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SOMEONE BEST FORGOTTEN

Karen Prewitt, a freshman from Indianapolis, is interested in philosophy and radio and television. Karen won first prize in the Poetry Society contest and first place in the Freshman Writing Contest.

KAREN PREWITT

TWENTY feet down,
The gravel road separated me
From the park across the street
Where gold and brown trees stood over
Green benches, and on the ground the dead leaves crunched.
The trees outside my window that shaded Parkway Road
Rustled at me, and there was much soft rustly-crunching
In the cool air.

Then I felt strange;
I stopped and couldn't see anything
For the trees were trying to hide something on the road,
And the fallen leaves were trying to hide some sound.
And then I detected the sound of gravel softly crunching
Under the black tires, blending craftily with autumn,
And a big red car came into view quickly
And in pulling up beneath my window,
Before I could run out and away through the leaves,
Made the air crackle ominously rather than whisper and rustle.
The sun gilded the green leaves, diffused on the dead ones like moss,
And sparkled like water on the red car; and a chill went through me
Sent by the now alien air as I watched him knock on my door.

THE SECRET

Bonnie, a sophomore from Gulf Port, Mississippi, is an English major with a special interest in writing. She is a member of Poetry Society.

BONNIE BURKHALTER

SHE SAT IN THE WARM GRASS and listened to things grow all around her. It had always seemed strange to her, how she could almost hear things grow and come alive in the spring and summer. Joseph had laughed at her when she told him, but Joseph was too practical to hear things grow. She was the dreamer. She was the one who sat in the grass and delighted in feeling the warm sunshine slide down her back. She laughed as she watched a small grey rabbit eye her suspiciously and then decided she wasn't to be trusted and hop off. This time next summer she and Joseph would be married. Big, practical Joseph with the deep crinkles around his eyes when he laughed at her—she was deeply in love with him. Sometimes the love was solid and heavy within her—and sometimes, like today, the solidness melted, and the love rushed all over her.

There it was again . . . the same feeling . . . like small butterflies in her chest. She had felt the strange movement all through the day, and there was no reason for it. She was going to see Joseph tonight, but she knew instinctively that it was something more than that. She had had the same feeling once before when she and Joseph had stood together and watched the orange sun sink into the smooth green sea. She had never been able to explain the feeling exactly. It was as if she were very close to some secret thing deep within her . . . some beautiful secret that was hiding in her, waiting to be discovered. Today was the second time, and it was so insistent and penetrating that it almost frightened her.

The sun was losing most of its warmth now, and she knew she must get up and go into the house and help prepare the meal. With the coolness, the darkness came quickly, but she didn't seem to be able to move from the warm little spot she had made for herself.

She tilted her head back and saw the thousand glimmerings that were stars. She always thought of God and Joseph all at once when she saw something lovely and moving. She thought of them now as she watched the small flecks of light in the deep blackness of the sky. She listened to the absolute stillness of the night and breathed deeply of its coolness.

Then there was warmth and light all around her and the feeling engulfed her completely. The stillness of the night broke with the echoed beats of her heart.

"Hail, O favoured one! The Lord be with you."

The stars were suddenly lost in this other brightness. She didn't understand. What did He want with her? But she knew that this was the feeling.

"Fear not, Mary, you have found favour with God. You are to conceive and bear a son, and you must call his name Jesus. . . ."

The voice was everywhere. It was above her and completely around her. The brightness was so intense she could almost feel it seeping into her. She bowed her head and silently felt the peace seep through her . . . it seemed to start in her fingertips, and now it was all over her.

"I am here to serve the Lord. Let it be as you have said."

She bowed her head again, and listened to her secret speak to her, in the darkness, in the meadow.

FANCY ME!

Mary Elizabeth Cox, from Kansas City, Missouri, is a member of Poetry Society. She is majoring in art.

MARY E. COX

TODAY I'm Alice!
I feel like an Alice . . .
With my long straw hair
Rubbing my back.
I'm in Wonderland!
My whole day is Wonderland.
They go together,
My wonder, and Alice.
I want to purr and grin
Like the Cheshire cat,
I want to hurry, hurry like a
Long-eared rabbit.
Yesterday I was a Jane,
But today I am an Alice.
Tomorrow I will be queen.
My straw hair will be piled high,
I'll walk with grace and poise
To be an Elizabeth, (a queen).
But that is tomorrow, for today
I shall be your Alice.

HAIKU

Yvonne Linsin, a sophomore from Saint Louis, is an English major and an active member of Poetry Society.

YVONNE LINSIN

AUTUMN means dryness
In its sculptures and textures . . .
Old-sounding bronze leaves.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE CREEK COUNTRY

Suellen Purdue is a sophomore home economics major from Kell, Illinois. She grew up on a farm and loves the simple, beautiful life so sensitively described in her story.

SUELLEN PURDUE

TWINING IN AND OUT OF THE HILLS and bottomland of Southern Illinois is skinny little Horse Creek. It dodges the few cities and towns and moves slowly through and around the farms. Sometimes in the hot summer it disappears, or stands and becomes muddier, but we know it will never really go away.

On a knoll above the plentiful spring where Horse Creek originates, lies our farm—a maze of happy brilliance where red hogs greedily consume wagon-loads of corn, sparrows flicker on the tin barn roofs, and purple phlox stand high above grass and dandelions. What a contrast those vivid acres of animation and verve are to the drowsy creek below! Our farm is busy; it bubbles with living. Proof of this may be heard in the slamming of car-doors and house-doors as company comes and goes, in the whine of the wall telephone and the clicks of the receivers on the party-line, in the alto shouts of the lawnmower as the hired-man slowly shears the yard, and in the whurps of the tractors and the clatter of the machinery. Proof may be seen in the barn filled with bales of hay, in beds and borders of flowers and rose moss, in the sandpile full of toys, and the paths worn by hungry cattle at feeding time.

Early in the morning, a light mist hugs the creek; then as the sun comes up, the mist falls and becomes a part of the creek water blinking at the new light. The farm is awake with noise and the smells of breakfast and dew-wet earth. No alarm clock is needed—every morning at five o'clock the quilts are thrown back. Breakfast begins to take shape in the kitchen as Mama fries steak or hamburgers, and I make the muffins or biscuits. By the time the last bit of gravy has been spooned from the black iron skillet and the table is full, the men are in from the barns—the morning chores are done and appetites are big. Each hungry brother has his own breakfast peculiarity—Dick pampers his eggs with garlic salt and his gravy with mustard; Johnny spoons peanut butter and sorghum into his blue willow bowl and then proceeds with a disproportionate addition of milk and corn flakes. The motto of any breakfast table on the creek is meat and three glasses of milk for everyone. Occasionally our milk seems clearer and there isn't much cream; this is almost a certain sign that Johnny, my youngest brother, is on another lazy streak. He's been stopping at the pump and filling the milk bucket partly with well water—a few words in private from Papo tonight and the milk will be thicker tomorrow morning. In winter the milk is kept in the pantry. Since the tiny window above the milk crock is always open during the night, a thin layer of icy cream must be slivered off in the morning. Mama drops these flakes of frozen cream into her too hot coffee—they swirl and mingle like brown and ivory marble.

Our breakfasts are always accented by a variety of odors other than those associated with food. Johnny sits across the table from me, but I can always smell his shaving lotion. He's not a genuine farmer through and through—he even brushes his crew cut before he goes to milk the cows. Probably some day he'll live in town. Elijah, our hired-man, goes to the other extreme. Sanitation

is not one of his strong points as all five of my senses tell me when I'm near him. I believe he steps in the undesirable of the barnyard even when it would be easier to step on a clean spot, and this undesirable usually remains on his feet underneath our breakfast table. Sometime in October the air gets cooler and the pastures wear out; then every morning Papo has to climb up in the silo and throw down feed for the swarms of sleepy-faced cattle. The sweet odor of silage is like a heavy vapor which clings to Papo's bib overalls. This smell is even stronger than the fragrance of the Ivory Soap on my own freshly scrubbed hands and face. The air in the kitchen is warm and soft—not brittle like that in the bedroom—because Mama leaves the oven door open after she takes the hot bread out. This is the time when the sassafras tea tastes the best. The fresher the roots, the fresher the tea—and the cleaner and cooler your mouth feels afterward. Nobody seems to be in much of a hurry early these mornings. The harvest crops are in, the baby pigs from the August farrowing are big enough for pasture now, and the barns are all cleaned out—so things are calmer and we have to work only twenty-five hours a day instead of the usual twenty-eight.

Those slowed down fall mornings are a welcome relief from the flurry of the months past—the months when old cars full of hired men clutter our barn lot. They come at seven o'clock. This is Elijah's time to shine. When he was a boy, he worked for Grandfather and he's been here ever since. He swings his authority proudly—that is, when my father is not around. Even Elijah realizes that Papo is the only boss of our little one-hundred and eighty acres. Sometime in the last half of May the baler is pulled out of the machine shed and is given a close recheck: levers are tested, vital spots are scrutinized and greased, and the many little bolts that were tightened on lull days last winter are okayed. Then comes the syncopated chomp of the baler, and hay time is here. For us women it means that meals must be served in shifts all day long, for the baler must never stop except for a break down or morning-dew or rain. Boys come from the town and the creek country alike to go back and forth in the hot hay field from wagon to bale and back again. Their shirtless backs tighten, and each muscle wiggles as they bend down and slowly lift the heavy bales to their stomachs so they can drop them on the wagon. The sweat and dust mix, and water as muddy as the creek water runs down their red backs, soaking the dirty dungarees below. Crew cuts are thickened with sticking yellow straws, and grasshoppers torment the already itching arms. But the reward comes when the weeks progress, and thin arms begin to have a bulge above the elbow and brownish skin beams in the summer sun. Best of all is when the time comes to go buy new school clothes, and shirts must be a size larger through the shoulders. The hot hayfield is the scene of many firsts for the new boys. The older men get a devilish kick out of giving them their first tastes of tobacco; teasingly they promise the boys that chewing snuff is the real test of a man. Sometimes instead of becoming men, the boys become sick. Here in the hayfield, many of the younger and weaker ones speak their first cuss words. The town boys get their first taste of country work. And the country boys realize a little more fully what is in store for them.

All summer long, sounds float down the hill to the creek and bounce off the water in an echo. At night time the katydids and the crickets chirp on and on like a calliope interrupted by an occasional blur from a frog or a low murmur from an owl. During the day, bobwhites sing "bob white, bob white," a tune that tinkles rhythmic repetition. The mockingbird's repertoire is versatile; it repeats the soft crooning of the thrush and mocks the discordant twitter of the sparrow. These birds flutter on the hot barn roof, and pigeons whisper over the hay high in the rafters inside. Sometimes the sows won't cooperate with Elijah when he

is trying to move them to a new lot, and then his screams reverberate from hill to creek and back again—he bales and sometimes even cusses—if he's sure that Papo isn't home! The saddest noise I know is the constant bellow of weaning time. The first week of it is misery for calves, cows, and humans alike. Sad little calves just growing out of babyhood suddenly find a strong wire fence holding them away from their big warm mamas and good milk. Lonesome crying and piercing moos splinter the nights and days. No one is really happy until time calms the hurt and mends the bovine world again. On spring nights if the wind isn't blowing the Paradise Trees overhead, I can lie in the hammock and hear the soft baas of the baby lambs in our neighbor's pasture across the creek. Their new voices are sweet and almost melt on the night wind like the cotton candy at the country fair. In the daytime the sounds become more mechanical. The low steady drawl of the tractor out in the field is a sure sign that nothing is wrong, but occasional silences give us women folk back at the house many things to wonder about. It could mean that the men have run out of gas or that the ground isn't just right—maybe it's too wet. If the silence lasts too long, that dreaded danger which is repressed within every farm woman's mind comes forth—what if someone is caught in the machinery? Visions of the corn picker mangling a body, a leg going through the bailer, or a hand in the combine jump hauntingly in our minds. When the magnified silence ends and again we hear the familiar tractor drawl, we realize that nothing bad was wrong—Papo probably because sleepy and stopped for one of his customary five-minute naps on the ground. Late in September the apple trees heavy with Golden Delicious apples look like fat Christmas trees with all yellow bulbs. When a strong wind blows, the heavy ripe fruit drops to the ground. If you're close to the orchard, the thuds sound like the oldtimers patting their feet during the song service at a revival meeting.

Perhaps creek children are old-fashioned, but they are very happy. The playground equipment is the creek country itself. Grapevines hanging from old trees are the swings; slick grassy hills and bare cliffs are the slides. Our swimming pool, the cool, muddy creek, is always open except for a few weeks in the winter when we must be content to use only its surface—then the sleds and ice skates slip and slash over the thick freeze. But the thaw comes in a hurry, and, sooner than good sense allows, we are swimming in it again. In ways like this, our limitless playground and well-developed imagination furnish fun to be shared with both animal and make-believe playmates. A cat or dog becomes a human being with a personality all his own—he almost talks to you, and above all else, he listens. Teddy was my soft, tousled, white dog—a best friend filling the place of a sister or neighbor girl because there were none. (Our creek country is void on the young feminine side.) This was good for me—no one could be a better influence than Teddy. So many times his sensible good nature and happiness cast a foolish light on my human misdemeanors.

The creek playground extends into the woods where little boys learn to shoot at a frightening age. In the spring when the woods are full of mushrooms, we search for them, carrying brown paper sacks and walking through the brambles and tiny wildflowers of the new season. Then as May moves quickly in with warm air and more rains, you can almost watch the rye grow. By the middle of the month, the rye pasture is thick, and the slim golden heads wiggle in a mass movement over our own heads. Nowhere is there a better place to play hide-and-go-seek.

When the white bloom is on the blackberry briars, even the children stop their play. Now the corn must be planted. The little ones take turns riding on

the planter, watching the kernels of seed corn feed slowly through the tiny opening and fall into the loose earth in rows as straight as poplar trees. In a few weeks the blackberries ripen. They hang like heavy onyx bead clusters on the weak briars. We bundle ourselves in protective clothing, and, equipped with noisy tin buckets, go after the juicy, black fruit. We go early in the morning in an unsuccessful effort to beat the hot sun and hungry chiggers—but they are there. I have a feeling of regret when I leave the blackberry patch—always my bucket is too empty and my stomach too full; my hands are red and blue from briar tears and berry juice, and my face tickles after many bouts with the small networks of cobwebs in the edge of the woods where the berries are the biggest. Even if I've been picking on the north forty, walking back to the house can still be fun if I keep my eyes open. During the blackberry season, the birds seem more active and more obvious than at any other time. There are many little worn spots in the pasture where the tiny quail have tromped. In the creek bank the crawdaddies re-dig their knobby, gray mud-rimmed holes. Perhaps these are the same crawdaddies that the creek boys put in their little girlfriends' desks during the last restless weeks of school down at our one-room grade school. The creek water is not quite so muddy, and you can almost see minute catfish flipping. The thistle weeds and crabapple trees are beginning to bloom—the light purple of the thistle and the white of the crabapple blur and melt in the distant pasture like all the other softness of creek springtime.

It is when things are damp and fresh and gentle that the farm awakens from winter like a kitten awakening from a nap. Warmth even invades the barn which was musty and cold. The cows still stare as always, but now I can imagine a small smile in their overpowering eyes. Out in the new truckpatch, the tiny tomato vines begin to throw off their clinging odor, thin lettuce leaves spread and stretch in the black dirt, radishes grow fat, their straggly roots try to push the red bodies out of the earth, and spikes of green onions reach for the sky.

In our woods close to the creek's edge, there is a double willow tree. The two trunks bend away from one another forming a U-shaped seat which has been my youngest brother's favorite spot as long as I can remember. He sits in this secluded place and watches the bits of life which come and go—the slick snakes, the quarreling crows, the rabbits, and, occasionally, a skunk. In an unconcerned handwriting he scribbles things—poems like this—

THE YEAR AROUND ENTERPRISE OF RAISING CORN

When the bloom is on the blackberry,
And spring is in the air
The farmer's fancy turns to planting corn;
On his own or on the share.

