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The CRUCIFIX

THE GRIFFIN

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THE GRIFFIN

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

EDITORIAL STAFF

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A PAINTING OF LITTLE MARGOT BERARD

Barbara Shuttleworth is a senior from Jennings, Missouri. She is a biology major and has a minor in English. She is president of Pi Alpha Mu, the honorary English fraternity.

BARBARA SHUTTLEWORTH

A feather wisp of wind at moment's rest
Forever eager now to see and touch
The world; to run before slow time in quest
Of everything: The sun, a stone, not much
To cram into a pocket filled with such
As clouds and sticks and baby birds and sand.
Now run but sometimes pause. Then jump to clutch
A falling leaf, a song, your mother's hand.
This day is all your life and waiting time will stand.

DAYPIECE TO VIRGINIA

Gail Langworthy, a sophomore from Palestine, Illinois, is majoring in English. This poem is a take-off on "Upon Julia's Clothes" by Robert Herrick. Gail is a member of Poetry Society.

GAIL LANGWORTHY

WHENAS in jeans Virginia goes
She wears a smudge upon her nose
That matches well her sloppy clothes.

Then, when I cast mine eyes and see
Those flapping shirttails swinging free
Oh, how that garb revolteth me!

ALLEY

Hester James, a freshman from Independence, Missouri, won a prize in her high school literary club for a poem. This year she is a member of the Poetry Society here at Lindenwood.

HESTER JAMES

THE cat
Slunk by
Dark doorways
To a
Soul-skinned
Fish
Also alone
With nothing.

THE SUMLESS TREASURE

Willa Gleeson, a sophomore from Wahoo, Nebraska, is an English major. This story is based on her experiences in Mexico last summer.

WILLA GLEESON

HERE, *senores* and *senoritas*, is one of Mexico City's most beautiful cathedrals. Built in 1579, it stands today as a . . ."

The guide's voice droned monotonously as Clarise tapped her foot impatiently, and spoke audibly to the young woman next to her, "Why can't we just go in and see the church? He doesn't need to bore us with ancient history."

Becky glanced at Clarise and whispered, "He's almost finished—have a Kleenex?"

"What on earth for?"

"Neither of us has a hat—you can't enter a Catholic Church . . ."

"Here," Clarise laid one cautiously on her own head, then stepped forward as the heavily carved doors were pushed open.

Gleaming faintly in the musty darkness were innumerable gold statues that stared at her as she wandered down the main aisle. Columns shrouded in purple velvet towered above her, and on all sides, gold glistened in the faint light.

Just another cathedral, she thought to herself. She'd seen enough to satisfy the guidebook requirements—"When in Mexico, visit . . ." She carefully skirted a kneeling Mexican and returned to the rear of the church.

"Say, Clarise—you read about St. Francis in college last year, didn't you?" A young man ambled up to her, his pink shirt and white shoes in startling contrast to the somber surroundings. "The guide was just showing us a statue of him over there, seemed so intrigued with the saint, I wondered—"

"I can't remember much," Clarise replied disinterestedly, "he was just an extreme believer in poverty, quite a martyr too. Actually prayed to endure the sufferings of the crucifixion, and he did, too," her voice trailed off. "When are we leaving?"

The guide answered her question as he softly addressed the group. "We are leaving immediately for Chapultepec Castle. Those of you who wish to, can return to the hotel. It's two blocks down the street and one block to the left."

"I think I'll go back. Anyone else want to?" Clarise asked.

"Everyone's going to Chapultepec, Clarise. Are you sure you can find your way back?" Becky asked.

"I'm quite capable of walking three blocks alone," Clarise answered sharply. "I'll see you all later."

The cool mountain air brushed her cheeks. Smells of filth and food emanated from the clay walls and cracked sidewalks on the dirty market street. She ought to begin hunting for souvenirs, she thought. She wanted something different, something unusual. She stopped before a small shop, its display

window cluttered with religious objects. A statue of St. Francis—what a perfect souvenir!

With only a moment's hesitation she turned and entered, her eyes alighting on a shelf of statues arranged in tumbling disorder. She stepped closer, carefully avoiding the dusty piles of trunks, candelabra, and odd pieces of furniture, and began to handle the statues one by one.

"Poverty divine—the sumless treasure." She vaguely remembered hearing that statement during a class discussion of "The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi." Well, St. Francis would certainly feel at home here, she thought, but how ridiculous; poverty—a treasure? At any rate, she should be able to find an old statue of him for a souvenir, here.

From behind a gaudy plaster image of an unknown saint, she extracted a small dusty statue; the wooden head had been poorly carved but the hands and feet both bore the marks of the stigmata—it was St. Francis, all right. Clarise blew the dust off the tattered brown cloth which hung around the saint's body; the arms and legs were attached to the body by a rusty wire and unless it was leaned against a heavier object, it could not stand alone. The arms, however, were outstretched as those of the St. Francis in the college classics room had been—and there were the stigmata.

"Veinte pesos, senorita!"

A gutteral voice rasped in her ear and as Clarise turned, a toothless old man was eying her sternly. *"Veinte pesos—es antiguo."*

"Do you have any others?" Clarise asked sharply.

"Es muy antiguo—veinte pesos."

"Can't you understand? I want to see some other statues of St. Francis!"

The old proprietor's dull blue eyes stared at her, he fingered his stiff brown mustache and repeated, *"Veinte pesos."*

Oh, the illiterate old fool, why couldn't he understand English? Clarise looked at the statue. It's decrepit, she thought; she wanted an antique, but this—this was something that dirty old man would have in his home, it would hardly do on her shelf. She returned the statue and without a glance at the old man, walked out of the shop.

Across the street a huge billboard advertised, "La Perla," and lettered in English below, "Antique Shop, English spoken."

"Yes, miss?"

What a relief to hear English, and what a beautiful shop. She glanced at the piles of china, Louis XIV furniture, and exquisite crystal. Eagerly she asked the clerk, "Do you have a statue of St. Francis, a small one?"

"Step this way, please."

Clarise followed the woman farther back into the shop, then stopped as the clerk laid on the counter a beautiful carving of the saint. The features were finely chiseled, the wooden robes fell in more graceful folds than the real cloth robe of the old statue she had just seen. Every detail had been beautifully worked.

"How much does it cost?"

"Thirty dollars, miss. It's one of our best small pieces."

"Is it old?" Clarise realized immediately how stupid that must have sounded.

"Oh, not very, perhaps 10 or 20 years at the most."

The other one was at least 100 years old, she thought, or maybe it just looked that way because it was so tattered. She did want an old one—but this was so much prettier. Oh well, let the Mexicans who couldn't afford any better buy the other one. She was certainly not the poor poverty-stricken martyr St. Francis was. Thirty dollars—maybe if Miss Wright came with her in the morning, she could bargain the price down. She'd ask her.

"I'll come back tomorrow, thank you."

The others hadn't returned when Clarise reached the hotel and as she sprawled comfortably across her bed, she thought, such a pretty statue. And La Perla was probably one of the finest antique shops in the city. The statue was undoubtedly older than the clerk had said.

A high voice shrieked in her ear and a hand grasped Clarise's shoulder. "Clarise! Wake up!"

Miss Wright's huge sagging bosom and flabby dull face drooped over her. "You haven't forgotten we're going to the Opera? Hurry and dress! We haven't much time and I do hate to be late!"

Clarise sat up quickly. "Yes, ma'am. I'll be ready in a minute."

Pressing a lace handkerchief to her face, Miss Wright swayed across the room and down the hall, her voice trailing after her. While Clarise was dressing, Becky entered the room, and sitting on the edge of her bed, chattered aimlessly.

"Oh Clarise, you should have gone to Chapultepec Castle with us. I met the nicest man—goes to Colgate, I think—really very good looking and if Miss Wright hadn't interfered I know he would have asked me out—he speaks Spanish, you see, and it would have been so nice to—"

Oh Becky, you haven't even left Barnes College, she thought. You're still there with Miss Wright and men and dates. She had seen more of Mexico this afternoon than Becky would see the whole trip.

Aloud she spoke, "I'm ready. Miss Wright'll be furious if we don't reach the theater before curtain time—we'd better hurry."

A light mist was falling as the opera-goers left the theater. The marquee lights were extinguished almost immediately while the crowds were still surging out the exits. A beggar with his hat upturned in his hands stood on the street, while his companion, a cripple, ground out a hurdy-gurdy tune. The tinkling music fell on Clarise's ears and as she turned to see where it was coming from, she noticed a little boy who huddled on the ledge that ran the length of the building. His tattered clothing barely covered his shivering body. His knees were drawn close to his chest and he had tucked his head down between his thin shoulders.

He's going to sleep here all night, Clarise thought, as a shiver of pity mixed with repulsion quivered through her body. She drew her coat collar more closely around her face. How terrible, she thought. She wondered what his blessed St. Francis would say. Would he still think poverty a treasure? How ridiculous! She mustn't forget to ask Miss Wright to run over to La Perla with her. That statue would still make a good souvenir, if only to remind her how happy she was, compared with these people.

As the students milled from their taxis and entered the hotel, a young man limped up to Clarise—thrusting an orchid corsage at her.

"Buy, *senorita*, so pretty—like you!"

She turned away in disgust.

As she lay in bed that night, the strains of a hurdy-gurdy rose from the streets below. She covered her ears with her blanket and tried to forget the little boy she had seen.

The sun was streaming through the blinds when Clarise awoke and drowsily looked at her watch. It was 11 o'clock already—damn! Miss Wright would be gone and she'd have to go back to La Perla alone. She threw back the covers and quickly thrust her feet into her fur-trimmed mules.

As she entered the elevator, the operator cheerfully spoke, *"Buenas dias, senorita!"*

Clarise brushed a speck of dust from her jacket, murmured, "Good morning," and stared at the lighted floor numbers as they flickered on and off.

"Do you speak Spanish?" The man faced her and smiled.

Clarise disregarded his question, drew on her gloves, and said coldly, "Main floor, please."

The elevator jerked to a halt and Clarise stepped quickly out into the lobby.

The sun was dazzlingly bright as she threaded her way along the Avenido which teemed with slow moving crowds. Three little boys dashed up to her, black eyes sparkling, and bare feet moving back and forth as they stood thrusting a box of candy in front of her. Clarise shook her head and moved away, but they danced after her, demanding, "No money?"

She quickened her steps to escape their insistent pursuit, then stopped to stare after the plump woman who walked with her arms swinging freely, a baby nestled in a shawl wound over her head and bosom. Then she saw a pair of eyes set in a swarthy male face appraising her body, and she pushed her way forward in disgust.

Why couldn't these people leave her alone, she thought wearily. Always begging, always annoying her. Vulgar dirty Mexicans! A burst of raucous music reached her ears and turning, Clarise glimpsed a small band roving through the park which lay adjacent to the Avenido. This must be Alameda Park, she thought. It's supposed to be around here. "Colorful Alameda Park. Be sure to stroll through it during your visit . . ." Chalk up another victory for the guidebook, she sighed. At least she could escape from the crowded streets. She turned into a winding path.

Multicolored balloons bobbing in globs of reds, blues, and greens appeared through the trees as venders wound their way along the paths, followed by laughing children. Clarise felt uncomfortably like an intruder glancing at the young couples sitting idly on the grass. Not far away an older woman would sit, munching a blade of grass, her eyes wandering over the people yet returning constantly to the handholding sweethearts. A chaperone! How horrible, Clarise thought. She couldn't imagine someone like that in the States.

She stepped hurriedly out of the way as a youngster scurried after an elderly man.

"Senor, senor, shoe-shine, por favor!"

She noted his tattered trousers that flapped around his spindly little legs—his bare feet kicking up a fine spray of dust as he ran. The man ignored him, so he set his wooden box filled with brushes and polish on the ground, sat on

it, and eagerly looked around for possible customers. Involuntarily Clarise glanced at her own shoes. She hardly thought her shoes needed polishing—too bad, little boy.

The brown leather strap of her camera, cutting into her shoulder, reminded her that she had not yet photographed a park scene for her scrapbook. As she removed it, she murmured, "Life in a park—let's see now!"

A few yards away she spotted a scene which, she decided, would make an excellent composite picture. A small boy was gazing in wonder at the exquisite loveliness of one large red balloon. It floated higher than the others, which were held by long strings in the hand of a grizzled old vender. Just as she raised her camera, the youngster spied her and raced fearfully behind the ample skirts of a woman who angrily shook her finger at Clarise. A passing shoe shine boy laughed at her. "Five pesos, and you can take your picture," he cried.

