

576



GRIFIN

THE GRIFFIN

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THE GRIFFIN

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

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THE EDITORIAL STAFF.

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PROTAGONIST

Ann Hamilton, a freshman from El Dorado, Arkansas, is interested in creative writing and journalism. She won second prize in the Freshman Writing Contest.

ANN HAMILTON

A weathervane crowns a building's tower.
Stalwart and solitary,
It stands to direct the hastening wind.
Spinning to the storm of the wind,
It suddenly halts—
Held immovable by the wind's confusion.

The weathervane quarters a full moon,
And sentry-like guards the night's stillness.
Imperturbable, never bending,
It survives a tempest,
And again surveys the moon-drenched hillside,
With the audacity of a mounted policeman.

"COURTED BY ALL THE WINDS"

Caroline Harkins is a freshman from Liberal, Kansas. She is active in the Speech Department and had roles in several of the plays on campus. She won first place in the Freshman Writing Contest with this essay about her home town.

CAROLINE HARKINS

"YES, Liberal, Kansas, in the southwest corner of the state," I answer to polite inquiries concerning my home. At this, my interrogator looks blank and rather doubtful if he has never been to that part of the country. When he has, however, the reaction is nearly always one of surprise accompanied by a remark like, "Oh, yes. I passed through there two summers ago on my way to California. I'll never forget how dry and dusty it was—and all that wind!" His face reflects the thought that he is too tactful to add, "It's really dreadful, isn't it? I can't see how you stand it. I'll bet it feels good to be in God's country!"

To the indifferent tourist it probably does seem a rather desolate place in the flat sagebrush country, miles away from other towns and cities. But one who lives there realizes that the atmosphere is vibrantly alive as the enterprising, progress-bent young mix amiably with the pioneers who remember the days before Liberal was a town.

Lee Larrabee, whose early Star Grocery Store was one of the first clapboard-front business houses, breathes a true pioneer spirit into the narrative of Liberal's origin. His story goes that in the 1880's, the period of settlement in Southwest Kansas, water was very scarce, and well owners locked their well houses. This created the expensive burden of buying water at five or ten cents a bucketful. But a pioneer storekeeper named L. E. Keefer, who lived in a two-story adobe building near the present site of Liberal, welcomed all to drink from his well free of charge. The story that Keefer was liberal with his water spread far and wide and identified the neighborhood as a good stopping place. A few years later, when a small settlement sprang up here, the pioneers named it Liberal after his generosity.

Mr. Larrabee, wiry and active for all his eighty-odd years, remarks proudly at Liberal's growth that has come during his lifetime. Every year at Christmas, his cards show photographs of Liberal's early days alongside of a typical up-to-date scene. One such picture compares the main street of 1888 with the same street sixty-five years later. The early one is only a dirt road with deep wagon ruts and a few unpainted wooden shacks of more fortunate settlers; the others made their homes in white tents with dirt floors. Not a tree is visible in the entire scene, and a clothesline is stretched between two of the shacks. You can almost hear the tents flapping as the wind rebels at this barrier to its free movement. The latter picture shows the broad paved street filled with traffic lights, new-model cars, and "white-way" street lights. Modern hotels, banks, and business houses are on either side, and wind-swept crowds hurry about their daily affairs.

The omnipresent wind is the self-appointed monarch who controls the seasons at his will. He officially ushers in the fall of the year announcing the time for the Five State Free Fair and Race Meet which comes regularly at the first of September. For a week, schedules and cares are forgotten as the entire populace for miles around joins in the events and exhibits. Young "4-H"ers proudly unload calves they have cared for during the previous year, and make beds of straw for them in the rows of stalls constructed especially for the occasion. They wash and brush these prize possessions over and over until their coats shine in waves in the bright sunlight. They also bring in unbelievably huge light-green cucumbers, shiny red tomatoes, and yellow bumpy squash grown in their own gardens. The first day of the fair is general chaos as Brownie Scouts come with their birdhouse entries, housewives bring in their prize jellies, and the very old women proudly hand over their delicate crocheted work. Booths displaying washing machines, Hammond organs, food choppers, and fair souvenirs are set up with gaudy crepe paper and advertising slogans. The carnival on the edge of the grounds begins to assemble, with the ferris wheel, aluminum airplanes, and other thrill rides lifting their towering shapes against the electric-blue sky. Children, fascinated with the wonder of the colorful booths, pennant collections in the hobby department, and the free advertising balloons, wander from their harrassed parents only to be retrieved and scolded.

The horse races held in the afternoon are viewed by everyone from the Sharpe boy who was pushed there in his wheel chair by his parents, to the old man who sells watermelons by the roadside. Screams of excitement mount higher at the prospect of winning small bets as the straining horses seem to leave the ground in their speed. At times an agile jockey is thrown over the rail by a high-spirited favorite and is whisked off in a black ambulance with its siren whining. The wind stirs up the dust from the racetrack so that you feel grit in your teeth as you bite down.

When there is nothing else to do the popular place to lose money is the carnival, at the gambling side shows and rides on the tilt-a-whirl. The light wooden chairs on the ferris wheel rock precariously as they reach the top and are pushed higher by the playful wind. Brown-skinned gypsies in cheap, dirty clothes beckon the prosperous-looking farmers into their tents to reveal their fortunes, and perhaps pick their pockets. Every boy tries to knock milk bottles off a table to win a stuffed teddy bear for his girl friend, and middle-aged women sit for hours at the bingo square trying vainly to win a set of silverware. By the end of the week you become tired of the dustiness, the flashy glamour and meals of hot dogs and cokes, but you know as the fair begins to disperse that you will be glad to see the wind bring its return next year.

When the wind becomes bored with the dreariness of late January and early February, he begins the season of dust storms. The morning dawns innocently, unaware of the invader that will come to darken the day. About mid-morning, looking out of a classroom window, you are aware of the warning sign of the brownish-green horizon and you begin to hear the wind growing stronger as it whips the bare-limbed trees. You realize that the rest of the town sees it too, and that housewives who just put their washing on the line are running out to gather it in again. Windows are being closed tight and stuffed with cloth around the edges. Store owners are covering all their merchandise.

Then it's here, everywhere. Great billows rolling in from the dry prairie carried by the restless, never-ceasing wind, blast against the windowpane and

sift down in layers only to be picked up again and taken on. The wind whistles around buildings with its fine, brown load and capriciously spits it at an old woman holding a newspaper in front of her face. The daylight disappears, and looking outside, you can barely distinguish the outline of the houses across the street. The school room gets hazy as the dust hangs in the atmosphere and causes coughs and sneezes as it creeps into noses and mouths. School is usually dismissed at noon since concentration is impossible in the heavy, thick air. When you go outside, your face and legs are immediately bombarded by the stinging, bitter wind and dust. You tie a scarf around your nose and mouth to help filter some of the dust from your lungs. As it gets in your eyes, they blink, and tears streak your gritty face. The storm lasts from a half day to two or three days, settling in houses, stores, and basements so that there is no escape from the reddish-brown plague. People who are caught on the highways when the storm strikes always try to find some place to stop because visibility is reduced to zero, and wrecks often occur. Cars parked outside during a storm are scarred by fine little lines on their shiny surfaces, and shingled white houses have a permanent dirty appearance until they are painted again. Finally blowing itself out or back to the prairies, the dust leaves as it came, silently with the wind.

The wind always stirs up indifferent souls in Liberal on the Tuesday before Ash Wednesday, the beginning of the Lenten season. You can feel anticipation in the friendly atmosphere as the yearly festival approaches, identifying the town as the "Pancake Hub of the Universe." This celebration, however, is not uniquely Liberal's, for it originated over five hundred years ago in the community of Olney, England. The custom in old England was that on this particular day everyone stopped his daily tasks at the tolling of the bells and hurried to church to be "shriven" of his sins. One Shrove Tuesday a certain housewife had started baking her pancakes a little later than usual, and since they were not finished when she heard the bells, she hurried off to the "shriving" carrying her skillet and pancakes with her. Thus a custom was born which finally grew to international proportions when it was adopted by Liberal's enthusiastic Junior Chamber of Commerce. The pancake race is run over a 415 yard course from the town pump to the church, with each housewife contestant flipping her pancake three times at marked intervals.

No holiday can officially begin without a parade, and on Pancake Day it begins to form around the high school about nine o'clock. There is a flurry of locating band members and instruments, there are last-minute float preparations, and over it all rises the nervous whinneying of the Trail Riders' horses as they all try to assemble in their assigned positions. The band leads this colorful ensemble with high-stepping baton twirlers whose legs are cherry-red with cold, and one can smell alcohol put in the brass instruments to keep the valves from freezing. The multi-colored napkins on the floats are always dislodged by the strong, stinging wind and litter the streets like confetti.

Immediately following this spectacle the crowd hurries for the best positions to watch the pancake race, and around the improvised "town pump" the housewives stand shivering and stomping in their print dresses, aprons, and headscarves. The official starter, mounted on his prancing palamino, lines them up. When all are ready, he fires the starting gun. The competitors flip their pancakes once and with a burst of speed that comes from weeks of training race madly down the course. There are always some who drop their pancakes and must stop to pick them up, and at least one housewife will stumble and fall,

causing excitement as well as bruises. The winner is announced and greeted by a state official, usually the governor, with the traditional victory kiss.

The trans-Atlantic phone call to Olney, next on the agenda, determines the international winner. This woman receives an iron skillet that is passed on to each winner and gifts sent from the other country as a good-will gesture. At noon the hungry crowds jam the restaurants, where you can eat all the pancakes you want for a quarter. Any other food is out of place and nearly sacrilegious, and delicate as well as heavy eaters are tempted to stuff themselves.

That night the weary wind moves the crowd to their respective homes, reminding them that the day's festivity is over and it is time for bed.

Spring is always accompanied by spontaneous picnics induced by a fresh invigorating wind that is welcome after a winter spent indoors. About thirteen miles from town, the Cimarron River is the teen-agers' favorite spot since its banks are sandy enough for fires to be built without danger. It is only about fifteen feet across in places and about wading depth, inciting you to roll up blue jeans and splash into the water. You can sink several inches into the slightly quicksand bottom by moving your feet up and down, feeling the exquisite coolness as the water runs over your legs. On the way back one of the boys suggests conquering the "Samson of the Cimarron", the huge railroad bridge that spans the river. Getting up the catwalk, shivers of fear and excitement run through your body as you look down at the water below with the wind catching at your hair and clothes, making a balloon of the back of your shirt.

The new wheat begins to appear about March, short and light green, brightening the landscape after a drab brown winter. The sweeping wind flattens the small stalks to a lime-colored carpet that reaches the ice-blue sky at the horizon. On chilly, biting afternoons, driving slowly along the highway you can lose yourself in the duo-colored world, engulfed in the vast realm of solitude.

Bright and hopeful as the wheat is in early spring, it acquires warmth and mellowness as it turns golden yellow before harvest time. The fields roll and sway gently as the wind strokes the long, heavy-headed stalks. As you pass along, absorbed in the beauty of royal blue sky complementing the rich grain, you can share some of the glory of the "wheat kings" who have helped create this majestic scene.

The endless train of heavy combines and migrant workers overflows the highways and spills into town as they follow the harvest. The transients, sun-browned and swaggering, make the town come alive on Saturday night, getting drunk and losing their pay checks in fines as they are picked up on the streets. My parents, believing that you can't be too careful, always caution me to go in a large group during harvest season. If, however, you should pick up a harvester hitch-hiking north as the work moves on, you might find him to be a nineteen-year-old boy from Texas who has quit school and is just drifting around from job to job. He will probably not carry a suitcase because the dirty jeans and shirt he wears are all the clothes he possesses, and his hair will show that it has not been cut for several weeks. You may be disappointed that he does not seem dangerous as you half-expected him to be.

During the summer the wind becomes lonely and invites the smoldering sun to come closer for company. Together they form a partnership to heat and dry the earth, turning it into a giant oven. They sear the prairie lands until the tumble weeds dry up and die, their thin stalks breaking away from the parched earth. Then the wind bounces them like gossamer basketballs across

the boundless arid land and onto the highways where they are caught in car bumpers and carried for miles, scraping the pavement with a monotonous hiss like breath drawn through your teeth. When the earth becomes so dry, it cracks and flakes until it turns into fine dust for the wind to carry off. It sweeps into town along the streets and around corners, sandpapering the skin of passers-by. The heat continues mercilessly beating down upon the farmers as they plow their fields, the oil and gas field workers as they dig ditches for a pipeline, the housewives as they hang out washing, and the laughing teen-agers in an old convertible. But finally the air turns cooler and the sun seems not so bright. The kingly wind is making plans to bring fall to the plains of Southwest Kansas.

STAGE FRIGHT

Jane Cooper is a freshman from Tulsa, Oklahoma, who plans to major in biology. She is a member of Poetry Society. Her personal acquaintance with hay fever led her to write this poem.

JANE COOPER

HEART pounds
Blood bounds
Pulse sounds
like thunder.

Knees knock
Jaws lock
Smiles mock
my blunder

THE BITTER TEA

Johanna Clevenger, a freshman from San Angelo, Texas, is a pre-med major. Johanna's mother was born on a Navajo reservation, and "The Bitter Tea" is patterned after her experiences.

JOHANNA CLEVINGER

OF the twelve children in her father's family, she loved the two smallest the best. They were the youngest, eight and ten, coming unexpectedly after all thoughts of more children were abandoned. Their giggles over their make-believe playmates, their squeals of delight at the new-born lamb, and their silent awe at the ceremonies to the Great Spirit made her father smile lovingly upon them. But what would become of them now?

A week ago, a strange white man had come to their hogan and talked to her father of sending the little ones to school. She did not know what a school was, but she knew that if they went to such a place they would be far away. At this school they would stay many months, without her father, her mother, or even her. Who would sew their clothes, or comfort them if they skinned a knee? Who would teach them to cook and to weave? Not the unkind white people. And what if they never learned? How would they find a husband!

No. That was all; they could not go. Yet, her father had not said that. This week she had caught a slight suspicion, she didn't know why, that her father might actually send the girls to this school. Her hands were slow with a silent dread she tried to ignore.

This morning her father had arisen while the air still held the chill and damp of night. She had heard him stirring on the left side of the hogan, then going outside to gather the chips and wood for the fire in the center of the hogan. She had been awake too for almost an hour, but she did not want him to know that she was also sleepless. She had buried her head deeper in the warm, creamy fleece of the sheepskin and had drawn the soft, handwoven blanket higher over her head.

