
THE GRIFF

THE GRIFFIN

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THE GRIFFIN

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

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A Good Woman

PATTY RINEHART

Patty, a freshman from Oak Ridge, Tennessee, won first place in the Freshman Writing Contest this year with her short story printed below. Her hobby is writing, and one of her main interests is working with children.

"MARTHA ANN, come put these tomatoes on the table. Your grandpa will be here in a minute, and he doesn't like to wait!" Martha Ann took the thick shiny plate and carried it carefully with both hands. The tomatoes glistened in the hot room. A slice of red tomato, a slice of white onion, tomato, onion. Grandma always said, "Your grandpa has to have onion with his tomato." Her paring knife would slice off the top of the brown onion; then she would give a little toss of her hand and the onion would turn over. Slice—the bottom fell to the counter. A deft slit down the side of the onion, two pushes with her thumb, and the brown skin and the first white ring of the onion fell beside the other pieces. She sliced the onion with little jabs of her knife.

Grandma was mixing the biscuit dough with floury hands, poking and working it with quick gentle pats. Little puffs of flour rose each time she turned it. Wiping her hands on her big white apron, Grandma walked with short fast steps to the oven. She turned her face away from the heat as she opened the oven door a crack. She peered in and shook her head. "He'd better come on. These are almost done, and they'll be cold. He doesn't like cold biscuits." Step, step, step. Grandma went back to her dough. Maybe she would give Martha Ann a piece of dough to play with.

Martha Ann heard her Grandpa's step on the porch. She wanted to run and meet him. Grandma heard, too, and began moving back and forth from the counter to the table, setting down the bowls of food with hard thuds. Martha Ann ran over and hid beside the kitchen door. Grandpa came in smiling and calling, "Where are my Susies?" He pretended that he hadn't seen Martha Ann. Martha Ann giggled, and he turned and scooped her up in a big hug and whiskery kiss. "I've got you in a bear trap now." The buttons of his coat pressed cool on her face. He smelled good—like cigars and shaving lotion and cloves and

some exotic essence that Martha Ann loved. Grandpa put her down and strode across the kitchen to Grandma. He squeezed Grandma's waist. "My, but that smells good. You are a good cooker, Susie." He snitched a hot biscuit.

"You'd better wash up now. It's ready. Martha Ann, run see if the boarders are ready." Grandma began to fairly fly, taking the beets from the icebox, sliding hot biscuits from the pan, pouring the tea.

Grandpa winked at Martha Ann. "Come on, Susie. Let's do what the lady says."

Martha Ann took the last step of the stairs with a little hop. She knew exactly what they would be doing. Mr. Ramsey would be sitting at his desk wearing his green eyeshade and reading. She knocked on his door three times, opened it, and peeked in. "Mr. Ramsey, Grandma says to tell you lunch is ready."

"Thank you, Martha Ann. I'll be right down." She went on down the hall past Mr. Jamieson's room. He would be down playing checkers with Mr. Evans. She opened the door and skipped over to the checker board. "Lunch is ready. You'd better hurry or I'll eat your biscuits."

Mr. Jamieson laughed. "Oh you will, will you?" Well, I know a little lady who won't be getting any peppermints from me if she eats my biscuits! Come on, Evans, let's keep an eye on this stinker." Mr. Jamieson's voice filled the whole hall as they started to the kitchen. His laughter sounded clear downstairs.

* * *

Martha Ann's stomach was so full that she had to lie on her back. She moved her hand on the quilt, feeling the crinkly material. It had so many stitches sewn in every square—as many stitches as there were holes in the door screen. Oh, it was hot. She propped herself up on one elbow and looked out the screen. Grandma let her take her nap on the floor in front of the door when it was so hot. The house creaked and cracked in the afternoon heat. It always did on hot days. Martha Ann moved to a cooler spot on the quilt. She felt sweaty. The backs of her knees itched. She put her feet up and pretended to walk on the ceiling. Ten toes. This little piggy went to market; this little piggy stayed . . .

"Martha Ann, quit playing in there!" Grandma moved in the porch swing and it squealed shrilly. She was shelling peas. Whang! Whang! Peas hit the bottom of the pan. They made less noise as they accumulated—thunk, punk. Plip-plippity. There must be a lot of peas in the pan by now. There was hardly any noise at all. So hot.

* * *

Martha Ann lay still, feeling herself wake up. She felt sweaty and heavy. Her hair was stuck to her face. She pushed it back and felt it wet and limp on her fingers. Voices on the porch. She closed her eyes.

Mr. Jamieson's voice came through the door. "I don't blame him. I don't blame him a bit. I'd probably do the same thing if I was married to her."

"But she's a good woman. A real good woman, and a good cook, too. She ain't stingy, but she's thrifty. Don't waste a man's money like some do. And she don't step out on him, that's for sure." That was Mr. Evans.

"There's more than one kind of good. A good cook and a good housekeeper don't make a warm bed or a happy man. It takes a woman who'll laugh sometimes and act like she's glad to see a body come home." The quilt was damp under Martha Ann. She rolled over heavily, and the air felt good on her skin. She opened her eyes and looked out. She saw dark spots on the door until her eyes adjusted to the light.

"I don't care. He might have reasons to want one, but a married man just don't have a right to take a mistress. He chose his woman, and he ought to stay with her. Ain't that so, Ramsey?"

"There are no legal or moral grounds for adultery in any situation, Mr. Evans."

Mr. Jamieson's voice boomed, "Sometimes there ain't no legal or moral about it. A man's a man, and that won't ever be changed."

"Shh, the child might hear you. She thinks the world of her grandpa. She's just inside the door there."

Grandpa. They must be talking about Grandpa. What's wrong with Grandpa? Wasn't he going to live with them anymore? It would be awful without Grandpa. Where would she live? What would Grandma do?

Martha Ann got up and ran to the kitchen. "Grandma!"

"Are you awake, child? Well, run wash your face and put on your dress."

"Grandma!"

"Did you hear me? And fold up your quilt, too."

Martha Ann folded up the quilt and went slowly into the bedroom. She wiped her face off and pulled on her dress. Sliding her hand under the covers of the bed, she felt the sheets. Yes. It was certain that Mr. Jamieson was talking about Grandpa. The sheets were cool. Why would that make him want to live somewhere else?

Martha Ann went back to the kitchen and backed up to her Grandma to have her dress buttoned. Grandma buttoned it quickly and gave Martha Ann a little pat. "Your crackers and milk are on the table. Run eat before the milk gets warm." Every afternoon Martha Ann ate crackers and milk when she got up from her nap. She pressed her tongue on the cracker, feeling the rough saltiness. As she broke the crackers into the milk, she was careful not to spill any crumbs on the floor. She scooped the soggy crackers out of the milk with her spoon and swallowed them with occasional sips of milk. The milk was cold, and she could feel it go cool down her throat. Grandma took the empty glass and spoon over to the sink.

"Grandma, do you know how to make a warm bed?

"What nonsense are you talking?" Run on out and play. You can take your doll out on the porch and swing 'til Grandpa comes. But mind you don't get off that porch!"

The men were gone from the porch. Martha Ann placed Polly on the swing. "I won't go away and leave you, Polly. You can stay with me forever and ever. If Grandpa goes away, we'll just go with him. Hang on tight, and I'll push us high. See if you can touch the lilac bush with your toes." Martha Ann pushed the swing high. It squealed and squawked. She stretched her legs toward the lilac bush. Squeak, squawk. Higher and higher. Polly fell out into the yard beside the bush. Martha Ann jumped out of the swing and looked over the side of the porch. "Wait a minute, Polly. I'll come get you."

"What are you looking at, Susie?"

Grandpa!

"Polly fell out of the swing. You'll take us with you when you go away, won't you, Grandpa?"

"Go away? Where am I going? I just got home." Grandpa laughed.

"When you go away to take a mistress. What's a mistress? Can we go?" Grandpa stood still for a moment. He turned around and sat heavily on the porch steps. He reached in his back pocket and pulled out his handkerchief. His voice sounded lighter and he spoke slowly.

"What are you talking about, Susie? Who says I'm going to do that?"

"The boarders. I heard them. They said you were going away to take a mistress because Grandma can't make a warm bed. Can we go, too?"

Grandpa wiped his face and his neck and his fingers on the handkerchief. He folded it and put it back in his pocket.

"So that's what it is." He sat still, his breathing loud. The noise of his breathing was the only sound on the porch.

"Grandpa?" Why wouldn't he answer?

"No, Susie. I'm not going away. The boarders were wrong. They just talk too much. You just forget all that. I'm going to stay right here." Grandpa paused for a long time. "Your Grandma's a good woman, and you're a sweet girl. Don't worry. I'm not going anywhere. Mistress is a grown up word, and you must wait 'til you're grown up to use it. Just forget all about it. Don't bother your Grandma with it."

Grandpa's steps were loud and heavy as he went slowly into the house. He didn't look at Martha Ann. Martha Ann called after him, "Grandpa, can I go off the porch and get Polly?"

Martha Ann picked up Polly and brushed her off. "It's all right. We aren't going anywhere." Polly's face was wrinkled, and one button eye was pushed askew in her flat cloth face. Martha Ann patted it into place. "Now, I said for you not to worry. Grandpa says so. You forget all about it. Let's go upstairs and see if Mr. Jamieson will give us a peppermint."

For Theirs Is the Kingdom of Heaven

HELEN RICE

Helen was graduated from Lindenwood last year with a major in art. She was a member of Poetry Society and of the GRIFFIN *staff. Helen is now doing graduate work in education at Vanderbilt University.*

NOBODY at the crossroads.
Sunset after sunset has passed by here,
And the low wind that belongs to rain,
But seldom planet-twisted weather,
Or a traveller sick of the way.
The meeting of roads on an open plain
Finds empty passages.
When riches end, as in this dusty place
None is, the frenzied genesis
Of faith will seize the immortal lover,
Space swelling at his back,
Full of fiery remembrances.
Now what is beautiful
To see in man when modern masks vanish
Is the ancient loveliness
Of certain spirit faces.
There will be joy for children
When Cassandra dies distressed.

A Tiger and a Violet

Judith Petterson, a sophomore from Syracuse, Kansas, is currently a member of Alpha Lambda Delta and of the GRIFFIN *staff. She plans to major in English and has received a President's Scholarship for the coming year.*

JUDITH PETTERSON

CLARK USUALLY CALLED at 8:30 to see how her day had gone, but tonight he was early.

"Winifred, honey, I have to know tonight." Even over the telephone Clark's voice was reassuring and mellow in her ear—like the Cantonese dinner gong in the movie last Saturday.

"I understand, Clark, but . . ."

"But what? I thought that you said you wanted a Tiffany." The mellowness was edged with tin. "And Jim has the matching wedding ring, too."

"What I mean, Clark, is that my Dad is having a drop-in-and-have-a-drink-type party right now, and it's a bad time for decisions."

"Well, Jim is leaving for Kansas City early in the morning, and if we want these rings I have to tell him before midnight." The blemish of tin was gone.

"Listen, the Cottinghams have just come in, and Dad's in the kitchen mixing drinks. Why don't you drop by about 11:00? This should be over by 10:30."

"All right, honey."

Winifred replaced the receiver, and the mellow gong was immediately crushed by the sounds of laughter churning through the smoke-laden air. Jackie Gleason trumpeted "Tawney" from the record player, but nobody heard him. And Mr. MacCallum waded through a shaggy dog story. Nobody heard him either. Winifred stood for a moment beside the telephone. Ever since she'd come home from college last spring—almost a year ago—she hadn't let a day pass without contemplating the role of Mrs. Clark Finn. She and Clark would live out north of town on the Finn family ranch in a white house with a porch, and

every Saturday night they'd come in for the double feature. Clark would hold her hand all through the movie, because she used to be afraid in snake scenes when they were little. She wasn't afraid of snake scenes any more, but Clark still remembered. And perhaps Mrs. Clark Finn would join the Busy Bees. They had a potluck luncheon every Tuesday at a different house. All she really needed was the Tiffany engagement ring. And now . . . Now Molly Matterson was sponging vigorously at a large bourbon stain on the bird-of-paradise rug.

Winifred discreetly ignored Molly's stain as she wove among the dusty-rose dresses and the amber glasses with their floating lemon slices, and orange and cinnamon stick. No one would ever guess that those elegant glasses had come filled with peanut butter. Winifred could see the Cottinghams still standing near the entrance way, and Delia Cottingham was evaluating the crowd from behind the thin squares of her narrow French eyeglasses. Winifred had tried to get glasses like Delia's before she went away to college, but Dr. James had said her lenses would never fit into such delicate frames. "And besides," he'd added when he saw her look of disappointment, "Delia Cottingham found those frames at a second-hand shop in Garden City. I don't think she's ever even wanted to go to France. Just like the rest of us, Winifred, she knows there's no place like home." Winifred got tortoise-shell instead.

Greene was with the Cottinghams. Delia had called late this afternoon to say that their son Greene had arrived unexpectedly. On his way East. Just here for the weekend, my dear. A magazine correspondent now. Did she remember Greene? Naturally Winifred said yes, even though she didn't. And, of course, Delia must bring him to the party. Her dad told Winifred later that Greene had been a senior when she and Clark were in the eighth grade.

