The Griffin

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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A GREEN SCARF

Jane Ewing, editor of this year's GRIFFIN, is a sophomore from Nevada, Missouri, and an English major. She would much rather read than write, and plans to do library work after graduation.

JANE EWING

SHE was quite pleased with herself, getting all the packages wrapped the day before Christmas Eve. Strewn over bed, dresser, and chairs, and almost hiding them, were loose sheets of tissue paper, stray Santa seals and tags, tangled ribbons, and small families of boxes. There was just enough red cellophane ribbon to tie up the set of glasses for Harry's parents, and then she would have to stop and clean up. Harry and the boys would be home wanting dinner. Before she started on the box, she looked, not for the first time, at the highboy where the scarf was lying.

Perfect. Quite by accident she had found it at Dawson's, on the way to the glove department. She picked it up and felt its heavy smoothness. It was a large square of silk, dull green—this year they called it palmetto green. A rich color, and soft-looking. She had left it out on the highboy on purpose—too pretty to put in the drawer right away. She laid it over her hair for a moment, then knotted it at her throat as if she were wearing a jacket—the silk was soft and cool against her skin. A little silly to stand there stroking a piece of cloth; but she felt as if she had found a treasure in an unlikely place. Probably because it was Christmas. She undid the scarf, and folded it carefully. How amazingly lucky, finding something utterly right like this! It was meant for the dark brown suit.

She was lucky in so many ways—at Christmas you always felt it much more. So much luckier than lots of people. And she always said that possessions didn't make happiness. She and Harry had a simple life, really. Of course, having Marian had made things much easier. Marian, cleaning by the day, with four children in school and an intermittent sort of husband, probably wouldn't have much Christmas. But people like that, who never had things, couldn't possibly miss them very much. Better that way, really. Anyway, she and the other women Marian worked for were all doing something for her for Christmas. They certainly couldn't feel right about their own Christmases if they knew Marian wouldn't have anything for her children.

She finished the red cellophane bow and fastened on the tag—"With love from Harry and Laura." Now where was that box for Marian? Might as well give it to her tonight, and have it out of the way. There were lots of Jim's and Harry, Jr.'s old things for the three boys; some of her own clothes would fit the girl—fourteen and tall for her age. And there were some new socks and underwear—inexpensive, but of very good quality—that she'd found at Dawson's the same time she'd found the scarf. Better to get practical things like that, that they could wear and wear, and not throw away money on clothes they'd wear once or twice and ruin.

She picked up the scarf again, and held it against her face. It was nice to be able to appreciate the little things in life, like a scarf. She heard Marian

coming up the stairs, hastily put the scarf down on the bed, and pulled the box of old clothes from the closet.

"I'm all finished downstairs, Mrs. Blythe," said Marian, in her quiet voice. "Do you want me to start on the bedrooms now or leave them till tomorrow with the bathrooms?"

"Let them wait till tomorrow, Marian. Here is a box of things for you and the children for Christmas—not much, but I think they'll be useful. Of course, Mr. Blythe has your Christmas check for you. I'd rather you'd take these tonight so I can get this room straightened up."

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Blythe. You know how much I appreciate this, and it's nice of you to do it."

"Well, Marian, we all have to help each other out, don't we?"

"Yes, ma'am." She was looking down at the bed. "My goodness, that certainly is a pretty scarf, Mrs. Blythe. Such a nice color of green."

She felt unreasonably pleased. "Do you really like it? The minute I saw it I knew it was meant for me!" She felt a little silly after she said it, being so enthusiastic to Marian over a scarf.

"It's lovely," Marian said. She picked it up and stroked it lightly. "I had a scarf almost this color once."

Mrs. Blythe smiled. "Well, I got this one at Dawson's." She pushed down the cardboard flaps on Marian's box and handed it to her.

"Thank you again, Mrs. Blythe. I'll see you tomorrow morning." Marian, standing very straight, went out quietly, the way she always did.

Mrs. Blythe began sweeping paper and ribbons off the bed into various boxes. It was getting late, and she could sort these out tomorrow. She was lucky to have Marian—a good worker, and so deserving—the kind of person you really liked to help at Christmas.

Yet there was something about Marian that made her the tiniest bit uncomfortable—something you couldn't put your finger on. Marian certainly wasn't insolent or flip. She was quiet and polite and used very good grammar—so unlike the colored help Mrs. Blythe had been used to. Not that negroes were really any different from—anyone else, but Marian never giggled or sang hymns, or wore cheap, flashy clothes. She always stood up straight and kept herself so neat. Of course, Marian had been brought up in the North, but it seemed odd that she talked just like anyone else. A wonderful cleaner though, and they always got along. Mrs. Blythe had always been good with colored help—never had wanted white help. How would you treat them? She put a handful of silver star stickers in the box and threw some ends of ribbon away. There was just enough time to put on the potatoes.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The dishes were all done, and it was too early for the good radio programs. Harry *would* have to see a client the night the boys were at Scout meeting. She didn't feel like reading. Might as well go up and sort out the Christmas things. She was tempted to throw them all away, but you never knew when things like that might be hard to get.

Just as the bedroom light clicked on, she remembered the scarf. Better

put it away before it got all wrinkled. But it wasn't on the bed, and she knew it was there when she left. Or no, she'd put it in with the Christmas things in her mad rush to get downstairs. Carefully she looked through the boxes, lifting out each sheet of white tissue paper, and hunting among the shiny, tangled ribbons. It wasn't there.

Quickly she looked under the bed, behind the chairs and the dresser, and in the dresser drawers. If they had been open she might have brushed it in. She lifted up the gray scatter rugs, and even felt in the pocket of her skirt. Then, slowly, back over all the places again. Maybe she had put it in the top dresser drawer, where it belonged. But it wasn't there either.

If she just sat down and closed her eyes and didn't try to think, she would remember. The scarf had been on the bed, and she had looked at it after she wrapped the last package, before Marian came. Let's see, it was still on the bed then, because Marian had picked it up and admired it before she had taken the box.

That was what had happened! It must have gotten into the box with the things for Marian. Marian must have dropped it there by mistake—or had she herself pushed it in when she put the lid on the box? Another look around the room, just to be sure. Yes, it was certainly in the box. Marian would probably bring it back with her tomorrow morning. No need to call her. She had to use a neighbor's phone and it was too much trouble. And nothing could happen to it. Such a relief! It was the most maddening thing in the world not to remember where something was. But Marian would bring it in the morning.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

She was sitting over her second cup of coffee when Marian came in. Without stopping to hang her old brown coat in the kitchen, Marian walked right into the dining room. She was smiling broadly. "I wish you could have seen the kids when I brought the clothes home last night, Mrs. Blythe. They were really thrilled! Sue Ann loves that blue wool dress of yours, and Jim's flannel shirt that he outgrew just fits Eddie. They had a fine time taking the things out and trying them on."

"I'm glad, Marian. Mr. Blythe and I are glad to do it. I suppose you found the scarf, then?"

Marian looked uncomprehending. "Why no, Mrs. Blyhe. Was there supposed to be a scarf in the box?"

The scarf *had* to be in the box. "But I'm sure it must have been in it, Marian. I mean the scarf I showed you yesterday when you left. It was right there on the bed, and I'm sure one of us dropped or pushed it in by mistake. You must have overlooked it last night."

"Well no, I'm right sure I didn't. You see, after everyone had finished trying on, I took all the things and shook them out, and sorted them to see which needed mending, and I would have noticed it."

"But I *know* it must have got into that box, Marian. Are you sure it couldn't have dropped out of the box on your way home?"

"No ma'am, Henry Meeks, that delivers for Schultze's, gave me a ride home from the corner, and the top was on tight till I opened it for the kids.

I'll take a look for it when I go home this afternoon, but I can tell you now it won't be there. Did you look real good in your room?"

Of course she had. Did Marian think she was that careless? "Yes, Marian, I looked thoroughly last night. I can't imagine what could have become of it. I'm going up and look once more, just to be absolutely sure. Do the bathrooms first, and then the guest room and the boys' rooms, and our room last. I'll be busy in there for a while."

It wasn't in their bedroom—she knew it wasn't—but she made another search and found just what she expected. It was not there, in any of the places she had looked last night, or in the waste-baskets, which hadn't been emptied. It *must* be in with some of the clothes in Marian's box, caught in a coat sleeve, perhaps. But Marian would have noticed it when she sorted the things. That was the only place it could be, though. Harry had really been irritating this morning, saying she had probably looked right at it a dozen times. She had looked every possible place.

She got out the sewing basket and started on Jimmy's red socks. Jab—jab—jab—went the needle. Marian certainly seemed positive that the scarf wasn't in the box. Marian would never in the world . . . lie about anything. She wove the thick darning cotton in and out. Marian had picked it up and admired it, and—had it been on the bed after that? But Marian just wasn't that kind. Such a hard worker. She knotted the thread. Of course . . . a person that had never had anything that good—and they do say that colored people are just like children in some ways. Although Marian had never seemed—she snapped the thread. The girl *had* looked at the scarf as though she had wanted it! If she weren't absolutely sure the scarf wasn't in her room—but it couldn't be. She had looked everywhere.

Marian was cleaning the upstairs bathroom now, humming softly. She didn't act at all nervous—but she was always such a cool thing. And there was simply no other explanation. There was no place else to look. It could be that the scarf had gotten in the box by accident. Then Marian might have found it and wanted it so much that she just kept it. "Just kept it." Said out loud, the words sounded quite plausible. "Go and talk to her, and maybe I could hint that she could bring it back tomorrow, and no questions asked. After all, that would be the generous thing to do, and it's so near Christmas."

"I think put out the chartreuse towels today, Marian. I looked for my scarf again, but it's just not there. You're *sure* it couldn't be in the box?"

Marian said, "I really am sure, Mrs. Blythe. I'll take a look at home, the way I said, but it's not there."

"Well . . . I don't believe you need wax the floor in here today." She picked up a jar of lavender bath salts and moved it a little to the left on the shelf. "I must get back to my sewing. Maybe you can bring the scarf tomorrow evening when you come to help with dinner."

Marian stopped scrubbing the bath-tub and straightened up on her knees. "Mrs. Blythe, I won't have the scarf tomorrow, either." Her black eyes were level and still. "I looked through all those clothes and it just isn't there."

"All right, Marian."

"I certainly hope you haven't lost it for good. It's so pretty. I'll take a

good look for it when I clean your room. Sometimes it's easy to overlook a thing like that."

"It is not in my room, Marian. I'm sure, too."

Marian returned to her scrubbing. Not another word.

Back in the bedroom Mrs. Blythe began turning the collar on one of Harry's shirts. Marian had definitely been angry behind those black eyes. And she had a bold look, too. Now what? Accuse Marian of taking the scarf—it was pretty obvious that she had—and see what she said? If she wouldn't admit it, let her go? Or watch her like a hawk all the time? If Marian would admit it, she was willing to be generous. Just watch her a little more closely. And probably she ought to tell Rita Caldwell to be a little careful, and Frances Betz, and the others that Marian worked for. She simply couldn't face losing Marian if there was another way out. Never would she find another part-time maid like her. No one would ever have Marian's way with the dining room furniture.

How was she going to do the thing? When Marian came into the bedroom she would have to say—to—well—accuse her. After all they had done for her, she was certainly ungrateful, to say the least, and most people would be rather ugly about it. Sort of lead up to the subject, maybe, and surprise her into admitting she took the scarf, and then everything would be so much less complicated.

Marian came in with the dust-mop. "Unless you want me to, I don't think I'll wax the floor in here today. It looks okay, and I can give it a good heavy mopping."

"All right Marian."

"Did you find the scarf, Mrs. Blythe? I was wondering if you had looked behind the dresser. It might be caught back there."

The girl certainly had her nerve, bringing it up. Maybe she thought it looked more innocent. Anyway, it was an opening.

"No, Marian, I'm afraid it's not there. And I hate to have it just disappear. It's so pretty, I can't imagine anyone's not wanting it, can you?"

"No ma'am. It was a beautiful thing." She leaned the mop against the wall and began taking the pillows off the bed.

"No, I certainly couldn't blame anyone for wanting it."

Marian pulled the bedspread loose.

"Marian, is there anything you—"

"Ma'am?" She tugged at the bottom sheet.

Now. Now she had to say it. "Marian I know that you t—"

"Here it is! Here's your scarf, Mrs. Blythe!" No. Not possibly. But it was. There it was.

"It was down there at the foot of the bed, caught between the mattress and the slats. Must have been caught at the foot among all the paper and been shoved down." Such profound relief in Marian's voice. "It's pretty badly wrinkled, but I don't think it's hurt." Marian handed her the scarf.

Somehow she made herself say the necessary words. "Why, yes, that must

have been what happened." She looked at the scarf as if she had never seen it before, as if it were somehow unpleasant, and dropped it on the highboy. "No—no wonder I didn't see it. Thank you, Marian."

"I believe I hear the doorbell, Marian. I'll go." She hurried down the back stairs to the kitchen, and got a drink of water from the tap. Her mouth was quite dry.

What if Marian hadn't found the scarf till after the awful words had been said? Thank God she had been stopped in the middle of that sentence! To be put in a position like that with your hired help, and a colored woman, at that! She actually felt weak. She rinsed out the glass carefully, and, after a little while, she walked slowly up the stairs.

How stupid not to have looked under the mattress! But then, she had no way of—and Marian had acted strangely.

Marian was gathering up her cleaning things and the bedroom waste-baskets. "I'll just empty these on my way out, Mrs. Blythe. I'm all finished, and I'd like to get home a little early today."

"Of course, Marian. Oh, Marian," said Mrs. Blythe, smiling a sweet, stiff smile, "I know you admired that scarf, and I'm going to give it to you for Christmas."

For a second Marian smiled with real delight. Then her face became merely guarded and polite. "Why thank you, Mrs. Blythe. Thank you a lot. That's an awfully nice thing to do. It's beautiful." She set down the baskets and dusted her hands. She took the soft green scarf, folding it carefully, and slipped it into her pocket.

"You're very welcome, Marian. It's got a snag or two in it, and the material's not really right for the suit I was going to wear with it."

"Well, I'm awfully glad to get it. Merry Christmas to you, Mrs. Blythe. I'll come about four tomorrow."

"Merry Christmas, Marian."

Marian picked up her things and went softly downstairs. Mrs. Blythe heard the back screen slam twice, and the faint bump when Marian set the waste-baskets down in the kitchen. Then the front door closed. She got up from the pink slipper chair where she had been sitting very still, and walked over to the dresser and started to arrange jars and bottles on the top. Good as she was, Marian never got them back exactly the way they were supposed to be.

Mrs. Blythe moved the silver hand mirror three inches to the right, and the pale blue china match-jar a bit to the center. She scratched at a tiny speck on the glass. Suddenly she picked up a bottle of violet toilet-water and slammed it down, quite hard, in exactly the same place.

SNOW-SLAVE

HELEN MARIE PARKS

SLAVE, red from a fried-egg sun—
Rope-blistered, bubbled with sweat—
Slave from blackness, muscle-knotted—
Pull your bunched cotton sack,
Stab your fingers with thorn-like hulls—
Scratch behind your ears and wonder . . wonder—
Half a mile row . . . one hundred pounds to go—
Slave of the snow!

HUNTING DAY

JO JUNE DE WEESE

TODAY is a tweedy sort of day,
It calls for burning leaves
And hunting dogs,
And new-oiled guns.

Breathe deep the sharp blue air
And scuff the crisping leaves.
Rub your wind-whipped face
Against the rough-textured russet day.

BACK-TALK

JO JUNE DE WEESE

I could learn to sew and cook.
I could even write a book
On how a dodo ought to look.
I have no fear of grim taboo,
But one thing I'll not try to do
Is to solve that ancient Egyptian riddle
Of how to button the one in the middle.

OUR WAY THROUGH THE NIGHT

Beate Luther, whose home is in Schondorf, Germany, attended Lindenwood in 1949-50. This essay, written by a German poet, Beate translated for her friends in America; it answers, she says, many of the questions that were asked her about the reaction of the German people to Nazi rule. Beate returned to her country last June.

GERTRUDE VON LE FORT
Translated by
BEATE LUTHER

WHAT I offer you here is not a soaring to some height, but a glimpse into the abyss of the world and its last terrors. "Our way through the night" is the theme—I mean the terrible years of German history which have just passed by. I understand your being frightened by them, since I feel the same way. And yet—may I tell you this for consolation in advance: in spite of being horrified by recalling it, I would not want to have missed in my life this way through the night. Certainly this does not mean that I would not be extremely happy had the world and my people been spared this fate. But since we were not spared, I am grateful in a very serious and painful sense that I had the privilege of going through it and enduring it in Germany.

For not only the bright day, but the night too has its miracles. There are flowers which thrive only in the wilderness, stars that appear only at the edge of a desert. There are experiences of divine love which are given to us only in ultimate abandonment, even at the margin of despair. I and many of my German brothers and sisters believe that we received in those terrible years both enlightenment and profound wisdom as human beings as well as Christians, and these we have to count as profit. To explain this profit briefly, I would say: we have, for once, perceived all values from the ultimate viewpoint of transitoriness and divine judgment. This is an immeasurable profit, yet paid for by what at first were movingly grievous changes in our former concept of the world.