The little boy peeked coyly out from behind his mother's skirts, looked at Clarise, and then darted back into the safety they afforded him. Clarise lowered her camera and held out a bill.

"Une peso," she called.

The woman glared at her.

"Dos pesos?"

The shoeshine boy laughed. "Five pesos," he shouted.

Angrily Clarise walked away. What did he mean five pesos? That was a lot of money to those poor dirty old Mexicans!

She reached the street and was confronted with strange unfamiliar buildings. She must have lost her way wandering through the park and as she stepped to the curb, she called, "Taxi! Taxi!"

She waved her hand at the passing stream of cars until a cab pulled along side of her.

"Donde, senorita?"

"Do you speak English? I want to go to La Perla. *Entiendo Ud?"*

"La senorita habla espanol, no es verdad?"

"No, no *une muy poco.* Can't you understand me? I want to find La Perla—it's an antique shop—*antiguo!"* She was almost shouting at him. Why couldn't these people speak English? If it was going to be all that trouble, she'd just forget about old St. Francis. *"Por favor,"* she pleaded.

"I find, *para la senorita."*

She smiled condescendingly and stepped into the car.

"You do know where it is, don't you? I mean if you're just going to charge me to drive around looking—you *can* find it." The driver was silent. "It's near the market—*mercado."*

"Slower, *senorita.* I speak the English, no good, but to understand, *Ay! Es Mal!"*

Clarise smiled at the vehemence of his statement, her exasperation diminished and she spoke, slowly this time.

"You speak quite well. Where did you learn? uh—*aprendio Ud?"*

"My brother, he works *para la* railroad *en los Estados Unidos.* He speaks English."

His flashing black eyes smiled at Clarise, then shyly he reached into his faded shirt pocket and handed her an envelope.

"Senorita, por favor, it is in English—you tell me what it says?"

Clarise drew out a Christmas card which he evidently had carried with him for five or six months. She struggled to remember Spanish words to express the English "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year."

"Feliz navidad y prospero ano nuevo." That much she remembered well. But now, "I send you greetings'—"uh, *yo Ud. mando—"*

She realized how poor her Spanish really was. She couldn't disappoint him, though; he'd understand if the grammar wasn't right.

"Yo Ud. mando—mando saludos por navidad y ano nuevo."

She blushed and apologized, "I couldn't read it very well."

She returned the card to him and he replied, "Ah *muy muchas gracias,* thank you, *senorita."*

Suddenly he took his hands from the wheel and gestured excitedly. *"Aqui, aqui—la cathedral*—very pretty!"

A huge old cathedral loomed into view. Clarise recognized it as the one she had visited the day before. She could find La Perla from here.

"Stop here," Clarise commanded, "I want to go inside." She could see the statue of St. Francis here before she bought her own statue.

"Si, senorita, but can you find La Perla?"

"Si, si."

He stopped the car and she slipped the fare of only a few coins into his hand. What a pleasant ride. For as poor as he must be, he had such a musical-sounding voice. She had almost enjoyed hearing him speak. She had enjoyed it—Spanish really was a pretty language . . . and he had appreciated her translation, as poor as it must have been. Imagine—carrying that card around for so long. She must remember to tell Miss Wright about it.

Clarise smiled as she walked up the same stone steps she had ascended the day before. A comfortable feeling swept through her as she pushed open the door—the coolness of the church was relaxing. She stood for a moment, allowing the beauty to sink into her. She walked slowly down the aisle, pausing frequently to inspect the statues that stood inside the shimmering gold-filagreed side-chapels. Upon reaching the chancel, she stopped before a larger than life-size statue that dominated the front altar. In the pale light, she discerned the flowing robes, the outstretched hands. And yes—the hands bore marks like the nail wounds of Christ at His crucifixion. The stigmata! St. Francis of Assisi.

"The sumless treasure—poverty divine," the words echoed in her mind. A slight Indian woman walked softly up to the statue and knelt beside her—a cleaning rag dangling from her clasped hands.

"El es St. Francisco de Assisi," her voice spun the words into a melodious sort of chant. She smiled shyly at Clarise and a moment later darted away, her black braids flapping behind her. Suddenly the chancel was filled with light, and the Indian woman's bare feet padded back across the carpet.

She wanted me to see her saint more clearly, Clarise thought. As the girl passed, Clarise glimpsed the serene countenance of her face but when she turned to thank her, she had disappeared. Clarise stared at the saint's face for a moment. His features seemed to breathe a divine serenity. His tattered

robes—and yet the look of serenity. Clarise tried to remember how her own face appeared in a mirror. She couldn't recall when it would have reflected anything but hurried determination, worry born of indecision, fear, no matter how trivial her problems. She was dramatizing herself, she thought; she had been impressed momentarily by unsolicited kindness.

She lowered her eyes to the saint's feet. One of his toes had broken off, but clearly visible were the stigmata.

When she reached the door, a small Indian child was squatting in her path. He was busily pushing dust into a pan with a feather duster which had long since lost its handle. She stopped to watch him—filling his dust pan and then emptying its contents into a large box in the corner. He walked solemnly back to his work, then, perceiving her presence, raised his head. His black eyes sparkled and two dimples appeared on his fat cheeks as he smiled shyly at her.

Clarise dug into her pockets and handed the boy several coins.

"Aqui, para Ud," she murmured.

"Gracias," the child replied, lowering his head and continuing his work.

Thank you? she wondered. For a coin that wouldn't even buy an ice cream cone? He must be the cleaning girl's brother, perhaps even her son. He must be happy.

The sky was grey and cloudy, the air saturated with moisture, as she stepped out into the street. She stood stupidly for a moment, then set off for La Perla.

The city was awakening after its late afternoon siesta and the streets were swarming with people. Clarise watched as a small old woman, her sandaled feet shuffling along beneath her shabby black dress, dropped a coin into the cup of an Indian who was propelling himself by scooting his body along the street.

Almost without knowing it, Clarise was stooping warily over him, a coin from her hand clanking in the tin cup.

"May God bless you, *senorita.*"

God bless you? Those must have been the only English words he knew. Yes, may God bless her with this divine treasure he must have, she thought. Why him and not her?

Clarise stared after the old woman as she made her way down the street, her head held high; then turning to follow the cripple's progress, she saw him laughing and teasing a group of children who danced around him.

Poverty divine—the sumless treasure. "I hope St. Francis is still there," she whispered to herself, quickening her steps. By the time she reached the next block, she was almost running. She glanced at the shabby old shop nestled between two tenement buildings. A chicken ran squawking out an open door followed by a disheveled woman screaming, *"Carumba, carumba!"*

Clarise gazed at the modern facade behind her with "La Perla" emblazoned above it. She stood quite still for a moment. St. Francis would still be there—if only he would give to her what he had given the taxi driver, the cleaning woman, the beggars . . . She turned her back on La Perla and crossed the street to the shabby old shop.

* * * * * * * * * *

Clutching her brown paper parcel, Clarise walked across the thick hotel

carpet and stepped into the elevator. The operator, a handsome teenage boy, smiled at her, *"Buenas tardes, senorita."*

"Buenas tardes."

"You are an American?"

"Yes."

"I'm studying English," he pronounced slowly and proudly. "And I want to learn it very bad. So I must practice. I'm one of the best in my class."

Clarise smiled, "You're doing fine—oh, it's the 9th floor, please—I think you speak very well, in fact."

"Thank you, uh, you like here, Mexico?"

"Yes, very much—I"

"Here is floor nine, *senorita.*"

His white gloved hand was still waving goodbye and his face crinkled into a smile as the elevator doors slowly closed.

ABOUT THE MAGI

Dr. Betz is a regular contributor to the GRIFFIN. This summer he is to make a lecture tour in Great Britain under the auspices of the British-American Associates.

SIEGMUND A. E. BETZ

DID any one of those three grave good men,
Journeying hopeful over chilly sands,
Carry a two-fold mystic burden then
As I do now, within his spirit's hands?
Did one of them, at least, sorry for parting
At noonday in a far familiar place,
Think in the desert twilight of that starting,
Of sweet dark eyes and a beloved face?
And as the sacrament of space and time
Drew over him itself and folded heaven,
Dared he approach that mystery sublime,
Into that house of bread carry such leaven?

THE TUNNEL

Julie Rasmussen, sophomore from Grand Rapids, Michigan, is working toward a double major in English and art to apply in the field of advertising. She is a member of Poetry Society and Kappa Pi.

JULIE RASMUSSEN

I know a tunnel leading to the sea.
I used to go there often in my youth.
The rolling, crashing waves resounded there
And seemed to ring their sounds in twos and threes.
My tiny friends and I skipped in and out
And scarcely felt the blazing noon-day heat.
Our shadows, small and fragile, our companions,
Bounced and jumped across the open tunnel,
But we could never find them after sunset.
I go there now and still hear whispering echoes
Of tunes that only I am whistling softly.
I hear my clicking heels like someone following,
Like age and hasty years that have pursued me.
My youthful days and joyful shrieks have vanished,
But still I hear the water's gurgling foam.
In twos and threes it speaks in repetition.
And as I walk, my shadow darts before me,
A full grown shadow reaching towards the sea.

MOON AT MIDNIGHT

Julie Rasmussen

CRYSTAL rays of an icy white cross
Reach from the candescent disc
Into an effervescence of blue mist.

TO CORRECT A MISCONCEPTION

Betsy Severson, a senior from Madison, Wisconsin, is an art major. Betsy is a former business manager of the GRIFFIN. This story, written at summer school in Wisconsin, prompted her professor to ask, "Is this an autobiography?" Betsy is this year the president of the student body.

BETSY SEVERSON

THERE is a fallacy prevalent among less-informed people that there is no such thing as the perfect murder. There are a few better-informed people who disagree. The former have never committed the perfect murder. Mrs. Angevine belonged to the latter, better-informed group. Ordinary murders, the ones about which people know, have always one or more of three elements present, and that is why they are ordinary murders. First, there is motive—hate, fear, insurance, freedom; always when one benefits, materially or otherwise, from another's death, he is suspect. Then there is violence—violence that arouses curiosity and attracts long noses. Finally there is conscience, often the tragic flaw that ruins the intelligent murderer and spoils the execution of a beautiful blueprint.

All of these elements were apparently lacking in the circumstances that surrounded poor Mr. Angevine's unhappy demise. Mrs. Angevine planned it that way. Actually, she reasoned, she had all the prerequisites, for protection is no motive in the eyes of the law; there is no violence in a death from natural causes; and one could not feel conscience-smitten when there are no alternatives to the action. Murders are composed of ingredients, and the proper ingredients make up the perfect murder. The proper ingredients in this case proved to be quite simple; that is why the recipe so fascinated her, for Mrs. Angevine loved simplicity.

Mrs. Angevine was a lady, a perfectly lovely, gentle Southern lady. She spent five years in preparation for the event, five years doing research, if one can call it that. Actually it was mostly time spent in thought upon the matter, and upon one point in particular. It would be wrong to imply that Mrs. Angevine was consumed by this one thought, for she wasn't. It was simply one of those problems that demanded a solution; a solution that was imperative, but not immediate, and so Mrs. Angevine took her time about it. She was like that.

For five years Mrs. Angevine cogitated upon the matter. Everything concerning the incident had to be so very natural. Death is ordinary, and Mr. Angevine's death had to be ordinary. There could be nothing of the sensational, of the thought-provoking, of the unusual. That was the general formula, that, and also that there could be no real violence. Whenever Mrs. Angevine thought about it, which was usually once a day, after dinner when she sat in the gracious parlor doing her embroidery, she remembered that Hampton was as much a gentleman as she a lady, and therefore his departure must be properly respectable. The very thought of a blunt instrument or a gun shocked Mrs. Angevine's sense of decency, and it was at times when such ideas crept into her mind, that Mrs. Angevine felt conscience pangs. Mrs. Angevine had a

very active conscience, and afterward she doubtless would have confessed the crime or done away with herself, had the means been less appropriate or the event less proper.

The one thing that she felt so assured about, and consequently so justified in executing, was that her husband had to die. Any angle from which she viewed the situation the answer was the same. She felt quite positive that, had she been able to discuss the matter in its entirety with Hampton, he would doubtless have agreed with her; however, had she been able to tell Hampton everything, there would be no necessity to murder him.