He plows it all with the cultivator,
But the weeds still grow and sooner or later
They get to be so tall and so green
The rows of corn are hardly seen.

When the frost is on the nubbins,
And the geese begin to fly,
The farmer's fancy turns to shucking corn
And to crib it in the dry.

He just about broke even on the whole year's run:
Says he didn't make much money, but he sure had fun.

The end of each day for a Horse Creeker is like the end of the whole year's run—"he didn't make much money, but he sure had fun." Night comes early; in August it smells like green alfalfa and new mud. A damp breeze, like the moon blowing its breath over the creek, pours into our farm as we go to sleep.

COLOR-BLIND

Jan Johnson is a sophomore from Munster, Indiana. A member of Poetry Society, Jan is interested in English, psychology, and art.

JANET JOHNSON

HERE I am,
Couched in nothingness.
My world's door opens wide;
Love beckens loud; life is easy.
I graze on any grass I please.
See the green grass in the valley of loose-life, where greed grows?
And the one of MEMEME, my favorite: so green.

Those plain people on hybrid hill-pasture are skinny.
I am fat with my world's pleasures.
Do they stay for their keeper-leader, soft-speaking and white?
The skinny fools,
I am fat.
Why choose gray grass when there's green at hand?

JOPIE

Elizabeth Butler, a sophomore from Hampton, Iowa, is majoring in music and is a member of Mu Phi Epsilon.

ELIZABETH BUTLER

TEN-YEAR-OLD KEVIN RICHMOND walked slowly home from school . . . alone. Gee, he mused to himself, wouldn't it be nice if Ellen would let me have a dog? Ellen was his mother. He guessed it was more grownup that way. As he approached the huge house complete with asphalt drive-way and white pillars, he wrinkled his nose in mild disgust. It was a nice house and big, but he was lonely. He couldn't help it if his mother was rich and the other kids at school didn't like him. He needed something, somebody for a friend. If only. . . .

He bounded up the steps, threw open the door, and shouted, "Ellen, Ellen. Where are you, Ellen?"

A tall, rather graceful woman with long black hair walked, or rather glided, into the massive hallway. "And how's my darling?" she said as she tried to hug him. Kevin pulled away, shrugging her off a little. My gosh, he was ten, going on eleven.

"Ellen". . . .

"Yes, dear? Do you want me to read to you from The Book?" The Book was his and Ellen's special possession. Ellen had given it to Kevin after his father's death. They read from it almost every night.

"No, Ellen. I wanted to ask you something very special." He looked up at her with pleading eyes and sucked in his breath a little. Oh, if only . . . "Well," he burst out, "can I have a dog, Ellen?"

"A dog? Why Kevin, what ever in this world would you do with a dog?"

"Well, all the other kids have dogs, and I, and I just thought that maybe . . ." he faltered.

"I'll give serious consideration to the matter later. But let's read now, hmm?"

The following Saturday, a pick-up truck bearing the sign SHADY OAK KENNELS rolled up in front of the Richmond mansion, as everybody in town called it. A man got out of the truck and lifted a small wire cage from the back end. Kevin was outside playing and saw the truck. As soon as he saw the kennel sign, he whooped and ran to the man. From out of the small wire cage jumped a lively, golden cocker spaniel puppy.

"Ellen, it's here, it's here," he yelled, as he ran carrying it to the house.

Ellen had a faint smile on her face; she was amused and delighted with Kevin's happiness. "Darling Kevin, what is his name?"

Oh, a name. He hadn't thought. Wait a minute. How about Joseph? Yes, that sounded very nice and just right for a dog. But in his excitement he blurted out, "Jopie."

And Jopie it was. In the weeks that followed, there were no two happier friends. Kevin even sneaked Jopie into his bed one night; but Ellen came to read to Kevin, and she put a stop to that.

After a few months, Kevin began to wonder a little about what Ellen thought of Jopie. She never says anything about him, he thought, and she's only petted him once—when I got him.

She was sitting in the study reading the paper as he approached her. "Why, Kevin, I thought you were out playing with that little dog," she said in a rather funny tone of voice, it seemed to Kevin.

"He's not little, Ellen. Haven't you seen Jopie? He's gettin' bigger."

Kevin saw a strange look on her face. I don't think she likes him, he thought. And he must have looked funny, for Ellen spoke, "Now, dear, I was just making a joke. Come on, can't you, and let me read? You're with that dog so much lately that I hardly see you except at meals."

"O.K. I haven't heard a good story for a long time. I guess Jopie will be all right, huh?"

"Certainly, Kevin."

The next Saturday morning while Kevin was out with Jopie, he thought Jopie was acting very strangely. That night, Kevin woke up. Was that a barking noise? No, he was just dreaming. When he woke up the next morning and ran down to the kennels, Jopie was gone. "I can't find him. He's gone, he's gone!" he cried.

He buried his head in Ellen's lap and sniffled a little. Ellen smoothed his hair and said in a gentle voice, "Kevin, dear, last night Jopie was very ill. I heard him barking, and I got up. When I called down to the kennel, Roberts said Jopie had just died. I'm so terribly sorry, dear."

Kevin looked at her in disbelief. Dead? That was something he couldn't face. That was what had happened to Dad a long time ago. But what was it? Wouldn't he ever see Jopie again? And he buried his face once more in Ellen's lap and sobbed gently.

The next day, Kevin didn't go to school. He told Ellen that he just didn't feel like it, and he begged her to let him stay home. He was outside wandering aimlessly in the garden. Jopie . . . where are you, Jopie, he called silently.

Suddenly, from behind a bush, crawled Mr. Teabury, the gardner. "Why, hello thar', young 'un. Why ain't you in school?"

"I . . . I don't know. I just didn't feel like it."

"Sure too bad about that there little dog of yours. A shame your mother wanted to get rid of it."

Almost speechless, Kevin said, "Get rid of . . . how, why?"

"Why, your mother told me that the dog was too much trouble, and would I please get some poison and take care of it? I sure hated to, it being such a nice . . . Hey, where are you goin', young feller?"

Kevin was already running to the house. He ran through the kitchen and upstairs to the library. Somehow, he just couldn't see straight. His hands were shaking. Slowly and carefully, he climbed up on the small step-ladder and reached to the uppermost shelf. The Book. He had hold of it now. Slowly, like a sleepwalker, he got down off the ladder. I must find her, he thought. He carried the heavy book with care and walked into Ellen's bedroom. He stood in the doorway holding it, trembling and slightly swaying. "Why, there you are. How do you feel now, Kevin?" his mother asked gently.

Almost before she had finished her sentence, he hurled The Book to the floor in front of her and ran out of the room.

FOR THE NEW YEAR

Mr. Blackwood, known to many Lindenwood alumnae, was formerly the minister of the Presbyterian Church in St. Charles. He is now at the college church in Wooster, Ohio.

JAMES R. BLACKWOOD

GIVE me enough rope
And I will hang
Myself a bell
Under an old oak beam
And clang into every open ear
From this heavy, dangling year
 The sound of hope.
Give me enough rope,
An iron tongue—
Let this back ache
And these hands blister
For Jesus' sake,
As I heave my one theme
 Of hope, hope, hope
Across the slate and tile and brick
Of my little bishopric.

RAIN IS REAL AND DECEIVING

"Cornny," a sophomore from Lubbock, Texas, is an English major. She is a member of Poetry Society and is on the GRIFFIN staff.

CORNELIA CHILDS

RAIN IS DECEIVING. On the surface, the outside surface of my windowpane where it spits, rain invites me to think hard. It allures me to calmness. The deepening of twilight cools the warmth left in my body by the sun, and my enthusiasm is chilled to a dull peace. I am invited to be warm and absorb the pleasure of the soft chair as it cushions my body while I flip the pages of a novel. Hot chocolate. It soothes my system; it helps me to think more deeply into the almost reality of my book. A knock. No friend steals this mood from me. At the door, the real rain slaps my skin and spreads over my body, awakening vigor with a convulsive chill.

THE LEATHER JACKET

Carol Griffiee was a freshman at Lindenwood last year. Now a student at the University of Tulsa, she is on the editorial board of NIMROD, the creative writing magazine published there.

CAROL GRIFFEE

TRACY DUMPED THE CLOTHES from the box into the middle of the bedroom floor and stood there, hands on hips, disgust twitching at the depressed corners of her mouth. The jacket wasn't there either.

"Why that . . . !" Here Tracy stopped, realizing what she was about to call her mother. And, even now, in the strangely silent house, she could hear her mother's reproachful voice rasping, "Nice girls don't say such things, Tracy. At least around here they don't."

Secretly, however, Tracy added the last word to herself.

Without stopping to stuff the scattered clothing back into the box, Tracy turned to the closet again and grappled for the suitcase on the floor. It was stuck, wedged between the door jam and the sewing machine.

Her rubber-soled tennis shoes provided sound traction as she tugged away, while short strands of straight blond hair continued to plague her vision—adding to her angry frustration. Finally, in despair, she stood up and sent a well-aimed kick into the staunch and indignant-looking suitcase.

"Oh! Why don't you come out of there?" Tracy's own voice startled her. It was loud and shrill, despite her attempt to control herself. She sent more kicks into the closet until she had moved the portable sewing machine to the back and away from the door. Now the suitcase slid out easily at her pull.

She repeated her procedure and dumped the clothes onto the other pile. Her hands, with the too-wrinkled palms, the grubby knuckles, and the diamond ring that appeared misplaced, rummaged quickly through the heap. She stood up. The jacket wasn't there either.

She wished her mother were home from the beauty parlor. Then she'd pester her into telling where the coat had been hidden.

A car door slammed. Tracy raced through the house, tripping over the boxes and trunks in the dining room, until she reached the front door and stood looking resolutely at the empty driveway. The Buick was not there. Instead, a laundry delivery truck was parked across the street, motor still running, while the driver knocked on the neighbor's door.

The only signs of life around her house were a few flies that buzzed expectantly at the screen door, and her dog who lay panting in the moist, rich brown earth under the big evergreen tree, staring at her with his big brown cocker eyes. These were the pleading eyes Tracy couldn't resist. She opened the screen door several inches, and cooed, "Come on, Cookie." The dog slipped through the door, padded across the hardwood floor, and plopped down under the dining room table.

Tracy's hand reached for the telephone by the door. She had a wild desire to call her mother and demand where she had hidden the jacket. She could even envision what she would say over the phone. "Mother! You might as well accept the fact. I'm not leaving here until I find that jacket and can take it with me. It'll save us both a lot of trouble if you'll just tell me where you put it." There would be a pause while her mother protested. "There are lots of reasons I want that coat, and I don't care if I *am* the only one up there with one!"

She lifted the receiver and then just as quickly replaced it. It wouldn't do any good to phone her, she realized, for her mother would only answer, "We'll wait until I get home to discuss this matter." Also, her chances of ever hearing her mother's voice on the telephone were dim. She could hear Bonnie, the operator, saying, "Well, if it's important enough for you to get your mother from under the dryer, then it's important enough for you to walk down here about!"

Tracy sighed and stuck her hands in her slacks pockets. Everything was so strange and still around her house. She was finding it hard to adjust to this quietness and lack of activity; it was so different from the busy senior year in high school she had spent, and from the rhythmic clicking of several typewriters and teletype machines in the office where she worked. The memories left her empty and a little bit afraid.

Again a car door slammed. This time Tracy watched as her mother, middle-aged and meticulous-looking, walked up the driveway, carrying sacks of groceries. The daughter opened the door. "Hi!" There was a frown in Tracy's voice as her mother passed by.

"Hi, Tracy. Guess who I saw at the beauty parlor today?" Her mother set the groceries on the chair and turned to admire and retouch her hair by the living room mirror.

Tracy wasn't interested. Instead, she blurted, "All right, mother where'd you put it?" Even though her mother's back was to her, Tracy could see in the mirror the disappointed and then disgusted twist that overtook the older woman's mouth, and she could anticipate her mother's answer.

"Where'd I put what, Tracy?" she asked, in all innocence, as Tracy knew she would.

Tracy sat down heavily in the nearest chair with an "oh-here-we-go-again" air. "You know what I'm talking about, Mother. Where'd you hide my leather jacket?"

"That thing!" she cried. "If I've told you once, Tracy, I've told you a thousand times, you're not going to take that dirty thing to college with you!" Her mother's voice was rising and firm, but so was Tracy's.

"And, as I told you, Mother, I'm not leaving here until I find that jacket and can take it with me."

"You're going to college all right."

"Not until I find that jacket," Tracy reaffirmed.

"I just don't understand you, Tracy. Why anyone would want to wear a boy's brown leather jacket to a girls' school is beyond me."

Tracy had never been able to tell her mother just why she had wanted the leather jacket or why she wore the "thing," as it was called. Instead, her answer always came out, "Just because I like the coat—that's all. Is there anything wrong with that? Just because I like it. It's warm too, and plenty practical."

"If your brother were here and not so big, I think I'd turn him over my knee for a good spanking just for buying the coat, much less giving it to you!" Tracy's mother vehemently pushed a last curl back into place and then picked up the groceries. Tracy followed her into the kitchen silently.

Tracy smiled to herself. It was strange, knowing how her brother delighted in getting her into trouble, that her mother had never found out how she actually acquired the jacket. "Here, Jack. Here's some of my Christmas money. Now the jacket's down at Hunt's. For gosh sake, don't let Mother know you're

getting it for me. She'd have a fit." She had slipped him twenty dollars during this quiet conversation and had watched him plow through the snow in his MG toward town. They had had it all planned out. He had worn the coat for about a week, and then announced to his family, "Hell, I don't want this jacket. I need something real jazzy to go with my MG."

"Why don't you give it to me then?" Tracy had asked.

"You don't want this, Tracy. This is a boy's jacket!" Jack had protested to make it look good.

"But I do want it!" Tracy had pleaded.

"Well, for gosh sakes, take it!" With his typical casual air at its best, Jack had thrown the jacket to her and then winked as he walked past her to the door. But now, Jack was probably afraid of his mother's wrath for being part of the conspiracy; he had never told her.

Her mother was speaking again, and Tracy jumped out of her reflections to listen. "Now, if you really want a jacket to take to school, I'll be glad to buy you one of those pastel ones like all the girls are wearing. But I just can't see you take a beat-up thing like that with you."

Tracy gestured helplessly for a moment as she struggled for more ammunition to support her front-line defense. "That's just it, Mother," she finally wailed. "All the girls are wearing them. I don't want to be just like all the other girls. I want something different! So help me, I get sick and tired of seeing those exact little replicas come off the assembly line every day. You'd think someone would have enough guts to stand—"

"Tracy!" Her mother's half-horrified, half-scolding snap interrupted.

Tracy continued as if her mother had never voiced a reproach. "Yes, have the guts to stand up and be just a little different from anybody else. That's the trouble nowadays. Everybody's afraid to express a little free will for fear someone will call them different!"

"That's enough out of you! Don't you shout at me, young lady. I've given in to your wants and wishes for as long as I can remember, and this is one time I'm going to express a little free will of my own! Now you listen to me." Her mother paused for a moment to wipe her hands on her apron while she collected her thoughts. Tracy took advantage of the situation.

"But, Mother, can't you see? I'm not like you; I don't go in for frills and laces and pastel shades. Whereas you wouldn't want to, I do want to be the only one on campus with a boy's leather jacket. And I don't expect you to see my point of view, but all I do want you to do is tell me where you put it." Tracy's voice had changed from a shrill shout to a lower, easier flow.

The corners of her mother's mouth tightened, and her jaw was set as she began pulling left-overs from the refrigerator. It was easily going to be the toughest battle of many Tracy had ever fought with her mother. The knowledge of it made her tense but more determined as she hoisted herself into a sitting position on the counter and waited.

"Do you really know why I don't want you to wear that jacket, Tracy?" her mother finally began.

"Seems as though I've heard it enough!"

