her entire wardrobe which, fortunately, was good if not startling. With the addition of a few bright scarves, a couple of wide belts, and some jewelry we were able to lend her, she was all set in the clothes department. She was still no raving beauty, but then neither was Cleopatra, I’m told.

The next day we really started on our campaign. Even though Janice and I were both out of circulation now, we hadn’t been out long enough for the other boys to quit trying, in hopes that we might find that our pinnings were a big mistake. Then too, we were both wearing pins of different fraternities, which gave us twice the number of men to mingle with in a casual way. It took just a few remarks whispered confidentially in the right ears to get the ball rolling. To say that the word spread like wildfire was understating it. Not two days had passed before it was out of our hands. All we had to do was just sit back, relax, and watch the rumors grow. Then things started to happen. The men were begging us to introduce them to the new glamour girl, or better still, to get them a date. Most of them had never even seen her. We’d been keeping her under cover in order to heighten the effect, and here they were already begging for dates, which went a long way toward proving our point before we’d even started. Well, anyway, to each of the inquiries we gave the same non-committal answers. We’d see what we could do, but she was pretty well dated up for now.

After the week was out, we figured things were at a feverish enough peak to bring forth our prize. We came into the grill with her one day during lunch hour, and, honestly, I could hardly believe it myself. Within a half hour that girl was surrounded by a flock of the most eligible males on campus. She hardly said two words, just smiled and listened attentively, as we’d instructed her to do, but from the looks on their faces, you’d have thought she was handing out the Wittiest repartee that had ever been heard on that campus. By the time the one o’clock bell rang, she was dated up for a month.

Of course the big test would come when we saw how she held up in performance. The stage had been set, but could she hold her audience? The next few weeks even I was amazed. It was like starting a tiny snowball down a big hill and then standing there wondering if that huge ball careening downward was the same one you’d held in your hands just a few minutes before. That girl positively blossomed under our very eyes. It didn’t take her long to
achieve that poise and charm of manner that so many people mistakenly believe is the reason for a girl's popularity with men, but which I've always contended is the direct result of it. Anyway, Barbara had it, and Janice and I felt pretty smug about the whole thing. The only thing that irked us a little was Barbara herself. Within a matter of weeks, she seemed to have forgotten all that had transpired before and accepted her success as her just due. The only time we saw her now was between dates, and she never referred to what we had done for her. Sometimes I think she actually had come to believe those tales about what a terrific girl she was and how popular she had been at the small town she hailed from—tales that Janice and I had concocted out of thin air and had planted around where they would do the most good. Oh well, you can't blame the girl too much. After all, this was her first taste of male adoration, and even the most blasé of us are likely to let it go to our heads once in a while. Her attitude was a bit wearying, however, and we were glad the whole thing was out of our hands now.

We still hadn't let Tom and Jim in on our little experiment though. We wanted them to be thoroughly taken in before we came forth with the "I told you so." That this was a mistake I discovered the night I came in to find Janice weeping bitter tears into her pillow.

"You and your bright ideas!" she stormed at me. "Do you know what your precious little prodigy did to me tonight?"

Of course I couldn't imagine, but I soon found out, in a somewhat disconnected and highly hysterical manner. It seems that Barbara and her date had doubled with Janice and Tom that night. They had gone to a beer party, and after Tom had had a few too many beers, Janice had found him in the other room kissing Barbara. Well, it's kind of hard to comfort anyone who has just given back a fraternity pin and had it accepted almost with enthusiasm, but I did my best. I agreed with all of Janice's bitter talk about snakes in the grass. Her favorite expression was "and after all we've done for her."

Of course, it was a mean trick, and Barbara should have had better sense, but, personally I've always felt that if a girl doesn't know how to hold her man, then he should be open game for anyone who wants to try the field. And Janice never had been too smart in her handling of Tom. Naturally, I kept these observations to myself. They didn't seem very appropriate in her present state of mind.

In view of these latest developments, however, I thought it prudent to tell Jim of our little trick at the earliest possible moment. As it turned out though, I didn't have the opportunity. On our next date, Jim hemmed and hawed and [took me completely by surprise] with a lot of beating around the bush about his having three years of law school after he graduated in June, and how unfair it was to ask me to wait for him all that time. Of course I got the point immediately, and offered his pin back before he could get around to asking for it. Naturally, in such a moment I didn't even remember to tell him about Barbara. It didn't matter now. That is, I thought it didn't matter,
until I found out who his date was the next Saturday night. Sure, you’ve guessed it—Barbara. Honestly, it just seems like some people have no gratitude!

Well anyway, Janice and I are both back in circulation again, but our greatest competition comes from a certain little blonde freshman with a gamin haircut and a bright shade of lipstick. She’s already been elected Freshman Queen and Sweetheart of Sigma Chi, and seems destined to surpass the records of both Janice and me combined. And here we are, the two of us, holding the secret of her success, and we can’t tell a living soul. It would sound like sour grapes—and who would believe it anyway? Janice hardly speaks to me anymore without some sneering reference to my prodegee. You’d think she didn’t have a thing to do with it to hear her talk.

And to top it all off, Barbara never has returned my red silk scarf, the one I loaned her to brighten up her black wool dress.