If she didn't kill Hampton, and if she died before him, as she doubtless would, for Hampton was in such excellent health for his years, with the exception of a very slight heart condition that Dr. Talmadge said would never bother him if he was careful not to over-exert himself, Hampton would find out. He would call for an explanation, and in the end the whole sordid truth would be unveiled, and everyone would know, and the scandal would be too much for Hampton to bear. Or perhaps Hampton would reason it out for himself when the estate and its affairs became his entire responsibility, and therefore would never disclose his shock; but that would be no better, for his faith would be shattered and his trust betrayed. No, Hampton had to die in beautiful innocence of the matter. That's how he would want it, and it was Mrs. Angevine's duty to see that it was that way.

Hampton had always been so easy-going and undemanding; perhaps that was why Mrs. Angevine was so fond of him, and yet, had he been a bit more domineering and a bit less trusting, the necessity of his departure would not have been so unequivocal. But he had given her license to manage the affairs, and he had to pay for the error in judgement.

Mrs. Angevine had been thinking about the inevitable murder of Mr. Angevine for several years before the means by which she could accomplish it germinated in her mind. It was on a lazy summer afternoon, while she was strolling through the flower beds trying to decide which flowers would look best as a centerpiece on the dining table, that she noticed something peculiar. A small animal, a chipmunk, lay still on the walk in front of her feet. He was lying on his back, his tiny paws pulled in toward his chest. The animal was obviously dead. This, in itself, is not what interested Mrs. Angevine. Rather, it was the narcissus patch, some ten feet away, that caught her attention. Around the base of the delicate blooms, the earth was mussed, and one of the smaller plants was overturned, exposing a silver-white bulb. The skin of the onion-shaped bulb had been broken, and there were several small gouges in it. Mrs. Angevine picked up the plant with one hand, and with the other gingerly lifted the lifeless rodent.

When Mrs. Angevine reached the house, she washed her hands thoroughly; then got out her embroidery and settled herself in her favorite chair. When Mr. Angevine returned home that afternoon, his wife was still engaged in her needlework. She was smiling.

One day, the week following the discovery of the chipmunk, Mrs. Angevine went once again to the narcissus patch. She extracted a bulb from the soil and took it back with her to the kitchen where she washed it and grated it over a fine-toothed carrot grater. Then she got some cheese from the refrigerator and grated it into the first mixture. Out of this she formed balls about the size of a quarter. Mrs. Angevine wasn't surprised when her husband

told her a few days later that one of the men had found six dead rats down by the barn.

Several months later Mrs. Angevine made a trip into Knoxville. While she was there, she visited the library. What Mrs. Angevine had so innocently stumbled upon is a known medical fact. Narcissus bulbs contain a deadly alkaloid named narcissin. To Mrs. Angevine there was a delightful correlation between that and the fact that the flower's bulbs so closely resemble onions. Unfortunately, Mrs. Angevine could find nothing in the general medical books that gave the precise symptoms of narcissin poisoning. Consequently, the following year was one of the most difficult for her, for that was the time of experimentation.

She began with one of the barn cats. She tried to pick the homeliest and scrawniest of the litter, but her conscience bothered her as she fed it the ground hamburger. She consoled herself with the fact that Hampton's comfort and well-being was far more important than that of the cat, and, therefore, the end justified the means.

Mrs. Angevine did not enjoy watching the animal die, but it was necessary, and so she did. For almost a quarter of an hour the animal appeared normal; then, it was taken by a convulsion, causing its whole frame to tremble. The violence of the movement lasted only a minute, and then subsided into a slight quivering motion while the animal lapsed into what appeared to be a coma. The trembling became less and less apparent, and within half an hour the cat was dead.

After several more experiments, Mrs. Angevine was convinced that she had at last found the perfect agent to carry out her plan. There was one problem, however, that Mrs. Angevine had still to solve, and that was the method of administering the "onion" to her husband. She could chop up the bulb in a fresh garden vegetable salad; she might broil it in the form of onion rings on a steak, and let the poison impregnate the meat with its potent juices; she might simply grind the bulb up and mix it with relish or horse-radish. After all, there are numerous ways to prepare an onion.

But Mrs. Angevine did none of these. She did none of these for two reasons. First, she disliked violence, and all of the methods seemed tainted with violence; not physical, perhaps, but nevertheless they all smacked of unpleasantness. Feeding the animals the narcissin had been unpleasant enough, but it had been necessary; feeding Hampton the narcissin was not necessary. The second reason for Mrs. Angevine's decision not to prepare the poison for her husband was that Mrs. Angevine was in no hurry.

The plan that Mrs. Angevine finally decided upon was both delightfully simple and ingeniously perfect. For one thing, at the time of the murder Mrs. Angevine would not be present, thereby removing any possible suspicion and avoiding any possible violence or unpleasantness. For another, she would be almost as surprised by her husband's death as anyone, because she would not know when it would occur. This was perhaps the loveliest part of the scheme, for Mrs. Angevine did hate to part with her husband. Naturally she would know that he would die soon, and this was nice also. She had heard someone once say, and she believed it, that it is easier on a person to die suddenly, but that it is decidedly less painful for a person's loved ones if they have time to prepare in their minds for that death, as in a long illness. The way Mrs. Angevine had things planned, both she and Mr. Angevine would benefit.

And so Mrs. Angevine put the narcissus bulb beside the cabbage in the

vegetable bin. She put it there the first week in June. The last week in June she removed it, and replaced it with a bulb fresh out of the flower garden. Every three weeks, on the day that she defrosted the refrigerator, Mrs. Angevine went through the same procedure.

The summer progressed as any summer at the Angevine place, Mrs. Angevine preparing all of the meals for herself and her husband, with the exception of an occasional snack Mr. Angevine prepared for himself when he was alone. It was the third week in August before Mr. Angevine decided to make himself a bacon, onion, and tomato sandwich before he retired one night.

When Mrs. Angevine returned from the Seehorn's that evening, she found her husband in bed, his body quivering slightly. When Dr. Talmadge arrived shortly after Mrs. Angevine called him, the quivering movement was barely perceptible. Dr. Talmadge held Mr. Angevine's wrist and felt the pulse become weaker and weaker, and watched the breathing become slower and slower until there was no more pulse, and no more breath. Dr. Talmadge pronounced the death due to a heart attack.

Two years later Mrs. Angevine died. As the Angevine's had no close relatives, the estate was left, by stipulation of Mrs. Angevine's will, to charity. There was some talk throughout the county of the meagerness of the estate, for everyone believed the Angevines to be wealthy, but, as there was no one vitally interested in the size of the inheritance, the matter passed. Mrs. Angevine was buried beside her husband, and on her tombstone were written these words:

AGATHA RHEA ANGEVINE
Beloved Wife of Charles Hampton Angevine
Known Throughout the County
for her
Devotion and Patience

THE BRIDGE

Barbara Shuttleworth

SMOKE-GRAY
Its back arched high,
It stands alone against
The moonless, swirling, fog-veiled night
And waits.

TODAY IS YELLOW

Pat Owen, of Oklahoma City, was a freshman at Lindenwood last year, and a member of Poetry Society. She has transferred to Oklahoma University where she is now majoring in dietetics.

PAT OWEN

TODAY is yellow
As the tints on my wall
Flicker and dance like a candle glow.
Turning dark thoughts to daffodil hues
Of bamboo, bananas,
And sunshiney views.

The morning is blond
As the buttery sun
Climbs to his kitchen with apron donned
And pours down his batter to the eager below
As they bask in its honey
And lemon bright glow.

The day is a blaze
Of topaz and amber
A rich golden cornfield lost in a haze.
And the last jaundiced leaves that autumn has won
Are thin golden mirrors
Reflecting the sun.

AFTER FIRE

Julie Rasmussen

AN aged elm still stands, though touched by fire.
A single fence-post bears a lonely strand of wire.

WHEN KATA LIVED AT OUR HOUSE

Marianne Metzger, who attended Lindenwood in 1946-1948, is now Mrs. Donald Pepoon. She lives in Kansas City.

MARIANNE METZGER PEPOON

THE first time I saw Kata was on a bright March morning one month after I arrived to join my husband in the Panama Canal Zone. The preceding day we had moved from our temporary quarters at Fort Gulick, on the Atlantic side, to Fort Kobbe, on the Pacific side. Our furniture (three lamps and a Japanese straw rug) and household goods traveled in a large Army truck driven by possibly the tiniest Puerto Rican Corporal in the entire United States Army.

Don and I made the hot, fifty-mile trip in our car, along with piles of clothes, a recently-purchased Holland Delft ashtray that was dear to my heart because it was decorated with a ceramic mouse, and left-overs from the refrigerator. By the time we reached Fort Kobbe, a pound of butter which was on the floor of the front seat by my feet, had melted into a puddle, leaving the quarter wrappers still standing folded and empty.

While Don and the little Corporal struggled with the boxes and barrels in the truck, I inspected our new quarters. They were exactly the same as the ones we had left in Fort Gulick, but were in better condition.

Junior officers' quarters at Fort Kobbe were duplexes of tan concrete, three stories high, with roofs of red tile. The first story consisted of a carport, small maid's room with bath, and storage room. An outside stair led up to the living room, an inside stair to the kitchen. The second floor had a kitchen, a large combined living and dining room and a half bath. Three bedrooms and a bath were on the third floor. There was a stall shower in the bathroom, but no tub. I didn't see a bathtub the entire year we were in Panama.

The bedrooms, living room and kitchen were supplied with "dry" closets, closets in which heating elements were installed to prevent mildew. Panama is only seven degrees north of the Equator. Although the average year-round temperature is in the 80's, the high humidity causes rust, mold, mildew and short tempers.

There wasn't a pane of glass in any room of the house. The walls of each high-ceilinged room consisted largely of huge screened windows. Only white painted louvres that opened and closed prevented our every movements from being visible to all our neighbors. Doors were just ordinary screened doors. I felt just as safe in that house as if I were a canary in a low cage in a houseful of cats.

After Don had left for his office at "A" Battery of the 504th Field Artillery Battalion that morning, his newly-won 1st Lieutenants' bars shining, I surveyed the yet unpacked boxes and barrels glumly. Our household goods had arrived from the States only a week before. Two days after I unpacked them, we received one day's notice to move to Fort Kobbe.

I was half-way down into a barrel of dishes, sneezing from the excelsior, and perspiring from head to toe, when there was a knock at the front door. "Oh, great," I thought. "Probably a Colonel's wife come to call." But it was Kata.

She smiled up at me. "Missy need help?" She was a slender, rather homely young Panamanian girl, a couple of inches over five feet tall. With her was a prettier, plumper girl, to whom she kept chattering in Spanish.

As it happened, I *did* need a maid. We had no washing machine, and even on a Lieutenant's pay, I didn't feel poor enough to do all our laundry by hand in the two ugly tubs that were installed in our carport.

Kata was still looking at me hopefully. "I paid my girl at Gulick a dollar-seventy-five a day to do the washing once a week," I said. Yes, Tina had done our washing at Gulick. She had also monopolized the telephone, and ate everything but the roach powder.

Kata's friend spoke to her in Spanish, and Kata said, "O.K."

"Fine. You may come in on Thursdays." So it was settled.

I was elated. I, the dupe of door-to-door salesmen, sucker for a "Sale!" sign, had actually hired a girl for seventy-five cents a day less than the usual rate paid an English-speaking Pacific-side maid!

From the very first day she came to work, I knew Kata was the maid for me. For all her slenderness, she had amazing strength. Khakis, sheets, towels—everything in the laundry bundle was thrust into the tubs, scrubbed vigorously, rinsed, and on the lines in the carport in no time flat. She never used the telephone and subsisted on peanut butter sandwiches.

For several weeks I lived in the happy ignorance that I had pulled the financial coup of the year. I should have known better.

Kata's aloofness began to bother me. Everytime I tried to chat with her, she smiled vaguely and got away from me as soon as possible. If a most unfortunate episode had not occurred one day when I asked Kata to iron a set of Don's khakis for me, my keen, perceptive mind might have taken months to unravel the mystery of her silence.

She *washed* the khakis. They were the only clean, dry set in the house, and she washed them! When I discovered the mistake the next morning, it was too late to iron them. Any Army wife knows that means trouble. I was lucky at that. Don didn't divorce me. Of course you'd have thought from his behavior that he was going to have his commission taken away from him for appearing in the slightly-soiled, pressed-over uniform he had worn the day before, but I was unhappy for another reason. Kata had failed me.

