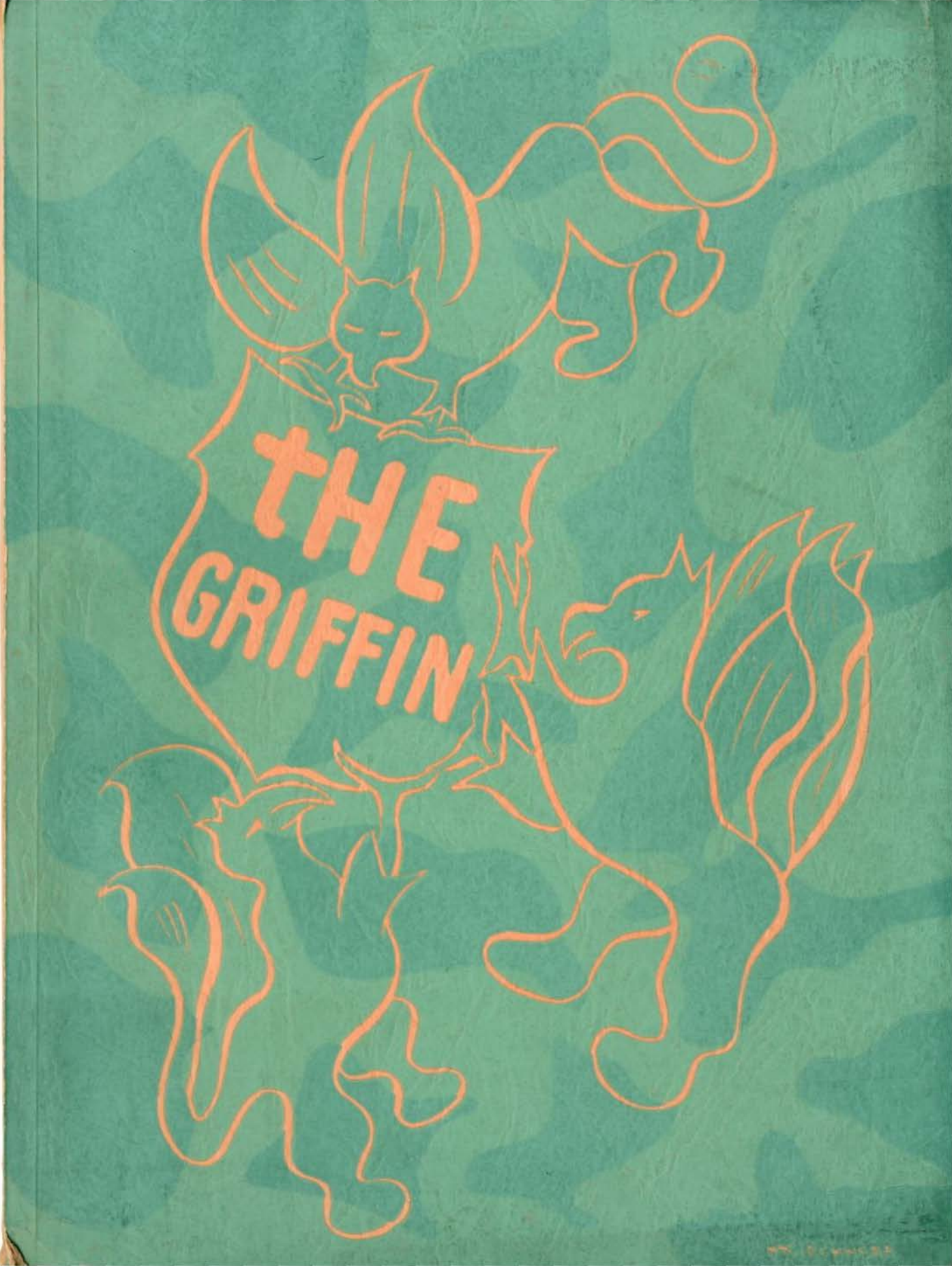
THE
GRIFFIN

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THE GRIFFIN

"This creature was sacred to the sun, and kept guard over hidden treasures."

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This issue of THE GRIFFIN is dedicated to
Dr. Alice E. Gipson,
whose services and presence we remember with gratitude.

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THE FARM

It is fitting that THE FARM should begin this issue of THE GRIFFIN, for its author was the person who first suggested that Lindenwood have a literary magazine. A former instructor of English on campus, Elizabeth Isaacs is now a member of the faculty at Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa. She wrote the following story last summer while attending the Breadloaf School of English in Vermont.

ELIZABETH ISAACS

"THIS is our farm," said my father. He waved his hand expansively toward the fields on each side, puffed his cigar happily, and turned off the pavement into a little gravel lane. Helen jounced up and down on the high leather seat between us and looked unconcerned. I stood up and peered through the high windshield of the old Reo. We went over a bump, and I banged my glasses against the dashboard. "Better sit down till we get across the bridge," observed Dad. "Welcome to West Prairie!"

"Who is 'our'?" I asked. It was my birthday; I was five, and this trip was special. Everything was suddenly mine on this day.

Dad drove over the clattery bridge and pulled up in the yard before he answered. I sneezed because it was September and I had hay fever. "Yours and mine and Helen's," he answered quietly, looking down at us. Helen was two and a half, and she couldn't understand things like that yet. She had yellow curls and fat smiley dimples and I adored and admired her fiercely. I had straight red hair and freckles and I knew my letters so I could get glasses and take a real look at the world. I spelled out our name on the old iron plate on the front door. It was a wonderful door as high as one could see and thick through with a knocker that made fine echoes.

"We won't go in," said Dad; "other people live here now."

"Where are they today? Why do they live here if it's ours?"

"They've gone to the county fair. There's nobody home. They take care of it for us."

"Nobody home, nobody home," crooned Helen, running through the red leaves that had fallen from the trees. We stood a minute in the front yard that sloped down from the house to a little stream.

"This is where Tommy and Walter and I used to lie on an old quilt on summer afternoons," mused Dad softly. We walked around the house scuffing the leaves and sniffing. "That's the sickle pear tree," said Dad. "Always smells that way when they're starting to ripen." He picked up two in his hand and tested them with his thumb nail. "Taste it." It was small and smooth and just fit the palm of my hand. It was brownish red and firm when my teeth went through the skin and it prickled my tongue and my throat going down.

"We had a swing here," said Dad, "that shot you clear up in the sky." And I could see two bare spots on the ground beneath the thick bent limb. Then Dad showed us two holes in the ground beside the summer kitchen, deep, with thick red tile lining them. That's where we always stored fruit for the winter. You could look way down into the cool gloom and smell rich perfume. "Drop one in, Lizabeth. We'll come and get it next spring."

Helen took a bite of hers, made a face, and said, "Eye peek," which meant ice cream, and pointed toward the car. I ate the rest of her pear on the way into town and watched our farm get smaller and smaller through the isinglass of the back window. "Happy birthday to you - - oo - -" sang Dad happily and loudly. "To you - to you - to you - -" echoed Helen and bounced up and down each time. "Will you make us a new swing out there?" I asked, and Dad nodded and winked at me as we got out at the drug store.

II

We were walking through the short grass of the back pasture, and I said to Dad as we crossed the slippery stepping stones in the stream, "You know, I remember every birthday since the fifth one—that must have been the first time we came out." He stopped to show me the May Apples that spread out on the bank. I was making a botany collection for high school, and our farm was the source of supply. This time it was spring and the trip was for his birthday. "We've each had ten since then," he mused. "Lots has happened in ten years. But nothing changes out here; that's why I like to come." I thought of what had changed. He was a judge; the car was a Hudson; and I had high heels for the junior-senior prom. He held the barb wire while I climbed under the fence; then I held it for him and we entered the shade of the old cemetery. "The head stones lean a little more each year," I thought, and I wandered around looking for the familiar ones. There was the oldest of all that said "Abraham Isaacs, 1803." I was glad always that Dad's name was the same.

"How many Abrahams were there?" I asked him again.

"Four counting me," he said, "and the baby who was drowned." And I remembered about great grandmother carrying the dead baby all the way back on her lap in the buckboard wagon after they had fished him out of the neighbor's well. We sat down on a little slope beside the slave graves and chewed pepper grass.

"Is she the one who gave you the little China rabbit?" I asked. "Yes," said Dad with satisfaction, and launched happily into the tale of how they'd brought their slaves with them in the covered wagons from Kentucky, freed them, kept them, and buried them there with all the other fifteen branches of the family.

We went from story to story that we both knew so well—reminding each other of details when one would omit. A tour of the farm always brought them all to life as no printed story book could ever have done. Here was the stream where he had gone wading with the older Tommy the day little Walter was born and they had felt so deserted and lonely that their grandfather had

taken them both to town to buy a "sweet sody" at the prescription shop. This was the same wild-eyed Grampa who had shot a bullet clear through the door of his room one day while cleaning the long barrelled rifle that stood ready for anything at the head of the bed. Gramma, enraged at the affair, had berated him, "Abram, don't you have sense enough not to shoot through doors when people may be standing behind them?" And his classic answer—"They'd best have sense enough not to stand there if they don't want to get shot!" (And years later the little Walter was to remember the thin, round hole in the smooth door when he, looking through it in his mind's eye, sought clearer perspective for the new art which he was to foster.) Grampa's room had been a source of never-ending delight to the three boys—in it they helped him crack hickory nuts for winter cakes and listened to long tales of the very old days "when he was a boy" and the long rifle was used seriously all the way up from Kentucky, and even later when West Prairie was a sort of local hinterland for Jesse James amateurs who rode wildly round the white churchyard door yelling threats to "them Isaacs who let the slaves go free," and Grampa rose with dignity, folded his long beard neatly within his waist coat collar, donned his broad hat, and went forth from the meeting house's solemn hymns to "take care" of them boys. There was the little school house on the edge of the road where the master had labored well with infinite patience to teach the three boys their letters and give them the first vistas of history and geography, and was ever amazed at the way Walter drew strange gargoyle beasts all over his algebra book ends and the way Tommy hummed wild hymn tunes in minor keys as he got his lessons. And there was the little stage where Freddie recited with gusto the stirring lines of "Cannon to right of them, Cannon to left of them—Theirs not to reason why, Theirs but to do or die"—or moved them to tears with an eloquent "Thanatopsis."

And finally the three little boys were boys no longer—and they had worked in the hay fields so many summers that there was no more use for the little school—and Gramma, who was usually so quiet and let Abram do the talking, for once talked straight to Abram; the three little boys who had been her pride and joy in the old tintype for which they had donned high button shoes and long trousers, were now long lean young fellows who packed their few clothes in the reticule, took their umbrellas under their arms and their lunch boxes in their hands that stuck gauntly from their coat sleeves, and boarded the train for "college."

"But we always came back together for the summer in the hay fields—Tommy would come with the new songs he had written and we'd all sing them while we drank sweet lemonade during the rests in the meadows; Walter would set up his easel and paint a few dabs at a hay stack between rows, and I'd shout poetry at the top of my lungs to Old Mame as I drove her at full gallop down those rows. Those were good days—and at twilight we'd sit together out under the trees, and Ma would gaze quietly at us with great pride at what we'd learned, and Pa would proudly tell us old, old stories about our land before it was ours, and we thought we'd never go so far away but that we'd always come back."