"Well, I really don't want people to say, 'There goes that ruffian, Tracy Wilson. Looks like a boy, doesn't she, with that short hair and leather jacket? It's a wonder her mother lets her dress like that!' That's why, Tracy. And don't think they won't say it, either."

Tracy bit her lip to keep from saying something too entirely bitter and cutting. But her determination did not lag. "All I'll do, Mother, is take some

of my money from this summer and buy me another one when I get off to school. There will be twenty dollars saved if you tell me where you hid it."

Mrs. Wilson turned the fire under the soup to "Low." She did not speak, but Tracy could see the slight let-down in her mother's shoulders and the slowing of her motions as she prepared lunch. And, from previous experience, Tracy knew she was near the point of giving in.

A silence fell. The scrape of the spoon stirring the soup. The thump of Cookie's hind leg on the floor as she chased a flea. The drone of the flies at the screen door. These were the only sounds that broke the heavy, humid atmosphere.

"I don't know why you have to be so much like your father, Tracy. Obstinate, determined, bull-headed, argumentative—and, different." She added the last word with a slight touch of hesitancy and regret.

"Dad was a good man, Mom. You know that as well as I do. Sure, he stood up for what he believed, but you yourself said that was one of his better qualities." This was Tracy's fondest defense.

Her mother continued to stir the soup. Cookie was still running the flea. More flies buzzed expectantly at the screen door. Another car door slammed. The hum of the electric clock added to the suddenly loud syncopated symphony.

Tracy found herself squirming on the cabinet top wishing that she could retrieve time to begin this scene over again. To calm her screeching nerves, she snatched a can of dog food from a grocery sack and began fiddling with a torn edge of the label.

The stirring stopped momentarily. "If you want to spend that twenty dollars, Tracy, then you'll be the one who's out that money."

Tracy slammed the can to the cabinet top with such force that a circle indentation remained from the impact. Like an infuriated cat, she lunged from her perch and ran from the kitchen into the living room where she picked up a pillow from the sofa and buried her head in the silken folds. Here she tried desperately to check the flood of stinging tears that welled in her eyes.

"Where, where, where, would mother hide such a thing?" she asked herself, rolling over on the sofa on her back and holding the multicolored pillow at arm's length. "Just where?" she asked the pillow again inaudibly.

She stared past the pillow as she made a mind's eye inventory of the house. "No, I've already searched Mom's and Jack's rooms, and she certainly wouldn't be dumb enough to put it in mine. There's no place to put it in the basement, and she can't get into the attic because of her back."

Suddenly Tracy was up. Her long legs became entwined among the boxes and trunks in the dining room again as she made for the front hall and bounded up the stairs two-at-a-time.

Tracy didn't know why they called the guest bedroom that because they never had guests unless Jack would bring home some fraternity brothers from the university. And this was the exception rather than the rule. As she came into the room now, it made Tracy think of the old trunk Jack had left the last time he was home. "Mom, my steamer's pretty beat. What do you think about leaving it here this semester?"

Impatiently she tugged at the closet door which "never had been fixed" until it creaked open and the trunk loomed large in the half-empty closet. If it were locked, she'd "croak."

"Thank God!" she muttered, jerking the lid open. The musty mothball odor tingled her nose as she thought, "Well, now, it certainly wouldn't be on

top," and clawed past several old house dresses, a baby bonnet, some crocheting her mother had never quite finished, a catcher's mitt both she and Jack had used, and finally, her father's old army coat.

Then Tracy saw it.

The shadows of the closet darkened the interior of the trunk, but Tracy knew that it was the jacket just the same. Whipping a shock of bothersome blond hair out of her eyes, she lurched forward and grabbed the coat from its haven.

It wouldn't come at first—almost as if it were deliberately defying her—but without stopping to see what was holding it, Tracy pulled unmercifully. Suddenly she stopped. As the jacket abruptly emerged, there had been a long, terrifying ripping sound. She hesitated, gave the coat a momentary going-over, and finding no torn place, said, "But leather doesn't rip anyway!"

Her mother glanced up as she walked into the kitchen, but instead of turning around and snapping "Tracy, take that thing off this instant!" as she half-expected she would, Mrs. Wilson made no attempt to stop her. The clicking of the knife on the cutting board continued as she sliced the bread. Tracy stood, feet spread apart, in the middle of the floor, the jacket slung nonchalantly over her shoulder.

Tracy stared at her mother in wide-eyed disbelief. Her lips were wet and parted, her nostrils flared. She had been ready for another fight, but evidently there was none coming. Instead, Tracy noted the protruding shoulder blades in her mother's back, the tensed neck, the faint trembling of the hands as she fought to control herself. From outward signs, Tracy could guess that her mother was inwardly repeating, "It's her life, I won't say another thing." With this realization, she sighed a secret smile of feeble victory.

Slowly, methodically, somewhat stunned, Tracy stuck her arm down the left sleeve and another down the right sleeve until the coat was completely on, and she could feel the stickiness of the lining against her perspiring skin. She walked toward the door.

"Lunch will be ready in just a minute, Tracy." Tracy turned at the door to look again at her mother's back. Then she spun around and bolted through the door, Cookie at her heels.

Tracy stooped down to give her dog a half-hearted pat before going to the car. Straightening up, she suddenly saw it—a long, writhing rip in the sleeve of her brown leather jacket.

THE OFFERING

Nancy Aikens, a freshman from Sioux Falls, South Dakota, is planning to major in either biology or elementary education.

NANCY AIKENS

WINTER trees
Hold up black lace
With passionate fingers:
A pale sky stares coldly down
Rejecting.

HOW is it you say
I'm sorry
To be—
To be me?
When I sing out
Run, jump, salt-summer
Through soaked moon-grass . . .
How can I say,
It feels good
To be me?
When I sample
Apples, worm-green,
Flop beside your warmness,
How can I say
Regardez! Can you . . .
Like I see?
When I stretch
Laughing at life
From where I lie,
How can I say
It's lonely
To be—
To be me?

IMPRESSIONS OF MONTMARTRE

Alice Prouty Root, a senior, is editor of the GRIFFIN and worked on the staff last year. An English major, Alice is interested in writing children's stories.

ALICE PROUTY ROOT

CONGESTED AROUND THE HILL which houses Sacre Coeur in that city of diversities which is Paris, lies Montmartre, the center of Bohemian life. Narrow cobblestone paths wind round and round, up and down through this French village. Tourists and Parisians alike swarm through the cobblestone labyrinths, clutching and pushing at each other to squeeze into one of the tiny shops before it is filled to its capacity.

All paths eventually lead to the Place de Montmartre which is the busiest section of the village. In the center, a triad of colorfully dressed violinists in three adjoining sidewalk cafes strain finger and bow to be heard and to attract customers over the bustle of activity. A formally-dressed waiter hustles across the cobblestones carrying a tray of strange-looking foods, around which flies buzz demandingly.

In the streets surrounding the cafe, bearded artists wearing smocks and berets paint the tourists' pictures for three-hundred francs. An obese woman bustles and shoves her way from one artist to another attempting to secure the most flattering unlikeness of herself.

A few steps away an artist with his long, shaggy red beard falling over his black and orange striped turtle-neck finishes a slab of *paillard* by licking his grimy fingers noisily and then stoops to wash his hands in the gutter. This attempt at cleanliness ends by his transferring the stagnant water from his hands to the already greasy and spotted front of his tight black pants.

From the distance a car horn begins to sound and gradually comes closer. The narrow streets barely permit a car to pass, and lacking sidewalks, people crowd the streets. As the car inches forward, tourists turn around curiously to discover the cause of the confusion. The Parisians do not even bother to look back. The driver, impatient, honks even louder.

In the doorway of a small souvenir shop, the same obese woman picks greedily at the Parisian pictures—Montmartre—Champs Elysses—Place d' Étoile—Versailles—as well as at the gaudy Montmartre curios. The shopkeeper hurries out and admonishes her for handling his merchandise. She shrugs her chubby shoulders and mutters scornfully to her companion, a small, rather anemic-looking man. They move out of the doorway and on to the next shop. In the distance at the top of the hill, the setting sun casts radiant beams of red and gold upon the chalk white dome of Sacre Coeur.

WHY NOT?" she demanded. The explanation was lengthy, and her long silence was at first one of patience, but soon she began to tap her foot—tap . . . tap . . . tap. A monotonous rhythmic sound—leather slapped against tile. Then she twisted her body, almost violently, to face the other direction. Jerking the phone from her ear, she scowled into it, then yelled (even though it was quiet hours), "Blast it! How can I be an understanding soul?"

The receiver crackled, and she mocked, "'George asked me to help him prepare the invitation to our spring party. After all, George is the president.'" Without allowing any interruption, she continued by facetiously inquiring, "And pray tell, since when have you become the politician?" She smiled affectionately at the answer sputtering through the receiver. It was quite obvious that she was hardly listening. She had that same nostalgic look on her face that weary old women sometimes get while rocking in their rockers. Her voice, however, remained forceful as she announced, "Durant is only the greatest philosopher alive today. Joe, you know I'm going to that lecture even if I have to slide on the ice all the way there."

I think Joe was trying to talk her out of going at all. At any rate, her response during his argument was merely to shake her head as if to say, "No, Joe, no. You're wrong, Joe. I'm going." Her lips tightened and her head continued to move back and forth in a negative direction. Back and forth until she answered, her voice lowered beneath her former level of belligerence, "It's just that I thought you wanted to go too."

His short answer inflamed her to shout, "Well, if you want to, why don't you?" Immediately she mumbled, more to herself than to Joe, "Don't answer, I already know—it's your obligation to the fraternity." Without pause she returned swiftly to Joe. "Something tells me you're carrying that obligation all the way to China on your back. And the girl you're pinned to just can't understand why you want to go to China!"

After this eruption, the girl (Polly was her name) allowed the conversation to end gently. It ended gently because both Polly and Joe were sensible friends first; irrational lovers second. The receiver was not bashed brutally onto the hook in a final emotional outburst for the sake of display at one highly dramatic moment. No, Polly and Joe were not showmen: they were honestly, sincerely involved. Each valued the other first, last, but when convenient. Unfortunately this was not a "when convenient" time on Joe's part, but was on Polly's. Even more unfortunate was that these little conflicts, as Joe called them, were becoming more and more frequent lately. I know Polly was attempting a rational approach, trying not to appear disappointed; but she didn't succeed too well. She reminded me of a lily still in the florist's shop the day after Easter.

Polly walked to the auditorium that night—alone. She could have ridden with Sue and her boy friend. Or she could have taken the bus. But Polly wanted to walk.

Do you know how it is to walk sixteen blocks on a crisp-cold night? If you had been beside Polly, you would have noticed many interesting things about that night—some of them even beautiful. Polly would have pointed them out to you. She's like that. . . .

As she passed that house at 4218 North Baring Avenue, she studied it for the nth time. If you had said, "A penny for your thoughts," Polly would have laughed and answered, "Oh, I'm an advocate of complete honesty. And that house is very honest." You might have mused, How silly. How can a house be honest? As if it reached Polly by mental telepathy, your idea would have inspired her to say. "The lines of that house are simple, essential, yet pleasing. It isn't all glooped up with shutters that don't work, gaudy wrought iron copied from the French quarter of New Orleans, or some other such sins of style. The eaves, well, the eaves are quite nice. They're short enough not to detract and long enough to shade and eliminate those hideous drain pipes which cling to corners.

Polly thought about these things every time she passed that house at 4218 North Baring Avenue. Joe liked this house too. She remembered the first night they had stopped, standing in silence and awe. They both admired the way the house seemed to have grown up out of the ground like a majestic tree. It looked as if the builders had not disturbed anything already planted; they just let the house be born in the most logical place. She and Joe had then exchanged thoughts on her favorite subjects—honesty in this house, among other things. She remembered how she had explained to him why she was such a casual-looking body. He had liked her that way then. Even now her hair was still a little straggly, straight, short, but shiny. Then he had said, "It's just like the house—cleaned by the winds—the most natural way to be. Don't ever clamp it down with pins."

He even liked her better for not wanting to wear lipstick since it was something she considered false, dishonest as a lie, unnatural. She had explained she only succumbed to the necessary conformity since it was the lesser of two evils—the other being that without lipstick she would most likely be mistaken for a "member of some fanatical religious sect." Besides, she liked society as a whole, even though she didn't approve of all its separate parts, and wearing lipstick was the least she could do; it made her somehow less detached. Yes, Joe had approved then. He had kissed off her lipstick then and there, ruffling her hair, wrinkling her boyish shirt which soon flopped out of her loose skirt. He had said, "To hell with society. You are more pleasing to me without lipstick. And that's what counts." He had added in a whisper not intended for Polly's ear, "I hope."

Polly now thought, "Yes, Joe, that's what counts, isn't it?—You had hoped then; I still hope now." They had been so happy then, basking in their collegiate idealism. But Joe had changed since that night a spring ago. Now he wanted her to be more sophisticated, like the girls his fraternity brothers dated. Oh, he had never said anything directly, but had just casually mentioned how smart Madelyn looked (Madelyn wore black sheath dresses and false eyelashes—no wonder George gave her his pin). And Louise was such a cute trick with that new flock of curls sprayed to stay. Polly didn't change though; she couldn't. Within the past year she seemed to have grown at an angle away from Joe instead of bending with him to form that parallelism they had once enjoyed. What sadness this could be was the wind beating against her bare face; it was the stab of the cold steel blade of a lonely winter's night; it was the numb ears and red nose, the cold hands and pained feet. But tomorrow would be a warming, comforting day—it would be a glorious day—the beginning of a new quarter and a fresh schedule of courses, including geology.

* * *

When Sue returned that evening Polly was getting ready for bed. Sue was a persistent friend, forcing her generous self upon all who needed her services:

she was a "Father-confessor" as she termed it (like the Catholic father who listens to confessions). Besides revelling in other people's vigorous tales of loves, life, and sex, she listened to the related problems, then helped the poor troubled people solve them (or pay penance). Sue was truly a practising psychologist even though she had never taken any courses in that department. She encouraged her friends to practise Freud's method of free association. Not knowing any Freudian terms, Sue tabbed the process as "just talking the whole thing out—with me." Sue liked Polly because Polly never had any problems to be solved, or if she did, she preferred to solve them herself, secretly, thus challenging Sue's method of extraction. That night Sue flopped on Polly's bed, sighed, and asked, "Polly, what's the matter with your P.Q.?"

Polly quickly retorted, "My pep quotient's fine."

"Looks kind of ill to me."

"Well, it isn't. Now get off my bed, I want to get in it."

"What for?"

"To sleep, Silly."

"Silly Sue, that's me."

"Well, I see you're not going to leave for a while, so I guess I'll just have to make myself comfortable—in my own room at that. Here, join me in a cigarette."

"Thanks. Now tell me all about it, Pepless Polly."

Pepless Polly felt pooped, and wished to push friend Sue out the door. Instead she relieved herself by confessing, "I'm unhappy with Joe."

Sue raised that one eyebrow (as if all this was a new bit of gossip for her), and quietly asked in just the right tone, "Oh?"

Polly stared at her cigarette, started to speak, but didn't. Finally she blurted, "Joe broke our date tonight as you know. We've been quarrelling lately. We just don't click together anymore. Period—that's it."

"That's it, huh. Well, I see his pin on your dresser. 'Course, you're not wearing it, but you'd probably be slightly off beam to wear it on your pajamas anyhow."

"Oh, we haven't had the clash yet. I hope we don't. We may not, you know." Polly smiled as she continued, "You know they say where there's life there's hope."

"Well, I see the life, but your hope?"

"Tomorrow," Polly answered slowly, methodically.

"Tomorrow never comes, but explain on."

"Tomorrow is a new semester, new leaf in the old book, just like a fresh start on a brand new year—you know, all that rot." She forced herself to laugh.

"Ah, yes, of course; please pass the bread, there went the baloney."

"I swear, it's the truth," she cried, indignant.

"Details?"

"None."

"Now I know you're lying—right through your teeth," Sue laughed.