The next Thursday I was waiting for her with a blistering speech. She listened in silence, shrugged, smiled, and went downstairs to do the washing. Good heavens! Was the girl deaf? She seemed so eager to work for us, yet—

A horrible suspicion took form in my mind. Grabbing a tablecloth, I went downstairs after her. Very slowly and deliberately, I said, "Kata, please *iron* this."

Kata took the tablecloth carefully, smiled, said "O.K." and dumped it into the laundry tub.

The next day I enrolled in a course in Elementary Spanish at the Service Club.

II.

From the day Kata learned that I was trying to learn Spanish until we left Panama, Kata and I were friends. She was deeply interested in my struggles with the language, and was only too willing to stop working to help me.

Of course, her ability to help was limited because when I asked her what the Spanish equivalent of an English word was, she didn't know the English word.

By a great deal of pointing to pages in the dictionary, we were finally able to establish communication. I learned that her name was Enriquita Jiminez, that she lived in Chorrhera, and that she had been married, but didn't like her husband. She was twenty years old. A Puerto Rican officer who lived with his mother in a house up the hill from us was letting Kata live in their maid's room.

This was against Post regulations. An unemployed maid was not allowed on the Post except for a specific interview at the request of a resident. Once a maid's employment ended, she had to turn in her Post Pass. Evidently the MP's at the gate were a little lax in checking the Chivas (tiny Panamanian buses whose drivers had apparantly formed a suicide club) because there was infiltration. To get a Post Pass a maid had to have indentification photos, a form filled out by the employer, and a physical examination. When Kata brought me the form to fill out, I had had only two Spanish lessons. We were on equal ground. She couldn't understand my questions, and I couldn't understand her answers.

My Spanish lessons came to an abrupt halt two months after they started. Our teacher was a nervous little Portuguese, Carlos Neira, who lived in Balboa. One day right in the midst of a conjugation, two stalwart MP's came in and dragged him away. We never did find out what he had done.

From then on, Mr. Berlitz and Kata were my instructors.

Since by this time it was obvious to all and sundry that I was about to become a mother, Don told me I could have Kata iron one day a week. Our conversations flourished, in what must have been remarkably bad Spanish, on my part at least. I was so intent on absorbing a large vocabulary for practical purposes that grammar was flung to the winds. I must have sounded like a Latin Dizzy Dean.

When our son Mike was born, Kata came to live at our house—the terms, $25 a month and her board, with alternate week-ends off. The original plan was for her to work a month, until I felt well enough to take over again. As the end of that month drew near, I began to dread more and more living in a house without Kata. What untold luxury to have the dishes washed by hands other than mine, to have every household task done to perfection with no effort on my part!

In addition to all this, I was still free to shop and run errands for Don. An incredible amount of shopping was needed for every-day living in Panama. For groceries, the Post Commissary; for fresh vegetables, one of the Chinese gardens along the highway; and for other items one might have to visit three or four Post Exchanges scattered over a ten-mile area. We could buy in any of the Army, Navy, or Air Force Exchanges, and also the government-owned commissaries operated for the Canal workers.

Don and I sat down to do some figuring. We would still have to have the washing and ironing done. The enervating climate had done its work, and I just didn't feel that I could manage laundry in addition to caring for the baby. Then we would have to hire a baby-sitter every time we set foot outside the house. We decided that it would be *almost* as cheap to keep Kata.

III.

The day Don brought Mike and me home from the hospital, Kata was waiting for us in the living room. Her dark face was filled with satisfaction as she bent over the tiny blue bundle in my arms. Now we were a family—*her* family. She had scrubbed the Army Quartermaster bassinette until it was hospital clean, and had pulled a fresh white pillowcase over the mattress to serve as a sheet.

At first I was reluctant to let her take care of the baby, but she soon proved that she was as good, if not better, than I, in the field of child care. My chief worry was that I'd heard stories of maids who went off and left their charges alone while their employers were out. I told Kata that she was never, under any circumstances, to leave Mike while we were gone. If she wanted to visit with her friends, they could come up into the house.

Few employers would allow this practice, so our kitchen soon became a sort of social club for the neighborhood maids. Arriving home from shopping or a bridge party, I would find the kitchen filled with smoke, laughter, and maids, the radio blaring a mambo, and Mike in the midst of it all, having the time of his life. He was held first on one lap, then another, danced on the table-top, and, I suspect, fed things that would have given my pediatrician the horrors.

Kata was very much insulted because we refused to buy a baby carriage. We tried to tell her that in the type of house we had he got just as much air and sun as if he were outdoors, and that a carriage was an expensive item that he would outgrow in two or three months. She would not be appeased, having a strong desire to parade him up and down the sidewalks for all the world to see.

When Mike was two months old, Kata started carrying him with her nearly every time she left the house. Often I would come downstairs just in time to see her going up the hill to visit another maid, with Mike's little head bobbing over her shoulder. Only Kata and Mike know where they went and what they did on those afternoons. If he needed a change, she would leave him with a friend while she ran back for a fresh supply of diapers. Near dinner time they would reappear, Mike still on Kata's shoulder, and often sound asleep.

Kata watched with a critical eye every time a package for Mike arrived from the grandparents in the States. "Muy bonita!" she would cry when an article caught her fancy. That afternoon she was sure to dress the baby in his new clothes and show them to her friends.

Mike's clothes became a subject of heated discussion between Kata and me. I maintained that it was useless to dress him in fancy suits, because all he really needed in that climate were a diaper and shirt. Kata thought otherwise. Since she was the one who had to do the washing, I let her have her own way.

By this time we owned a washing machine, an eccentric second-hand number that cost thirty-five dollars. One of its tubs was a spin-dryer, which when in action would cause the machine to skitter all over the carport, with Kata hanging onto the side for dear life as she tried to control its meanderings.

Kata waged a fierce, back-to-the-wall campaign for shoes for Mike, but in this she was defeated. I could see no reason to buy shoes for a baby who couldn't even crawl. "You are bad," was her standard retort when we didn't agree. For months she would return from her shopping trips to describe in detail

the many handsome pairs of baby shoes she had seen, "perfecto para Mikito" and "para muy poco dinero." I gave up trying to explain that we were on a strict budget. She knew that my husband earned as much money in a month as she did in a year; to her it was incomprehensible that we couldn't buy anything in the world we desired.

Saving money was almost a sin, according to Kata. Money was meant to be enjoyed. She enjoyed her own to the extent that she was usually a week or two ahead of her salary. The last week of the month always brought several requests for "un dollar" or more.

Kata spent most of her money on clothes. Although her standard working uniform was faded blue jeans, a tattered blouse, and bare feet, her closet in the maid's room was jammed with the ruffled, sequined dresses and spike-heeled shoes that she wore on her dates with a Puerto Rican Sergeant.

A month before we left Panama I bought Mike a shiny new red and blue stroller, leaving it in the carport to surprise Don when he came home for lunch. As I hurried through the preparation of lunch so that I could take Mike for his first ride, I heard water running in the maid's room. Soon Kata appeared, freshly showered, wearing her best dress and shoes. Without a word she dressed Mike quickly in his newest suit, and away they went. She told me later that she had taken him to the Post Exchange, a full two miles from our house.

Kata had almost as many snapshots of Mike as we did. When a new batch arrived from the camera shop, she flicked through them, "este, este, este, este," ticking off the reprints I was to get for her. Although I tried many times to take a picture of Kata by herself, it was impossible. The only way she would pose was holding Mike.

Because we were the first American family Kata had worked for full time, she had not yet learned what the older, more experienced maids all knew—that it was unwise to love a little white child too much. Inevitably, the day would come when the parents sailed away from Panama, taking the child to the far-off States, never to be seen again.

That day came for Kata when Mike was eight months old. All of our belongings had been packed and taken away to the ship on which we were to sail. The Army Engineers had just inspected our bare and deserted rooms for dirt and damage. It was almost time to leave.

Don and I had a few last-minute errands to run, so I asked Kata to keep Mike for the last time.

When we returned an hour later, they were gone. Then we saw a group of girls coming toward us from another house. It was Kata and her friends, with Mike. They had a camera with which they had been taking his picture. His little face was covered with lipstick. One by one they said, "Adios, Mikito!" Then Kata and Mike had to say goodbye.

OLD FOLKS AS SEEN THROUGH THE CURTAINS

Julie Rasmussen

I caught a glimpse through crocheted laces
Of stooping forms and wrinkled faces.

CHROMATICS

Phyllis Steinmetz is a sophomore from Hammond, Indiana. She is majoring in history and government, and is a member of the Poetry Society at Lindenwood.

PHYLLIS STEINMETZ

THE day donned gray early
And hovered over
Rivulets
Gushing down empty streets
Filled with the dyes of trees
And roots
and bricks
and sidewalks.

It promised no laughter
But offered only
Rivulets
Trickling down private panes
Washing out plans of walks
And games
and chores
and picnics.

But wind and blue triumphed,
Slid over gray
Silently,
Mixing the gayest hue—
A fusion of joy in blues
Of Prussian,
cobalt,
and cornflower.

Clouds that night
Only partly dimmed the blue.
The moon watched
The agony of blue-gray shadows
Writhing in her path,
And only rarely shone
On bricks
And trees
and private panes.

TWO STUDIES IN ASCETICISM

Jane Ewing Leason, a former editor of the GRIFFIN, was graduated from Missouri University, and is now living in Ft. Sill, Oklahoma. She is working in a technical library there while her husband is doing his military service.

JANE EWING LEASON

THE portraits of the ascetic personality in Tennyson's "St. Simeon Stylites" and Browning's "The Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister" have certain similarities, but the total impressions they leave with us are sharply contrasting. The Spanish monk embodies all the faults of asceticism with none of its virtues, while the lonely saint on his pillar shows us the ascetic at perhaps his greatest stature.

It is true that St. Simeon has sides which cannot be called admirable. He is contemptuous of the "silly people" who make up most of the world (that is, those who do not seek to punish their flesh), and beneath all his self-scourging there seems to be an underlying vanity—"It may be no one even among the saints may match his pains with mine." We see that he is not *too* loath to have his suffering discovered:

> [I wore a rope]
>
> Twisted as tight as I could knot the noose
> And spake not of it to a single soul,
> Until the ulcer, eating through my skin
> Betrayed my secret penance, so that all
> My brethren marvelled greatly.

(Surely there is a note of ingenuous pride in this.) And we are repelled by his conviction that the *only* way to salvation is through the scourging of the body.

In spite of these characteristics, however, it is impossible not to believe in the suffering saint's essential sincerity and power. For a man to inflict such torture upon himself for twenty years without having a firm conviction that it was right would be unthinkable. And though he is perhaps vain of his awesome suffering, St. Simeon at the same time truly sees himself as an unworthy sinner—he is not certain of his saintly crown, though he would like to be.

> I wear an undressed goatskin on my back;
> A grazing iron collar grinds my neck
> And in my weak lean arms I lift the cross,
> And strive and wrestle with Thee till I die.

and

I will not cease to grasp the hope I hold
Of saintdom, and to clamor, mourn, and sob,
Battering the gates of heaven with storms
of prayer.

And even stronger than respect for his sincerity is our pity for the saint, who is, after all, a man who has suffered a great deal for a reward that in bad moments seems a bit uncertain.

O take the meaning, Lord! I do not breathe
Nor whisper any murmur of complaint . . .
O Lord, Lord,
Thou knowest I bore this better at the first,
For I was strong and hale of body then . . .

Now am I feeble grown; my end draws nigh.
I hope my end draws nigh . . .

Finally, we can admire St. Simeon for being strong enough physically, mentally, and spiritually not to be completely undone by his terrible penance. After two decades of the most grueling punishment of soul and body, the hardy old ascetic has retained a pretty fair grip on reality.

Browning's monk is quite another sort of person. In him, St. Simeon's faults are greatly magnified, and he adds others that are really insufferable. He takes inordinate pride in his Pharisee-like religious observances:

I the Trinity illustrate,
Drinking watered orange-pulp—
I with three sips the Arian frustrate;
While he drains his at one gulp.

He is bitterly contemptuous of the simple pleasures of well-balanced, useful, and holy souls like Brother Lawrence.

Whew! We'll have our platter burnished,
Laid with care on our own shelf!
With a fire-new spoon we're furnished,
And a goblet for ourself,
Rinsed like something sacrificial . . .