Here Dad stopped his story, and for a long time we stood there in the meadow forgetting that we were twenty years later. Finally we turned around and started for the house. "We must get back in time for supper—Helen will have the cake lighted a dozen times by now," I said, reminding him of his day again. And as we came up the hill, the old house stood there solemn in the sunset. Over it stretched the sickle pear tree, white froth dripping from her branches of bloom and shedding a kind of lace pattern of shadow across the roof. I liked to stand under the "swing limb" with my two feet in the bare spots where "the boys' " bare feet had so often pushed up and up to the sky when they were little. As I did it again this spring, Dad called from the other side of the house.

"Come look in the cooler." And there they were—our pears from last fall's birthday, now ripe and yellow and soft and making the perfume that comes only from a winter's mellowing under ground. We each chewed long and lovingly and let the winey juice trickle with tantalizing slowness down the back of our tongues.

"Just as good as ever, aren't they?" I asked Dad anxiously.

"They should be—Ma brought it from Fruit Station when it was just a seedling," said Dad proudly looking up into the depths of whiteness against the nearly-pink sky. "Just smell it—" and we both drove reluctantly down the lane that showed new green. "Another birthday—Ma said the snow was up to the window sills the day I was born and it was the end of April, too. We don't have weather like that any more," he said softly.

III

The trees were red and gold. Birthdays didn't mean anything any more, I told myself. I hated to go, and yet I knew I had to. One must not be sentimental. One must decide these things on the basis of practicality. Ten years more and I'd learned one lesson at least, I thought, and this was it. Ten years in which I'd finished school and presumed to teach myself; ten years which had included Dad's slow illness in which I learned about God and Job through him; ten years which included the beginnings and ends of life, when Helen's Susie was born just in time for Dad to die a little happier in knowing that another generation could take the dare in spite of what happened to him. And his proudest day was when Susie could say "Grampa" and ride on his lap in his wheelchair. The farm had been deserted of our visits after he became ill—and though I took him riding now and then in the car, we silently agreed to avoid the usual birthday ceremonial. It was too hard not to be able to stand together under the pear tree. Now he was gone, and it was Susie's red head that bobbed beside me on the front seat. As I drove the lane and thought about the number of acres and the worth of buildings and fair prices and the coal and oil rights and dollars and cents and the distance between me now and the renter who wanted to become the owner, it seemed another person's brain ticking practically behind my forehead. It was not I. I was there standing all these years under the pear tree, and I would be there when I arrived to watch me silently sell the land that stretched on both sides. And standing with

me would be the snapping-eyed great Grandma who'd made apple butter in a big kettle in the yard, and soft spoken little Gramma who'd buttered Abram's biscuit every morning of his life; great Grandfather with his rifle in his hand and Grampa laughing till his white beard shook at some family joke with his twelve brothers. There'd be Walter whose paintings hung in the New York gallery, and Tommy who sang his own songs when we buried Gramma and Grampa in the family plots; and worst of all there'd be Dad looking happily at me, trusting me, and singing "Happy Birthday to you–." Now I was out of the car and wandering around the house; I knocked at the big door that still stretched sturdy oaken timbers high above the name plate, I looked in the window at Great Grandfather's room–there on the floor was a pile of corn. The tenant who lived in town, worked in the mine, and farmed "part-time" still wanted to buy "our farm"–"OUR FARM"–fantastic. Here where Grandfather shot the hole through the door–still there, I could see it through the dusty glass –here where the family gathered every Sunday in summer for dinner under the trees–and I could still hear their voices in the wind.

I turned suddenly to hear Susie calling from the car "Ibby, let me out. You said I could see our farm." I opened the door, and she skipped straight to the old swing board. I walked to the tree and picked up a couple of pears that had fallen, firm and russet and warm. She watched me bite into one and then gravely sampled hers. She said, "I like it. Run under me, Ibe. Push me high!"

SOME MINUTES IN BETWEEN

The experiences about which Beate Luther writes in the following essay are not vicarious ones, for Beate is one of our exchange students from Germany. Nor is this particular work her first "literary achievement." Beate is the author of a series of articles appearing in a historical text about one of the towns in her native country.

BEATE LUTHER

SIXTEEN knots per hour—with steady speed the big ship cuts its way through the vast ocean. In half an hour the coast line of a new continent will be in sight. What do the people expect, by what feelings are they moved, as they look over the blue sea, and guess whether the black point at the thin margin between sea and sky might be the top of a ship, a tree, or perhaps the first skyscraper of the New World?

Not all the people stare toward the horizon. There in the back sits a man who seems very busy. He writes notices into his notebook, turns over the pages of a timetable, looks up addresses and telephone numbers, and sometimes, in between, he knits his brows, writing down numbers, nothing but numbers. A glimpse of his watch convinces him that there are only a few minutes left until the new continent rises out of the ocean. Only a few minutes—but thousands of dollars may come out of that short time if the plans he makes prove to be right. The only important thing is, to use the minutes between two parts of his life in the right way. . . . .

You sit beside him, but you do not think of profits you can probably make. You look around, your eyes drink as much as they can of the blue sea, the bluer sky, the glittering waves, and the bright sun. It is the last time you can be alone with water, wind, and sky. Soon the land will arise; lights, houses, cars, and numerous people will require your attention. You will be far off from nature, and you will not be able to hear what she has to tell through her mysterious words such as storm, dark, impenetrable nights, or light veils of clouds which try in vain to throw their shadows upon the silver street of moonlight on the water. And you think of the days which lie behind you and have shown to you more of nature's mysteries than you had seen your whole life before. There may be something behind nature, something she has to tell, so that it is worth while listening. . . . .

What is the right use of the minutes between two lives? Do they, after all, belong to oneself? Or aren't they a kind of no man's land, belonging neither to you, nor to the new or the old life?

Let us go to another situation: twenty people sit crowded in a small shelter during a heavy air-raid. Outside, all over the town, the world seems to be coming to an end. Howling sirens, the roaring noise of numerous bombers,

the whistling of falling bombs, and finally the explosion which means destruction and death penetrate through the inner walls which you struggle to build—for that which is going on seems too much for you to bear. Yet still you feel yourself an observer. You think of the people at those places where the bombs are bursting. But now, suddenly, you hear a shrilling whistle right above your head (the five feet of earth which cover the shelter do not count in this moment)—it comes nearer and nearer, the seconds grow to endless minutes; are you ready to go out of the world, to end life? But how can you end life without having lived before? But what is life? Useless the question, for it is too late; the next second—

It only seemed to be too late; the bomb crashes down beside the shelter. After the enormous explosion, during which life has indeed stopped for a while, dust being thrown into the air, earth breaking down upon you and the people, you find yourself again, very slowly. But are you yourself again? Something has completely changed, and you may start another life, the possibility of which you had not comprehended before.

They do not belong to anybody or anything, the minutes in between. But out of them may come life's most valuable presents, if one understands how to receive them.

ONE - ZERO - TWO - FOUR

The title of Peggy Pennel's story may have been inspired by the fact that she is a music major. At least, there is an element of rhythm in the line ONE-ZERO-TWO-FOUR. Preferring character sketches to any other kind of writing, Peggy here captures for us the thoughts of a hapless Negro, Buzzard.

PEGGY PENNEL

"HEY, Buzzard! Git that truck loaded and let's git goin'."

"Yassuh, Mistah Harry. Ah ain't got but jes' one section left. We'll git out of heah in no time. You jes' leave dat to me."

Buzzard's strong black arms worked briskly until the last case of soft drinks was in its place. Then he whipped out a dingy handkerchief from the pocket of his faded blue shirt and vigorously wiped his perspiring face. It was a good natured face with an emphatic, broken nose, which gave him his name, and ears that stood fanlike from his kinky head.

Harry inspected the truck and climbed into the cab, Buzzard close behind him.

"Well, Mistah Harry, we is on time. We nevah been late yit."

As Harry guided the truck from the garage onto the highway, Buzzard took a half-empty bag of tobacco from his pocket and carefully sprinkled some of its contents on a thin cigarette paper. He struck a match and held it to the cigarette until a faint wisp of smoke appeared. Then he settled himself more comfortably and looked idly out the window.

"Lawdy mercy, look at Mistah Ben's cawn field. Ain't dat sumpin'?"

The truck left the smooth highway and rumbled slowly along a narrow dirt road leading to a dilapidated general store whose roof boasted a baking powder advertisement painted in red and black.

"Well, heah's Pickin's Stoah. How many today? . . . Comin' up, Mistah Harry."

Buzzard jumped from the truck and unloaded six cases. He carried them by twos into the store while Harry talked with Mr. Pickens about crop prospects and took his order for the next week. As Buzzard stored the cases, two small barefooted girls wandered over to watch him. The smaller of the two was sucking noisily on an ice cream cone and the other held a sticky red sucker in her hand. They sat down on a nearby orange crate, and the older, with a look of anticipation in her face, eagerly asked Buzzard,

"What did the pretty girl do after she killed the tiger?"

Buzzard looked up and grinned, revealing strong, yellow teeth.

"Well, les' see. After she killed de tigah, she went to de cannibal's camp and tol' dem dat she was a fairy princess and dat dey would become rich if dey would—Oh my! Theah goes Mistah Harry. Ah'll finish it next time."

And Buzzard scampered to the waiting truck.

Buzzard sat in the truck and listened to its muffled roar as it sped down the dim white highway. Some day he would have a car of his own. Oh yes, he would show Sadie that he could drive, and the kids would have the time of their lives in a car. It seemed as if he just never could scrape up enough money to buy a car, and he didn't have a telephone, so none of those generous radio programs could call up and give him one. His next door neighbor had just bought a used car, but Buzzard would have nothing to do with a cheap second-hand one. No sir!

"Well, Mistah Harry. Ah believe today's Satiday an' Ah'se goin' to git paid. Ah didn't think Ah'se evah goin' to make out dis week. Prices are suah goin' up. Yes suh."

Harry smiled.

"Isn't liquor the thing that's gone up, Buzzard?"

"Yassuh. Dat's gone up too, Ah reckon. Ah ain't goin to buy no more anyway."

"You'd better mean what you say this time. You can't fool around with this new sheriff they got now. They say he locks 'em up for anything."

"Now don't you worry, Mistah Harry. Buzzard ain't touchin' one drop dis week."

The truck lurched over the rough driveway into the garage where it gave a final weary puff. Buzzard, immediately spying the line at the cashier's office, casually sauntered toward it.

"Hey, what foah ya'll loafin' round heah when . . . Today's payday? Already? Ah declare. Dese Satidays suah do come quick. Yes suh. Well, Ah reckon Ah mise well pick mine up now while Ah got de time."

Automatically directing his steps toward town, Buzzard peeped contentedly inside the small brown envelope which contained his week's earnings. The green bills were folded neatly around a half-dollar inserted in the center. Buzzard took out the roll of bills, arranged them in his worn leather wallet, and dropped the half dollar in his pocket. He wished it had been two quarters instead so they would jingle.

Before going to the grocery store, Buzzard glanced at the town clock, but time and groceries were promptly forgotten when he saw *it* sitting in the court house yard. The car was a light blue with bright chromium trimming, and the sparkling windows displayed rich navy leather upholstery. The admiring crowd gathered around it was reflected in its gleaming surface. An immaculately dressed businessman stood on a decorated platform beside it talking into a microphone. In a stacatto voice he told the crowd how one of them could become the owner.

". . . to be given away by the Lion's Club tonight at nine-thirty to the person who buys the ticket with the lucky number. Just think, this handsome car for the price of only one dollar. The winner must be here in the courtyard at the time of drawing. Remember, the profit the Lions make is to be contributed to the hospital drive. Step right up. *You* may be the lucky per-

son. Only one dollar for . . ."