* * * * *

Requiem

Claire Libbert

HE SAT slumped against the pillows of his bed in the upstairs room, a mere shell of a man, regarding the wall with unseeing eyes. His face had the blank look of a house whose people have gone on vacation and left it alone and lifeless. The appearance of the shell was ordinary; a white fringe of hair hugged the skull, heavy brows crouched at the base of the high forehead. The mouth, surrounded by laughing lines, was now relaxed and expressionless. His body, once strong and virile, had become weak and useless with age. Beneath this passive surface lay the mind of Joseph Moon, turning over and over within itself the life of the past. He could remember clearly sights, smells, bits of conversation. In his thoughts his mother called him to taste the warm bread, fresh from the oven—his mother changed, and it was his young wife Celia who called him. The woman changed again, and it was his son’s wife who called. So many memories filled his mind that the earlier happenings had a tendency to crowd the recent ones out of existence. Scenes of his boyhood confronted him with startling clarity; but he could not seem to grasp the events of yesterday.

Voices penetrated the silence from the floor below, rising and falling in a symphony of anger, baritone mingling with the falsetto piping of an off-key flute. No flicker of awareness crossed Joseph’s face. His mind raced on, pursuing the past.

Down in the kitchen David’s deep voice was husky with anger as he turned to face his wife. “Kate, at least have the decency to talk softly. Dad might hear you!”

“I don’t care, David! I just don’t care anymore! I can’t stand
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 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.

* * * * *

**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, lockets 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.

* * * * * *

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."
When this student returns home during the Christmas vacation, he quickly notices numerous errors in the English that his kinsfolk use. Grandpa says, "Lemme see them eggs, Mom. Where'd yuh get 'em?"

"Bought 'em off'n the huckster, Pa. I knowd they're the weakest one excuse for eggs I ever heerd in my life," Grandma says. The student feels in these colloquial expressions a familiar atmosphere to which he has been accustomed all his life. But having been in contact with many other levels of English, he realizes the language's limitations in its diverse aspects.

One would not use formal English in the college snack bar any more than he would appear there in formal evening attire. A level of English, like a type of clothing, is used in the situation where it is most useful. For example, formal English is used where clarity is necessary. Since it is the most standard level of English, it is used in radio, television, and for the greater body of our literature where information must be understood by many people in different regions. It is important to remember that no one level of English is correct for all occasions.

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Opinion Is Important

James Hilton

True opinion is becoming extinct in our civilization. Nearly every day we hear someone say, "In my opinion . . ." The speaker then proceeds to expound on a theory which is not his opinion at all but rather that of an ancient philosopher, a well-meaning friend, or an unwise blow-hard. If the opinion is expressed in a political speech, the speaker of the words and the author of them may know each other only from a business standpoint. With the pace of life quickening daily, we tune our television sets to news commentators who give their opinions as well as the objective facts. In addition to these objective facts, we want their views as to the determinants and the consequences of the major news events. In this way we do not have to spend such a great amount of time deciphering all the aspects of the news events in order to have intelligent opinions of the world at large and "the whole problem."

Our civilization, the American ingredient especially, is suffering from a malady known colloquially as "spectatoritis." The victims of this malady are those who want the advantages of an experience without paying the price for it. There are many different kinds of "spectatoritis." If a particular type is diagnosed as that of the athletic variety, the first symptoms are pudginess of body and shortness of breath. If the victim is plagued with the ethics species, one will notice signs of hypocrisy. Should it be of the reasoning group,
a noticeable aversion to individualism is observed. Our patient has become a follower. "Spectatoritis" is a time-saver, but does it destroy the virtues we need? When a muscle is unused for many years, it becomes weaker and weaker until it is completely useless. With the press, radio, and television pounding their views into a man's head, he gradually acquires himself of the burden of logical investigations. He becomes a mirror for the opinions of others. He is easy prey for propaganda. When he falls into these tendencies he should look to the examples of a few nations which surrendered their true use of opinion. Germany became the biggest sucker of our age by listening unquestioningly to the promises of a Berlin wall-paper man. Russia has stated her case in the statement of one of her leaders: "The human being is an animal differing from other animals only in that he has a slightly higher mental capacity."

The only way we will remain a truly free nation is not by the use of dogmatic prejudices nor weak impressions, but by the use of careful and unprejudiced reasoning.

* * * * * *

Crisis

William Klein

The hot breath of the desert was whipping dust devils across the boiling hot apron as Mike Fremont walked out of the offices of Southwest Airlines. He appeared to be a walking reincarnation of a department store mannequin, except the mannequin would probably have more personality. His most striking features were his chin and mouth. His chin had traces of strength, but his mouth was indecisive, almost as if he were constantly pouting. His face in combining the two features added up to an absolute nothing. Weariness oozed out of him like maple syrup out of a jug. It wasn't the kind of weariness that sleep could cure. Only a psychiatrist could cure the weariness that plagued him. He was tired of his work, his associates—in fact, his whole everyday existence with one exception, his family. The insecurity that afflicts all humanity had affected Mike in a strange way. He had become a conformist as many people do. But, unlike many people, conformity had become an obsession with him; all his natural endowments had been concentrated in this one direction. He had smothered the individuality he had been born with, and had become nothing but a stuffed shirt.

"Mr. Fremont" is what everyone called him to his face, but to his back they called him the highest paid yes-man in Phoenix. "Maybe it's true," he thought as he walked to his car. "But I won't worry about that now; right now all I want is to see my wife and daughter and to have a nice cold highball while I wait for supper."

He stepped into his car and drove home as he had done many times in the last five years. Leaving the car in front of the garage,
he climbed out and stuck his head in the kitchen door. He called to Lorraine. The silence that greeted him didn't have blond hair and blue eyes like his wife. All it carried was an ominous fact. His wife wasn't home. Mike walked toward his room looking for a note. Finally he found it. The note carried many implications, but it stated the definite fact that she had gone to Reno for a divorce. He was caught completely off guard. He was aware that things hadn't been going too well lately, but he had shrugged it off as one of the passing phases of married life. What had gone wrong? What had he done to make her take such drastic action? He walked to the bar and poured himself a drink. One glass of bourbon didn't help; so he tried another and another until he didn't care whether he had a wife or not.