The sun was high now, yet the same disturbing thoughts which had left her restlessly awake in the early morning troubled her still. She must keep her hands busy to put an end to this worrying about the little ones. There were so many things to put in order before her mother's return that afternoon. And she must prepare the nonescotti for the first meal of the day for her father when he returned.

First she put the tall, black coffee pot, filled with the alkaline water from the oil barrel just outside the hogan door, on the small fire in the center of the round room. She loved the native tea so much more than coffee, but her father would want strong, black coffee. Then she began with enthusiasm to make the fried bread. Mother had taught her well the way to measure the ingredients—five big handfuls of flour, a crooked finger of baking powder, and three pinches of salt.

Just then three men entered the semi-darkness of the hogan. Without a word they sat on the tightly woven blankets on which the men of the family

slept on the hard packed floor. It was not unusual for men to come this way, silently, unobtrusively, to await the counsel of her father. His uncanny wisdom in repairing strifes and making judgments had made him known throughout the whole nation of the Dinah. Whether with a dispute over a boundary or a quarrel with a wife, they all came to her father. In respect, he had been given the name of "Judge". She wondered what the trouble was now.

She quickly poured the black coffee from the fire into three chipped white cups and set one before each of them. A visitor or stranger within any hogan must be offered food. Then the three waited for her father.

Self-consciously, she continued to make the fried bread. She sprinkled three handfuls of water on the white dry ingredients. Then carefully she squeezed the shiny droplets through her fingers until the sticky dough stuck to her hands and stretched between her fingers when she spread them apart.

The sun was but a little higher when she heard a horse ride up. It must be her father. Then he appeared at the doorway, pausing a moment to adjust his eyes to the darkness. He stood tall and still had the bearing of the Indian scout that he had once been. He shook the hands of the three men, saying to each only "Yatahi," meaning "hello."

Quickly, being as unobtrusive as she could, she set a steaming cup of coffee before him. He did not seem to see her, so he did not send her away as the men began their conversation.

Looking at each of them, he said in a strong, quiet voice, "My friends, you have come to see me about the order from the Great White Father in Washington."

So they had not come for advice. She was surprised at this and wondered what the Great White Father had ordered. She knew nothing of this.

"Yes, Judge, we are concerned for your two small daughters who must enter the school at Shiprock," replied the youngest of the trio, whose lavish turquoise necklace and silver bracelets proclaimed him a rich member of the Bitter Water clan.

About her sisters? The Great White Father had ordered? She did not understand. Surely the Great White Father had not ordered her little sisters to school. But it must be so.

"We are worried about the little ones," echoed the bent old man who had been a great warrior in the days of Manulito, the Judge's father.

The third clansman added quickly and much louder, "The children will be in danger among the hostile white people. Have they not always been cruel to the Dinah?"

Yes, yes, Father, listen to this man. This is what she had known but could not say. Listen to these men, respected leaders in their clan.

"Judge, maybe in your youth you did not listen to your father, but Old Man here will tell you of the experiences of your father and our clan with the pale-faced soldiers."

The almost blind eyes of the old one blurred with the precious memories of his youth. Then he spoke, not so much to them, as to his departed contemporaries—of the endless battles, of the women and children taken captive, of the sheep, cattle, and horses stolen from the Spaniards first and later the white settlers. Kindly the three did not interrupt the wandering thought of Old Man.

Presently he spoke no more, only gazed up to the pale patch of sky showing above the open fire.

Fingering the polished nuggets of his long necklace, the younger one spoke to her father, who was still silent, "Judge, you yourself recall the death march and concentration camp of Kit Carson. Did we ever have warm shelter or adequate food then? Did not the Great White Father in Washington also order that?"

What would her father say? She turned her face to the open door which beckoned in each morning the new light of the East. To the gods who dwelt there she called that her father might keep the little ones here.

"Yes, we were young then and strong. Yet many our age did not endure the cruelty of the white men, and their bodies were left behind rocks along the way to the fort. And now there are small girls who must endure the pain," said the third man.

She held the forgotten dough in her hands and looked to her father for his reply. Would not the Yeibitshai make him see his mistake and not let her younger sisters go to the white school?

With a quiet, soft voice that dispersed the tension in the dark hogan, her father spoke, "What you have said is true."

The two younger men looked at each other in triumph. But the Judge raised his hand for silence and continued:

"But the Dinah had been at war with the Great White Father for many years. Now there has been peace between the two peoples for many winters. The big white men promised four winters ago in the Great Treaty to teach our children."

"To teach what? The cruel ways of the white people," spoke out the young man in anger.

Her father's eyes blazed, but he continued to speak in the soft guttural tongue of the tribe:

"Our children will learn the good ways of the white man and bring those to us. They will learn not how to plow the corn fields, but how to make the hard plows of the white settlers. They will learn not how to weave our rude blankets, but how to make warm garments from the smooth cloth of the white soldiers. They will learn about healthy food. Then our boys and girls will return to their families with their great knowledge and they will teach us how to have abundant crops, warm clothes, and good food to keep disease away."

She could only blink unbelievably at him as she almost dropped the dough in her hands.

He went on, "My daughters will go to the school of the white people."

A long silence followed. Then the youngest man said quietly, "Judge, you have been the leader of our clan. You and your wife have been respected for your wisdom. But, Judge, you are old now. And your eyes are funny. You cannot see your own foolishness."

The three rose and disappeared through the doorway.

* * * * *

She was sitting under the cottonwood at the back of the hogan when she saw the wagon and team of her mother. Her hands had been busy with spinning, but in her heart there had thundered a painful dread. She laid down

the spindle and ball as their cloud of dust drew near over the barren flats. ·

She gathered up her flowing skirts and hurried into the hogan to prepare a meal for her mother and two youngest sisters. They would be hungry and very tired after the long ride from Twin Peaks this morning. Even if she were almost twenty winters old, she hoped that the little ones would bring back a lamb from the flock they had been herding at Twin Peaks. A lamb would keep her company when they went away to school.

* * * * *

The medicine man's wrinkled face was clouded with anger as he stood beside his horse before the hogan. His small frame shook with anger as he shouted to her father,

"You will invoke the wrath of the Yeibitshai on you and your family. The school at Shiprock is unholy ground. A Dinah should not go there. If your daughters go there you are not a Dinah."

"Medicine Man, our people will learn much from the white people at the school. The ground could not be unholy if it will benefit the whole Dinah nation," replied her father in gentle tones.

She scurried past to empty the coffee grounds under the peach tree. She could hear the shrill angry tones of the old medicine man rave on and on, but her father would not relent.

She did not know how her father, although a leader, was able to doubt and question the words of the medicine man. All sorts of supernatural powers were his. There was no limit to the aid he could call down from the Yeibitshai, the gods. Was her father so foolish as to provoke the wrath of the medicine man and so the gods?

With his fist clenched in her father's face, the medicine man finally belted, "Do you dare defy my word, a medicine man? Judge, I will call the anger of the gods upon you. You and your family shall be destroyed."

Blindly he mounted his horse and, spurring it, galloped away.

* * * * *

Terrified, she watched her father lift the two little girls into the wagon of the white agent. She saw her father shake hands with the smiling young man. Then he turned to the girls. She could only hear the soft murmur of his voice, but she said the farewell blessing for her sisters along with him:

"May you walk in beauty,
May your path be beautiful,
May there be beauty to your left,
May there be beauty to your right,
May there be beauty in back of you,
May there be beauty all around you,
May you walk in beauty."

Sobbing softly, her mother embraced and kissed the tense, silent forms of her two daughters. Then her father lovingly kissed them and turned quickly away to hide the mist in his eyes.

The agent touched the reins, and the wagon moved along the bumpy trail. The two small forms huddled together in the back of the bouncing wagon.

She turned again into the hogan with the pot of bitter water. She set it on the open fire. Then she sprinkled the dry leaves of the native tea into the pot.

THE SORORITY SISTERS

(an imitation of E. E. Cummings' "The Cambridge Ladies.")

"Sorority Sisters" expresses Carol Gardner's feelings against high school sororities. Carol is a sophomore history and government major from Brentwood, Tennessee.

CAROL GARDNER

THE sorority sisters behind their door
Of friendliness occupy a penthouse
(seemingly open but obstinately shut
To any who dares to knock.)
They believe in charity and sororities,
Are sure they are never cruel.
Even now at a meeting they dare
To talk on the newest fashionable charity,
While two tear up one and all
Tear the outside.
. . . They do not seem to know, beyond
Their high school world is one
That will meet them and
Shake them as they have shaken.

SUMMER SORCERY

Elizabeth Bohn is a freshman from Ft. Worth, Texas, who plans to major in religious education. She has a special interest in music.

ELIZABETH BOHN

BELOW my grandparents' cottage in North Carolina is a slithering, slipping stream which dallies its way down to Lake Susan to lie coldly in front of an awkward stone hotel. The stinging water eddies around torn rocks, hot in the sun.

This stream in its jagged bed makes a ubiquitous rush and sigh—and always the rain comes in the mid-afternoon, and bluejays wing down a pine and sing stiff needles of song.

This mountainside is enchanting and cool and busy of nature. Here are toadstools by the steps, dolls' hats of acorns, pine cones, shells, and miniature flowers.

Grandpa will always remain a source of wondering awe; he sits so peacefully in the square of sun and eats an apple with his pocket knife. He has a curious collection of walking sticks in the front hall. Polished and stained, some sticks are gnarled and grotesquely beautiful, others are conventional or studded with buttons and inlaid with varied woods. Some days the children choose a stick and explore the dusty road, and then with excited pleadings, scamper over the rocks in the stream.

With tempered blows Grandpa swings the axe—chips fly up like woody insects; and the rending sound of the log catches one's breath. We help him pile the wood and put the chips in a basket for the fireplace.

A woodstove and fireplace give to the house a nuance of odor, an odor which may come back to one suddenly in different surroundings; an odor which alone will always recall the mountain summers.

Grandma says her prayers in German and talks softly to herself as she cooks or crochets. We bring her flowers, or wood for the stove, and we play, never sure of her wrath. Grandma's sewing basket is a maze of lacy snowflakes soon to become a bedspread or table cloth. Her crochet needle spins its geometric cocoon into the late afternoon, and the black cuckoo clock counts the rain-drops.

Her kitchen is a blaze of rare odors; a tremendous iron skillet sputters with melting fat, and bubbling cobblers cool on the drainboard. She turns, wiping her hands on her blue print apron, and hurries us out, "Run along, shoo, shoo."

The families visit over late suppers of sauerkraut, sausage, potatoes, pump-ernickel, and applesauce. The cousins hold bouncing contests on the guest bed downstairs and raise ruckus 'til the various parents scuttle their crews upstairs.

When the cuckoo sounds the last bit of eleven, the house settles down to sleep—a window opens, a bed spring creaks, a dog wails at the moon, the pine trees shiver.

"NEIGH-NAY" THEY SAY

Ellen Devlin, a sophomore English major from Pine Bluff, Arkansas, first wrote for the GRIFFIN in 1954-55. She is president of Poetry Society.

ELLEN DEVLIN

I wonder if western horses know
Why the humans rush them so?

"Okay, so there's another horse,
And I'm following, of course."

And do they ever even guess
The trail they take is not the best?

"Sure is rocky, but the reins say,
With ticklin' spurs, 'This 'a way'."

Do they know, when the saddle's free,
That the rider grabbed a low-branched tree?

"Well, well, time for a snack.
That's quite a load off my back!"

And are they surprised, as when a hen crows,
To own a man who jumps from windows?

"So there I was, just standing by,
And I got a rider from the sky!"

Horses are great for running farms
And they do have their share of charms.
Cars may be smoother, but anyhow,
You don't catch rustlers on a cow.

THE RED DRESS

Janet Johnson, a freshman from Munster, Indiana, is an education major. She enjoys art and is a member of Poetry Society. Her writing talent is displayed here in the form of an amusing short story.

JANET JOHNSON

AS she stood there in her new slip ransacking the closet for tonight's dress, Lori's eyes fell upon that tawdry red satin strapless thing. Her own laughter filled the silent room as she imagined the probable effect it would have on God's future servant, Charles—that is, if she wore it. The solemn, serious Charles would most likely be shocked. And Lori wouldn't dare shock Charles. No, she wouldn't even let herself be tempted. But what could she wear tonight? She had to be conservative (after all, Charles *was* to be a minister), yet she felt she had to be unique. Charles was unique. She remembered the time he had confessed to her that he sometimes felt saturated with religion, and that when he did feel this way, he yearned to be just as ordinary as the plumber who drank beer with the "boys" on pay night. At first Lori had been shocked. But then she laughed, for she realized he must, of course, be joking. Lori was confident Charles loved the ministry more than anything else. She concluded it was quite unique of him to make such a clever joke about himself. And since he was so unique, she must also be so. And tonight was her opportunity. Tonight she must present her best self, but without veils, acts, unnecessary restraints; for tonight she wanted to please Charles with Lori as Charles had pleased her with himself. While with him, she couldn't avoid that pleasure of peace and timeless calm she experienced because of his presence; hence her perpetual retreat into silent solitude when in his company. As a result, poor Charles often verbally expressed his apologies for being such apparently inadequate and uninteresting company. But he wasn't, not really. Tonight she decided not to be so quiet, so distant. Resolving to be appreciative, warm, and obviously happy, she would not frighten him again with her cold attitude, her insistent silence. Tonight she must jar his equanimity with her own (vibrant as it was), for she wanted him, and the pure goodness she thought he represented. But first she must dress for the part—her part, the lead role.

And again her eyes rested upon the inevitable, flashy red. Lori let herself caress the slippery, shiny material. Taking the wrinkled dress off the hanger, she held it against her young body. Oh! How she loved red! How long had it been since she had let herself wear this favorite color? She couldn't resist the temptation: she had to put on the dress—just once. Hurriedly she slipped into it. Revealed before the mirror in red, solid, bright, alive red, she let the memory of the only time she had worn this dress emerge dominant and real. It had been a dangerous date, ending with a torn dress and a long walk home. Lori couldn't forget the agony of confessing to her mother that the party had become rough.

Just then her roommate, June, bounced in, interrupting her thoughts with a low whistle and the comment, "What are you trying to do? Revise the 'Monroe Doctrine'? You're not going to wear *that*, are you?"

Lori bristled, "Why, what's wrong with it?"

"Oh, not a thing. Not a thing, except do you think it will keep Pious Charles pious? After all, you don't want to be a 'stumbling block'."