Laughter showered the cigar-chewing faces lounging around Anita Evans and her apricot-icing hair. Even if she did run the Kut and Kurl, she was much too old to be dyeing her . . . Fine hostess she was! Delia and Mr. Cottingham were melting into the far corner where Mrs. Gadsby was reciting in regular meter who had been blackballed from the one dance club in town and why. Mrs. Gadsby didn't belong to the club. Greene was alone by the time Winifred finally reached the doorway. He was leisurely surveying a chipped miniature of "The Shepherdess" wedged on the third shelf of the book case with the ukelele and *How to Train Your Dog.*

"Greene. Greene Cottingham! How nice!" She'd overdone that.

"Winifred! Hello!"

Peculiar. He remembered her. How could he possibly . . . They edged toward two vacant folding chairs stuffed between the TV and the high-backed piano. Someone had put a cigarette out in the African violet pot on top of the TV. Greene moved a napkin-filled peanut butter glass from one of the folding chairs, and they sat down. The African violet was a May Day gift from Clark. He never forgot Winifred on May Day. Always purple. In a foil-wrapped pot.

"You know," Greene was saying, "the last time I saw you, Winifred, you were a little gal with corkscrew curls and a plaid hair ribbon." Winifred felt his eyes scanning her face. Strange eyes. Eyes like hot rivets. Before she could stop herself, Winifred had touched the right bow of her glasses.

"It was the day of the science award," he said.

How on earth did he remember that? There was something about his face watching her. Perhaps it was the dimple. No, it was the quirk at the left corner of his mouth.

"I'd quite forgotten it myself." She'd skipped lunches for three months to watch an ant colony, and now she'd forgotten the award.

"I remember it because you were the first girl to win."

Silly that she should forget. She'd especially wanted that award to convince her father that she ought to go to college. Like most everyone in the town he expected a girl either to get married on Baccalaureate Sunday or to become her father's secretary. Only Clark had taken her seriously before the award. They'd been planning to go to college together all along. They wanted to see the world. And after that school assembly her dad had finally realized she had the ability to go. He'd come behind the heavy, maroon stage curtains and made a stuffy speech about "keeping up the good work." What had she done with that award? A whiff of Rexall one-cent sale perfume cut through the smoky air and passed in front of Greene and Winifred. Maybe Dad had put it in the strong box with his papers.

"Those were the days when I was planning to be an archaeologist." Winifred laughed cautiously. "I told everyone that I was going to go on a caravan through Asia looking for sunken cities. Clark said he was going with me to help me carry my pack and to watch for snakes. But that was just an excuse. You see, really we wanted to catch a tiger." The quirk in Greene's face contracted. He must think her a fool. She touched the bow of her glasses. Well, she couldn't stop now.

"We spent every minute of our Saturday afternoons fixing up my back yard for that tiger." And even after Clark had lost interest Winifred used to spend hours lying on the old mattress springs in the attic all alone thinking about the tiger. Its tawny back was marked boldly with slashes of black, and its burning eyes . . . On the night of an eclipse she and Clark were going to creep through the dark in her back yard to see its eyes flaming in the black. They'd tiptoe through the shadows and the wet grass to see the tiger's eyes. The eyes were Greene's eyes. She must say something.

"The nutty things kids think they'll do." The hollow words dissolved into the crowd. That's what always happened to her conversations with men. Only Clark ever really listened to her.

"Were you talking about Clark Finn?" So he was going to be merciful and skip over her childish revelations.

"Don't tell me you remember him?"

"He was a debate champ. Right?"

"Right. His speaking voice was superb. I had hoped . . ." And quite unexpectedly a bitterness spread over Winifred's tongue. She recognized it immediately. It was the taste of a souring chocolate fudge sundae. She'd been eating chocolate fudge in the drugstore when Clark told her that he was not going to the university with her in the fall. His dad wanted him on the ranch, he said into his strawberry soda. And he'd thought it out. Winifred knew that he had. Clark didn't make rash decisions. As far as he could see, college would just be a waste of time for him, because he'd probably come back to work with his father anyway. Look at Mike Dodson. Took all that training in business. And what did he do? Came back to sell tractors with his father. And what about Jeff Fabor? He worked one year on the *Garden City News,* and now he was back to be his father's printer.

Clark's mellow voice reasoned with her. "It's the kind of people we are, Winifred. We stick close to home. It's like turning under a fallow field and starting all over again. The younger generation stays to make the land fertile with new ideas." And yes, she thought, new ideas about what kind of noodles to take to Busy Bees next Tuesday. Or whether to go to the double feature on Friday night or on Saturday. He'd be waiting for her when she got out of college, he said. By that time he'd have a good start on the ranch. And someday it would be their own. She understood, didn't she? She didn't. Winifred bluntly called him a jellyfish with no backbone, and she spilled her sundae as she jerked out of the booth. Perhaps he'd never planned to go at all. All this time he'd just pretended he would go because it was Winifred's idea, and he didn't want to make her unhappy.

Clark drove Winifred to the station to catch the train for the university the following fall. While they waited for the Santa Fe, he gripped her hand securely. Confidently. And from the very beginning of college until the day she graduated, Winifred never found hands as comfortable as Clark's. She really did try to find them at first. But she soon learned that it was easier to spend the evening in *Paradise Lost* than at the drive-in seeing the world with the help of blind dates who kept taking her tortoise glasses off her face and clamping them in the glove compartment or draping them over the rearview mirror. How could she see the world without her glasses? Clark knew she couldn't see without them. And no one danced the way they did at home. Clark had been right. Her kind of people were at home.

Winifred finally wrote Clark an apology for calling him a jellyfish, and he sent a May Day violet in reply. She got four May Day violets and then she went home. Home where no one knew that socially she was a pancake. Her face flushed every time she thought about it. Her face . . . Greene's eyes were waiting. He'd asked about Clark.

"Once Clark thought about following the debate work he did in high school. But he gave up the idea."

The golden bright was scorching. How could she have forgotten the science award? The eyes moved away from Winifred's face only when Molly Matterson —minus her bourbon stain and quite confident now—ambled up to ask Greene about his trip to France. He was doing a special article for a sociology magazine, he said, and was leaving from New York next week. Then he paused. And Molly waited. Molly was so sure that he would . . . Winifred had her mouth all set to say how nice it was talking to him, when she remembered that Greene hadn't yet made a crack about her tortoise-shell glasses. And at that moment Greene turned away from Molly.

"If you are in Europe anytime this summer, Winifred, there's a place I'd like to show you." He said it so smoothly. "When I was six years old my grandfather showed me a picture of the Swiss mountains, and I decided to build St. Bernard kennels there someday." Molly raised her eyebrows and moved away rather quickly through the crowd toward Jon Everett, who was blowing solitary smoke rings by the fireplace. Greene didn't even see her leave. "I don't know why I'm telling you this—except that you seem different from the others here. Your tiger . . ." And his laugh was gentle. "My grandfather was different too. He never went to the Swiss mountains because Grandmother couldn't understand. 'Why, there's everything a body could ever want right here in our little town,' she used to say. And my folks are just like her. If it hadn't been for Grandfather's picture . . . I still get excited thinking about it." And the muscle twitching in his neck verified his words. "I have a feeling that you do understand, Winifred."

And yes she understood the two eyes burning yes bolder and brighter. Still a chance yes. He hadn't noticed her glasses. Europe. And suddenly the moon was covered and the round yellow flames were burning in the night. But God! It was not an eclipse! It was a theatre. And Clark was holding her hand and was seeing only the movie . . . While in the darkness beside him she saw eyes. Golden eyes. And yes she knew now. Clark would never creep through the grass. If she wanted to see the eyes she must creep alone. And it would be dark in the shadows. Could she creep alone?

Winifred was in the back yard when Clark's car pulled into the driveway. It had to be exactly 11:00 because Clark was never late. The long, moist grass brushed her ankles as she walked slowly through the night—peering into the shadows. Clark's solid footsteps crunched over the gravel on the other side of the house and scuffed the front porch. He rang his three-shorts-and-a-long. Winifred walked away from the house to the corner of the back yard. She looked behind the spirea.

Chimney High

EMILY SIMMONS

Emily Simmons, a sophomore, is from Potosi, Missouri. An English major and art minor, Emily is an avid reader and enjoys traveling.

THE weakling early sun
melts pale against the window
where I lean many-paned
leaded in my fixed frame.
Behind me the dim objects
tense, crouching
long-waiting to feel the sun,
to have visioned their prey
pressed night-torn to the dawn
high above the brick-held street.
Defeat washes in with the sun.
Gulping light soaks and engulfs
my close-held emptiness
until a wave, sea-bubble clear,
is hurled against it.
Somewhere behind my inward eyes
long locked inside
a stone-blocked sea
of memories
rises chimney high
to push . . . no, wait!
to hold the sun.

The Tip-off

Lois Pedersen, a freshman from Webster Groves, Missouri, plans to be an English major. She is a member of Poetry Society and is on the LINDEN BARK *staff. Lois was awarded second prize in the Freshman Writing Contest.*

LOIS PEDERSEN

PENNY BOYCE stared gloomily at the steak plate sitting before her in the semi-exotic restaurant inhabited by friends and neighbors of the upper middle class who made dining out once a week part of their routine.

"Steak tough?" her father asked her in a business-like way, although he couldn't help noticing that she hadn't touched it.

"I'm not hungry," replied Penny, who made a policy of answering simple-minded questions with simple-minded answers.

"Too much junk to eat after school," her mother said, smiling at her father as if she were making a witty remark that only he was capable of comprehending.

Penny sat silently listening to her parents make conversation about the new neighbors, the Coxes.

"I'm worried, Howard," remarked Mrs. Boyce. "That new lady is a librarian of all things. You should see her house! For just moving in, they have accumulated more dust and junk than you can imagine. I went to visit her the other day and nearly tripped over a stack of books *on the floor.*"

"Well, dear," Mr. Boyce reassured her as he set down his red Bordeaux, "I doubt if they'll be here long. Mr. Cox is a rather obnoxious fellow."

"He takes after his wife," said Mrs. Boyce.

"As chairman of the court, I went to tell him last night that we had all recently agreed to plant shrubs by the mail boxes. He flatly refused, sputtering about conformity or something; I don't know. I doubt if they'll last too long.

These obnoxious people who can't live in an organized society, they never stay any place very long. They'll leave."

"Organized society," thought Penny, "that's the understatement of the year. Stagnant society would be a more appropriate term. Mrs. Cox's books may be dusty, but I'm sure Mother's mind is the dustiest thing in the neighborhood. She's a typical example of what Mr. Phillips calls an ace member of the T.T.T.T. Club, Too, Too Typically Typical. I would probably be just like her if it weren't for Mr. Phillips. He's the best teacher I've ever had."

Staring around her, Penny noticed with contempt the red-checked tablecloths, the yellow candles on every table, the tasteless mural on the walls depicting a bearded Italian with bugging eyes, who was holding a bunch of grapes, against a background of ancient ruins and the sea. The plush blue carpet annoyed her even more. "I wonder what the Italians would say to all this fakery," she thought.

An argument going on between two waiters caught her attention. One waiter was the typical kind that wore red jackets, faked Italian accents, and acted overly servile to make the atmosphere cute. The other, however, was not really a waiter but an old man who cleared the tables. He did not wear a red coat. The red-coated waiter was doing all the talking in a low, intense tone as if he were warning the man. The old man had no expression whatever on his face. Returning to a table of diners, the red-coated waiter made a few gushy remarks Penny couldn't catch while he occasionally looked over his shoulder at the old man in a contemptuous manner.

Penny felt sorry for the old man. He always did the dirty work like clearing tables, taking back-talk from the cocky, debonair red-coats, who used him as a scapegoat for anything that slightly displeased the coddled customers. The old man was always so deliberate about everything that he did, as if he were conscious of every move. "He's really striving," Penny thought. She imagined him having six small children at home.

"It's very impolite to stare, dear," said Mrs. Boyce with an edge on her voice.

Without looking at her mother, Penny returned her stare to her plate.

"What is it about that man that fascinates you so, Penny?" her father teased.

Penny condescended to giving her father a contemptuous look as a reply. He was incapable of sensing other people's feelings or distress, incapable of understanding that his life was one meaningless routine. She remembered so clearly the time her father shouted at her for giving her pedigreed cocker spaniel to a little boy whose father was the garbage man.

"What's that little urchin going to do with a show dog?" her father had demanded indignantly as he, promptly preparing to reclaim his possession, put on his coat and hat.

"He doesn't have anyone to play with, and he gets so lonely riding in the truck with his father all day."

"Well, then, why doesn't he stay at home with his mother?"

"His mother works, too," Penny had replied.

"Well, they should put him in a nursery school, and besides, he probably sees lots of stray dogs around, which would be plenty good enough for him. I've got the papers for that dog. He won't do the boy any good without the papers."

Her father's voice had still scolded until he reached the car.