Buzzard could hardly believe his ears. Why, the man said he might have a chance. He rushed over and presented a dollar to the handsomely dressed man who in turn gave him a white stub with a number in large black print on the back. Buzzard carefully tucked the precious bit of cardboard in his wallet and walked happily toward a glittering neon sign which proclaimed Joe's Place.

"Hello, Joe. Gimme de usual. Had a hard day. Me an' Mistah Harry worked lak mules . . . Ah'se goin' to wait until dey draws mah numbah over theah foah de car. Least Ah hope dey draws mah numbah . . . Un hun, Ah'll take another."

Buzzard refllled his glass and looked around the room.

"Hiddy, Sam. Seen dat new car de Lion's Club is givin' away to me tonight?"

Sam's eyes widened. "Dey ain't givin' it to you."

"Suah dey are. Why, boy Ah got it in de bag."

Buzzard motioned to Joe.

"De drinks tas' mighty good tonight. Ah believe Ah'll have some moah."

Joe pointed silently to the cash register and held out his hand.

"What you mean, man? Sho' Ah got enough foah it. You knows Ah allus gits paid on Satiday."

"I want it now," he said.

"Well, have it yoah way. Heah's enough foah six. Ah reckon we can do widout bacon dis week."

Emptying his glass for the last time, Buzzard shuffled unsteadily out the door. He had staggered half a block before he felt a hand on his shoulder.

"I think you've had quite enough for one night. Come along with me. I know just the place for you." And the sheriff calmly led Buzzard to jail.

As the hands of the courthouse clock neared nine-thirty, the excitement of the people gathered in the courtyard mounted. The man with the stacatto voice asked for a volunteer to draw the number.

"Now what little boy or girl here would like to draw the lucky ticket from this box? The winner might even give you a ride in this beautiful car, so . . . Come right up, young man," he said to a plump tow-headed youngster who bounded to the platform. The man with the stacatto voice smiled benevolently, took a big white handkerchief from his pocket, and blindfolded the boy.

"Now, young man, just reach into this box and draw one ticket. That's it, son," as the boy stuck his hand into the box and triumphantly extracted a small white square.

"Now we shall see who the winner of this beautiful brand-new car is. Will the person holding the number I call out please step up?"

He fumbled in his vest pocket for a second, took out his glasses and adjusted them carefully on his nose.

"The number is, ladies and gentlemen, one thousand and twenty four. One, zero, two, four."

Disappointed murmurs ran through the crowd.

"Now, who has the number, one, zero, two, four? Remember you must be on the courthouse grounds to claim the car."

Still no one spoke up. Tense people looked at their own tickets for a second or third time, while not fifty feet away, Buzzard slept obliviously in the little jail behind the court house.

The man with the stacatto voice, glancing at his wrist watch, announced, "Obviously, the person with that number is not present, so son, will you give us another . . . Thank you. Will the person with *this* number please step up. Three thousand, one hundred and ninety-six. Three, one, nine, six. Now look carefully . . . "

"I got it! I got it," a man screamed and raced to the platform wildly waving a white square of cardboard.

Early Sunday morning Harry walked into the jail and handed the sheriff money for Buzzard's bail. The sheriff peered lazily at Harry and tossed him the key to Buzzard's cell. Harry unlocked the door, walked in, and roughly shook the peaceful sleeper. Buzzard sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"Oh, Mistah Harry. Ah done gone an' did it again after Ah tol' you Ah wasn't goin' to. It won't happen again, Ah promise . . . Yassuh. But dis is *really* de las' time . . . Well, Ah didn't mean what Ah said den. Now you jes' leave it to me, Mistah Harry. Ol' Buzzard ain't nevah gone back on his word yit."

As they emerged from the dim jail into the bright sunlight, Buzzard noticed millions of tiny scraps of white cardboard littering the yard. Then he remembered. He looked around anxiously for the car, but it was nowhere in sight. He took out his wallet and extracted the white ticket. He looked at it, and the black numbers blinked mockingly back. He tore it into four identical pieces and tossed them to the ground. A playful breeze scattered them as they mixed with the others.

ON A PAIR OF GLASSES
In the Metaphysical Manner

The following poem illustrates Bettegene Nebesnick's favorite type of writing, light satire. Her sympathy for the bespectacled person is an outgrowth of another one of her interests, psychology. Indeed, when reaching for a book for reading pleasure, Bettegene turns to the psychological novel.

BETTEGENE NEBESNICK

OH horn-rimmed shells, oh twins of gloom,
Of love and beauty are my doom;
Oh gaping orbs, repulsive spheres,
What ugliness to you adheres,
Alack! unlovely shall I be
Until I rid myself of thee.
    But I cannot, for t'would obscure
My all; and all be but a blur;
This thou perceiv'st, and on my nose,
In vulgar impudence repose.
My world can never pleasant be
Whilst viewing it through eyes of thee,
Since I detest thee; beauty's thief,
Thou art the source of all my grief;
    For I think all should love me more
    Had I two eyes instead of four.

GRANDPA HAD THREE WIVES

Jo Ann Smith is one author who is as witty in real life as she is on paper. A former student of Lindenwood, she is now teaching in kindergarten. The following are excerpts from her novel of the same title.

JO ANN SMITH

A PHRENOLOGIST once felt of Grandpa's head and he found a double crown and four pockets! He told Grandpa that he had FORMERLY been a squirrel.

It was in dancing school that my friends and I would hold long conversations about the INDIVIDUAL members of our respective families while we struggled with the long ribbons on our satin ballet shoes and wound them back and forth around our ankles.

Mary Agnes had a twin sister. Dorothy's mother had gone to school with a real French girl, but my Grandfather had three wives!

This to me seemed the biggest thing that could ever happen to anyone. Three wives! And besides three wives he had had three houses and three sets of children, respectively. My father belongs to the second set. From set I he has a half brother and likewise from sets II and III but his half brothers from sets I and III are no relation whatsoever to his half brother in set II and yet they are all related to Daddy, for Daddy's mother (my whole grandmother) was a widow with a little boy when she married Grandpa. Poor Daddy has but two whole brothers; the others and a sister are all halves. Just like grapefruit.

When I was seven years old I thought it "More exciting" than any fairy tale and I remember how terribly surprised I was when Daddy introduced me to one of my half uncles who was, I found, quite whole, his blond hair going all the way AROUND his head, and I had thought for sure he would be "sliced in two" with only half of a nose, one ear, and one eye respectively.

But for my Grandfather, losing three wives was of course a tragedy and when his third wife died he traveled even farther away. He went to California. I suppose he could have gone to Egypt had he wanted to, for he had made a lot of money in buying and selling cattle and hogs.

Years passed, and then two days before I came home from my freshman year in college Mother wrote me that Daddy's father had arrived by plane, all the way from California with a crate of Oranges, and for a visit with us. I was excited. I had never met my grandfather. He had had three wives! I finished the letter.

"Remember your manners and try to be patient, Jan. He's ninety-five, you know, and just like a baby."

I tossed the letter into the air, and I finished packing the remains. My YEAR AWAY had summed up to a most interesting collection of restaurant

menus and theater ticket stubs. I was also very proud of a horse blanket which was a present to me from the Riding Club of which then I had already been a member for two weeks. I can now get DOWN from a horse without a ladder. I closed the lid of the trunk on some dead golf balls, 3 nervous and unstrung tennis rackets, and a hot water bottle from the infirmary which they said I could keep. I had a fish from the Biology department and a beautiful mud-grey kitten from the night watchman, but these I left behind. My parents do not appreciate stray animals. "They might be crazy," Mother says.

But with all of my trunks and hat boxes and baskets, Mother and Daddy were still glad to see me, and so was Grandpa. He said that he could tell that I was INTELLIGENT.

The first week that I was home I decided that Grandpa reminded me of a turkey. He had a habit of HOCKING, and instead of just hocking, he would HOCK just a little, then he would grab his throat and violently shake his Adam's apple and then he would HOCK very loud. It was truly the most fascinating, terrifying, wildest SOUND that I had EVER heard!

The next day I took the morning paper in to the Turkey and he announced that he wanted to move his bedroom into the "front parlor," and he didn't mean the "back parlor." He wanted the "front parlor" with its three long windows and bay window.

I laughed, and he stormed that EVERYTHING in the "front parlor" was "Just for show." The curtains were "Just for show." The desk was "Just for show." The piano and the davenport and the coffee table were "All for show." The fireplace and the needlepoint chairs were "For nothing but show." Even the rug on the floor was "Only for show."

I was debating upon whether to call Mother or just to pretend that I was deaf and dumb, when a neighbor knocked at the back door. I found myself in the heart of the Ozark Mountains as Grandpa began to call, "HELLO SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR. Oh, there you are Jo-see-fiend—quick, see who's at the door, Jo-seefiend."

My NAME is Jo Anne. My family and friends call me Jan. But to Grandpa this was a tongue-twister. He could say names like Penelope and Rebecca and Candace, and not even take time to swallow, but "Jan" nearly choked him so he gave me the pompous name of "Jo-see-fiend." Well, anyway, he didn't think of Beulah!

I kept recalling the last line of Mother's letter. Ninety-five and "just like a baby." Well, that is, we thought he was until—

Daddy was afraid that some night Grandpa would want something and he would not be able to make us hear, so he went down to Sampson and Sons' Hardware Store and bought a cow bell. He wanted a LOUD one.

Well, this little trinket (a-la-factory whistle) was guaranteed to blast us right out of our beds up into the attic and then up, on to the roof; shatter our window glass, and wake the dead as well as the neighbors. But to Grandpa who slept downstairs in what used to be the sewing room, the bell must have

alternated between fiddle and ballet music for he used it without "thinking," and at regular intervals Mother would pass me on the stairs, or I would pass Daddy on the stairs, or maybe the three of us would pass each other on the stairs to answer a command of "Now move this pillow a little more to the RIGHT."

Yes, Grandpa was ninety-five, and besides that he walked on crutches, so when the coal man said, "I bet he's a problem child!" Oh, how we did laugh! Ha, ha, ha. We laughed too soon.

In three nights Grandpa and the cow bell had become such bosom friends that "How to get it away from him" had become the $64 question. He guarded it with a look that said "I see you, too." The cow bell was just as faithful by him. If any of us got within three feet of the thing it began vibrating, and so did we—right back up into the attic.

But "Good things come to those who wait," and so one night after we had all had at least fifty hysterical ideas, I remembered a phrase or two from a chapter on "Home & Family" from an old college psychology book. The idea in the chapter was never to (deliberately) take a toy away from a child unless you replace it with another one of similar kind.

Why of course! Why had WE been so stupid!! Why didn't we think of THAT in the first place! All we had to do was to give him something that resembled a cow bell. But what can you buy that LOOKS like a cow bell but doesn't make any NOISE like a cow bell?

It was Daddy who came up with the answer, or I should say, toy. He went down to Sampson & Sons and bought a cane with a green tortoise-shell handle. We nominated Mother to present it to Grandpa.

Daddy was to give her a sales talk, which she in turn would give to Grandpa, on the advantages that a cane HAS over a cow bell. It had to be good because he already had crutches! Daddy cleared his throat for—

Point number one—"If we ever have a burglar and he comes to your room first you can knock him over with the CANE."