"Lordy! Let me win just this once, will you?" Polly pleaded.

"Heavens! Dear, half the story is almost as bad as no story at all. What do you think I call myself the Father-confessor for? After all, I don't do this sort of thing for money. So let's be thorough."

"Well, Joe and I both enrolled in Dr. Blake's geology course. Now you know that's a challenge for anyone—especially Joe." She added to herself (but Sue heard), "Wonderful Joe."

"Why Joe, Wonderful Joe?"

Polly's face flushed. She resented her emotions showing—not even Sue should be allowed to witness such a revelation. "Well," she nevertheless continued, "everyone, including Joe, knows that Dr. Blake never gives the same final twice. Every year he revises the course—not only to insure his students learning the materials, but to vary his own work as well. And everyone just accepts the fact that Dr. Blake's geology course is one of the toughest in the curriculum."

"Yes, Polly, I know all this. You seem to forget I've enrolled in that class too. Sure, I've heard the man was pretty tough. And at his age too! Tch, tch. But don't kid yourself, Honey. Joe's going to make it long before either of us. He's smart. We *both* should know that."

"Oh, I *do* know he's intelligent. But he just sits on it."

"So?"

"So, in this course he can't! Sit on it, I mean. It'll just be impossible. He just can't get copies of the tests and the final from the file cabinets in the house," Polly explained enthusiastically.

"His honor has been reduced to that?"

"All his fraternity brothers practise the sin, he says. That's his defense. And, he thinks, the justification." She dropped her head as she continued, "Joe never resorted to such a low level in high school or even in his first year here. But these last two years—"

"All hell's broke loose, eh?"

"Oh, I hope not," Polly gasped. "Tomorrow—"

The next morning (tomorrow) Polly endured her first class in a state of happy anticipation. She spent the following hour in the library where Joe was supposed to meet her at this time this morning. But he wasn't there. However, she refused to think about it—he probably had a very legal excuse, this being a day of confusion anyhow. The first day of a new quarter always is. . . . When the time came, she gathered together her new-but-used geology book, note paper, and other various necessities, then plowed through the beautiful new snow to Hanley Hall where geology was to be taught. The snow symbolized the new leaf in her old book for Polly. She thought of this each time she cut a new track, hoping her tracks were the most beautiful and best she could possibly make.

She was late to geology. Consequently, her first thought was not to find Joe's location, but to sit down and dissolve this unnecessary conspicuousness. She organized her books and other belongings; finally settled, she stole that customary glance down to her sweater where Joe's pin rested. Joe's pin—immaterial in itself, but representative of something intangible and quite precious. She smiled, looked up towards everyone in the class, searching for Joe. She didn't see him anywhere. She did see Sue, Sue signalling something she (Polly) couldn't translate. Sue wrote it down and passed the note to her. Polly thought, "How juvenile. Passing notes—should have left that habit in the eighth grade with the forgetting to wash behind my ears." Polly opened the note anyhow, and read, "I saw Joe just before class. He was standing by the door waiting for you, but you didn't come. So he told me to tell you he decided to take the econ. course instead this hour. He's sorry, says he'll meet you. . . ." How many times had Polly heard Joe laugh about that econ. course—such a snap, he had said, with that simpleton of a prof.—why you could get away with murder.

Sue was wrong, of course. She had to be. Sue had to be wrong. A near-panic condition seized Polly. She futilely searched again for Joe. Polly didn't see

Joe, but she did recognize a girl whom she and Joe had met at a party once. Her name was Diane, pronounced D-yawn, and Polly remembered D-yawn was from New York City, but she spoke with a slightly Southern accent "to make her even more distinguished," Joe had explained. "To make her more of a fake," had been Polly's rebuttal. And sitting next to D-yawn was an overly slender girl, perched on the edge of her chair, head forward (as they teach in modeling school) with her legs crossed, knees exposed (because her flame-red skirt was also unnaturally slim). Polly noticed that this girl, who reminded her of a jet ready to take off, had even slenderized her eyebrows into skinny lines, too perfect to be pretty. She also noticed this girl was pinned. Polly saw these two girls, plus too many others like them, just "too, too chic for words," but Polly didn't see Joe. She felt nauseated. Again Polly's eyes scanned the room. But Joe was not there, Joe was not there—it was true. Sue wasn't wrong after all.

Her cheeks flushed, her eyes smarted; she was forced to blink and lower her head to hide the quiver of her mouth.

"Enough of this," she whispered, loud enough for her neighbor to hear and turn to observe her queerly.

"Enough," she repeated, jerking her head up and listening to Dr. Blake, who, it was rumored, had so many brains in his head he couldn't think in simple terms like college kids. Well, Polly decided, she would find the truth of this. And by darn, if it were true, she would match him one way or the other. She would not drop the course, or be left behind in a maze of confusion, or let herself flunk out.

And somehow, Joe's pin was no longer on her sweater, but in her purse, hidden from the scrutinizing eye of Dr. Blake, a man.

HAIKU

YVONNE LINSIN

I SAW him early—
Then darkly from his soul's cave . . .
I gave him my earth.

COMPANION POEMS FROM CONTEMPLATION

Ellen Devlin, an English major, is not a new contributor to the GRIFFIN. President of Poetry Society for two consecutive years, Ellen is doing an honors project in poetry and plans to attend graduate school.

ELLEN DEVLIN

I

CAN it be wrong to laugh at my old dreams?
I know the sky is up, but also know
I fool myself, pretending that what seems
Is real, that I can catch a plane and go.
Don't speak of height; the real is here, and now.
So laugh, dear self; you wake and sleep one life,
And no one learns it all—why fret and vow
To search the books? Relax! Just be a wife!
New science says the universe is vast,
And Darwin's men grew eons till today;
Our noisy jet-existence is soon past—
Why die regretting times I did not play?
Life is a watch: well-made, mistreated, worn
For use and pleasing knowledge, not forsworn.

II

Is it so wrong to laugh at my old dreams?
Unchaining from old love songs all desires,
I toss them, with deep laughter, into streams
Of rain; I feel the mist hides singing choirs.
Ulysses did not stay in Lotos Land,
And Browning's reach aspired beyond his touch;
A quiet "Be ye perfect" gives command,
And Plato knew we can remember much.
I want to dream the distant warmth and feel
That where or who I am becomes abstract;
I will not ache for those whose pain is real
If I am sure a deepening soul fights back.
My interest shifts from all mute temporal things—
I listen gatefully to one who sings.

FIVE MINUTES

Ann Hamilton, a sophomore English major, is from El Dorado, Arkansas. Last year Ann won second prize in the freshman writing contest and honorable mention in the ATLANTIC contest.

ANN HAMILTON

SHE COULD HEAR the vacuum going “unnh—huh!” as one of the housekeepers cleaned up in the parlor. When it was pushed too near the edge of the rug, its whine turned to a sharper grunt and then died reluctantly as the plug was pulled out of the wall. The high-pitched buzzer, sounding for classes, cut into its downward glissando abruptly.

She was depressed; she didn't know why. She kept thinking of that earring she had lost that belonged to her good set of jewelry. She hated to lose anything; it made her feel as if she'd lost a piece of herself. And especially to ruin *that* set. She had bought it one day with Jim Kilgore, a boy she thought of in a different light somehow. Maybe it was because he was more serious minded than *some* boys she knew. Jim had hovered over her while she decided which earrings matched the set the best: “How do these look together?” she'd finally asked him. He held them up, studied the design on each, handed them back to her. “They're fine together,” he pronounced solemnly. Maybe she'd find the earring; it couldn't have gone too far if it had dropped behind the back seat in the car.

Then she remembered that her suite-mate, Kay, had asked her to go out with one of the boys who was dropping in at 9:00 tonight. *That* was what was hanging over her head like a hatchet. It would be fun, she supposed, but she had a lot of studying to do. And, anyway, Kay had probably asked someone else first. At least, she'd been down in someone else's room before she'd come in to ask her. Kay had been nice enough about asking her, but she could tell that Kay hadn't really wanted her to go, or hadn't really cared whether she went or not. “If you'd *like* to go,” was what she'd said. She could hear the intonation in Kay's voice now. Not really nasty, but just enough emphasis there, in the right places, to indicate what she'd been thinking, what she'd probably said down there in that room.

Kay had sat on the bed, fingering one of the throw pillows. She didn't know why Kay'd asked her anyway. She always felt that she wasn't quite adequate, in a social way. It wasn't that she couldn't carry on a good conversation. Heaven forbid! She wasn't one of those poor souls who wrote in to a syndicated news column, asking what to talk to their favorite boy friend about, or what to say when John brought the boss home for dinner. She could think of lots of things to say, but they weren't ever the light, inconsequential things that one ought to say in so casual a situation. She always thought of important things like the French test tomorrow, or the wonderful performance that girl had given in the play last weekend. (Ellie was so graceful. She almost floated when she walked, as if she were walking on ice that might easily crack. She'd had on that yellow chiffon dress; billowy, shimmering in the stage lights; Ellie could have been an apparition, until she spoke. “Oh, I *am* so happy for you,” was the line. And Ellie fairly glowed more light through her voice, warm, enveloping.) But of course no one wanted to talk about such really important things. She secretly thought it was because they didn't know enough about things like that, that they didn't want her

to know they didn't quite understand what she was referring to. Or they wanted to neck on the way back from wherever they'd taken you. She always sat as straight as she could when she felt something like that about to happen, and it helped a little, at least to ward it off a little longer. But then they might be insistent, like that Bob what's-his-name was the other night; why, just last Friday night it was. She'd kept looking out the window because she could tell it was coming. But that wasn't the only reason: she had always liked to watch the edge of the pavement rush by, fringed with short, windblown plants, and grass gotten out of hand—it was fascinating just to stare out the window at the panorama just for her, even with moonlight sometimes. Suddenly she'd realize that things were getting out of hand and she'd have to resort to her icy stare, but only in emergencies, because it usually permanently discouraged any further friendship at all. (She had a weakness for short, fuzzy blond hair though.)

"Oh, come on! Those boys are always fun." Kay had wanted to know if she'd go. How could she tell if she even *wanted* to go? The radio was demanding more attention than Kay at the moment—the song being played added emphasis to the shiny-hot metallic quality of the day. It had been unusually warm for that part of the year. Da de-dum de-dum, the music's energetic rhythm gave a sort of extended energy to her thoughts, almost framing her answer before she spoke it.

She might as well go. She had to admit that the prevalent attitude—go at every chance—was correct; at least you had something to do on the Friday and Saturday nights that you'd be in the room by yourself. She wished now that she'd agreed to room with Sylvia at the first of the year, because she did get a little lonely, especially when she went to bed. She always liked to go to sleep knowing somebody was making that indistinguishable, shaded lump in the other bed. Just the fact that there was somebody doing the same thing she was, made a difference somehow; she couldn't explain it to herself. But she'd thought at the time that Sylvia had felt obligated to ask her, since she was the only girl in the gang from last year left without a roommate. Sylvia was still as nice as ever, but she was a strange girl in a way. Short, a trifle on the dumpy side, but not what you'd call fat—maybe she just looked that way because she had such an extremely high waistline. But she never exercised. All she ever did was sit—in a chair, on the floor, or perched, somewhat like a bird, on whatever was handy. She exhibited a sort of languorousness—she guessed that was what it was called. Sylvia moved with the slightest possible movement, almost cat-like. Maybe that was why you felt an uneasiness seeping into you from somewhere whenever Sylvia was around. She made you awfully conscious of what you said or did, even how you laughed at what was said . . . almost like she were watching to catch something to criticize. She'd never forgotten the time she'd been reading a little slick magazine with a funny red and white cover in modernistic blocks. Out of nowhere had come the intuitive knowledge that someone was with her. It could have been an actual spirit for all the noise it had made or attention it had attracted to itself. She jerked around, nearly dropping the magazine she'd been reading, and stared up at Sylvia, rather stupidly, as if she were questioning Sylvia's right to walk or move. The girl had simply said, "I was looking for something," and kept on doing just that—looking over the things on the dresser. She could at least have explained *what* she'd been looking for, because, after all, it wasn't her room or dresser. In a moment she'd left, without so much as "Goodbye," or what not. Besides, you couldn't be overwhelmed with the idea that someone like Sylvia really could be enthusiastic about rooming with anybody, much less *her*. So she'd declined the offer of a roommate.

". . . Think you'll have fun," Kay said. She rose from the bed and started for

the door. "Anyway, we'll all be together, and we're bound to have fun that way," she finished. "See you at nine," and she was gone. Kay hadn't been very nice about it, she guessed. She hadn't made any mention whatever about what to wear, or where they were going. Maybe that wasn't supposed to make any difference to her. Maybe just the fact that she was going was the important thing.

They might go to one of those little, crowded bars. She always enjoyed that somehow. Such a pack of people, pressing, shoving, talking, all saying important things to people above each other's noise. She liked to listen to them and watch the groups come alive as individuals impressed a brightly colored detail upon them. The bar-tender was always in the back of her mind, too, because he was fascinating in a way—perpetually busy yet competent and sure. They all looked alike, too, in their white cotton coats, ironed to a shine; the black bow tie precisely placed at the center of the neck; white on white—the small apron against the coat. All about her those same people talked, gestured urgently, grouped around tiny round tables, holding someone's attention in the interesting nothingness they were saying. (She wondered what powers these strange people must possess, to enable them to wrap themselves up so completely in a subject. She wondered what it would feel like to be so engrossed in a discussion as to be oblivious of her surroundings.)

Once the people at her table discussed a sophisticated-looking girl across the room, discernible only through volumes of smoke, part of which the girl herself seemed to be providing, for she blew smoke both extravagantly and unceasingly. It all seemed sort of silly, talking about someone you barely knew, and she decided not to take part in the conversation.

And on it would go. Still, a bar would be fun. You could always watch other people there, and you didn't have to worry about making conversation yourself—and if you've said the right thing when you've said it. That was the problem more than anything else. She could have a good time anywhere as long as she knew she fitted in. But why should she try to kid herself? She knew she didn't fit in with the kind of group Kay would be in. She couldn't say witty, light things quickly, and at the right moment, like they did. Maybe she shouldn't have agreed to go at all.

She wondered what Kay was doing right at this moment. Maybe she was talking about the situation with the girls. (She always wished she could know what people said about her. Then she'd know how to respond to them, not in an overly friendly manner maybe, but nicely breezy, to make them wish to know her better.) Kay never meant to criticize anyone. She was very careful that no one had any reason to dislike her. A perfect example was that house staff meeting when Kay had said that she hated to ask anyone to be quiet because "they won't like me then." Those were her very words: "I'm afraid they won't like me then." How weak and insipid; it rankled her, bothered her. It didn't fit for some reason. Things fitted into a pattern if they were consistent, sort of a patchwork quilt affair. Kay mollified first one, then another, ending up by enthusiastically agreeing with everybody. Yet, it was the consensus that Kay had some very good ideas, ones that were well thought out. She supposed that was the best way to be though; to be agreeable you had to sacrifice something.

That was another reason she wasn't sure she wanted to go. She could see Kay now, looking at her with that funny—but oh yes!—appealing—frown wrinkling her forehead. "Oh, no," she'd say, cocking her head to the side and jutting her chin out slightly. "There's no question about Jan's getting pinned this weekend. John's so crazy about her, and besides, I'm sure he's had time to get the pin by

now. Why, he would have given it to her weeks before, but he just ordered it the other day." And that would be the final word. When Jan didn't come in with a pin that weekend, no one seemed to remember that Kay had said there'd been "no question" about it. It was just understood that John was being smart, waiting till he was sure before he made a move. But on the other hand, no one remembered either that she had ventured the opinion that John might wait, only to have Kay completely discredit her idea.