"Incapable, incapable, utterly incapable of understanding," Penny thought now. The image of the little boy's tears still plagued her at night. Her cocker didn't love her any more because the dog's love of the little boy and freedom had come between them. Her father's attitude reminded her of Marie Antoinette telling the peasants to eat cake if they didn't have bread. "That poor old man over there," thought Penny, "leads a far more meaningful life than my father because the waiter is striving and struggling for existence, while Father lets existence roll by as if he were watching a movie. He has a stagnant mind. No bushes by the mail boxes, indeed, indeed!"

Although Mrs. Boyce was silent, she kept giving Penny foreboding looks. Finally she said, "Penny, why is it that you insist on ruining our one evening out together every week?"

Looking up, Penny answered abruptly, "I didn't want to come." Penny couldn't help being sarcastic. She kept thinking of the argument they went through every week about whether or not she should accompany them out to dinner.

"I know," said her mother; and in an attempt to shake off her anger, she made a remark she thought was extremely humorous. "You'd rather eat cold beans and dry bread and send the money to the poor."

Penny opened her mouth to tell her mother she was immoral to joke about other people's distress while cushioning herself in a secure, full-bellied, middle-class restaurant, but her father hastily said, "Please, let's not get off on the cold bean routine again."

It was all hopeless. Her parents had been coddled too long to be sensitive to the problems of inferiors. She looked at her hands in despair. She thought her gray eyes must be very deep and compassionate looking.

"For heaven's sake, will you stop pouting! If you insist on behaving like a spoiled brat, you'll soon find yourself eating cold beans and hard bread. If you think your company's enjoyable—" her mother broke off as if incapable of describing to Penny what an ingrate she was.

Fighting tears as nobly as she could, Penny replied, "I didn't want to come, Mother. I don't even want to discuss it any more. Why don't you understand? How can you and father waste money on half-baked steaks in half-baked restaurants when there are people in this world who are starving?"

"It's not we that are wasting money, Penny," remarked her father. "I ate my

steak. The object of your infatuation, the noble table-clearer, will soon dump yours in the garbage can."

"It hurts me," said Penny, "that the poor man will have to dump my steak in the garbage, realizing that it's a meal for his six children."

Her father and mother laughed.

"How can you laugh?" demanded Penny, wishing she could leave and put her red-checked napkin down on the red-checked tablecloth. Everything about her mother annoyed her. She tried to be so cute, not only in what she said, but in the way she tried to look so young. "Nothing pleases Mother more," she thought, "than to have one of her cronies say, 'Why, my dear, you look like Penny's sister with that sharp figure and those gray eyes'; or to have one of them say, 'Julie, your hair is still as black as coal.' "

"What in the world has gotten into you, Penny?" her father asked between chuckles. "Where have we gone wrong?"

"What six children, dear?" her mother asked when she stopped laughing.

Penny, now beyond herself with contempt, said, "Oh, not just six children, Mother, sixty million children, Mother, who are starving."

"Oh, for God's sake!" her father said as he set down his coffee cup. His voice had lost every trace of humor.

"Please, dear," said Mrs. Boyce anxiously. "We are in public." She looked hastily around to reassure herself that nobody was watching.

"Do you realize how much milk the price of this meal would send to Korea?"

Mrs. Boyce glared at Penny. "Now you stop all this nonsense at once. It's all right for you to fast at dinner when you've gorged yourself with chocolate sodas after school."

"Yes, Penny," interrupted Mr. Boyce. "Why don't you send your chocolate sodas overseas?"

A red-coated waiter with an uncomfortable expression on his face was standing at Mr. Boyce's elbow. "Dessert, sir?" he asked in an obsequious tone as if he were delivering a profound oratorical question.

"For God's sake, no. Uh, for God's sake, no thank you. Oh, for God's sake," he stammered, wiping his brow with his monogrammed handkerchief, "let's go."

Penny had never seen her father so flustered in public before. His bald spot was showing. In his nonplussed state Mr. Boyce hastily took some money from his wallet, slapped it in the waiter's hand and mumbled to him to keep the change. He stalked out of the restaurant with Mrs. Boyce hastily following. Penny, however, remained behind. Recalling her father's comment about the chocolate sodas and feeling a need for vengeance upon her parents, she thought to herself, "All right, I will do something." Penny sat down at the table and began to rummage in her purse. In a few minutes as she had expected, the old

man who cleared the tables wheeled his cart over. Embarrassed, Penny hesitated for a second.

"Sir," she said, hoping that this would be a satisfactory address.

The waiter turned his sunken eyes to her without answering. Penny noticed his eyes for the first time. They were bloodshot and puffy looking as if he had been crying. Overcome with pity and despair that she hadn't done anything sooner, Penny took a five dollar bill from her purse. She stood up. The old man continued methodically taking dishes from the table and deliberately placing them on his tray, as if the process required disciplined concentration.

"Sir," she began again with more determination. The man turned to her again slowly without the slightest trace of irritation or any other motion. "I was thinking, well, what I mean is, well, you work so hard."

The man began to get a suspicious look in his eyes.

"Oh, dear," thought Penny, standing on one foot and then the other. She half wished she could forget about her philanthropy. She hastened to go on. "I thought I might leave this tip for you." Thrusting the bill into his hand, Penny hoped that she had made a satisfactory deliverance speech.

The old man looked at the money for a long time as if he were trying very hard to figure out what she meant. He looked at her again in a questioning way.

"Oh, no," thought Penny, "the man has been abused for so long he can't understand kindness when it comes." Smiling nervously and wishing she could get away, Penny added, leaning a little forward so he might understand her better, "It's a tip, you know, for you." She smiled nervously, pressed her lips together, and blushed.

The old man eyed the money very carefully, put it in his apron pocket, and suddenly did a very strange thing. He smiled very broadly, displaying his broken, yellow teeth, and winked at Penny. Slightly offended, but, nevertheless glad it was over, Penny fled for the door as she noticed the head waiter approaching the table she had just left. He had an irritated expression on his face. Reaching the door, Penny ran into her father, who was angrily coming after her.

"Don't tell me you ate the steak, after all," he said sarcastically.

Penny was sorry for her father because she realized he would never understand that within herself she felt unburdened, slightly exhilarated and at the same time peaceful.

Just as she and her father reached the car, a red-coated waiter came chasing after them. "Oh, Mr. Boyce," he said, glaring at Penny, "I believe you forgot this." The waiter handed Mr. Boyce Penny's five dollars. Taking out his wallet in his business like way, Mr. Boyce hastily counted his money.

"I couldn't have forgotten it," he said, "I have all my money. The meal was fifteen, sixty-five, wasn't it?"

The waiter looked a little embarrassed. Penny held her breath. "I believe your daughter left it as a tip," the waiter said in a soothing way.

"As a tip?" Her father looked at Penny as if he couldn't quite comprehend.

"Yes," said the waiter. "However, Miss Boyce," he added with a slight sneer, "it isn't the intention of the management that the table-clearers be tipped."

"It's my money," said Penny, biting off every word, "and I can tip whomever I please."

The waiter looked at her for a few minutes. Then forgetting to be obsequious so that he wouldn't be snipped, he added, "Of course, Miss Boyce, your charitable acts are your own concern, but I wouldn't waste my money on a drunken sot." The waiter turned on his heel and walked off.

Mr. Boyce looked at the five dollars in his hand. He looked at Penny standing very still and pale. "Get in the car, Penny."

Penny climbed numbly into the car. Her mind had almost stopped functioning. What had happened? What would become of the six children?

Her father was driving like a maniac, refusing to speak to her mother, who was crying because he wouldn't tell her the dreadful thing that had happened. Penny's stomach practically caved in.

"What is it, Howard? Penny, what did you do?" Penny wasn't listening. Mr. Boyce glared out the window. "What is it dear; what happened?" Mrs. Boyce was wringing her hands nervously.

"Penny left a tip, five dollars for that table-clearer," said Mr. Boyce. As he said this, his tense shoulders relaxed a little, and he began laughing silently.

"Oh, no! Penny!" Mrs. Boyce turned in the seat to stare at her pale daughter.

"I can tell you one thing, young lady," her father said in a serious tone, "Mother and I will keep that five dollars. We'll use it to go out another time."

Penny wanted so much to laugh hysterically, to cry like a coward, or better yet, to faint.

"After ruining our evening," Mr. Boyce continued, enjoying himself, "you owe us something."

Was the old man really a drunk, Penny thought. No, he couldn't be; none of this had really happened. Life wasn't like this. The man must be sick. Drinking must be an escape.

Suddenly very vividly in her mind, she recalled the man's puffy, blood-shot eyes as he had winked at her.

Quality

Nicole is a junior English major. She is a member of Poetry Society and editor of THE GRIFFIN.

NICOLE JOHNSON

MOCKERY mastered, crude tool turned
instrument, switch-bladed to a lance—
steel keened brilliance.
He waited.
I bent numb eyes to my stick-gripping hands.
Wood only wood they cried.

Sacrament

NICOLE JOHNSON

TAPESTRIED ritual, heavy woven stuff
Gold threading twined flowers, silver lambs.
Purple and green thorned roses shimmer
Into incense petals spreading fall.
Globing opulence of wine filled fleshy grape
Breaks spilling stain, pulled ripping from its vine.
Still bleeding, bleeding bred—ah!
Rises the songing sob, the tongueless cry.

The Ring

JOAN NIXON

Joan is a sophomore from Ellisville, Missouri. She is an English major and plans to enter the teaching profession. Joan's work has been written for her creative writing class.

SUN SHONE THROUGH the picture window and played on the buttery white icing of the cake. A slender glass vase of red geraniums sparkled before it. Beside the cake coffee cups sat around, each holding another in its lap, and a stack of cake plates stood ready. Their prongs glimmering, forks lined the edge of the lace tablecloth. The automatic percolator bubbled at the silver cream and sugar.

Huge white bows dressed white and printed tissue paper. The gifts smelled crisp, as they jumbled the floor around Sandra, waiting their turns to be opened. Sandra's full skirt swelled over her hidden feet; she sat on the soft rug.

"Isn't it lovely?" Sandra held up a white nylon slip edged with lace.

"Oh, isn't that just gorgeous," echoed Helen from her right, taking the slip.

"Don't snatch it," Sandra complained.

"We'll pass it around so everyone can feel it," said Helen, carefully lighting a cigarette. "Opal," Helen clicked closed the metal cap of her lighter, "wherever did you find such a thing? It's perfect."

"Well you know Famous," Opal began; the limp, curly feather on her pink hat bobbed. "On the fifth floor in this one corner . . ."

"Oh, open mine," blurted Wilma, extending her hand toward the little glass

candy dish perched on the footstool before her. Her plump fingers wrapped around three shiny, silver-foiled mints. Leaning against the chair's plush back, she peeled and took sharp bites of the tiny mint pillows.

With a shiny scissors Sandra cut the ribbon and carefully broke the wrapping paper's taped ends. "It might come in handy for the next shower," she laughed, folding the umbrella printed tissue. "A copper chafing dish; isn't it lovely?" She held it up for inspection.

"You didn't get one at your other showers?" worried Wilma, folding a silver-foil wrapper. "I'd be glad to exchange it for you."

"Oh, no, we can always use two. When I get mad at George, and I'll have to until I change some of his awful habits, I'll just put him at one end of the table with his own chafing dish," she laughed.

Manicured fingers pushed the shining metal through waiting hands around the ring of girls, as eyes watched Sandra open the next gift.

Wearing an old suede jacket with a ripped sleeve, Sandra's mother, Mrs. Blake, walked into the living room. One gloved hand carried a small hand hoe. "How're things going, girls?"

"Mother, take off those old gloves and watch with us," pleaded Sandra.

"Didn't you try my cake yet? I thought you'd be eating by now. I've already transplanted three of my red geraniums into flower pots; we're supposed to have a freeze tonight. Marble cake's my specialty, you know."

"Have you ever tried devil's food?" asked Helen, exhaling smoke with her words. The smoke seemed to bother Sandra.

"Let's wait a minute," coaxed Liz. "She's coming to my gift."

In the afternoon sun the nest of diamonds in Sandra's engagement ring sprinkled tiny specks of light on the rustling tissue paper.

"Oh, pass your ring around," said Helen, tying the loose bow at the neck of her blouse spattered with red hoes, little rakes, and overlapping black-handled shovels. "We haven't seen it yet."

Keeping her left hand carefully in view, Sandra raised the box lid. "A white lace blouse," she exclaimed, "how lovely. And it's my size too."

"Let's see it," gushed Opal. "Did you get it at Greenfield's, Liz? When I was downtown yesterday they had a big sale, and I saw three of the loveliest dresses marked down. Henry's cutting my spending this month, so I charged them. I'll fix him roast beef and candied yams around the first when the bills come.

Sandra slipped off her ring and placed it carefully in the center of the folded blouse. "Here," she chirped, as she passed them to Wilma on her left.

Wilma's hand wrapped around the blouse; her thumb rubbed slightly against the sparkling diamonds. "Isn't the ring beautiful," she called, balancing the blouse on her knees, while she slipped the ring to her finger's second knuckle, where it stuck. She pulled it from her finger and thrust it toward Rose. Remembering the blouse, she shoved it under the ring with her other hand.

"They're very nice," said Rose, accepting the blouse and ring. Her shoulders never left the hard, straight-backed chair.