When he woke up, night had fallen. From the hazy blur of the clock's luminous dial he managed to translate 4 a.m. The world wasn't real. Only his head was real, and it was real big. He staggered into the bathroom and stuck his head under the cold water faucet. The shock woke him and brought him back to reality. He knew he had to do something fast, or his marriage was through. He had to see Lorraine. His brow had settled into a line of dogged determination. He was fighting for the only thing that remained of his life, his family. He called the airport and ordered the sleepy attendant to have his plane ready in thirty minutes.

The early dawn was turning the eastern sky orange as Mike's car roared into the airport. His plane was sitting in front of the company hangar. Without saying a word to anyone he climbed in and started the engine. After getting an okay from the control tower, he taxied the plane onto the runway. A member of the ground crew waved frantically at the back of the plane as it roared down the runway. He waved with one hand and with the other he held the nozzle of an unused fuel line.

Mike swung the little craft due north and opened the throttle. He didn't know what he was going to do when he got to Reno. He only knew he would do anything. He had been cruising at 750 feet for about ten minutes when the engine stopped dead. A quick glance at the control panel spotted the trouble—no gas. The ground for miles around was covered with hardy mesquite brush. All he could do was ease her in and hold on.

When he came to, the first thing he was aware of was a horrible pain in his right calf. One of the I beams in the wing had come through the fuselage and into his leg. Binding the wound tightly with a piece of his shirt almost stopped the bleeding. The pain was nearly unbearable. He screamed for help. The only answer was the lonely moan of the wind in the brush. The fact that he was going to have to walk ten miles back to Phoenix with one leg stared in his face and nearly overwhelmed him, but it didn't. The desperation of the circumstances brought out the will power that had been held in for so long. Suddenly his whole life was before him, and he realized
why Lorraine had left him. He had bored her to death. He had leaned on her strength. He realized that he was no longer the man she had married. He pushed open the door and crawled out. Using a limb for a crutch he began his march south. Now he knew what he would do when he saw Lorraine. His chin was strong; his mouth was a tight line. His face in combining the two was determined.

* * * * *

What Is a Sports Car?

Terry Brock

A sports car is a fast-moving, slow-drifting, road-loving heap of mechanical perfection that will go faster, stop quicker, last longer, out-gun, out-run, and out-fun any other pile of iron ever bolted together in this or any other country. It is like a smooth, well-built, brown-eyed blonde who moves in the society of Hollywood, London, Paris, New York, or Rome, but prefers stupid old you from anywhere.

A sports car is a flash in a rainy night, a creature with a mind and a will of its own. Tomorrow it may turn into a rugged, roaring powerhouse in the mud or sand, or a meek thing at the edge of the highway, trying to keep its exhaust quiet and hoping that the Law appreciates the finer things of life. It is that whoosh that went by you on the lonely back road. It is the screaming whine of 5000 revolutions per minute on the long straight-away, the big needle touching the magic 100 figure on the circular black dial.

In the polite society of the boulevard on a pleasant summer afternoon the sports car is an aristocratic, blue-blooded lady who will not bow, even distantly, to her fat cousins. She speaks only to members of the family and to Auburns, who speak only to Cords, who speak only to Duesenbergs, who speak only to Bentlys, who speak only to Bugattis, who will not even speak to each other.

A sports car expects and deserves the pampering expected by a spoiled and expensive wife. But will forgive you many an oversight, just as a good wife should. It is the true-blue friend who won't desert you, even on the turnpike when you have crystalized and snapped a rocker arm doing your own road test. (A wrench and a pair of pliers, and you were on your way in half an hour.)

It is a barky exhaust, the long sweep of clean fender, an honesty of line, a functional piece of power dictated by engineers instead of housewives. It talks in terms of revolutions per minute, block horsepower, power to weight, zero to a hundred, rather than of tomorrow's styling, automatic push-button pushers, and three- and four-tone color combinations.

A sports car is many things for many people. For some it is the Ferrari at Florida in 1955, slugging it out to the split second with the D-type Jaguar—or the boy with the back-yard job pinning the ears
back on the '39 chopped and channeled V-8 on the back roads of Peru, Indiana. It is the flying feather-weight Austin-Healy 100 breaking the world's record at Bonneville. It is the memory of Sterling Moss at Montlhery clocking 100 plus for a week for the big Jaguar.

Sports cars are a happy and proud breed—like the Scotch tartans, French fleur-de-lis, and the British uppercrust. But when you acquire one, do not expect understanding, credit, appreciation, or admiration. To the majority a sports car will evoke: "What do you want that thing for? It's not Practical." And you can't answer—because the answer is out there in the sunset of a winter's day on the wide open road, the wind stinging past your upturned mackinaw, the contented purr of the big engine turning into a whine, and the needle of the rev counter creeping into the red.