"Oh, June, really."

"Really!"

"But don't you think it's a beautiful dress?"

"It's a gorgeous little number, I admit, but, dear, you don't want to be too beautiful. Not for Charles."

"But for me?"

"*You* don't foot the bill."

"I did for this dress. Besides, what does that have to do with it? Anyway, I've just decided to wear it."

"But, Doll, you have that beautiful blue job, or what about your modest brown?"

"That's the trouble—they're modest."

"And suddenly you aren't, I suppose."

"Maybe I never was."

"Maybe I don't know what the hell is going on around here either."

"The red dress is going on."

"Like that?"

"No, I'm going to press it first. Oh, and I forgot to show you the rest of it."

"You mean there's more?"

"Yes, and I think you'll like this, June."

She struggled through her closet, finally dragging out a delicate white lace duster with an ugly tear in the sleeve. June gaped, "Hey, I dig that jazz. But why the rent?"

"Oh, an accident from the first time I wore it."

"Well, give, Baby, what happened?"

"I haven't time to tell you now. Do me a big favor and see if you can borrow Rhea's rhinestones for me, will you?"

"Will do."

Later, when she was again alone, this time in anxious anticipation, Lori took that final look into the mirror. She liked what she saw. Red, even if it was hidden beneath mended white lace, was a beautiful color. And the red warmth of her cheeks, although it too was hidden—beneath her make-up—felt good. And then she thought, if I removed the make-up and the duster, there would be me—all in red. She liked the idea. But would Charles?

June rushed in and announced in her most melodramatic manner, "He's here. Thou art doomed to an uncertain fate determined by a some-day saint, Charles. My sympathy is with thee."

Lori walked to meet him, trying to hide her excitement. What would he decide? Then she knew, for Charles met her, cool affirmative approval—and surprise—revealed in his first appraisal. He first stared into her warm brown eyes for what seemed to Lori an eternity, and then he let his own eyes slide over her dress—and her. Charles was smiling—a man's smile. Suddenly Lori thought, why, he looks so ordinary, so human. And this thought increased the swelling happiness within her. It was as if the red had seeped through the pores of her skin and crowded out everything—everything—but the happiness. And there it swelled inside, making it hard for her to breathe enough of something—life. She felt there couldn't possibly be enough life for her new happiness, or enough of her new happiness for life. She basked in his admiration when he interrupted her thoughts with the comment, "Lori, red is your color."

APPLE

Yvonne Linsin is a freshman from Ferguson, Missouri, who plans to major or minor in English. She is a member of Poetry Society and won first prize in the Poetry Society contest.

YVONNE LINSIN

JUICE of life pressing against skin.
Vacuoles bulging with their stuff.
Dynamic flux.
Color of nature, I hate to hurt you,
But let me hold you.
Stroke, twist
Slow, quick.
A mixture—need, desire, temptation.
Contact
Gash
Luscious ush-ush
Cavity
Squirting flavor of life escapes.
Cells die—I live.

THE MIST AND THE WEST WIND

Phyllis Steinmetz, who was a sophomore at Lindenwood last year, is now attending Principia College in Elsau, Illinois.

PHYLLIS STEINMETZ

THE Mist lay quietly folded over the city. She muffled the noises of traffic and whistles and clocks, clocks that hurried her few hours away, that warned her of the West Wind's coming. Resentfully she ignored their ticking.

How many years she had waited for the West Wind, and in how many places! He always came too quickly and rushed her away just when she was learning her way around. She had hung over mountains, floated across lakes and rivers, clouded the eyes of hundreds of cities and stretched lazily over fields and hills. At each place she would hope for just a little more time, and each time he would come too quickly and blow her hurriedly to unfamiliar homes.

This time would be different. She would beg the Wind to stop just for a short talk, if only a moment, so that she could make him understand her longing to be given more time in one place. Perhaps when he understood, he would be more considerate.

Thinking these thoughts the Mist grew more joyful, and she determined to prepare herself for the West Wind's arrival. She would look so beautiful that he would hate to blow her beauty away.

She floated her skirt around the river, watching the streetlights of River Drive border her hem. Every place she visited brought new possibilities, and no two of her dresses were ever alike. The dotting lights of tugboats and yachts sprinkled a scattered glow around her feet.

She slowly trailed her fingers along the streets, in the canyons made by skyscrapers, choosing a beacon light for a glittering ring. A pattern of gleaming new apartment lights marched as buttons down her bodice. She rested her head among the tree-tops of the park.

As she waited the Wind with dread, a fuzzy plan came to her. She prayed that she would be spared a little longer so she could prepare her speech for the Wind.

She watched the restless city below her, feeling its traffic stir her skirt, and listened to its moving sounds. Everything was moving, nothing stayed in place for long. Her heart murmured at the sight of every anchored ship and every parked car. All of them were at the mercy of their captains and drivers just as she was at the Wind's mercy.

Looking up, she felt the trees shifting and swaying under her, and then she heard a gush in her ear, "You're lovely tonight."

"At last," she cried. "Please stop a moment, Wind. I must talk to you."

"Stop?" roared the Wind. "Don't you realize the extra work that makes me, all the extra fuel I use on stops?"

"I've never asked you before," the Mist pleaded softly.

"Thank heavens," howled the Wind as he violently slapped a man's newspaper from his hands and whirled it against a lamppost. "Never mind this stopping nonsense. We can talk on the way."

All the Wind's whooshing and roaring was moving the Mist slowly across the city. She watched the buttons on her dress shift way to the left. She saw the Wind bobbing an anchored yacht in the harbor.

"Please!" she wailed.

The Wind lessened slightly in order to hear what she was saying.

"I promise I will never ask anything more, if just this once you will listen to my plan. You may be glad you did. If only you'll stop. And do blow me back to where I was. I have never had such a lovely dress."

The Wind answered nothing. He just blew the trees lower to the ground, slapped an old shutter back and forth against a creaking house, and yanked at the packages in people's hands and the hats on their heads.

"No, definitely not," he finally answered.

"You must try to be a little more considerate. Like the breezes, maybe. They are gentle, and whenever they can they ask the leaves and the clouds where they want to go. I know that many times you're on urgent business and can't stop, but it never hurts to be kind. Won't you please stop a moment? I'll be brief."

"All right. Just to keep you quiet for a while."

"Thank you," laughed the Mist. "Now you can take time to look at my new dress and let me show you the city."

"That wasn't the bargain. You said we were going to talk."

"Oh. Pardon me, yes," said the Mist, at a loss just where to begin. "First of all . . . could I have a little longer stay before you move me? I don't feel like I have a home anywhere."

"You know what the laws say about the length of visits and the number of trips within a given time."

She had forgotten the explicit laws, and she blurted out, "Well, they could change the law."

"And you know how many years that would take. No, I just can't see any way in which I could possibly extend your trip. You'll have to see Mother Nature about any change in laws, and you know how busy she is."

"Yes," agreed the Mist.

"Is that all you wanted? Do be sensible. You've had me stop for such a little trifle."

"I *do* have a small plan, Wind. Would you think about it with me?"

"Just tell me what it is, quickly, so we can go."

"Wouldn't you like to leave something behind to visit every time and to have as a remembrance? The rain waters the flowers and has something to show for her work. The sun has growing things too. What do we ever do but vanish?"

"You're right there," said the Wind as he puffed a few leaves into the arms of a bush. "But what could we leave?"

"Love," the Mist pronounced.

"Love?"

"Yes, Love," she said again. "I can choose a girl and you can choose a boy, and by our special charms we can bring them together. Then there will be people for us to visit everywhere, and special people too."

"Well, we might try it once," admitted the Wind. "After I've stopped I guess I can take the time to play a little game."

"I just knew you'd like it, if I could only get you stopped."

"You're just lucky I did."

"Wind, shall we sit here a while and pick out our people? We'll keep them a secret until they meet, O.K.?"

"This can be a good game, if you play it right." The Wind was becoming enthusiastic.

"O.K. Quiet. We'll start hunting."

The Mist watched the faces of many girls. If only she had more time, she wished, as she decided against the pretty girl with the red umbrella. That girl wouldn't do either, she decided, as she looked longer at the young girl struggling to carry a suitcase. This was to be a special kind of gift, and she wanted the right girl to get it. After the Mist had almost given up hope, there she was. She was standing in the doorway of a book shop, trying to find a bus token in her purse. She turned her face to the sky and smiled at the cool wetness of the Mist, draping the tall buildings.

Everyone likes to be loved, and the Mist knew right away that here was someone who appreciated and loved her. The Mist thought she looked rather lonely. Surely any girl with a husband or fiance wouldn't be forlornly waiting for a bus.

"Have you found a girl yet, Mist?" the Wind sighed, for his voice was very feeble when he was stopped. "The longer I sit idle the more fuel I'll need to get blowing."

"Yes. I've found her—and you?"

"Of course. It didn't take me any time. Where do we go from here?" he asked. "It was your idea. You keep it up."

"Oh, Wind. Look! The bus is coming and she'll surely go out and catch it. I've got to stop her."

The Mist reached out her hand and laid it over the girl. It was like a blinding rain. The girl closed her eyes and started back into the doorway as the bus thundered by.

"Whew! She didn't catch it . . . Now you'd better get busy, Wind."

"All right. See that tall young man coming out of that theater?"

"Where?"

"He's coming out of the door marked, STAGE DOOR."

"I see now."

"Well, watch this," blew the Wind as he got up a little more speed.

He leaned toward the young man's hat and roared, "SCAT!!"

And the hat whirled up and bumped down the street.

"Watch your aim," urged the Mist. "You're clever, Wind, to blow it right to my girl."

"Yesssssss," the wind answered proudly as he kept the hat just beyond

the man's hand, maneuvering it right to the bookshop where it landed at the girl's feet.

"Just keep blowing softly, Wind," said the Mist as the young man stooped to pick up his hat. "We must keep them in that doorway for a little while."

She stretched out both hands across the doorway, and the Wind blew the Mist in swirls, blinding the way beyond them so that the couple couldn't move.

"Oh, I wish we could hear what they're saying," the Mist complained.

"If they are saying *anything*."

"Well, we'll give them plenty of opportunity. Just blow."

After a time the Mist withdrew her hands and the Wind called all his attention to the curbstone, where he busily rustled an old newspaper or two against a car's tire.

"I don't think they notice we've left," said Mist.

"Look," gushed the Wind. "They're walking off together. They're getting on the same bus."

"Let's follow," suggested the Wind as he gathered up speed to blow the Mist before him. "You're in front, so you give me directions."

They followed the bus as it wound sinuously through the city. The Mist took one last look at her favorite dress as it trailed behind her.

"This is more fun, anyway."

"What?" puffed the Wind.

"I was just thinking that I'd rather be doing this than just sitting."

The Wind smiled secretly to himself. Hadn't he been trying for years to teach her to enjoy traveling? She just had to learn it for herself.

"Stop!" ordered the Mist.

They came to a sudden halt, and the trees came to attention and the scattered leaves marked time. The bus had stopped and the girl and boy were getting out.

"Good. They're together."

"Well, why wouldn't they be?" muttered the Wind.

"Just a moment before we leave, please."

They watched the couple talking on the porch steps. The Wind gently slapped a bush against the porch railing. They watched the couple part, the girl to go into the house, the boy to go whistling back to the bus stop.

"Now I'm ready."

The Wind gained momentum and prepared for the long journey ahead. He danced the leaves down the streets, whipped an umbrella or two inside out in his mad joy at being on his way again.

"Where are you going to leave me next?"

"That's my secret. But there'll be a lovely new dress waiting. That is certain."

"Wind, I thank you so. You were such fun to play with today. Thank you for listening to me."

"O.K." growled the Wind as he grew stronger.

She never had dreamed the Wind could be such fun when he blew softly. She was looking forward to her next dress.

MY EYES WERE OPENED

Angeliki Vellou is a junior from Thessaloniki, Greece, majoring in psychology. "My Eyes Were Opened" is based on her experiences aboard a ship coming to this country.

ANGELIKI VELLOU

THE ship moved slowly, painfully out of the bay. The people on the docks grew smaller and smaller. My eyes, blind with tears, could not make out faces any more, but I could see my father, my mother, my brother, my aunt sobbing farewell and waving to me. Even when I could not see the land any more, the beloved familiar faces were there above the endless blue sea, framed by the bright sky, blotting out the other faces of strangers. I had not left my home. The ship did not exist. It was all a dream—it would soon be over, and I would find myself with my family around the worn kitchen table.

"Attention, passengers eating in the first seating. Ladies and gentlemen, lunch is served. Thank you."

"Where are you going?"

"To the States to study."

"I am going to Canada. Oh! this is nothing like Greek food. What will you study? . . . I will work and study at the same time. I want to be a civil engineer."

Yes, Nicko was going to Canada. Nothing mattered to him more than money. He was going to make money, much money. He was sure he could do it. He had left his widowed mother and three younger sisters in Greece, but he would soon be able to help them.

"So, you are going to America. So young, alone. How old are you?"

"Nineteen."

"You will soon marry a rich American. My sister married and lives there. She was like you."

The steward's sister was very much like me, but she married a rich man in New York and now nothing is important but money for her.

"Do not let them spoil you, kid. Go back to Greece. Keep away from money."

"Are you travelling alone? . . . Do not stay always away from people. You should mix with the other young people. Go to their parties, dance, sing, have fun. . . . Oh, you are going to a girls' school. Try to have a balanced social life. Get to know boys. Do not be afraid of them."

She was a woman around forty. She had been shy, very shy with boys when she was a girl. Then she had to work hard and support her old parents. Now they were dead. She was alone, lonely and bitter because of her loss.

"How is life today, Angelika?"

"Almost fine."

The smile that ventured in his childish eyes vanished. The green-blue eyes looked straight at me, serious and perplexed and inquiring.

"You are right. I could never say just 'fine' and be sincere."

Gideon was nineteen, a cadet. The rough, exciting life of the sea had given his then dark face a serious and somewhat cynical look, but the lines of his mouth were sensitive and sometimes even tender, and his eyes would wonder and dream like any child's.

"I sometimes believe in a God of Love and then there are times that I doubt. What do you live for? . . . I had a friend; he was a psychiatrist. He did not worship God as most people do. He just tried to help people. I thought I would like to be like him. . . . He shot himself. . . . Why do you live, Angelika?"

The first mate approached us.