As for Sylvia, why she never said a word either way—which was the smart thing to do, really. (Kay and Sylvia were so different yet they stuck together like Scotch tape. Pull one of them apart and you accidentally tore the other.) It looked like Kay would have asked Sylvia before her. But Sylvia had been out when Kay'd come in her room, because she had heard the desk girl call her name up and down the hall a few minutes before. (It was honestly amusing how well you could keep up with who was where at what time just by listening to the conversation in the halls at night. "Barbara Stevenson, phone." In a moment there would come rapid footsteps; or not, a returning shout, "She's not here right now. Can't you find out who it is?" And, the worn desk girl would fence with a contrary operator until she got her to say at least where the call was from. Or, a girl from downstairs, knocking on a door, would open it cautiously, fearful lest she wake some early sleeper, and say, sticking her head inside, "Is Dede here?" "She's in the lounge," came the reply, and the inquirer withdrew as stealthily as she had come, to continue her search for the absent Dede.)

Anyway, if Kay had wanted Sylvia to go, she certainly didn't want to stand in her way. (She hated pushy people who butted in where they hadn't been asked or weren't wanted.) Maybe she'd better refuse. (The heavy, warm air pressed around her. "Like the weather during the drouth this summer." Her brain didn't think it; her mind spoke it to her.) What to do, what to do, drummed her fingers on a book. "To go or not to go" is the question. She was tired of thinking about it. She wished these things didn't come up. (It was the little decisions that always bothered her. She never had a moment's indecision over a big decision. They were easy to make. But the little, trivial things got in the way so disgustingly. . . .)

Through the open door facing her she saw Sylvia glide down the hall, clutching a shoulder bag instead of carrying it slung over one arm.

She stood up abruptly and went to the door leading into the adjoining room. Kay would pretend to care that she couldn't go; she'd probably protest that she couldn't get anyone else to go at such a late date. Barely opening the door wide enough, she thrust her head into the room.

"Kay, thanks ever so much, but I can't possibly go tonight. I've got absolutely tons of work to do, plus a psych. test tomorrow. But thanks just the same." She withdrew and shut the door quickly, too soon to see the puzzled, questioning frown slightly wrinkle Kay's forehead.

THROUGH DRAGONFLY WINGS

ELIZABETH BOHN

BLUE spheres, green circles dance before my eyes
Half closed; my lashes flutter toward the light.
Through dark veined fans I see, but dim, what lies
Beyond—a magnitude of song and flight.

My fancied world seems real and worth the time.
All thought of song and flight are lost before
The shimmering wealth of now. I hear the chime
Of noon; my brittle dreams vibrate no more.

And what is "now" but half an instant full
Of joy to add to tides of perfectness
Which pulse for this thin carnal veil to pull
Aside. The soul then sings with God's caress.

My mind, gauze-veiled, finitely broods its strife;
My soul, gauze-veined, eternal, throbs for life.

SCAVENGER'S SONG

MARY E. COX

FIND me a place in the sea-weed fresh
Where brine and sun soak deep.
Take me to wharves of fish-net mesh
Where sailors find board and keep.

Stay with me in a village shack
Down by the lapping tide.
Wander with me to a lobster trap
Where the snails and oysters hide.

Build me a castle of sifted sand
When the water's crest creeps down.
Offer to me your sunburnt hand
When the sea is black with sound.

THE HOUSE ON MCGEE STREET

Helen Rice, a freshman from Kansas City, Missouri, plans to major in art.

HELEN RICE

A LONG TIME AGO when I was a little girl in Kansas City, we lived in a big shaded house in a neighborhood faintly reminiscent of days of departed grandeur. There were hitching posts by the sidewalks, each garage was a converted carriage house, and every home sat pompously back from the street in a lap of sleek bluegrass.

Our house was typically late nineteenth century with its brick first floor and frame upstairs, a huge chimney and two spacious porches, the back porch being latticed in green and white. On bright days the sunlight made checkered shadows on the cool porch floor. To the south, a broad bay window protruded over the hollyhock-bordered driveway and provided a sunny place indoors to chew carrots and absorb comic books. In fact, it was while so occupied that I lost a tooth one spring.

Sometimes we children would play hide-and-go-seek in the house because of its intriguing nooks and crannies. This annoyed Mother no end. We would run up the front stairs which arched grandly past another bay window, scour the upstairs rooms, and then tumble down the narrow uncarpeted stairs at the back to the kitchen and around. Occasionally we hid and played in the roomy attic, with its three leaded windows that opened out like those of a tower over the yard. We children used the attic as an artists' studio, a club room, a fashion salon, and even as a prison for those temporarily in disfavor. Once downstairs we would dash out the door past the fireplace of oak carved with grotesque gargoyles and hideous serpents. Unfortunately, this fireplace was not meant to burn wood, and a gloomy radiant heater sat stubbornly in the middle of the hearth, baring its teeth like a bulldog.

However we might run through the house, we were forbidden the dining room. This sacred place of the silver service, this paradise of the portrait, this mahogany sanctuary decked with Quaker lace and hung with dark green velvet drapes was sheltered from the rest of the house by sliding doors and a pantry. Over a long, low brocaded divan hung the portrait, a heavy, gilt-framed masterpiece of my Four Greats-Grandfather Mead. His deep-set eyes under bushy black brows seemed to follow anyone who crept through the room and say, "Mind your manners!" Perhaps that's why we children were always seated facing him at company dinners. The legs of the long round table at which we sat curved into claws that seemed to clutch the oriental rug beneath, and the wallpaper, like the rug, was dark and jumbled. However, its pattern of maroon and silver fleur-de-lis and roses gleamed dimly in the candlelight.

In the kitchen, more claws terminated the legs of the stove, a black and white monster who smelled vaguely of gas. Another antique was the dark wooden icebox in the pantry, where Mother kept old vases and my Avimal, a thick, molasses-like tonic. Then there was the heavily rimmed clock on the mantel. It was a rather large representation of a one-eyed goldfish.

Though heavy the house and irksome the furniture, our home was a gay, comfortable place and sometimes quiet. It held security against the outside world, was gracious to all who entered it, and provided a cozy place to pull taffy. I loved it. Some day I'd like to have a house just like it and furnish it with some of the best old relics. But always there will be that sunshiny place in my life where for eleven wonderful years I enjoyed my childhood in the Old House on McGee Street.

WHATEVER DOES NOT SHOUT

Dr. Sibley is the faculty sponsor of the GRIFFIN. The last line of her poem is a reference to The Angel of Meekness in Dante's PURGATORY.

AGNES SIBLEY

W HATEVER does not shout
But in its own integrity
Catches the breath with ecstasy
And shuts the mighty out—
A fallen leaf, outlined by frost,
Perfect, unheralded, alone;
The last note, almost flown
Into the silence, but not lost;
All small perfections, like a seed—
Such surely are of God
If not Himself indeed,
And these confound the proud.
Not from an earthquake is the God-sought bidden.
And Meekness in its own white light is hidden.

WET ANGELS

Emily Heather is a sophomore English major from Mexico City. She has won essay prizes in high school, and she belongs to the Poetry Society. She wants to make writing her career.

EMILY HEATHER

P ITTI—pat—pat
Angels flit
Pitti—pat—pat
Angels scurry
Pitti—pitti—pat.

Shelter they seek
From the clouds'
Unfurled wrath.

Pitti—pat—pat
Angels giggle
Pitti—pat—pat
Angels shiver
Chitter—chat—chat.

FROM THE SHADOW OF DOUBT

Marguerite Colville, an English major from McMinnville, Tennessee, is president of the sophomore class and a member of Alpha Lambda Delta.

MARGUERITE COLVILLE

MARCIA COOPER dragged the wobbly desk chair into the closet, scarring shoes as she went and wondering why closets in freshman dormitories were so impossibly cramped. She crawled up on the chair, reached back into the right-hand corner of the shelf, and felt blindly around. Her fingers soon discovered the small green box she wanted, and she brought it out. Marcia stepped down from the chair. Shame that the taps on the black loafers scratched the varnish off the seat . . . She eased her way out of the closet, pulled the chair back into place, and moved over to the little low bed under the big windows through which she watched "college life" (she liked that term) go by. Placing herself against the pillow, cross-legged, Marcia opened the box, brushed back the tissue paper inside, and took out two small white hand towels.

These are still cute, she thought to herself. On one, looking over to her canine companion on the other towel, was The Lady, Walt Disney's character, sitting there with floppy puppy-dog ears and an all but human smile in her big cocker eyes. On the other was The Tramp, his ears fairly bristling, his red tongue hanging out in happy delight as he directed his gaze at his girl friend. Marcia looked at the funny little faces on the towels and smiled. She could never look at them without the corners of her mouth turning up ever so slightly.

And then the smile faded as quickly as it had appeared. The muscles of her face twitched into a question mark. Almost every day since she had returned from Christmas vacation a week ago, she had been pulling those towels down from the closet, seeking in some way to find answers in this private world of questioning and wondering and bewilderment in which she was lost. The machinery of her mind turned backward as she had let it do each day, hoping that from all the facts, it, like a giant IBM brain, could produce the answer. She remembered the Saturday before Christmas vacation in Scruggs, that wonderfully huge store filled with so many fascinating things. How she loved a big store! How she loved St. Louis, a big city! She could be anything she liked in that large place. The Christmas spirit, like a happy fog, had enveloped St. Louis: people smiled, carols echoed through the stores, pocket books opened and closed in staccato tones. Marcia could remember the linen department in Scruggs. She had been wandering through it, looking for pale pink table mats for her mother's gift. The mats had to be just right. Her mother had such perfect taste. Then she spied the little towels. Here, she thought, is the perfect gift for Joyce. Unusual, a gift from St. Louis—she can use them in her room at the university. Quickly she picked out the two she wanted, found a saleslady amidst all the holiday shoppers, handed her the dollar and a quarter (plus three cents tax), and moved with a light step out into a less-crowded part of the store. Dollar and a quarter, she thought. Not the two dollars the girls had agreed on when they had set a price limit Thanksgiving vacation. But it was different, clever, cute, typically Joyce; and it was a Christmas present from St. Louis. Yes. She was very well pleased with her purchase.

Snow was doing a soft, mad dance outside the dormitory windows. Marcia

watched it a minute, and then her eyes turned again to her two friends who looked lackadaisically at her from their homes in the toweling. She was remembering that Tuesday morning during her Christmas vacation when she had been showing her mother the gifts she had bought in St. Louis.

"I just happened to find these cute little towels in Scruggs, and they seemed so perfect for Joyce," Marcia said, excited over the first Christmas gifts that she had bought completely on her own. Before she had gone away to school, Marcia and Mrs. Cooper had done all their shopping together.

"The towels are very cute, honey, but are they nice enough for your best friend?" Mrs. Cooper suggested.

"Nice enough? Of course they are. They seem just right for Joyce. They look like Joyce," Marcia replied, bewilderment clouding the sparkle in her eyes.

"But, Marcia, I talked to Joyce the other day; she called to ask me something about the gift she was getting you. And, honey, it's something much nicer than these two small towels."

"What is it?" Marcia dully questioned.

"I can't tell you, dear, but trust me. Wouldn't it be better to run down town and see if you can't find something nicer for the full two dollars?"

"But, Mother, this is nice enough. I want to give these towels to Joyce." Marcia could not understand her mother's attitude. "You know the price tag doesn't matter when I really want to give her this gift."

"Marcia dear, I don't want you to be embarrassed when you and Joyce exchange gifts. Now, don't you agree?"

Marcia could not say a word. She could not agree with her mother; she had never been able to. Her mother had been right too many times before when Marcia had lacked the wisdom to make the right decision. This might be one of those times, too, she could not stop herself from thinking. She could never be angry with her mother. Mrs. Cooper was the kindest, most thoughtful person one could ever hope to meet. She would do anything for Marcia, and Marcia was well aware of that fact. The daughter turned and walked stiffly from the room. She did the most painless thing. And Joyce had liked the pearl bracelet. But who doesn't like pearl bracelets? The thought plagued her, and coupled with that thought was always the memory of the beautiful wool scarf Joyce had given her.

She stretched herself out length-wise on the old, beat-up green spread; and her mind was the same confused, bewildered question mark it had always been. If she could only be angry, it would be all right. But she couldn't be angry with a mother who loved her so much. She could only become lost in this dazed, hurt jungle of doubts, never quite knowing how long it would take her to become wise enough to see things as her mother saw them. She had liked those towels. Was it her taste which had been wrong? I still like these towels, she honestly told herself. Where was I wrong?

Slowly, bewilderedly, she ran her fingers over the little cut-glass stud in Lady's collar. Tramp had a stud in his collar, too. She spread the towels out on the bed. The Lady laughed across the short distance at Tramp, who laughed back—those funny little dog smiles. I bet you two never disagree, she almost whispered to them. You see things exactly the same way. A tiny inspiration seized her; and, forgetting her questioning for a moment, she swung her feet to the floor and moved over to the lavatory. Taking the two green towels from the rack, she replaced them with Tramp and Lady. She had just hung them there when she realized that she had the companion towels in reversed position. No longer did Lady look to her left at Tramp, who should have answered her

gaze. Tramp was now on the left of the rack; and the two dogs, still laughing, faced in opposite directions. She almost reached up to right their positions, but her hand paused. She gazed at the towels a moment. A thought from her subdued bewilderment flicked into her mind: now you two do not see things in the same way. You can't see things in the same way . . . you can't see things in the same way. . . . But you are still laughing. You are looking at different things. Now you can't see things the same way. Lady? Tramp? Which of you is wrong? Which of you is not seeing things the right way? You still laugh. I guess you think you are both right. You . . . are . . . both . . . right. The thought hit Marcia with a thud: neither of you is wrong! You are just looking at different things.

Marcia looked at those funny little faces, and then she laughed with them, a soft, almost confident laugh. Very carefully she took the towels from the rack and folded them. Lovingly she returned them to their little green box. My silly friends, you don't belong to me, you know. You belong to Joyce. Won't she be surprised with a belated New Year's gift?

DEATH OF A SONG

BONNIE BURKHALTER

I HEARD a bird today,
And its song was a wail
That wouldn't float on the breeze,
But fell around me in a heavy circle.

It filled my quiet sphere
With its melancholy sound,
And I watched
The blue-gold bird

Look around in quick snatches
And then see
The lost song—
The heavy circle.

I kicked at the hard-solid song
With my soft brown moccasin.
It quivered and grew still
In the wet, crystal dew.

And when the song was dead
I saw the purple-black bird
Weep
And fly away in scallops.

THE SHADOW

ALICE PROUTY ROOT

ONCE UPON A TIME, down in a soft shadowy hollow, there lived a little gray, furry mouse named Rudy. Now Rudy was just a baby mouse and was not allowed to go out into the big forest to play alone. This made Rudy very unhappy, because his four sisters and four brothers, who were older, could run and play without waiting for anyone to *take* them. He begged his mother and daddy to let him go out alone just once, but they just smiled and told him to wait until he was older.

Now it wasn't that his brothers and sisters weren't nice to him, but they ran so much faster than he could. When they all went out to play, they always went a little way into the forest before they started their games. They started out together with his brothers and sisters telling him to hurry up or he would be left behind. He tried to run to keep up with them, but somehow he always got left behind before the games really started. Then he would have to sit alone until they came back, which was such a long time. And then they'd be too tired to play any more.

One day when Rudy's mother was out gathering twigs and moss to make their beds soft and warm, Rudy had an idea. He would slip out by himself for just a little while. Surely it wouldn't hurt for only a few minutes. After all, he wouldn't go far—he'd just scamper around the hollow. And he'd be back before anyone came home.

So he went up to the mouth of the hole and poked his head out just to be sure that none of the family was about. Seeing no one, he slipped out of the hole and shook himself hard to get off all of the moss from his bed. Oh, how good it felt to be out in the warm sunshine and to be able to run and play as he wanted to! His mother and daddy just didn't understand that he was old enough to take care of himself.

Next Rudy decided that he'd wander over to the patch of green behind that tree across the path and burrow down in the cool grass for awhile. After all, it was awfully warm in the sunshine, and that patch wasn't far.

So he scampered along the path a little bit and then darted behind a huge bush to the patch of green. He loved those big violets that grew along the edge. As soon as his little feet touched the cool grass, he was even gladder that he had come.