* * * * * *

Street Scene

Sue Tarr

The small figure sped through the cluttered street, his mind whirling as fast as the tires on his bicycle. How much that bicycle meant to him! Even at Christmas last year when his mother had proudly presented it to him, it was dirty; but it was his one possession and he cared for it lovingly. Tonight his ma had said, "Go find him." He knew where to look. The longer he thought about his instructions, the faster he peddled his two-wheeler, dodging the wretched inhabitants of the neighborhood who dawdled along the sidewalk. Past the tiny cafe he rode, where the uninviting odor of strong coffee and stale cigarette smoke reached his nostrils and a scrawny cat peered at him from the front window. A noisy gang of boys—"urchins," some people called them—was shooting marbles on a manhole cover in the middle of the narrow street. He wanted to stop and play with them; but remembering his ma's words, he rode on past the crowd and turned right at the corner. Pausing momentarily to catch his breath, he glanced up at the street light. It spread a penetrating gloom over the neighborhood and the boy wanted to blot the unpleasant sight from his mind. He thought, then, of his own home and pictured the two-room apartment above the drug store: the starved icebox, the dingy sheets on the unmade beds, and the cracked plaster on the walls. Things would be different when he grew up.

The sneering laughter of the marble-shooters brought him back to his present situation. The small figure turned his poorly-clad back on the shouts of the young crowd and slowly, now made his way along the sidewalk, pushing the bicycle at his side. From the next block come the annoying din of a juke box, the clink-clink of glasses, and the boisterous confusion which accompanies them. As the boy neared
the establishment, one familiar voice could be heard above all others, singing, shouting, swearing.

"Pop?" The immature voice squeaked only loud enough to be heard by its owner. Again, the one word inquiry was uttered, this time louder. The familiar voice from inside became even more familiar as a blurry-eyed bulk of fatherhood wavered toward the door in answer to the call.

"C'mon, Pop. Let's go home."

A Land of Opportunity

James Stainbrook

Almost two centuries ago the thirteen English colonies declared their independence and built the foundation for their unification as an independent and democratic nation. The words, "all men are created free and equal," are exemplificative of the ideals embodied in this simple, yet eloquent, declaration drafted by Thomas Jefferson. Obviously, the founding fathers of the United States desired this nation to be a land of opportunity for all men. They expressed this desire in the preamble to the Constitution—"We the people of the United States of America in order to form a more perfect union, ... secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." The Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States further established the principles of personal liberties and opportunities for all citizens by declaring that no state should "make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States." After examining the principles which these two documents so articulately express, one cannot help being cognizant of the fact that America was meant to be a land of opportunity for all.

Since the founding of this nation, many people of various races and nationalities have come to its shores seeking an opportunity to live, work, and study as they think best. Many of these persons have played significant roles in the building of this great country. There may be some significance to the fact that one of the first men to die in the struggle of the colonies for their independence was a Negro, Crispus Attucks. True, freedom and liberty have not always come easily to those who have sought them. Nevertheless, the very difficulties endured by those who have advocated and worked for the ideals upon which America was founded serve to make the American heritage more meaningful. These ideals have often been opposed by those who would limit "the pursuit of happiness" to a particular group. This opposition once erupted in civil war; the United States was divided into two hostile camps, those who remembered that all men were created free and equal and those who felt that some men were created to be slaves. Abraham Lincoln reiter-
ated the ideals embodied in the foundation of our government when he issued his Emancipation Proclamation.

With the abolition of slavery, it would seem that America should truly be a land of equal opportunity for all men. Is it? Recently an intelligent and attractive Negro girl applied for admission to a Southern university. Reluctantly the college officials granted her admission, and she attended her first classes. It seems that there are some, however, who feel that attendance in certain tax-supported schools should be limited to members of the white race only. After demonstrations by individuals who displayed the characteristics of "literate morons," this girl was forced to appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. Even after a decision by the court to readmit the student to the university, she was harassed by persons who, in many cases, had no connection with the college. All of these things were bad, but perhaps the worst was yet to come, for the university officials themselves, some of the intellectual leaders of this country, saw fit to expel the Negro student on the pretense that she had made slanderous statements concerning them. This, of course, is a single incident, yet it seems to be typical of incidents which occur too often to be ignored. Whatever the outcome of this case, it is quite evident that at the present time, in some states, at least, there are not equal opportunities for all citizens.

The United States has always led in promoting the brotherhood of man, yet one soon realizes that America is not a Utopia and that there are still Americans who shelter in their hearts prejudices against and hatred for members of races or nationalities other than their own. How can America more closely approach the ideals upon which she was founded? Booker T. Washington, a capable Negro scientist and educator, was aware of the problems presented by racial animosities and suspicions. In the address he gave at the opening of the Atlanta Exposition, he expressed the opinion that artificial forcing of the struggle for social and economic equality would not solve the problem; he did feel, however, that patience and hard work would do much to alleviate it. Booker T. Washington seemed to be asking the radicals of both the white and colored races to go slow. Albert Einstein, another great American scientist, concluded that we will have true peace only when there is a change in the hearts of men. I feel certain that this same truth applies to the problem of assuring all Americans equal opportunities. When men begin to have "understanding in their minds and feeling in their hearts," then they will better appreciate the American heritage of liberty and freedom for all. Each of us must strive to understand and sympathize with our fellow men and their problems. If America is actually to be a land of opportunity for all of its citizens, each American must be conscious of incidents such as the one involving the Negro college student and exert all the influence possible to prevent the occurrence of similar incidents.
FISHERMAN'S MEDITATION

Lucia Walton

O dark mysterious waters wandering on and on,
Springing from eternity and part of it, though earthly,
Tirelessly flowing, lapping, roaring, never ceasing;
Keeper of life, a world within your depths,
Sustainer of life, power indispensable,
You hold my life and my soul.

O busy life-full sea, teeming with water beings
Who carry on within your tides their everlasting birth and death,
Work and play, much as we on Mother Earth—
Why do you also give of yourself to me?
Surely it would be nought to you if I and all my like should perish;
Yet you feed me with the flesh of your oceanic creatures,
Never withholding your treasure past the time of my endurance,
And giving to me and all the world the very substance of yourself.