I shall try to talk to you about these experiences. Yet you must realize that the picture as I draw it cannot be applied to Germany in general. I must ask you to do away with the misleading generalization "the Germans" or "the German man." A people—every people—is composed of manifold single beings, and this is true even in the days of so-called "standardization." The opposites in Germany were very great. You might easily get a picture from somebody else which is just the opposite of mine; and both may be true. For it is characteristic of chaotic times that the moderate forms of appearance are dissolved and washed away, so that only the extreme ones remain. At those times you could see in Germany the most terrible scene beside the most moving one; beside the lowest behavior the loftiest one; beside the impious the most devout person. At the time when the synagogues stood in flames in our towns, it was possible to speak of "the noble housekeepers of Munich," those who silently put necessary things in front of doors when the Jewish people were forbidden to buy food. Many Germans were given over to race hatred without restraint; but numerous Germans considered it their duty to greet in a most friendly manner every one of their fellow citizens who was marked by a Jewish star. I myself, in the health resort of Oberstdrof, saw how

people fought to allow a deceased Christianized Jew to be buried beside hi-ife, and not anywhere else. Germans built the concentration camps, but asr wgreat number of the victims of those camps came from their own ranks. Ge-mans made Russian prisoners starve, but Germans, too, crept during the night on their hands and knees to the prison camps, and—endangering their own lives—threw some of their own precious food across the barbed wire into the the hands of those suffering men. I could list such examples of contrasts in-definitely . . .

Our first surprising experience was a perception of the extraordinary fragility of everything that we call culture, civilization, and human ways of living. For well-ordered circumstances do not give any way of measuring the essentials that slumber at the very depth of things. And yet Jesus Christ warns against the security of well-ordered circumstances . . . The Church, too, never left us in doubt about the fact that everything human is in constant danger. True, we heard her voice, and of course we believed her; but after all, we could not imagine that in our time, anarchic eruptions of unlimited malignity and cruelty and anti-Christian persecutions on a large scale would be possible. We were childish enough to believe that all this had been reserved for centuries long ago.

For men in our days have lost the concept of the real power of malignity. One talks about injustice and crime, but the fact that behind these clear, earthly concepts there stands an abysmal metaphysical mystery, that which the Church calls *mysteriam iniquitatis*, the mystery of a real, huge power of evil beyond human life—this is clear to the fewest of us. It is not clear even to the few Christians, and the modern world outside of Christianity does not want to hear of it any more. People today have lost the conception of the devil's power as well as that of the power of God. They believe that man should be able to nullify the devil's power by means of good will, intelligence, and strength of character. But this is certainly not true. We in Germany experienced a moving fact: with a large number of men, if heavy stresses are put upon them, neither intelligence, nor strength of character, nor the so-called good heart holds its ground. Skillful propaganda confounds their spirits, and a certain amount of natural horror intimidates them and makes them ready to commit treason, or at the least to close their eyes. And this happens not only to questionable characters, but to otherwise good-natured, honest men. Yes, this especially was the bewildering, unexpected thing that we experienced.

The old, thoughtful fairy tales of our ancestors show a better understanding of such situations than we do. The devil who approaches man masked, so that he cannot be recognized—disguised perhaps as a noble knight or a wealthy merchant; the devil who persuades man to make a compact with him; the devil, who, when you give him an inch, takes a mile; the devil who makes men strong, wealthy, shot-proof, invincible, until the day comes when the pact expires—that was exactly what we experienced then.

At that time I read very much in those ancient, pensive books of fairy tales. Those stories, which recalled the ones my beloved mother had told me, were among the very few secular books that I could still bear. These were the days when the foreign bombers took their way across our country for hours, when the flames of burning cities tinged the horizon—days filled with the dreadful knowledge of the hangman's hatchet over everyone's head in Germany. Like many other values, the values of books were changed. Some which had

leemed to us very important now became insignificant, even some of the re-sigious books. Everywhere only the ultimate, the most profound thing remained, most often that which was the simplest one. Every important book which belongs to me will always bear the sign of what it meant to us then, or what it no longer meant.

Recognizing the metaphysical power of malignity helps us to understand the extreme difficulty of overcoming it. This difficulty often causes the utmost surprise outside of Germany—and naturally, because one who has not actually experienced the demonical power judges usually from the viewpoint of conventional morality.

For mutual consolation we would pass around among ourselves slips of paper and notes containing significant sentences or poems what somehow met our situation. Among them there was a sentence of Goethe's from "Poetry and Truth." There Goethe describes the essence of the demonical power exactly as we experienced it, and he closes with the thought that man is unable to overcome it all by himself. Here is the truth. The dragon of the Apocrypha is thrown into the abyss, not by man, but by the angel of God. Only the superhuman is able to match that which is not human any more. Having recognized this truth, we have a key to understanding those days.

Even the fates of individuals bear witness to this truth. Not all the strongest, the most intelligent, the men of firmest character were immune from seduction. And not always even those who had seemed to us religious were the ones who resisted. As the image of men became changed for us, so our concept of piety was also changed. Piety that was only formally exercised proved weak. I have seen many people succumbing, and others miraculously standing upright. Both kinds of people did the unexpected. For both the action was determined by the living or not-living connection with the divine world, with the angel who masters the abyss, with the Savior of the world, whose strength is powerful in the weak.

Now I have passed the worst point on my way of memory. The monstrousness of the night, our coming to know how easily men can be seduced, gave us at last the prerequisite for an entirely new experience of the light. Please understand this literally. You know that some wanted to extinguish Christianity in Germany—in fact, we found ourselves carried back to those centuries which preceded the appearance of Christ. Will you believe that, coming from this darkness, we went through Advents and Christmas Eves in which we understood more than ever how much Christ has brought to the world—how much of grace of love, and of mercy? We were ready to absorb the miracle of Christmas in our inward lives more deeply than ever before. Throughout my life I will never forget the scene of one Christmas Mass. In an overcrowded, completely darkened church nobody rose to flee when the siren suddenly shrilled a preliminary alarm that could be followed any instant by the last warning. Everybody was determined not to be deprived of the celebration of the Holy Night, not even by the utmost danger.

The longing for Jesus Christ was so great that it even laid hold of men who had been strangers to Him . . . Our churches were always crowded and more than crowded. During this time the Catholic Church authorized her priests to give general absolution and blessing to all baptized Christians in the presence of death—and it was asked for and received by many non-Catholics. One is inclined to explain away such evidence of piety by saying, "Well, these

are expressions of fear—danger teaches men how to pray." But I would rather think of the fine explanation of Bremond's, that danger flings open the gates to the more profound and essential depths of the human soul.

One of the things changed in those times was the relation of the different denominations to one another. Faced by the common menace to their religious values, the separated brothers found, if not similar beliefs, at least a common love, and I do not believe that this attitude will be altered; we have gone through too many of the same terrible experiences. There is, unfortunately, some political and other quarreling in present-day Germany; but there is no denominational quarrel any more. In many larger cities the work of the "Una Sancta" has had more and more success . . .

On the whole, we learned how to make God the basis of our lives. This was the extraordinary, incomparable value of a time that deprived us of all earthly supports. True, we had believed before that we trusted in God. But what does trust in God mean, as long as one can rely upon a well-organized state, police-guarded security, upon money, property, reputation? I assure you, trust in God is something different if you are forced to rely upon God only, if all human securities break down and you have to realize that any instant the roof above your head can fall in, literally; any instant everything that is dear, even indispensable to you, can vanish. If you get sick tomorrow, there will no longer be a hospital to take you in. Any day you may be driven from your home and turned out on the road. You may ride for days and weeks in a cattle car, lying on straw, and nowhere finding any shelter. If you freeze to death, you simply freeze to death; if you hunger, you hunger. Any day you can be imprisoned and put to death in the most cruel and painful way, you being innocent and unable to defend yourself. Any instant you can get the news that your relatives, your friends lie buried under the ruins of their home-town, or have perished in the gas chambers of the concentration camps; any instant this may become your fate. And if you actually live through all these dangers, your life will be shadowed by the guilt of your nation, though you have taken no part in the crime committed. Even if you have done your utmost to prevent those crimes, never again will you be the child of a highly esteemed and honored nation. I do not know whether you can get the slightest idea of such a situation—I was not able to before I experienced it.

This situation means neither more nor less than the question: What remains if everything is lost? And in the end this question led to the last treasure of man, the religious values. They, too, seemed deeply questioned. There were only a few Christian papers, lectures, books; the Church really held her ground only within her central area—her most profound mystery of the Holy Mass and the sacraments. But we had to ask ourselves rightly, how long would she hold that ground? Here, too, the same question arose: What remains, if everything is lost? If one day the doors of the churches are locked, if the receiving of the sacraments is made impossible, the liturgy and the sermon cease to give consolation, or if all churches fall into ruin and decay? And here the only answer could be, God remains. Christ, the Lord of the Church, remains with us, even if all visible signs of his mercy, all exterior signs of his realm, vanish. I cannot tell you what consolation this certainty gives when one stands in the presence of the end of the world.

From this last experience I want to come back to the beginning of my report. As in all destruction, so in the destruction of the human image, nothing

remains but the certainty of the love of God, which can never be destroyed. The last transformation we underwent concerned our relation, not to sin, but to the sinner . . . Again and again we see how especially those who have to bear the bitterest fate are most inclined to pardon and mercy, while those remote from suffering remain much harder of heart. The darkness only prepares man for perceiving the light; the experience with a de-Christianized people only makes us see and conceive the whole glory of Christ. And so the experience with unlimited malignity means a new relation to love—I almost said, an entirely new love for love.

Something else has to be added. The nearer you were to the terrible events, the more you were able to understand their seductions. Of course, I am not thinking here of those who carried out the crimes. I am thinking of the weak who also made possible those crimes by their silence and evasion, though they did not take part and were far from approving them. Risking your misinterpretation, I want to say that I understand these weak ones to a certain extent. For the new relation to man means also a new relation to one's own self. Here I am thinking, for example, of those poets who were expected to write the usual poem in praise of Hitler. Some wrote it and are despised now. Those who did not write it suspend their judgment, because they know what mortal dread was the price of the refusal. I am convinced that we all lived through our dreadful experiences as did timid little Blanche in my novel, *The Last on The Scaffold.* Of her it is said: "They expected to see the triumph of a heroine, and they saw the miracle of the weak." Even strong men have been as weak as Blanche, and if they are honest they admit it. In the face of torture, heroism ceases to be, and there remains only the given strength beyond our own. We who have confronted the ultimate, terrible possibilities of man do not dare any more to palliate human weakness, yet neither do we dare to violently condemn this weakness.

And now I come to my last point. Our new, deeply skeptical attitude toward man is of course the same as toward our own nation. Our illusions about this people, our pride in it, are, for the present, broken down—but not our love for it. This love is rather deeper and more powerful than ever. It must be to be a great extent the love of Him who sat at table with publicans and sinners and who has come, according to his own words, to seek especially the lost ones . . . Most Christians—I am absolutely including myself—turn their love only toward good and attractive figures. This is all right as the natural love of the noble man for the noble man, but that is not yet the real Christian love. Christian love means knowing how questionable man is, of what heights and depths he is capable, and yet loving him.

This Christian love I ask from you, too, for my people. I know that Switzerland has already done much for us, and not only in material ways. From that people—next to the words of the Holy Father—came the first expressions of sympathy, of kindness in our disgrace. We will never forget that. Preserve this sympathy and kindness for us. We stand in need of them as well as of material help, in order not to despair—this danger is very great in present-day Germany. For, while it is true that the dreadful spectre of a distorted view of the world has been beaten to the ground, the infernal powers are not overwhelmed. A real conquest can only be accomplished by that spirit whom we call the spirit of love as well as the spirit of creation: He, and only He, holds the promise that He will renew the face of the earth.

SHOWBOAT

Readers will remember Miss Barbara Napier, an A.A.U.W. visitor from Scotland, who spoke at a convocation last year. Her portrait of St. Louis' famous showboat is especially interesting as a stranger's impression of a very American institution.

BARBARA NAPIER

IN an April twilight, still warm after a day of summer-heat and faintly fragrant with a memory of peach and magnolia, we approach the river on wet and sloping cobbles, conscious of a third ingredient in the potpourri of scents—the Mississippi.

The sound of the water's kiss upon the stones in the melting half-light is enchantment: the spell grows stronger as the softly jangling voice of an aged calliope draws us forward; and we board the St. Louis Showboat in a state close to feydom.

A tabby cat poses Victoria-like, with folded hands, on the capstan aft: she is blasee and unamused—a habitual first-nighter. The stage-manager's dog, more socially-minded and full of importance, ushers us forward and down a sloping ramp to the "theatre," where the audience—largely students—is settling into ancient plush, or buying peanuts or popcorn or coke. The light is dim, and there is a strangely pleasant smell of antique dust and ever-present damp. In the orchestra pit the pianist is evoking Sousa: her piano has long since abandoned itself to the river air, and these are chords which in any other setting would be well lost; here they are appropriate as no other music could be.

We are about to witness a performance of "Hamlet": the programme tells us that this is a play "by Billy Wells and W. Shakespeare." The cast includes a sprinkling of the more colourful characters from "Macbeth," and the first scene is set in a prison cell: we are prepared for anything, particularly since we noticed as we came aboard a lively representation, in very pink oils, of an enormous boiled ham.

Nor are we disappointed. Those who concern themselves with "audience reaction" would find here a fruitful field for research. We are not inhibited: we are free with our advice, our praise, our condemnation. We hiss, we stamp, we yawn in audible boredom; we beat time happily as the three witches, with portable trivet and cauldron, irrupt periodically on to the stage—"dou-ble, dou-ble, toil-and, trou-ble . . . ."—and cavort methodically around their presumptive fire.

The curtain speech thanks us gracefully for having provided the actors with so much pleasant entertainment: it is announced that next week's programme will be a repetition of tonight's. "Oh, *no*!" we cry, in evident anguish: a triumphant last word.

The cat is asleep and the dog nowhere to be seen: the wheezing calliope pipes us once more over the side and into the balmy darkness. Stars are shining over the great river.

A
B

BROKEN PIECES

PATRICIA UNDERWOOD

ARTHUR SAND sat patiently at his little desk, waiting for the last of the farmers to come in. Each of them had the same problem, and every year they had the same problem—and Arthur always waited patiently, because there was nothing else to do. When Arthur was younger, he had enjoyed being president of his bank; but now each day passed so slowly, while the years raced ahead. "Yes," he said. "Yes," he said last year and all the years before that, "a thousand dollars seems reasonable. Six per cent interest." The last farmer twisted his blue and white striped cap in his hands, meshing his over-developed fingers awkwardly. "Thank you, Mr. Sand, thank you." And the man turned away, Arthur watching his humped, almost deformed shoulders. They were all alike, poor devils, never far enough ahead to keep from borrowing money on their early cotton to carry them through the fall harvest. And yet, they had bested him somewhere. Arthur watched his own hands, smooth-skinned and a little pudgy, turning a paperweight over and then over again. Outside a farmer would more than likely meet his wife—a tube of printed calico with fat arms, to be sure—but she would be there, waiting for him . . . with their kids.

Arthur turned in his chair to watch the late afternoon through his window. One lopsided cloud struggled to cross the sky in the still air, and the trees on the edge of town seemed to be securely pasted, leaves and all, to the horizon. One more spring, one more summer on the way, and then the winter would come again. Except for the difference in temperature, they were all the same. Arthur tossed the paperweight back on the desk, and it rolled to the edge, falling with a thud to the floor. He picked it up again, after a minute or two.

"Shall we begin to lock up, Mr. Sand?" Minnie Host's thin little head peered around the corner into his office. She didn't meet his eyes; instead she looked right above him, as she had done for ten years. Often Arthur thought that he might speak to her about that, because it annoyed him. He didn't mind it as much now, though, as he used to.

"All right," said Arthur. "Go ahead and lock up. It's closing time," he added, as if she didn't know it as well as he did. He continued to stare out the window, because there was nothing else to do simply. Lord, it was hot. A thin line of sweat trickled down his side, under his shirt. It was cool, and he let it go.

After the front shades had been drawn and the clerks had scurried out the front door, Arthur Sand reached for a water glass and lifted the whisky bottle from the bottom drawer of his desk, without changing his position. Pouring himself a generous portion, he drank. Then he lit a cigar, the kind he had to send to Memphis to get. Poor little Minnie Host. If she could see him now, she would be more than ever afraid to meet his eyes. Poor little Minnie Host, who supported her mother, and considered herself very important. Maybe she was. Arthur didn't know. He turned the desk lamp on.

Things in the room were very clear. Squares—the corners of the desk and the filing cabinet—were really square; and the cracks between the wood in the floor were long and straight and black. Outside, a woman shouted to some children to hurry up. A group of men laughed heartily, and somebody else was whistling. The crowd gathering for the early show at the movie next door shuffled across the pavement.

Arthur drained his glass slowly. Everything outside was far away, even though he could hear so plainly. And if he closed his eyes, he could picture everything too. But it was all so far away. It was like his family. He could see them, and he could hear them; but they were far away, even when he was at home with them. Funny how he had grown away from Martha and the girls. It had just happened, that was all. Arthur often wondered how other men managed. He had seen lots of them, happy family men, complaining in a proud sort of way about how much money it took to keep their children in shoes, or their wives in hats. Arthur hadn't the vaguest idea how much it cost. Martha had her own money. She had been wealthy when he married her. She hadn't needed him for much, not even to raise the two girls.

It was dark outside now. First it had been afternoon, and now it was night. Arthur held his glass tightly, feeling it grow warmer and warmer. Some day, if he could remember it, he would order a little refrigerator and put it under his wash stand in the corner. Then he could fix a cold drink every now and then. The offices in the big Memphis bank all had regular little bars. Of course, he wouldn't be able to tell anybody what his refrigerator was for, not in this little town. Crazy, how everyone knew that the men in town drank, and still they couldn't do it in their own homes. Imagine the look on the faces of Martha's missionary society if Arthur would pour himself a drink at home! Imagine Martha's face! Yes, it would be nice to have a little ice, although it didn't make too much difference. Whisky was whisky, however you drank it.