"Gideon, you will keep guard with me tonight till two in the morning." He turned to me. "Oh! You are from Greece." The first mate's strong face was lighted by a broad smile. He was remembering and smiling to himself and his memories. He leaned against a deck-chair facing the sea, his eyes looking beyond the horizon. He started as if about to tell a fairy tale to a child.

"I was in Greece for one week during the war. We were traveling on the top of an Italian electric train. That night Jack was singing beside me. A cable hit him. He was dead. . . . I went on to Greece, then. Ha, ha, he did not finish the song, and I was beside him. I was beside him, and he was dead."

"Would you like to join us in the dancing?"

Young boys and girls in colorful shorts and bathing suits were dancing Israeli folk dances on the deck.

"El daroma, el daroma, el daroma el, el, la!"

Their bodies sunburned, strong and young were dancing vigorously to the rhythms of their quick, jerky song. They seemed drunk with rhythm and motion, drunk with their own vitality.

A rabbi, his scant hair hanging in long pitiful curls on both sides of his pale cheeks, his black cap covering the bald top of his head, his hands crossed behind him, passed by thinking deep thoughts, praying to his God.

"Hey, say! Which is the biggest sea?"

"The Pacific."

The eyes of the seven-year-old boy opened with perplexity. He turned to his gang who, confronted with the sudden question, had fallen into deep thought. Then he turned back to me, hope and triumph struggling in his eyes.

"But the Atlantic would be much bigger if Europe would not take so much space."

"Yes, yes of course," I had to answer.

He smiled, satisfied.

"You will be the ship doctor. Will you play with us? All right. Doctor, go down to the third deck. A woman is dying in cabin thirteen. Report to the captain when through. The crew are ready to face the gale. All men to their posts."

He ran away, the little gang hurrying to their posts after their captain.

They would save their ship. The burden of the whole world on their little shoulders.

“Angeliko, Angeliko!”

The voice of the old man was trembling. He had lived sixty years in America. Now he was going back there after a short visit to his hometown in Greece. Everybody he knew in his village was gone long ago. He had no family, no friends, no home, nowhere. Where was he going?

“I must send a telegram to my brother.” His feeble hands were searching in his pockets for the yellowish scrap of paper with the illegible address that I knew so well. I had already sent three telegrams for him. They had all come back with the remark “Unknown.” But it did not matter. He would send a telegram to his brother.

“Here’s the address, Angeliko.” He handed me one of the telegrams that had returned. “He will answer this time.”

“Attention passengers, your attention please. Passport inspection will start at about three o’clock. Get your luggage ready. In four hours we will see New York. Thank you.”

New York! I was in America. Miles away from home. Yes, I was away from home, for my family’s faces were not following me everywhere now. My past life was not blocking my sight any more. I was away from home, but near to these people, breathing, living, exciting. They were different from the ones I knew, yet they were real. They did not jump out of a film or a novel, they were talking, crying, laughing all around me.

There I was standing. The vast United States, the future all ahead of me. I was standing with eyes wide open and aching. It was not easy to look directly at this bright, burning reality which was life, people. I had to choose: either know and suffer or deliberately blind my own eyes. The eyes that life itself had set free and wide open.

ELLIS ISLAND

Martha Leonard, a freshman from Kansas City, Missouri, is majoring in English. She is a member of Poetry Society and won second honorable mention in the Poetry Society contest for her poem, “Leaves.” She is also on the GRIF-FIN staff.

MARTHA LEONARD

MOSAIC shawls, ragged suits,
Battered leather and bruised boxes
Hold the past.
On another earth
The gray city
Waits.

PAESTUM

SIEGMUND A. E. BETZ

QUICK lizards pluck the leisure of the afternoon,
A preservant dryness seals
Stone and mountains and a glimpse of sea.
I am sundered, suddenly, from Neopolitan languor and stress.

I return again and again to the temple platform;
Having the liberty of this city,
I need not plan my way nor scan quarter by quarter.
I walk once more and once more where
One pillar goldens the next with late-growing light.

A German girl with a camera and a good figure sits alone,
Diminishing her soft and distant talk to her companions;
She too circles, climbs, regains the plinth.
Our paths cross repeatedly but our words never come,
And our glances, ready for acquaintance,
Circle instead to the arid hills.

None of this was told me about Paestum—
That I would gaze around and past the girl;
How the sea is adroitly hidden;
Nothing, either, about the delicate lizards,
Nor that I would uncover my head
In a roofless temple
As courtesy to gods so surely dead.

ONCE UPON MALLORCA

Barbara Spandet, of Evanston, Illinois, attended Lindenwood in 1949-50. After her graduation from Lawrence College in Wisconsin, she made a "grand tour" of Europe. Her visit to Mallorca was with a group sponsored by the German Student Travel Service.

BARBARA SPANDET

HALF the men in the village must have been named Antonio. There was young Antonio with the flashing eyes and dancing legs, there was ancient Antonio toothless and chewing tobacco, there was Antonio of the casita; but when we said simply Antonio, we referred to the proprietor of the store on the hill. Painted blue and white with tile roof and green shutters, it was the only store in Cala Figuera. In the back lived Antonio with his wife. In the yard his pigs ran loose, and chickens laid precious eggs.

On our first afternoon in Cala Figuera two men directed us to Antonio's store after we had gesticulated our desire to buy espadrilles and a sombrero. We couldn't guess then what a by-word or heart of intrigue that store was to become. For among the piles of melons and baskets of grapes or tomatoes grown by Antonio's father, beside the rope-soled espadrilles, behind the crystalline chocolate bars, lurked the American cigarettes, liquors, and sometimes the coffee brought to this fishing village by Antonio's brother-in-law, the fat and wealthy smuggler king.

Now I never met the smuggler king, though on the day we left our camp his family and maid stood in the road to wave us goodbye. They stood before the gate of their pretentious house, each pale stone of which murmured power and moonless nights. For moonless nights were smugglers' nights.

Smugglers, knights, and lepers had always been fabled shades to me. They populated stories of long-ago but no longer existed. So when I arrived with the German students to spend two weeks in the tile-roofed village on the sea, I looked about me and saw only fishing boats, white-washed houses, and bouganville-caressed walls. My eyes had the cataracts of civilization, and the two weeks in this sun-dozed town loomed a boring spectre. It had only been last night that I'd been in throbbing, sophisticated Barcelona, and now I stood alone— isolated by language and miles of stunted, warm countryside.

It was fortunate that Bettina, an art student from Bremen, spoke such excellent English. It was with her that I was walking the first night. Our plain supper at candle-lit boards was over, and we wandered strangely into the starless night. The beam of my flashlight gave little security against the sudden drops to the sea. Down the road we crept towards the cove beneath the cliff. Fishing boats silhouetted dully against the blackened night, and Bettina hugged herself with excitement.

"The smugglers should be out tonight," she whispered delightedly.

"Smugglers! Where? How do you know? I'm going back."

"Not yet. They come out later. I heard Irmgaard talking to Salvadore in the kitchen. They come into the cove here. Don't go back."

"I'm going." And Bettina trudged after me towards our barracks-like quarters half-way up the hill.

It took some getting used to—the idea that on a moonless night fishing boats laden with contraband slunk into the cove from the sea. As I'd watch the men mending their nets, painting their boats, or laughing over a glass of wine at Villa Serena, my eyes would clothe them with night, and they were desperate outlaws.

* * * * *

"Which one?" I asked excitedly of Bettina. It was Sunday morning on the wharf, and men were languidly conversing while others hopefully threw baited tackle into the clear green water.

"The fat one with the thick lips and glasses," Bettina replied.

"Not the one with the little girl."

"Yes, that's he, and the red speed boat there—right there," she pointed to a sleek little boat nestled nearest the shore, "that's his boat."

"He uses that?"

"I don't know. I think he goes to Tangier in it during the night and brings back contraband. But I'm not sure. Better not ask too many questions right now."

I leaned heavily against the low wall of the wharf and watched as the fat man behind the thick glasses chatted amiably with the other men, and then strolled by with his children to the great house that guarded the cove.

"But—Bettina. Who tells you these things?"

"Harold knows. He and Irmgaard and Iniga. They know. Antonio's sister is his wife. You've seen her at the store with the little boy and girl, haven't you?"

I nodded. She was a pretty woman as I remembered, and the children resembled her.

We turned to go, when a boy's head appeared from behind the wall. His black hair clung wetly to his forehead, and over his eyes and nose were diving goggles. His brown hand laid three flat shells on the top of the wall, and then he disappeared. We sat down beside the collection of shells and noticed that in each one was a small mussel, like an oyster. In the clear water below, his brown body wove ably along the rocks of the shore, and his fingers nudged unwilling mussels from their rocky homes.

"Bueno," he grinned as he placed more of the shells beside us. The knife in his hand tore a mussel from its shell and he popped the shiny thing into his mouth.

"Muy bueno," he reassured us smilingly, "pero mas bueno con citron."

His knife tore another mussel loose, and he handed the offering up to us. Bettina hesitated and then popped it into her mouth. He smiled expectantly at me, and thrusting the slimy thing into my mouth, I closed my eyes and chewed feverishly until the last of the salted mussel was gone.

"Es bueno?" he beamed at us and was about to offer us another, but we thanked him and wandered up the hill for what we hoped would be a more presentable dinner.

Several sun-soft days passed—days of climbing sea-side rocks and sleeping on soft white sand. Nights of dancing by Japanese lanterns on the patio and

drinking cheap "sec"; the Mallorcan nights were crazy with stars. The smugglers stayed home with their families, and Antonio and his wife came to our parties.

Chairs, gathered from the order of the tables, surrounded Irmgaard as she tirelessly pumped accordion accompaniment to our singing. Some of our songs were German student and drinking songs, but a surprising number of them were American favorites—la-laed by most, but sung by some. The door opened and a cheer rang spontaneously to greet Antonio and his wife. The colorless but friendly woman and the moustached man of medium height were welcome guests. We pulled chairs for them into our midst and sang a pasadova in their honor.

As it happened, only a few bottles of "sec" or sweet vermouth were on the tables, and only a few glasses were lifted in our songs. Disappearing quietly, Antonio returned with an unopened bottle. Two glasses were brought out for him and his wife, but he shook his head positively and gestured quietly to Iniga, who understood and returned from the kitchen with a tray of glasses. The tongue-caressing round of creme de cafe was his treat, and even with twenty eager glasses to be filled, the luxurious liquor stretched miraculously.

Its velvety flavor taunted me until I asked Antonio the price. He would try to get us a bottle to take home, but it was rather hard to get this kind, he cautioned. Perhaps he would have it for us in three days. We thanked him and he and his wife left. We hoped that two nights would bring a cloud-censored moon.

I had to ask someone making the journey to Palma to change some of my dollars to pesetas before Bettina and I could visit Antonio and carry out our transaction. Even in this village, where no telephone rang and only a few old cars or trucks whimpered up the hills, pesetas could disappear. There was something about buying a honey-dew melon to carry to the beach or a bar of the chocolate with the cow's face on the cover. The chocolate without the cow's face, while cheaper, was crystalline and made with water.

Sometimes, as we padded over the rocky fields to the swimming cove, we would pick almonds from the stunted trees that hung over low rock walls, or a pomegrante to quench our thirst. It seemed one could simply live in one of the tiny rock casitas, shoot hare, catch fish and eat the prickly fruit of the cacti forever. Going without lipstick and wearing shorts and sneakers day after day went to my head. Still the pesetas drained away. So while we each had the required fifty pesetas, we took the fork of the road that led to Antonio's.

As we mounted the wooden stairs to the little porch, we noticed two strangers seated at the table drinking cokes with local girls. The men had to be strangers; they were wearing suits instead of coveralls like Antonio, or simple dungarees, and besides, we'd never noticed them before down by the wharf with their nets or wandering along one of the two streets.

My hand touched the door knob as I looked up to see Antonio in the shuttered darkness of the store, his eyes huge and blackly warning, his finger to his lips. He hustled us in away from the entrance and mouthed the time honored caution, "Polezei."

"Polezei viene desde Palma," he continued hastily. "No tengo cigarettes, liquor, niente. Amigo telephone polezei viene. Comprende?"

"Si," we replied and pressed his hand in conspiracy.

"Hasta manana," said our friend with meaningful warmth as we walked nonchalantly past the slick haired strangers and down the road.

What a wonderful system they had. In almost every town in Spain there had been the inevitable barracks of Franco's state police over the gate of which was painted, "Todo por la patria."

Life was hard enough, Antonio would tell us. Sometimes the almond or tomato crop would wither, or the fish, stricken by storm or cannibal fish, wouldn't be plentiful enough. Why shouldn't these men absorb some of the heavy government import duty for themselves was the reasoning. The local police were sleepy-eyed with open hands. They would wander through the fields tripping over but never turning up caches of coffee or cigarettes. There was an understanding. But the plain-clothes men from Palma didn't seem to understand, though they probably understood well enough that their departure from Palma had been telephoned to Santanyi, the smuggler's capital, and from Santanyi a boy bicycled like fire to bring the news to Cala Figuera. On such a day the tiny village innocently slept.

* * * * *

Soccer on the deserted white beach, skin-diving near the rock tanned our skins and soothed our quirks as the days danced tauntingly by. Even beauty and tranquillity glowed from the blackest rain cloud that rose across the fields and echoed from the cliff when the wind beat the sea blue gray against its hollowed base. We gulped and savored the sweet and salty present as the last day drew near. It wasn't enough to study the sea eel clinging to the coral or to chase the black goat across the red clay field. We were in one accord. On this last night we must have a real fiesta like the first night—Japanese lanterns on the patio, the real thing with rows of empty champagne bottles and a guitar accompaniment. Rumor brought good news of a guitarist coming from a neighboring village.

All through supper we waited for a confirmation, and finally Iniga, the freckled Dutch cook, appeared at the kitchen door to say there would be no fiesta tonight. Irmgaard was still in Palma and wouldn't return until late.

We cleared the tables and carried the dishes to the kitchen. I lit a candle to take to my room when Antonio appeared in the doorway. He spoke quickly to Iniga and waving cheerfully at us, disappeared.

"Please listen, everyone. There are to be some police in Cala Figuera from Palma tonight," Iniga cautioned seriously. "None of us must show our American cigarettes."

Bettina and I wandered out to the rocky road fronting our house. Bettina chatted at the wharf with several of the students as I stood by, dangled my feet at the water, and understood little. It was quite dark and moonless when we started back up the hill.

"Allo, Mademoiselles," came the voice of Figaro, the gay barber of Santanyi who wooed his women in French. Behind him trailed a couple of other moustached dandies.