O peaceful stretching plains of blue,
O merciless howling towers of black,
What do you hold for me?
Lulling me in your green embrace, soothing fatigue you caused,
Crooning gently with your rhythmic billows;
Then turning on me as I sleep,
Chilling to the marrow with your angry tumult bones just eased of
cold and care,
Stabbing fear into a heart that once you calmed by silencing its
lament in your greater cry,
What do you hold for me?

Taunt me not, o fickle deep, with varying moods and whims,
For I know your invincible will and strength.
Ever-present confidant, giver of peace and inspiration,
Companion in toil and pleasure, builder of dreams and hopes,
Solace of the soul's wounds,
Let me be worthy of your kindness.

Lure me not, o twain-faced traitor, above your sparkling surface
Only to change my peace to torture in your crashing fury,
But wait, and help me live to the full before you conquer,
That I may glide down swiftly to your unknown bays
With sails smooth-hauled and tiller pointing straight.

* * * * * *
Coal Miner
Mary E. Payne

A COAL MINER begins his day as most workmen in America, but as he comes home from a weary day of pulling our most dependable fuel from the earth, he presents a unique sight. As he slowly plods his way home, his shoulders are humped forward, compelled by the constant turning and bending that a miner must do. With a shuffling gait, caused more from his heavy, black, high shoes with their steel protective toes, than from habit, he presents a study in greys and blacks. It goes without saying that our miner is muscular, since only the muscular survive the tasks that the work prescribes. His face is covered with the dust of the coal he has been mining and only his red lips, made more red by contrast, and the dead whites of his eyes are not stained with the symbol of his work. His heavy, hard safety cap, ridged and with a short peak, is pushed back on his head for comfort. The cap is peculiarly marked with the clasp that holds his light, and the long, flexible black cord, blending with the rest of the blackened picture, twines itself around behind him to join the silvery case, attached to his belt, which holds the batteries that power the lamp. His clothes are like other work clothes: blue denim shirt, heavy, brass-studded denim trousers, and if the weather is bad, a short, heavy jacket. All are blessed with the symbol of the trade he follows. Black dust seemingly seeping from every fold, it appears that our miner has just come from another world and somehow is set apart from the everyday folk of the city.

Added to the shuffling of his heavy shoes is the flat jangle of a new empty lunch pail, not rectangular with a cylindrical top like other craftsmen carry, but a cylinder itself. Its shape is like a small cook pot similar to the one from which his lunch came. Inside the scarred pail is a tinkling sound which seems to indicate an empty jar which perhaps held soup. He does not carry this pail; he possesses it. The bail is pushed high on his forearm while the pail itself fits tightly underneath, giving him a free hand. This hand holds his heavy gloves, which are made to withstand the rough handling of rocks and timbers. We know his gloves serve him well, for his hands are a light grey in contrast to his blackened face. After getting home he must still beat the coal dust from his clothes and scrub it from his body before he can finally feel that the day’s work is done.

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MARK ANTHONY swayed the Roman crowd through his use of emotional words and turned their hatred from Caesar to Cassius and Brutus so cleverly that they were never cognizant of the fact that they were captives of his emotional appeal. This emotional appeal has permeated nearly every fact of our modern life and is particularly evident in our political, advertising, and literary society.

While our politicians today profess their esteem for their countrymen’s welfare, many divert the attention of their listeners from the real issues to capture their minds by emotional words and literally do their thinking for them. Although the recent tour of Soviet Premier Nikolai Bulganin and Communist party chief Nikita Khrushchev in India was supposed to be just a friendly visit, even casual probing into their motives and an analysis of their speeches would probably reveal the fact that they had set out to convince the Indian crowds that Russia wanted peace and was the friend of mankind. By careful emotional appeal they were able to influence the thinking of millions of people who never stopped to consider the insidious methods used by the Communist leaders to ensnare their intended victims. While in like manner many politicians in our recent municipal elections made promises for the future, some carefully avoided straight thinking on the real issues by arousing the emotions of the voters.

A similar selection of words which appeal to the emotions is frequently used by advertisers. They picture in such appealing terms the ease with which money may be borrowed, the enjoyment awaiting the owner of a new car, or the personal pleasure and satisfaction awaiting the smoker of a particular brand of tobacco. While the advertising does not reveal the vicissitudes awaiting the borrower of money, it paints a glowing picture of the ease of securing the money, the fact that no questions will be asked, and that the arrangement is a convenient one. Because of this emotional appeal, the loan is represented as the panacea for all of one’s money problems. As a result, many people embark on a program which results in their making payments to the loan company for many years. Many advertisers are able to represent their product in such flattering terms that they arouse the emotions of the reader and create a desire for their particular product. As a result, the reader with the newly aroused desire for the advertised product does very little, if any, objective thinking.

A similar use of emotional phraseology is that practiced by the newspapers, critics, and public speakers who through the use of their carefully chosen words sway the opinion of their readers or listeners. A careful analysis of our newspapers would reveal that many have
deep-seated convictions on our relations with England, the labor unions, the farm problem, desegregation, and countless other controversial issues which appeal to the emotions of the reader and result in his adopting much that he reads as his own beliefs. While the orator would lose much of his forcefulness if a neutral word were substituted for the emotionally toned word and the critic would not be able to express his personal prejudice publicly, the reader would be able to do some straight thinking for himself.