He put his feet down among the long green blades and started to burrow down when he heard the noise. It was a very loud noise and sounded like something flapping together. At the same time a huge shadow covered Rudy and the cool grass.

Rudy looked up and saw something big and black. And it was coming toward him. Oh my, what on earth could he do!!! He gave a loud squeak and tried to burrow deeper into the grass, which for some reason didn't seem so cool or nice any more. Where were his mother and daddy? Why didn't they come before the big black thing landed on him? He squeaked again and began to shake all over. What was he going to do?

All at once he felt a sharp jerk on his tail, which hurt very much. At the same time he also felt himself being bumped across the ground very fast. The flapping didn't seem quite so loud or the shadow quite so dark. Poor Rudy—how he wished that he were back in his cosy bed in his warm hollow with

his family! This big black thing was carrying him away, and he'd never see his mother and daddy or his brothers and sisters again.

Then suddenly his tail was dropped, and he felt himself being smacked very hard around the region of his tail. And he heard his mother's voice.

"Rudy, what are you doing out here alone?"

Poor Rudy didn't know whether to be glad or sorry. His mother had saved him from that big black thing, but now they'd never let him go out alone again.

"Don't you know that Kazoo the crow has just been waiting for a little mouse for his dinner? It's a good thing for you that I came along when I did. Now you'll have to go home to bed without your supper and without any fresh moss for your bed."

Rudy was so unhappy. Now he'd get no supper or fresh moss, and he couldn't go out and play alone.

As Rudy and his mother hurried home, Mr. Kazoo flew over, cawing madly and casting a shadow on the two mice. Rudy felt a shiver run through him, and he decided that it was good to be with his mother again after all.

BREACH

KAREN PREWITT

I HAVE followed protocol
For the last few months, and, gentlemen,
I will continue to.

The gentlemen of the eternal bar have said
"It's through" to the judge high up
In mahogany across the wooden railing.
The clerks have closed the books
And my lawyer has congratulated me
And chastised me for last about the past.
They have pulled down the green shades
Behind the jury box and the dust
Will sift again on legal tomes.

But beneath the dust will always be the records,
And the lawyers will remember.
I can walk out again into new sunlight but
Although it will not be again,
We know this thing has been,
In the way of those matters which never end.

WATER

YVONNE LINSIN

She is a good, glad girl. At night, life weakens us in sleep, but when the day comes again we're good and glad. As good as she can be, Barbara is trying to concentrate on her English lesson. Barbara is a wise one: she knows how to float through any course without ever really learning it. She never would have thought a person could bluff his way through college, but here she is, studying without learning. Nothing is real any more or has to be lived.

Barbara throws the book down on her bed and relaxes into the long line of her body. She thinks how beautiful she must look stretched out on the bed with her black hair falling over the side of it. Sleep is the most comfortable thing in the world. . . . Nothing happens; everything floats along in sleepy days. . . .

Outside it is a soft, snowy day and rather dull in its tones. It is morning. This day will be full of noise and classes where no one ever lets anyone alone; a person is always pushed and pulled into everything. Sometimes Barbara wants to stand up and scream, just scream, so there will be something active in a passive world. But people would ask why and. . . .

Barbara is a civilized beast who does things that restrained, existing people do and expect to do. Teachers lecture because they have to say something for standing in front of a class. Everything is an excuse for itself.

Barbara goes to her physics class and charmingly says to herself, "Physics is the weight of my body studied as a separate quality." She smiles. It's just a casual, soft smile, full of vague meaning, but her teacher sees and smiles too. Who is he? It's a shame people can't know each other without touching. Somebody always gets hurt when they touch. While lecturing, the teacher looks at Barbara for a long time: she shifts her glance, then looks back to find him still in the stare; finally he takes the hint and looks away. For that one instant Barbara feels that everyone must know he was giving her some secret while they were all watching. Oh, I suppose he likes me, she muses while twisting in her chair.

The man is talking. Now he says, "I don't want this general introduction to the laws of physics to be pure memory work; I want this study to be related to, and find a place in your lives. Look on physics as a kind of philosophy because it deals with the order of the universe. The beauty of energy is a law of the universe." He looks at Barbara and smiles. She wishes she could let him know her. How could she let him know her? It might be interesting . . . Play it cool . . . Appear very interested with your eyes; work your eyes. How exciting it would be to analyze Mr. Taylor; what a wonderful time it would be to flirt and have fun!

The days of school continue, with the weather very bright and refreshingly cold as ice cream. Now Barbara uses her brightness in a "Hi, Mr. Taylor."

"Hello," he answers with his voice and eyes.

One day Mr. Taylor and Barbara talk for awhile in the hall of the school. Just a teacher and his student discussing school, she assures herself. He keeps looking at her mouth, her red mouth. Through her red . . . Barbara turns away and watches the crowd of lazy and bright characters she competes with for quickness and grades. Now she looks at Mr. Taylor to find his arms up against the wall as if he were a close friend being close. His eyes are wet with warmth; she likes him. To her he is young and boyish in a little boy's sissy way. His smile

and eyes seem to exaggerate friendliness and warmth as though Barbara is a small child. He simplifies what he says; he doesn't have to do that; he ought to know by her revealing eyes that she's capable of profound thoughts. He would baby her. He might get rough, but he would always treat her as his little girl, his beautiful girl. But what he doesn't know is that Barbara is not just to look at; she is wonderful in her thoughts. Barbara is more than a pretty shillow-shallow thing who just seems to soak herself in sugar. Finally the conversation lacks enough of itself, and she walks away, thrilled-happy.

Later in a conference between teacher and student concerning grades Mr. Taylor tells Barbara that she is "a shining example" to the whole class; (he reads her tests and papers with a picture of her beauty and smile before him.) She hopes Mr. Taylor will ask her to his apartment when he says that he has left his lecture notes there. But he's afraid he would shock her, scare her off. Barbara wishes he would just comfort, love her. . . .

The next day Barbara watches him coming toward her in the hall.

"Oh, come on now and smile. It's not that bad."

Barbara beams; (later when she thought of that fat smile, she realized how weak she was to laugh so easily.)

"How was the test yesterday?"

"Oh, it wasn't too bad. Of course, I guess I could have done better."

"That's always the way."

"I thought the problems almost at the end were the hardest. I hope I did better than I think I did," she laughs.

Mr. Taylor discusses some parts of that test while Barbara watches; she would like to simply ask, "How old are you?" But he might think her too bold. However he may like a bold, easy girl to play with and love for now and awhile.

"Well, we'll see," Mr. Taylor concludes concerning Barbara's grade on that test. He says it as though saying that he would take care of everything; pat and run his hands down her form to know the shape. Barbara would love walking through the green pools of his eyes as she walks away singing inside herself. Maybe he will do something, just do something. . . .

Things drift and float on for a week with the same fun. Then Barbara sees him in the college library reading. She wonders if he has seen her and is aware of her presence or something. She stares until he finally looks up at her full of the thought of what he is reading. Looking down, she realizes he is watching. They remain at the library for two hours. At five o'clock they get up because the hollow library is closing. Barbara is going to have to say something as she walks by him, so she picks up her books and papers with extra loving care. As Barbara quietly walks by Mr. Taylor, she casually says "Hi" and tiptoes out the front door.

Outside the rain is the color of the trees and buildings and fog and slush rolled into a gray winter dusk.

"Do you want a ride? You can't stay warm out on a night like this."

"Okay." Vaguely casual.

She gets into his car and sits quite still as they ride to Barbara's dormitory. It is only a two minute drive and Mr. Taylor doesn't speak until they pull up into the parking lot, and he sharply stops the car. He turns to Barbara.

"Well, here you are."

"Yeah." She looks out her dripping window. "It sure is coming down. I'll be out tasting the rain. . . ." A broken laugh.

"You don't have to get out right now; get that shiny hair all wet."

"Yeah . . . I sure have been studying this afternoon; I got it all done, too. It makes it easier if you work at an organized time," Barbara concludes seriously.

"Well, don't study too hard now. You're doing wonderful in my class; wonderful." He seems to underline the words.

"I hope so. I've got to keep up on my studies." A pause. "Well, thanks for the ride. . . . It's not raining much now. 'Bye.'"

He says nothing, and Barbara walks away from the silent man in the car. His eyes could have held her there longer, but Barbara would have said something dumb because he was refusing to talk and she would have had to attempt a conversation. Without his interest, talking seems fruitless and quite silly. Why does he have to be so contrary? Will she ever see him alone again? Maybe he'll call her. . . .

To Barbara love can be real for a whole day, as real as a constant strength. But sometimes love is so weakening and dark and evil that she sees it in the tightening ritual of daily life. Her obligations become duties of love, and love becomes a dull confinement. However, love is all the simple and crude joys of life while Barbara is scrubbing her face, washing her hair, cleaning her room, eating, walking briskly and lightly.

As Barbara and Ann are working on their Spanish, Barbara marvels at Ann's weakness when she speaks. She and Ann must be alike; Mr. Taylor is strong.

"Okay. Let's get this story done. Have you started it yet, Ann?"

"Are you kidding?" Ann takes a slow, thoughtful drag on her cigarette. "Okay."

"*The Slow Time . . .*" they translate together.

"Wait a minute. We're not supposed to do this. I think we're to read poetry instead."

"No, Ann, we're supposed to do this story. I remember."

"Let's look on our study sheet just in case. Here it is. Spanish poetry, pages 155-172. Juan Ramon Jimenez. This is what the assignment is."

"Okay. Good, maybe this will go faster. Okay. These are sonnets, I think. 'In October.' This ought to be interesting. 'Across the peace of the water, pure water,'" Barbara stumbles her way through the poem with Ann assisting to look up words and verify Barbara.

After two hours, "Thank goodness that's done. I love poetry, but Spanish! Ugh! I hate Spanish!" Barbara cries. "Just think. No more foreign language after this year! Wonderful!"

"You used to like Spanish, I thought."

"Oh I did, but I don't know. Things change. I don't know." Barbara throws her hands above her head in a gay, childlike way.

"How's Mr. Taylor now?" Ann asks, guarding her words.

"Oh, him." Getting a bit angry Barbara says, "Well I never said I loved him. We just talked for a while, that's all. He's too old, Ann. That's ridiculous."

"I'm glad you decided that. Who do you like now?"

"Oh, I don't like anybody really. I guess love is for the birds. I'll just study." Barbara forces a light across her face, but it's a rather hopeless smile. She wonders why Ann can seem so reserved when she doesn't have any more than Barbara has. Ann's future is totally uncertain, yet she seems positive in herself. Ann must have something that restrains and sustains her; Ann must have some basic idea from life that runs deep in her, strengthens her.

Now the days rush on while Barbara, petting her hair, ponders over herself and Mr. Taylor. Is this love? she asks, without knowing or trying to know the answer. She finds herself actually studying her physics, though learning the subject for Mr. Taylor and not for Barbara. She enjoys each class life with him

in which their affinity flows through the questions and answers. When he asks the nature of electromagnetic waves, Barbara answers "radiant energy" and expounds on it while some inertia is between them. The energy that flows through us is love. . . .

Barbara is perfectly Barbara on a day of cold light, giving everyone a suave tap of friendliness and being quite good and glad. She walks down the hall, and Mr. Taylor is there on the somewhere-surface of love, watching when Barbara stumbles over a secret hidden in the surface. Mr. Taylor is not alone now; he is speaking to some minor friend in Barbara's focus of friends. Barbara offers a bubbling greeting to him, when with an easy tumbling splash it bursts in her face, leaving her wet and spotty, because Mr. Taylor only throws a "Hi" to Barbara while she watches him pat the girl on the arm and give her his special (oh, special!) eye-squinted secret. Things shift in color. He is as he always was, as though he and Barbara had never touched or talked. Mr. Taylor's face is intense against the soft, dirty world; hers is water. Somebody is forcing her to be in this dream, to act in it and feel its sharpness. The sound is written out; the action is swift. This is only a dream. Barbara tears at the tendons on her thin wrist and crushes herself within as she slowly walks: there is only the shift of her weight as she walks.

She walks through the day noticing others who walk and cry. Barbara feels wet all over, as though her body is crying. She knows that she will speak to Mr. Taylor again, but with a different color in her voice. Maybe the world will be the world, and not the flow of her mind alone. That night as she and Ann are doing their Spanish, Barbara stares at herself in Ann's eyes.

YESTERDAY'S PAINT

MARY E. COX

I WASH me my canvas,
There.
Down the steps through
Arches of trees
A splash of blue walked by pink,
Then.
Staccato laugh, run, skip
Under whirlpools of green,
A steely strong held by soft-eyed,
Then.
Petals of love-me-not laughed
Away by head-toss,
A root kissed by bloom-silk,
Then.
Salty drops blur my canvas,
Now.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

Elizabeth Bohn, a sophomore from Fort Worth, Texas, is an English major. A member of Alpha Lambda Delta, Elizabeth won first honorable mention in the Poetry Society contest this year.

ELIZABETH BOHN

AT THE MOMENT the word "angel" crossed Miss Laura Gary's mind, Letha Ann Leonard burst into the room shrieking impishly just out of reach of Ray Randle, who stumbled headlong into the neat row of desks. Shaking but not overturning—for they had been bolted to the floor—the desks vibrated on their curving iron legs and shook loose books and crayons and ink bottles in a split second of sight.

Letha Ann, surrounded by a number of her girl friends, taunted the boy sprawled in the aisle, "What's a matter, nigger boy? What's a matter, nigger boy?"

"Now, girls, let's all get to our seats. Ray will clean up this mess." With his black face shining, Ray grinned playfully but cautiously and nodded assent. He was thunder black except for white teeth, white eyeballs, and pink fingernails. Laura helped Ray to his feet and sent his colored friends to their seats. The tautness she felt at this moment often pervaded the routine of her third grade classroom now.

Laura hated these little outbursts of racial antagonism. Letha Ann had probably provoked Ray as usual with some sly little taunt, but she wouldn't pursue the subject any further as long as there was no noticeable violence. At recess she had watched the children cavorting naturally together in the first winter snowfall, but now again an overshadowing tension caught both students and teacher. The rows of smudgy brown desks squeaked with restless wiggling.

"Children, let's get quiet; it's time for our music period." Laura rang the little silver bell on her desk for attention. They sang several of their favorite carols before she decided to make the announcement about the Christmas program.

"Children, I'm sure all of you have heard about the Christmas program which will be given a week from Friday for your parents at the PTA meeting. Our third grade chorus is going to be the angels' choir, and tomorrow in our combined class I'll choose a soloist to sing two verses of 'Silent Night.'" Tommy Monroe turned around and tried to get Ray's attention. Laura continued, motioning to Tommy and keeping an eye on Bruce, who was aiming his eraser at Letha Ann, "Be sure to tell your parents about our program, because after it's over they are invited to each home room for refreshments." The children buzzed with excitement.

Laura smiled and nodded to repeated questions about the date and time; then she rang the bell again. "If you'll go quietly, I'll let you out ten minutes early this afternoon. Absolutely no talking or running in the halls; the last two rows wait till the cloak room is cleared." The children scattered quickly, and she could hear them running and shouting down the stairs.

"Boy, Letha, I sure am gonna' practice and try for that solo," Buster Martin said breathlessly, "My dad thinks I can really sing."

"Buster," Letha Ann chided. She skipped a few steps ahead and then turned suddenly, "If we weren't leaving Thursday for my grandmother's in New York, I'd be trying out, and you know I'd get it." She squealed delightedly as Buster threw a snowball, and they ran toward the group of colored boys ahead.

Ray was saying, his eyes almost popping out of his head, "I sure would like to sing that solo. My daddy will be home, and I know he would come to hear me." Buster and Letha Ann had fallen in behind the group and were listening curiously. "You know what?" Ray said cautiously.

"What?"

"Well," Ray went on hardly waiting for the reply, "My daddy once sang the part of an angel in our church on Christmas Eve, and he wore one o' those white shirts things they do in the choir."