(From now on Grandpa would probably be "Seeing things." But in nice little towns we have only window peepers.)

Point number two—"Just think of all the things in your room that are out of reach and then all you will have to do is wrap the neck of your CANE around them and pull them to you."

(I could already see Grandpa with a what-not shelf on his head and a vase of flowers in his pocket.)

Daddy couldn't think of any more points, and neither could we, so it was time for Mother to go in. She was ready to "trade."

When she opened the door of Grandpa's room Daddy and I caught a glimpse of him standing over his bedroom register, which he always referred to as a "manhole." We couldn't tell by the expression on his face whether he was counting the flowers on the wall paper or whether he might be thinking of ringing ALL SAINTS' bell.

Daddy SUDDENLY had business to attend to and I SUDDENLY thought the cat might like a drink so we didn't even stay to hear point number one, but at dinner that evening Mother told us that point number one was the point on which Grandpa traded the cow bell; and ever after when friends came to call he would say, "Now if we ever have a burglar, and if we do he'll probably come to MY room first, but I'll be waitin' fer him. I'll knock him over. Just like that!"

II

Grandpa broke his left leg two years before he came to visit us. The surgeon had to fasten two silver pegs around the bone and it made Grandpa mad. He wanted a wheel chair instead of crutches.

It was in July that he began to be so optimistic about his leg, and Daddy obligingly bought him rubbing alcohol and patented lotions that were "guaranteed absolutely" to take away soreness, stiffness, weakness, and finally your leg (if you kept using them long enough.)

Grandpa "worked" on his leg every afternoon and we were glad he did, for it gave him something to do.

Just as soon as he finished his evening meal he would settle down for bed. In this "settling down" process he would change the furniture around in his room and re-hang the pictures; he would climb up on the head-board of his bed, swing his good leg and cut capers, and then he would settle DOWN on his bed to pray.

One night Mr. Kopfboom came to see Daddy about some cattle. Mr. Kopfboom is a farmer and he likes to stand on one foot and then on the other and talk about his "Coodle;" he calls daddy "Heddy" instead of Harry. "Hello, Heddy! Whut chew know, Heddy? See any good lookin' hogs lately, Heddy?"

I was playing solitaire in the "back parlor" and Daddy and Mr. Kopfboom were smoking in the "front parlor" (cigars). They were talking "Coodle" and Daddy was telling Mr. Kopfboom about a bull, when Grandpa began moving furniture. BUMP, BUMP, CLUNK, CA-PLUNK. The sound effects reminded me of a Hallowe'en story. "I'm on the first step, now the second step; I'm on the landing, now the top. I'm gonna git cha. YaaaH!"

However, Daddy completely ignored these capers and went on to tell Mr. Kopfboom about the bull.

A little later when they went out the door Mr. Kopfboom said, "Heddy, I see you've got an old water-heater too." "Ancient," agreed Heddy.

When Grandpa prayed he always prayed out loud, and that night as I passed his room on my way upstairs I heard him talking. He was supposedly talking to God, and he was telling God what a fine market the Stock Yards had; how high hogs and sheep were selling, and what a smart man Daddy was when it came to buying and selling cattle.

He told God about Mother too—what a "dandy" cook she was, and how she wanted him to cut down on his large helpings of sugar; he coudn't do that, but he was sorry he had broken one of her good china cups that morning. He

hadn't told Mother he was sorry, but he told God that he thought she knew he was.

I had to bite my finger to keep from laughing. It wasn't that I didn't respect Grandpa's prayers because I sincerely did, but to us he loved to tell little tales, and yet to God he was honesty and frankness in capital letters.

I was almost ready to leave when Grandpa began talking about me; how much he liked to hear me sing and he hoped that I wouldn't take cold wearing sun-back dresses (of course it was only July).

My name and incident were as funny as the rest, and yet as I stood there listening about ME, tears came into my eyes and spilled down my cheeks. I was leading a happy life—certainly nothing to cry about, but it gives you a funny feeling to hear someone mention your name to God and tell him the little things you are doing and what kind of clothes you wear.

Whenever Grandpa got into bed, a hot water bottle always went with him, and Daddy always had to place it on top of his left foot. This foot was always COLD, and no matter how many blankets and quilts were on it, Grandpa would always ask him to throw his long black overcoat on top of the quilts. We always wondered if he could move or if he just stayed in one position until morning.

III

August has always been a busy month with our family. Birthdays, anniversaries, picnics, and, of course sleepless nights. Grandpa went to bed early on these nights. He said he liked to lie in bed and watch the heat lightning, and listen to the tree frogs.

One particularly humid night Daddy got up from the swing and went into Grandpa's room to see if he had melted. Grandpa was "Just fine" under the winter blankets and Indian rug, but his left foot was still COLD.

Daddy shivered and shook to think of a hot water bottle, but he went into the kitchen to fix it. When he returned with the bag he noticed three canning jars (large size) filled with water, sitting near Grandpa's bed. No, he wasn't keeping a whale. During the night his mouth "Gets dry."

I was to sing for a friend's wedding on the fifteenth of August, and every day (after singing arpeggios and operatic arias) I would practice on "Because" and "Oh, Promise Me." Grandpa became so impressed with the wedding music that he would talk all day on how he courted his three wives; he would cry and then he would snort if Mother or I tried to comfort him. However, it was never long until he completely recovered and then he would BRAVELY recite—

Strong grows the cherry tree,
Riper grows the cherry,
And the sooner you court a girl,
The sooner you'll marry!

Someone once said, "'Children are so charming; you never know what they are going to say next!" We had the same charming problem with our 95-year-

old. His answers and remarks ranged from angelic quotations to such impertinent questions as; "How old is that lady? Is she married? No, not that one! The one with the big rose on her hat."

I remember one afternoon in particular—a very humid one. We finished our iced tea and then we bundled Grandpa (or Grandpappy Doodle Bug as we sometimes affectionately tagged him), into his evening coat (also known as long black overcoat) and put him out on the side porch to air.

We spent the eight minutes that it usually took him to get settled in twisting our hair, untying our shoes, falling over his crutches, and chasing flies. We almost always had to chase them even after the eight minutes were up, for the screen door remained open until Grandpa was completely settled just in case he could think of "anything else" he wanted!

He would stay all afternoon on the porch and he seemed very contented in just watching the squirrels, napping, yapping, and nodding to people.

On this particular afternoon I was giving a bridal shower for my friend who was getting married the following Sunday. As FATE would have it everyone came up on the side porch and through the side door instead of around the front and through the front door. Grandpa, bundled up in his overcoat, looked like an advertisement for "Buy your coal now. Winter will soon be here." He greeted my friends with his Jack O'Lantern smile, and then, OF ALL THINGS! he said, "Warm today, isn't it?"

I had the feeling that my friends were secretly thinking that we were trying to smother him, but in a broad-minded sort of way, by putting him out on the porch! I shook my finger at "Mr. Snow Man" and then, as I closed the side door, he began to recite:

"Strong grows the cherry tree,
Riper grows the cherry,
And the sooner you court a girl,
The sooner you'll marry!"

IV

Hot water bottles, Mush, and Molasses had become important and well established members of our household. They kept Grandpappy Doodle Bug napping, yapping, and creeping around the house seven days a week.

Our striped cat Longfellow was not affectionately inclined toward Grandpa. Longfellow is a surprisingly loving friend and he is so spoiled that the minute anyone starts to pet him he falls down, but to Grandpa he displayed his "alley" manners. He also has some questionable friends, and he knows better than to ever bring them home to the basement. Longfellow used to be a very handsome cat, just like the stuffed ones, but he already has a HUNK out of his right ear and I sometimes think he's going to the dogs.

Grandpa loved to sneak up on Longfellow and gently stroke him on the back with one of his crutches. However, Longfellow didn't CARE for the idea of anyone sneaking up on him in such a manner and he would hiss loudly and run under the piano while Grandpa would Ha, Ha, Ha, and Ho, Ho, Ho.

In the spring when Daddy dug IN A CIRCLE around the pump and planted the lettuce, Grandpa reminisced about HILLS of corn, VALLEYS of wheat, and ACRES of strawberries. My heart ached for the radishes that never came up and for the poor old cactus that SUDDENLY went back down into the earth. Even our friend Homer told us that all we could ever raise would be an "Umbrella." The rest of the summer we felt like freaks; none of us had green thumbs.

On Tuesday and Thursday mornings Homer would come puffing along, pull up in the driveway, and knock down the back door if we weren't standing there waiting for him. He usually brought a reception committee along with him which included all the dogs, cats, lions, and tigers for blocks around, and they would ALL march up on the porch with him to his feeble whistling of "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise."

Dear Homer was the huckster who supplied us with potatoes, tomatoes, lettuce, asparagus, corn, and free (but untested) recipes once a month. Homer stuttered, and he had adenoid trouble; his hair was just the color of hair, but we liked him and he liked us. At least I think he did, for he always brought Mother a bouquet of violets.

On rainy mornings we would sometimes invite Homer in to have a cup of coffee with us. Mother drank tea, I drank coco, and Homer drank Ovaltine, but it was nice to have him in for a "cup of coffee." And it was nice to have someone to "Dalk Do" as Homer's adenoids would say.

One morning the rain was really coming down. Homer dropped a lump of sugar into his Ovaltine and said, "Did I ever tell you bout the tibe that I worked in a n-dut factory? It was before I ever th-th-thought of raising potay-does, tomay-does, or led-duce, and I needed some money, so I cracked chez-duts, coco-duts, maple-duts, wall-duts, hickory-duts, and pea-duts from dine in the mornings und-til fibe in the evenings, and once a week we were allowed to take a lot of different kinds of duts home with us. It was sure a dice place—nothin' stuck up 'bout it. They had signs above ev-berry door that said, 'THE BIGGEST DUTS IN THE WORLD CUB THROUGH OUR DOORS. WE GUARANTEE FRESHNESS IN THE LITTLE ONES AS WELL AS THE BIG ONES.' And maybe you don't think those duts didn't put some iron in my stombuck. I ate three pounds and I could chin myself on ev-berry door. That wuz sure a dice place to work. But I had to give it up when wind-ter came because the busses were so crowded that people stepped on my toads and breathed down my deck and I finally got Dew-monia. Well, did I ever tell you 'bout the tibe—the tibe I worked in a dut factory?"

Grandpa poked open the swinging door and entered on "Oh, Ha-Ha-Hum!"

V

It rained the next day and the next, and on the next day the kitchen sink acquired a leaky faucet, Grandpa "jarred" his "tailbone" and I sent my trunk off to school. All in one morning.

In the afternoon Grandpa thought he was alone. Daddy was at the office,

Mother had gone to the monthly meeting of the Afternoon Garden Club, and I was upstairs painting my fingernails. Longfellow was downstairs creeping around. He thought he was alone too.

I was painting the ring finger when I heard a sound which was becoming familiar around our house. CLUNK. I calmly put the nail brush down, closed my eyes, and walked downstairs. I opened them to find Grandpa sprawling in the kitchen; he was half way under the stove! The only man in sight was a five-year-old neighbor boy who wanted to know "How long" Grandpa had been in the war.

I propped Grandpa up with four pillows, told him six times not to move, gave him two marshmallows, and then I called the doctor.

In a little town no one ever bothers to look up a number. One just gives the NAME to the operator whether it be YE OLD PASTRY SHOPPE, or Rita Books' residence. I was calling Dr. Spring. He was in.