When one loses the ability to discriminate between emotional words used by a skilful writer to ornament a passage of straight thinking and emotional words designed to arouse only the emotions, one has yielded to an evil influence. One should guard against being easy prey for the politician, advertisers, and writers, by scrutinizing everything that is read in terms of emotional or objective meaning.

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**How Individualism and Conformity Helped a People**

Timotheus Carson

**INDIVIDUALISM** is a quality of behavior based on the theory that "the individual rather than society is the paramount consideration or end." Conformity is the quality of agreeing to the standards of society. It embraces the concept that individual proficiency in any art or science can be acquired only by conforming to certain orthodox precepts. Individualism on the other hand holds that the attainment of proficiency in any art or science must be developed from within. It further holds that standards and institutionalized knowledge are merely incidental. Both concepts in the proper times have their advantages.

During the late 1800’s, the emphasis of education lay upon the development of the fine arts. W. E. B. Dubois and other thinkers of that period stressed a conformity to such emphasis as a solution to the problems of their fellow citizens who were released from servitude. Many felt that those seeking an education should go north where they would be trained in the fine arts. Booker T. Washington came upon this critical scene with an experimental solution of "casting down your buckets where you are." He asserted that those unfortunate citizens could best work out their salvation by remaining where they were. He believed that they should be trained in the industrial and agricultural arts to achieve economic independence in the South.

He was criticized by many as a radical individualist for stating that "the Afro-American must first have economic security and pre-
pare the following generation for the fine arts.” It was with such a philosophy in mind that he established Tuskegee Institute of Alabama which, with a roll of over six thousand students, is now successfully demonstrating his ideals. Bethune Cookman and Hampton Institute are other schools that were established on that utilitarian philosophy. The Afro-American students attending these schools develop what is within them to accomplish.

In a nation which still refuses to recognize his cultural achievements, the Afro-American has established rigid requirements within his institutions for educational developments, and conformity to these rigid principles gives him access to a greater freedom. The unjust criticism he often receives from his white associates only induces him to conform more rigidly to those standards of individual development. The results will determine the eventual trend of American civilization to a considerable degree.

The Afro-Americans are not a people given to boast of their cultural achievements; neither are they given to the expounding of elaborate discourse to disprove that they are a “benighted people.” They are conscious of the fact that they will never be given a just appraisal of their quality and accomplishments, but individualism and conformity go hand in hand to their best interest. Thus they have a pioneering spirit of individualism disciplined by the reflecting zeal of conformity.

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Life Looking Up

Lucia Walton

I f I were given a chance to start my life over again, I’d commission someone to invent a stretching apparatus for me. If that sounds rather odd to you, you’re tall. Don’t try to console me with such pretty terms as tiny, petite, and diminutive; from almost every viewpoint except mine, four feet eleven and one-half inches is just plain short. Ever since my contemporaries first began to look down on me at about the time they learned to walk, I’ve been wondering what the world looks like to an average-sized person; therefore, if I could start again, I’d stretch myself five or six inches and find out how the weather is up where you are. I think I’ll try it, at least in theory. Here I go! Stretch-creak-groan-stretch - there! I made it!

Now that I’m as tall as you are, please remember that my name is Lucia, not “shrimp,” “pint-size,” “small-fry,” “midget,” or even “Little Lucia.” You no longer have reason to say if you bump into me, “Oh, excuse me! I didn’t see you down there!” Neither are you justified in facetiously asking my pin-man if I’m his little sister. What a difference five inches makes! Now that I can look you in the eye without standing on tiptoe, you won’t be complaining that you
feel like a giant beside me, asking me if I pay half-price at theaters, or offering to give me a pair of stilts for Christmas. I can see over people's shoulders now, and I don't get trampled in crowds. My feet touch the floor when I sit down, I don't have to drive sitting on a pillow, and no one asks me if I fibbed about my age to get a driver's license. At dances, I don't spend the evening with a beautiful view of nothing but my escort's belt buckle, and no bright boys wonder what cradle he robbed. I'm not too short to model, clerks don't try to direct me to the junior department when I shop for clothes, and I spend no more tedious hours putting hems a foot deep in all my skirts. Furthermore, I needn't climb on a chair every time I want to reach a high shelf!

That was fun—I didn't realize what I'd been missing! I have to come down from my high horse, though; what is, is, and what is not, is not. I'm still short, and I haven't found a people-stretcher. My head will still become sore from being patted and my neck stiff from looking up. People will continue to remark cleverly that I'm too small to be in college, that their ten-year-old sisters are taller than I am, that I ought to carry a stepladder in my pocket. Members of the opposite gender who fall on their knees before me will be teasing rather than romantic, unless they happen to be shoe salesmen. Simpering self-styled humorists will probably never cease inquiring if I shrank the last time it rained, if I'm dressing up in my mother's clothes, or if I also come in the large economy size. They'll go on alluding to me as "pocket edition" and "short stuff." So please remember, the next time you start to ask me whether I'm standing in a hole or sitting down, that you're not in the least original. I've heard that one before.

Lost to the World of Fantasy

Shirlee Smith

Jamie Jackson sat looking through the rain-streaked window of Mercy Hospital as he tried to think back through the preceding events of the year. Why should he suddenly be so alone and miserable? As Jamie listened to the rain falling on the tiled roof, he remembered some of the occasions that his family had shared together.