"We are having a fiesta tonight at La Marina. You must come."

We understood only La Marina and fiesta, but that was sufficient. It sounded promising. The men followed us to the house and past the patio up to the dining hall. All around lounged small groups of students smoking or quiet. They looked up at the gesturing Figaro curiously but without understanding.

"Iniga!" someone called, and she stuck her head into the room and then hurried in, dish towel in hand, to chat with Figaro.

"A very good guitarist is coming to La Marina tonight to play for a fiesta," she relayed. "Figaro invites us to join them. But remember about not bringing out your American cigarettes. The guitarist and his companion are government police. Oh yes, Figaro tells me he'll sing for you."

Figaro bowed delightedly and left.

It was the first time I'd visited La Marina, though before supper some of the students often stopped there for vermouth and talk. As I didn't like vermouth and couldn't follow the conversation, my twilight hours were often companioned by a book on the cliffs.

On one side of the long room the Germans pushed their tables together in a "here we are" attitude. On the other side of the room, near the crowded bar, were the tables of the men. For, besides a toothless anachronism in black and two barmaids, there were no women.

The fishermen hunched at their tables and eyed us across the chasm, while brash Figaro sat on the table back of me to sing his love songs. A stranger leaned against Figaro's table, and flecking his guitar easily, let his eyes browse the room. Another stranger hovered at his side and watched. The German boy next to me twinkled as he offered a Chesterfield from a noncommittal Italian case. The fishermen eyed us, and a tall Mallorcan with heavy black eyebrows bolted his drink and slipped past us to the staircase.

Rolling a paper like a megaphone, Figaro sang cow-eyed, nearly drowning the pathetic chords of the guitar. A few fishermen rose and vanished up a stairway. The guitarist's companion followed to return and whisper in his colleague's ear.

While the fair barmaid took orders, the dark, flat-faced girl stepped out the door momentarily and seemed to flash a light towards the cove. Figaro sang on, and the fishermen watched. Finally a dark man in shabby clothes crossed the chasm and asked me to dance. His blue eyes smiled from his tan face, and I rose. The jerky music was as unaccountable as he, who bobbed and twirled as the spirits drove him. He drew me closer and the music stopped.

"More, more," applauded the students boisterously, and a slight fisherman with a leathered face vanished up the stairway.

Bettina's young farmer watched her hopefully. He loved to dance with her and had brought her a bottle of wine from his own grapes and taken her for a boat ride the Sunday before. He sauntered to the table and questioningly stood by. His square shoulders hunched slightly under the much-laundered blue shirt. His bristling brown hair, tamed, was brushed straight back. His merry brown eyes spoke to Bettina, and her answer lit up the night. Figaro threw aside his megaphone and, bowing graciously, seized my hand and led me to the floor. The guitarist passed his instrument to another and left with his companion. And suddenly the fiesta throbbed and hooted with the maddened joy of a last-time. We mixed muscatelle with champagne and cheap red wine. We mixed waltzes with the pasedova and sentimental French chansons, and for partners, we mixed Antonios and Jaimes with Klauses and Hermans.

It was 3:30 when Winfried and I left. The night that we entered was completely overcast, and beneath us the cove lay expectantly quiet, like a woman. Already one of Antonio's cocks had crowed.

I fell onto my cot and was asleep. It must have been about half an hour later when I rose and went to the balcony. Everyone was asleep, and beneath me rested the cove,—silent living finger of the sea touching the heart of the village.

My eyes blinked, and I stepped closer to the balcony to look once more. A small boat skimmed in from the sea to rest by a darkened bluff. Nearby another boat waited, as silhouettes lifted and unloaded. There wasn't a sound, not an oar splashed, not a carton dropped, but once a light flickered. I pulled my jacket around me, but it didn't lessen the shivering I felt as an ancient truck chugged heavily up the road from the wharf. I panted under my balcony on the road to Santanyi. I returned to my bed and finally fell asleep.

The next morning was warm and bright, and nestled safely in its corner lolled the little red speed boat. The canvas cover that always protected it was off, as was the motor. Oars rested in their locks. We turned and started up the hill to Antonio's.

The store was brimming, and Antonio's eyes twinkled as he explained he had been shopping in Palma. Some students were buying bread and cheese for the long boat ride, while others were trying bottles for size in their pockets and purses.

Salvadore and Jaime stood by our front door to say goodbye, as the unfeeling bus driver heaved our luggage onto the rack, and travel-weary students, newly arrived from Germany, stared at us and at the dusty road that was the main street. Down this lumpy road stood Antonio's sister and children in front of their impressive house. They waited patiently to wave goodbye at the appropriate moment, and the tall fisherman with heavy eyebrows smiled and waved as he strolled by on his way to the cove.

The bus rounded the bend to take the last lap up the hill. Bettina's laughing eyes were quiet, and her brown hands rested on the clay water jug from market day in Santanyi. No one spoke or laughed, and I saw the warm stone-crumbled wreckage of the lighthouse on the point just in sight stood Antonio with his wife. He had his arm about her waist, and they were waving. His promise that morning to me and Bettina hung wistfully near.

We had been standing under a stunted tree in the yard. Chickens ran near our feet, and beyond us clustered the thirsty red geraniums and paunchy cacti. Antonio's whole self smiled as he approached and extended his hand. Twice he said it in his simplified Spanish, with dignity and anxiety that we understand.

"If I can ever be of service to you, if you ever need a friend, you know where I live—Antonio," he pointed earnestly to himself—"Cala Figuera."

DEAR JOHN

(A parody on John Donne's *The Message*)

Hester James is a sophomore from Independence, Missouri. She is a biology major with an interest in the fine arts. "Hetty" enjoys putting her thoughts into poetry, a hobby which has made her an active member of Poetry Society.

HESTER JAMES

SEND home my swim-suit "snaps" to me,
Which have adorn'd (hmph!) bill-folds three;
Yet since they there were treasured not
 But shown to many,
 With comments funny,
 I'd rather they rot
 Then go to pot
Through fickle man's uncaring thought.

Send home my now resented mail
Whose words might land me in a jail;
And such would make me very pale
 Thus to be sued
 For being crude,
 And be caught
 With naught
But a worthless puppy-love's tale.

Yet send me back my sweet love's ties,
Now that I know thy many lies;
I'll never pity cow-sick males
 Who whine and sigh
 For what's gone by,
 And wish another
 Might not discover.
How false and selfish be their wails.

THE ART BOX

Martha Helen Disharoon plans to major in elementary education. She is a freshman from Hopkinsville, Kentucky.

MARTHA HELEN DISHAROON

JANIE touched the organdy curtain beside her bed with her small brown hand and pushed it back until she had a clear view of Molly and Kay playing badminton in Molly's yard across the street. She watched the sun gleam on their hair—Molly's, blonde; Kay's, red—as they hit the battered shuttlecock back and forth over a string tied between two trees to represent a net, sometimes playing a minute or so before one of them lunged and missed. Of course, Janie thought, it really didn't matter whether they had asked her to play or not. It was almost four o'clock, and she would have had to stop and work on one of her projects, anyway. Four o'clock was the hour Janie chose every day to be artistic and intellectual.

With the thought of her work, Janie dropped her hold on the curtain and flung her head back on the pink corduroy pillow. She began to wonder what she could do today. She could design more clothes for Sally's doll, but she had done that all last week and it was beginning to bore her. She really should write on her novel again. She hadn't touched it in two weeks. Janie centered her thoughts for a moment on the heroine of her story, a Russian ballerina who was being followed by the Secret Police. As usual, her thoughts still could not produce a good, happy ending. People don't get away from the M.V.D., Janie reasoned, but it would be so sad if the dancer got murdered at the end.

Janie swung her long, "coltish" legs over the edge of her bed, walked slowly into the hall, and turned on the attic fan. She stood still for a minute, as she always did, listening to the steady, friendly hum of the motor. Then systematically she closed each of the doors surrounding the small circular hall. She walked back into her pink and blue room and stood motionless before the open window, closing her eyes and letting the warm stream of air rush over her. It blew her hair, and made the tiny beads of perspiration on her face and neck feel cool and good. A small pang of guilt came over her as she remembered how her mother disliked her turning on the fan during the day. "It just pulls the hot air in," she always said. Yes, Janie thought, she would be plenty mad when she got back from the grocery. But the fan didn't stop humming.

The breeze, however, lost some of its caress as she thought of her mother's scolding, and Janie opened her eyes. Dropping to her knees by the bed, she fished around beneath it until she pulled forth her Art Box. There lay all the things that were going to make her famous some day: her drawing book, the pastel crayons her mother had given her last year on her fourteenth birthday, the charcoal pencils she'd bought with her allowance, a scratch pad full of clothes designed for Sally's doll, and, looking neglected in a far corner, a brown spiral notebook containing her unfinished novel. She studied the box, debating whether to choose the drawing pad or the notebook.

Finally, she picked up the drawing book, her pastels, and the charcoal. She felt artistic today. Maybe this would be the day she would draw a picture that would, in years to come, hang in some big art museum, and underneath, a plaque would say, "This lovely composition was painted by the outstanding artist, Jane Roberts, when she was fourteen years old." Janie grinned and her brown eyes brightened with excitement as she thought of her future fame.

Carrying her armful of materials, she skipped through the house to the back porch. She knew exactly what she was going to draw—the pretty little garden in the back yard with the rose bushes and the thick white borders of verbena. She pushed open the door of the screened porch and let it slam as she plopped down on the concrete steps.

Janie sketched busily for a few minutes, completely absorbed in her work. Suddenly she jerked up and gritted her teeth as she heard Sally's shrill little voice in its familiar greeting, "Hi, Janie, whatcha doin'?"

Of all the times, thought Janie, why couldn't she stay away for once? Sally, short and chubby like most seven-year-olds, and dressed in a pair of faded denim shorts and a plaid shirt her brother had outgrown, sauntered out from behind the row of spiraea bushes that divided the Roberts' and the Millers' yards. Janie replied sharply, "What does it look like I'm doing, birdbrain? I'm drawing!"

"Oh," said Sally quietly, a little startled by the rebuff. Then came the inevitable question as she peered over Janie's shoulder, "Whatcha drawin'—a lamp post?"

Really, Janie thought, how dumb could a kid get? But she answered in a condescending tone, "No, simpleton, can't you see, I'm drawing that rosebush."

"Oh—how come you don't draw me thome more clothes for Thara Lee?" asked Sally and held up her bedraggled baby doll, which stared blankly from its one eye.

"Because—I'm not going to be a designer when I grow up any more—I'm just going to be a plain artist."

Sally said nothing, but kept looking at the rosebush—or lamp post—as Janie, with her hand made into a small fist before her, intently examined the smooth cuticle of her left thumbnail, waiting for Sally to go away.

But Sally had no intention of leaving. "Then why don't you tell me another thory about a dragon in China, pleath?"

Janie said nothing for a moment but raised her head a little, hearing the gravel crunch as her mother turned into the driveway, and the kitchen door slam as she walked inside. "I can't now, Sally. Can't you see, I'm busy? I have to finish my picture. Maybe I'll tell you one tomorrow, huh?" Janie replied and began to draw the rows of verbena.

"All right—I'll go play in my sand pile, but I'll come back tomorrow. Thee ya later, alligator," Sally said and skipped off to the sand pile, pulling at her pigtails and smiling contentedly.

Janie sat still, feeling like a lump of biscuit dough. She stared at the picture—the rosebush really did look more like a lamp post. Then her mother's voice, sounding hot and tired, came from the kitchen, "Janie, will you please come set the table? I asked you to do that an hour ago."

"Yes, Mother, I'm coming," Janie answered in a small, quiet voice. Slowly and carefully, she took a piece of charcoal from the box in her lap and made, on the pastels of the sheet before her, four large black X's, covering and cutting the garden. Then, just as precisely, she ripped the page from the pad, wadded it into a tight ball, and threw it onto the lawn. The ball lay there, a stark white circle on the smooth green grass. Then Janie pulled her knees up until they hit her cheeks and smeared away the sweat, and the tears. She got up, slowly and heavily, and stepped up on the back porch, dragging her feet as she walked to the kitchen and listening to the strange sound her sandals made as they raked across the woven grass rug.

HECUBA BROKEN

Barbara Shuttleworth, a 1955 graduate from Jennings, Missouri, is now working in St. Louis at Barnes Hospital. While at Lindenwood she minored in English.

BARBARA SHUTTLEWORTH

TODAY I called the paper, Joe, and told
Them how I felt about the news. They seem
To want to cover up the war and smooth
It over so it doesn't seem so bad.
I told them that a mother has a right
To know what's going on. I told them that
My son was over there and that I liked
To know what's going on. Joe, it isn't fair.
He is my son, the only one that's left.
Why don't we write the President and get
Him out—the only one I have? I need
Him home with me. It's hard when he's away.
You want some more to eat? There's plenty left.
You like the pork that way? It's fixed the way
That Joey liked it best. Remember that?
He never did like sloppy things. He wrote
He couldn't stand the filth and mud. My Lord,
I wish that he was home. Oh, look, you've spilled
Some gravy on the cloth. Oh, Joe, my best,
And Joey liked it too. He always liked
The best, like me. My poor, poor, son, why can't
They let him come back home again?

He used to set the table all the time
When I was late. He'd use this cloth and use
The Sunday dishes and my silver. Do you
Remember how the table looked when Joe
Would set it? How he loved to eat at night
By candle light? He really is an artist

Deep inside, like me, and we could talk.
I miss those talks with him. Why can't you be
Like that and understand paintings and books?
Perhaps he'll go to school when he gets back.
I wonder what he'll take. I'll write to him
And ask. I wish that he'd take art. I'd like
To learn about it too. It really would
Be nice to learn along with him. We'll stay
At home together nights and study just
The way we did when he was home before.
He thinks he'd like to study dentistry.
What silly notions children have! They're not
One bit particular. I'll have to write
And tell him that and make him see the light.

I guess it's hard for you to understand
About how mothers feel. You never loved
The boy as much. He is your son but you
Were working at the plant so much and, too,
A father's love is never quite so deep.
I don't believe you've even read the mail
We got from him. Why, Joe, you know that they're
Right on my closet shelf inside the box.
You just come home to eat and sleep and watch
The television set. You're not the least
Bit worried. I just can't help it if I cry.
My son is gone and his father doesn't care.
I guess you'd even like to see him dead.
At least it wouldn't bother you a bit.
You'd just go on and eat and sleep like some
Dumb animal and that's just what you are.
Oh, yes, it's true. Don't shout at me. I love
My son. Come back—don't leave me here alone!
Oh God, I wish they'd let my son come home.