The ascetic monk pays service to the principle that salvation comes through the subjugation of the flesh, but he is not above reading "scrofulous French novels," and he is not immune to lustful thoughts of brown Dolores and Sanchicha, "steeping tresses in the tank, blue-black, lustrous, thick like horse-hairs,"—although it is the good Brother Lawrence whom he accuses of improper desires.

But worse than any of these things is the monk's hatred of saintly Brother Lawrence, which spews from him in a disgusting stream. He hates him because for all of *his* self-denial, and niggling attention to form, he is obviously less successful as a holy man than Brother Lawrence. This unpleasant monk is even incapable of hating with dignity, and takes petty means of punishing the other monk for his cheerful blessedness.

How go on your flowers? None double?
Not one fruit-sort can you spy?
Strange!—And I, too, at such trouble
Keep them close nipped on the sly!

and

Or, there's Satan!—one might venture
Pledge one's soul to him, yet leave
Such a flaw in the indenture
As he'd miss, till, past retrieve,
Blasted lay that rose-acacia
We're so proud of! . . .

(This ascetic monk would even cheat the devil!)

Thus, Tennyson and Browning paint very different pictures. Though the fanaticism of St. Simeon Stylites may repel us somewhat, we can respect and pity him, but the monk is a completely hateful character. Perhaps the difference between the personalities of the poets explains the differences between the two ascetics. To Browning—optimistic, virile, eminently sane and well-balanced—the whole concept of asceticism must have been most unattractive; no wonder that he makes the unpleasant Spanish monk represent asceticism. Tennyson, on the other hand, had known terrible spiritual struggles himself; he was less happily sure of himself, and there may have been much in asceticism to appeal to him, and cause him to make a study of asceticism which is probably a little fairer and more complete than that of Browning.

INVESTIGATIONS

Phyllis Steinmetz

THE red ant
Makes her subversive way
Through the tall grass,
Fearing the cement
Where men,
Rushing to sweep their walks,
Destroy sand homes
With their undiscriminating
Brooms.

HOLY-TEXTURED SEASONS

Dorothy Neblett, senior, is the art editor of this year's GRIFFIN. Last year she was editor of the magazine and designed the frontispiece for it.

DOROTHY NEBLETT

WE all appear as fools or busy gnats
That swarm in summer's quiet air, when we
Can see ourselves in others' mirror-faces.
Do we not seem like fools when we believe
Our thoughts divine or think that God is in
Our hearts and minds? Yet why has all mankind
Believed awareness of this Greatest Mystery
Was Truth? There is no evidence in logic
Which proves the being of a Greater Force,
But only faith assures a trust in Power
Given to us in holy-textured seasons.

As children, hunting bird eggs through tall grass
Or watching striped bees crawl in the mouth
Of apple blooms or feeling spring's peculiar
Evening lights fall slant upon our cheek
And eye, our spirits were united with
The textured truths we seldom find now, save
On Sunday walks through fields of rasping
Corn leaves scraping dry upon the stalks.
In wide-eyed freedom of our childhood days
We see our spirits kin to Nature's Force,
But like the animal we had not then
Wisdom enough to comprehend this holy
Spring of heart. Yet now that treedoms number
Few, our eye within our garden sees
The simple truths in symmetry of ferns
And watches laws of Nature act when leaves
Upon the frond begin to curl from human
Touch.

I can remember another walk;
Once as I was treading over fields
Of gilded leaves, I felt compelled to pick
A brown, curled leaf embossed with yellow veins
From off a tree with falling bark. The fragile
Feel of fibers gave such sensuous
Exhilaration that I felt my soul
Vibrate in pleasure. Other holy spells,
In which my soul transcended time and space,
In which I knew illuminated points
Of immortality, have come from hearing
The silent pause between the notes upon
A flashing flute and seeing the electric
Space between God's spark-bestowing finger
And his son's in Michelangelo's
Creation of the Genesis.
The arts

As well as Nature then, are sources by which
We come a little closer to awareness
Of ourselves and truth. It is a sacred
Pleasure which we feel in seeing paintings,
Prints, or sculptures made by artist's holy
Hands. There is a statue of a walking
Man in bronze by Rodin I recall.
His stature is the height of any man,
But hidden in the bronze there is a power
Strong enough to live through all affliction
Known to man. And, oh, what beauty there is
Found in ordered scenes and still life things!
Indeed, van Gogh has trapped the essence of
His lemons. Taste! Can you not taste the sour
Fruit and feel the oily skins? You can't
Deny his cypress trees contain a living
Source which makes them swirl in energy.

Of course, we never know the ultimate
Of God, but moments never cease to wake
In us awareness of elating beauty
Which we find on windy hills or when
The great, grey clouds go sailing across the sky
Be-striped in lavender or when our curtains
Dance upon our walls and trees begin
To rattle, prophesying cold, spring rain.

JOHNNIE IS DEAD NOW

Barbara Shuttleworth

The grass grew tall and thick and green around the old pear trees in the grove behind the schoolhouse. It was always cool there and moist, and in the heat of the day, we could sit there, away from the traffic and the houses and make chains out of the clover flowers. Everything was so green that even the sun, that filtered past the leaves, took some of the color from them as it came through and in turn lent a little of its own gold tint to the stones and the bark on the great thick trunks.

Johnnie is dead now and the trees have been cut down to make room for the little mushroom houses that were built after the War.

But before that we could sit under the trees and make long chains from the clover flowers, and sometimes Johnnie would see us there and come to talk with us.

Leaning heavily on his cane, he'd come hobbling toward us on his funny bowed legs. "Here, little girl," he'd say, reaching into one of his bulging pockets and pulling out a pear he had picked up along the way, "Here's a present for you." We would throw them away later, for they were always the worm-eaten ones that had fallen to the ground and not the sound sweet ones that we could pick ourselves by climbing into the tree.

Johnnie would try to talk to us for a while but it was hard for us to understand his broken English, and we were a little afraid of him because he spoke that way and because he was old. His body was all bent and knobby because he was so old, and his clothes bulged and sagged because they were so old. Even his great white mustache was yellow around the edges like very old paper is.

After a while he would give up trying to talk with us. "Dance, little girls," he'd say, "dance, and I'll play music for you." He would put his hands to his mouth and twiddle his fingers as if he were playing a flute, and in a high cracked voice he would sing, "Tweedle dee, Tweedle dee, dance, dance, dance."

They were gay dance tunes that he would sing for us, and for a time he would watch us expectantly with his pale blue eyes, waiting for us to dance, to accept his gift of music and find joy in it. "Dance, dance, and I will play. Tweedle dee, Tweedle dee," he would plead. But we would stand there stiffly and awkwardly and we wouldn't dance because Johnnie was, "old and crazy—but harmless." Finally he would give up for this time and on another day he'd come back to try again.

Not until long after the pear trees were cut down and Johnnie was dead did I realize how it must be when a person is old and doesn't have a real flute to play any more; when the children who make clover chains under the trees stand stiff and awkward and won't accept the only gifts that there are left to give.

TWEEDLE DEE DEE

Gail Langworthy

"But how can you possibly be a materialist? How do you explain the universe?"

She was later to measure the hours of the night by the conversations and the silences, broken by a sort of dancing which meant being jostled around the floor by other couples. This was conversation No. 16—philosophy or "which kind of atheist are *you?*" As in most of their discussions of the evening, she had only to flip a switch in her mind and let the conversation go on and on to the end like a phonograph record on an automatic turntable. The conversation came to its inevitable conclusion, and she searched the files of her mind for another subject to bring up. There was always Freud. She hoped to God he wouldn't bring up Freud again. She was sick to death of S-E-X as a subject of conversation.

Surely, it was time to get up and stumble around the floor again. She really couldn't blame the dancing on him though. No, it wasn't time to dance, it was time for another drink. She ordered another gin fizz, when it came smiled archly at the usual bawdy joke about the cherry, and managed a beautifully embarrassed blush for the entertainment of the others. She contemplated the golden bubbles of her drink, considering for a moment the possibilities of getting good and drunk, then decided the evening wasn't worth it. Rich was staring off into space again. She hoped he wasn't going to do that all night. Up to this point, getting any sort of response from him was like trying to harmonize with an off-key piano as a guide; it all fell a little flat.

"Come back and join the party." She snapped her fingers at him, he turned and looked at her, and she made her blue eyes wide, but he just looked at her solemnly. She refused to look away, and they stared at each other for an extended minute. "I used to be able to stare down everyone in the eighth grade."

"I hereby challenge you."

"You're on. What about the stakes?"

"I'll let you know after I beat you."

"That's what you think."

They continued to gaze unemotionally into each other's eyes, until in the interminable beat of time, the loud music from the juke box began to beat at her, its jarring waves making her want to scream. Still, they stared on, some stubborness within her forcing her to keep on with this insipid game. She'd bet she'd be an excellent member of a secret spy organization; no one would ever be able to torture a confession out of her. The thought almost made her smile. She wondered if anyone had noticed them. They'd probably think she and Rich were terrifically in love. This time she did laugh.

"Okay, I concede defeat. Just what have you won?"

"How about a dance?"

"Wonderful!" Inwardly she sighed.

"You know I'm going to quit asking you, you always say 'yes'."

"I might surprise you some time." At least, she didn't have to talk while they danced. She wondered what was wrong with her tonight. She usually had a wonderful time, but lately every date was a repetition of the last one, an unending game in which she repeated the same words over and over until they lost their meaning. She decided she was like a bottle of ginger-ale that had been kept too long and lost all its sparkle. The image pleased her momentarily, and then seemed inappropriate.

Back at the table, Helm, a trifle drunk, grabbed his date and kissed her. He turned to Rich. "You're next."

She prayed he'd object, but he didn't, and she didn't want to make a prudish scene. Being coy just made matters worse. They kissed, and she thought that if he was going to be the inevitable one to hold it and make a production out of it, she'd slap him. He didn't, and thankful that the moment was over, she smiled brightly and began clapping in time to the music, knowing it would catch on, and divert any bright remarks.

"Tweedlee-tweedlee-tweedlee-dee." The juke box blared.

Clap, Clap, Clap, Clap, Clap. The hands followed a beat behind the rhythm.

Finally, it stopped.

"Dance?"

"Not now. I told you I might surprise you."

He pulled her rather roughly out of her chair. "Yes, you will!"

She tripped and fell against him, deciding on a tipsy, coy act. "How can I dance whem I'm so drunk I can't even stand up?"

"You're not drunk."

"Yes, I am." She giggled, and made a big thing of falling over his feet, and he responded by sweeping her into an elaborate dip that she couldn't have followed even if she'd been cold sober and a ballerina besides. He seemed to think that tremendously funny, and they made their way crazily around the floor. She felt as though she was having a nightmare in which she stumbled her way drunkenly forever, getting nowhere, a pointless caricature of a dance. Finally, at the end of forever, the music stopped. She turned to go, but he stopped her, catching hold of her waist and turning her around, facing him. For a panicky moment, she didn't know what to do with her hands and finally put her arms gingerly around his neck, feeling awkward and idiotic, until the music began again, crying out in wild rhythm. He let her go slowly, and she thankfully made her way back through the maze of tables and tangled chairs to their table.

The clapping began again, and she joined in, outwardly enthusiastic, thinking that she would hear the jagged sound in her sleep. Rich was clapping half-heartedly and she turned to him with a sudden hope that perhaps the evening could be saved after all, perhaps she could reach him.

"Aren't you having a good time?"

"Just not drunk enough, I guess."

"Do you want to get drunk? I mean really." But he grinned and made a smoothly witty reply, and she let it go.

She felt she knew how an actress must feel, saying the same bright things night after night to the same people in the same setting. Her settings had

different names—The Crystal Inn, The Top Hat, The Colonial, The Blue-Note. All conjured up varied, charming atmospheres, but they were always the same—a bar, too much smoke, loud music, and people within perpetual masks. And the lines remained the same; the faces she spoke them to were different, but the questions and replies and exclamations never changed.

She looked at her watch, hoping that perhaps someone would decide that that it was time to leave. The smoke was enveloping her like a fog of nausea, smothering her. But everyone else seemed to be enjoying it.

Jen was making faces at her from across the table, and they excused themselves momentarily.

"You girls need any help?"

"No thanks, we'll manage by ourselves." Another arch smile. She hated herself for having the glib answer so ready. In the powder room, she pursuaded Jen that she wanted to leave as soon as possible. She smiled brightly at herself in the mirror, wishing she could just paint on the smile, snapped her lipstick shut and they returned to the smoky table.