The Jacksons had been happy in their small community. Many friends liked them and considered the Jacksons to be a model family. Jamie now visioned the memories of the times in which the family would go up to the bluff on Sundays for picnics; he talked about the summer months that they spent at the lake; and he spoke wistfully of the hunting trips that he and his father had taken last winter. As they would walk through the woods stalking game, how new and fresh everything had seemed, and how it had almost been a wonderland, especially on late fall mornings when a thick coating of frost
covered the trees making them look as if a leprechaun had sprinkled diamonds and had forgotten to retrieve them in the morning. This memory and a few others were with him day after day. Jamie’s life had seemed like one long merry-go-round ride; but always the ride ended abruptly and cruelly.

The day had started out as any other Saturday morning might have. There had been a generous supply of thick snow on the hills; so they had decided on tobogganing that afternoon. Mid-way through the morning, Mr. Jackson had received an urgent phone call concerning his business, and the tobogganing plans had been changed to those of trip preparations. Late in the afternoon, Jamie had stood waving goodbye to his parents with Madge, the housekeeper.

The following week passed rapidly; there were classes at school during the day and games after dinner in the evening to keep him busy. But even so, by Friday he was anxious for his parents’ return Sunday afternoon. Sunday finally arrived and with it a thick coating of ice over all uncovered surfaces. Sunday evening Jamie went to bed reluctant that he had not seen his parents’ return. Monday evening, Madge told him as carefully as she could about the automobile accident, then took him to the city hospital to see his parents. Later that week there was a double funeral for Mr. and Mrs. Jackson; and Jamie went home with Madge, without parents for the rest of his life.

As the days passed, Jamie lived in a dream world, unable to accept reality. He remembered the promise that he had given his father—take care of mother like a man. He felt alone as he thought of this promise and its uselessness. He remembered how he had walked down along the path that led to the forest. The thought that perhaps he could find himself here; maybe life would resume its previous form if he could walk through the woods as he and his father had on their hunting trips.

As he walked down the path, he wondered why the trees did not seem as tall and stately as before. The trees were now strangers to him. From the path Jamie walked on to the bluff where his father and he had camped. There were the rocks and clearing where it seemed that the trees had stepped aside to afford the happy campers a restful place, but now Jamie realized that this spot was just a clearing and nothing more. He turned and started back to the house, realizing that he would never be able to recapture life as it had been only a few weeks before.

In the spring, Jamie received another shock when he was told that he had poliomyelitis. His world of reality faded as he was told that he would never walk again. As the doctors repeated the phrases of “wheelchair,” “invalid,” “never walk again,” Jamie was thinking about the camping trips. He had found that the forests had lost their magic, and only dreams satisfied him now. He didn’t care if he was a cripple—not at all.
The memories I have of my grandmother extend over a period of ten or twelve years of early childhood. Grandmother, or Julita, as we were permitted to call her, controlled three homes from her favorite rocking chair. Unable to walk except with the aid of a cane, she compensated this deficiency with her keen eyes and sharp tongue.

A tiny woman of seventy at the time I first remember her, Julita kept my maiden aunts under complete control, and demanded daily visits of her married sons. Seated at her favorite spot on the wide front porch of her home, she was well informed about neighborhood affairs by passing acquaintances. Her other pastimes included reading of novels and religious articles, and a week-long discussion of the Sunday edition of her favorite newspaper. As I recall, Mr. Roosevelt and his New Deal found favor with my grandmother, although I was not very sure of his identity. The weekly rolling of my grandfather's cigarettes was a special event for Julita.

Perhaps the interesting physical appearance of Julita attracted many children to her home. Standing less than five feet in height and usually found in a sitting position, Julita resembled a fat dwarf. The clothes she wore undoubtedly aided in magnifying her odd appearance. Her wardrobe consisted primarily of voluminous ankle-length skirts and little blouses which resembled bed-jackets. These were worn in varying layers, depending on the season of the year and in keeping with her conception of modesty. Since Julita mourned her dead relatives for long periods of time, the colors of her clothes ranged from gray prints to solid black. Black shoes with small buttons were hardly visible under the full skirts and petticoats.

Julita's dearest possession was the big trunk in her bedroom. Occasionally, in the presence of the children, she opened the trunk with the keys which jangled in the pockets of her inner blouses. The keys rested there with the coins for the children and her assortment of religious medals. When the trunk was opened, the fragrance of apples enveloped the room. Julita liked clean smells and those apples, while never eaten, provided the wonderful odor. Any child desiring a piece of fruit was welcome to enter the kitchen and help himself. The apples in the trunk were Julita's property and stayed in the trunk until it was obvious that they must be replaced. The tray of the trunk contained mysterious family records and possessions wrapped in pieces of cloth. Strong teeth were essential when opening these packages, and Julita provided this force.

Underneath the tray could be found the treasures. Her blouses, in varying degrees of construction, were neatly folded among the
remnants of cloth collected over many years. These pieces were recognized as old friends. Here and there one recognized a dress or blouse long ago outgrown or outworn. Julita took these pieces, cutting them into all shapes, and then reconstructed them with her needle and thread into pieced quilts. Fan shapes and wedding rings made beautiful and warm quilts for wintry nights, and the ingredients were like old friends.

Julita left us many years ago, but her belongings are still with us. Her trunk, without the apples, will probably outlive other members of the family. It holds her clothes and is always referred to as "Julita’s Trunk." The sight of that trunk and the smell of ripe apples bring back memories of the one grandmother I knew so well.

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Television Commercials—the Scourge of the Age

Jay Judd

The American public is today being subjected to one of the most monstrous onslaughts of propaganda in history. Sometimes deceptive, often exaggerated, this propaganda has but one goal—to entice the gullible citizenry to purchase something it often neither needs nor wants. Commonly known as the television commercial, this form of mass paycheck murder comes in a variety of shapes and forms, but it can generally be categorized into one of four basic groups. These are the "Super Salesman Type," the "Something for Nothing Type," the "Best in the Business Type," and the "Negative Approach Type."