THE BOAT

Jean Gray, editor of the 1956 GRIF-FIN, is a senior from Rockwell City, Iowa. "The Boat" is a result of one unforgettable summer spent visiting in Canada.

JEAN GRAY

"HELEN! Come 'ere." Startled from my state of semi-consciousness by that harsh rasping voice, I rolled over on my side, heedlessly ignoring the sting of the Canadian-cold water as it seeped through the rough logs of the floating dock. "Helen!" There it was again—that strident bellow which always sounded like the protest of a saw drawn across a piece of water-logged driftwood. Wondering lazily what Ivan wanted now, I opened my eyes. At first I could see only a red blur, but then I could vaguely distinguish the outlines of Ivan and Helen down on the point by their dilapidated old dock, Helen towering over Ivan by at least four inches. They hadn't used that dock all summer. I peered toward them. Ignoring the fact that she was fully-dressed, Helen was wading into the water. That was rather odd! She seemed to be tugging on something. Oh! That was it! The middle of August, and Ivan was finally beginning work on his summer's project—a rejuvenation of his dock which had been ruined by the spring waves. Obviously he hadn't been strong enough to realign the piles, so he had called for his wife's help. It wasn't that Ivan was lazy, he just had so many other important things to do—fishing, talking, whittling, talking, smoking and talking.

Curiosity satiated, I rolled back to better absorb the last of the sun I would get this summer. I thought of all the people I had met here in the "Canadian wilds." There was Ben, of Benny's, the only roadhouse in Sioux Narrows; Tomkin, the leader of the band that always wore maroon shirts and red pants when they played for the weekly dances; Leonard and other guides who came to the dances in plaid shirts and high-top boots, and yelled incessantly for "The Butterfly." (That was the dance when two guides took care of one girl.) Eventually though, my thoughts came back to Ivan and Helen—our neighbors. I had heard much about them before I ever got to Canada; they were a constant source of unintentional mirth, and it was a diplomatic problem worthy of international consideration to prevent hurting their feelings. For this, we ate Helen's half-baked rolls pressed on us with unfailing generosity, but few words. For this, we were constantly in search of acceptable excuses as to just why we couldn't go to Kohanka with Ivan in the battered, all-purpose pick-up truck. We suffered through interminable evenings for this at the "lodge," headquarters for Ivan's cabin tourists, whiling away the hours with our own day-dreams while Ivan recollected minutely all that had happened to him in his early days in Canada. Helen, stoic, but always polite, would press warm cokes on us "youngsters," while the adults struggled to down twice or thrice boiled coffee. Yet, they were neighbors, and their feelings must not be hurt. They picked up the mail in town, and remembered the extra loaf of bread. When "Mort," as Ivan called Uncle Roy, hooked a big lake trout, Ivan was there, one foot poised lightly on the gunwhale while he swung the gaff wildly, and talked, as much to the fish as to Uncle Roy. As the boat neared the dock, Ivan would gather himself and

leap quickly onto the dock. Then, before the boat could even be secured, he would have his knife out "dugutting" the trout while volubly discussing its merits. He belonged, and his short body bristled if someone made a comment he interpreted slightly. Helen, his Swedish antithesis, was his protector, and he was hers. We just couldn't hurt their feelings.

The first time I met them Ivan had been calling for Helen in the same voice he used today

"Helen, I said come 'ere, gooklins, and I meant it." Ivan bawled his imperious command just as we, my brother Dale and I, drove into the grove that Ivan and Uncle Roy utilized as the parking place during the summer. We had stopped in the little town of Sioux Narrows to pick up supplies and early mail while Jim and Roy came on out to the cabin with hopes of getting the new boat into the water. As we walked toward the little group gathered about the boat-trailer, Ivan straightened up warily, careful not to "crick" any of his bones. His powerful squat body encased only in tight-fitting trousers and high-topped boots denied his reported sixty-odd years. Sweat glistened on his hairy chest, matted the shoulder-length black hair into stringy hanks, and poured down the peasant face into the Lincoln-like beard. His mouth moved impatiently beneath the straggly moustache as he acknowledged the brief introductions with a "Yah," and bent down to look at the boat once more. We looked too. The reason for their despair was obvious. The front wheels of the boat trailer were wedged against a huge fallen tree. The "Ocean" was on the other side. The tree was so entangled by the surrounding brush that it couldn't possibly be moved, and the trailer was heavy. Evidently the three men had been trying to lift the trailer over, for Roy, too, was stripped to the waist while Jim's T-shirt was soaked with sweat and smudged with dirt where he had rubbed his hands in an effort to secure a better grip. They stood exhausted and perplexed; only Ivan showed signs of life. Showing his knobby and hairy hands impetuously beneath the boat, he muttered, "Helen can do her, Mort. She lift like as" His voice dropped to a murmur as he demonstrated how Helen would lift the heavy chassis. Gracefully, and in one motion, he turned and swung up on the head of the carrier. Because I knew of his Russian parentage, I couldn't help comparing him to a Cossack mounting in feverish anticipation of the battle. Chest quivering with suppressed rage because Helen had not answered his call, he yelled in his lumberjack voice again, "Helen! I need you." That, I learned later, was as close as Ivan ever came to imploring Helen to help him. He sprang down beside the boat lightly then, running his stout and worn fingers over the wheel. "Good boat, Mort. She like the fishing?" His eyes scrutinized every detail of the new sixty-horse inboard, compartmented for fishing tackle, and powerful enough to run on the Lake of the Woods "Ocean" at all times.

At the top of the path Helen appeared. I stared at her frankly, for in spite of Jim's descriptions, I wasn't prepared for this still-blond giant who came so casually down the path past the orange-rusted trash barrels bearing something in a battered tin mixing bowl. "What you want?" she inquired of Ivan as she vigorously beat the liquid mixture into a miniature whirlpool with an antiquated camp spoon.

Ivan ignored her presence and continued to talk to Roy. "Mort, you wan'ta go out in the morning? We see what we can get, no?" Then, as if wondering what Helen were doing, he turned to her. "What you want?"

Impervious to this sort of treatment, Helen only continued to beat the mixture venomously. Secure and solid, she stood there, impressive in her indif-

ference, only the muscles of her strong back rippling under the flowered and egg-spotted dress.

Ivan glanced contemptuously at her, and then with apparent unconcern, he turned and spat beside the boat. "Ya see that?"

"Ja."

"See that tree?"

"Ja." Unimpressed, Helen continued to beat the mixture.

"Got to get boat to beach." With this, Ivan flung his arm dramatically toward the beach some hundred yards away. There the copper sand looked warm despite the frost-tipped waves which reminded all of them that it was still spring in Canada. "Lift the boat." With this final comment, Ivan put his hands in his pockets and turned back to the bystanders. "Hey, Mort, ya really want to go out?" His worn and yellowed teeth showed in what was meant to be a grin, but looked more like a leer to me.

Helen stirred the batter with one last effort, and then placed it on a nearby stump. Without further ado, she leaned over the heavy chassis of the boat carrier. Slowly and almost imperceptibly the chassis moved. An inch, two inches. The muscles in Helen's neck stood out like rope. The wheels were almost even with the top of the felled tree, they were, and then they were resting on it. Unaware of the prodigiousness of her feat, the Amazon walked behind the boat and shoved. The back wheels were placed loosely against the trunk of the tree. Then, Helen stooped and reached far under the carrier, grasped the axle, and heaved. She strained, grunting continuously in a monotone. Jim, Roy, and Dale strained vicariously. Only Ivan, whose back was to the boat, was unaware of the superhuman effort, and he continued his monologic conversation. "Mort, you go to Kohanka tomorrow, maybe? Pick-up's busted." He seemed ignorant of the fact that no one was listening to him. The trailer lurched crazily, and it was over, swaying gently, but with a clear path before it to the shore. Helen stood up slowly, walked over to her mixing bowl, and after fishing a couple of leaves out, she started up the path toward the ramshackle home, beating energetically. The eyes of all but Ivan followed. Finally aware that no one was paying any attention to him, Ivan turned to see what they were staring at—he shrugged, it was only Helen disappearing into the kitchen. Then, without even looking to see whether the boat had been moved, he said, "Come on. Let's get the boat in." Jim and Roy quickly jumped the log and took their places on either side of the boat.

"Wow!" Dale, entranced by what he had just seen, only whispered the ejaculation, but Ivan heard it.

"Yah, I tol' you Helen done it. She strong . . . like an ox."

Slowly, the four men pulled and tugged, and yard by yard, the heavy trailer bearing the new boat moved toward the shores of the "Ocean."

CAMP CHICKAGAMI FOR GIRLS

ELLEN DEVLIN

A blue and white circle
Of big-little-big girls
Hoping to shuffle away chill;
Squints skyward
To answer guesses:
Will breeze catch stripes
Or cloak the proud,
Vertical reminder?
A sunny or gray bell brings:
One: cold ear thoughts;
Two: shifts within warm,
name taped, nine-hour world;
Three: taste of steaming mush;
Four: cold curled toes
in sleepy search of
chilled, scattered flannel.
Trip-list pregnant with
Exclamations, preparations,
Disappointments, misappointments,
Some born clowns, weird night sounds;
Re-excited greetings,
Giggly silence while
Adventures (sung-half-sputtered)
Amuse-taunt the
Untalented and/or lazy
Who look up or in to hear:
"Prove yourself."
Cold spots under bright,
Warm, wave-constant,
Nature-nurtured
Excitement;
A blown whistle calls

For two arms to
Join in a steeple
Above two laughing doors.
Crickets, frogs, and water-laps
Join in pure, warm-safe chorus;
Night's guardian
Makes her round
With whippoorwill,
Covering shoulders with
Misplaced warmth,
Calming half-closed,
Night-fearing eyes;
For here no terror lives:
Pines breathe peace.

MY SLEEP

Bonnie Burkhalter is a freshman education major from St. Louis. The poem "My Sleep" was written for her writer's notebook, a collection of daily thoughts used in her English class.

BONNIE BURKHALTER

THE memory can fill and choke
The tranquil, sleeping night
And from my writhing mind evoke
The desperate, smothered fright,

The fright of things long past and dead
And buried deep in time:
The memories from which I've fled
Return in pantomime.

THE POETRY OF ALEXANDER POPE

Erika Krajicek is a senior psychology major from Vienna, Austria. This critical essay was written as a project for her class in eighteenth-century literature.

ERIKA KRAJICEK

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed.

WHEN we read poetry we try to find something expressed, in a language above the common and daily, that we have thought or felt, or something that is new to us, yet convincing or enjoyable. Good poetry never bores, and even when we disagree with the ideas it glorifies, we still feel that it catches our interest and appreciation by the way it is expressed.

Great poetry is timeless and universal, as timeless and universal as the poetic creations of the ancients, the great idols of poetry: Horace, Homer, Ovid, Virgil—names that have kept their fame through the centuries. But also the later time has brought forth poets whose works we may hope will be immortal throughout the time to come. They have proved themselves for several years and they may as well do so for thousands of years. Does Alexander Pope belong in their category, does he belong with Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Milton, Moliere? Although his name is not mentioned among the greatest poets, he deserves a place near them. His genius was on another basis than the one of Shakespeare and Goethe, his works are not as numerous and not as famous, but everything he wrote is great in its way; he follows in every line his own requirements of poetry:

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed.

Pope had the gift of fulfilling these requirements in the best way. He is a poet of his time, and that his name has lasted is a sign of his greatness. People of his century, although with feelings like anyone's, shunned the expression of emotion and demanded a poetry which kept its emotions in the chains of reason and realism. So his times formed Alexander Pope. He was the cool Englishman of the eighteenth century—cool on the outside, yet his heart was full of desire and feelings, of pain and disappointment. And in Pope's poetry sometimes these emotions shine through the lines, sometimes his feelings break the fetter of tradition, and then we may know how strong and vivid these emotions must have been. In his poem "Windsor Forest" Pope shows his deep sympathy and understanding for everything that lives with the lines:

Oft as mounting larks their notes prepare
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

This is not the joy or pride of a hunter; this is the feeling of a man for the creature, a sad regret and a little repentance.

In "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot" his own life's tragedy becomes evident when he writes:

The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife,
To help me thro' this long disease, my life.

All the unhappiness and loneliness of Alexander Pope's life is expressed here. No, although Pope let reason and wit, order and tradition govern him, his emotions were too vivid to be completely banned from his works.

Pope's poetry is clear and understandable, new in expression, and universal in idea. Alexander Pope knew the art of presenting a great idea in the unforgettable language of rhymes, of sounds and rhythm. In his enchanting poem "The Rape of the Lock" he appeals to the reader's phantasy in the delightful description:

The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

Even the rhyme itself seems coquettish and lightly flying through the air. And how grave and dark like a hollow bell through the fog resounds the mourning in "Eloisa to Abelard":

Also, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.

Usually, though, it is nothing surprising or overpowering that Pope tells; it is the daily things, the little things like all those that are lost on earth:

There broken vows, and deathbed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of ribband bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

What a way to describe and give importance to the small . . . "What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed." It could almost be thought that a critic, after reading Pope's poetry, wrote this line as a comment.

Everything Pope wrote has a general appeal—

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.

This verse is not out of a romantic story but out of an objective study of criticism, Pope's "Essay on Criticism": yet how universal are these lines and how true. And in the same poem Pope says:

Good nature and good sense must even join;
To err is human, to forgive, divine.

All his deep humanity speaks out of this idea, and it is not a verse standing by itself, alone, although it could; no, it is wrapped and woven into a poem which is a guide not only to criticism but also to life itself. A teaching poem, teaching in an unobtrusive way which Pope himself describes in the words:

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.

Pope teaches with his poems; he teaches humanity and humility, understanding of nature and creature—of men, love, religion, want, wit, and desires.

And he teaches humor. His humor, although ironical, is somehow heart-warming; somehow Alexander Pope shows us that we have to have humor in life and a smile for the ridiculous and the funny, and even for the bitter offense. It is a bewitching humor when he, with a little mocking smile, watches the lady at her toilet-table:

Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace
And calls forth all the wonders of her face.

Alexander Pope's life, with all its hardships, disappointments and bitter mockery, still left a smile on his face, left him the ability to bring it on a reader's lip. And here is where we have to admire Alexander Pope as a man.