We soon had Grandpa in bed and a hot whiskey toddy in his stomach (but not until he had convinced Dr. Spring that he WAS NEVER A DRINKING MAN, did he take a snort).

He was really all right except for his "tail bone" which was becoming "sorer and sorer." It was his second fall in one day. The first time he just stood STRAIGHT UP and fell down!

The rest of the week Grandpappy Doodle Bug had his meals in bed, and we all encouraged him to stay there. But he didn't want to. He couldn't "See anything, Hear anything, Find anything, Fix anything" or even fall down!

When Mother took his mush in to him he couldn't find the safety pin that fastened the (towel) bib around his neck, but AT LAST it stuck him and he clipped it together.

When I took his soup in to him he wanted to know WHY I hadn't brought a BIG spoon. I took it off the tray and handed it to him personally. He looked properly astonished and exclaimed, "Hiding there all the time—just like a prairie chicken!" Our silverware is wild.

On Friday I left for school. I found myself wondering if LIFE would be puzzling after three months "At home." Grandpa and I solemnly shook hands and I solemnly sat down on the side of his bed and quoted Emily Post. I HOPED that I would see him again sometime, I HOPED that he would stop saying that we serve "tough" food (he must remember that we have teeth), and I HOPED that he had enjoyed his visit with us.

Grandpa sank his head deeper into the pillow and said, "Oh, I'll still be here." And you know, I bet he WILL!

POEMS

Betty Jack has become known on campus as president for next year's Student Council; through the GRIFFIN, she has become known as an accomplished poet as well. A constant contributor to our literary magazine, Betty Jack once more presents a selection of thoughts set in metric patterns.

BETTY JACK LITTLETON

IN dusk diffusing sidelong down the street
Where rain has made the gutters murky and full
Of autumn leaves; where in and out the dull
Intangled light your own step's hollow beat,
Now fast, now slow, becomes embalmed in deep
And hardening silence—now while there is still
Enough of absence, of seeing thin light crawl
From vacant windows into the street and creep
Away; this still-born instant pruned from time
Lies heavy on the air and what is known
Falls in equilateral triangles; now breath and rain
That mingle, moist with moist, and wind, flat-blown
Across the medium of night, swell through the dim
Dividing senses; oneness ends alone.

THESE words stretched across the senses
Have not reached the silent ends of thought.
Can we speak of sloping hills that tumble into the sea,
Or sidewalks stroking the back of a city
Where boys whistle and old men sell newspapers?
What can be said of geese flooding a gray sky
Or brown grass thatching a mountain top?
Are there words for tempered gold on window sills
Where morning leans across the night?
Words we have said are the skin of perception.
May we meet on a latitude common to us both
In music trembling beyond sound
And sight beyond the eye.

IN years lying curdled between war and peace
What is there left of living? It is fall,
And summer is sunning herself where shadows pace
Across park benches and dry leaves. Is this all—
To mark the weeks by Sunday dinners, and days
Between, to walk the streets, past rusty lamps,
And damp papers blown in the gutters? Who prays
For a sober-tailed dog that whines and limps
Or for people who watch want-ads? We are lost
In a dark room where something is moving. It is not
A breath dipping into silence, not frost,
There gripping a window pane. It is not thought
Or the pressure of darkness settling on the floor. No more
Than half perceived gestures of the Mover—no more.

UNORTHODOX

If UNORTHODOX were fact, then its author would be a future reporter. As it is, Barbara Spandet intends doing social work after graduation. Interested in writing character sketches, she here humorously depicts the seemingly aloof girl who is inwardly fascinated by the man she tries most frequently to antagonize.

BARBARA SPANDET

IT was great to be back on the job again. Working in the copy room of a newspaper office certainly beat reciting *Macbeth* at the high school, and for three weeks, now that Christmas vacation had come, I could mingle in the tussle and bustle of a newspaper office just as I had all summer. It was especially good to be back with the reporters once more; they were all grand fellows except for, of course, Dick, whose reputation I had always considered a little spotted. I suppose I even missed him during those three months at school, probably like a person would miss a sore thumb.

Dick's cough broke the unusual quiet in the office—a quiet which had been acting as kind of a sedative after the late, smoky night-before of the Country Club Christmas formal. And though nine o'clock seemed early to be back on my job as an alert proofreader, the ticking of copy coming off the U.P. machines, and the uncomfortable feeling of being watched, awakened me from my drowse.

He just stood over my desk, saying nothing, merely eyeing me knowingly with the usual laugh in his eyes.

"Don't *you* want to know who She was too?" he asked finally.

"Not interested," I lied. "On second thought, talk with you later."

He just grinned, and regarding me slyly from the side of half-closed eyes, ambled back to his desk, ripped the old sheet from his typewriter and started anew.

Whoever his Country Club date had been, I was sure about one thing—she must be the attraction in Chicago. No wonder he went up there so often.

Pat and I had been dancing almost an hour before they came with the usual after-the-cocktail-party gang. Wonder if Pat noticed how I started leading more than usual, tugging towards the door where he and that creature stood. The way She hugged his arm and sparkled up into his eyes was enough to revolt anyone. And that pink and white camellia in her hair—*had* to be in her hair, hardly any dress to pin it to.

Well, She needn't think She was so smart. There were others before her . . . Gloria, Madge and then "Toots." She should have seen him that night at the dance three years ago, the first time I ever saw him.

"Who's that tall guy over there, Pat?" I had asked.

"Dick Bailey, his old man owns the newspaper," replied Pat, his voice cracking.

"Oh," I reflected, eyeing this huge, dark apparition carefully. Looked awfully nice in those tails and that white tie. Bet they had to be tailor-made to fit him.—"Why, Pat, he's almost a head and a half taller than I. Just look at the way he has to bend over to dance cheek to cheek with that girl. Who is that girl, Pat?"

"The one in white dancing with Dick?"

"Uh huh."

"Madge Alexander. Guess they go together or somethin'."

She should have seen those two that night. He was handsome. There was no getting around it. It might have made her wonder, though, whose predecessor She would be.

Naturally, I was just as curious as the next person to know who She was, but what annoyed me was that he knew it. Why, it hadn't been six months since I first came to work for his father on this paper, and already he waited for my reactions like a weather-man at a groundhog's hole.

He didn't even speak but one word to me that first morning. "There," he had said as he opened the office gate for me. It's a little hard to get out at first. In fact, he almost acted anti-social that first week. I didn't care, though. He was everything that would repel my good Lutheran morals: A heathen, an older man, thirty, gambled, ran around with that "Country Club crowd," and drank.

Though Dick had teased me a good deal about drinking, the actual fact that he did drink was impressed on me rather severely one morning. I was feeling inclined to forgive that morning. I was almost ready to accept Dick's immoral ways, especially since his behavior had been increasingly decorous. He hadn't once looked at me *that* way, "wellll'd," raised his thick black eyebrows or even laughed at me all morning. Then *he* came in. By *he* I mean Sam Sheedy, the owner of the biggest wholesale liquor house in the county.

Slapping Dick's bent back, Sam bellowed, "How are yuh, Dick old boy? And you, Howell? How are you this fine morning?"

Sam chuckled hideously. I just shivered.

"Just fine, just tops, Sam," came the friendly chorus.

They were acquainted. They all seemed to know each other. How could—

"Have the cases down at the house in a couple of days, Howell. Okay with you, Dick? Can you wait that long? Fine, fine. Well, see you around, boys."

And then he had left. No, there was little doubt now about Dick's being a rough character. But still, there seemed to be an intangible sweetness in his smile, even if he only smiled that way at elderly ladies. Some remnant of the shyness in that picture.

It was an old picture I'd run across at a friend's house, a picture of the Graves' family reunion in 1927. Probably still there. In the front row sat Dick, snuggling shyly up to his sister's side. His shock of licorice hair was parted neatly in the middle, his eyes bashfully scrutinized his pigeon-toed boots, and the trace of an embarrassed, one-sided grin scampered across his face. And, of all things, a prim, black suit with knee-length pants and long black stockings.

He surely didn't look like that the morning after I saw his car outside of the Legion home for drunken stags. His tie was off, his shirt collar open, he looked tired, his five o'clock shadow had become a reality, and his usually lively eyes were stilled.

"You look like you might have been at the Legion last night, Dick."

"I was," he had replied in a cool, blase manner.

"I know," said I, trying to sound as worldly as he.

His head jerked around. "How did *you* know?"

"Just knew."

He studied me for a moment, shrugged his tired shoulders and resumed his typing. It was slow and erratic though, and finally he looked around and demanded once more, "How did you know?"

"I was in the booth next to you."

"Booth!" his eyes wandered, "I wasn't in a booth – I was at –"

"Aha! cried little Frances Willard, so you were at the bar. Hmmmmph."

"Yesh," he mumbled apologetically as his eyes dulled, his mouth dropped open, and he regarded me stupidly.

I couldn't get a reasonable, sober response from him all morning. He would only look at me with a pitifully glazed expression, hiccup quietly, excuse himself and resume his work. If it hadn't been for the various businessmen coming in during the morning to talk to him, I would never have guessed he was sober at all. Then at noon when the mail came, Dick brought in a large cardboard carton marked *glass, fragile* and began to unwrap it. He must have felt my hawk-like stare though, for, eyes laughing mockingly, he drew from the box a jug containing a purple liquid, wrapped his arm around it mountaineer fashion and put it to his mouth. I don't think he saw the *Floor Wax* sign on the other side.

Laugh, taunt, tease, that's all he ever did. Probably the coup de tease of his career was the week of needless suspense he gave me. I should have known better than to believe that he would actually marry and settle down like an ordinary civilized Homo sapien. But it came as such a shock. After all, if he were to get married, surely the entire town would have heard about it long before.

It was Friday morning at the office, and everything seemed quite normal; everything but a certain excited stirring in the atmosphere around Dick's desk. I could hear him talking with close friends in a hushed voice and bargaining over the price of something to be used only a few times and not to exceed $35 or $40, which I naturally assumed was a dinner jacket.

But why would he need a dinner jacket?

Later when he left the office, I took over the use of his desk, phone and typewriter. But, no sooner had I situated myself, than I felt a vast, looming presence behind me, patiently awaiting my evacuation.

A slow smile rolled across his lips. "Next week you can have this desk all to yourself," he drawled amiably.

Surprised and frightfully curious, but acting the picture of bored disinterest, I replied, "That so? Going to be gone?"

"Yes," he beamed proudly, "on my honeymoon."

If I had had dentures, they would have been on the floor, but my eyes only jumped out to meet my glasses, and when I spoke, I heard some stranger croaking, "Good for you. It's really about time, you know."

He lowered himself into his chair, observed the Santa Fe railroad calendar on the wall for a moment, and grinned, "Think so?" It never occurred to me to wonder why he turned his head the other way then and started choking on his gum.

The following morning his desk was clean and vacant, ready for its new occupant; his father arrived an hour later than was his habit; and his sister was visiting from New Jersey for the week end.

It was true! He hadn't been teasing me, I decided. It was strange, though, how quiet everyone had kept the whole affair. Probably "Toots." They said he became engaged when he was at that resort for a couple of weeks.

Dick was conspicuously absent all week, and so was the family's new Cadillac. I could almost see a tiny blonde cuddling up to his powerful darkness as they sped down the highway to some Shangri-la.

The week that followed was one of speculation and spying, until the next Monday morning when I entered the office to find Dick bent industriously over his desk. He looked tanned and healthy after his hunting trip with the boys in Minnesota.