"Now for Rose's gift," smiled Sandra. "She always knows just what I like."

Rose sat quietly watching the others. Funny, she thought, Helen and Opal being here. Although they've lived next door to each other now for three years, they haven't spoken for the past two. If Helen hadn't made such an issue over Opal's husband failing to return their new rake, the two couples would still be playing Canasta every Tuesday evening. And last week Liz had been telling Mr. Reinhardt, the grocer, about Wilma's terrible lack of self-control when it came to eating. "It makes you full just to watch her bolt her food," she'd joked. Rose passed the blouse and ring to Opal.

Sandra interrupted her thoughts. "Oh, a red leather purse. How perfect, Rose. It'll look marvelous with my tan tweed suit."

Rose returned a half smile. "Glad you like it."

"Hurry and open Helen's gift, so we can eat," suggested Wilma.

Picking up the small box, Sandra brushed the fold of the lace tablecloth filtering dust through a sunbeam. A white plastic case slid out, as Sandra opened the end of the box. There were eight steak knives with artificial marble handles. "How useful," laughed Sandra, lightly rubbing the blade edge against her thumb. "I believe they're sharp enough to cut glass, but let's just try one on Mother's cake."

Getting up from their chairs, the girls started toward the dining room, all laughing and talking at once.

"Helen, will you put these over there by the other gifts?" asked Opal, handing her the blouse and ring.

"Sure," answered Helen, turning toward the gifts behind her. She reached for the handkerchief in her pocket to check an attempted sneeze and followed the others to the table.

"This is delicious," said Wilma, taking the last bite of her piece of cake and reaching for another. "I shouldn't, but if you insist." She felt Rose's eyes. "Have another piece, Rose, your plate's half empty."

"No thank you; I've plenty." Rose munched the marble cake. How long, she wondered, before this gift bazaar ends? Opal's still planning how to soothe Henry into paying for her three new dresses. And Sandra can't wait to show George what she's gotten and to compare the gifts with those she received at the showers her grandma and cousin gave her. Liz and Helen could do more than criticize Mr. Reinhardt's son, Johnny.

"Friday night I saw him with that beer truck driver's daughter, Marge Wilson," Helen inserted annoyedly, snapping the metal lighter cap open and shut.

"Doesn't Reinhardt have enough sense to keep his son from mingling with those people around Waterman?" questioned Liz, her face set.

Sandra was fiddling with her coffee cup handle when she missed her ring. "Oh, where'd you put my ring?" she asked. "I'd better put it back on now."

Wilma took a bite of cake and mumbled, "It should be on the lace blouse."

Not seeing the ring, Sandra picked up the blouse and gently shook it, but nothing hit the soft rug. "It's not here; it must have gotten mixed up in the other gifts." She rummaged through the gifts, shaking the slip, looking into the chafing dish, opening the red purse, and shaking boxes and tissue paper. "It's not here," she stammered. Reluctantly, putting their coffee cups down into the brown pools of coffee standing in their saucers, the others joined her search.

"It's got to be right here." The snail feather on the pink hat curled and uncurled as Opal crawled under the table. The toes of her shoes made tracks in the rug's soft pile. Looking through the few shiny remaining mints, Wilma fingered each, then peeled and popped one into her mouth. She folded the glimmering wrapper and let it slip to the floor. Manicured fingers picked up foamy cushions and dropped them back. Hands reached into the sides of the green and blue easy chairs and sofa.

"Unless someone with a background for this type of thing has been busy," said Helen, being careful not to look in Opal's direction, "we should find it."

Opal seemed to miss the crisp comment. "Perhaps it fell, rolling into the kitchen," she suggested.

Following Wilma and Opal, Rose walked into the mint green kitchen. Only thin, stem legs of kitchen chairs touched the bright, bare floor. The edge of an opened cake mix box showed from behind a copper canister set standing on the formica counter. Wilma's ample green dress curtained the closet's entrance, as she checked to see that the ring hadn't rolled under the pantry door.

Sandra had gone to tell her mother. She and Mrs. Blake returned to the living room, calling the others to join them. Still wearing the old suede jacket and gardening gloves, Mrs. Blake carried an oval hatbox that contained her transplanting sand. She set the box near the center of the table. Sand oozed from one of its rounded corners and pooled in the tablecloth's hollows.

"I'm sorry this happened, but the ring must be returned."

The girls' eyes never left the box of sand.

"Perhaps if we looked again," said Liz.

"The ring probably just slipped down between something," added Helen.

"I'd like to try a small experiment," Mrs. Blake continued, "and if the ring isn't found, then I'll have to call the police."

"Th-that's an insult," whispered Wilma, her fingers curling emptily.

"You didn't look that carefully," stammered Liz.

"Before this all leads to something," interrupted Sandra, "if everyone agrees, let's each put a hand into the hatbox of sand. Whoever has the ring . . ."

"You mean 'if' someone has it, don't you?" Helen broke in.

". . . will have a chance to return it, and the whole matter will be forgotten," finished Sandra, ignoring the interruption.

They each put a hand into the box, the sand blotching between moist fingers and catching under fingernails. Opal and Wilma jerked their hands in and out as if to prove to everyone that they couldn't possibly have had time to drop the ring. Putting her hand into her pocket, Helen replaced her handkerchief and reached into the sand. The others followed; soft white hands, a couple wearing diamonds themselves, put bright red manicured fingernails into the gritty sand.

Sandra brought the society page of Tuesday's paper and spread it on the rug. Stooping, she tilted the box with her right hand. The sand showered through her anxious fingers snapping against the crisp paper. A kind of dusty smoke made her cough. Then, something caught between two of her fingers. She brushed off the sand and slipped the ring on.

Shoulders slipped quickly into cloth and dyed fur coats, and one by one the guests left. Her fingers rolling a small wad of silver foil, Wilma expressed gladness that the ring had been found. Observant eyes followed a bobbing pink snail feather. Sandra acknowledged words unconsciously, as she twisted the ring on her finger. Helen held a lit cigarette at her side; the smoke curled from the open door's draft toward Liz.

The table held scattered empty cake plates cloudy with icing. Coffee cups sat awkwardly in a group; forks mingled, their slick, dull prongs in a pile near the box of sand. A cold percolator ignored the silver cream and sugar.

Wrung Rhyme

HELEN RICE

WHEN I was young
I used to squeeze bees between sweet peas.
I got stung;
Because what was to buzz did what fuzz does—
Escape my hands!
Now, though the bough blow low, thou, snow, avow:
My heart expands . . .
Forsooth! In truth, runes do uncouth one's youth.

The Street

Mary Lee is a freshman from Salt Lake City. She belongs to Pi Alpha Delta and received honorable mention in the Freshman Writing Contest for her short story.

MARY LEE BRANNOCK

TWO TAN TRENCH COATS walked down the street. Inside were the well-dressed bodies of two boys. It could not be said that their skin was too olive, their noses too long, that they were too well-dressed, or that they used their hands too much. The taller of the two clutched his hands and walked along the crowded street as if an unrealized force were pushing him forward. The smaller didn't walk, but rather skipped, completely entangled with the sights, not seeing anything but feeling it. He seemed to tremble with the delight of the world surrounding him.

They were visiting the city. Their steps were hurried, afraid something would go unnoticed. The city had just been washed by a spring rain. Twilight had slowly crept towards the West, and night was flooding across the city. A few neon lights began to twinkle, throwing their gaudy, artificial lights down on the street. The noises of the city touched each other and bounced back to the cement buildings. Smells mingled and eventually lost their individuality, taking on a massive form.

The taller spoke first, his eyes forward, almost as if he were ignoring the presence of his companion, Norm.

"Notice how the rain has washed the streets? I've always appreciated the rain. Sort of like 'hope springs eternal' or something like that. But, hell, look what it's done to this city. Exposed it if it's done a thing. Cement's gray, but now it looks like wet clay."

"Yeah, I guess so," mumbled Norm as he turned his head back to look at a withered woman selling flowers. "But, Stan, it still smells like rain even in a city, and I like the smell of rain."

Two girls hurried past, long, crumpled packages under their arms and smaller ones in their hands.

"She's the type," one was saying, "that understands if you fall asleep in her classes. Just the other day. . . ."

The boys walked down the street, now completely glowing from the cast of the neons. The air was humid. Simultaneously the boys unbuttoned their coats. They passed a building with white letters reading, "Instruction in Modern Dance" slanting across its old bricks. Inside, ten men and women were prancing around like ponies.

"He said, and she said, let's go to the race track, he said . . ."

"Crazy," said Norm, "they are really out of it."

"So far out they're in," was Stan's comment.

The boys walked on. At the corner they waited for the yellow sign WALK to flash on. Surrounded by people, they plodded across the street. Once across they paused and decided to turn left. Suddenly Stan became intense; his words rushed out confusingly.

"I'm sure I heard a lone wail at that corner. Did you hear it? It wasn't a word, only an emotion. Was Madame Zza calling for the prima Joe, does Frankie long to have Johnny run his dark hand down her darker body?"

"What did you say? I didn't even see any Negro women on that corner?"

Two middle-aged men pushed between them. The younger of the two was talking.

"As I recall," a horn sounded, and some of his words were lost, "I was so damn excited . . ."

"Now, Stan, what were you talking about? I don't think I heard you right."

"What does being a Jew mean to you? Can't you understand the persecution the people of our race suffer daily? This is America, land of love and equality. That's a lot of bull. Gentiles never bother to go to their cherished Christian churches. They're too busy making rules to keep us out of their damn clubs and hotels."

"Stan, you stink," broke in Norm. "That's not right, you know it isn't. There're lots that go to church. Besides didn't a rabbi pray at the Inauguration? I think that shows a liberal view."

"Sure, a Catholic would put up a big front. Our race is guilty of turning from God, too. If Isaiah spoke in a synagogue, do you think the average American

Jew would bother to listen? Christ, Buddha, and Confucius could try the same thing, not in a synagogue, and more than one fool would wonder what new product they were trying to sell. No matter what method they used, people are so conditioned they station themselves in comfortable chairs, beer at their elbows, and fail to absorb one damn thing. I'm saving my money; I'm going to Israel. I can be useful there, and no one's going to ask if I'm a Jew."

"No," said Norm, who had been trying to think of an answer, "they'll ask you if you're a Gentile. If you want to marry a Jewish girl over there, you'll need certified documents proving you are a Jew. You'll probably have to learn the Torah all over again. You're a reformed Jew, an American Jew, and there's no place in Israel for you. Stay here with your ideas. Don't worry about the Jews, start working on the Negro problem; they're the hated ones, now. Help them, not yourself."

Stan's face turned red, his hands shook inside the pockets of his coat.

"Niggers, you want me to help niggers? Don't you feel any Jewish tradition? We must help ourselves, no one else will."

Then he stopped, his face became calm, his hands stopped trembling. As they walked the lights turned the boys green, then blue, finally yellow. Norm remained quiet, but he watched Stan. Stan's white tennis shoes rose and fell, never seeming to care that they traveled through dirty puddles of rain.

"He said, and she said, flowers, flowers for sale, as I recall, watch it, just the other day, salvation."

The voices of the city swelled in the night. People were letting the cement of the city sidewalks carry them along. The smells of people, animals, foods, and objects floated on the late breeze.

"Stan, there's a pawn shop. See those three brass balls down past that restaurant? Let's go see it. I've never seen a pawn shop." Norm's voice was a mixture of pleading and commanding.

"Sure," said Stan, "sure, why not?"

The two boys walked on. One walking as if an unrealized force was pushing him, the other almost running by his side. Forward towards the glistening balls. A man selling postal cards stepped out in front of them. Norm reached in his pocket, his other hand wildly pointing at the assortment of cards. Stan turned and looked out at the city.

As Easy As—

KAY HEITHECKER

Kay is a junior from St. Charles, Missouri. She is a Spanish and English major, with a minor in secondary education. Kay is a member of the GRIFFIN *staff, and has been a contributor in previous years.*

HI, BETTY—come on in. You don't mind if I don't get up, do you? No, I'm not sick, just exhausted. What do you mean, "What happened to the kitchen?" Yes, I know there's flour all over the floor, stove and counters. All right, I'll tell you about it. It all started when Ron suggested (in the form of a command) that I bake a pie—an honest to goodness, start from scratch pie. It had been such a long time since I'd baked one that the horror of the last episode had faded into a rather humorous memory. So I tried. I started in such a gay mood —dragging out the flour, shortening, pumpkin, eggs, milk, cinnamon, ginger, soda, nutmeg, cloves, brown sugar, molasses, pie pan, bowls, measuring cups, and spoons. Then I had no space left to work in. The ingredients covered the table and the counter tops. My gay mood began to turn just a little sour.

"Celeste," I said, "bring me your play table to roll the dough on. And then you kids get out of the kitchen. Out!"

Grandmother gave me her sure-fire recipe for making pie dough. I don't doubt that it works if you've been making pies for fifty years. But I haven't. The dough turned out fine on the first try, except for being just a little bit sticky, so I added some flour; then it was too stiff, so I added some water; then it was too sticky, so I added some flour . . .