The glass was empty again, and Arthur thought that it might be time for him to go home. Maybe Martha's sister would be there for dinner. Louise spent most of her time with Martha and the girls anyway, even though she lived across the street. The two women would bustle around the table, shoving food at him, and the girls would jabber to themselves. Or maybe the girls would talk to Martha, or to Louise; they always had loved Louise, from the

time they were little girls until now—Louise had taken his place, in a way. There never did seem to be a place left for Arthur.

After dinner, Arthur could read his paper and go to bed. And in the morning, he could get up again. On Sunday mornings he played golf, while the rest of them went to church. They never did anything together.

There was just a bit of whisky left in the bottle, and Arthur decided to finish it off before he left. One long swallow, and it was gone. Just then, he heard tapping at the front door. Arthur put his glass down on the desk and listened intently. It was unusual for someone to come to the bank at this hour. Everyone knew what time it closed, nor would anyone expect him to be here. Arthur rose doubtfully. If he waited for a while, whoever it was might go away. He sat down again, and began to straighten some of the papers on his desk, not knowing what else to do. Someone was at the door, and it embarrassed him. The tapping continued, and the knob rattled.

At last, Arthur decided to see who it was. He rose once more, surprised at his own unsteadiness. All the way to the door of his office, he tried to remember how much whisky had been in the bottle before he started to drink. It was empty now. He looked back at it, and then closed the door. It was absolutely black in this part of the bank. Down the little corridor between the cashiers' cages and the wall he walked, running his fingers along the brass grillwork as he went. Crossing the short distance between the last cage and the front door, Arthur straightened his tie. He wished that he had put his coat on before he came this far. He switched the overhead lights on, and pulled the dark green shade aside to see who it was. The lights made him blink, and he couldn't see for a minute or two. He allowed the shade to fall back into position until his eyes became adjusted, and then he looked again.

It was the girls. Arthur stared at them through the glass door in astonishment. They rarely came to the bank, even in the daytime. At last he unlocked the door, fumbling clumsily with the lock.

"We thought you'd still be here." The oldest girl spoke first, and Arthur stepped aside to let them in.

"What did you say?" Arthur pushed his fingers through his hair. Some of it had fallen down across his forehead.

"She said that we thought you'd still be here," interposed his youngest daughter.

"Oh," said Arthur, "I see." He knew that his shirt was crumpled. It clung damply to his arms and back, and he couldn't help staring at the crisp cotton dresses on his daughters. He wished that they would go away, most of all because he was afraid of them. They made him uncomfortable.

"Mother is using her car tonight, and we want to know if we can have yours." The oldest girl spoke with one hand on the open door. "We want to go to the movie over in Suthersville tonight."

"Where?" asked Arthur. He felt so foolish, standing there in that bright light.

"Over in Suthersville. And we've got to have your car, or we can't go. Mother is using hers." The youngest girl explained patiently, as though Arthur were a child. But at the same time she was impatient. Arthur could

see that, well enough. He took a few steps backward to see her better. She was beginning to blur a little, it seemed to him. · The light was so bright.

"Please, may we use your car?" The oldest was swinging the door back and forth, staring out into the street. "I realize," she continued, looking back at Arthur again, "that we never drive your car, but we thought you'd give it to us just this once." Her voice took on the same tone that Martha's did sometimes—trying to get him to go to church, or give up drinking down at the bank. It always made Arthur feel guilty.

"Why do you want to use my car?" he asked. Oh yes, they had told him why—they wanted to go to a movie somewhere. But why didn't they ask their mother for hers? She handled everything. Oh, yes, they had said that—

"Come on," said the oldest girl. She took her sister by the arm. "Can't you see he's been drinking again? I told you we shouldn't have come. He hasn't heard a word we've said." The girls stepped outside, and disappeared, both of them.

Arthur closed the door, waiting to hear the lock click into place. He wasn't quite sure what had happened, exactly, except that his daughters were angry with him, and that they had gone away, almost as though they had never been there. They hadn't come to see him, anyway. It was his car they wanted.

Arthur darkened the outer office, and felt his way back to the other part of the bank, bumping into the closed door to his office. Inside, sitting at his desk again, he heard more plainly than before the people passing in the street outside, laughing, talking, calling to other people. And it was all so far away.

How dark his little room was now, with only the little desk lamp shining through the empty bottle and glass. Arthur watched their shadows standing like grotesque sentinels on the wall, shapeless, terrifying. No, not sentinels—old men, transparent, fat. Arthur swept his arm across the desk in one tired gesture, and without meaning to, he knocked the bottle and glass to the floor, where they broke into many pieces which rocked gently for a while. He, sitting quite still, watched them until they stopped.

DILEMMA

JO JUNE DE WEESE

MEN I adore
I always bore.
Men I abhor
I also bore.

THE GYPSY

Wilma McGuire, from Ashland, Kentucky, is an English major and will teach after graduation. We hope she continues to write poetry, too—another of her poems is soon to be published in THE HUSK, of Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa.

WILMA McGUIRE

AUTUMN
Wanders, pauses,
Steals from trees, dances with
Red-gold spoils to music of
North Wind.

RANDOLF THE RAINDROP

If this script is any indication, Helen Marie Parks has a future in her chosen field of radio-television; and RANDOLF has already been performed over Lindenwood's Theater of the Air. Parks, an English major, is a senior from Hornersville, Missouri.

HELEN MARIE PARKS

Characters:

CLOUD	Tells story of Randolf. Kind, old, low voice.
RANDOLF THE RAINDROP	Childish voice. Highly excitable and very much afraid.
SIMON THE SUN	Bitter old man. Cranky, crackly voice.
KATIE THE CACTUS	Rough, commanding voice. A "tough, but, oh, so gentle" person. Likes Randolf very much.
TIMOTHY THE TUMBLEWEED	Timid, big-hearted. Quiet, calm voice.
SAMUEL THE SAGEBRUSH	Very down-to-earth at all times. Selfish and unwilling to help. Medium voice.
COUSINS CACTUS I, II, III	Childish voices. Brats first class.
CLARENCE THE CAMEL	Squeaky voice. Nonchalant and irresponsible.

Music theme up and under, theme indicating drops of water.

CLOUD. It was a very dark day in the desert. And it was all Thelma the Thunder Cloud's fault. She was trying to push past me to float down the sky to Dry Gulch City. There she was going to unload a shower of rain. As she went by, one little raindrop called Randolf was hanging over the edge looking at the desert far below. And all of a sudden, he fell! Down . . . down . . . down. (*Fade*).

Music theme out with a splash.

RANDOLF. Hey, Thelma! Wait! Wait for me! Oh, splash! She's gone. This must be a desert. Hummm-mmm. Awfully dry and quiet. Oh-h-h! What's that?

Bang bang music for Simon.

SIMON. What's the meaning of this?

RANDOLF. Who . . . who . . . who are you?

SIMON. I'm Simon the Sun! What are you doing here? I gave Thelma the Thunder Cloud strict orders not to unload one single drop of rain over my desert. I won't stand for this!

RANDOLF. But, sir! I didn't mean to fall here. Ohh-hh! Don't come so close! You're hot! Oww-w-w!

SIMON. I'm going to do more than come close, young raindrop! I'm going to dry you up!

RANDOLF. Ow-w-w! Don't!

Interrupted by voice from distance.

KATIE. Simon! Simon the Sun! What are you up to?

SIMON (*nervously*). Great Balls of Fire, here's Katie the Cactus. (*angrily*) Um-m, uh, oh! I just remembered something I forgot to shine on. But I'll be back—and dry you up!

KATIE (*on mike now*). Simon! Where are you going? Come back here! What were you up to . . . Well! A raindrop!

RANDOLF. Oh, Miss Cactus, he was going to dry me up. I couldn't help falling . . . and I'm too warm . . . and . . . Why! You're not afraid of the sun, are you?

KATIE. Of course not! I've been here a long time, and he's never been too hot for me! I'm still the tallest cactus in the desert.

RANDOLF. I'm Randolf the Raindrop. (*Pause.*) And, Miss Cactus, I can't stay here. It's so hot and dry, and . . . and . . .

KATIE. Showers above, Randolf! You're a silly little drip! This is the desert, and there's nothing but sun . . . Wait! Here comes Timothy the Tumbleweed. He should be able to help.

RANDOLF. Timothy the Tumbleweed? Well, I'll be splashed! Look how slow he is.

TIMOTHY (*puffing*). Good morning, Katie! Whew! Thought I'd never get here. Why-y-y! What have we here?

KATIE. What does it look like, you heap of grass? It's a raindrop in trouble.

RANDOLF. Simon the Sun is going to dry me up! There's nothing but sand here . . . where's the water?

KATIE. (*interrupts*). Hush, Randolf! (*Pause.*) We've got to do something, Timothy. Roll over here so we can talk without Randolf gushing in.

Chords denoting movement of Timothy.

TIMOTHY (*low voice*). Katie, where are you going to find water? I saw Simon hiding behind a sand hill when I rolled up. He looked mad!

KATIE. I might have known he'd be sneaking around somewhere. We've got to hurry.

TIMOTHY. Now, Katie, I'm willing to do everything I can, but I don't see . . .

KATIE. Of course you don't see. All you do is roll with the wind! Listen, didn't I hear Samuel the Sagebrush tell about a big pool of water?

TIMOTHY. No, Katie, he said he knew where an oasis was.

KATIE. It's the same thing, Timothy! An oasis is a place where there is water. If we can get Randolf there, Thelma the Thundercloud will pick him up. Let's call Randolf over and tell him to go see Samuel.

Timothy and Katie both call Randolf.

Randolf's bouncing music.

RANDOLF. What were you talking about? What's going to happen to me? I'm afraid . . . I . . . I . . .

KATIE. Stop that! Timothy, you take him to Samuel the Sagebrush. He'll help. But hurry! Simon is close!

Theme music up and hold under voices.

RANDOLF. Great splashes, Timothy! You're rolling too fast. Look! There's some big yellow ripples. Is it water?

TIMOTHY. No, Randolf. That's the way the sand looks when the wind blows it. But let's hurry. Simon isn't far away.

Music up and under voices again.

RANDOLF. I'm tired, Timothy! Let's rest.

TIMOTHY. Come on, we're almost there!

Music up and out.

TIMOTHY. Whew! I've never rolled so fast in my life. Ah! Here's Samuel the Sagebrush. Good morning, Samuel.

SAMUEL. What's good about it? Stop bumping against me, Timothy.

TIMOTHY (*embarrassed*). I'm sorry. Oh, err-r, Samuel, this is Randolf the Raindrop.

RANDOLF. How do you do, Mr. Sagebrush.

TIMOTHY. Simon's out to dry him up.

RANDOLF (*fast*). I've got to find water. I'm so hot, and . . . I . . .

TIMOTHY. Now, Randolf, Mr. Sagebrush is very nervous. Be still. Oh, dear, I must be rolling along. Seems I can't stay still any more.

Rolling music for Timothy.

SAMUEL. I can't stand jumpy people. I'm glad he's gone. So you're hiding from Simon the Sun? Well, I . . . Great Hunks of Driftwood! Here comes Simon now! Quick, get under my brush, Randolf.

Bang bang music for Simon.

SIMON. Samuel! Have you seen a raindrop around here?

RANDOLF (*whisper*). Don't tell him I'm here, Mr. Sagebrush.

SAMUEL. Now, what would a raindrop be doing in the desert, Mr. Simon?

SIMON. I don't know, but if I see . . . (*rustle*) what was that?

SAMUEL. I didn't hear anything.

SIMON. Well, I did! Samuel, are you hiding something under your brush?

SAMUEL (*whispers*). Quit bouncing around, Randolf!

RANDOLF (*whispers*). I can't help it. Your brush tickles!

SAMUEL (*hesitantly*). There's a lot of sand beneath me, Mr. Simon.

SIMON. I was wrong, I guess. But still, I think I'll have a look under you.

RANDOLF (*whispers*). Please don't let him look!

SAMUEL. But, Mr. Simon, every time you come close, I seem to droop, and it takes weeks to straighten out.

SIMON. All right, all right, quit snibbering! I've got to find that raindrop. I'll not let Katie the Cactus trick me!

SAMUEL. No, sir!

SIMON. I'm going now, but if I ever hear you had anything to do with this, I'll have you moved to a hotter part of the desert! Good day, Samuel!

Bang bang chords of music.

SAMUEL. Come on out, Randolf. He's gone.

RANDOLF. Buckets of thanks, Mr. Sagebrush.

SAMUEL. You're welcome. Better get on your way now.

RANDOLF. But where? I don't know which way to go. Miss Cactus said you'd tell me where I could find an oasis with plenty of water.

SAMUEL. So I could. But you heard what Simon the Sun told me. Now go away. I can't help you any more!

Randolf's theme music.

RANDOLF (*crying*). I'm so hot. I wish I'd never looked over the edge of Thelma the Thundercloud. (*Sobs.*) Oh, what's that?

CACTUS I. Well . . .

C. II. Look at that!

C. III. A raindrop crying! (*All laugh.*)

RANDOLF. Don't laugh. I'm Randolf the Rain . . .

C. I. We know who you are.

C. II. Katie the Cactus is our cousin . . .

C. III. And she told us about you!

RANDOLF. Then you'll help me?

C. I. No!

C. II. You're a sissy for crying.

C. III. We're going to tell Simon the Sun where you are!

RANDOLF. I'm not a sissy! Put up your thorns! I'm going to fight all three of you!

C. I. A raindrop . . .

C. II. Fight three cactuses?

C. III. We're going to tell Simon the Sun!

All laugh and chant in unison—"We're going to tell Simon . . ." (*Fade.*)

RANDOLF. Come back here. You're afraid to fight me. Come back! Oh, splash! They've run off.

Theme music in and under.

RANDOLF. Well, I guess I'll never get to the oasis now. I'll just walk until I soak into the sand.

Theme music up and under voices.

KATIE (*calling from distance*). Randolf . . . Randolf . . .

RANDOLF. I'm so tired. I must be hearing things. Sounds like someone calling my name.

KATIE (*calling a little closer*). Randolf . . . Randolf . . .

RANDOLF. I've got to keep going. Simon isn't far away. (*Puff, puff.*) Can't stop . . . keep going . . . so tired.

Music up and breaks off.

KATIE. *Randolf!* Wait for me!

RANDOLF. Oh, Miss Cactus. I'm so glad to see you. Where have you been? How did you find me? What will . . .

KATIE. Hush! You talk too much. We've got to hurry. Simon is right behind me.

RANDOLF (*excited*). Clouds of thunder! What'll I do?

Slow, poky, gallop music.

RANDOLF. Oh! Here he comes!

KATIE. Be still. Stop bouncing. It's only Clarence the Camel. He's going to the oasis for a nap, and . . .

RANDOLF. And he'll take me with him! Oh, Katie, tell him to hurry!

Music closer and stop.

KATIE. Clarence! It's about time you got here!

CLARENCE. I passed Simon on the way. Well, I've got to get to the oasis to sleep in the shade. Good afternoon.

Katie and Randolf together: Come back! Come back, Mr. Camel!

CLARENCE. What's the matter with you, Katie? Why, what's this?

KATIE. This is Randolf the Raindrop. He's got to get to the oasis.

RANDOLF. Please take me with you, Mr. Camel! Simon the Sun is after me, and . . . and . . .

CLARENCE. Stop bouncing around. I don't care what's going to happen. If you want to go, jump on one of my humps.

RANDOLF. Goodbye, Katie!

Galloping music up and fades away.

KATIE (*calls*). Goodbye, Randolf! I'll tell Thelma the Thundercloud to pick you up at the oasis. (*Pause.*) (*To herself.*) Bless his little watery heart. (*Sniff, sniff.*) I'm going to miss him.

Bouncing music slowed down, up and out, then into bang bang music of Simon.

SIMON. Now, let me get this straight. You say you saw the raindrop?

CACTUS I. Yes, Mr. Sun.

C. II. He was crying.

C. III. Are you going to dry him up?

SIMON. If I can find him. (*Gently*) Now, boys, where did you see him? Tell old Simon all about it.

CACTUS I. Oh, Mr. Sun . . .

C. I. We don't remember . . .

C. III. Where we saw him.

I, II, III. Dry him up, Mr. Sun! Dry him up!

SIMON. Shut up! You're no help. Get out of here before I shrivel you up into sand.

I, II, III. Oh, Mr. Sun . . . Oh-h-h . . (*Fade.*)

Bang bang chords of music.

KATIE (*crying*). Who's there?

SIMON. Is that you, Katie? (*Shocked*) Crying?

KATIE. Yes . . . (*Sees Simon*) Oh! It's you, Simon.

SIMON (*nervously*). Now, Katie, don't get your bristles up. I just wanted to know if you'd seen . . .

KATIE. No! I'll not tell you where Randolf is. Now, you get out of here!

SIMON. All right, I'll go. But I'm going to wait for Randolf the Raindrop at the oasis!

Bang bang chords of music.

KATIE. Oh, dear! If Simon didn't travel so fast, I could warn poor Randolf. His only chance now is to get to the oasis before Simon.

Bouncing music up and out.

CLARENCE. Seems to be warmer, doesn't it, Randolf?

RANDOLF. Let's hurry, Mr. Camel. I'm afraid Simon the Sun is close.

CLARENCE. It's getting late. Simon had better be getting ready to go to bed. Ouch! One of my humps hurts.