He *was* a tease, he was a veritable plague. But he needn't have caused me so much—uh—concern that week, nor did he really have to embarrass me so, a week later, at the Rotary family picnic. Embarrass me, that's all he wanted to do.

All I did was try to smell it, that foam bubbling over the top of a stone crock onto the supper table, I mean. I wasn't a bit conspicuous either, just sort of sniffed cautiously—until that bass boomed across the lawn.

"Get your nose out of that beer, Stephenson!"

Did I scuttle away from *that* iced tea!

Why he had to come that night of *all* nights to Rotary I never could figure out. Thirty years old is a little old to be classified as a Rotarian's child. Even, I, at seventeen, felt a bit out of place.

Naturally, the one time I had wanted him at Rotary more than anything else, he refused to go. It wasn't exactly I who wanted him out there; it was Mother. She wanted him to meet the speaker, a beautiful young friend of ours from New York. I don't know what good Mother thought an introduction like that would do. She was about two feet shorter than he, and certainly demanded more in a husband than he could ever be.

"Ever go to Rotary, Dick?' I had asked.

"Why, yes, several times."

"Nice club, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," he grinned and turning from his tidied desk, ambled to the side of my chair, watching me intently.

"Why don't you go out tonight, Dick? Lovely program. So interesting." His mouth kept twitching as though he were trying to suppress a knowing leer.

"That right? You going to play your flute?"

"Of course not," muffling an impulse to add "silly." "But you should really go." He made me squirm, made me wish someone would turn on the air conditioning.

"Why?"

"You'd enjoy it so much."

"Why do you want *me* out there tonight?"

I had to think of a reason then—any reason but the real one.

"Well, you should just hear her talk. It'll be *the* program of the year. And the stories she tells. Why, she even tells about the time she and William Jennings Bryan's daughter were calypsoing in a native night club."

"That's nothing," he smiled modestly, "I have a *snapshot* at home of Bryan's daughter doing the calypso. But why do you want *me* to go *tonight?*"

"You really have a snapshot?" A feeble decoy to throw him off the scent.

"Yes, she's my cousin, you see." He should have looked away then, because his eyes never could lie as well as he.

His third degree was getting to be more than I could tolerate by that time and before I realized what I was doing—

"Take those awful eyes off me, Dick Bailey!"

And then he just stood there, shaking with laughter, those insufferable eyes of his almost closed, like a pair of inverted black half-moons. But he probably realized that he'd tortured me enough for one time, because he sobered up and apologized.

"Really sorry I can't make it after all. Just remembered two meetings I have to cover for the paper tonight." He grabbed his topcoat from the rack, almost did a jackknife opening the office gate, grinned over his shoulder, and sauntered out, making me feel like a wooden nickel in a paper mill.

I knew I was supposed to look for good in people; but aside from his dark good looks, and of course beauty is only skin deep, I couldn't think of one good thing about him, his moral side, I mean. He didn't swear much, though. That could probably be considered commendable. In fact, I had only heard him swear once.

"You a Lutheran!" he had gasped. "Why I always thought you were a Federated."

I a Federated? What could have made him think like that? What difference did it make to him if I happened to be one of those strait-laced, puritanical Lutherans or not?

A few moments later, several farmers strode into his father's office.

"What do you suppose they're doing here?" I asked. After all, what could a bunch of farmers be doing in a newspaper office—much less the private office

of the publisher?

"Just a couple damn Lutherans," was the nonchalant reply, but the chuckle that followed was anything but nonchalant.

Who did he think he was, that he could swear in front of me? He was only teasing, of course, but just the same, the Lutherans, poor and strict as they might be, were a sight better than he was. At least they didn't swear, carouse around with unknown women or drink. Drink! I'd tried to tell him, tried to show him, but he wouldn't listen.

Why, only a few days ago I had been proofreading an anti-liquor article, and, underlining the important points, I had handed it to Dick.

"Get a load of this, Tommy," he chuckled. " 'Liquor slows you down, pulls you down and lets you down!' Why that's rubbish! There's *nothing* like a good shot of whiskey to set me up and give me a little pep. Absolutely nothing."

"Why, my doctor tells me to have a quart of whiskey every day," responded Tommy, the infamous photographer, "for my sickness, you know."

"Oh, yes," continued Dick, "doctors always prescribe whiskey for sick people."

"Alcohol's used for preserving too," I had added.

"Of course," approved Dick.

"For preserving dead things."

He wouldn't let me have the last word, though. He only cleared an annoying "frog" from his throat, tapped the ruler impatiently on his desk and mimicked, "The weekly meeting of the W.C.T.U. will now be adjourned."

He must have gloried in making a fool of me. I was sorry now that I had shown any interest in who She was. Probably his favorite occupation outside of drinking, playing poker, and—and—entertaining women was torturing me.

Maybe I was hungry. After all, it *was* 11:45, but the more I thought about it the madder I got. The lines of the proof began to merge into one red sheet as I read passionately on. I'd never devoured so many Ladies Aid and Jolly Five Circle meetings so fast in all my proofreading career. The Filler Facts came almost as a relief from "refreshments were served and a social time was spent"; my hair quit tingling and the paper became black and white again as I read the number of fir trees on Bald Headed Mountain, Vt., and the date of Bret Harte's twelfth birthday.

"Wichita Falls, Texas, has world's worst water!" it read.

That was the town where Dick had been stationed for a whole year with the Air Corps! Good enough for him, I gloated . . . Still . . . It must have been awfully hard on him to get used to the water there after the wonderful water at home. It would have been especially hard since the heat would make him so thirsty.

I heard the slam of a typewriter being jammed back into a desk and a cough, a bad cough. I turned around and sympathized, "Dick, I just read that Wichita Falls, Texas, has the world's worst water. How'd ja ever stand it?"

He looked down and smiling in a sweet, sleepy way asked, "That so? Never tasted it."

That settled it. I wouldn't *ever* try to be civil to him again. He would only scoff. He needed someone to really talk to him about liquor, its evils, what it was doing to him. I had tried. Never again. He always laughed.

The twelve o'clock whistle blew; I must have jumped. Didn't get much work done. I put on my coat and felt Dick follow me out of the office. "There," he said as he opened the heavy door outside. It's a little hard to open at first.

"Want a lift home?" he volunteered.

"Why – uh – yes, thanks." After all, he *was* the boss, I rationalized as he helped me off the curb.

"Watch out! That car almost hit you. You know we don't need news that badly."

I felt almost like a first grader with the patrol boy.

"Nice radio you have, Dick. Last time I saw your dashboard there was a gaping hole there. Say, it's dialed for music, too. What does that do?"

"Listen," he invited as he turned on the radio.

"It is better, isn't it? I do wish Dad would get a radio, but Mother doesn't want one in the car. She's afraid it would distract him from his driving. I imagine it's nice when you – uh – travel a lot alone, though."

"Yes, when I turn on some music full blast at night it helps keep me awake driving home from Chicago."

That woman! She did live in Chicago!

"Driving home from Chicago?" I insinuated.

"Yes," he smiled a slow confirmation. He understood what I meant. "Going to be at the Alumni Ball Saturday night?"

"I–I'm not old enough."

"Of course you are."

"Well, none of my friends seem to–seem to be attracted to that sort of dance."

"It *is* pretty rough–downright rugged in fact, but it's almost worth the price of admission just to watch it." He looked directly at me then, and his eyes were serious, all mockery had disappeared.

I said nothing. Then, finally, "You going to be there?"

He nodded.

"Then I will too."

Good night! What had I said!

But he only nodded again and said, "Okay, I'll be watching for you. And you might wear that black dress you wore at the Club, so I'll know you this time."

The car drew up to the curb; I jumped out and seemed to fly into the house.

That night it seemed like such a splendid night to take a walk, a walk in the newly fallen snow with the twinkling stars to guide my steps. The air was as invigorating as an after-dinner peppermint; I felt I just couldn't inhale enough

of its crisp sweetness.

Suddenly I regained consciousness. I had wandered far into the other section of town, the side street where Dick lived, in fact.

There was his house!—Right in front of me—with the blinds up!

And there *he* was!

It was Dick trimming the Christmas tree with his father. I stood suspended for an instant, hardly daring to breathe, as I fascinatedly watched Dick's fumbling fingers untangle tinsel.

Ashamed of myself, I hustled on past the next block towards home; then I stopped again, pulled up the collar on my green tweed, and turning in the crunching snow, I retraced those hasty steps for just one more look.

A COGNOMINAL INDEX TO CHARACTER

Laurie's inclination towards classification is a carry-over from her major study, biology. Preferring critical writing to any other kind, the author of the following essay presents a combination of penetration and gaiety. Another example of her writing, in a more serious vein, is to be found on the last page of this issue.

LAURIE BOWMAN

AMUSED at the sophisms of people, authors of the eighteenth century provided their characters with droll surnames.

Mr. Froth, a young peacock most indefinite concerning his intentions toward the charming Clarinda, is one of the eighteenth-century characters whose name is indicative of his nature. Joseph Addison portrays Froth as a gay blade who takes up a great deal of the fine lady's time with no serious object. *Froth* had been previously applied to humans with contempt by Shakespeare—"Froth, and scum thou liest." And Dekker had said, "Out, you froth, you scumme." Perhaps one of these was the source of irresponsible Froth's name. Another of Clarinda's companions is Mrs. Spitely, who delights in talking about other people. The two gossip about the false stones in Mrs. Brilliant's necklace, which proves Mrs. Spitely's true disposition motivated by malevolence and spite.

A representative of the well-established gentry is Sir Jeoffrey Notch. His name might have come from the meaning to fix securely by means of a notch, because Sir Jeoffrey holds an immovable position in Addison's Trumpet Club. He has believed since he has lost his own fortune that every flourishing man is a pitiful upstart. Notch has held the right-hand chair in the club for years, and in all that time has never varied his routine genealogy, a history repeated at every meeting.

Johnson creates a companion piece to Mr. Froth in the person of Mr. Trip, who is very much afraid of well-educated young ladies. Bellaria once frightened him into another theater box by a chance recitation of Dryden's ideas concerning tragedies. An obsolete meaning of *trip* is a kind of dance. Mr. Trip is described as having a walk like a dance, and he certainly moves lightly and quickly through the young woman's life.

Lonelove is a character enamoured of solitude. Ranger likes roaming over the fields at random. When the two comrades take a six-weeks trip into the country, they return no longer devoted friends. All Lonelove wants to do is sit in a bower, and Ranger wants to walk the fields. Their friendship ends because neither is truly unselfish in compliance with the wishes of the other.

In the field of drama, Oliver Goldsmith's Tony Lumpkin is a fat, spoiled boy who insists on playing mischievous tricks.

> *Hardcastle.* Learning, quotha! a mere composition of tricks and mischief.
> *Mrs. Hardcastle.* Humour, my dear; nothing but humour. Come, Mr. Hardcastle, you must allow the boy a little humour.
> *Hard.* I'd sooner allow him a horse-pond. If burning the footmen's shoes, frightening the maids and worrying the kittens be humour, he has it. It was but yesterday he fastened my wig to the back of my chair, and when I went to make a bow, I popt my bald head in Mrs. Frizzle's face . . . .
> *Mrs. Hardcastle.* I believe we shan't have him long among us. Anybody that looks in his face may see that he's consumptive.
> *Hardcastle.* Ay, if growing too fat be one of the symptoms.