* * * * * * * * *

The night was one of a cold brilliance. She wanted to speak poetry, to share the bright feeling it gave her with someone.

"Rich?"

"Yes?"

No, he wouldn't understand. She shivered a little, frightened at what she had almost done to herself. Strange that it should matter, but somehow she could not bring herself to risk breaking through the wall between herself and him. It was too thick and the other side too unknown. Then if he didn't understand, if she failed, there was no return. There would be a quick retreat and ever after she would resent him.

They fitted themselves into the crowded back seat of the car.

"Are you confortable?"

"Mmmm." She made it sound very contented. And gritted her teeth, knowing that at every bump in the road she was going to land on the floor. Oh, well, it might make a good joke. Besides, it would be a wonderful way to avoid any overly romantic situation. She chuckled softly at the idea.

"What's so funny?"

"Nothing, just a thought."

"Tell me about it so I can laugh, too."

"No, you wouldn't think it was funny." They drove on in silence. The lights of the car made a seemingly short tunnel into the darkness that never came to an end. Like the shining puddles of water that were always ahead on the highway in the hot noon of a summer day. She overheard Jen asking Don to tell her a story, and seeing Rich hadn't heard, she lisped in a high baby voice, "Daddy, tell me a bednight story."

It was long, risque, and involved, but it took up time, so she smiled, and made remarks in all the right places.

They stopped for coffee. The place was not too clean, and too brightly lighted. The garish light pointed up Jen's lipstick-smudged face and tousled hair. She felt rather bleary-eyed herself. They swarmed over a booth and ordered coffee, which arrived blistering and black. The others became animated and gay, waving their arms around wildly like gawkish puppets on

invisible strings. Rich was again staring intently at nothing. She decided to make one more effort.

"Rich, are you really that bored?" Her voice had a note of intensity that was reaching out to him across the emptiness of the other voices in the room.

He paused a moment before he spoke, and a spark of unexplainable excitement burned through her wildly.

"No, I'm not."

"But you haven't looked like you were having a good time all evening, and I was worried about it. I'm funny, but I feel responsible, somehow, if the person I'm with doesn't have fun. As if it's my fault and it would be better if I could somehow disappear."

"But you shouldn't feel like that!" He paused, as though to think a moment about what he was trying to say next, and a feeling of exultation began slowly seeping through her. She had done it. This was no game, no pretense.

But then:

"I wasn't bored. Not really." And somehow the "really" faded into falsity, and catching the last of the unfortunate joke Helm was telling, he began to laugh. And she said nothing.

The rest of the ride was quiet. She half slept, and once when a bump jostled them fully awake, he said with a smile in his voice, "We must have an adverse effect on each other; we always seem to put each other to sleep."

And she smiled drowsily in the dark, almost satisfied for the moment, not only with him, but with the thought that there was to be an ending to a night that had appeared to be without one.

At the door, she suffered herself to be kissed, said good night, and slipped inside with relief as he turned to leave; but she had no sooner got inside and kicked off her shoes, wiggling her toes with relief, when the doorbell rang gently, and he was back.

"I almost forgot. A bunch of us are going to Gio's tomorrow night. Want to come?"

She hesitated a moment before answering, wondering just how she should tell him 'no.' In her mind she heard the jangling laughter of this evening and all evenings past and the jarring music. Tomorrow night. She thought of herself curled up in her warm, comforting plaid robe in front of the fireplace reading—oh, perhaps something tender, wistful, maybe Elizabeth Goudge. She smiled, then spoke.

"I'd love to," she said.

TO SMEARY CHILDREN STANDING NEAR WHITE WOODWORK

Barbara Shuttleworth

DON'T tudgit,
You'll smudgit.

COMPENSATION OF THE GODS

Jo June De Weese

A thin coin of light
On the concrete walk . . .
Voices are loud in the dark,
Then low with the wind
And the coming of winter
And the things one never can do,
The word that can never be found.
The voices are low and slow
And sad at the coming of winter.
But a late bird calls,
And the will of the gods
Is that a gold leaf fall.

JUST ANOTHER DAY

Lowell Sharpe, a junior from Omaha, Nebraska, is majoring in Human Relations. She won first prize in the 1954-1955 Poetry Society contest.

LOWELL SHARPE

IT snowed today.
It didn't blow and crash down on the earth
With a fury of stinging wind.
It didn't arrive with a dancing, joyous laugh
That stings the heart to sing.
No—creeping slowly—it just settled down
Unnoticed, unwanted.

POEM

A Lindenwood graduate of 1949, Mrs. Jupp received her Master's degree in sociology and anthropology from the University of North Carolina. She now lives in Beaufort, South Carolina.

MIRIAM REILLY JUPP

BELOW
The jagged rocks,
A singing stream enchants
The silver finned
Moon-fish.

LYING OUTSIDE, I STUDY UPWARD

Ellen Devlin

I am the diameter
Of a semi-circle world.
(The cold seeps up
Through sweater and shirt—
Tall wet slivers conceal
The small-bumpy sides of legs.)
On a radial line spreading out,
Deep and dusky shadows
Connect with the fan-like,
Slightly transparent arc segment;
Pinpricks in the infinite substance
Give glimpses of the shining world beyond,
Making a studded secant;
A bright disc glows
At the edge ot the world,
Its arms making blinding tangents;
I de-centralize my half-circumference—
It is too cold to endure.

THE BROWN BEAR AND THE YELLOW MONKEY

Ellen Devlin is a freshman from Pine Bluff, Arkansas. She was editor of the creative writing publication in high school, and this year is a member of Poetry Society.

ELLEN DEVLIN

I am Bunny. I am a small brown bear, named Bunny because Matthew Dowden gave me to Emily Desmond on a beautiful Easter Sunday. I live in a dormitory room which faces the west; and the lights from the sun, as it descends past that spot between the top of the young poplar tree and the elm in the distance, make an orange altar of Emily's bed with her baby pillow and small yellow monkey, Pug. Her roommate and close friend, Alex, doesn't seem to mind that she always leaves the room in neat disorder, down to the lipstick-smeared Kleenex there on the bureau. The little bank with red-nosed Rudolph pasted on the front stands neatly on the back of the green bookcase; the well-ironed red curtains hang straight to the sill; the works of Frost, Sappho, and E. Browning stand in an enviable position on top of the long desk; and pictures tower over a small box of chocolate creams. Anyone entering the room is attracted by the fragrance whose center is the cluster of bottles on the bureau; most pervasive is Tabu, which Matt gave Emily in hopes that she would use it all the time. Following his orders, she even put the incense on my head, but that was when I was young. Now only Pug gets a fresh dab occasionally. But I don't mind because she regards me as her diary. I know exactly what she does and what she should be doing; and when she forgets, she looks at me and we concentrate and everything goes smoothly again. Pug brings recollection also, but he became a sentimental personality some time ago. He came to life before me, at Christmas. He also was given to her by Matt, at the beginning of their love affair. She set Pug up as a half-god; her conscience spoke through him and she talked to him seriously. When in pain she would fling herself on the bed and cry, there beside him.

Since Matt left us, the situation is basically the same, yet the outer appearances are entirely different. Pug no longer gets a weekly bath; all of Matt's pictures, letters, and love notes are locked in a little chest on the closet shelf, among scrapbooks and boxes of stationery. These days Emily stays away from the bed, preferring to sit in her fat armchair by the window and watch clouds roll south, toward home. Look, there, as she enters the room. Disregarded, Pug lies on the bed with eternally outstretched arms. Emily always seems to be busiest when she feels a little homesick or is dreaming of the past or wondering about the future.

"Alex, when we moved the furniture did you notice my psychology notebook? I could have sworn it was here on the bottom shelf."

"I don't know where it is. Look between your bed and the wall or between our beds. I probably moved it when I dusted."

"Got another letter from Mother today. My dog is still real sick. I hope he lives till Christmas, so I can see him just once more. It's silly to love that little puppy so much."

"Maybe he'll get well. We'll keep our fingers crossed."

"You know, I really ought to wash you, Pug. You are just filthy! And this last birthday ribbon is—"

"*Birthday* ribbon?"

"Haven't I ever told you about his ribbons? This dirty yellow one that used to be green was here when Matt gave him to me. This black cord was on the bottle of Tabu dry cologne that came with him, the red ribbon was for his first birthday, and this green one for his second. Of course, at night they all come untied; I don't know why I keep them around his neck. What are you studying?"

"I've got a test in biology tomorrow. The amoebae are about to move off and leave me!"

"*C'est la vie.* Which reminds me, I've got a test tomorrow, too. And this poetry meeting tonight. I've got to dress before supper because I go straight to the meeting. What should I wear?"

"I don't know, Em."

"This blouse is clean. Which links should I wear, the silver ones with my initials or the little ones with the ship's wheel on them? I'll wear these huge black ones and my black skirt. I don't see any sense in going; I haven't written anything good lately, and there's so much else to do. Now, where's my poetry? I could have sworn the folder was on this first shelf. Oh, I know—in the closet. Alex, I want to get a little chest to keep clothes in, things like lingerie and socks and scarves, and stuff. They have a nice green one in the Sears catalog. But we're so crowded since we moved the extra desk and bureau into the room. Where would I put it? Alex?"

"What? I don't know, Emily."

"O.K. Go ahead. I'm just talking to Bunny anyway. He doesn't have a 'Bi-lology' test tomorrow, do you, Bun?"

No, I don't, but it wouldn't matter anyway. I like to watch her do things. She takes a long time to decide what she wants to wear, and while she's deciding she wanders around the room: combs her hair in front of the bureau, brushes it in front of the cabinet mirror, turns the radio from an advertisement to another station for music, glances at Pug when she turns by the bed, straightens little things on top of her bookcase. Crowded together are the black scottie who is Jerry, VIP in Dog Heaven, the little green car (reminder to save the extra, extra pennies), the piece of bark from a pine near the softball field at home, and the glass replica of a Peace Rose. Finally, deciding on the green coat instead of the red one and dabbing Tabu on each wrist, she leaves, saying goodby to Alex and also, unconsciously, glancing at Pug.

Near midnight, after studying French and "psych" and relaxing in a hot bath, Emily was telling Alex about the meeting of the Poetry Club.

"A girl wrote a poem about a pair of shoes and read it tonight. The person in the poem had very large, wide feet and had trouble finding shoes that would fit, and every pair he tried was too small, too large, too tight, or the color was wrong. And he said, and thoroughly believed, that somewhere was a pair of shoes made to fit him exactly; and this perfect pair of shoes would get even better as he wore them. And until he found them, every substitute would hurt and irritate him. Of course, it was a symbolic poem, but I

can't get over that man's complete faith and how well she expressed it in the poem. Everything he said about the shoes and the substitutes was so similar to how a person would feel who was looking for something."

"He sure did have a lot of faith. Wasn't that what the whole poem was trying to put over?"

"I think so. But I don't know whether I have that much faith or not. Look at it this way: you trust someone above everyone else in the world because you feel that he's as near perfect as a human could be, and if anyone can be relied on, that is the person. But then if he does something to destroy all the faith you have in him, who can you trust? It's impossible to believe in anyone if the most trustworthy person you've ever met destroys what you so honestly believed. This poem impressed me at first as idealistic. I'd forgotten there was that much faith in the world. It must be great to feel like that—to believe with all your heart that somewhere there is something real to base your hopes on. I wish I—"

"But it's not a very pretty poem. The large, wide feet—"

"Oh, that's what's so good." Emily moved from the armchair to the bed. "If he'd had small feet, that would make his need small, and the whole poem would be on a small scale. Oh, it was a *good* poem!"

"You see if you can get a copy and we can talk about it tomorrow. I better go to bed. I've got an eight o'clock. Want me to wake you up for breakfast?"

"Yes, I need to look over this French some more. You're closest to the light."

"Night. Don't let the black sheep bite."

Emily jumped to shut off the alarm and blinked at the light streaming in the window. She and Alex had taken down the shades during the last warm spell and always kept the red curtain thrown aside now. I could tell she was as drugged with sleep as usual. She sat straight up in the bed, throwing the covers off her legs. Suddenly she reached behind her, grabbed Pug from the small pillow where she had put him when she woke, and set him on her knee in front of her. For a long minute she held him, twisting him to different angles, then turning him around and searching his back, tail, legs, arms, and head. She turned him to face her again and re-tied his ribbons. She felt him all over: the material that covered him (is it yarn?) was so worn in front. Finally, after a thorough survey, she shook her head and, with the dazed look still in her eyes, laid Pug gently back on the pillow, stumbled over to shake Alex, and began to run the hot water.