Letha Ann laughed tauntingly. "Oh that's nothing, my mother sings in the choir every Sunday," she cocked her head and switched her shoulder, "at Buster's church."

"Yeah," Buster added, "my dad's the minister!"

"So what?" Ray pushed the defiant Letha Ann aside. There was an audible murmur among the other boys, and then Buster bristled and spat out, "You little nigger." He lunged for Ray and hit him in the shoulder. Ray hit with his left straight for Buster's eye, stunning him momentarily. Letha Ann shrieked and ran back toward school; the others just stood and called encouragement to Ray; it was not their fight. The two boys grappled in the snow of a nearby yard.

An old man in a rumpled brown sweater came out on the porch across the street and waved the paper he carried, calling, "Break it up now, boys, and get on home 'fore you all get in trouble. Now go on home 'fore I call the school." He stood there mumbling to himself as the other boys pulled Ray on down the street.

Buster held his swollen eye and began whimpering as he stumbled back toward school, "Just wait till I tell my father."

So there had been another fight. Laura Gary sighed impatiently as she shifted to first and turned out of the school driveway. As if there were not enough to do, they must get into fights. These children would be the death of her yet. In two more years she would leave all these problems. She might even travel or read all those books she hadn't had time for before.

There was no sign of the boys on the street. Buster lived a few blocks over, and perhaps she should go by. But there was only an hour for shopping, so she headed toward the super market in Ridgewood.

She remembered as she drove: she remembered the sultry summers in Atlanta as she and Ruth, her older sister, played hide-and-seek with the children of their colored wash woman. Every Monday and Tuesday, Minnie and her four children would come singing down the back alley and up the terraced back lawn to the back door. She and Ruth would gulp down their breakfast and run out to play till noon.

Ruth had always been suspicious of the older girls, but they played all right until one afternoon Ruth missed one of her doll dresses. Mother had talked to Minnie, and soon the dress was returned. Minnie, embarrassed, swore it would never happen again. The relationship between the children had been strained from then on; Ruth said they were sad because they were black and refused to have anything to do with them if she could help it. The children never came the next summer. Ruth, then twelve, had gone off to a camp in New York, and Laura had got a pony for her eighth birthday.

She had never really had anything against the Negroes, for she had never had much contact with them. But their living conditions were so horrible, and no one seemed to be doing anything about it. *They* said that most of them were illiterate and couldn't hold a steady job.

This black-white relationship had been a continuing problem which gathered voice slowly, and now pushed itself into her world, into her school by a national law. It was her problem now with the boys who had fought with Buster Martin. But must she make the decision for two races? Why were they black anyway?

With her shopping done for the week she could mark another item off the list on her gay kitchen blackboard. Supper was simple; now to get the dishes out of the way before she began work on the last test papers.

Throbs of time stroked the evening glow of Laura's kitchen. She stopped washing the tiny two-cup coffee pot and listened calmly to the seven round chimes of the old sailors' clock. It had once hung in their den in Atlanta—many many winter evenings ago. Hurriedly finishing the dishes, she went into the glassed-in sun porch and put a Beethoven symphony on the record player. It was time to grade the stack of spelling and arithmetic papers. She was not concentrating too fully on the jumble of multiplication answers when the door bell rang.

Her mind turned in a thousand circles as she recognized the visitor who stood speaking white puffs of words into the small circle of the yellow porch light. Was he here because of the fight this afternoon? Was he concerned about the low grade Buster made on his last English test, or could it be just a friendly invitation to the service she'd been neglecting?

"Good evening, Mr. Martin. Won't you come in?" She picked up the evening paper from the divan and then took the minister's coat and hat into the bedroom. "Just have a seat, won't you? I'll have to turn off the record player." Laura motioned to the divan.

Mr. Martin was silently scrutinizing the comfortable living room when she returned. He spoke as she sat down in the rocker, "Miss Gary, I know you're terribly busy, so I'll try not to take too much of your time. I felt it would be much better if I spoke to you personally rather than by telephone." Laura nodded, sensing the inevitable words before they were spoken. "Undoubtedly you heard about the trouble Buster had with the Randle boy on the way home from school this afternoon?"

Laura rocked forward, "Yes, Mr. Martin, I regret such occurrences, but then boys will be boys." She smiled, rocking back again, satisfied at her answer.

"Buster came home with a badly bruised eye as a result of those niggers jumping on him." Mr. Martin frowned as he said this, and his eyes sparked a fantastic gleam at the word "nigger." Such words from this minister. "He says the fight was about the contest for this solo part on the Christmas program. He also said that they made fun of him because his father's a minister." Mr. Martin was indignant, "As you know I was a member of the White Citizens' League which fought this forced integration, and now our children are subjected to the influence of this low-class race. They don't intend to stop with equal rights, but they want to take over and drag America down to their level."

Thick, rusty blood slowly colored the large face which sat squarely atop his massive neck and shoulders. His voice now rang through the small house in tones he usually saved for his "hell-fire and damnation" sermons. Why wouldn't he listen to reason? She only wanted peace and harmony. Surely he must see this incident wasn't important. Laura broke in quickly, "Mr. Martin, aren't you taking this a little too seriously just because the fight involved the Negro boys? The very same thing could have occurred in a completely white class."

"Miss Gary," the jaw muscles tightened in the minister's face, "I'm afraid you don't grasp the gravity of such *little matters* as these if they are allowed to

continue unchecked." Mr. Martin impatiently rubbed the back of one powerful hand with the other. "Now that our school board has agreed to abide by the Court ruling we intend to go forward, but not with our eyes closed to the dangers. We cannot allow our children to live a life of fear and suspicion because of the folly of a few fanatical nigger-lovers."

His dingy thoughts and prejudices repulsed her. She recalled the frustrating years he had spent as a common laborer and farm hand before he entered the ministry. Ironically, because he could do nothing else, he chose to lead others in ignorance. Now he was looked up to and respected by the community.

"Mr. Martin, for four months now I've taught these same niggers, as you so rudely term them." Mr. Martin glanced up sharply as Miss Gary's words snipped the air in front of him. She continued, "They're like any other normal American school boy in the third grade. No other conscientious teacher in America will disagree with me. These matters need not be treated as special cases. We must look at this new era of racial relationships as mature Christians."

It was then she felt a start of fear. Mr. Martin was regarding her with an expression of amused astonishment. She was expressing views which she herself doubted, speaking so forcefully to this *prominent* man, a minister. What had she done?

Now he spoke, "Miss Gary, I regret mentioning such matters, but as an active citizen dedicated to the preservation of our American way of life, it would be impossible for me to recommend that you be kept on the teaching staff of Prescott, if you oppose the views of the majority of taxpayers." Her fingers gripped the rounded end of the rocker's arm till the nails were cream on light pink. She would be unable to fight a mob; she only wanted peace and the comforts she had always known within its bounds. She barely heard him as he went on. "I strongly advise discretion in choosing your soloist tomorrow; and the little nigger would certainly be the wrong choice."

Laura listened, stunned by the words which stripped away this man's flesh and revealed a lean, pock-marked soul. She controlled the first hot flash to defend herself, and only said, "I hope that you are not getting a one-sided view of this matter."

"If you're referring to Buster, I'm sure that he would be completely honest with me."

Fear prompted Laura to throw up a white banner as she continued warmly, "Buster is a very fine pupil, and he's doing very nicely with his arithmetic this year."

On that congratulatory note Mr. Martin rose and walked pompously toward the door. Laura got his coat and hat from the bedroom, listening to his unctuous conclusion, "May I say that I'm looking forward to the Christmas program. Buster has been telling me about it, and he has his heart set on singing that solo. Well, it's been very interesting talking with you, Miss Gary; thank you for your time. Good evening."

"Good evening, Mr. Martin."

After the noon recess the children helped Laura decorate the bulletin boards with fat little cut-out trees and pictures of snow-scenes and toys. Some of the girls set up the manger scene on the book table. Already Christmas seemed nearer with the smell of the holly and pine wreath that was hung on the door.

Time flew by toward the combined chorus hour. When the two-thirty bell rang, bouncing lines of students wound their way into the auditorium.

Laura picked up her alligator bag from the desk and led her class slowly down the crowded stairwell. Unconsciously she ran her fingers over the dimples

and creases of the expensive bag. It had once been her mother's, bought on a trip to Havana one Christmas. Her sister Ruth had given it to her when their mother died two years ago. She hadn't been back to Atlanta since; now her Christmases all ran together in a hollow puddle of choir concerts, gilt cards, and gift handkerchiefs. There were plans to be finished for the Christmas program next week and no time to regret any of the life she had already lived. The bag matched the new alligator pumps and a beige cashmere coat she'd just bought. Would she give up everything for a foolish taste of democracy that seemed far from fulfillment? She'd be retiring soon; there was no need to sacrifice for something that wouldn't actually benefit her.

The air sputtered with anticipation as the children warmed up on "Jingle Bells." Automatically she played the melody line of "Silent Night" and bent close to the tense little bodies which uttered degrees of quivering tones and wooden words. The rows of voices came and returned to their chairs blankly; only two voices concerned her. She had lain awake long hours reasoning and questioning concepts she had not doubted before. Was there a distinction in personality and ability because of skin color? Hadn't she always considered the Negro as naturally inferior, because of racial origins and old Biblical beliefs? She was part of the old South, once rich and vibrantly alive in social tradition.

For the first time her unconscious sensations were translated into words; disgust at the rubber brown skin, pity for the humiliations and hatreds the Negro bore, relief that she was white, fear that her position was at stake, shame that she might not face this problem as she knew it should be faced. She was too old to fight. She wanted the complacency of appeasement.

It would be easier to choose someone else entirely, but then could she evade this now that it had come to a focal point? If she chose Ray—a black angel—it could certainly mean her removal from Prescott, perhaps loss of friends, social contacts, and livelihood. Was this what she was fighting for? If she chose Buster she would be conceding a point to the White Citizen's League—throwing up one more wall to be stormed and assaulted again by others.

She was jolted back to the auditorium and the endless repetition of melody. Her decision had taken but an instant.

As the last row marched back to their seats the noise grew until the din was overwhelming. Miss Gary struck a loud chord and called for attention, "Children, this noise is not necessary at all. If you'll all take your seats now and get quiet, I'll tell you whom I have chosen to sing the solo."

All the old arguments crowded through the turnstile of decision again and forced brief pictures to shimmer in her brain: Mr. Randle, an elderly Pullman porter, and his bony wife bringing Ray to her room on the first day of enrollment; Mrs. Martin, heavy and passive, inviting her to the Women's League; the constant bickering of the school board at the monthly meetings; the checker-board faces before her each day demanding her decisions.

The children were quiet and attentive as she spoke, "I know you'll all be proud of our soloist on the program; Buster Martin, will you stand up?"

FIRST DAY IN ART CLASS

Jean Taylor, a freshman from Detroit, is majoring in history. She is a member of Poetry Society and won second honorable mention in the Poetry Society contest for this poem, "First Day in Art Class."

JEAN TAYLOR

I ENTER the studio,
Chary,
Apprehensive.
From the populated walls
Pictures
Parody my feeble aspiration.
I grasp the charcoal:
Turgid twists,
Rembrandtian frenzy,
A charred mass,
Pride.

Someone says:
"How cute!"

ETERNIZE

YVONNE LINSIN

THIS running Indian, clean because
Within him runs a dream of soft
And swift design that swings aloft
Through shining tubes from trunk to limb

As from the breast of bird to wing;
Whose body splashes sunny streams
And streaks with color mountain greens;
Who filters, washes air with breath;

The beautiful beast whose frictioned brain
And bravest body sharpens chance
Because he greatens nature's trance
With action, sound and claw and kill,

Is clean as God because he runs.

THE BLUE NIGHT

BONNIE BURKHALTER

THE DARK SPRING AIR blew in on her . . . it tangled her hair and made her eyes sting, but it was perfect. The Happiness all collected in her chest made it hard to breathe. The night outside the moving car was dark blue . . . not black like it usually was . . . and very soft and cool. The night was beautiful and the Happiness shifted slightly in her chest as she looked out at it.

The arm around her shoulder moved, and it made her whole body live. It had been two months since the arm had been around her shoulders, and the night had been dark blue instead of black, and the Happiness had almost choked her. She looked up at him . . . their own little world within the car, with just a little of the blue night seeping in, and the Happiness filling the car, and maybe a little of it seeping out.

And how good it felt to be going home. Of course, no one would be there with her, but she would still be home and just that much closer to him when tomorrow came.

She thought of the mess she must have left her room in back at the dorm. When he called, she went through all kinds of motions of getting ready, with her mind on nothing but seeing him again. She couldn't even remember hanging her clothes up, but she COULD remember how he looked when she went into the hall to meet him . . . and that was when the Happiness had started, and the black night had become dark blue.

His eyes left the road and the night and rested on her. His hand unconsciously rubbed back and forth over her shoulder. When he spoke, his voice was unusually deep but still soft.

"I hope we won't have to wake your folks up to get in . . . it's almost 1:30."

The empty, too-quiet house came back to her and already she was lonely.

"Oh, Dave, I forgot to tell you. Uncle Jerome had a heart attack yesterday. Mother and Daddy left for Chicago last . . ."

"You mean you're going to be all alone in the house tonight?" The voice that interrupted her was strained and tense. She felt the muscles in his arm tighten against her shoulder. The sound of his breathing filled the dark quietness of the car.

She didn't want to stay all alone in the house. But suddenly it wasn't the aloneness that frightened her any more.

Everything had changed . . . the very mood of the night. What had been their own little world was now pressing down and suffocating. The night had become darker.

She reached up to turn the radio on, and her ring reflected a thousand lights. They had picked it out last Thanksgiving, but the newness still hadn't worn off, or the selfish, little-girl thrill she got whenever she showed it to someone. Dave would graduate in June, and within three months they would be married.

The strange, unexplainable fright had begun to melt until they turned the corner and she saw the house—big and white and too-alone.

Dave pulled in the driveway and stopped. How often they had pulled in the driveway like this, through four springs with the same dark blue nights and the secret, private worlds.

She thought of the first time she ever saw him. The yellow plaid swimming trunks had contrasted so well with his brown, burnt skin. He was nothing to

notice, but she had flirted outrageously with him. That was the first time she had ever been in this car . . . the first time that they had ever stopped in this driveway together. He had held her hand that night and blushed when he had accidentally leaned on the horn, and her father had poked his head out of the bedroom window.

Tabby, the colorless, lovable cat got out of the lawn swing, and simultaneously stretched and eyed the parked car distastefully. The squeaky green swing was another of the secret worlds. She again felt the heat of the summer nights when they sat in the swing until what her father called "unrespectable" hours. From those long, hot summer nights had come all their plans and dreams. It was in the swing that he had asked her to marry him . . . and suddenly she had felt so very young. She had dragged him into the house to talk to her parents and then had cried when her father's voice became a little huskier than usual.

Dave's voice cut into her thoughts. "Tabby doesn't seem to approve of us, does he?"

"Sure he does—probably just wants to get in the car with us."

His laughter . . . then he reached for her hand the way he always did when he was happy.

"Maybe we should go out and keep him company."

They walked through the warm night and sat in the wonderful squeaky swing.

"Will you be afraid to stay alone?"

"A little. Tabby will be here, though."

"Tabby isn't very exciting company."

"No, he isn't . . . maybe we could just swing all night."

His laughter, but not funny laughter.

"Why don't we go in the house, Ann?"

She closed her eyes for just a second and felt her heart pound.

"Please."

She held tightly to the swing and looked up at him.

They decided that Dave should park his car around the corner so that the neighbors wouldn't see it.

She walked up to the house alone and quickly let herself in. The "home smell" greeted her . . . the smell of the waxed floors, the furniture polish, and the lilacs freshly cut on the dining room table. She turned on a lamp and wished that Dave would hurry.