Lumpkin is the diminutive of lump which means a coarse heavy mass of no particular shape, often with implication of excessive size and protuberant outline. This title fits Tony to perfection.

One of the most unforgettable characters of the eighteenth century is Mrs. Malaprop, who has a contemporary and eternal replica. Sheridan creates a likable woman who uses big words regardless of their sense. Her name probably came from *Malapropos,* meaning inappropriate. Mrs. Malaprop calls Sir Anthony "an absolute misanthropy" and advises Lydia Languish in forgetting a certain young man to "illiterate" him. Mrs. Malaprop intercedes letters, reprehends their significance, and tries to extirpate herself from difficult situations.

The names of all these characters have been in some way allusive to their natures. Mr. Froth—a trivial nature; Tony Lumpkin—a devilish little butterball; and Mrs. Malaprop—remarkable in her misuse of words. These authors were quite adept in pointed nomenclature, and shaped the characters by their names.

THE COUNTRY HOUSE

A member of the English faculty at Lindenwood, Siegmund Betz has come to be known by a variety of things—his red convertible, his interest in cats, and his written comments on the papers of his students. Equally important is the fact that Dr. Betz has already been published in the ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

SIEGMUND A. E. BETZ

THE dado of nymphs in red and green girdles the room,
On the black floor a yellow kitten
Bites and salivas its neck ribbon,
And the ivy-traceried window tangles the going light.
If I come here again
I must strike a muffled drum
And leave crossed matchsticks on the threshhold
And sprinkle oil of vitriol as I come.

DATE

SIEGMUND A. E. BETZ

MOMENT wine is sweet on the lips,
But the hour is brackish and flat.
She dabs the napkin with her fingertips
And tilts her hat.
I twist my wrist to glimpse the time,
Suppress a yawn like mortal sin.
The waiter carries off her slice of lime
And brings the terrapin.

ROOTS

Next year's editor of the GRIFFIN, Jane Ewing shows her literary ability in the following essay. Jane is an English major, and her most important hobby is reading. Her current enthusiasm for James Thurber is understandable, for her own writing sometimes contains the kind of humor and whimsey peculiar to him.

JANE EWING

WHEN I pass by the big white house out on West Pine Street, I always really expect to see Grandmother sitting on the front porch, and if I looked in at the window, I think I would see Grandad sitting in the red wicker chair, bent over his endless, complicated game of solitaire. Grandmother and Grandad are both dead now, and the house is rented, but still part of me believes that if I were to open the heavy front door and go in, nothing would be changed; Grandmother's collection of red and blue glass would be in the windows on either side of the fireplace—red on the left, blue on the right—and Dinah the cat would be curled disdainfully in one of the easy chairs.

Since we lived in the same town, I went to Grandmother's house quite often, but a visit there was never commonplace, there was always something exciting to do, inside or outdoors. The house was squarely solid, set well back from the street on a quarter block of ground, and it was always very white and substantial looking. The yard was raised above sidewalk level, and right along the curb was a thick row of iris, all dark purple. If they bloomed at the right time, we used them in our May-baskets, with spirea that looked like tiny snowballs.

The grass in the front yard was starred with yellow dandelions, and you wanted to run and run across it, or just lie down in it and smell it. There were all sorts of trees. In the front yard the shade from the tall, graceful American elms made dark patterns on the smooth grass, and there was one catalpa, with broad, strong-smelling leaves and the sharp little spears that we used to use for swords. In the back yard stood the locust trees, very tall, with black bark and the white blossoms that are the smell of a summer afternoon to me. Best of all were the apple trees, whose knotty branches were made for climbing. They always bore lots of apples but few of them ever ripened; I suppose the bugs spoiled them. We had an exciting game with those hard little green apples, gathering great piles of them and seeing who could throw the most across the street and over a high wire fence into the town's reservoir, which was beside the power plant. We felt we were doing something unlawful and a little dangerous when we sent an apple splashing into the community water supply, and were always faintly disappointed because no one ever complained.

The yard was the best place for hide-and-seek that you could imagine.

While whoever was It counted frantically to five hundred by fives, we would race to hide behind the dense spirea bushes against the house, or in the big garage that had been a stable, or behind a tall row of iris in the back yard. One of my favorite places was behind a big stump with a flower box on top, full of petunias. I would crouch there, hot and panting, waiting for a chance to sneak home free, smelling the crab grass and the insistent sweetness of the petunias.

If we didn't feel like hide-and-seek, there were plenty of porches to jump off and fences to climb for follow-the-leader, or we could jump back and forth over the hedge in the side yard. The elm tree beside the driveway had a swing in it; I remember twisting the ropes together and then sitting in it and letting them untwist, whirling around and around until I was dizzy. We could play hide-and-seek in the house, too, but this was discouraged, except on rainy days or at family dinners, which were usually in the winter.

Inside, the rooms were large, with a vaguely pleasant smell, and lots of light. The living room windows were low and wide, and for about two years, one of them had to be cleaned every morning. Grandad had a gawky, overgrown pointer called Cappy, who would come every night to the front window and put his paws on the sill and his nose against the clean glass, whining dolefully and peering in with begging brown eyes. I never blamed Cappy for wanting in; the tall floor lamps and big mirrors made the room look warm and secure. It was really quite a large room, but it shrank amazingly at family dinners when all the relatives, even unto third cousins, were invited.

Ewing family dinners were impressive affairs. Besides Grandad and Grandmother and Uncle George, there would be the three boys and their wives and children, and various local nieces and nephews and cousins. Then all the St. Louis relatives—fat little Tommy and Martha Alice and Jess, the unmarried Parker girls, who were writing a geneaology, and the married Parker girls and their silent husbands. Obnoxious cousin Lou from California might be there, and Ellen from Arkansas, with her beautiful southern accent, and there might be several people from the farm out at Windsor. A few outsiders came too, like Uncle George's friend, Mr. Frost, who was writing his memoirs.

Too many of our relatives are the kissing kind, and I used to feel slightly damp after receiving a barrage of talcum-powdery smacks. "Well, if it isn't little Jane! My, you're getting taller every time I see you, and look, Maude, she has Boyd's eyes!" Someone was forever wanting to know how we liked school, and if we had been good little boys and girls. Maybe Ethel would tell all about the wonderful, perfectly wonderful time she had had at the last convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. I always had a hard time telling the out-of-town relatives apart, and it was embarrassing sometimes, talking to a cooing stranger in a startling hat who might be Great Aunt Julia, or then again might be Cousin Madge, who played with your Daddy when he was just a tiny boy, dear.

The grownups ate in the dining room, on the long table with all the leaves pulled out, but there wasn't room for all the children, so we ate at card tables

set up in the living room. Always there were four of us—two boys and two girls about the same age—and often six or eight of us to eat the turkey and dressing (plain or oyster) and dark red, bittersweet cranberry sauce. There was salad and a big dish of peas, usually, and piles of mashed potatoes. I always dug a deep hole in my potatoes for the gravy. We had a delightful, noisy time, shaking the table and throwing rolls at each other and flipping olive pits all over the room, but some grownup would come in and make us be quiet. Finally there would be dessert. Cake and ice cream—vanilla, with chocolate chips in it.

After a meal like this, the grownups were content to sit around and talk (some of them went to sleep) but everyone under twelve went upstairs to play. At first we played an interesting, possibly unique game, which I can only call "bumping down the stairs." We would climb to the top of the long flight, sit down, push off, and go bump! bump! bump! down to the landing, step by step on our hardy little seats. Fortunately the stairs were quite smooth, so there were few splinter casualties.

After this grew tiresome, we played hide-and-seek in the four upstairs bedrooms, with the desk in the hall as home base. We could hide behind doors, or under beds, or behind the tall wardrobes, but it was the most fun to hide in the big closets, behind the suits and dresses. I can remember standing tensely in the darkest corner of Grandad's closet, half-smothered by a winter suit, smelling leather and talcum powder and good wool. Or I might be flattened against the wall behind Grandmother's cream-colored silk kimono that smelled of violets in the close darkness. Sometimes someone would climb up to the attic through the hole in one of the closets. We ran yelling through the rooms, tripping over the rugs and bumping into furniture, leaving a wake of trampled shoes and twisted dresses, half off their hangers. This was even more fun than hide-and-seek outdoors, I always thought.

After all the cousins grew up to junior high school, these wild amusements stopped. The last time we played hide-and-seek was when I was in the sixth grade. (Bumping down the stairs had stopped a few years before.) We still ate at our card table and flipped a few olive pits, but it was not the same. The closets stayed neat, the stairs were carpeted, and some adventure went out of my life.

It was nice, too, when just Mother and Daddy and I went out to eat dinner with Grandmother and Grandad. Daddy and Grandad would talk about the law business and Smith's ruling on this or that in 1922, and was celotex going up or down, and how was Bob going to try the Barnes case? Grandmother would tell Mother and me what old Mrs. Taylor had said at D.A.R. that day or what a crushingly dull sermon the current preacher had given Sunday. (He had bad breath and wore a cutaway coat—she couldn't stand him.) Grandmother was a D.A.R., a U.D.C., a member of the Iris Circle of the Presbyterian church, and entertained a ladies' bridge club, but she took them all with a grain of salt, and she could make a funny story out of anything. Her stories were so funny that she laughed at them herself, sometimes so hard that you

couldn't understand what she was saying. I suppose she was never bored, because everyone interested her, from Peewee the trash man to Mr. Steward the president of the bank. Grandmother was short and plump, with curly gray hair, and bright blue eyes behind rimless glasses. She was almost always smiling.

Grandad, who was taller than she, had very dark brown eyes, and was bald on top, but he had a respectable fringe of white hair left. He spoiled his grandchildren just as enthusiastically as Grandmother did, and he loved to give us quarters. Though he was much quieter than Grandmother, he was probably the stubbornest man in the state of Missouri, and a hardened optimist, too. I remember rides in the country with Grandad. We would be on some little road, with ruts a foot deep, in the gumbo-like spring mud, and Grandmother would warn him, "Lee B., you'd better turn around as soon as you can and get off this road."

"No, it'll be all right. It's drier up ahead there," he would reply calmly, as the car lurched over small boulders and torturous ruts. Grandad serenely ignored all agonized protests, and we usually ended up in a deserted cornfield, or on the brink of some Godforsaken river. You had to admire strength of character like that.

Sometimes after we had finished the Swiss steak or the fried chicken, Grandad would start to tell the story about the golfer who went to hell. It was long and rambling, with a very flat punch line, but he loved it, and I have heard it what seems like hundreds of times. If he started that story, Grandmother just kept on telling what the yard man had said that afternoon, completely ignoring Grandad. He would go right on with his story, and she would go right on talking above him. She and the boys were always doing this. He never minded, but it must have been embarrassing for someone who didn't know us very well, sitting there trying to listen to the host tell a story while his wife and children talked on as if he were not there.

If I finished my dessert before the grownups did, I could go into the living room and look at the knickknacks on the bookshelves, or at Grandad's ranch romance and western adventure magazines. He read them constantly, and there was always a stack of them on the coffee table, maybe next to a biography of Robert E. Lee or a big green law book. I could play with the snowstorm paperweight, too, with its exotic-looking flowers. When the grownups finished eating, we would sit out on the front porch listening to the locusts, if it was warm, or if it was winter, in front of the little fireplace with the hearth of polished brown tile.