The moon was full and shone in the window on an unusually tidy room. Emily had decided in the middle of the afternoon that it was stuffy, even sitting by the open window, and worked long and hard to air the room, which involved cleaning the screens to keep the air that was coming in as fresh as possible. She hung the green rugs over the rail of the fire escape, dusted the sills and shelves, scrubbed the basin and changed the contour sheets on both beds. The clothes in the closet now hung neatly: skirts; the long-sleeved blouses, then the short-sleeved dressy and informal blouses, next to the sleeveless ones; and against the wall her jackets and coats.

The moonlight fell on the twin beds: Emily's ruffled hair and disturbed expression prompted Alex to speak.

"Now, don't worry about it. Your French average is high enough to flunk a test or so when you've got something else on your mind. Let's get some sleep. You're the one with the eight o'clock tomorrow."

"Alex, Pug died."

"Really? I knew he'd been sick. What happened?"

"He just died."

"The last letter from your mother said that he was very sick. Did you hear today?"

"*What?*"

"Oh, Pug's not your dog, is he?"

"You know, Pug, my little yellow monkey; the one Matt gave me. I sleep with him every night."

"Oh. No, I didn't know he died. Just then?"

"This morning when I woke up I looked at him and didn't see him, not really. I looked in his eyes and concentrated, hard, like I always used to do, but I had no feelings at all. I saw the funny spot in his right eye where the painter's hand slipped; and the cracked face, from rolling over on him when I had the flu in New Orleans on a visit; and I saw the little brown piece that used to be his ear. It's almost off now, though I patched it before we came to school. Yet I swear, Alex, I felt nothing. I was wax inside. I didn't think of the past, or Matt; I didn't ache at all. I was merely looking at a dirty yellow monkey with a crooked eye, a hanging ear, and cracked face."

"Do you care?"

I heard Emily sit up in bed; she didn't say anything, but concentrated on her feelings. It had begun to cloud over, and the smell of rain blew in the window.

"No, it's a relief. I've been thinking about it all day. The feeling died with him. I don't care anymore."

"You mean about Matt?"

"It's taken me almost a year. I can't believe that Pug is dead and that all he meant to me doesn't mean anything anymore."

"But I see. He did his part, like a god keeping watch over you till the safe period came."

"You do understand. He's always been so very much alive it's hard to believe that he's not, just *Not* anymore."

"Pug was the go-between. He existed until he was no longer needed; he stayed with you until you readjusted."

"At first I couldn't understand, but now I know that we'll always be good friends, Matt and Pug and I, but in a different sense. It's uncanny how in one instant I knew so well he was dead. Oh, my gosh, what a nut! How *dumb* I've been!! Look at me! Wasting my life on an animal! In my second childhood, no less! Do you realize, Alex, how I set this animal up in my mind? He came first in my life, and I was as chained to him as I am to this bracelet Matt gave me. Of all the—" She took it off and put it under her pillow. "There! That's better. Now maybe I can open my eyes and see what's going on, instead of always looking backward. Crazy mixed-up kid, that's me. Yow!"

I noticed that the moon had come from behind a cloud and was shining on Alex. Her face had a puzzled expression, and I knew she was looking at her roommate in a new light, as I was. I suddenly realized that Emily would do no more talking out loud with only Pug and me to hear. She turned over and almost dropped Pug on the floor by the bed, then changed her mind.

Are you really dead, Pug?

FRIENDSHIP REVISITED

Carol Mahon, from Ashland, Kentucky, was editor of the GRIFFIN in 1953. She is now teaching at Ferguson, Missouri.

CAROL MAHON

THE sound of their laughter cut across the day
Like a long line of sun that lights a path of dust
Through the shadows of a cooly silent room.
Cadenced sounds of times that poets had set to words
Had been left neatly on the bottom shelf
With a poem conceived at break of tulip-spring.
Old thoughts are shaken out like dusty rugs . . .
Faces and eyes are thawing after the frozen year
Of gray and white checked days held rigidly in time.
Like a sponge which finds home on a large sea rock,
We play in the surf of sounds which break again
Upon a sandy, strange-grown land of lost desire.
And now before us like a set of artist's paints
Lie stretched the colors of the disentangled days.

FOOL

Barbara Shuttleworth

PILE the books high from English Lit. and Basic
Math.
Shove them aside and let me play—
I am a fool; I worry not.

And pile them high from Chemistry
And pile them high from French and Great Books.
Shove them aside and let me play.
Two hours, ten hours and parents will
ask me later
What grade is this?
What did you do?

I am a fool.
Let me play.

I LIVE ABOVE THESE POOR FOOLS

Julie Rasmussen

THE people below me love my ballet:
They hear my leaps and crashes all day.

I celebrate weekends all through the week:
But they get the soda that drips through the leak.

I invade the shower on roller-skates,
And sound like terrible traffic debates.

I certainly get my parties to mix
By supplying my guests with pogo-sticks.

My bedroom window is a neon sign:
Their radio couldn't be louder than mine.

The people below me would love me more
If they lived above me just one floor.

THE NECESSITIES OF LIFE

Barbara Shuttleworth

EVERY month he thought that this would be the last time. He knew it was getting the best of him and he didn't mean for it to, but what can you do? He meant to talk to the boss about it, but during the rest of the month he pushed it to the back of his mind. Well, this would be the last time. At least he thought it would be. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad this time. Wait and see, that's all you could do.

"Now don't forget to stop in at the grocery before you come home. I'll have to have that can of tomatoes."

"Okay, okay." Mr. Lakely grunted as he struggled to get into his coat. Mrs. Lakely reached up and held the coat so he could find the sleeve.

"And for heaven's sake," she continued, "don't let it get the best of you. It's only one week a month and you might be able to get a new territory soon. If I can stand you and your grouch, I guess you can stand the territory." Without listening, Mr. Lakely kissed her quickly and walked out the door to the driveway. He got into the car and slammed the door just a little harder than necessary, found a minute scratch on the dashboard and rubbed at it once or twice, then mumbling about the careless kids, started the car and backed into the street with the engine roaring.

Old Nessle waved at him as he turned the corner, but Mr. Lakely didn't wave back. He looked straight ahead and clutched the steering wheel firmly. "Must be that week again," the old man grumbled.

Impatiently, Lakely wove in and out between the cars in the busy morning traffic. It was irritatingly slow today and he let them all know by honking his horn at some of the more stupid drivers. Half an hour later, he made a screeching left turn off the broad thoroughfare into a narrow street and parked in front of a row of crumbling dirty brick tenements. Gathering his books and pushing his hat more firmly onto his head, Mr. Lakely got out of the car to start the first day of that week.

"If I had any sense at all, I'd quit," he thought as he knocked at the first door. "We don't really need the extra money that bad." The door came open a crack, scraping against the floor, and Mr. Lakely looked down at the tiny face peeking out. "Mother home?" The child nodded. "Well, don't you think you'd better get her?" For one more long second the child stayed at the door watching, then the face disappeared.

How could they live this way? They lived like a bunch of animals. You couldn't even tell them apart. They all looked alike. Just like a bunch of animals.

Eventually the door was pulled open and the mother motioned him to come in. He followed her to the back. The front room was filled with two double beds with sagging springs on which filthy bare mattresses and pillows lay. There were patches of old brown linoleum on the splintered, rotten floor. In the corner, on a broken wicker chair sat an old woman who never looked up or gave any sign that she recognized those passing by her. Her brown face was creased and folded into tiny deep wrinkles and her gray hair stood

about her face in oily clumps. She had never been in any other position in all the time he had come into this place. Every month she was sitting there, her palsied, knotted hands in her lap, eyes downcast, never looking up. Mr. Lakely walked quickly into the other room. He sat in the wire-mended chair that the mother offered him and opened the book to her account. "How much this time, Mr. Lakely?"

"Same as usual," he grunted. Time after time, he answered that same question. What the heck did they think he was? Her thin bony face remained impassive except for the slight narrowing of her large brown eyes. While she felt in the pocket of her torn, soiled housedress, he looked absently around the room. Across from him, the ancient grease-blackened sink seemed about to topple away from the chipped plaster of the grimy wall under the load of buckets of soaking clothes and dirty dishes. A handleless skillet was balanced precariously on the edge of a two-burner hot-plate which sat on a wobbling, paintless table. Flies, newly drawn by the early spring warmth, swarmed above an open garbage can on the floor.

"Here it is, Mr. Lakely." She brought the collection of nickels, dimes, and pennies from the pocket and watched quietly as he counted it.

"Short ten cents," he said without looking up.

"It is, you sure, Mr. Lakely?"

"Yeh, I'm sure, short ten cents." He watched her as she opened one drawer after another in the battered cabinet, rummaged quickly through the contents of each, shut it, and went on to the next.

"Here it is, Mr. Lakely, I knew there was bound to be one some place." She laughed softly, showing her large, rather protruding yellowed teeth. Seeing that he did not find the incident amusing, she stopped and silently handed him the coin.

"Well, that's it for this time." He slammed the book shut.

"Say, Mr. Lakely, before you go, I wanted to ask you about a policy on the new one. He's the right age now."

"New one? When did this happen?" He opened the book again. "I'll get the stuff I need now and we can take care of the details next month. What's the name?"

"Name of Jeff, Mr. Lakely."

"Okay, Jeff what? Need the last name." Now the game would start. He could never understand what made these people so dense. He gritted his teeth and waited for the familiar answer.

"Jeff, sir. You need more?"

"Yes, I need more. What's this one's name? Last name. Need it for the records." He knew she was watching him and he always felt as if they were laughing—not open and out, never that. That's what made him so mad. It was like pulling teeth to get any kind of an answer and they got a big bang out of it on top of it all.

"Same as the rest, I guess, then. It's as good a name as any." He filled out the form slowly, painfully getting the answers to the questions. Finally it was done. One down—four more calls to make till lunch if he could hold out that long.

A weak crying came from the laundry basket on the chair in the corner. The child who had answered the door appeared from the courtyard in the back and toddled and swayed on ricket-bowed legs to the basket and began to shake it.

"You go on outside now, and leave him alone," the mother said. "The other kids'll be wanting to come inside too. Didn't I let you stay in this morning? Go on now, git out of here."

"That the new one?" Mr. Lakely asked disinterestedly. He walked over to the basket and looked in. The tiny shriveled thing contracted itself; then kicking out weakly, it began to whimper.

"Yessir, that's him. He looks a little weakly and sometimes he don't keep down his milk, but he's strong. Yessir, he'll be all right," she added hurriedly.

He could see that the baby was not healthy. She was probably lying to get the insurance. What did she know about loving kids anyhow, living in a hole like this? Probably didn't care whether they got a decent meal. She took the soiled, sour-smelling little creature up and held it close, rocking it gently and singing to it with a wordless, tuneless song. "See, he's going right off to sleep. He must have had a bad dream." Still holding the child, she walked with Lakely to the door.

"By the way," he said, "I forgot to tell you. I'm sorry about the little one. What was her name? I'm real sorry about that. I guess the money from the policy will be coming along soon." He put his hand on the door knob.

"Thank you, Mr. Lakely. Opal got kind of sickly there. Don't know what happened, but she sure did go quick. She was just a little thing—only twenty-seven months old. She was my favorite kid."

He flipped through his book to the page of the next account. Boy, he sure did stick his foot in it this time. Why didn't he keep his mouth shut? He'd never get out of this place now.

"She never made no fuss and was always so quiet. I didn't even know she was sick for a long time. That's how good she was. We borried some money and had a real nice little funeral for her."

He got out his handkerchief and wiped his hands, looked at it, then returned it to his pocket. "I got her a little pink dress and some ribbons for her hair." She closed her eyes and smiled as she continued. "She sure did look cute. Everybody said so."

"Well, yeh, yeh, that's fine. Guess I better be going now." He cleared his throat loudly and again reached for the door knob.

She stood there, her large flat-nailed hands folded loosely over her stomach, completely unaware of his impatience. She made him nervous the way she just stood there looking right through him. She went on, "Sister Bendrik sang—so nice—and the preacher talked. He must have talked for an hour and so nice, all about heaven and Jesus and how happy Opal was and how we would see her again. After it was all over, Sister Johnson came to me and told me what a nice funeral it was. She said that Opal looked real natural and cute." Mr. Lakely pulled back his coat sleeve, looked at his watch, and wound it a little tighter.