The letter was on the desk . . . half-written. Her father must have been writing it when they got the call about Uncle Jerome. He would finish it when he got home Monday, and she would probably get it sometime Tuesday or Wednesday. She read it and smiled at the spots where his big hands had got confused with the too-small keys. He wrote that they were pleased with her mid-term grades. The last sentence said how glad he was that she was theirs and that she had made them proud.

She stood looking at the letter for she-didn't-know-how-long. They were proud of her.

Suddenly she felt sick. She ran to the door and tripped over the rug on the way. She closed the door and locked it. She turned the lamp off and stood at the window . . . waiting.

He came quickly up the street . . . the same quickness he always had when he walked. The moonlight outlined his thin body, and he looked frighteningly young. She loved him very much then.

He stopped under the moon-white lilac tree at the edge of the yard and

looked at the house. Finally, he started walking toward her—but much more slowly and heavily this time. He stopped again in front of the house and stood looking at the swing. She had loved him for such a long time . . . she knew the things he was remembering as he stood there in the moonlight. He reached out and touched the swing without taking his eyes from the house. He took one half-step toward her and then turned around and walked quickly up the street.

She stood at the window long after he had disappeared around the corner. The Happiness flowed all through her. He remembered . . . remembered all the secret worlds. And now there would still be other, more wonderful worlds.

She felt the tension leave her body. The night was blue . . . not black at all.

HALFLIGHT

Laura Heusinkveld, a freshman from Sibley, Iowa, is majoring in comparative religion with an emphasis in Oriental philosophy.

LAURIE HEUSINKVELD

THE wind
whined among trees that stood
shivering in their nakedness.

The shuttered houses
huddled like mother hens
around their inhabitants.

A dog
sleetcoated
scratched at the door.

YESTERDAY

KAREN PREWITT

YESTERDAY I hated you
For what this problem made you do.
"Tomorrow," I have heard you say,
And wept, and turned the other way.
Now I have known a thing like this
And could not put it in its place.
Now I have known this thing of sorrow
And heard myself repeat "Tomorrow . . ."

MORNING TO REMEMBER

Betty Ritter is a freshman from Clarksville, Tennessee, majoring in French. She has won recognition in essay contests in her high school and her state. Her story is based on her experiences as a Sunday School teacher.

BETTY RITTER

PEGGY WAS GETTING TIRED of sitting and waiting for school to begin. She turned around and stood on her knees in the chair and looked at all the other people. There were so many children! They were all moving—some looking about on the floor for pencils or pennies or hankies which they had dropped, some chattering, many squirming, and some sitting very still and moving only their eyes. Peggy did not know any of the other children; she saw no one from her Sunday School class. Maybe she had wandered into the wrong room. She slid around and began to swing her feet back and forth. A little girl in a red plaid dress had come in with her mother and sat down next to Peggy.

"Are you going to school?" asked Peggy.

"Of course," the girl replied and began to swing her feet back and forth. "I have a new blue pencil box."

"I have a red one," Peggy remarked. "Uncle Tod gave it to me, and it has three pencils in it."

"Mine has four!" Peggy looked at it out of the corner of her eye, and it did have four.

They said nothing for a while. The room was hot. A small boy began to cry; he was wearing a blue sailor suit, and his red face looked funny above it. Peggy was glad she wasn't a baby.

"Your shoe's untied," giggled the girl in the red plaid dress.

Peggy didn't answer. She could tie her shoe, but it was hard to do and took her a long time, and she didn't want to try it in front of this girl.

Most of the other children had their mothers with them. Peggy wished her mother had come. Mother would be in the right place, and she would know when school would begin, and she could tie shoes.

An enormous lady stalked across the floor and sat down next to Peggy. She struggled out of her jacket, and it fell on Peggy's shoulder. She pushed the heavy bulk away, but it fell back again.

Was this school? Peggy wondered if it might not be nicer to go home and make mud pies. Where was the cafeteria? When was recess? Where were the books? Peggy threw her braids over her shoulder and sat up straight. She had come to school to learn to be a grown-up, and grown-ups did not cry.

If only school would begin, it might be all right. Why, only the afternoon before, she had heard the big children from down the street talking about school. They had been playing ball in the vacant lot next to Peggy's house, and she had climbed up on the fence to watch them.

"Guess this will be our last game until next summer," Jimmy had grumbled.

"Don't be silly. We can play after school," his sister, Nancy, had answered. "I'm glad school is starting. I like to read, and I like the stories the teachers read after lunch while we're resting."

"Heck, I like lunch! You can pick out what you want to eat in the cafeteria at school. That's something." Chuck seemed to take great delight in rubbing

his hands about in the dirt before gripping the bat. He bent over, stuck his tongue out the side of his mouth, and waited for the ball.

But Jimmy wasn't ready to pitch. "Recess is fun," he said. "I'll be glad to play with all my chums from school again."

"You'd better be good," Nancy reminded him. "You know Daddy said if you were ever sent to the principal, he'd spank you again when you get home."

"What's a principal?" asked Peggy.

"You'll find out if you ever do the least thing wrong, Snaggle-Tooth," Chuck warned. "He's a man they keep at school to spank people."

Peggy had climbed down from the fence. She wouldn't be meeting anyone as terrible as the principal.

At dinner that night her grandmother had told her to take advantage of every minute of school because some children were not able to go. Remembering, Peggy began to feel a little cool, even in the hot room. The way things looked now, she might not be going. This wasn't like school when Mother or Miss Allen, her Sunday School teacher, had talked about it.

But something was happening! A tall man in a brown suit had marched up to the stage. Six ladies stood behind him. One of the ladies had bright yellow hair. She was wearing a blue dress, and she was smiling! Peggy liked her at once.

"That man is the principal," whispered the girl with the four pencils. "And Mother says those are the teachers back there."

The principal looked cross; perhaps he already had spanked a great many people that morning. He brought the teachers forward one by one. Each read a list of names, and then those children were asked to go away with her. Peggy held her breath as each teacher read; she wanted to be in the yellow-haired teacher's room!

She was the last to read her list, and only a handful of children were left. Peggy looked up at her happily. But she did not read Peggy's name! The others trooped out with their mothers and left Peggy alone. She could not go to school! She was one of the poor children her grandmother had been talking about.

She stumbled over her shoelace as she left the room and wandered down the hall. She had never felt so sad before. A lost feeling came over her; a strange, hard rope seemed to be tied around her chest. She saw a friendly-looking lady carrying books. She followed her, but the lady turned a corner and was gone. Peggy could hear the click-click of her shoes far away somewhere.

She looked back down the hall. A man was coming—the principal. She opened the first door she saw and squeezed herself into a little room full of brooms and dustpans. She dropped her pencil box. She began to cry. She had torn her dress, and her hair ribbon had come undone.

Peggy decided to go home. Her family would be sorry that she could not go to school. But they would let her stay at home and play with her dolls and her cats. If only she could get outside the big building, perhaps she could find her way home.

She tiptoed out of the room. Her tear-blinded eyes failed to see the principal until she stood right in front of the dreadful man.

He stooped down in front of Peggy. His eyes were friendly, and suddenly she liked him. She asked him if he could tell her how to get home. She told him all her troubles. After all, he could not spank her if she were not going to school.

The principal laughed. "You can go to school, Peggy," he said gently. "Of course you can. We grown-ups have made another of our silly mistakes. Your name was Margaret on the list instead of Peggy. You must excuse us for being so mixed-up. But come, Peggy, you must get to class."

Peggy smiled. She took his hand and pattered along beside him. She knew, even before he led her to the yellow-haired teacher's room, that school was going to be even more wonderful than she had ever dreamed.

MY FRIEND

YVONNE LINSIN

I WAS Helen from Troy dancing in my mirror;
Now the ugly edges of history shatter the glass
Because my friend is faithful to hate.
She steals my breath and slices it and gulps the chunks;
My friend creases my beauty, then
Hides it in the mud because she can't wear it.
She doesn't polish me;
She shrills my tones into discord.
She makes my beauty her mask
By chasing my dreams.
She tells me lies about the sun and
Tempts my strength by loosening me into laughter.
She cheapens my design when
She smooths my boys with hands.

NEGRO

NANCY AIKENS

A BEETLE,
Creeping,
Clambering
Up the slippery windowpane—
He tumbels
Then lurks
Frustrated,
Passive
At the bottom.

TIME ROLLS ON—IF THE MOTOR HOLDS OUT

Norma Nixon, a physical education major from Ellisville, Missouri, is the fourth place winner of this year's freshman writing contest. She is a member of Alpha Lambda Delta.

NORMA NIXON

TO MY KNOWLEDGE I have always been afflicted with oldcaritis. This disease unknown in medical circles is most easily detected when you own an automobile which you know isn't worth the time it takes to say, "Well, I'll be a horseless carriage!" Yet, you dread separation from it. It is strange that sufferers from this disorder have been known to yearn for the days when their oldcaritis was at its peak, and equally odd that the infection can be contracted only from certain cars—those which are old and have personality.

I first became aware of this malady when my father bought a '29 Oldsmobile. Now, there is nothing unusual about owning a '29 Oldsmobile—in 1929; but Betsy was with us in 1950. You had to hand it to old Betsy; despite her twenty-one years she made a striking picture on the streets of downtown St. Louis—partly because her body was still bright and shining and she carried it proudly, and partly because there just weren't cars like that any more.

Betsy stood head and shoulders taller than her sister autos, the sun visor perched smartly over the straight-up-and-down windshield, her silhouette a remarkable resemblance to a baseball umpire sporting a new game hat. Her fenders were dentless, and even her thin, narrow wheels retained all their original spokes. All of these were very admirable traits for a car of Betsy's age, but they were offset by her single bad habit. Betsy was very temperamental when it came to running, and when she did decide to move, it was with a definite Cha-Cha-Boom beat. Had I been in good health, I would have realized that the best place for Betsy was the nearest junk yard; but since I was suffering from oldcaritis, I was certain she was only tired and needed a short rest. Her rest came soon enough, for one evening Dad come home without her. Her valiant heart, an exhausted fuel pump, had finally ceased operation, and the life-giving fluid no longer surged through her weakened veins. Betsy was sold. We had parted without even a last good-bye.

Her successor may have run better from Dad's viewpoint, but as far as I was concerned she couldn't hold a spark plug to Betsy, especially as far as looks went. Esmeralda was a '36 tudor Chevrolet with one smashed taillight and four dented fenders. I soon discovered she was a country girl at heart; she found city life quite boring after spending the best days of her life dodging ruts in gravel roads, running through the meadows to carry hay to the cows, and spinning down to the mudhole to slop the hogs. This change of life was just as though her best friend had placed her in a rest home. However, within a matter of weeks Esmeralda became accustomed to our way of life, and we adapted ourselves to hers as nearly as was feasible. Esmeralda's windshield wipers had the same general attitude about city life that she maintained, and they lacked ambition when operating, the fastest one completing one full cycle twice per minute. My first thrill with her came in a driving rain storm on a narrow, deserted road one night. We finally made it to the main highway, but only by the grace of God or pure radar; the ditch was twenty feet deep in places.

Even if her wipers had worked well, it would have been difficult to see through the safety glass. The "safety" section was turning every color of the rainbow, and each day the stained safety glass in the windshield encompassed a greater area, until it outspanned the clear glass two-to-one. On clear, warm days we could turn the crank on the dash board, thus raising the windshield after no small amount of wrestling and strain. It was a new experience—to see where you were going before you got there—and soon became a favorite pastime with us. The fresh spring breeze kissing my cheeks made me forget and forgive Esmeralda and her idiosyncrasies.

"Old Es" grew on you, and within a short time she was as popular as was Betsy. Our only problem was Dad. He was becoming exceedingly impatient with the seats, which were rapidly losing their stuffing; with the trunk lid, which flopped and banged up and down; with the lights, which worked when and how they pleased; with the inside ceiling upholstery, which hung lower and lower as the rips and tears got bigger and bigger—they defied any thread to hold them together. One day Es pushed her luck too far. The driver's door refused to catch when closed, and it had to be tied shut with a rope. This went over big with Dad. Since he refused to tie and untie the rope each time he entered or exited from the coach, and was equally opposed to using the other door and sliding across the almost bare seat springs, Esmeralda was put on sale. I tried to save her by explaining to Dad that just as some people have red hair and blue eyes to differentiate them from other humans, Esmeralda had a worn out coil and a leaky radiator which made her different from other automobiles. He agreed; she was different. I was with "Old Es" to the end; Dad persuaded the junk man to accept her for ten dollars.

Immediately the Blue Goose crossed our path. It will always remain a mystery to me how the Blue Goose ever attained that moniker; her paint was dingy black with tiny, red, pin-point dots; it wasn't pretty, but rather interesting. Her most striking feature was the absence of a grill. She was the silent type when it came to horns. She had evidently found them useless to her since she had "Dodge" affixed to the front hood.

On either end of the back seat the Blue Goose was equipped with the type of windows that were pushed on one end to open. Once when we stopped for a traffic light, I decided it was too warm. I turned the handle and gathered all my strength to give a good push, since it usually stuck. It didn't stick this time. To my amazement I found my arm far outside the car holding the window, which had come off the hinges, in my hand. Somehow I had retained possession of the window, which was lucky for us since her tires weren't too sturdy. Quickly I withdrew them (arm and window), lest the occupants of the adjacent car should think I was offering them our window. I had achieved my purpose; the remainder of the ride was cooler.

The Blue Goose was forever surprising us with little tricks. On one of our Sunday afternoon jaunts across the countryside my sister half stood in the back seat to smooth her skirt beneath her. The weight of her body on the rusted floor board was disastrous; her foot went right through the floor. When she finally got her foot back in the car, Dad took hold of the sun visor over his half of the windshield, gave it a quick yank, and passed it back to her to cover the gaping aperture. It was a perfect fit.

The more tricks she played, the more Dad detested her. Her name Blue Goose was gradually transformed into the Old Black Bunion. When we bought a pea-green Chevrolet (a new car with no personality), the Blue Goose, alias the Old Black Bunion, had to go.

It seems that we could not live happily without a personality car gracing our driveway, and we became a two-car family when Leapin' Lena joined our fold—well, a one-and-a-half car family, anyway.

Leapin' Lena, better known as Lena, isn't just any old car; she's a retired hot rod. But don't let the term "retired" deceive you. True, her once shining blue-grey dress is now faded, with soiled bits of reddish-brown making an occasional appearance, and her torso is gradually going to pot with the annual arrival of newer models. Lena's gait is not as steady as it must have been at one time, and whenever she pulls a muscle she responds each succeeding time with a jerk more violent than the previous. Her touch of the flu seems to get worse daily, and I keep careful check over the coughs and groans, lest they develop into pneumonia. She is still proud of her hot-roddy appearance with the twin tail pipes, spotlights, mud guards, and the absence of hub caps. The only thing which makes Lena retired is her state of inactiveness.

My first fears that she lacked personality proved to be unfounded when she refused to start after we had ridden to church in her. After coaxing her to start for a half-hour, we abandoned the idea and walked the two miles home in the twenty-five degree winds. Lena now holds the seat of honor in our garage, taking advantage of its protection on cold nights while the Green Dragon rests uneasily outside.

It seems a pity that automobiles do not acquire personalities in their peak; but, since this is nearly impossible, I shall bear with my younger friends with their speedy motors, puncture-proof tires, and push-button windows, and watch the time roll by until that day when they develop that first spark of personality—a dead motor in the center of a busy intersection during rush-hour traffic.

THE BAPTIZED

Dr. Betz, a former member of the English Department at Lindenwood, has frequently contributed poems to the GRIFFIN. He is now teaching at Our Lady of Cincinnati College.

SIEGMUND A. E. BETZ

IN the gullies of their dry souls streams
Torrent peace, flooding away the welter and jetsam of desert dreams.
Though sloven hunger made them knotted and lean,
Skin and eye, now, gleam and canticle clean.

They taste new food; their best rest is their new toil;
Sinew and soul wake as limbs strike off the serpent coil.
These drowned now breathe again—the new, the nutrient air—
And “Whither?” asked, God-pointing cry out: “There!”



GLOVER
'57