RANDOLF (*excited*). Hurry, please! Oh, Mr. Camel! He's right behind us.

Gallops with bounce chase music in and under voices.

CLARENCE. It is getting hot. I guess we'd better run. The oasis is just over that hill.

SIMON (*calling from distance*). I'm coming, Randolf!

RANDOLF. Look at the sky. Here comes Thelma the Thundercloud. I've got to get in the water before she passes over. Hurry! Hurry, Clarence!

SIMON (*still closer*). I'm right behind you, Randolf the Raindrop. I'm going to dry you up. (*Cackles.*)

CLARENCE. Here we are. Jump into the water, Randolf. Quick!

SIMON. Come back here! Stop! Stop!

RANDOLF. Goodbye, Clarence. Thank you. (*Fade.*)

Bounce, bounce, splash chords.

SIMON. Burnt ashes! He got away! Great Balls of Fire! It's my bed time. I've got to set!

Theme music up and under.

CLOUD. So Randolf jumped into the water and was safe when Thelma the Thundercloud picked him up. Poor Simon settled down out of sight behind some gray hills.

Theme music soft, louder, then out.

THREE POEMS

BETTY JACK LITTLETON

I

THE syllogism of our thoughts is lost
Upon these plains of silence, curved
About our equal wonderings, carved
From words where sound is thin as frost
Devouring window panes in winter.
Infallible moments, the deductive lie . . . where
Is the sequel, the embellished straw of certainty, blown
By the wind across this plain? Where time, sown
In seedless slips? . . . Portentous mouths, aware
Of frost devouring restless winter.

II

When we two walk upon the shore of sound
And taste these salt spray words upon our mouths,
Or through the slippery evening like two moths,
We hover in the light that wraps around
The spheres of these two selves, then, lying drowned
In seas of space, we wonder at the myths
Inscribed to time before time came to this,
And whether days will come when we are found.
And now, before the world begins, we walk
In silence still as melting hours, and darkness
Deep as hedges closing ordered days
Away from blue-chilled existence . . . we talk,
The sound remains within the fertile dimness
Of our shadows on the wall—the instant preys.

III

On pinnacles of silence we have turned,
To watch the somber setting of the sun
When light and dark are gathered into one
Incredible bundle, ready to be burned
Where night has scattered cinders through the day.
And here, above the ragged timber line,
Between the vacillating milk and wine
Of evening, we two stand ensconsed in gray
Diluted sky and wind, and mingled mists
That, like these particles of selves, are hung
In moments of stillness about mountains, strung
Between the fire and smoke . . . the instant twists
And night erupts its blackness down the sky,
And there is neither we, nor you, nor I.

FATHER'S FOLLY

Till Hagerty, a sophomore from Kansas City, is an English major and would like to work for a publishing house. This story about an unusual horse reflects one of her main interests—riding.

MATILDA HAGERTY

I darted from between the rows of dust-covered cars, winced as a hot fender touched my bare legs, and scrambled upon the gate, waiting for Mother and Dad. Realizing how disreputable I must have looked, I brushed my straying bangs from my sticky forehead and futilely straightened a once-pressed peasant blouse on my shoulders. I sat for a moment, watching Mother picking her feet up high so she wouldn't snag her hose and Dad gently holding her elbow. I looked up at the sky, wondering if I could tell the time, and found squinting at the sun more profitable. Each ray seemed like a silvery spider web, and I followed the beams down over the panorama of our destination.

A squeaky sign revealing the bold letters ALLEN'S HORSE FARM—SALE TODAY swung restlessly between two stone pillars. Down the gravel road, slow-moving figures interwove over the well-worn path to the barn. Mammoth horseflies perched on the sleek shoulders of nervous horses. Houseflies skidded down the sides of half-filled coke bottles. Squealing children, unafraid, stroked the noses of stomping stallions, while terrified mothers snapped their fingers, demanding obedience. Scared whinnies, raucous shouts from the coke stands, and the questioning voices of prospective buyers mingled with the hot breeze, unnoticed.

I wished that they would hurry. But I couldn't expect things to go smoothly; today was different. Mother never went to auctions with Dad and me, for her love for animals began and ended with housebroken cocker spaniels. She played the part of Dad's silent partner—silent only as long as he took her advice. Dad wasn't henpecked exactly. He only thought that it was best to keep peace and harmony in the family.

This morning at breakfast while Dad was drinking his orange juice and reading the paper, he had casually mentioned that he was going over to the Allen sale and then put a blank check in his pocket. Mother instantly decided that it would be "fun" to go along and have the family together. Although she humored Dad's middle-aged requests, preferring that he be interested in horses rather than in wine and women, we definitely understood that she thought another horse was not a good buy!

"Now, Ell," Dad had answered soothingly, "I'll pick one up cheap and turn him at a sale later in the summer."

All of those we had planned to turn later in the summer had turned into an indispensable part of our farm and stayed until autumn and then winter and on into the summer. Every time Dad would advertise one for sale, Julie, my sister, and I would sit firmly by the phone and answer in broken choking sobs, "Oh yes, we—we have a horse for sale. She belongs to me, but Mother is making me sell her because she's been limping so badly." The response of he prospects couldn't have been more satisfactory, for they never ventured. out to see our beloved pets.

I jumped down from the gate, joined Mother and Dad, and we entered the tent in stair-step fashion, the shortest in front, eager to get good seats. Sidestepping jumpy horses and clods of dirt, we edged our way through the crowd to a splintery bench and made ourselves as comfortable as possible—I sifting the straw out of the toes of my sandals; Dad taking off his suit coat; Mother fanning herself with the sale book.

"Number 72, Tilford's pride, registered, got the papers up here if you want to see 'em, nice little mare . . . ." The voice from the loud speaker boomed loudly, then cracked, and the microphone made odd noises. The auctioneer sounded like Donald Duck. He was irritated, also fat. The creases of his double chin shone with perspiration as he mopped his forehead with his handkerchief. He tapped the mike and fidgeted with the cord. "These damn mikes go off at every auction," he muttered. He meant to mutter, but the mike suddenly came on.

Mother was talking to the farmer with the big adam's apple and the red whiskers who was sitting behind us. His wife looked extremely bored and none too pleased with Mother. Their little blond daughter was picking up cigarette stubs and gleefully dropping them in her mother's lap. My children, I thought, if and when I ever have any—for I was very dubious of the bliss that those dirty faces could bring to their parents—my children will never go around with runny noses or sticky fingers or picking up cigarette stubs.

"Well, when I was a youngster, we had an old pony, Lightning was her name, and when he started coughing, we'd just put some sulphur . . ." Mother was embarrassing me as she always did at times like this. She really didn't know much about horses, and what she did know she confused with the material she had read in the *Farm Quarterly* on black angus. I wished she wouldn't call "he's" "she's." I looked around to see if anyone was listening to Mother. How could they miss her? I moved over and tried to act as if I belonged to the woman sitting next to me. It didn't work. She didn't look motherly or strained enough.

I watched the horses being led into the ring by small, colored grooms in white overalls or ridden by hump-shouldered trainers. Each animal, sensing the importance of a good showing, proudly displayed royal ancestry.

"Do you want her? Will you buy her?" The auctioneer continued mumbling his incomplete senseless words, and as each horse was offered for sale, the owner was called up to say a few words. Always, he had bought him in Kentucky and had been offered $5,000 for him last month, and it was a shame he was going for $250. As far as I was concerned, it was a shame he had not sold him last month.

"When Lightning finally died, she must have been at least thirty. Good care does a lot for a horse—and cattle too!" Mother was still talking about her Shetland pony, completely enthralled in her memories. Unfortunately, the farmer didn't feel the same enthusiasm.

Dad loosened his tie and moved to the edge of the bench, and determination appeared in his eyes, the look he had when he said to me, "Practise that piano!" The horse now showing was a gelding that had not yet outgrown his coltish awkwardness. His mane was scrawny, but his tail was scrawnier. His ears flopped; he tripped over his own feet, and every time he started to

trot, he hunched his back and took a tremendous leap! I thought he was cute; the spectators thought he was funny; obstinately, Dad thought he had "possibilities." Every time the auctioneer pointed to Dad, he nodded "yes." I thought that Dad was awfully brave to do this, and I was elated at the prospect of a new member for the family, but the consequences seemed terrifying.

The gavel came down; Dad jumped up and Mother turned around, simultaneously.

"Where are you going, dear?" Mother asked sweetly, unaware.

Dad usually didn't clear his throat so often. "To pay for the horse I just bought," he said with that superior "I-said-it-and-I'm-glad" tone in his voice, and with those words I became absorbed in the program which had just recently slipped from Mother's lap to the floor.

The program was interesting, but somehow it didn't create the suspense that Mother's and Dad's solemn looks did—each trying to figure out what plan of action the other was going to take. Dad had momentarily assumed the masterful, commanding attitude. I hoped that Mother wouldn't do the same!

It is inevitable that sooner or later Dad and I would find ourselves squelched by her words announcing our bad, unconsidered jugment. Dad would probably be reminded of the time he had so wisely invested in the apartment building which was condemned by the Health Inspector three days afterward. If Mother would only wait until later, until reasonable excuses could be made, until Dave Wilson, that trainer from Blue Ridge Stables, had passed by! The utter humiliation and embarrassment that her disdainful voice could cause made me afraid even to glance at her.

As we walked out to examine "father's folly," Mother was strangely composed and quiet. I hoped that two children had taught her the proper time to reprimand was not in front of a group of people.

"What's its name?" Mother asked, emphasizing the "its."

"Knave of Hearts. Pretty, isn't it?" Again, all was silent.

"But, Vince, what are we going to do with another horse? We've already got too many. What ever possessed you to buy him?"

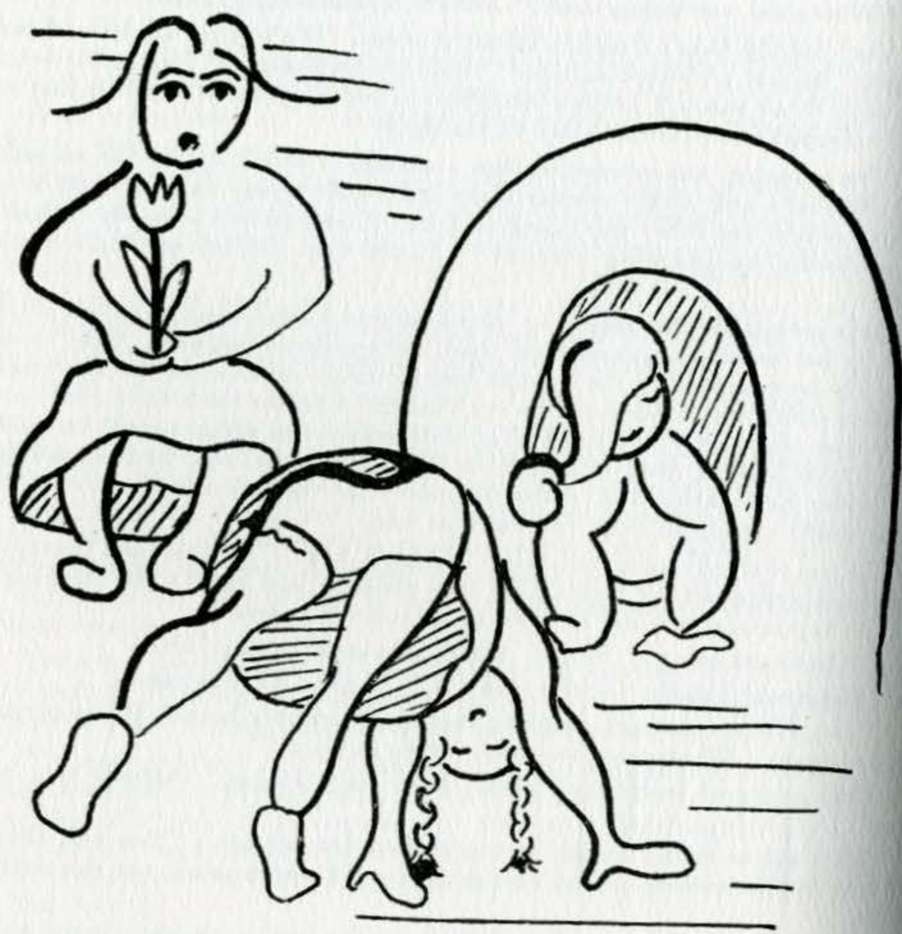
Dad answered truthfully. "Well, I felt sorry for him. Nobody was bidding."

"It's not so bad," I said, trying to ease the tension. "You can always sell him for horse-meat." The comment was not appreciated; nor did anyone laugh.

On closer inspection, we found Knave to be just as big and clumsy as he had looked in the ring. I stood off a little, expecting a sudden volley of words expounding the faults of "that horse." But Mother didn't say much. Instead, she just stared at Knave, shook her head, and breathed a heavy sigh. Then she walked up to him, patted his nose with two fingers, and peering into his face, remarked,

"He must be a good horse—he—he has such large ears."

I don't know how she connected large ears with a good horse. She must have read it somewhere—probably in the *Cocker Spaniel Journal.*



CHILDHOOD

Barbara Spandet, now a sophomore at Lawrence College, in Wisconsin, was well-known at Lindenwood last year as an honor student and an active member of many organizations. She is interested in social work and journalism—one journalist in particular.

BARBARA SPANDET

Sniffing at the taunting aroma of peanut-butter cookies, I looked out the window at the fine day, decided the cookies weren't ready yet, and flew out the door. It had rained yesterday. But now the sun caressed my bared back, and I knew that today would make up for yesterday's tea party and Lincoln log cabins. I just had to cart-wheel across the lawn, but my feet wouldn't co-operate.

"Peep," warned a Lilliputian voice as a tousled baby bird bounced across my path. Its downy feathers were indignant in their disarray, and I wondered how it would feel to stroke them, how that spotted breast would respond to my touch. Stealthily I stalked my naive prey and, cornering him, swooped down and felt his tail feathers brush my finger as he hopped away. Intrigued rather than discouraged, I pounced again and he was mine. Warm, panting, helpless; he was mine. I lay my finger on his downiness and felt him shiver as if in repulsion; his fragile wings beat desperately, futilely. I thought of my own frustration yesterday, when the rain had thrashed against the sun-porch windows and Mother had suggested a tea-party or my paint book. It was fun being able to avenge yesterday's misery.

The bird's eyes wildly sought an escape and its bill opened to squawk a complaint. A complaint that was lost in the clang of Mother's cow bell.

What did Mother want now? Had she seen me from the window holding the robin? Hastily I thrust the bewildered bird away, and ran smiling guilessly to the stoop where Mother stood. Perhaps she would make me stay in the yard all day . . . or not give me any of the cookies warm from the pan . . . Perhaps . . .

II

It was time for tulips again, and I was glad, because, you see, tulips were my very favorite flower. I guess maybe their bright colors and simple roundness appealed to me; they were sort of dependable, nothing fuzzy or sissy about them. The trouble was that our garden didn't have any. Anyway, they were blooming, bright and sturdy on their fat round stems; they were blooming next door.

Mrs. Simrall was really a very fine woman, my mother always said. Mother said that even though Mr. Simrall was sick and couldn't go to the office anymore, Mrs. Simrall kept her chin up, and even took a job. Somehow, though, we just didn't click. There was something frightening about her raspy voice and frantically bright blue eyes. Her hair wasn't even gray yet, and she was so skinny, not at all as a mother should be. But it was probably her chow dog, Fritz, who alienated any remnant of love I might have had for our neighbors, the Simralls. He was the reason I'd cross the street instead of walking past their house; he was vicious.

Tulips were tulips though, and after all they bloomed only once a year. A year was a very long time. So it wasn't many days after the first tulip came out that my beauty-loving friends and I decided to go on an expedition.

The trees of heaven smelled like popcorn and I snatched a branch to sniff as we padded across the limpy cinder alley towards the tulips. Taking one more sniff to last me, I systematically ripped the leaves from the branch, threw it in the alley and crouched contentedly in the tulip bed. They didn't smell, but I buried my nose in the yellow one just the same. It felt like the time I had gotten into Mother's silk party dress in the closet. My fingers stroked the stem's firmness, they paused a moment, and then picked it. I had picked a tulip. My friends had done the same, only they had two red ones.

"Get out of my tulips," grated a voice from across the lawn.

My friends jumped and ran, clutching in their hands the tulips. But my feet had taken root with the flowers, and as I frigidly crouched there I shivered like the tulips in a breze.

"Are you picking my tulips, Gwendolyn Smith?" She didn't see my friends, and must have thought me rude as well as thievish when I didn't answer immediately. I was too busy boring a hole in the cool sod, though—putting the tulip back.

"It's all right, Mrs. Simrall. It'll grow now."

I wish I could recall her face then, but I was too frightened to do anything but flee from her approaching shadow.

III

A string to hold my mittens together was the last straw. Long woolen stockings under my snow pants, a bonnet instead of a stocking cap, even a muffler over my face. I was insulted, indignant. Didn't Mother realize that I was growing up? Almost seven.

Throwing the storm door open I leaped from the porch into an acquiescent snow drift and bounded away to Sally's back yard. The snow was always deeper in Sally's back yard, and besides her brother David could build such splendid

snow men. Sometimes, as I galloped along, the drifts were higher than my boots, and gradually ice-like packs gathered on my snow pants.

Sally was rolling a snow ball. It wasn't very big, but the snow was the wet kind that packs so well, and it wasn't very long before I had to give her a hand in rolling it back and mounting it. Slapping snow around its base, we finally succeeded in building a very mountain of a snow ball. It winked at me in the sun and I blinked back in admiration. It was vast, sparkly and white, almost like the big rock candy mountain.