Often he might have found himself helpless against the threats of the world but for his humor to defend him. And this might be the reason for the irony in, for example, "The Dunciad" when he ridicules Theobald with

Dullness, whose good old cause I yet defend
With whom my muse began, with whom shall end.

And maybe because he himself felt helpless so often, he knew the helplessness in all the world so well and had all his pity for it wherever he found it. In "Windsor Forest" he says, viewing a dying pheasant:

Short is his joy, he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood and panting beats the ground.

And he is touching in his own sad knowledge:

Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatriate free o'er all this scene of man.

Pope's ideas may not always be thorough enough from the philosophical point of view; he may not always follow his own idea of "to err is human, to forgive, divine" when he attacks his enemies with icy mockery. But, for the first, he was no philosopher, and for the second his reactions to the insults that were spilled over him were only human. Alexander Pope was a man, he was no god, not even a god of poetry. He was human, with all the errors and weaknesses of the human, but he was a great man, and through his poetry his life found aim and purpose.

THOU SHALT NOT KILL

ANN HAMILTON

WHY did she have to be like that? Always taking all the credit for everything and making everybody think she was really "it"!

Becky hated her for it. No, she wouldn't say "hate." She wasn't going to admit that she cared enough about how Helen acted to her or to anybody else to hate her. You hated people only if you were jealous or envious of them. And Becky Moore *certainly* wasn't jealous of Helen McClendon or anybody else! Why should she be? She was reasonably attractive and came from a nice family, and she wasn't poor. She could do things, like being a member of the golf team when Helen couldn't even see well enough to hit the ball! And it was the truth, too. The doctor had told Helen that she ought to participate in some kind of sport, some kind that would make her look at a small object, something like tennis or golf to improve her eyesight. But of course Helen wasn't going to. Oh, no! Not the great Helen McClendon. She "just wasn't the athletic type," as she put it when one of the girls asked her what P. E. she was in.

Well, just take this afternoon for example. She could see it now. All the girls were sitting on Carol's bed and she, Becky, had been telling them about her parents' coming the next week-end.

"Yeah, and what do you suppose they said when I asked them to come 'cause I wanted to see them, too?" interrupted Helen. "They said they'd have to come, now, 'cause I was counting on it and had even asked them personally." She winked at Becky. "Why it's going to be just like having my own parents here. I'll bet we have a ball! Becky's got it all planned, and it really sounds like a week-end and a half!" And on and on with *her* story, which she, Becky, should have been telling them. Of course she just shut up then. There never was any use trying to go on with anything when Helen wanted to do it. If she couldn't talk faster than you, she could talk louder, so you were beat any way you put it.

"Helen, what clothes are you going to take with you on that choir trip?" Sally had asked that, thoughtlessly changing the subject and making Becky feel as though she'd lost something. As she thought about it, Becky could almost feel the physical hurt again that she had carried back to her room. Fortunately, her roommate wasn't there, and she could think for a moment.

But it hurt to think about it. It was a real ache; what she guessed it would feel like to have a broken heart if hearts could really break. It wasn't what Helen had said or how she had said it. It was that *she* had told it when it was Becky's to tell. They were her parents, and she wanted to tell the girls herself.

Her eyes quickly jerked over the green record player where her pink, flopped-eared dog and the furry white kitten lay in the same slump she'd put them in this morning. She sat cross-legged on the bed and let the hurt flow all through her. It was better to get it over with, to let it keep on hurting until there was nothing else to hurt. Then it would be forgotten, and she could go out of the room again.

Maybe if she had gone to another school this wouldn't have happened. Maybe she wouldn't always have had to be in the background while some-

body who really didn't deserve it any more than she did got all the attention. Like when they had house meeting. Somebody would always call, "Well, look at that Helen McClendon!" And Helen, pleased at being recognized, would reply with some appropriate retort, her blue eyes sparkling from beneath the pile of short brown hair above her forehead. Becky would sit there, because there wasn't anyone for her to call to.

If she happened to get a good seat by one of the girls across the hall who were so much fun, invariably Helen would say, "Move over just a little bit, will you, Becky? I want to talk to Jane," or "Excuse me, Becky; Pat's calling me."

Well, if Helen were always there, she guessed she could move. It was almost semester, and other girls transferred then, so she could start thinking of another school. That wouldn't really be giving up to Helen, either; because she, Becky, would win what she wanted in the end anyway, which was just to be appreciated as someone, as herself. Everybody was an individual, and people had to get to know you as a person to like you. And that was just why she hated Helen. Yes, that was exactly it! Helen smothered her, kept people from knowing her as *someone*, instead of just as Helen McClendon's shadow or "the girl from Helen's home town."

She'd tried to forget the incident about the Press Club. Not that it mattered in itself, because that would be selfishness, but it was the principle of the thing that had hurt her in spite of all the rationalizing she could do. She and Helen had been walking to the dining hall when Nancy, the president of the club, stopped Helen.

Taking her by the arm, Nancy pulled her to the side of the walk. Becky moved on a few steps, wondering if she should wait for Helen or not. She decided to, if Helen wasn't too long, so she stopped and kicked at a tall blade of grass at the edge of the lawn. Even before she stopped walking, she could hear the voices; and in a minute she realized she was listening to what they were saying, not because she was eavesdropping, but because she couldn't help overhearing.

"I hear you're pretty good at writing scripts and stuff like that," Nancy was saying to Helen. "Do you suppose you could come to our meeting tonight to work on the club's Spring Show?"

"Why, I'd love to," came Helen's pleased reply. "What time?"

"Seven on the dot in my room. And do you happen to know of anyone else who's interested in writing and could help us?"

Helen hesitated a moment.

"Well, no, I don't."

"How about that girl from your home town? Doesn't she do things like that?" queried Nancy.

"Oh, Becky? Yeah, I guess so."

And so Becky had been included all right, but still it was the principle of the thing. Helen hadn't even considered her, and she might not have asked her if she hadn't thought Nancy would be expecting Becky at the meeting.

Why had Helen decided to come to this school, too? Becky had chosen it first, before Helen had even heard anyone was thinking about coming here. When the representative had asked Becky to bring anyone who was interested to the party for prospective students, she had invited Helen, proud that she could be the one to do the asking, that she had something to offer Helen that

she didn't already have. Helen had gone all right, and when she sat talking to the representative nearly all afternoon about the school, Becky had got that strange, yet familiar, lost feeling inside. From then on it was Helen's school, as if she had been the one to persuade everyone else to go there, instead of Becky.

She wished Helen weren't here; she wished she could never see her again. Then she would be free from that terrible, nagging jealousy that began to eat on her from inside when Helen started spreading her personality all over everyone and every place they went. She really didn't want to feel that way; she tried hard not to let Helen bother her. But what can you do when someone you like just takes and takes, and never gives any of herself to you at all? Helen let Becky compliment her, lend her clothes and books, save her a seat at meals; and then she was surprised or indignant when Becky expected her to behave the same way when she was in a pinch about an outfit for a date or was going to be late to the dining hall. Why, it just drained all your life away.

A branch moving outside the window caught Becky's attention as it lengthened and shortened a rectangle of light streaming in through the glass pane. The ray pierced the brown and gold of her tweed skirt, dissecting the threads of the weave. She wondered, somewhere far back in her mind, why the dorm was so quiet. She guessed it wasn't as quiet as she had thought though, because she could hear Jane's radio and snatches of an intense conversation across the hall.

If Helen would just go away so she would never hear from her again. Of course, that was absurd; people just didn't disappear. Or did they? In Russia you heard about people going to the grocery store and never being found. This wasn't Russia, though. But lots of things could happen in America—accidents, unexplained things. A simple little thing like an automobile accident could be as sudden as the secret police. A lot of things were always in the newspapers about people falling in the bathtub and killing themselves. It sounded a little silly in a way, but they were just as dead from that as from a wreck or a drowning. Not only unexplained things happened either, but something as logical as an accident in the stables at school. You were always being warned about getting too close behind one of the horses because he might kick you. And a horse's hoof could—

The door opened without Becky's having heard anyone in the hall. Her head jerked around and her eyes stared at the door. Someone stood in the comparative darkness of the doorway. Becky saw the person in the ray of sunshine streaming in through the window. Against the semi-gloom of the hall Becky could hardly distinguish her, but she knew it was Helen. It couldn't have been anyone else. And she could see a blond haze framing her head. Helen, who had been in the stables a moment ago, who had stood too close to one of the horses. Helen, who had been in the way of a car and had been left lying so still.

But she was there, and Becky sat on the bed. The radio was quiet, and the conversation across the hall had stopped. Helen was here instead of in the stables or on the concrete. The little ray of light through the window pane had fastened itself onto the blue bedspread when Becky had turned so quickly.

Becky felt her heart beating in the top of her head. The realization of what she had done struck her like a blow, taking her breath away. She stared, quite still, except for her rapid breathing. She couldn't believe her own mind, but the thought was there; she couldn't deny that. She, Becky Moore, had been wishing one of her best friends were—. But she couldn't say it. She couldn't even think it. Her own conscience wouldn't let her.

Her guilt grew in her until she thought she'd burst. Suddenly it exploded in a smothered, "Oh!"

"Well, I only came to offer you a cookie from the box I got today," Helen said conversationally, "but if I scared you that bad, I'll go out and try again."

"Oh," Becky repeated. She had to say it, because now she owed Helen something: "Come in."

"They're brownies, and you know how I love 'em," explained Helen. She sat on the bed in the rectangle of light.

"Yeah, I like 'em, too." Becky watched the angora in Helen's sweater glitter in the sunlight. "Why don't you come over this way so you can move out of the light?" she suggested.

THE SIAMESE

JANE COOPER

SHE lies
before you—cream
spilled on a gray carpet
chocolate paws in graceful pose—
A cat

She sighs
pushing ears back
saying, "Do not disturb"
languidly ridding herself of
A gnat

She eyes
meek offerings
as you try to tempt her
with fish. She says, disdainfully,
"What's that!"

LEAVES

MARTHA LEONARD

GAUDY tokens of the equinox,
They skitter
Across dying grasses.
The black, jilted trees
Deprecate
Their frivolity

THE CRICKET

Nancy Gaines Spangler, a former student who is now married and living in Harrisonville, Missouri, keeps up her study of both music and poetry.

NANCY GAINES SPANGLER

THE cricket made tiny sharp
Fingers of sound,
That scratched the stillness of
The summer night . . .
Then silence surged back
Like a great wave of water,
And the cricket was silent,
. . . Ashamed . . .

THE DIFFERENCE

Jean Haskell, a freshman biology major, is from Danville, Illinois. She is president of Orchesis, the modern dance club.

JEAN HASKELL

CINDY linked arms with her newly-found playmate, and together they skipped down the sidewalk. First grade is fun, she thought, as they danced along swinging their arms. Especially when you have a friend like Emmy Lou. Why, Emmy Lou could think of more songs to sing and games to play than anyone—even the teacher.

Cindy sort of envied Emmy Lou, and sometimes even wished she could trade places with her. Emmy Lou's mother let her wear such pretty red, green, and purple dresses to school. She even wore a bright blue silk one last week—one someone had given her, she said. Cindy had to save her good dresses for Sunday School. And another thing, Emmy Lou had tiny pig-tails that never came undone and let her hair get into her eyes. Cindy's own hair was long and curly, and she just hated to have it combed. It would be so much nicer to have pig-tails.

At the corner they stopped skipping and stood whispering and giggling like they did every noon before Cindy turned to go to her house. "Cindy," Emmy Lou said, bending her dark head close to Cindy's blonde one, "Mother said you could come over to play after school if you wanted to. Do you?"

Cindy was delighted and told Emmy Lou so. "Of course. I'll have to ask Mom when I get home, but I'm sure she'll let me come."

Cindy loved to go to Emmy Lou's house. She had two baby sisters to play with. Real babies, instead of dolls. And her mother always had freshly baked cookies and big glasses of cold milk ready for them when they got home from school. Cindy liked Emmy Lou's mother real well. She was real fat, like Aunt Jemimah on the pancake box. She was always laughing too, or at least smiling. Just like Emmy Lou.

Shouting good-byes, the girls ran off in the direction of their own homes, because the patrol boy had almost reached the next corner. He got mad at Cindy if she were late. He was a big boy too, and Cindy didn't like to be scolded in front of the other kids.

"Come on, nigger-lover!" the big boy yelled. Cindy did not know just what he meant, so she hurried a little. Suddenly everyone picked up the cry. "Cindy's a nigger-lover. Cindy's a nigger-lover!"

"Hey, Cindy, aren't you afraid some of that black will rub off?" the girl beside her taunted. Cindy looked at her with surprise, not knowing what to answer. They must be talking about Emmy Lou, she thought.

"My mother always told me not to play with colored kids," the girl said. "I guess she was afraid I'd turn black too. Maybe you will."

Cindy turned to her and shouted, "Emmy Lou doesn't rub off! See!" She held out her hands.

"Just the same, I wouldn't play with her if I was you."

"I can play with who ever I want to," Cindy retorted. "And I want to play with Emmy Lou. So there!"

"She's just a nigger. She's no one. My mother said that niggers are mean. And that they lie and cheat and steal. And big black nigger men will eat little girls if they are bad."

All of the rest of the kids were still shouting at her. "Cindy's a nigger-lover. Cindy's a nigger-lover," they shouted, jumping up and down and pointing at her. "She's going to turn black. She's going to turn black," they chanted. Two second-grade boys even picked up stones, but they didn't throw them.

By this time Cindy was in tears, and all she wanted was to get away from them. She started running, but their voices still echoed in her ears. "... a nigger-lover . . . nigger-lover . . . going to turn black . . . to turn black."

I don't care what they say, she told herself over and over. But she did care really. She wanted to have lots of friends. She wanted Mary Jane to like her, and Kathy too. They always had such nice tea parties after school. Why couldn't they like Emmy Lou? What difference could it make that her skin was black? She was a lot of fun to play with.

Suddenly a frightening thought struck her. What if her skin did turn black like Janie said it would? What would her mother and dad say? But it wouldn't, she was sure. After all, it hadn't started turning yet. Would it?

Maybe she'd better not play with Emmy Lou any more. What would she say when she told her about it? She really hated to give up the fun of playing with Emmy Lou and going over to her house to play with her baby sisters. And next Saturday Emmy Lou's mother was going to let them make cookies. Why couldn't they all be friends and play together?

When she got home her mother was just leaving and didn't seem to notice that Cindy was upset. "Your lunch is on the table," she said as she rushed out the door. "I have a meeting at the Y, so if you do anything after school be sure to be home before dark."