The wad grew too big to handle easily, so I threw half of it away. No traces of gaiety were left now; it was a desperate struggle of supremacy between me and the lump on the table. "I'll flatten you out yet, you devil." Armed with the rolling pin, I attacked. The cook books say to handle the dough gently, but they've never come across dough with the perverse nature of mine. The only way was brute force. I flattened it good, so good in fact, that it stuck to the table. "A-ha, you've changed your tactics! Don't think you can get by with that!"

I flew to the utensil drawer and withdrew the pancake turner. "Just try to stick on the table now."

The children were all standing at the kitchen door with expressions of fascinated terror. Ron said mildly, "I wouldn't go in there, kids, if I were you."

I inserted the turner under the dough and lifted. Up came a section the size and shape of the turner. The remainder of the dough lay on the table. Passive resistance. I haven't had six hours of psychology for nothing. I'd just work around the edges, very gently, prying it up, until I finally reached the center. I began to work, very slowly, very cautiously. As I slipped the turner gently under the edge, the edge gently crumbled. "You block, you stone, you worse than senseless thing!" I picked up the dough and flung it into the pan. "Try to get out now." I mashed it with my fist until it covered the bottom of the pan. Then I buried it under the pumpkin mixture. Quickly I opened the oven door and pushed it into the interior. I was glad that it called for a *HOT* oven. My ordeal was over!

Betty, do you know that when the pie was done, my family had the nerve, the *AUDACITY*, to refuse to eat it? Do you want a piece? Betty—where are you going?

Under the Green Hill

NICOLE JOHNSON

ALL the pretty ladies lie
Buried laughing under loam green
Rocked hills themselves do sleep.

All the laughing ladies lie
Rocking under cradled lovers
Singing hills themselves to sleep.

All the lovely ladies lie
Wailing wind they moan a lay
Shaking laughing boys to cry in sleep,

"All the lovely ladies lie . . ."

Dickens' Use of Costume as a Clue to Character

MARYLYNNE OVERMAN

Marylynne is from Ponca City, Oklahoma. She was a freshman at Lindenwood last year, interested in speech and drama. This year she is attending Oklahoma University.

CHARLES DICKENS asks the question: Do the clothes "make the man" or does the man "make the clothes?" Then Charles Dickens tells the answer, not in one page, nor in one book, but in three books, full of the most uniquely-dressed individuals ever created in a man's mind. Out of *David Copperfield, Oliver Twist,* and *Great Expectations* step men in cocked hats and leather aprons, women in steel earrings and decayed wedding gowns, and children in rags and buttoned stiff coats. All are strongly guided by the clothes they wear. Some show by their dress what they are like inside, but others change themselves to fit the demands of their costume. This then, is Dickens' lesson in the power of dress.

A man's personality is a strong force, so strong that it shows through in everything he does, but more specifically in everything he wears. Charles Dickens finds three ways to demonstrate this coordination of mind and material. First, the character may have one outstanding or favorite article of apparel which is always with him until it becomes a part of his life and thinking. This article becomes a symbol of his character. Second, some of Dickens' characters dress in such a manner that their whole costume ties together to a central character trait

which is emphasized by each article of clothing. This person's character is shown by general appearance. Third, some of his characters try to hide their personalities and present an impression of entirely different aspect to the world, but some small item of their costume becomes apparent and calls the reader's attention to their real character.

A symbol of character in respect to clothing is one particular article of dress which is ever with the person and which illustrates his dominant personality trait. For instance, the absent-minded Mrs. Pocket in *Great Expectations* carries a handkerchief for the sole purpose of dropping it a thousand times a day, and the parochial undertaker in *Oliver Twist* who enjoys suffering and funerals carries a snuff-box which is an ingenious little model of a patent coffin.

In *David Copperfield,* Peggotty, David's nurse, is a bountiful woman full of love and devotion. Everything about her is generous, including her size and her pockets full of cakes. Her most noticeable articles of clothing are her many buttons which, because of her generosity in hugging, fly off the back of her gown in all directions whenever she squeezes little David. David remembers her last hug before his journey to school and always thinks she left without a solitary button on her gown, and Peggotty is so generous that she probably wouldn't have missed them.

David's aunt, Miss Murdstone, has a symbol of an entirely different kind. Her character is so hard, unbending, cold and unfeeling that only her metal fetters of jewelry can coincide so perfectly with her motto of firmness. She amuses herself by stringing the steel beads and then arranging them on her dresser like armor. David has said that they remind him of the fetters over a jail door; suggesting on the outside, to all beholders what was to be expected within.

In *Oliver Twist,* the child-thief, Jack Dawkins, has earned through his swiftness and acute ability to rob people the name of the Artful Dodger. He has no regrets whatever and prides himself on his ability to pick pockets successfully. His prize possession is a man's coat which reaches nearly to his heels, and which is capable of holding anything his thieving hands can touch.

Pip's sister, Mrs. Joe in *Great Expectations,* is a very dominating person who runs her family and household with the greatest precision, to the discomfort of everyone. Her main character trait is an attitude of sacrifice toward Pip and her husband because she has to do all this self-imposed work. The symbol of this supposed punishment is an apron which she wears every day of her life. Here is a torture composed of a square impregnable bib in front and stuck full of pins and needles. She makes it a powerful merit in herself, and a strong reproach against Joe, that she wears this apron so much.

If the personality trait has become so strong as to invade the person's entire character, it may be shown by the person's general appearance and by every article of clothing which is worn in a certain manner. Betsy Trotwood in *David Copperfield* and Mr. Brownlow, Oliver Twist's benefactor, are both characterized

by implicit neatness. Her dress is cut as economically as possible and she is constantly smoothing it with her hands. Her method of cleaning house reveals this trait very clearly. She puts on a coarse apron with a bob which she takes out of the press. She next sweeps up the crumbs with a little broom (putting on a pair of gloves first). Mr. Brownlow looks the picture of respect with a powdered head and gold spectacles and a smart bamboo cane under his arm.

In general, Oliver Twist's criminal friends have evil, cruel minds, and therefore their clothing is dirty and covered with grime. Their general appearance is soiled and greasy as is their character. Toby Crackit spoils his flashy appearance with dirty fingers, and Bill Sikes smears the beer from his face with the long frayed ends of a dirty belcher handkerchief around his neck, but these articles only add to the general filth instead of standing out alone. Because of the inner character of these men, the outer evidence is careless and filthy.

Miss Havisham, in *Great Expectations,* is a character who has decayed and shrunk from all normal sense of values. Her idea of happiness and the meaning of life is so withered and distorted that she has thrown away what could have been a rich life. Her clothing is that of a bride: once white, now yellow and faded; once rich, now decayed and ragged. Pip thinks that not even the withered bridal dress on the collapsed form could have looked so like graveclothes, or the long veil so like a shroud.

Some people try very hard to conceal their character by dressing with much care and in a manner suitable to the character they would like to be, much as a child dresses in her mother's clothes to play house. In three very distinct instances, Dickens takes a person who is trying to make an impression upon the people around him, and uses an article of clothing to reveal the other facet of his personality which the character has been trying to hide. These are the cases of Mr. Grimwig, Mr. Giles, and Mr. Jaggers.

Mr. Grimwig, a stout old man in *Oliver Twist,* rather resembles a parrot both in looks and in outward personality. He wears striped waistcoats and a double eye-glass attached to a black riband, through which he peeps at his friends. He shouts, snorts, and hobbles on his one good leg, trying to convince the world that he is heartless and rough, even though he is kind and well-wishing underneath. His bluff is revealed by his long steel watch-chain which hangs loosely by his side, but is found to have nothing but a key at the end.

Mr. Giles, the butler in *Oliver Twist,* tries to be the most proper and stiff type of butler, a fact of which he is very proud. He always dresses with scrupulous care in a full suit of black and serves with hardly a word for anyone. Then Mr. Giles gets excited about the safety of Rose and appears with a white nightcap and blue cotton handkerchiefs dotted with white spots. When reminded of his costume, he quickly hides it all and puts on his old, sober hat, although it is now too late to appear all strictness and restraint.

Mr. Jaggers, the lawyer in *Great Expectations,* tries to convince people that he is clever and trustworthy. His large practice depends upon his clients'

faith in him, but Mr. Jaggers rewards that faith with favor only if it suits his purposes. He has a stock of boots which are bright and creaking. Imposing himself on the boots causes them to creak as if they are laughing in a dry and suspicious way. From time to time he frowns at them as if he suspects them of designs against him. Thus the boots reveal his treachery by appearing treacherous themselves.

> There are some promotions in life, which independent of the more substantial rewards they offer, acquire peculiar value and dignity from the coats and waistcoats connected with them. A field-marshall has his uniform; a bishop his silk apron; a counsellor his silk gown; a beadle his cocked hat. Strip the bishop of his apron, or the beadle of his hat and lace; what are they? Men. Mere men. Dignity, and even holiness too, sometimes are more questions of coat and waistcoat than some people imagine.

This is part two of Dickens' lesson in the art of dress. In it he persuades us that what a person wears can influence greatly how that person acts. In the quotation above he reveals the underlying thought—that the "coats and waistcoats" of dress place a person in a particular group and permit him to reveal the character traits permitted that group. The first division deals with the social class indicated by each type of clothing, and the second division shows how clothing may actually allow a person to change character.

The caste system in England at the time of Dickens was pronounced and regulated the lives of many people. Clothing was an outward symbol of this system and was a quick way of judging a person's position. Many poor people were judged on first sight and were never given a chance for improvement or advancement. In this way clothing had a very great influence on their lives.

Oliver Twist has this kind of poor beginning, as do all of the other children born at the parish. Here is a paragraph from the first chapter of his story which explains his helpless situation.

> What an excellent example of the power of dress, young Oliver Twist was! Wrapped in the blanket which had hitherto formed his only covering, he might have been the child of a nobleman or a beggar; it would have been hard to have assigned him his proper station in society. But now that he was enveloped in the old calico robes which had grown yellow in the same service, he was badged and ticketed, and fell into his place at once—a parish child—the orphan of a workhouse—the humble, half-starved drudge—to be cuffed and buffeted through the world—despised by all, and pitied by none.

The convicts in *Great Expectations* all wear the costumes assigned to them: grey cloth, no hat, broken shoes, and a heavy legiron, sometimes with a ragged handkerchief stuffed in to protect their ankles. This is a warning to all to keep their distance, and the men are insulted and ridiculed by all who see them. The treatment takes its toll, for even after Provis escapes he acts as he has been forced to act when in his grey prison suit.

Mr. Mell, the poor master at Salem House in *David Copperfield,* has a giving and loving character but cannot express it to his students because his clothes do not earn their respect. Because of his poverty, his suit is old and rusty, the sleeves and legs are too short, and his stocking is breaking out in one place like a bud. The boys see only the outside covering and ignore the good Mr. Mell could give them, leaving him helpless against the barrier of his clothing.

The wealthy, on the other hand, indulge in eccentricities to prove their superiority. Because they are wealthy, they wear the clothes, but the clothing, not the wealth, is the underlying reason for their actions. They take pride in their little peculiar symbols of station. The landlord of an inn in *Oliver Twist* works his employees very hard but spends his time leaning against the stable-door, picking his teeth with a silver toothpick. He seems to get a feeling of importance from the toothpick.

Pip's sister, Mrs. Joe in *Great Expectations,* makes a public show of her property every time she goes to town. She gathers everything she can possibly carry and walks with her head up and without a word to anyone. Pip tells of her journey in this way:

> . . . my sister leading the way in a very large beaver bonnet, and carrying a basket like the Great Seal of England in plaited straw, a pair of pattens, a spare shawl, and an umbrella, though it was a fine day . . . I rather think they were displayed as articles of property—much as Cleopatra or any other sovereign lady on the Rampage . . .

Likewise, the cocked hat of the beadle is the symbol of class for the proud Mr. Bumble. He makes a great show of his fine clothes and his cocked hat, enjoying the fact that others have none.

In extreme cases, clothing may actually change the person's character simply by affecting his state of mind. There is one very good example of this radical change in each of the books—Mr. Bumble, Mr. Micawber, and Joe. Mr. Bumble of *Oliver Twist* is a very self-centered and vain man when he holds his beadleship and wears gold-laced cuffs and large brass buttons with the parochial seal—"the Samaritan healing the sick and bruised man." He has no kind feeling or pity toward anyone. Then, when he marries and gives up the cocked hat of the beadle, he feels so lost and unconfident that he becomes the meek slave of a dominating wife.

Mr. Micawber of *David Copperfield* alternates between an optimistic and a pessimistic view of life. He is a very poor businessman and therefore always in debt, at which times he becomes sullen and uncommunicative. Then Mr. Micawber will suddenly appear with more shirt collar than usual and a new ribbon to his eye-glass and is ready to meet any obstacle. No matter what misfortune occurs, he is happy as long as he has his eye-glass, walking stick, shirt collar, and genteel air.