Coal shovel in hand, Sally assaulted the side of our dazzling citadel, and by the time I knew what she was doing, there was already a hollow inside big enough for a bushel basket. The snow flew faster in the following moments than it had the night before in the blizzard, until before us stood a magnificent igloo. An igloo almost like those the eskimos had in my library book.

"Me first," I volunteered bravely and crawled into the igloo's close, moist coldness. Plopping down, I scooched my back against the wall and reveled in its answer of strength and solidity. It might even be good enough to sleep in, I mused happily. My hands folded into fists, and I slapped the sopping ends of my mittens against the floor in time to "The Big Rock Candy Mountain."

"My turn. Let me in!" howled Sally. There was room for only one.

"Hachooo!" I answered disdainfully. It was nice to have a home of my own, even though my back and arms felt as though they'd like to stretch a minute. I gazed about the dim dome. How gray and restful on my eyes it was.

"My turn!" she screamed, viciously kicking.

"Hachooooo," was all I could say before the clods of snow thudded about me, and I was in the bewildering sunshine.

THAT'S FOR REMEMBRANCE

JO JUNE DE WEESE

POLITE conversation swirled in little eddies around the groups of fashionably suited women. The tinkle of silver on thin china accompanied their voices. Sister's tea was a great success. Twenty years was a long time to be out of the reach of the long tongue of Harrodsburg, so everyone came to see if I had changed enough to give them something new to talk about.

I stood in front of the chaste marble fireplace and smiled, and smiled, and smiled. They told me how well I looked, and how terribly high servants were these days, and their eyes were darting over my clothes, my hair, my face. I could almost hear them thinking, "How much she has changed . . . what an extreme dress, hardly in good taste . . . you'd think she is just forty . . ." They hadn't changed though. Many of them might be surreptitiously dyeing their new short haircuts, but their souls were just as narrow as their bodies had been in whalebone corsets the year that I left Harrodsburg. It was the same old pattern: Miss Hudson's Finishing School, a coming out party just like all the other coming out parties that had ever been, gossip, suitable marriages, the golf club, dancing school—oh, but I had been sick of them!

And Clara came. She came with a rush, leaving me with confused impressions of a soft powdered cheek against mine, and expensive furs scented with the violets that were pinned on them. I had to look twice before I recognized her. It had been so long, and she looked so much younger now. Then she had been thin—not a fashionable thin, but work thin—and she had worn a mail-order dress. She had driven in from the farm because it was Saturday, and she had to buy feed for the stock. Clara and her mother worked the big farm alone since her father had left them.

"They're better off," said the ladies of St. Mary's Guild over their teacups, "since he left. I never did understand why she married him anyway. After all, she was a Lee . . ."

Maybe Mrs. Robinson was better off, but not Clara. The hungry look in her eyes when she hurried past the summery groups of boys and girls was proof enough of that.

A cousin in New York offered me the opportunity that I had been longing for, so I left Kentucky that summer. But my sister used to write me, and one day she wrote that Clara's mother had died, and Clara had moved to town. "She is determined," Sister said, "never to live outside the city limits . . ." A few months later, she sent me a short clipping about Clara's wedding. Sister said that the man was an insufferable bore, but hard working.

He must have been hard working, because now she had no hungry look, and her body was plump, like that of a well-fed Persian cat. What was it she was saying? Oh yes . . . they were talking about plays . . . strange to see Clara holding her own with these women . . .

"I thought of you last week when we saw *Hamlet*. Do you remember when you played Ophelia for the exercises at Miss Hudson's? You came out to the farm the day of the play, I remember, looking for rosemary. We

couldn't find any, so you used Queen Anne's lace. I'll never forget walking back to the house with you saying your lines and throwing flowers on the road . . . 'There's rosemary, that's for remembrance . . .' "

"Yes, I remember, Clara . . . rosemary for remembrance . . ." Clara had been a good audience—Ophelia had meant enchantment, and Clara had been glad to help her gather Queen Anne's lace along the dusty road.

"You didn't go to Miss Hudson's, did you, Clara?" Mrs. Culpepper broke in, her eyes glittering with malice and her thin red lips curled in a slight smile. So Clara still had enemies—the old quarrel, of course. Mrs. Culpepper resented any slight change even, so Clara must have been a shock.

"No, I didn't, Mrs. Culpepper. Mama needed me at home after I finished high school, but," her voice lifted with pride, "Beth was May Queen there last spring. Wasn't your girl one of her maids?"

Mrs. Culpepper stiffened and opened her mouth to make a retort.

"You read about that, didn't you, Jo?" Sister said quickly. "I'm sure I sent you a copy of the 'Eagle.' Mrs. Culpepper, I'm sure you're ready for some more tea." She grasped Mrs. Culpepper by her indignantly quivering elbow, and hurried her away from the dangerous neighborhood of Clara.

Clara stirred her tea grimly.

"Tell me about Beth, Clara. Sis has told me that she's just the image of you when we were growing up."

"She's all grown up now, Jo—just the age you were when you left Harrodsburg. I don't think she looks like me. In fact, she's always reminded me of you, somehow. I do wish you'd stay long enough to meet her."

"Yes, I wish I could, Clara, but I'm afraid—"

"We live on Jefferson street now, you know—in the old Cole house. George thought it was silly to buy such a big house when Beth will be married and gone in a few years." A shadow crossed her face. "But I told him that we should have it just for her sake. A girl needs a home she can be proud of."

Clara had lived in a ramshackle farmhouse with the paint peeling from its exterior. No one had come to see her in the waterstained sitting room. But Beth should have a home that she could be proud of. Clara's face might be soft and powdered, but underneath was pure granite—granite of determination.

"Now tell me about you," she said. "You always used to say that you wanted to live in New York. We should really, there aren't many advantages for Beth here."

So New York was Clara's new goal. She had humbled Harrodsburg, and now she was determined to get even further away from the hated country life. "She is determined" said Sister, twenty years ago. She, hadn't changed.

"Really, there's not much to tell, Clara. I'd really rather hear about Beth. After all, I'm her godmother aren't I? Even if I did have to have a proxy at the ceremony. I'm awfully sorry about that, Clara." I said uncomfortably, "We really were in a terrible jam at the office though. You said Beth went to Miss Hudson's, where did she have her party, is she engaged to anyone?"

"She is such a dear girl. I wish Mama could have stayed with us long enough to have seen her. I sent her to Miss Hewitt's dancing classes—where you went, remember? James says (he's the *nicest* boy!) that she is one of the most graceful dancers that he's ever seen. Yes, we sent her to Miss Hudson's. George said that it was all a waste of time, that she didn't need any finishing, but you know, you want your daughter to have all of the things you didn't have. Then last fall, she came out, and she met James at her coming out party."

"Who is James, Clara? Does he live in Harrodsburg?"

"Oh yes. You remember the Bridges who lived just down Highland street from you all? Well, James is their son. He's so *nice*, and such a wonderful background—(You've heard of Washington and Lee?) He and Beth are just right for each other. Everyone says they're just the perfect couple, but . . ."

The ghost of the hungry look from Clara's youth crept back into her eyes. She set her teacup on the table, and drew me onto the sunporch.

"Don't you think that every girl goes through a spell of being, well, just a bit *Bolshevik*? Becky went to some sort of an affair at the Wilson's—I didn't want her to go—and she met this Tom Harris there, and now she says she won't marry James!"

"What does Tom do, Clara?"

"He's a *farmer*! His people live just down the road from Mama's old farm."

I remembered the family. Their house had always been neatly painted, and a woman inside the house sang, but they were farmers, and that was enough to condemn their son in Clara's eyes. She was nervously twisting her hands now—hands that still showed the effects of her life on a farm.

"It isn't that we care, if it would make her happy, but, like I told George, Beth will never be happy with a *farmer*! Why he didn't even go to the state university. He went to one of those agricultural schools!"

She looked at me as if she had just thought of something. Then, with sudden resolution,

"You and Beth are so much alike in some ways. Couldn't you . . ."

"Really, Clara, I just couldn't," I stammered. "The office is expecting me back Thursday, and I just can't . . ."

"Of course, Jo, I understand. Don't worry." She picked up her purse proudly. "We'll get things straightened out."

The determined expression tightened her round jaw. She rose, pulling on her tight pigskin gloves in little jerks.

No, I hadn't met Beth, but I felt sorry for her. The young farmer would stand little chance against Clara's memories of a farm.

In June, I received a letter from Sister enclosing the society section of the "Harrodsburg Eagle." There on the front page was Beth's wedding picture, smiling bravely under heavy headlines that surely would not have been granted to the bride of a farmer. I glanced over the story.

> "The bride's mother was gowned in a Leon
> original of cocoa lace. She wore orchids . . . ."

I know that Clara was happy.

AN OLD ONE

HELEN MARIE PARKS

WHEN people get old they become individuals. Their clothes all look the same, there are the same wrinkles in each of their faces, their hair varies from clean white to dusty gray. But their minds make them different.

Many years ago I knew a Mrs. India Cates. She lived down the street from my house. We all called her Miz Cates. Like all people in their sixties or older, she was no one but herself. Never pretended . . . never had to, for I guess she knew she'd be fooling no one. When people get that age they have only themselves to hold responsible. She told me many of these things herself. We talked often.

I couldn't count the times I went to her house in the spring or summer or fall and found her sitting in the green swing on her front porch. Sitting on her front porch every day wasn't a routine to her. Miz Cates was there for a purpose. The weak, light blue eyes saw things from that swing that I'd never seen. Many's the time I'd watch the same robin she did, but I never smiled. We would swing together for hours and look and talk and look some more. I would notice her watching a swaying limb with bits of green here and there on the stems, or a cloud in the sky that seemed to be sitting on top of the water tower down town. I never asked her why she watched these things. It was more fun to think she was remembering years ago when she rode in a wagon under a similar branch, or saw the same cloud resting on a windmill. She would swing and watch the world.

Then there were times when I'd invite her to go for a walk and she'd slowly get out of the green swing to follow me. We would walk down the road to the railroad tracks where there was a small dirt path leading away from town. This was our favorite place to walk. She never said so, but I know she liked the way wild violets grew beside the cinder embankment. And the birds sang louder in the open country, and the grass looked healthier. She walked better on dirt paths than on the concrete sidewalks. As soon as we would get on the dirt her feet seemed to lift higher and her back was straighter. I loved being with Miz Cates. She was more fun than girls my own age because she was quiet and watchful and seemed to know where she was going. Just being with Miz Cates was like learning something every minute. She was a good teacher.

After the walk, we'd start back to her house. Coming home I was always filled with questions . . . and they never went without an answer.

"Why did the railroad tracks run up that way, Miz Cates?"

"Because they had somewhere to go," she'd answer.

"What do you think when you see things . . . things like that bunny-tail we saw back there?"

"Why, I think it was worth seeing!" Miz Cates would smile all over then. Her thin, pink mouth spread so big it'd cause lots more wrinkles. And I know her mind was smiling, too.

When I could come to her house in winter, she'd put me down on a foot stool by her side, and we would sit by the wood-burning stove all afternoon. In the winter she always talked more; I guess it was because she couldn't see out the frosted windows. She never fussed around apologizing for the mess her room was in. She'd put an apple and some crisp white crackers in my hand and tell me not to bother about spilling crumbs on the floor. Seeing my hands and mouth well-filled, she would ask me what I had done that day. I didn't tell her about coasting or breaking my bike-spoke, but only how deep and white the snow was. Or maybe I'd tell her it looked as if spring was coming soon. She liked that best. I would only mention spring and she'd start talking in a low, sweet voice. She would tell of her flowers she wanted to plant or about when we would go for the first walk along the railroad . . . or how we'd paint the green swing.

She never seemed to enjoy telling stories of her youth. It was as if she was contented to be old and at last be herself. She spoke frankly and clearly . . . and always of the future. Miz Cates lived from one season to the next. Her plans weren't made by the years . . . she said it was too late for that. Spring, summer, autumn, and winter were her future. She didn't fear death, but just knew it was coming as sure as "that robin's eggs" were going to hatch.

Miz Cates was always in motion. If she wasn't in the green swing, I found her in the rocking chair; she seemed to be going nowhere fast. One day she was in her rocking chair when she should have been in the swing. It was a beautiful day and I supposed she wasn't feeling well, for she never sat out a good day in the rocking chair. I asked her if she shouldn't be in bed, and she said, "Don't reckon my rockin' chair can do me any harm." She looked at me and smiled.

"Would you like to do something for me?"

I nodded my head. She smiled bigger than I'd ever seen her smile and murmured, "When you go out for your first walk by the railroad, you just go right down that track and figure out for yourself where it's goin'!"

Miz Cates never felt like leaving the house after that last illness. And I've been to the railroad track many times. I don't think I shall know where it's going until I'm older. Maybe that's why old folks, like Miz Cates, are each individual . . . they *know* where railroad tracks go . . . and why they never reach a destination.

THE ELK

Birgit Johansson, one of our scholarship students from Sweden, comes to Lindenwood from the University of Upsala. She plans to work in the field of journalism, and her by-line appears often in the LINDEN BARK.

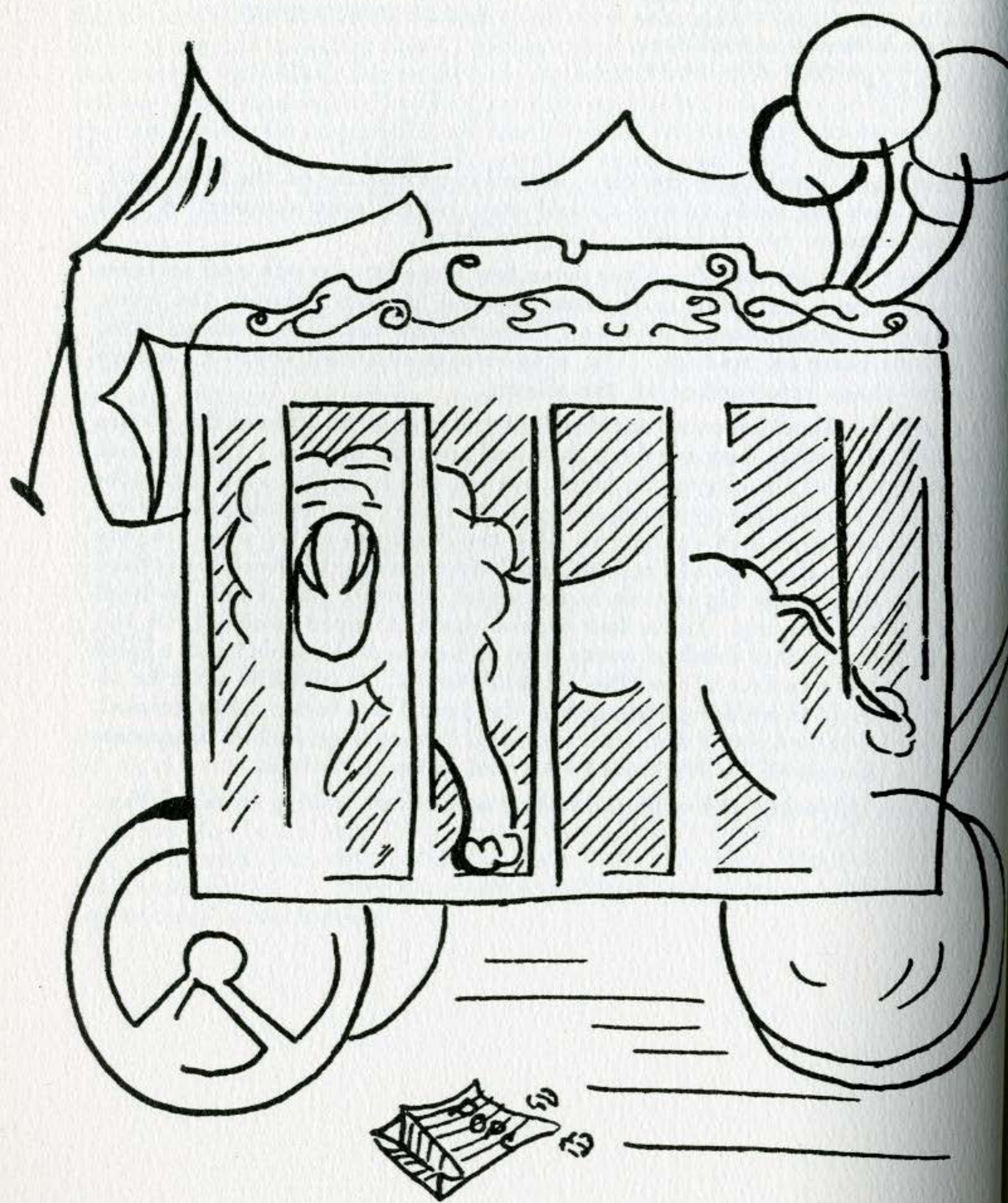
BIRGIT JOHANSSON

MY feet sank deeply into the clay, when I came walking on the little road. All around were the fields, turned up and gray, resting after summer. A field with green autumn rye gleamed in the gray frame.

I turned into the forest. After some few steps its warmth and softness had closed around me. The mist came lingering in coils between the trees. I slipped on the moist moss, and when I lifted the low branches of the spruces, a soft drizzle came on my face. The wing-strokes of a bird which I beat up were a too-sharp interruption in the silence.