Cindy barely touched her sandwiches. She wasn't very hungry. All she could think about was Emmy Lou and the things the kids had said.

She had noticed, of course, that Emmy Lou's skin was black. There were quite a few boys and girls in the class that had black skin. But some people had blonde hair and others had brown, and she thought it was the same kind of difference. She had never thought of their being so different that she shouldn't play with them. Why didn't the rest of the kids like colored people? They didn't act differently or talk differently. They wore the same kind of clothes as everyone else, and except for their skins they didn't look different. What could be wrong with them? Why hadn't her mother said anything about playing with Emmy Lou? Janie's mother said she shouldn't.

Cindy decided that the best thing to do would be to tell Emmy Lou all about it when she got back to school. Maybe Emmy Lou could tell her what the difference was. What was a nigger anyway?

She put her half-eaten sandwich in the garbage sack and hurried back to school so she would have time to talk to Emmy Lou before the bell rang.

She ran up to Emmy Lou as soon as she saw her and led her to the swings in the corner of the playground. "Emmy Lou," she asked, as soon as they sat down, "are you a nigger?"

Emmy Lou jerked her head up and looked at Cindy without answering for a minute. She seemed very surprised at her friend's question. Slowly she answered, "I guess so. Only it's negro, not nigger."

"But what is a—negro?" Cindy persisted.

Hesitatingly, Emmy Lou tried to explain. "Well, a negro is someone with

black skin like mine, and black hair," she said, touching the pig-tails that Cindy envied so much.

"Why is your skin black, instead of white like mine?" Cindy asked, not yet understanding. It seemed funny to her that she had never realized skin color could make a difference. At least not before she had talked to Janie. "Janie said it would rub off on me if I didn't quit playing with you. It won't, will it?"

"Mother said my skin was black because God made it that way just like he made yours white. And don't worry, it doesn't even come off when I take a bath. I tried to rub it off the night after I met you, but it stayed on," she admitted sheepishly.

Cindy felt so relieved at hearing this. She wouldn't like to be colored. "Otherwise, Emmy Lou, colored people are the same as white people, aren't they?" She felt guilty at even thinking they might be different. She knew Emmy Lou wasn't different. But still, hadn't Janie said they were?

"Of course, only most people don't think that way. I've heard my daddy say that people seem to forget we're human."

"Will you ever be white?" Cindy asked. For the first time she began to feel sorry for Emmy Lou. She knew one thing for sure. That was that she didn't want to trade places with her any more.

Emmy Lou laughed, "Nope, this is the way God wanted me to be. When I grow up I'll still be colored, and my babies will be too."

Cindy swung back and forth just thinking. After swallowing a couple of times she blurted out, "I don't think I can play with you as much any more. Janie's mother said white children shouldn't play with colored ones. Do you mind much?" she added, seeing the tears in Emmy Lou's eyes.

Emmy Lou batted back her tears, saying, "Mother told me to expect this to happen. She said that you would decide that you couldn't play with me any more." With grown-up wisdom she said softly, "Maybe some day we can be friends again."

"I didn't mean that we had to stop being friends. I still like you best. I can come over tonight after school—if you still want me to."

Just then Mary Jane and Kathy, two first grade girls who had been teasing Cindy at noon, ran up. "Cindy," Kathy said, "we're having a party after school and you can come."

As Cindy looked at Emmy Lou, Mary Jane said pointedly, "But we don't want Emmy Lou. She's a nigger."

Cindy sat there just a minute not knowing exactly what to do. She hadn't thought she'd have to choose so soon. She looked at Emmy Lou sitting in the swing with her head down, drawing pictures in the dirt with the toe of her shoe. Then she looked at Mary Jane and Kathy waiting impatiently for her answer. A party would be lots of fun—but she told Emmy Lou she'd come to play. She had a chance now to be friends with Kathy and Mary Jane, and all the other kids. Still, what would she do about Emmy Lou?

Without looking up, Emmy Lou said quietly, "Go ahead, Cindy. I don't care. You can come over some other time."

For a minute Cindy hesitated before saying anything. She knew by the sound of Emmy Lou's voice that she really did care. Then Cindy jumped up. "Okay, I'll go." After all, they didn't have parties every day.

The three girls joined hands and ran toward the school building. When they reached the door, Cindy looked back. Emmy Lou was still sitting in the swing—all alone.

THE ROAD-BLOCK

Jo Nan Nelson is a freshman from Osceola, Arkansas. She is interested in creative writing and is a member of Poetry Society.

JO NAN NELSON

THE dance was a powerful success as are most junior-senior parties. The girls had not sat down a minute from nine until twelve. There were very few wallflowers that night. But now the dance was over, and the couples were walking quickly to the cars with shouts of laughter trailing behind them.

Vicki and Blake said a final, rather timid good-bye to their host and hostess and walked slowly down the flagstone path to the gate. The night felt a little chillier than Vicki had noticed before. Her mother's fur cape was soft and warm to her bare skin as Blake put it around her shoulders. Somehow she seemed a little older in the cape, and she was glad she had persuaded her mother to let her wear it. This was the most important dance of the year, and it called for something very special.

The sky was an opaque black that night; not the kind of night for a dance at all. The air was cool and mysterious as the young pair walked along the sidewalk, across the shadows cast by the still trees.

As they walked, they laughed; for no particular reason, just laughed. Vicki's feet were aching, and she wondered how she would make it in her spike heels. Finally she took them off and walked in her stocking feet on the cold concrete. They were almost to the car when Vicki tripped and fell. It was not at all a graceful fall, and although she wasn't hurt, it seemed a terrible time for something like that to happen. She could feel her face grow redder and redder. What a childish thing to do!

Blake, too, could feel his face redden. This was an entirely new experience for him, and he didn't know quite what to do. She looked so helpless sitting there with her dress all mussed and her dark hair lying in all the wrong places on her head.

She looked up at him, and suddenly there was no more problem. He stooped down slowly, gathered her up in his arms, and began to carry her the rest of the way. Neither said a word. Vicki put her head on Blake's shoulder and her arms about his neck.

They reached the car, and quite effortlessly Blake managed to get the door open without putting her down, although how, she would never know. He put her down gently on the seat and smiled at her.

"Are you O.K. now?" he asked.

She returned his smile and nodded.

He closed the door and walked quickly around the back of the car to the driver's side. As he got in, Vicki looked at him. She couldn't remember his ever looking as nice as he did that night. His blond crew cut was not as severely short as usual, and he looked good in that tux. She had no idea that he was so strong. He had always looked so thin to her. But after all, he was eighteen, and that's awfully near manhood.

Blake already had the keys in his hand, and it didn't take him long to get the right one in the ignition. The motor broke the silence with what sounded like a tumultuous roar. He turned on the lights and pulled away from the curb.

"Would you like to go get a bite to eat? It's not one yet, and the Hut is probably open," he said as he turned his eyes from the road.

"Well" she said, "Mother told me . . ." She felt her face blush again. "Yes, I think I'd like that." Her mother would worry, but she could explain later.

Neither of them really wanted the hamburgers, but after they had ordered them there was nothing to do but eat them. There were usually quite a few kids in the Hut, but that night the small place was almost empty. She was glad. She didn't know how they would act if anyone else broke into their private little world. Although they both had very little to say to each other, it was obvious that an outsider would have had trouble penetrating their gazes.

They somehow finished the hamburgers and left.

As they were driving back in the direction of Vicki's house, Blake suddenly made a sharp turn and went toward the south end of town. Vicki knew where he was going, but she kept silent. He stopped the car on a dirt road just outside town. For a moment he stared into the darkness in front of them, as Vicki sat motionless beside him. They had parked many times before, but that night there was the same air that had been there earlier. Neither of them could explain it.

He turned his gaze to Vicki. There was a look that she couldn't recognize on his face.

"Vicki, let's get married," he said, just above a whisper. His voice sounded husky in the quietness.

"Oh, Blake, my folks—they'd never understand. You know Mother."

"Do you love me, Vicki?" he said as he pulled the fur cape closer about her shoulders.

"You know I do. It's just that—well, what will we live on? You won't graduate until June, and how would we live until then?" she asked.

"We can keep it a secret. It's been done before. No one would know until the summer. You can still wear my class ring, and they will never suspect a thing. Then after graduation I could start working for Dad. We could live with my folks for a while, or at least until we could get a little ahead."

She looked at him very closely. His dark brown eyes were just above hers, and although the car was dark, there was just enough light for her to see them clearly. He really did have beautiful eyes.

"Do you think we can get a license?" she asked.

"Sure, if we go to Horton. You know they'd give anybody a license. We could drive over tomorrow afternoon and be there by four-thirty. You can tell your parents that you're going to spend the night with Ann. There would be nothing to it. How about it, Vic? Will you marry me?"

She said nothing, but dropped her head and stared down at her hands, folded nervously in her lap.

"Please, Vick?"

She looked up at him.

"All right, Blake, I will." She felt herself smile.

Nothing else need be said. They had made up their minds, and they were happy about it.

Vicki had been helping her mother with the housework on Saturdays for years, and it had always been a routine job. That next day it was different. As she dusted the furniture, she looked at it really for the first time. It was not expensive or elaborate, but it was nice for a family of three. As she polished each little scratch, she remembered the way it got there. She remembered the things that had happened within those walls.

Then it was almost one, and Vicki was dressing. She pulled out several dresses to wear but finally decided that it would look better if she wore a sweater and skirt. She could get Blake to stop at a filling station on the way and let her change clothes. It was smart of them to think of telling her mother that she was spending the night with Ann. She could pack everything she needed in the small bag, and her mother wouldn't suspect at all.

She laid the bag on the bed beside the light blue teddy bear. She picked it up and cuddled it against her face for a moment. Her daddy had given it to her when she was sick last winter. She knew that she was a little old to be getting teddy bears, but she had loved this one since the very first time she saw it.

She glanced at her watch and quickly but gently put the bear back in its place on the white bedspread. Blake would be there any minute, and she still had to finish dressing.

The doorbell rang, and she heard her mother walk to the door. She had already told her that Ann was having a coke party that afternoon and Blake was taking her, so there was nothing to worry about. She closed the bag, snapped it shut, and walked slowly to the door. As she opened it, she took one last look at the room. It was as if she would never be back in it again. She knew that she would be home the next morning, but it wouldn't be the same then.

Blake rose to his feet when Vicki entered the room. They tried to smile, but it was impossible to look natural. She couldn't look at her mother, seated in the chair by the fireplace. Blake opened the front door, and Vicki stepped out onto the porch.

"Have a good time, and please be careful. Those roads might be slick," her mother said.

"We will," she answered, "Bye, mother."

"Bye, Mrs. Hendrix," he echoed.

The roads were bad. Blake sometimes had trouble keeping the car under control. The snow was still coming down, although it was slacking a little.

Vicki didn't sit next to Blake as she usually did. He didn't ask her to. Sometimes she sat in the middle of the seat, but that day she sat very close to the door and looked out the window most of the time. It wasn't that she was afraid to look at Blake, but it was just more comfortable to avoid it whenever possible.

"Hope this snow stops. It's getting hard to keep the car on the highway." Blake finally broke the silence.

"How far is Horton from here?" she asked.

She knew how far it was. She had been there many times with her mother. But, it was something to say.

"Oh, about seventy miles, I guess. Did your mother ask any questions?"

"No. I told her that I would be home after church in the morning. She didn't say anything. Did yours?"

"No. She never does. This road had better get cleared, or we're going to be in a ditch before long."

Vicki twisted Blake's big class ring, the underside covered sufficiently with an uncomfortable looking roll of adhesive tape, around time and again on her finger. Several times she stopped herself, only to find that in a few minutes she had begun again. It was annoying.

She stared at Blake. He was different. His crew cut looked very short in the harsh glare of day. She saw the patch of pimples around his chin that she hadn't noticed in the dark car. His loud sport coat made her a little sick if she looked at it for too long. It was certainly a change from the tux that he had worn the night before.

They were both silent for a while.

"Darn this snow, it just keeps coming down. I should've put the chains on," Blake griped.

Vicki only nodded her head in answer as he turned toward the window. The snow was getting heavier. The fields were turning whiter as they passed them. She saw a dog walking along the side of the ditch beside the road. He looked so cold. She wished they could stop and pick him up, but she didn't mention it.

They were about fifteen minutes out of town when they noticed several cars ahead of them. As they drew nearer, they could distinguish police cars. It was a road-block.

Blake slowly pulled the car to a stop on the shoulder of the highway. A large man emerged from the black police car ahead of them and made his way against the heavy snowfall to their car. Vicki thought he must be terribly cold with that leather jacket on.

Blake rolled down the window as little as possible as the large man bent down.

"Sorry, son, but this road is closed because of the snow. It gets quite a bit worse farther up," he said. His words almost froze before he could get them out. "You can turn around over there."

They looked at each other as the man walked away. Blake rolled up the window and pulled out the small crumpled pack of cigarettes from his pocket. He pushed the lighter in and waited for a minute, then lit his cigarette.

"Guess we can't go through with it today," he said as the smoke blew leisurely from his mouth. "We'll have to put it off for a while. Can't get anywhere with the roads like this."

"Un-huh. I guess you're right," she answered.

She would have to tell her mother that the party had been postponed. That wouldn't be hard at all. She would just say that the snow was so bad that most of the kids couldn't come. They would have to get home early, though, if she was going to beat her daddy getting home. She wanted to be there when he walked in.

Blake turned the car onto the small road beside the highway and backed out.

Vicki watched the road-block disappear. She turned back around, smiling thinly to herself.

"You know, that was the best party last night that anyone has had all year," Blake said as a big grin spread over his face.

"Oh, Blake, I had a marvelous time!" she said.

"Say, hon, why don't you scoot over here by me?"

They were on their way home.

GIRL ON THE GLASS MOUNTAIN

YVONNE LINSIN

I am the girl on the glass mountain.
Don't ask me how I got here because I've been here a life.
From my glass castle I view everything.
I can only gaze; I am not an actor.
My escape is through rescue.
He tries to aid by adoring me.
He says, "You're beauty," pure and blue.
He equals vitality, I prove passive.
I need life.
I also seek something shiny.
I see it, but I can't ever feel it.
Do I need it or him?
His strength could only sustain me.
He never could help me.
I stay on this slippery crest . . . forever.

MORNING MOON-FALL

HESTER JAMES

AN early hour struck,
And outside in the air so pure
It hurt to breathe,
With watch-dog pines on heel
The morning moon fell.

GLOVER '56