Joe, Pip's friend in *Great Expectations,* is a mild, good-natured, sweet-tempered, easy-going, foolish, dear fellow in his blacksmith's leather apron. When

he puts on his holiday clothes, he is more like a scarecrow in good circumstances and acts like a fool. His whole personality changes as he changes coat for apron. This parting speech to Pip reveals his consciousness of his place:

> . . . one man's a blacksmith, and one's a whitesmith, and one's a goldsmith, and one's a coppersmith . . . I'm wrong in these clothes . . . I'm awful dull, but I hope I've beat out something nigh the rights of this at last.

Dickens answers the question, both yes and no. The man doesn't "make the clothes" and clothes do not "make the man." They both work together until a man's costume is uniquely his own, and that man's character is shown by his "coats and waistcoats."

Change

BOBBIE MOORE

Bobbie is a senior from St. Louis, Missouri. She obtained her title of Registered Nurse from Deaconess Hospital, St. Louis, and is completing her B.S. at Lindenwood. This is Bobbie's first contribution to THE GRIFFIN.

THE chairs which challenged that curious child
Have lost mysterious highs.
And chairs which sat so well at three
Reject my alien size.

Those cavernous ceilings, nearer now,
Enclose these rooms of dreams.
Relentless sun fills dusty air
With cold, enlighting beams.

The Gazelle, The Ostrich and the Deer

JOAN NIXON

DEEP IN THE DARK, dense woods Gracy Gazelle, Olympia Ostrich, and Doe Deer sat in a little clearing around a glowing campfire.

"We're lost," said Gracy Gazelle, gracefully dabbing at her tear-stained eyes.

Olympia Ostrich strutted fro and to and forth and back before the campfire. "A thought in time saves nine," said Olympia, with small wings fluttering at her side. "We'll find our way back to animalization."

"Hold on to your plumes," said Doe Deer. "I'm sure if we travel North over dale and hill across Creeklyn Bridge, we'll be home by dawn."

"South," shouted Gracy Gazelle. "Creeklyn Bridge is fifty cantermeters to the South. As President of G.G.G., Geographically Goodly Gazelles, I offer my services to lead you home."

"Just a feather-pickin' minute," interrupted Olympia Ostrich. "I'm not playing blind-animal's bluff at this time of night. Creeklyn Bridge and home are, have been, and always will be, West through those murmuring maples."

"North," cried Doe prancing toward dale and hill. "I can taste those home-cooked moss popovers already."

"South," ordered Gracy, cantering away. "Follow me; G.G.G. is never wrong in its choice of leaders."

"West," shouted Olympia. "Remember, it is better to follow than to lead. Home's to the West."

All three started confidently in their own chosen directions. Doe hoofed along singing, "God Bless Me, Leader of the Brave." Gracy chanted, "Canter Along with Me, I'm on My Way to the Town." Not to be out-done, Olympia strutted through the murmuring maples to the tune of "I'm the Tops."

Then, after traveling and singing several hours, each saw a glowing light high above the trees like a torch in the dark. Gracy, Olympia, and Doe heard noteworthy noises that sounded like singing. They all hurried forward, pushed back the brush, and each saw a glowing campfire in a little clearing and two familiar heads sticking out of the surrounding deep, dense woods.

MORAL: Blessed are they who go in circles, for they shall be called wheels.

The Peacock

Nancy was graduated from Lindenwood last year with a B.A. in Christian education and English. She is now attending the University of North Carolina, where she is working on her M.A. in English.

NANCY RUSSELL

"CARAMBA!" Felipe felt his stomach bump as his sister's loud exclamation startled him. What was the matter now, and, whatever it was, why did she have to bellow so loudly that he could hear her inside the house? He sighed and, putting down the pieces of string he was plaiting as his father showed him, walked into the kitchen as Dolores was coming in the door.

"Caramba!" she exclaimed again and, limping to a chair, plopped herself down and looked up at Felipe through a mess of black hair. If she had said that word and puckered up her mouth that way when Mama was around, Mama would have told her to stop pouting, Felipe knew, but Mama was with Papa, picking the fruit in the pear orchard.

"There's a tack in there!" she said as she thrust her dirty foot up so Felipe could indeed see the tack that had gone in to its head in the black sole. It looked like it hurt. Dolores' next words hurt more. "Pull it out," she commanded.

Felipe drew back a step and looked at his big sister's face, then at the tack. Pulling the tack out would hurt Dolores and then she would be mad at him and maybe hit him. She did sometimes when no one was around to see. She looked at him through almost closed eyes, "If you don't pull it out, I'll sock you!" Well, he might as well get hit for one thing as another, so he got down on one knee, steadied Dolores' foot on the other, and, getting a hold on the head of the tack with his fingernails, pulled.

"Ave María puríssima!" Dolores wailed as the tack came free and Felipe jumped up and dashed out the front door to avoid the cuffing which was sure to follow.

He stood in the middle of the deserted lot, hands clasped behind his back, and made squiggles in the dust with his big toe. Dolores was still yelling at him. "Felipe! You come back here! Just wait 'til Mama gets home!" He'd stepped on a tack once, too, but he had pulled it out himself and hadn't even told anyone about it. And Dolores was almost grown. He glanced over to the Alvarez house next door just in time to see Mrs. Alvarez stalking toward the back door carrying a beautiful, shiny peacock feather. He gritted his teeth and tried to narrow his eyes like Dolores did as he stared at the woman. He disliked that woman more than anyone else in the whole world because of those feathers. He looked up at the peacock sunning itself on the roof and squinted his eyes at it, too, for dropping the feathers where only the old woman could get to them.

He didn't know where the peacock had come from. During all he could remember of his eight long years, it had been there, screeching like tires on the hot road and dropping feathers which Mrs. Alvarez always rushed out to grab up before he could get to them. She must spend all day standing by her kitchen window watching for those feathers, he thought. He had been in her house once —before she had told him he was too dirty to play with Alicia and Constancia— and he had seen a huge bunch of the feathers eyeing him from a beautiful vase with blue and green waves on it. He didn't see why, since she had so many, she wouldn't let him have just one. Once he had beat her to one and run home with it, but she had followed, calling him a thief in a voice that sounded like the peacock's screaming, and Dolores had made him give it back.

Dolores . . . she sounded sort of like the peacock too, now that he thought of it. He had to grin as he imagined his sister sitting on the roof with the peacock, flapping her arms and screaming away.

Over Dolores' voice he heard another noise, that of a car pulling off the road onto the dusty lot. He looked up and saw, through a cloud of dust, the brown station wagon of *las señoritas,* the pretty ladies who had promised to come this morning to start a Bible school. He had forgotten. He began to run across the lot. As he ran he heard other doors slam and saw other children, dressed like himself in faded, not-too-clean, and sometimes torn clothing, kicking up the

dust as they ran down the road. He was one of the first to reach the car. One of the new-comers, a girl with a bright red mouth and smooth, shiny hair held in place by a yellow ribbon, smiled at him and said, "You're the little boy whose mother said we could use this lot, aren't you?"

Felipe nodded, proud to be noticed by the pretty girl.

"My name's Ann; what's yours?" When he told her his name, Ann said, "Well, Felipe, since this is your lot, why don't you tell us where we should have the classes?"

So, under Felipe's careful direction, the girls unloaded wonderful things—folding benches and tables, boxes filled with colored paper, and—the most wonderful thing of all—a volley ball net and ball—and placed them around the lot. Felipe saw to it that the class he was to be in, the one Miss Ann was going to teach, was in the shade next to the house.

Felipe sat across the table from Miss Ann so he could see her better and watched her as she told them that she and the other girls had been sent by some church people to play games with them, teach them how to make things, and tell them stories about Jesus, a wonderful man who lived a long time ago and loved little children. She also said that Jesus was in heaven now and that when people died they went to be with Him. Then from one of her boxes she drew a large picture of a man with long brown hair and beard dressed in a beautiful white robe. He was holding out his arms to several shiny-faced children in brightly colored clothes.

Felipe's brows furrowed as he looked at the picture. "Did all the *niños* that came to Jesus have clean faces?" he asked.

"Of course," she replied with a smile. "Their mothers made them wash them." Digging into her box again, she brought up a small cloth bag which she held by its drawstring. "That's why we have brought these health kits for you. There is a bar of soap and a wash cloth in each one of them, and all of you must wash your faces at least once every day."

"Then will Jesus like us?" Felipe asked wistfully, clasping his grimy, brown hands behind his back.

"Oh, He will like you anyway. Jesus loves all little children whether they are clean or not."

But the damage had been done. Felipe wasn't too sure about this man who was so set on having clean children around Him. He wouldn't understand about children who had only dusty front lots to play in.

The rest of the morning passed quickly as they made puppets out of paper sacks and played volley ball. Once, as Miss Ann was standing by Felipe waiting for the ball to be served, the peacock screamed, and Miss Ann asked, "Goodness, what is that awful racket?" Felipe told her it was the peacock and pointed to

where it still perched on the roof. "Ugh, what a mangy looking creature!" she said, and before he had time to explain to her about the feathers, the ball was across the net and he had to jump to hit it back.

Felipe was sorry when noon came and the girls had to leave. He helped them load the station wagon again, and then stood in the dusty road with the other children and waved as they drove away. Where were they going now? It would be fun to go someplace in that big brown car.

When the car was out of sight, Felipe walked slowly back to the house, looking over his shoulder at the small clouds of dust his feet raised as he dragged them along. Before he got to the house he knew Mama and Papa had come home. He could hear Mama's soft voice answering Dolores' loud complaining.

"And then he just yanked it out and ran!"

"He is only a little boy, daughter, don't be too hard on him."

He decided not to go in just now because lunch wouldn't be ready yet, and he looked around for something to do. There on the ground by the house, where he had left it before playing ball, was the health kit Miss Ann had given him when she was talking about Jesus. He looked at it, then picked it up and headed for the water hydrant behind the house. It wouldn't hurt to use it once, anyway. Miss Ann had given it to him and he liked Miss Ann. He glanced in the kitchen window as he passed, and saw Mama smiling at him.

"Come in, *hijo,* lunch is ready, and Papa and I must hurry back to the orchard before all the fruit is picked."

Well, he could wash his face later. It didn't really matter anyway.

The next day Dolores' foot was quite sore, and she limped around all day. The whole time Felipe was in the class trying to listen to Miss Ann, he could hear her complaining in the house because her foot was sore and she had no one to help her with the work while her lazy little brother sat in the shade listening to stories all morning long. The next day she didn't get out of bed, nor the next, and Mama stayed home to take care of her. Felipe still went to the Bible school because Mama said he didn't do any good in the house. He just gave Dolores someone to shriek at and Mama thought she should be quiet.

For three days Dolores stayed in bed. The third day she was quiet and just looked at Felipe when he passed the door. She didn't scream at him at all, and several times when he walked by and looked in, she was asleep. That evening Mama fixed dinner for him and Papa, but she took her plate into Dolores' room instead of eating with them. He was reaching for his second *taco* when he heard a sound in the other room. He didn't know what it was, but Papa stood up, and pretty soon Mama came out and leaned against the door facing with her head down so he could see the part in her black hair. Papa went to her and put his arm around her, and then she leaned on him.

Felipe looked at them. *"Qué pasó?"* he asked. "What is the matter?"

Mama looked up and made a sound he had not heard before. It was a low sound that made him feel funny inside. She held out her arms to him and he ran to her, wanting to touch her and feel her arms around him.

"Qué pasó?" he asked again, from the safety of Mama's hug.

"Your sister is dead, little son," she answered him in a voice that did not sound like her own.

Dolores dead? What did Mama mean? Then it came to him that Dolores must be lying very still in her bed, and that she wouldn't move any more or say anything. And, like they did with Grandmama, some people would come take her away, and then she just wouldn't be there any more. At that thought he began to cry, and Mama, who was crying too, hugged him tighter. He didn't want Dolores to be gone and not come back. She had always been there! She just couldn't be gone. But Mama said she was.

The next morning while Mama was helping him get dressed to go to the funeral, he heard the station wagon drive up. He listened while Miss Ann's class settled under the window outside the room in which Dolores had died. He wondered if Miss Ann would miss him. Then he heard her say, "Why, where is Felipe? Is he sick?"

A little girl—it sounded like Alicia Alvarez—answered, "No, he's not sick. It's Dolores."

"Dolores? Felipe's big sister? What is the matter with Dolores?"

"Está muerta!" answered Alicia, and Felipe stood still to hear what Miss Ann would have to say.

"But you mustn't be sad," she replied, and he was sure she was smiling. "Dolores is happy now; she is with Jesus."

"The man in the white *ropa?"* asked another voice, this time a little boy's. Felipe knew what the boy meant. He couldn't see Dolores with her bushy, matted, black hair and dirt-smudged face talking to the man with the nice smile. What would He say when she made peacock sounds at Him?

He heard Alicia's voice again. "She is going to be buried this morning, so we can't have the Bible school."

"Of course," said Miss Ann so softly he could barely hear her. "I understand. We will come back next week."

He heard the creak of the tables and benches being folded, the scuffle of bare feet in the dust, and finally the motor of the station wagon as it started up and drove away.

By the time he came out of the house with Mama and Papa, the street and lot were deserted. He turned, just as he reached the street, and looked back at the Alvarez house just as the peacock slipped on a loose shingle, screamed, and lost another tail feather, which nobody but Felipe saw drift to the dusty ground below.