I reached a small lake and sat down at the edge of it. There the silence was broken. Branches were cracked, slow and majestic steps . . . I knew what it was. Nobody but the king of the forest, the elk, can have that gait. I crouched behind a big stone. He appeared between the huge pines, holding his antlers high. His gray-brown pelt shimmered with the dewdrops of the mist. Slowly he came down to the edge of the lake and before sinking his head, he looked around. He dipped his big muzzle in the water, snorted, and shook his head with his antlers swaying. He looked around again, stepped back a little but decided to have another drink of water. Just as he was sinking his head, a faint breeze rippled the surface of the lake. It was enough. It told him what he already had feared. Something strange and dangerous was in his neighborhood. With a fling he turned round and with two long, flowing leaps he had disappeared. I got a glimpse of his frightened eyes and quaking nostrils.

I got up, shivering with cold and feeling as if I were waking from a dream.



DAZZLE

It is easy to see why "Dazzle" won first prize in the poetry society's contest this year. Pat Aydelotte, a freshman from St. Louis, would be an English major, if she were not leaving Lindenwood for marriage this summer.

PATRICIA AYDELOTTE

YOU came as the circus comes,
In the midst of day
With noise and gaiety and moment-laughter.
And I had never seen the circus,
For I was a child.
You showed me a bright cage called emotion.
I could not see inside,
For the bars were made of tinsel,
And it dazzled my eyes with its flashing light.
From within I could hear a tiger growl.

You left as the circus leaves;
In the gray half-light of dawn,
Subtly, like the departing of Indian summer.
After you had gone,
I remembered everything;
For children never forget the circus,
And I was a child.

FOR VALUE RECEIVED

Creative writing is only a side-line for Eloise Franklin, a versatile freshman contributor from Toulon, Illinois. A music major, Eloise plans to be a flutist. Readers should recognize at once the Sunday School she pictures, and find her evaluation very thought-provoking.

ELOISE FRANKLIN

"BUT, teacher, I don't want to go to heaven; I'd rather come to Toulon." This was the first sentence that fell on my ears as I expectantly followed my mother into the Sunday school room that first day. I had no idea where heaven was, but, since I lived in Toulon, I couldn't understand why anyone wanted to come there. I asked my mother where heaven was, and she said that was what she was bringing me to Sunday school to find out.

As a matter of fact, I have been trying ever since. There are countless ways of "finding heaven." Some search while still clinging to a mother's hand, some when they are ready for rest and yet afraid to die; some with the aid of church and ritual, some without. But all have the same desire to answer the eternal questions of where, and why, and how. I began my search that long-ago morning in November as I impatiently awaited my chance to ask the teacher where heaven was.

She looked rather uncertainly at me and then brightly inquired, "Wouldn't you like to put your birthday pennies in now?"

I looked at the four shiny new pennies I was guarding so carefully and after considering for a moment replied, "No. I want to know where heaven is."

"Well, dear," Miss Brownly surrendered. "You'll find heaven w-a-y up in the sky. It's a beautiful place with golden streets and angels, who fly around playing harps. God lives there."

I was all excited. Although I had played a lot outdoors, I had never seen anything like that in the sky, and I could hardly wait to go and look.

That week I stayed outside every minute possible. I searched the sky from one end to the other. But I didn't see heaven anywhere. Not only was I disappointed, but I was angry, also, to think that Miss Brownly had told me a story. It took all of my mother's persuasive powers to convince me that heaven was really there even though I couldn't see it and that I should go back to Sunday school and learn more about it.

After my initial experience, I enjoyed Sunday school very much. We played games, colored, pasted, heard stories, and, best of all, sang. I loved to sing and sang every song very loudly, except one. I just couldn't remember in that whether it was "*He* is weak, but *we* are strong," or the other way around.

Each year my class moved one table nearer the door. When we reached the last one, we were told that we had to work hard every Sunday learning some things that every Christian ought to know. There wasn't perfect agreement among the teachers, however, as to just what constituted the essentials

of a Christian's education. The ladies under thirty thought that we should learn the Ten Commandments and the Beatitudes, while the older clique were firm in the belief that we must be able to recite the books of the Bible. The older set were victorious, and we had a race to see who could memorize them first. I won. I have never been called upon to recite the books of the Bible since, but no doubt all that time I spent learning that Haggai comes after Habakkuk and Zephaniah was beneficial to me.

In due time, we were promoted to the Sunday school upstairs. After this, Sunday school became increasingly less interesting. I had always disliked both art and geography, and my new class was a combination of both. Sunday after Sunday I traced St. Paul's journeys from Damascus to Solanika, from Antioch to Corinth, and from Athens to Rome, in three colors—bright red, pale blue, and emerald green. One Sunday I asked what St. Paul had said to the Macedonians. Miss Everley was very angry because I interrupted the lesson. She said we wouldn't cover our material if we stopped to talk about trifles.

After several years of map tracing, since I didn't seem to be in perfect accord with the spirit of the class, I was allowed to fill the vacancy which had arisen in the Primary Department by the sudden, unexpected marriage of the five-year-olds' teacher.

I was surprised to find that teaching a group of children one hour every week was the hardest thing I had ever done. When I started, I thought that all I had to do was to read them one story from the lesson manual, open the handwork package, pass out the pictures and crayons, and see that law and order prevailed while they colored. And by refusing to answer all questions and seeing that the children were kept so busy that they had no time to think, I could have got by with this method. But, somehow, I found that I couldn't just stifle a five-year-old youngster's query of "Who is God?" Maybe he wanted to know as much as I wanted to know where heaven was.

For when you realize that the answers you give to their questions may influence the children in their religious thinking for the rest of their lives, you don't just supply a meaningless platitude and go on. You take time, study the problem, and try to formulate a reply that will answer the child now and will make him interested in seeking his own answer to the question in later years. My teaching responsibilities were soon taking most of my spare time. But I was more than rewarded for this extra effort when Mary Jane, who had been promoted to the next class, asked to come back because, as she said, "I don't learn about 'Dod' now."

Several months after I had taken the class, I was summoned to the superintendent's house. She ushered me in with that expression she always reserves for those under fifty, and, looking more like a Dresden doll than ever, proceeded to inform me that the Sunday school could do without my services. My resignation would be accepted and become effective the following Sunday.

A mental picture of my recent classes flashed before my eyes, but no drastic crime seemed to point an accusing finger at me. When I finally managed to blurt out a bewildered "Why?" she sanctimoniously replied that my policy of teaching Bible stories to the children was against the principles of the church. Telling credulous children about the whale spewing up Jonah from his

cavernous interior gives them a preposterous picture of religion, and the hair-raising spectacle of Daniel standing serenely under the baleful stare of man-eating lions frightens them as Frankenstein is unable to do in his worst moments. Why, it even gives them the mistaken idea that those outmoded myths are true. With such a misguided conception of religion as they would gain from my teachings, they could never become good modern Christians.

After my release from the Sunday school, I was very much confused and somewhat embittered. I had always been a part of the church because my mother had made it just as much a weekly institution as the Saturday night bath. I had always accepted whatever they told me there without question because I had the underlying belief that churches constituted the only perfect places in the world. But now, thinking over what I should have taught my ex-class made me stop and take inventory of what I had learned from my Sunday-school education and what other members of the church had seemed to gain from theirs.

I found that I could condense all the knowledge gleaned from my many years in church in a short paragraph.

First, there is a God, who is good. If you want something, you ask that God for it in a prayer. You may get it. You should always be kind to others and share with them. Most important of all, if you attend church every Sunday, you will go to heaven when you die.

As I thought about this list of facts, I realized two things. One was that my belief in them was passive, in the background, and the other was that they didn't begin to answer the questions which I felt I *must* have answered in order to live a Christian life. Somewhere, I had failed to acquire, or the Sunday school had failed to help me find, a fundamental belief that would make religion a necessary part of my life.

Although I had been given a Bible by the church on my seventh birthday because I had been baptized when I was a baby, I had never read it. Now, after several unsuccessful talks with older people who merely repeated the things I already knew, I cut the silver ribbon on the gift box. Smothering all doubts of my ability to understand, I started to read the New Testament.

The more I read, the more surprised I became. Not only was I intensely interested, but I found that the isolated facts that had been taught me took on an entirely different meaning when read in the logical sequence in which the writer had placed them. Unfortunately, though, I found some of them not only interesting but also immensely entertaining. One of the worst scoldings I ever received was administered when my two middle-aged aunts discovered that the statement which had set me rocking back and forth in the window seat with hilarious laughter was contained in the Bible perched so precariously on my knees. They lost, for the moment, that wonderful calm, majestic manner which I had thought was part of them; and I lost all privileges for a week. But it still causes me no end of amusement to read that "when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses." (II Kings, 19:35.)

I didn't even pretend to comprehend the infinite facets of meaning in this great book. But, from reading it, I found an answer to the problems that had been bothering me and gained a faith that is the most important thing in my life.

Strangely enough, I found that many of the things which had puzzled me, and that I had heard my Aunt Myra argue hours about with our minister, now lost their significance. The conflict of natural versus supernatural, which I had thought constituted the whole of religion, dwindled to unimportance in the face of the philosophy of life that Jesus' spectacular acts so dramatically heralded.

I have always taken it for granted that the miracles took place as recorded. But though I never dared to make the statement in Aunt Myra's presence, I came to the conclusion that it didn't make much difference anyway. According to Saint John, the miracles were performed in order to attract attention to the religion and to prove Christ's divinity. For as Jesus himself said, "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." (John 5:48.) Since the miracles were performed for these two reasons, why do people today who admit both their interest in the religion and their belief in the divinity of Jesus spend so much time arguing about their authenticity?

Another point, the discussion of which was sure to result in a battle with my elders, was my avowal that the difference in the Biblical and the scientific accounts of the creation of man and the universe was unimportant to me. I never failed to bring up this subject when my Uncle John visited us. He said that nothing gave him so much pleasure as watching Myra's face change from a demure pink to apoplectic scarlet as she pointed out the error of my thoughts. And he could always be depended upon to come up with a shiny new half-dollar each time. But I really couldn't see why there was any dispute over the subject. For in both the scientific and the Biblical accounts, in the beginning there was God. In fact, I think science proves religion. It is much easier for me to believe in an all-powerful God who creates a world that runs by natural laws than in a god who has fits of temper and hurls storms and plagues at his people like a cranky little boy.

Although I found, as I grew older, an answer to the religious problems that had bothered me as a child, a new one arose to worry me. That is the trend today that takes all of the mystical element out of religion and makes it merely a sociological study of a moral code. If we can rationalize and make concrete everything in religion, where does faith come in? Are you having faith in something if you can see it and fully understand and explain it? Faith implies a belief without proof. If we take from religion everything which can't be proved, we are losing the thing that makes it valuable. Maybe that's why people are so uncertain and so afraid to face life now. They have thrown away all beliefs which cannot be explained scientifically. Rather than be looked upon as foolish and superstitious, they have turned into cynics who have to see to believe. They have taken the management of their lives out of God's hands into their own, believing that they, not a mystical power from above, must direct their destinies. But when they do so, they also acquire all the responsibilities attached. With this overwhelming load of decisions which they have taken upon themselves, people realize they are inadequate to deal with them and so see certain ruin ahead. Still they refuse to accept the only thing which can and will save them.

The more I pondered both the standard religious problems and my personal ones, the more sure I became that the way to receive help and comfort is to seek for them. The more I tried to find out about and understand the

Christian doctrine, the more comfort, aid, and faith were given me. I feel sure that as my mind and needs widen, so also will my faith broaden and fill them.

If I were teaching my Sunday school class now, I would say something like this. As you study the Bible, as you think about and discuss religious matters, you receive understanding. Just as it is impossible to appreciate the magnificence of a cathedral by giving it only a single glance, so it is impossible to grasp the beauty of religious truths by reading them only once. But though seeking faith is a difficult, continuous process, this is your daily bread, the answer to your prayer.

There is a God who loves and cares for everyone. *You* may ignore God, but *He* never ignores you. If you sincerely do to the best of your abilities what you believe God wants you to, and allow yourself to be led beside the still waters, whatever happens to you will be for your eventual good. Whenever you realize that *you* are not the most important factor in your existence, but that *He* is, and when you surrender your life to be used as He sees fit, you gain a reason for living, a way of life, and a Father who will guide you through this world and the next.

If you believe this, if you have faith, can you be afraid to live?

SONG

BETTY JACK LITTLETON

BEATITUDES of gulls
And wind upon water;
Psalms of light and dark,
Communion of sun and rain;
Deluge of dry leaves,
Autumn paternosters.
And there, the crane,
Shrine of the swamps . . .

All this I have seen—
Nemesis of shadows,
Reflex of sun upon the river.

STOMP DANCE

Betty Jack is best known as student body president and popularity queen, but it is evident that she also has a high order of literary ability. An English and history major, "Beegie" will go on to graduate school when she leaves Lindenwood this June.

BETTY JACK LITTLETON

DUST clogs the sky,
Settles on the dry fences,
And leaves its flat taste in our mouths.
Everywhere the heavy human smell
Hangs on the air.
Women stand in mute indifference
Like bleak monoliths,
Stirring pots of food.
There are men lining the shade of trees,
Putting out conversation as if it were a poor investment.

This is the season of Green Corn—
The celebration of finality,
The end of growth,
Certain end.

Night fastens itself to the ground—
Fastens itself over this pagan oracle.
The chief speaks of friendship.
Silence chokes his patriarchal mumblings.
Sound beats from its hollow dwelling in the tom-tom,
Human forms beat from their hollow spirits,
And rise to join the fetish dance,
To praise the gods of the Senecas,
To celebrate the season of Green Corn.

THE WORLD OF RAIN

The two short stories by Pat Underwood are part of her honors work in English, which is the study and writing of short stories. President of the senior class, Pat will attend law school after she is graduated from Lindenwood.

PATRICIA UNDERWOOD

SHE had waited impatiently and for a long time because—oh—the rain would be so sweet and clean smelling! But she had been pretending to read all the time, just in case Edith should come in. Edith said that little girls must be busy doing something, and she said it in the way that made one pick up shoes lying in the middle of the floor, even though it was sometimes more fun to leave them there, with their laces in loops and their tongues hanging out. Anyway, the book was open, just in case, but Victoria was really waiting for it to rain. Already the wind was sweeping bits of newspaper and leaves down the street, getting everything ready. It even sent busy fingers through the window to rustle the pages of Victoria's book when she wasn't looking. And then, finally—at just the right moment—the sidewalks below burst into freckles, which grew bigger and bigger And it had happened as suddenly as a smile! In the distance, the thunder purred to itself like a big cat, deep in the throat.

Victoria pressed her head against the windowpane until it felt cold and wet, but was really only cold; and then she put both of her pigtails against the glass and leaned her chin on them. In the mornings when they were tight, the pigtails made her look a little Chinese, especially when Edith was in a hurry to comb them. Squeezing her eyes shut, Victoria counted to ten before she looked at the houses across the street. By that time, like all the other times she had done it, she saw that the houses had become a row of fat noses, freshly scrubbed and shining, and in a minute more the street lights winked on, although it wasn't quite dark.

Edith would be in the kitchen by this time, Victoria was sure, so she closed her book and straightened the pillows on the window seat. Then she went downstairs, slowly, slowly, remembering how it looked and sounded outside.

When Edith came, she had asked Victoria to call her "mother." But the word crumbled to bits on Victoria's tongue when she tried to say it. It was like trying to wear shoes after going barefoot all summer. Edith also had said that she and Victoria would work together to make a nice home for Daddy, and that's why Victoria had to help set the table, even though she didn't want to. Not that Victoria minded—she had sometimes helped Mrs. Keely that way before Edith came, just for fun. Maybe Victoria didn't like the way Edith's hands looked when they did something, as though they hated working; or maybe it was the way Edith pretended it was all a game, when it wasn't really. Whatever it was, it made Victoria uncomfortable, but she did things anyway, so that Edith wouldn't be angry.

At the sink, with the water splashing softly over her white hands, Edith

was peeling potatoes. Victoria stood on tiptoe to get the dishes out of the cupboard, without speaking. She felt bunchy, not only on the outside because of her sweater and skirt, but also on the inside. Edith was wearing a green dress, which made her hair seem very blonde.

"You'll have to get a clean plate for the butter, Vicky." "Edith didn't turn her head. "Where have you been all this time?" I have the silver already out on the dining room table."

"I was just reading," said Victoria. The yellow potatoes were bobbing around in their pan like so many loose heads.

"Daddy didn't take his rubbers with him this morning," said Edith. She dropped another head among the others and jabbed it with her paring knife. "His feet will be just soaked from the rain. It certainly has gotten ugly outside."

"Yes, it has," agreed Victoria awkwardly. She wished that Edith would call her father by his first name when she talked about him. Even Mrs. Keely, who sometimes used baby talk, hadn't seemed quite so silly as Edith sometimes did. And it wasn't ugly outside. It was pretty, pretty, pretty!

The furniture-wax-smell of the dining room made Victoria crinkle her nose to get more of it, as she walked around the table, taking the time to fix the three plates so that the rose pattern would face the person at each place. Some people's dining rooms smelled bread-and-buttery, but this one always smelled nice. The two lighted lamps on the buffet didn't quite erase the shadows of the rain trickling down the walls, and the dark wood gleamed everywhere, like the streets outside.

"Let's see," said Edith from the doorway, "I guess we'll have to use the overhead light tonight because it's so dark outside." When she flipped the switch beside the door, the watery shadows on the wall disappeared. Victoria glanced hastily out the window, almost afraid that the rain had stopped, but it hadn't.

"Daddy has to see what he's eating, so we can't eat in the dark, can we?" Edith winked.