I liked the living room, but my favorite room in all the house was Grandmother's bedroom. It was big and sunny, and the walls were covered with pictures, mostly of children and grandchildren. I used to count them, and there must have been at least thirty or forty. What I loved most was the dressing table, with the silver-backed brushes and the different kinds of perfume, and best of all, Grandmother's jewelry box, a faded green velvet one, divided into sections. In it were the crystal beads, and the string of jet Daddy had brought

back from Mexico, and the gold necklace set with green jade. There was a tiny cameo and an old-fashioned coral brooch that belongs to me now. I would carefully put on necklaces and rings and bracelets, feeling like the little girl in the Magic Garden for a while.

If Grandmother was there, she would tell me stories about the pictures on the walls. There was Uncle John's sweetheart, who had died before they could be married, and Uncle Willie, in a fancy gold frame, with a romantic little moustache and wearing a string tie. The best one was my father aged seven, dressed in a big cap, striped jacket, knickers, and black stockings, sitting grimly astride a wire-backed soda fountain chair. There were all sorts of pictures of us children, from the diaper and baby-carriage stage to pigtails and boy scout uniforms.

I always got to hear lots of stories when I went up to Grandmother's to eat lunch on school days. We ate in the kitchen, and if I wanted three pieces of cake and no vegetables, it was all right. I could play with the miniature sand glass that was used to time soft-boiled eggs, and Grandmother would tell me about the time Daddy and his gang (the Dirty Dozen) stole a chicken from the preacher, or about the time Daddy coasted down the Brickyard Hill Road on his sled and fell off the high bridge. She wasn't above a little embroidery to make her stories more interesting, but she did it very artistically. I never tired of hearing about Cock Robin and Spinoort, the two parrots Uncle Lynn got in South America the summer he went down as cabin boy on a boat. They spoke only Spanish at first, but they were quick to pick up English; Cock Robin learned to imitate Grandmother's voice perfectly, and he would call old Bill, the bird dog, for hours, nearly driving him to nervous collapse. I would listen raptly as she told of Cock Robin's untimely death by drowning in a toilet. Those noon hours were terribly short, and I was never ready to go back to school, but if it was spring, Grandmother would let me pick a bunch of pansies to take back with me.

The garden was in one corner of the yard, with stepping-stone paths leading to the roses in the center. There were straight, slender hollyhocks and canterbury bells, foxglove, foreign-looking Oriental poppies, and in the fall, dwarf chrysanthemums. In one corner was a feathery little mimosa tree. Grandmother's spring flowers were always the prettiest at the tea her church circle gave in the spring. In April, Mother would go and pick armloads of tulips and jonquils and delicate snowdrops with green-tinged white petals.

Now when I walk by the big house, sometimes I feel a small sadness because the flowers are no longer mine to pick, and the swing isn't in the elm tree. I know, though, that there is no reason for sadness. The house, and everything it makes me remember, cannot be taken away from me just because strangers move in and cut down the apple trees and dig up the dandelions in the front yard. There is no reason to feel sad. But I hope that whoever lives in Grandmother's house will take care of the garden, and keep the roses pruned and the grass clipped around the stepping stones.

SONNET

Being president of the Student Christian Association for the past year has not kept Marilyn Tweedie from the pleasure of writing sonnets. In this following selection, she portrays that delicate understanding which has come to be well-known on campus.

MARILYN TWEEDIE

REMEMBRANCE stuffed into a weathered breast,
Like rewound fiddles of a withered fern
All folded in a pattern—tightly pressed
Betwixt the leaves of time. They'll not return;
For shroudless weeds entwine their bodies, gaunt
With memories. Like strangled strands of hair
Held right with ribbons shreaded by a haunt,
Their veins collapse to choke them in despair.
Thus life drains through a stem of recollections,
Leaving sunken suns to cast their shade
Where once they smeared all else with bright reflections.
Now waiting only serves to dull the blade
Of time's own sickle which is cutting through
The heart that holds this pensive rendezvous.

AND WHO SHALL KEEP THE KEEPERS?

When not writing about children, Nancy Starzl is likely to turn to humorous observations about her major study, biology. As a result, her literary progeny range from the amoeba to the little boy of the following story. Nancy has been a regular contributor to our literary magazine and has served as business manager of the GRIFFIN this past year.

NANCY STARZL

IT was hot and the cooling system of the bus had broken down. A fat, black horsefly beat its wings against the window. Two men in the back of the bus were comparing notes on a fishing trip in Minnesota. The driver wiped his hand across his face. Dark stains covered the back of his shirt.

A little boy across the aisle from me pressed his face against the window, his hands slipping along the smooth glass. "Are we almost there, Mom?" He turned and looked at his mother sitting in the seat behind him.

"It's a long way yet, honey, just sit down and be still." She leaned forward and patted the boy's black hair. "Why don't you try to go to sleep? It'll be about four hours before we get off." She sat back in the worn purple seat and brushed a wisp of stringy wet hair back from her forehead. She turned to the woman in the yellow dress sitting next to her. "It's awfully hard traveling with him. He gets so tired." She straightened her pink skirt and crossed her legs.

"Kids are a bother on a bus." The mid-western twang of the yellow woman sliced through the hot air.

The bus droned along, passing field after field of ripening wheat, like yellow blotters with splotches of green ink scattered here and there. We passed through little towns, each exactly like the one before it—brick main streets covered with dust; children walking along side by side, clutching ice cream cones in dirty fists; men carrying farm equipment to dirty cars parked along the edge of the streets; and over it all, the thick warmth of the sun.

The men from Minnesota talked on, occasionally breaking into laughter. In front of me an elderly couple talked quietly, pausing now and then to point at something outside the window. A few seats back two boys laughed about tying together the bed springs of a college roommate. In front of the little boy there was a woman with gray hair braided in a coronet around her head. She was knitting a scarf of green wool.

The little boy was running up and down the aisle, babbling endlessly. "It's hot. Can I have an ice cream cone? When are we getting there?" He stopped next to us. "Where ya going?" Then he was off again.

His mother leaned out into the aisle and grabbed his arm as he went by. She shook him a little. "Now sit down." She spoke sternly, but smiled. "I'm

just as tired as you are, and you just make yourself hotter by running that way." She put him in his seat. "Behave yourself now. Do you want me to tell Daddy you've been bad?"

She turned to the yellow woman. "He hasn't seen his Daddy for two months. Ed's working with a harvesting crew, working their way up from Texas. We're going to meet them in Leavenworth." She opened her black purse and pulled out a pack of Camels. "Cigarette?"

The woman took one and lit it, exhaling the smoke through her nostrils, the wisps floating toward the ceiling and then disappearing. "Bet it'll be good to see him again." She leaned back and looked out the window. "Wonder where we are?"

The man next to me shifted and crossed his legs. A package wrapped in newspaper slid from his lap and landed on the floor. He laughed.

"Have to be careful of those. Bandages. Just had a cyst removed from my shoulder. The nurse said these would be enough. Got out of the hospital in Omaha just before the bus left." He picked up the package and put it on the rack above the seats, tucking it between two battered suit cases.

The little boy jumped up, pointing out the window. "What's that, Mom? Is that a school like the one I'm goin' to next year? What is it?" He stood on his seat and leaned over the back.

The man sat down and looked out the window. "No, that isn't a school. That's the Nebraska pen."

A high wire enclosure glistened in the sunlight. Square, gray-granite blocks at intervals along the fence stood like outposts of a citadel, with huge round spot-lights facing the yard, and black gun mountings in stark outline against the gray slate roofs. In the center of the yard four buildings hovered together, each of dark stone with long, barred windows reflecting the light of the sun. Two men—one in a dark blue uniform, the other in gray—walked across the enclosure.

The boy looked out at the gray buildings. "What's it for?"

"That's to keep the bad men in."

"What's a pen for, Mom?" He slipped off the edge of the seat and ran to the back to watch the gray buildings slide down behind neat rows of white houses and shaded yards.

He came back and pulled his mother's arm. "What's it for?"

She put her arm around him. "That's where they keep bad men. Men that do things they shouldn't." He ran again to the end of the bus, and then, more slowly, came back.

"The . . . the pen is gone." He rubbed his eye. "What shouldn't they do?"

"Well, they steal things from people, and hurt others, and, well . . . all sorts of things."

"What do they do in a pen?" He sat down next to his mother and rubbed his head against her arm.

She brushed his damp hair back and straightened his brown shirt. "The

guards see that the bad men don't get out, so they can't hurt anyone again. And the bad men live in little rooms with bars on the windows, and they can't go any place unless the guards say they can."

He squirmed. "They can't even get an ice cream cone?"

"No, or they can't go to the show, or play with their friends, or anything."

"I wouldn't like that."

He climbed down, his fat legs stretching to reach the floor, and moved toward the seat in front of us. He wiggled past the couple sitting there and pushed his nose against the window. He turned and looked at them for a moment. "This is a big town. Do you live in a big town?" Then, without waiting for an answer, he dashed back to his mother. "Mom, can I have an ice cream cone? We don't have pens at home, do we?"

"No, we don't. There isn't any place to get an ice cream cone on a bus. Now sit down." This time she didn't smile. "I'm going to tell Daddy how bad you've been." She stood up, took him by the shoulders, and lifted him into his seat.

He sat still for a moment. Then, "Mom, I'm thirsty. Can I have a drink of water?" He squirmed up the back of the seat and reached his hands for the coat rack above his head. He wasn't quite tall enough, and as the bus bumped over a rut, he fell back.

The man next to me leaned over. "You'd better behave or they'll send you to the pen."

The little boy looked at him—his mouth open just a little. His eyes widened and he looked startled, like a child who has just fallen down, but has not had time to start to cry. Then he whirled around to his mother, "Mom, you wouldn't let them send me?"

She didn't say anything—perhaps she hadn't heard—but instead pointed out to the yellow woman a small ranch the bus was passing.

"Mom, Mom, you wouldn't." His voice was high and penetrating, and it quavered. "You wouldn't, would you?"

The old couple stopped talking, and the gray-haired lady set her knitting in her lap and rested her head on the edge of the back rest. The men from Minnesota stopped laughing. The driver shifted in his seat.

The boy's mother dropped her cigarette and put her scuffed toe on it. Her voice was casual, and she sounded a bit surprised that he had asked. "If you're bad, there's nothing I can do about it. You'd better be good." She turned to the yellow woman and continued talking. The black-haired child stood there a minute, his hand rubbing the edge of the towel on the chair back.

"Daddy wouldn't let them send me, would he?" He hung his arm over the back of the chair and touched his mother's pink skirt as if for reassurance. "HE wouldn't." His eyes pleaded.

"There's nothing Daddy could do. If you're bad, they send you. Now sit still." She flicked an ash from the side of her black purse.

The boy looked at her, but she had started talking to her companion. He

crumpled up with his face against the purple upholstery. In a minute he started to cry, rubbing his dirty knuckles against his face. His shoulders shook, and then stopped. He put his head on the chair arm next to the window and wiped the tear streaks from his cheeks.

His mother looked over the top of the chair. "I'll be glad when we get there. He's so tired."

BOOKSTORE

LAURIE BOWMAN

GOING in is introduction to a person of many facets. Talk leaps from piety, music, assets always, to the Redcrosse Knight, Darwin, and Huber the Tuber. Browsing 'round and 'round is pure delight. This acquaintance unveils new enchantments; lyric poetry abounds, escaping ecstatically from new light, breaking out unforced, not like the stilted stumbling of ordinary acquaintances. And when I leave I take a piece of this place, but I always leave a part of me.