The "Super Salesman" commercial is aimed at citizen Gullible Gus, who has too good a credit rating, too little intelligence, and no sales resistance. Gus can readily be convinced that he is presently using an inferior product and, furthermore, is paying too much for it. He is fair prey to the King and Charles Antell, and undoubtedly deserves what he gets.

Gullible Gus is not alone in his affinity for punishment. He is joined by a host of his compatriots in his eagerness to be taken by the "Something for Nothing" boys. He has a house full of topless cereal boxes, wrapperless bars of soap, and unlabeled fruit cans, for which he has received model airplanes, combination potato-peeler-and-back-scratchers, and other worthless trivia. Gus could stop all this, but only at the risk of having little Aloysius call him a traitor to Wild Bill Hickock.

The "Something for Nothing" advertisements, however, have nothing on the "Best in the Business" commercials. Aimed at creating dissatisfaction and undermining competitive products, these commercials keep poor Gus and his neighbors in a tizzy trying to figure
out how Ford can be better than Chevrolet when Chevrolet is better than Plymouth and Plymouth is better than Ford. And how can Gus’ brand of cigarettes be good if it’s not toasted, has no micron filter, is not treated with Acu-Ray, and provides a treatment instead of a treat?

These problems are of little interest to Gus’ wife; considering herself superior to the sales methods we’ve discussed, she falls prey to the “Negative Approach.” She relaxes to the delightful patter of Godfrey and Tennessee Ernie, blissfully unaware of the fact that her subconscious is being bombarded with subtle buying hints. She may be unaware of what is going on, but Gus comes to a rude and sorrowful realization when she comes home from a shopping spree with the family chariot loaded to the roof.

I have treated this problem lightly, but a serious problem it is. Television commercials are necessary if the American populace is to remain entertained; someone must pick up the tab. The answer lies in the hands of the American people. As long as we condone the quality of the advertising we see by purchasing the sponsor’s products, we will continue to be deluged with trash. It’s up to us.

**A Remarkable Piece of Paper**

*Howell Lloyd*

**EVERYDAY** everywhere we normal American citizens come in contact with that common substance—paper. The significance of its thousands of uses never enters our minds, although we certainly would be lost in its absence. The money we use to buy both necessities and pleasures is paper; the books and newspapers we read daily are paper; the patterned material that covers the walls of many of our homes is paper; even the legal proof that we were born, our birth certificates, are paper. For me, however, one piece of paper, free for the asking, is a magic key that opens many doors. This key, strange as it may seem, is the ordinary multi-colored map. In the past maps have afforded me both infinite pleasures and solutions to vexing problems; in the future I expect them to make possible many more enjoyable hours and answer the numerous questions I shall have. Each map is, to me, a masterpiece that represents the diligent, but worthwhile labor of many skilled cartographers. The tremendous amount of surveying and drawing, photography and calculating, that enters into the production of these travel guides is very seldom realized or appreciated by their users.

As I gaze at a map, I do not see merely a jumble of lines, colors, and symbols that have no meaning, but an intricate picture—a panorama of beauty and excitement waiting to be viewed and experienced. If the sheet of paper spread out before me is a representation of some distant portion of the globe, my imagination is aroused, and I can see the swifftowing rivers and placid lakes, majestic mountains and cool valleys, mighty cities and petite villages. If, however, this map
She is alert and immaculate—whether in calling her men to General Quarters, in being painted for inspection, in staging drills and more drills and proving that in teamwork practice makes perfect, or in submitting to the unheralded deck force, which does the menial tasks no ship could do without. She is a clean ship—and her morale is as high as her mast.

She is a ship of many remembrances . . . a shipmate who came back from liberty one night in Japan, dressed not in uniform but in a kimono; happy hours full of fun and jokes and even some talent as the crew whiled away the time-at-sea; old salts yelling at old, dry western movies; operations with sister ships—Toledo, Los Angeles, St. Paul, Rochester—all cruisers, all sisters under the same armor, fighting for the same cause; and the sudden change in spirits and into dress uniform when “liberty call” is sounded after a hard day’s work.

She is a lonely gal at times. For instance: her men watching a movie on the fantail in the evening ocean breeze, while the stars rock back and forth across the heavens; or eyeing a long diamond ring in her ship’s store, reminding them that home is still where the sweetheart is; or buying cigarettes by the carton after payday—storing up to smoke away the hours at sea; or receiving letters from their best girls, just before shoving off for overseas, and now things are not so bad after all; or working late, swapping sea stories, remembering the never-ending thoughts of home, memories which make time go by so slow. On the lonely nights, there is always something to look forward to: another day at sea.

She is a smart, hardworking ship, and she knows how to pick her men. They come from all over the “48” and team together: a gunner manning his mount, testing shells on an open sky, which at least, doesn’t fire back; a bosn’s mate piping out the routine orders of the day on his shrill whistle; a yeoman typing reports late at night, keeping in rhythm with the sway of the tired but alert vessel; the Captain giving orders from the bridge, with phone-talkers poised to catch ever-y syl-la-ble—all proving that there is nothing more proud than a fighting ship—unless it’s her crew.

All this and more is Our Ship, the fighting cruiser USS Helena (CA-75), a beautiful ship with many admirers; a brave ship with many battle ribbons; a proud ship with a similarly proud history and with the heart of a fighting sailor, yet humble and courageous in her purpose of helping to protect the freedom of the seas.