"It was pretty dark in here," admitted Victoria. She kept her eyes fastened to the silverware while she walked around the table once more, leaving two spoons, one knife, a salad fork, and a dinner fork beside each plate. Often, before Edith came, Victoria and her father ate their supper by the light of candles—a formal supper, the kind that Victoria loved. He always pulled her chair back for her, then.

"Daddy just put his car in the garage," called Edith from the kitchen. "Let's go meet him at the front door." Her heels clattered across the linoleum, and the front door slammed while Victoria put the napkins on the table. Her own shoes made no sound when she walked slowly through the kitchen.

"How's my big girl tonight?" her father was saying as she turned the corner into the hallway. He had his arms around Edith and his head bent so far down to kiss Edith on the throat that the white part of his neck stuck out above his collar. It had seemed strange, at first, to see him do something like that. Victoria used to be just a little afraid of her father, as she was afraid to talk loud in church, even though she felt at home there. But he did things

now that he never used to do. Victoria looked away from the little pink bumps on his neck where his shirt had rubbed, feeling rather lonely and embarrassed. Once, at school, her teacher's blouse came unbuttoned in front, and all the boys nudged each other and laughed. Victoria had looked away then, too.

"And there's my little girl," said Victoria's father. He didn't seem to think the things he did and said were strange, although Victoria knew that he never used to call her his "little girl." He always had treated her as though she were already grown up. His face was red when he raised his head, and Victoria pretended not to notice the smudge of lipstick on his chin. "Here are the funny papers," continued her father. Edith was hanging his hat and coat in the closet. "We have to find out what's going on, don't we?" He tweaked Victoria's nose, which sniffed without her wanting it to.

"Would you like your slippers, dear?" asked Edith.

"I'll get them," said Victoria anxiously. Still holding the evening paper, she ran up the stairs and took more time than she really needed to find the slippers. When she came downstairs again, Edith had gone to the kitchen, and her father was in his chair.

"Well," he said, "I must say this is really service." He stretched his legs in front of him so that Victoria could unfasten his shoes. She used to tickle his feet a little when she put his slippers on, but lately it had seemed sort of silly. It was something Edith might have done.

"What have you been doing today besides going to school?" he asked.

"Nothing much." Victoria examined his face while she tried to think of something that would interest him. "Nothing much," she said again, "only Margaret Ann has a new puppy. She had it at school today, and we played with it for a while."

"And what did your teacher say to that?" He picked his paper up from the floor.

"Oh, she didn't care. Margaret asked her at noon, and she said it would be all right to bring it in the afternoon. It slept most of the time."

"Well, that was something." He wasn't listening exactly. Victoria could tell by the way his eyes moved back and forth, reading the paper.

"The potatoes will be done in about ten minutes," said Edith. She came in and sat on the arm of his chair, Victoria began to read the comic section, wondering why Edith should put such a frilly apron on. It wasn't meant to protect her dress; in fact, the big bow in back was sure to catch on something. Victoria's father began to play with it, as Edith read over his shoulder.

"I had the most dreadful time finding meat for dinner," said Edith. "It must be an off-season or something. The only thing I could find that was palatable at all was lamb chops, and we had those last Tuesday. Do you mind, dear?"

"Of course not. I love lamb chops." Her father laughed, and when Victoria looked up at him, she saw that he had thrown his arm around Edith's waist. "We'll have lamb chops from now until next Tuesday, if you can't find anything else. I love lamb chops."

"Oh, don't be such a big goof," said Edith. But Victoria knew that she

meant for him to be a big goof as much as he wanted to. And besides, Edith hadn't had any trouble getting meat, because Victoria had heard her talking to the butcher over the phone.

"Give me a kiss," said her father, squeezing Edith so that her filmy bow was squashed flat. Victoria watched it, feeling her stomach squash at the same time.

"Darling, really!" Edith laughed. Then she leaned over and whispered something in his ear, before she loosened his arm and went back to the kitchen. After she had gone, Victoria folded her section of the paper carefully, and then she laid it on the arm of her father's chair. He was reading again, but his face was red once more.

"Well," he said looking up as though he had never seen her before. "Well, what's my little girl been doing besides going to school today?"

"You asked me that once before," Victoria said slowly. Her heart was beating miserably against the inside of her sweater, like a bird that had been hurt. "I told you about Margaret Ann's new puppy."

"That's so; that's so." He cleared his throat for what seemed a long time. "Hadn't you better wash your hands for dinner?" he asked finally.

"Yes, I suppose I better," said Victoria. Upstairs, she dried her fingers one by one on the edge of the towel, where it was fluffiest. Then she went into her own bedroom, and shut the door behind her. Soon she would have to go downstairs again, but she was going to wait until the last minute, until the very last second. She went to her window and watched the rain falling on the streets, washing everything clean. The rain pattered across the roof like a bunch of tiny animals. It almost made her smile.

ON KEATS

BETTY JACK LITTLETON

Where flies the hawk that hovered once around
These blanched remains of summer, searching the wake
Of sun through flinty kindlings of light to take
These innocent bones—the images of sound
And sight—that, lying brittle on the sand,
Are instances of time? How did he shake
Together fathom-hollow senses, break
Into this sky-bred silence he has found?
Where flies the hawk that snatched these hollow bones,
And through the upward drafts of space and time
Transported them to vibrant light and dark,
Those welded moments past the separate tones
Of eye and ear? In blinding sense or rime,
And metaphor of reason flies the hawk.

THE OLD MAN

Meredie Dennis, being from Dodge City, Kansas, is well-acquainted with the wide plains pictured in her poem, which is a portrait of her grandfather. A freshman, Meredie plans to major in commerce.

MEREDIE DENNIS

WILL he stand like the cottonwood
on the plantless land,
fiercely guarding the early years
of buffalo and prairie fires?
Or will he stand like the rock,
gnarled and rough,
while time washes away
all thoughts
and leaves only the sound
of grunting oxen and rumbling wagon wheels?
Will he go as a tall tree,
suddenly,
beneath the lightning
of a storm?
Or will he go with the wild birds,
crying,
followed by the snow?

JAPONICA BLOSSOMS

The GRIFFIN'S freshman staff member is Jo June De Weese, from Hugo, Oklahoma. Jo is equally skillful at writing short stories and poetry, and is represented by both in this issue. She is an English major and wants to be an English teacher.

JO JUNE DE WEESE

JAPONICA blossoms
And the first green smell of spring.
Starched new dresses
And white straw bonnets
With black velvet bows.
And Lent
With purple chanted litany.
Easter rabbits
Of stiff white paper
With bright pink ears.
I had forgotten happiness,
But I remember now
With japonica blossoms,
And the first green smell of spring.

BEST HOUSEKEEPER

JANE EWING

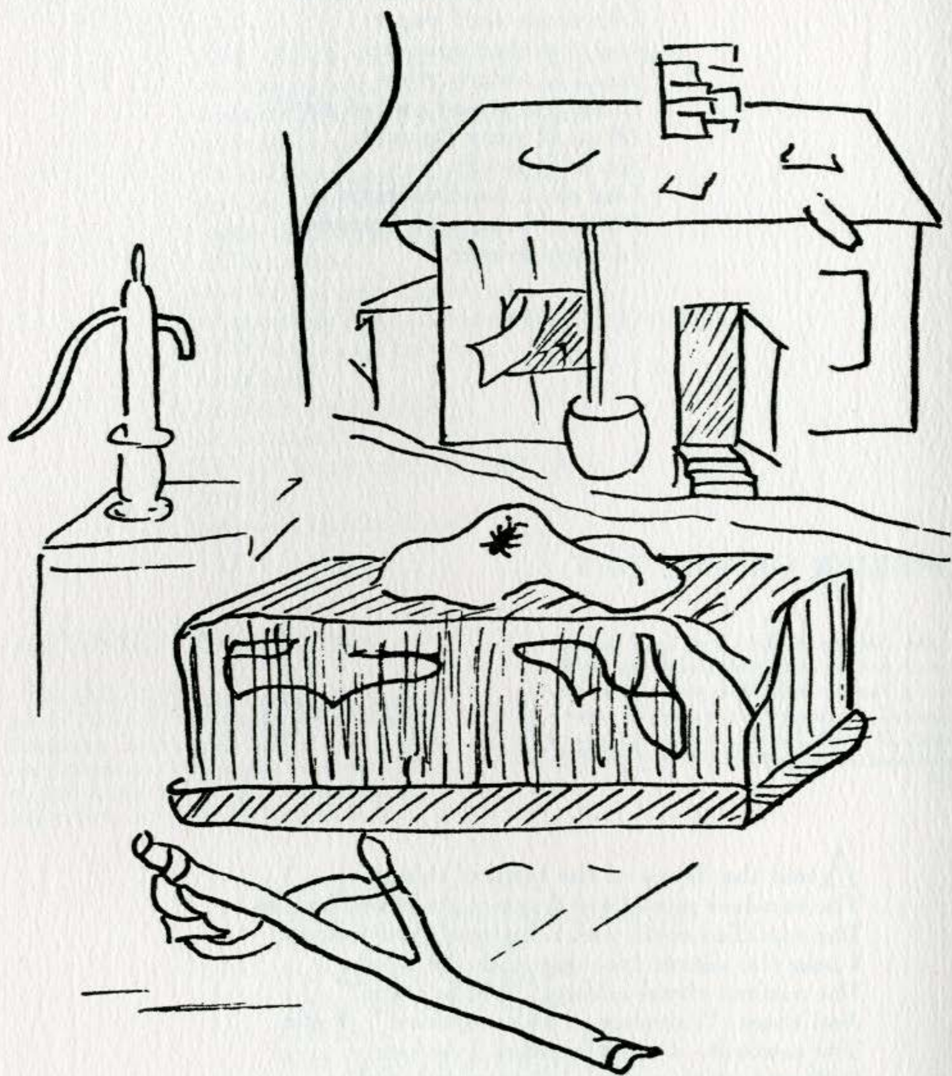
SHE has a stiff, clean soul,
Like white shelf paper;
And scrubbed opinions
Stand in orderly rows
In her swept and dusted mind.
All small stray thoughts
She folds neatly
Like clean handkerchiefs,
Putting them, with lavender,
In a top drawer.

OFFICER OF THE DAY

Dr. Siegmund Betz is at least as well-known for his interesting quizzes as for his poetry, though the latter is more universally admired. A member of the English department, Dr. Betz has had one of his poems published in the ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

SIEGMUND A. E. BETZ

Amid the debris of the birth of things,
The sawdust mounds and remnants of cut boards,
The muddied earth and rainstorm's clutterings,
I hear the silence cracking with the words,
The ancient ritual asking, "Who is there?"
And then: "Advance . . be recognized." I stir
The sawdust. I must be what I declare—
Rifle and voice salute: "Recognized, sir!"
It seems, between the warehouse and the moon,
Where I have set no guard, the question lingers:
"Who, indeed, *is* there? Friend . . . demon . . . foe . . . buffoon?
Or just machine with viscera and fingers?"
I do not answer, for I come this way
Once now and once again before the day.



HAROLD

HELEN MARIE PARKS

WITH great care, Harold heaped the dry sand on the tattered shoebox. The shoebox was tattered like everything else on their farm . . . it looked tired out from hard use. Though flimsy, the box held up under handfuls of sand. After making the layer of sand smooth, Harold put a shiny dead beetle on top of it. The dead beetle lay quite still, and Harold smiled. He retreated six feet, plopped on his stomach, and took a sling shot out of his blue jeans pocket. Taking careful aim, he shot at the shiny black object on top of the sand-covered shoebox. Missed. Reload, shoot! Missed. Reload, shoot! Missed. Reload . . .

"Har-rr-old! Harold!" His mother was calling. Shoot! Missed. Reload, shoot! Missed . . .

"Har-rr-old! Come 'mere!" She sounded mad. Harold slowly rose, brushing off bits of sand as he walked. The beetle hadn't moved. The sand around it was dimpled with a few shell-holes where the rocks had hit, but the beetle hadn't moved. Maybe it was pretending it was dead. Harold jumped the shallow ditch in front of his house and ran up to his mother. She was standing on the steps, her hands on her hips.

"I called you two times. What was you doin'?"

"I was playin' out there in the sand. A dragon all black and shiny 'tacked me . . . had to kill him. I put him on top of a building so all the people could see him. Then I shot him with my . . ." He stopped. His mother didn't like for him to talk like this. He put his dirty hands in the back pockets of his jeans. His mother's mouth twisted into two ugly lines.

"A dragon, huh? Your dad'll dragon you when he gets home and there's no hot water. Git back to the pump and fetch some . . . an' take that there cotton sack off this porch!"

Saturdays were fun. There was no cotton to pick, so he could play. He'd forgotten the water his pa wanted, but there was plenty of time. Swinging

around the house, he barely missed stepping on an up-turned hoe. He picked it up and threw it under the house.

While pumping, he looked out across the forty acres that some day would be his. There was the bad spot in the row that the boll weevils had taken. Friday, when he came to that place, he had lain down on his sack and watched the clouds. Bad spots in a row of cotton were good because you had to go slow and pick more careful than usual. Then if no one was looking your way you could lie down and rest. There were always clouds to look up at and some times you could see pictures. The old pump belched like it was going dry. He pumped harder and specks of rust began covering the bottom of the bucket. The pump returned to its normal creaking and groaning, and he finished filling the bucket. Harold wondered if the beetle was dead . . . there was a chance . . . it might crawl away . . . if only it would!

"Harold! We're going to Mrs. Malone's when you finish gittin' that water. And put your shoes on!"

He picked the bucket up off the slimy-green stand under the pump mouth and started toward the back porch. He'd forgotten his cotton sack on the front porch . . . maybe she wouldn't notice he had left it.

"Hurry up, Harold!" His mother sounded awful eager to get down the road to Mrs. Malone's. He hated to go there. Bill, Mrs. Malone's son, made him feel uncomfortable. Always talking so big about the things he did, especially the cotton he picked, and Mrs. Malone would smile at him. Harold's mother would talk all the way home about how good a boy Bill was, and how he never played silly games.

"Are you ready, Harold?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Well, let's go." She was always in such a hurry!

The sun was still high in the sky. They walked fast down the sandy road. Harold didn't even have a chance to look at the beetle.

"Do you think the dragon will crawl off, ma?"

"Crawl off? Huh! I thought you killed it. What a boy—dragons, huh! I'll bet Bill hasn't been playin' all afternoon. No sir, he's been workin'."

They sat in the front-room bedroom of the Malones. Mrs. Malone was barefooted and kept rubbing her fat knobbed feet against the linoleum.

"Yep, Bill picked seventy-eight pounds this mornin'. What did you pick, Harold?" Her feet scooted faster.

"Not much." Did they have to talk about cotton all the time?

"HUH! He didn't pick any, Mrs. Malone. Lazy, I'd say." Why didn't his mother ever take up for him? Maybe they'd go soon and he could hunt for the beetle. Surely it had crawled away . . . it couldn't be dead, not dead-dead, at least.

"Hey, Harold, wanna go out and see how clean I picked my row today?" Bill was grinning smart-like.

"I'd like to make some sand . . ."

"Harold! Go out with Bill. Maybe he can teach you something about farming. Huh, Mrs. Malone, I'll be afraid to leave Harold those forty acres.

He'd sit on the porch all day and watch the clouds instead of farmin'." Why did his mother have to talk farming all the time? Didn't she know that the clouds could be prettier than barns?

On the way home, Harold looked at the fields. Maybe he wouldn't like to farm. The rusty barn looked dim in the late afternoon. A person could smell that barn six miles down the road.

"That Bill is sure a worker." Harold's mother might as well been talking to herself. "Helps his mother a lot." She fairly glared at Harold. "But his mother! She thinks she's got troubles!" She put her hand on the sore spot on her hip. "Why don't you want to work? Playing with dead things all the time—you should be ashamed of yourself, Harold."

"It's not dead!"

"Hit's dead, too! When something's dead, it's dead. You'd be afraid of it if hit weren't!" She was pleased with this last statement. "Haw!"

Harold had his shoes off and was scuffing the sand up as he walked. There wasn't any use telling his mother the beetle had come alive and gone away. She wouldn't understand.

"I want to go out and play some before pa comes home."

"You ain't neither! Been playin' all day."

"Aw, ma, I want to see if the . . . I want to get that shoebox out of the road."

She eyed him closely. "All right, but only for a little bit!"

He jumped the fence and cut through the white-dotted rows. Going under the gate at the other end of the field, he ran straight to the sand and shoebox. It would be gone.

He saw first the shiny black back of the beetle. It hadn't moved at all. It was still surrounded by the hills of sand. It was still there . . . dead . . . like everything else around him. Bill wouldn't have expected a dead beetle to come alive . . . Bill wouldn't even have played with a dead beetle. There It was—black and shiny—not moving at all.

"Har--rr-old! Get in here and pick up that cotton sack off the front porch!"

Harold stood looking at the cotton field for a minute. Some day it would all be his. The whole farm, dirty barn, rusted pump . . . everything. He kicked the shoebox over and walked toward the house.

THE BIG WHEEL

JANE EWING

I couldn't even explain it to Joanna, who has been my best friend since we were sent home for shooting spitballs at old Miss Banner in the second grade. She almost fell out of the booth at Coogan's Eat Shoppe when I told her that I wanted to go to the prom with Lee Turner.

"Delusions of grandeur," she muttered behind her root beer mug. "You know, my friend, that every junior and senior girl in high school would also like to go to the prom with Lee? At least you aim high."

"Nothing but the best for Betsy Allen is my motto," I said. "I've got a month to work on him, and I know he hasn't asked anyone yet. And he certainly doesn't go steady."