In Winter There Will Be

SUSAN BABBE

Sue attended Lindenwood for three semesters. Her short story, printed below, was written for a creative writing class. Sue is now attending the University of Iowa.

SHAMICK SHOOK THE SOAPY RAZOR under the cool stream from the faucet and reached for a towel. I wasn't watching her. I was studying a square of pink tile beneath her left foot. "Shoy," she said, "look. Hand me some Kleenex, huh?" I handed her a piece of Kleenex and watched her as she tore an edge from it and carefully patted it on a bleeding nick near her ankle. She draped the towel around her shoulders and ambled into the bedroom to dress.

"Why the hell can't you rinse out the tub?" I shouted. Then I rinsed it out myself and ran the water for my bath. Johnny Mathis, with the help of a hi-fi, was serenading me with "Will I Find My Love Today?" I wondered if I would.

Shamick waited while I dressed and we went downstairs together. There were sandwiches from lunch in Saran-Wrap on the kitchen table. The carrot strips hadn't been covered and were a little withered, but we wrapped them in a napkin and took them with us anyway. I found some wilted potato chips in a cupboard, took two Cokes from the icebox and we left. We were facing our last afternoon at the Lakes—and by God, we were going to sail until the wind died—be it five in the afternoon or three in the morning. Lake Patrol be damned.

Shamick and I took turns at the tiller. We secured the jib and sailed under the power of the mainsheet. Maybe it was psychological, but I thought it was the most perfect day of the summer. The sun seemed to have melted and formed a thin bubble of dazzling light encompassing the entire world. There was no blue in the sky. It had fallen into the lake. We tacked across Frog Shallows and skimmed by the Old Inn. Only a few vacationers speckled the even whiteness of the sand. The vacationers looked weary. I guessed it was because the best places for spending money were closed.

There was a slight tinge of amber whispering through the elms surrounding the Inn. I wanted to be philosophical. I remembered reading somewhere "spring had blossomed and ripened into summer." I wondered how summer would pass into autumn. I looked at Shamick. In that liquid way she has of laughing and speaking she answered my wondering.

"Soon is harvest, Shoy. And in winter there will be security because of it."

We talked of pleasure in loneliness. Always so much alone and yet longing for solitude. We had talked many times of this before. Now I felt less certain of the paradox we had found in our lives. I thought of the solitude without loneliness I was feeling at the moment.

The afternoon shadowed into evening and we docked at Sammy's and had hot dogs for dinner. Sammy told us he was closing that day. Labor Day was the magic word, Sammy said, because the Lakes were deserted the next day. I don't remember evening coming—only the shadows. There wasn't any sunset. Shamick dropped anchor off Pillsbury Point. We were "in-irons" anyway. We turned on the portable radio to listen for the time. The yellow glow of the radio light grew brighter and brighter as dusk and evening rippled into night. Summer stars kissed the lake in pure reflection. Just as I saw the moon it was snuffed by a cup of clouds. I don't know if the announcer gave the time or not. I wasn't listening. Shamick was close to me. Shamick turned up the radio. Johnny Mathis was asking, "Will I find my love today? Will she drive away all fear?" It was very dark. ". . . a smile, a tear. Will I find my love?" And Shamick took my hand.

The Corner

KAY RINEHARDT

Kay Rinehardt is a sophomore from Bartlesville, Oklahoma. An art major, Kay is a member of the Student Artist Guild and Alpha Lambda Delta.

IT WAS ALMOST FOUR O'CLOCK. The bell would ring at four, and she could go home then. It had been hard trying to pay attention in school today. She couldn't remember any of her spelling words, and she'd spent an awfully long time learning them the night before. She hated to make a mistake when the teacher called on her to answer something. Everyone always looked at her, and she felt like even her friends were laughing at her. It was awful. Second grade was fun though, most of the time. She looked at the clock—four o'clock! She jumped from her desk and was outside running toward home before the bell stopped ringing. She usually didn't run, but today was special—really special. There was a city waiting for her, and it needed her—she had to run to it. It was a block city, built with her little brother's blocks. Blocks were fun to play with—even though they were for little kids like her brother. But he couldn't build cities. Cities were hard to build, and hers was extra hard.

The kitchen door slammed behind her as she rushed into the house. It was cool and refreshing inside. Immediately she noticed that there was a difference in the house today. It smelled clean, like that polish her mother used on the furniture. It was a good smell. It meant her mother was cleaning. She had forgotten that today was Tuesday—her mother always cleaned on Tuesday, and the house always seemed different on Tuesday. As she ran past the kitchen table, she noticed the cookies and milk that had been set out for her. They were always there when she got home from school—even on the days when her mother was cleaning—like today. But today she didn't have time for cookies. They would just have to wait. She wasn't very hungry anyway, and the city needed her. She could always come back for cookies. She ran out of the kitchen and rounded the corner into the hall. Her mother greeted her there.

"Hello, Janie. Did you have a nice day in school today?"

" 'lo Mommy. Uh huh."

"How did you do in spelling?"

Janie did not hear her mother's last question. She had dashed on toward her room. Her mother, who had returned to her dusting, looked up when Janie did not answer. She saw her daughter's small form hurry the last few steps down the hall and turn toward the large doorway of the bedroom. Janie started to enter but then stopped abruptly. She stood frozen in the doorway. Her shoulders dropped and her whole body seemed to shrink. Her mother, noticing Janie's sudden and unexpected halt, spoke.

"I cleaned your room up today, Janie. It looked horrible. There were blocks scattered all over the floor."

Janie swung around. Her face was white and her eyes pleaded. "My city!" she screamed. "Where's my city?"

"What?" her mother asked in a confused tone, "Your—city? What city?"

"My blocks! My block city!" Janie shrieked. Tears streamed down her face. She stomped and kicked the rug. Talking faster than she could breathe, Janie choked out her words hysterically. "My wonderful block city. You . . . you ruined it. It's gone! It's gone! You . . ."

"Janie! Stop!" her mother commanded. "I didn't know what it was. I thought your bro . . ."

"It's gone!" Janie wailed, swinging her fists blindly and still kicking.

Her mother grabbed her, and holding her tightly, repeated, "Janie! I thought your brother had left his blocks scattered in the room. How was I to kno . . ."

"You ruined it!" Janie interrupted, trying to break away from her mother's hold.

"Janie! Stop this nonsense right now. It was just a pile of blocks and not worth the fuss you're making over it—and stop crying and screaming or I'll send you to the corner. You hear?"

Janie heard, but not really. Her city was gone. Her mother had torn it down —and she'd called it "just a pile of blocks."

"It's not a pile of blocks! It was a city—my city—my very own city!"

"Janie, really!" Her mother was amazed, but completely disgusted. "Will you please go sit in that corner until you can stop this screaming and talk to me in normal tones? Maybe we can make another 'city' tonight if you straighten up. Here—take some Kleenex with you."

Janie took the Kleenex from her mother and through tears and blurred eyes made her way over to the chair in the corner. It wasn't a "pile of blocks", and it couldn't ever be built again. It was gone—forever. She slumped in the chair, moaned, and cried quietly to herself for nearly a half hour. She couldn't forget her city—she'd never forget her city. It wasn't fair. Her mother knew what it was. Anyone would have known it was a city and not a pile of blocks. It just wasn't fair.

It seemed she'd sat there an awfully long time. She remembered the cookies and milk and wished she had them now. Her seat was getting tired and she wanted to go outside. There was a piece of red thread on the floor—she reached for it but couldn't quite get it. She started to count the squares on the ceiling and stopped. There were forty whole ones across and sixty going the other way. She thought there were sixty—it sounded good anyway. She remembered the forty from last time she had sat in the corner. It hurt her eyes to count them. That's why she didn't do it again. She blew some lint off the table next to her and watched it float down, and then tried to catch it. She looked around the big empty corner and sighed. If her daddy had been home he probably would have spanked her. She didn't know which was worse—spankings or corners. Spankings hurt, but this corner . . . Oh! There was a spider on the wall. No. It was just a shadow. She remembered once she'd watched a spider for an hour. She never liked spiders, but that one time it had been fun to watch it crawl around on the wall. She hadn't really minded sitting in the corner that time. Hey! That was the telephone. That would help. She liked to listen to her mother talk over the phone. She heard her mother's footsteps in the hall, and heard her lift the receiver.

"Hello?" her mother said. "Why yes, Miss Smallwood. How are you? Yes, I have been thinking . . ."

Janie squirmed. It was just that funny woman from the church. That's who it had been all week. They wouldn't talk about anything good—just that church election. Janie didn't like "Miss Smallwood". Her hair was too short and frizzy, and it stuck straight out like a porcupine animal. Janie knew all about porcupines—there was one in her numbers book, and it looked just like Miss Smallwood. She smelled like onions too. That's what her mother said it was—onions. And her clothes smelled like those little round balls that Mommy put in their closets. Her hands were rough, too, and she always wore funny shoes that had holes in the toes—and her toes stuck way out through the holes and touched the ground. She was awful, and she always said, "Bless you, child." Janie didn't like her. She listened to her mother's voice again.

"Now there is the possibility that Mrs. . . ."

". . . that Mrs. 'Who-ever-it-was' would be willing." Janie finished the sentence in her own mind. She had heard it all week. She snuggled deeper into the chair, and soon she had dozed off from complete exhaustion. She thought of her city, squirmed, and woke up. She heard the distant sounds of her mother's voice.

"Well, that's all right—anytime I can help. Well, I think so too. That's perfectly all right. Um-hum. You're welcome. Goodbye, now."

The receiver clicked, and Janie heard her mother's footsteps coming toward her across the room. When she looked up, her mother was smiling down at her and starting to speak.

"Janie, dear, you've been sitting here an hour and a half. Why don't you go outside and get some fresh air?"

That did sound good. She'd wanted to go outside—there was so much more to do out there. On her way out, she stopped in the kitchen to get her cookies and milk. The milk was warm, so she took the cookies and went outside. It was hot, but the sun felt good. Her face felt tight, and her eyes were crusty. She rubbed her eyes and walked on down the steps into the garden. She was glad she was outside. She walked around for a while—everything looked and felt so familiar. In fact, the more she walked the more familiar everything seemed. It was so familiar that there didn't really seem to be anything new to do or see. The flowers were pretty though. She liked flowers. The dirt was all loose and wet around them and smelled good—just like right after it rained. She looked for little worms, but there weren't any. Her mother must have been working in the yard today. She liked to help her mother plant flowers. She usually carried the watering can, and her mother let her fill the little holes with water. It was fun to watch her mother put the plants in these little holes and fill the holes up with dirt. Every once in a while *Janie* even got to put a plant in its hole. It was exciting—but it had to be done a certain way, and she was always forgetting that certain way. But now the flowers were blooming. It was time to pick them. They were so crisp and they made such nice sounds when their stems were broken. Her mother could "snap" the stems real well. Janie never tried it before though. It couldn't be too awfully hard—all she had to do was snap them. Those yellow flowers were pretty. They were lilies. She remembered her mother had used them for a party last year—that's when she had learned their name. She liked them. Maybe her mother wouldn't be mad at her any more if she took her some. There weren't many, but she could put other flowers with them and they'd make a big bunch. And her mother always had flowers sitting around the house.

She picked all the yellow lilies—they were easy to snap. Then she picked some other smaller flowers—but the stems didn't snap very well, and one time she pulled a whole plant out of the ground. That wasn't any fun. The stems didn't snap right, so she quit. She had a lot anyway, and the wanted to show her mother. They'd look pretty inside. She ran toward the house calling her mother.

"Mommy! Mommy! Look what I did for you!" She ran into the kitchen and with a big smile held the flowers out in front of her.

Her mother stood at the sink washing some fresh carrots and radishes. She looked up from her work to see what Janie had. She shut her eyes, carefully laid a carrot and her vegetable brush in the sink, and looked again.

"Oh, no," her mother murmured under her breath, "Oh, no. Janie, you didn't."

Janie thrust the flowers toward her mother. "Here, Mommy. I picked them just for you."

"Janie Ann!" Her mother grabbed her by the arm and shook her as she spoke. "Do you realize what you've done? Oh, how could you, Janie? How could

you?"

Janie dropped the flowers and tried to pull away from her mother.

"But, Mommy," she pleaded, "I thought you'd like them."

"Like them? Like . . . , oh, Janie!"

She dropped Janie's arm and in the same motion stooped down and listlessly lifted and gazed at the torn stems and crushed flowers.

Janie stood a minute and stared at her mother's bent form—then she shrank back and ran toward the corner—she could hide in her chair, and she wanted to hide because she didn't understand. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she flopped on the big chair and crawled as far back into it as she could.

Her mother remained fixed, staring at her flowers. Her beautiful flowers. All that work—the care—the time, gone. They were ruined. They were *all* ruined. She'd have to float every one of them—her favorite lilies. Oh! How could that child—how could she do such a thing?

The Old Nuttal Farm

KAY HEITHECKER

WHEN I WAS SEVEN YEARS OLD, my family moved from Chicago to an old farmhouse in southern Illinois. My father had come down earlier, rented the house, and then driven back for us. We approached the house for the first time in an early April twilight. We were driving down a dirt road when Daddy pointed his finger at a grove of trees about one-fourth of a mile back from the road and said, "There it is!"