"I got to get going. I have more calls to make. I'm glad everything was so nice."

His abrupt statement startled her back again. Looking down at her torn canvas shoes and then back to him, she asked, "How soon do you guess that money will be coming? I'd like to get that guy paid off—he sure can worry you."

"It'll be here soon, I'm sure," he said. Taking advantage of the break, he walked out the door. "Well, see you next month. 'Bye now."

"Yessir, 'bye, Mr. Lakely. 'Bye now."

Mr. Lakely needed a cup of coffee before he went on to his next call. He couldn't force himself to face the next one. Not yet. Shaking his head slightly, he walked down the street.

How could they live that way? A bunch of animals, that's what they were. They lived like animals and watched their kids die and didn't care a bit. Insured them to the hilt and then lived high off the insurance money when they died. Just sat there and watched them die. If it weren't for the payments on the car and Kay needing the dancing lessons, he'd give up the territory in a minute.

"It's just not worth it what I have to go through every month. Yes sir, if it weren't for the money, I'd quit in a minute," Mr. Lakely thought as he entered the smoky little grill on the corner. "I'd quit tomorrow, if I didn't need the money so bad."

WHIPPOORWILL

Carolyn Stuart of Kirkwood, Missouri, was a Lindenwood student from 1952-1954. She was on the GRIFFIN staff as an assistant editor in 1953.

CAROLYN STUART

BELOW the autumn-crested hill,
As silent as a drifting leaf
He comes, and, when the air is still,
Repeats, repeats, his grief.

Is it for gold leaves turning brown,
Or for the thin edge of the frost
That sickles last bright blossoms down,
Or for a summer lost?

THE DEAD WALKED

Jo June De Weese, of Hugo, Oklahoma, is a graduate of Lindenwood and a past editor of the GRIFFIN. She was graduated last spring with distinction and is now continuing her studies in English at the University of North Carolina, where she holds a Woodrow Wilson fellowship.

JO JUNE DE WEESE

NO sugar for me, Elsie. I'll take it black this morning. Yeah, I'm pretty tired . . . Hattie kept us up until midnight. Am I getting old? Not yet, but brother, I will be if this keeps up! Never thought I'd see the day when Hattie Henrick would be giving me gray hairs. But that's a funny situation, y'know?

As I was telling Lib the other day Miss Hattie's is one of those cases that you don't know exactly what to think of. Why, I used to despise that woman—you can't help thinking that she deserves it—being scared now—after the life she made poor old Clem lead, but just the same, I sort of feel sorry for her. After all, women just weren't made to be alone . . . especially Hattie. I don't think that I ever did see her by herself after Clem retired. He was always trailing along behind her, even to the store. You could almost see the string, with one end tied to Hattie's wedding ring, and the other to the one in Clem's nose.

Yes, she's over at the house a lot . . . no reason. She just comes over, of an evening, as soon as we go out on the porch to cool off. The first time she did I almost fell out of the swing. Lord! Lib and I have lived in the same spot for just about twenty years now, and in all that time Hattie never came over unless Lib was having the guild in or some other kind of party. When Clem was alive you could almost tell when it was eight o'clock, because the Henrick's porch light would go on, and out they'd go, Hattie in front, stepping kind of high, with Clem walking behind. But now we're getting sort of used to it. She's over every evening except for Wednesdays when we go to church, and then I'll be darned if she doesn't come out to the yard afterwards. Talks a lot more than she used to, too. I always thought Hattie a smart woman; she knew when to listen, which is more than some women can do, as I was telling Lib. But now she runs on like Bill's old linotype machine and doesn't make as much sense. She talks the locusts down, that woman! On and on about Clem and what he used to say—more than we knew when he was alive—we never heard him say much then, when Hattie was around. And then she runs out of words—or, maybe, she thinks all at once—and her voice dies out; you can hear the locust drone rising and falling out in the hedge. As Lib says there's nothing to do; if you start another conversation Miss Hattie will break in directly with something that doesn't fit in. So we rock, and the swing creaks, and I think every evening that I'll go in and get the oil to fix that hinge right then. But, somehow, you can't get up. Because Hattie's there—you can hear her chair creak, but you can't hear anything else. She sits bolt-upright, and its like she's not there at all until she starts to talk again.

Yes, I'll have this cup warmed, Elsie . . . like I was telling you, it's mighty peculiar. Last night, for instance, Hattie had one of her quiet spells, and Lib and I were sitting, not knowing exactly what to say—I swear I'd stared at the sky for ten minutes, trying to get up the nerve to clear my throat—when this star streaked across the sky, almost half way, in the east. Hattie must have been watching too, because she jumped so suddenly that her purse fell on the ground. Well, I got up to hunt it, and you'd think that Hattie would have started talking. But no—for the rest of the evening, she sat there like she'd been struck with the star. Did try to talk, I've got to admit, but her voice was trembly like and hoarse. Lib said that she felt like she'd been sitting with a ghost.

I hadn't noticed much before, but after that I realized that Lib was right, that Hattie has aged considerably since Clem died. I'm not one for looking at those things—Lib's always carping about my not seeing her new clothes, but Hattie does look different . . . and not just her clothes. I wouldn't know if she wore bedroom slippers instead of those stilt ones that she's always twisting an ankle on, but she is older. Hattie always did dress a lot for a woman of her age, and Lib says that she dresses more now. But to get back to what I was saying, she does look different. Her face sags when she's not smiling, and she smiles most of the time now—Hattie's a lot more pleasant. It's as if she feels she has to be. But her eyes are scared looking, sort of, wide-open, not half-hooded and hawklike as they used to be. And she shakes a little—not much, so you'd notice it—but the other evening she lit a cigarette (yes, it is funny that she'd take up smoking now . . . silly in a woman her age), and I could see her hands tremble when the match lit them up.

Clem sure would be surprised to see the effect that his death's had on her. Lord, how she used to devil that man! I call him a saint for putting up with it for thirty years. But there wasn't a softer man in the whole county as far as dealing with Hattie goes. Why, I've seen him many a time take off his shoes in the yard rather than muddy Hattie's carpet with dirt from the fields. And remember how he hated the parties she used to give? Not that you'd hear him say so . . . I don't suppose any of us ever knew Clem well enough for him to tell us anything personal. And it wasn't that Hattie was nasty about his having friends or anything, she just took so much of him that there wasn't enough left over for anybody else. A man can tell how another feels though. Once Lib dragged me to a party at Henrick's—yes, she dragged me to a couple, but we had a good healthy row about them before, and the next day I'd take off hunting to get even. Not Clem. He'd stand in a corner, sort of, and look out of place and like his suit was too tight until Hattie would call him to talk to someone, or to empty those little flowered ash trays that wouldn't hold more than one cigarette stub, or to do *something*. It didn't really matter what, just anything that would get his attention and focus it on her. But I remember one night, when Hattie was having something real glamorous for the Pierean Club or the Shakespeare Club or some other fool women's affair, when I really got to know Clem. He came over to the house and said that for once he wasn't needed. Not a talkative fellow—guess he couldn't shake the traces all at once—but we had a good companionable time. Drank a couple of beers and talked about hunting. He said that he'd hunted once, but had given it up. He didn't say why, but I can tell you right off that Hattie didn't like her house tracked up and her kitchen messed with bloody feathers. We'd just gotten to talking good too, when I'll be darned if Hattie didn't call up and tell him to come back, that she wanted him to drive some old lady home!

But, as I said, she wasn't actually mean to him. Why, Hattie was sweet as sugar—like I told you about the listening rather than talking business. You'd think he was the Lord God Almighty to see the attention she paid to whatever he said. But he said what she wanted him to say, and I suppose that if he'd ever disagreed there would really have been a fight. Except that Hattie would probably have been so astonished she'd have keeled over dead. Wish that he had—it would have been interesting to watch. But he didn't; he jumped when she said jump. It's these soft-talking women who're the strongest.

That's why I can't figure out what's happened to Hattie since he was buried. You'd think that she'd be able to take care of herself, that she'd really enjoy being alone and having the house to herself without having to pester anyone to keep it clean. But she doesn't; she's scared to death of that house. You can see it. Hattie just won't go home. Lib and I are ageing ourselves from the hours we keep sitting up with Hattie. I was to the point of getting up and leaving last Thursday when she stayed and stayed after I'd had a hard day, but Lib says that I can't do that. And I even have to take her home when she finally does go—twenty yards across the grass with a street-light in plain sight! And she hands me the key, and I have to unlock the door and go in to turn on the lights before she'll ever leave the porch. And then, I have to go in and stand there afraid to move for fear I'll get something out of place or knock over some doo-dad until she turns on every light in the house. Oh, she doesn't tell me to, but you know what she's thinking, that she'll be afraid there without the lights. She's scared to death of something. I can't leave any woman standing in the door of a dark house, looking like she thinks death's inside.

And it isn't an ordinary loneliness. Any sensible woman who'd been widowed would get a companion or rent a room. But I don't think that would help Hattie. Because part of her's gone; the house is just a symbol . . this sounds cracked, I know, but I think that must be what's happened. I said that she took all of Clem . . and she needed him. Because he was all that Hattie isn't. Maybe she didn't think about this until he was gone, but she does now. Half of her is missing, and the half that's left is like the house, all shined up and the latest thing, but with no life in it. The safe part is gone.

I was telling you about last night and the star . . what happened afterwards was really funny. Because after I'd mentioned three or four times about how I had to get up at five this morning and get to the plant, with Lib kicking my ankle harder each time, Hattie got up, slowly, and she looked at the sky as if another star might fall. I got up too, expecting to take her home, like always, but she said, real slowly and as if she were talking in her sleep, "No, I've got to get used to being dead." Not get used to *Clem's* being dead, you understand, but get used to being dead. And I think she meant it. I was flabbergasted and so was Lib. We couldn't think of protesting, even, we were so astonished. Well, we stood there for a minute longer, and I've never heard the locusts so loud. Then Hattie walked away, stiffly as you suppose a dead person would walk.

We watched her go to the porch, and she turned around to us and said so low that we couldn't have heard her if the locusts hadn't have stopped all at once, "Good-bye." She didn't say good-night . . . And she walked in and closed the door behind her. But she didn't turn on a single light.

Lib and I stayed in the yard for a little while longer; I don't know why, but we were sort of shocked, you might say. I was going to go over there, because any sort of thing could happen to a woman alone—she could have had a heart attack easy, as queer as she'd acted. I got up and was walking over—slowly, because if nothing was wrong, I'd feel mighty silly. But just then Hattie came out on the porch—she didn't see me—and walked over to the banister and just stood there, looking up at the sky. She was still there when Lib and I went into our house.

THE SOUL OF SPAIN

Mary Ann Thielecke is a senior from Little Rock, Arkansas, with a double major in English and history and government. She derived most of her ideas for this poem from a paper she wrote on sixteenth and seventeenth century Spanish art, entitled, "Spain's Flowering under the Fountain of Faith."

MARY ANN THIELECKE

THE Soul of Spain is
A tongue that savors the nectar
Off the crimson thorn,
A strongly flavored bittersweet bar,
A martyr enthroned,
A purifying, searing fire,
A pealing, singing, soaring lyre,
A prayerfully swaying choir,
A gory mandrake's mourning dirge,
An eagle's swiftly climbing surge,
Lorca's bitter oleander,
A flaming meteor destined to wander.

FLATNESS

A freshman from Nashville, Tennessee, Pat Long won two Lion Oil Essay Contests while in high school. This year she belongs to Alpha Lambda Delta and the Poetry Society.

PAT LONG

WHAT land is this?
Helpless, it lies unarmored
In the glare of a cold sun.
No tree or bush or shading hill
Rises to shield it.

Stretching far,
It extends to the very perimeter
Of my personal world,
Exposing each fleshless skeleton
Of ragged rock
To my undiscerning glance.

Monotony.
This flat, unending world
Has never known the guile
Of an embellishing or protecting prevarication.
Its unrelenting realism,
Its stark frankness
Reveal its disturbing defects.
Nothing doubtful,
Nothing mysterious,
Nothing sparkling
Stimulates my dormant imagination.

I find it quite boring:
This harsh, drab honesty
Of a purely practical mind.

Nellett

1955