Joanna looked at me suspiciously. "My, such grim determination! You aren't kidding, are you?"

She noticed my hurt look. "All right, hon, you're serious. Now *why* do you want to go with Turner so badly? I know he's the greatest man in Blue Valley High School, but I didn't realize you cherished this secret passion. It's not like you. Lee's a big wheel, and we're—we're just tiny little cogs."

"That's sort of what it is, Joanna." Somehow this was embarrassing. I looked down at the initial-scarred table-top, the wet rings from our glasses. "You know what Lee is. He's lettered in football and track for three years and he's class president. Lead in the operetta and the class play. Editor of the *Gold and Crimson*. Handsome. And a wonderful dancer. *And* he has his own Cadillac convertible."

"So?" Joanna is very hard-headed.

"I don't know how to say it. Lee and I know the same people and do the same things. Sometimes we sit in the same booth here, in a crowd. But we don't know each other. I'm the one on the back row in the glee club—good dependable alto. Prompter for the plays. I read proof for the *Gold and Crimson*, and I'm always on the committee that cleans up after a dance."

"What's wrong with that? You do it better than most people would."

"Oh, Jo, I don't really mind. Not really. But just this one time I want to be in front. I want to go to the prom with Lee and wear yellow camellias in my hair."

I realized that this could turn into a speech. "It doesn't make much sense to me either, Jo. I guess it sounds silly, but there it is," I finished lamely.

"Well, your reasoning seems a little wild, but if you want to go that badly I hope you can. I suppose it's occurred to you that if you concentrate just on Lee for a month, and then he doesn't ask you, you'll be up the well-known body of water. No date. The fellows like to settle things early. Weeks early."

"I'm giving myself a deadline of three weeks, and if he hasn't asked me by then and I can't snare anyone else, I can always stay home and play records, or baby-sit for Sis."

"Of course you can," said Joanna sweetly. "You'd only be missing the greatest event of all four years of high school. A mere trifle. Look, if this little project doesn't pan out, Mickey can get you a date, even if it's late."

"I will not fail!" I announced dramatically.

Joanna didn't say anything on the way home until we reached her corner. "Good luck, pal. See you tomorrow." She turned up Fourth Street, but looked back over her shoulder. "He's more orchids than camellias, I'll bet," she observed cryptically.

I walked on, plotting my campaign. Could I sit beside him in assembly the next day?

The next three weeks were the most hectic I have ever spent. I lay awake at night thinking of dumb questions to ask him in American history class, and figuring out ways to stand beside him at the blackboard in trig class. I volunteered to sell cokes at the track meets—a wet, messy job which I hated; and I became the most faithful proof-reader our school paper had ever had.

Nothing happened.

We said hello in trig every morning, and traded remarks about the teachers and the track team's chances at the district meet. One afternoon we sat in the Eat Shoppe and discussed Stan Kenton, and once he told me I looked nice in pale blue, but nothing happened. And time was getting short.

Other parts of my life were getting rather complicated. When I was home in the evening, Mother and Daddy would carefully, obviously not ask me if I had a date for the prom yet. Mother stopped asking who all the girls had dates with, and she had my favorite desserts every night.

I couldn't go over to the Eat Shoppe after school with the girls. All anyone ever talked about was the prom—dates and dresses and who was going to whose houses after the dance. Naturally, I wasn't going to discuss my little plans, and anyway, I didn't want to hear the talk. I had a pale green formal that was perfect for yellow camellias, and I wanted to wear it. Joanna understood, and she used to grin wickedly when she saw me trudging home right after school with an arm-load of books to make things look right.

Worst of all, I had to avoid the other boys I knew. If one of them should ask me to the prom and I turned him down, the word would get around that I already had a date, and I could resign myself to sitting home the evening of May second. It did terrible things to me to have to duck into the girls' rest room when I saw Mac coming down the hall, or walk home a different way after school so I wouldn't see Bill Chapman.

Suddenly, nearly three weeks were gone, and I didn't have a date. No one else had managed to hook Lee yet, but I had plenty of companions in the chase. I could see the green dress and the high-heeled gold slippers gathering cob-webs in my closet. Some day when I was quite old I would probably take them out and shed a quiet tear for my wasted youth.

The idea came one afternoon in American history class. Lee was standing in front of the room giving a report. I gazed longingly at him—such black hair, and it was curly, but not *too* curly. Just right. And dark blue eyes and a crooked smile. "But he's not too pretty," I thought. Mouth too wide and chin sticks out. Why didn't they turn out more boys like that? Who wouldn't

want to go to the prom with him? Lucky girl! Would I have a chance to talk to him at play practice that night?

Something clicked. Lee knew whoever he asked to the dance would be the luckiest girl in school. Doing some lucky girl a great big favor. Now what would happen if I did *him* a great big favor?

I was quite proud of my little germ of a plan, and I thought about it all hour, ignoring Mrs. James and the League of Nations. Then as the bell rang it occurred to me that he would probably only be offended at anyone's offering him any kind of help with anything. After all, he could do everything much better than I could. I walked home slowly, wearing my usual vaguely puzzled look. What to do?

That night at play practice poor Mr. Gray had one of his tempers. Lee didn't know his lines in the second act.

"I don't know why I keep on directing these things for people like you, Turner! You can do that part, if you would. You haven't known your part yet, and I'm getting sick of it."

"We've got time. I'll learn the lines."

Mr. Gray's face, which was already red, turned a frightening shade of purple.

"If you don't learn the second act by tomorrow night, you don't stay in the cast. I mean it. You get away with too much around here, Lee." He turned away, mopping his bald head. "All right, twenty-minute break."

Lee sat down on an upturned box, looking a little angry, and a little worried.

Before I could change my mind, I was on my feet, walking over to him. It would probably be a miserable failure, but at least I would have been original.

"Lee, would you like to go over the first scenes and let me cue you? You can learn those lines in no time at all—you just haven't had time to get them perfectly."

Yes, he'd been pretty busy. That would be swell. In fact, it was awfully nice of me. We got along beautifully. He learned every line in the first scene. Then he asked me if I would mind doing it the next night. Why, no, I wouldn't mind. The next night he learned all the lines in scene two, Act Two.

"Well, this certainly didn't offend him. It didn't even make a dent!" I thought bitterly, preparing to go back to my prompting. Well, I was making my contribution to the drama.

"Would you like to go to the movies with me Saturday night, Betsy?"

My mind had finally snapped and I was imagining things. No, I wasn't. He was standing there waiting for me to say something. I tried to look as if I were mentally consulting my little black book.

"Well, yes, Lee, I'd like to. That would be fun." What a stupid thing to say! Fun! He'd probably change his mind.

"I'll come by at seven, then. I'll see you. I've got to give these peasants the benefit of my talents now. Thanks for the help."

I walked home that night about three feet above the brick sidewalk.

The next morning, the atmosphere at the breakfast table was cheerful, for a change.

"Glad to see you've joined the human race, Betsy," my father said. "I was beginning to wonder."

Mother glared at him. "She has a date with *Lee Turner* Saturday night."

Saturday night I spent an hour and a half getting ready, instead of the thirty minutes I usually allowed for Bill or Mac. Once I decided I couldn't possibly go because I had nothing to wear, but I finally decided that my yellow pique, which I had been saving since last summer, would be special enough. I brushed my hair for twenty minutes. About all you could say about it was that it was brown, but at least it was going to shine.

I had just finished spraying on some White Shoulders when I heard the doorbell. Two minutes after seven. Mother called me, and I counted to one-hundred slowly before I started downstairs.

Lee had on gray slacks and a beautiful sport jacket. And a tie! Thank goodness I hadn't worn that old green thing.

He spoke. "You look nice in that color, Betsy." It would always be my favorite color.

"I'm afraid we'll have to walk up town. My car's in the garage, and Dad's using the other one."

"It's a fine night to walk." The other boys I dated thought they were lucky to get the family car once a week.

We walked slowly up Pine Street. The air felt soft—just the way I felt—and I could smell the locust trees. We talked about the play, the band the juniors had picked for the prom (I want to go to the prom and hear the band, Lee), and Dixieland versus be-bop. I was a little disillusioned when Lee spoke reverently of Dizzy Gillespie, but lots of perfectly nice people felt that way, and maybe there was something to it, really.

Lee was fairly easy to talk to. Of course I couldn't wrangle with him about the UN the way I did with Mac or argue about the city council or socialized medicine. It didn't go with the evening, somehow, and something told me Lee wouldn't think it was very interesting. Of course, he was so busy with the play and the paper, and track, and everything, that he didn't have time for many things like that, I supposed.

We got to the show just as the lights went off, but I could see heads swivelling to look at us, and feel the hot glare from the row of girls behind us. There was a Tom and Jerry cartoon before the feature, which was *Danger in Lost Canyon*. It was hard to hear the sound above the crunching of popcorn and the whispering and scuffling, but no one in Blue Valley goes to the Star on Saturday nights to see the movie, anyway. The little boys go to test improved models of bean shooters, and other people go to see who else is there.

Lee, I noticed approvingly, didn't talk during the picture. We left before the lights came on so we wouldn't be caught in the mob, and he held my hand as we went up the aisle. We walked outside, past the envious glances of Marge Bates, who took tickets, and Jenny Tuller, who sold candy and popcorn.

"How about the Eat Shoppe?" he asked. "If I had the car we could drive over to Boone City." I didn't care if he didn't have the car; I was glad to walk with him.

"I'm really kind of glad you don't. I like to walk on spring nights." He looked down at me and grinned, and shook his head. Didn't he believe me?

We took over the one empty booth at Coogan's and ordered chocolate sodas. Lee talked for quite a while about the track team. I really didn't know much about it, so I just kept still and listened to him. He seemed to like this, but you can only say so much about a track team, and there was a little silence, finally, which I broke by saying, "Have you seen Thurber's new book of cartoons? I was looking at it in the bookstore today, and it's the best one yet."

"Thurber? Is he the one that has the funny-looking dogs? To tell you the truth, I never could see what was so funny about him."

"I guess he's an acquired taste, like eggplant," I said hastily. "How do you think the play is coming?"

His face brightened. "If Baldy Gray wouldn't be so unreasonable about practice hours, it would be a lot better. You'd think the cast hadn't anything else to do."

This led to a discussion of Lee's activities, which lasted clear through the chocolate sodas. Yes, the assembly program this year had been terrible. Miss Garrell was a good class sponsor, but a little stubborn. He had some trouble with her sometimes.

I agreed. Absolutely. I had the beginning of a funny feeling in the bottom of my mind, but I was going to do this right. What if he did talk about himself quite a bit? Wasn't he talking about the things I would talk about if I were an important character around high school? Wouldn't I talk about them, too?

It was early when we left Coogan's, so we decided to walk around the square. He apologized again for not having the car. It was so crowded Saturday nights—all those farmers and their yelling kids. He didn't like it.

"It is a little like a mob scene," I said, hating myself. I really like Saturday nights on the courthouse square. I like the courthouse clock that never keeps time, and the red popcorn wagon on the corner, and even the fearless small boys who treat their bicycles like Hopalong Cassidy's horse.

"Say, look at that Nash Rambler! Wouldn't I like to have that!" Lee looked admiringly at a green car. Looked like any other car to me.

"What's a Rambler?" I wanted to know.

At first he thought I was joking, but when he saw that I was really ignorant, he told me. At length. He seemed to know a great deal about all sorts of cars. In fact, they seemed to be his favorite subject. He was still talking about Buicks when we reached the northeast corner of the square, where Connelly's band was tuning up.

Connelly's band is a Blue Valley institution. Years ago, the Connellys had a tent show which travelled all over the state, but it has dwindled to a six-piece band that plays every Saturday night in warm weather, under a wide

red umbrella on the courthouse lawn. It isn't the most beautiful music in the world, but it's loud and tuneful, and I love to watch the slide trombone go in and out on the chorus of "Pretty Redwing."

Old Mr. Connelly was there as usual, wearing his string tie, and chewing a cigar, when he wasn't playing the clarinet. He always looked to me like a baby who needed a shave.

We cut across the lawn, and passed by the band just as Mr. Connelly announced that the number would be "Listen to the Mocking Bird."

"I don't see why Old Man Connelly doesn't give up and go home. That band has really gotten pitiful the last year or so. He just makes a fool of himself." Lee said this with a look of gentle superiority.

I couldn't let that go by, prom or no prom—and had I wanted to go to the prom so badly? "I don't think the band—" I started to say. Then I saw Mr. Connelly. His old-baby face was suddenly very quiet, and it looked gray instead of pink. He had heard what Lee had said. He turned around slowly, and the band started to play. I could see his shoulders sag a little under his black coat. It needed pressing, and he could have used a haircut.

I looked at Lee and his new jacket and his white teeth, and I didn't like him much. It had been a long evening, and maybe I was just tired.

"Lee, I ought to be getting home."

"So early?" He looked surprised.

"It's not terribly early, really, and I want to go to early church in the morning."

"Whatever you say." He looked at me with a puzzled little frown.

We walked back down Pine Street under the locust trees, and talked about the food in the school cafeteria, which turned out to be a safe subject. We got to my front porch just as the moon was coming up, but I was in no mood to look at it.

He wasn't going to ask me, but it wasn't important now. I was sleepy. He opened the door for me.

"Betsy, would you go to the prom with me?"

He'd said it. There he was, standing on our porch in the moonlight, with his curly hair and his crooked smile, waiting for the answer. But he knew the answer. I didn't like him very much, but I liked myself still less.

"Why, yes, Lee, I'd love to go with you."

I said I'd go. Not even Mickey could have wangled another date for me that late. Lee was still the pot of gold as far as everyone else was concerned. He would get his shiny car. I could wear the green dress, probably with orchids. But it wasn't the way it should have been.

Poor Mother has given up on my love life. I heard her tell Daddy that she hoped I'd be nice to poor Lee, at least. But Joanna just smiled when I told her about that night.

SHAKESPEARE'S AFFIRMATION OF JUSTICE

Though Rita Baker is best-known on campus as a senior who is doing honors work in science, she also possesses great sensitivity as a literary critic, as is shown by this analysis of Shakespeare's belief in a moral order. Rita is a former editor of the GRIFFIN.

RITA BAKER

IN the tragedy of *King Lear* one feels Shakespeare's affirmation of justice most strongly and also most wordlessly. The feeling of triumphant justice is hard to analyze, particularly its origin, for the play does end with the catastrophic death of both Lear and Cordelia. Also, why one should feel confident of a moral order of good after Lear's almost impossible suffering, and after this suffering has been so much greater than that merited by his one deed, one does not know at first glance. Lear was, of course, the doer of the deed which set off the terrible chain of events that resulted in his death and the deaths of the evil persons of the play. But if one believes that mortal retribution should be proportional to the sin, Lear's extreme suffering could be considered unjust. And if unjust, then the events of the play would point either to a God who dislikes people and who plays with them at his own pleasure, or to Fate, which has utter control over people's lives and leaves them helpless and bewildered. Both ideas are expressed by persons in the play, seeking their answers to the question of what is God—but neither idea is the answer. My final conclusion springs from a sense of moral order in the play as a whole, not from a specific expression of it in the text.

There are two reasons why Lear's suffering was not unjust. First, he had, by his own characteristic action or deed, excited the events which followed. His was the primary cause of his own suffering. Second, Lear found, through his pain, his own soul. He became good, and happy, and a possessor of the knowledge of values. He came to know that love is what is good, not power or possessions or rank. He became humble and patient, and most of all, understanding. Lear triumphed through his suffering. Lear became what he could not have been otherwise. The suffering was necessary.

This fact, the fact of the great happiness of Lear at the end, affirms the justice of the moral order. It is not justice that is meted out, an eye for an eye, but justice beyond that, partly controlled by men and partly controlling them. It would seem that the external deeds of punishment and reward are not enough to be called justice; justice extends to the inward movements and cannot always be seen by men. By the end of the play, Lear had accepted his fate—when sentenced to prison, he spoke the perfectly happy words: "We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage." Lear felt the justice of the outcome of his long pain and hurt, of his former error and selfishness. That he felt this was simply expressed when, over Cordelia's corpse, he prayed for her life, saying that if only she would live, it would be worth his whole pain. And when he died, he died thinking that she did live, and thus he was most happy.

Can it seem unjust that such suffering should result in such perfection? Shakespeare does not say that all suffering will end in an equal triumph. He indicates that the function of suffering is to bring man to a realization of the truth, but he does not say that justice consists only in suffering on earth. I may be reading myself into Shakespeare, but I should like to think that Lear points to a justice, mysterious and perfect, which is beyond our ken and only at times visible to us on earth in our lives. Shakespeare shows in plot the action of justice inwardly and outwardly upon the souls and actions of men alive. But he does not say this is all; there is left an impression of a far greater, incomprehensible justice to be done outside of our understandings. The justice of *King Lear* is an affirmation that it does occur within our experience.

DON QUIXOTE'S LAST WORDS TO SANCHO PANZA

Dr. Sibley, who is faculty adviser on the GRIFFIN staff, says that most of her attempts to write poetry turn into light verse or doggerel. One exception is this poem suggested by her reading of Cervantes.

AGNES SIBLEY

FORGIVE me that I made you half-believe
There were knights-errant still,
Evil and sorcerers abroad,
Giants approaching from a windy hill.

Here in La Mancha where the sun is warm
There is no need for fears—
Cattle are quiet in the fields,
Pigeons are murmuring through the years.

If madness led me to believe
Our God's divine intent
Was that we go beyond our peace,
In sanity I must repent.

Now age and dust are on my head
I will conform, admit my wrong:
Up on the hill the windmills stand,
All disenchanted, very strong.