A chorus of four from the back seat said, "Where?" echoed by a faint, "Yes, where?" from Mother.

"There, there, don't you see it?" Daddy turned the car onto two parallel lines of dirt running through a grass meadow. In the dim light we saw a boxey two-story structure with a deep porch on three sides. It gleamed ghostly gray—a huge skeleton—the panes of the windows reflecting the last violet rays of the sun.

"It's spooky," peeped Greta, my oldest sister. "I want to go to Grandmother's house."

Mother turned around and reassured us with, "Children, it's a lovely house. Just look at all the—room." Then she turned to Daddy and whispered, "Carl, I want to talk to you!"

We all tumbled out of the car. Daddy immediately threw us all into a panic by his casual, "Look out for snakes. I noticed a lot of blue racers around here." He was surrounded by five females of assorted sizes clutching at his hands, coat, pants, and arms. I was the youngest, so he carried me.

The six of us mounted the three steps leading to the porch; we trod the creaking boards to the door; Daddy pushed it open. "We're home, kids," he announced in firm tones.

"Where are the lights, Daddy?" asked Jo. "I can't see; it's dark in here."

"Didn't your mother tell you? There's no electricity here: we're using coal-oil lamps."

"Daddy, what are coal-oil lamps?"

We adjusted rapidly to our new environment. The season was spring, and the fresh country was a stimulation to our city-bred minds. Our nearest neighbor was Aunt Crete, a mile down the road. She was my mother's great-aunt, and her table was always set for the next meal and covered with a cloth. Mother and Daddy were at home here; they had been raised in this section, but we children were unfamiliar with this setting, which was much like that of the turn of the century. We had no radio, no phone, no electricity, and no plumbing. We thrived that summer as we never had before.

A creek ran behind the house in the woods. There, Mother and we four girls would hike up our skirts and run and run, until we slipped in the mud or dropped to rest on the bank. Sometimes we would bring a snack and munch it while dipping our feet in the stream—or catch turtles—or run from water snakes —anything that we could do with vigor, vitality, or the pure joy of bodily movement. We reveled in life—in the wood—in the water and grass; and Mother sat on the bank and smiled.

As we had moved in April, there was still a month of school left. We were told that the school was just a mile across the field. The next Monday morning we four started out, carrying our brown paper lunch sacks and wearing our starched dresses. Mother sent us at seven so we would be there in time to talk to the teacher. We started out at a rapid pace, but soon slowed to a rambling walk to enjoy the freshness of the morning. The field was alive with creatures. A baby rabbit led us far off our course. We chased him until he was far ahead of us, then he stopped and we almost caught him; but he again leaped out of our reach and the chase continued. A slithering brown snake made us forget the rabbit, and we fled pell-mell. All sense of direction was lost, so we just kept walking and playing. We finally reached the road, but there wasn't any school in sight.

"What do we do now, Greta?" asked Jo.

"Just keep walking, I guess. Mother won't like it if we don't go to school."

"Let's ask directions at the next house," I said.

"That's the first good idea from you today," retorted Cozy.

The "next house" appeared to be nonexistent. We walked, and walked, and walked. "Let's eat," I said. It must have been about noon as we were hot, hungry, and tired. We wolfed our food down and then wished for water. Peanut-butter sandwiches without something to drink are a form of torture. We continued shuffling down the road, four small figures in not-so-starched dresses. At last we saw a white frame farmhouse on a small hill just a short distance from the road. Nobody had wanted to admit that we were frightened at being lost; but now we threw away all traces of pride and broke into a run. A woman opened the screen door and came out on the porch. The sight of four children running madly up the hill must have been startling.

"Land-a-mercy, children, what are you doing here? Where did you come from?"

Greta blurted out that we were looking for the school and could we please have a drink of water.

"Gracious, yes, there's water aplenty. Come on out to the well."

While we were gulping down the water she told us that school was out the first of April to allow the children to help with the spring planting. She finished by saying, "You shouldn't be way out here anyway—the school is five miles away."

Jo burst out crying and said that she wanted to go home. The woman put her arm around Jo and said, "Just you wait awhile and Bert will take you home in the pick-up. You say you're from the Old Nuttal Place? That's too far to walk. Come on in; Bert will be home before long."

At the discussion that night, Cozy decided that since the country school was out, that was the school that she attended. The rest of us went into the village of Birds to finish the term.

The hot summer brought a change in our activities. We rose early and sat as a family around the oval table in the kitchen. Mother cooked on a wood stove, polished black and gleaming. Breakfast was a fortification against the day; pancakes, eggs, milk, oatmeal, and coffee were the regular morning fare. After the chores we were free to do as we wished. Greta usually spent a few hours reading; Cosette enjoyed sewing on one of her many projects; Jo was Mother's companion and helper; and I would spend my time exploring. I learned that those little brown bags on the trees contained worms, that crawdads live in holes in the mud, that you shouldn't go into a field where there is a bull, that if you glide your feet in the woods you won't snap twigs, and that water from a deep well is always cold. These things I remember from that summer.

After dinner was over we played outside until it was nearly dark. Then we gathered in the living room where the kerosene lamps gave a yellow light,

illuminating only a small radius. We had three lamps in the living room—the rest of the house was dark. It was my job to keep the lamp chimneys clean, and woe to anyone who turned the flame up too high and smoked up the chimney. Sometimes Daddy would read to us. That summer we heard all of Poe's works and some of Emerson's (at Mother's request). Other times we acted out plays—*Macbeth* being the favorite.

I don't know why we liked *Macbeth* the best. Mother said that we were type cast for the Weird Sisters. I usually played all three because I had a voice suitable for croaking, "Double, double, toil and trouble; fire burn and cauldron bubble."

Cosette played the soldiers, pages, attendants, or whatever accessories were called for by the scene. She was strictly "no-talent", but she longed to play Lady Macbeth. Mother, who was a beautifully tyrannical Queen, decided that Cosette should have her chance. Cozy tried out on the "Out, damned spot," scene. She marched woodenly down the printed page. We finished her "Come, come, come, come," with "Come to the church in the wild wood" in chorus. By the time she had finished her big speech with "To bed, to bed, to bed," as if she were putting the cat out for the night, we were all in hysterics on the floor. Mother sat up, wiped her eyes, and said, "Honey, wouldn't you like to be part of the forest?"

Not long ago we were talking about the Old Nuttal Place. Daddy said that the thing he remembered most was that he was always killing snakes. Mother said that she remembered having to keep a fire going in the wood stove in the middle of summer. But I remember Daddy drinking beer and making sauerkraut on the back porch and saying that a McCleave could be a good German. And I remember Mother walking barefoot in the grass looking for four-leafed clovers.

A Dark Encounter

MATTALOU ROTH

Mattalou Roth is a freshman mathematics major from Siloam Springs, Arkansas. She belongs to Alpha Lambda Delta and received the third prize in the Freshman Writing Contest.

"HERE Y'ARE, LITTLE MISS." The bus driver smiled as he handed back the blue Greyhound envelope containing the rest of Sally's tickets. She took it from him.

"Thank you," she said and smiled back—gratefully—then began moving down the long aisle. So many people. The bus was almost full. Full of solemn faces, all staring at her. There must be a vacant seat somewhere. Yes, there was one. An empty space—next to that big brimmed straw hat with the orange streamer. The bus was beginning to move. Sally held tightly to the back of each blue upholstered seat as she neared the vacant one, trying to keep from swaying. The big brimmed straw hat was bent low over a magazine. "Pardon me," Sally addressed it in a meek tone of voice, "is this seat taken?"

Two large brown eyes shone out from under the wide brim of the hat. "Oh. No, hun." Its wearer began hurriedly scooping up a dingy looking overnight bag from the adjacent seat. She was just a girl. A Negro.

The bus lurched. Sally quickly sat down. She straightened her black checked skirt, then glanced around her. Funny—everybody was still staring. The lady across the aisle in the fur stole. She continued to stare too—even when Sally intercepted her look. And the man in the grey suit with the brief case—behind the lady. Sally glanced at the Negro girl, who had returned to her magazine. Then back to the lady; this time the lady turned her head. Was it not proper—sitting down by a Negro when there were other vacant seats? Sally wondered. The bus was now out on the highway. The passengers were quieting down, their low murmurings bending in with the low hum of the bus as it rolled smoothly on. Well, if that was the case, she decided, it was silly! Besides she could hardly move now.

Sally viewed the girl out of the corner of her eye. A brown hand reached out and turned the page. Her palms were lighter than the backs of her hands—as though the color had been worn off from hard work. There were two thin, gold rings on the fourth finger of her left hand. Very attractive figure, tightly clad in a bright yellow sheath. The Negro smiled to herself and turned another page. My, her teeth were white. Maybe it was the contrast of dark, smooth skin; its color reminded her of the fudge she made at home. Rich brown. Gold loop earrings dangled from her ear lobes. Her hair was put up in a pony tail. Not curly like Negroes were supposed to have. Rather straight. It fell down from under the big brimmed straw hat. What a color combination—yellow, brown, black, orange.

With another slight chuckle the Negro put down the magazine and glanced at Sally. Sally smiled. "This bus is very comfortable, don't you think?" she inquired hesitantly.

"Yes'm, more so than most," she responded to Sally's question, then turned her head toward the window. It was getting dark. The moon would be coming up soon. Over the brown hills, so badly in need of rain. Telephone poles whizzed by. One by one. It was hot out there. Cool in the bus though. Almost chilly. Sally drew the collar of her black checked suit up under her chin.

"Does it seem rather cool in here to you?" she began again.

"Yes'm, lil' bit." The Negro bent down and put the folded magazine in the scarred overnight bag, straightened up, and smoothed the wrinkles from her yellow dress. "Youse got far to go?"

"Pretty far. I'll be on a bus till two tomorrow afternoon." Sally laughed—a pleasant little laugh—somewhat self-conscious.

"My, you has got a long way. I's been on dis bus since eight dis mornin'. I's from Chicago. Youse from Tulsa?" The funny inflection in the girl's speech fascinated Sally.

"No. Siloam Springs. You've probably never heard of it. It's only four thousand. It's about a hundred miles from Tulsa—due east." She'd said that so many times she had it memorized—word for word.

"In Oklahoma?" the Negro girl asked.

"No. Arkansas." Oh! Maybe she shouldn't have mentioned that. Arkansas was not a popular word—to a Negro. "Northern Arkansas," she added quickly. "Almost on the Missouri border." Maybe that would help. No racial prejudice up there; no Negroes.

The girl smiled. "And dis is your first time ta travel alone."

Sally blushed. How did she know? "Yes, my very first. I'm going down to Corpus Christi to visit my grandmother."

"Oh, I see. Bet that she'll be tickled to see you. How old is you, hun?

"Fourteen. Fifteen next month." Fourteen sounded so young. Next time she'd dispense with the explanation. Just say fifteen. Well, she would be—next month.

"Bet it won't be long till you'll be catchin' you a fella—if you hasn't already," the Negro teased.

Sally blushed again. "Well, I have boy friends. I'm afraid I'm a little young to be getting married though."

"Oh, I don't know about that. I was married when I was sixteen. Only twenty now and has me two darlin' lil' girlies. One three and one one and a half."

"How nice." That was nice. "Do you have any pictures of them?"

"Yes. Jus a minute. I'll show you." The girl reached up and turned on the little reading light above them, leaned over toward Sally, and pulled out a large straw bag from her other side. It had a big orange lobster on the top; no doubt, it matched the big brimmed straw hat with the orange streamer. "Here." She held out a worn, brown leather billfold. Two pictures were visible through dark, brittle plastic. Sally looked at them.

"Just precious." They were. Those big brown bulgy eyes. Curly black hair. They looked happy. "They're just as cute as they can be. You must be very proud of them."

"Yes." The Negro girl beamed. "Here's a picture of Jim—my husband. That's where I'm going—down to be with Jim. He's stationed at Fort Hood in Waco."

"Um! Nice looking," Sally said politely.

"Yes. An' wonderful. He sent me the ticket to come down. Round trip." She reached up and turned off the light. "It's been three months since I's seen him. I can hardly wait."

"I can imagine." They were coming into another town. The street lights glared in through the windows of the bus. Sally glanced at her watch.

"Ten twenty. What time do we get to Waco?"

"One thirty." The bus was slowing down. Were they stopping here? In this little town? Surely not.

But they were. The bus driver's voice came out over the loud speaker: "Gonna make a thirty minute stop here in Willamstown. Nice cafe right here to your left. Clean rest rooms across the street." The bus rolled to a complete stop.

Everybody was waking up. Voices filled the previously silent bus. The man in front of them was stretching his long arms. "How 'bout a coke?" Sally suggested. She was always ready for a coke.

The Negro yawned and leaned back in her seat. "No. I believe I'll jus' stay on the bus."

"Oh. Well, I'll be back in a jiffy." Sally stood up and straightened her skirt; the seams were way off line. Walked down the aisle of the bus to the front. Down the steps. Onto the gravel in front of the cafe. The girl probably doesn't have enough money, Sally thought to herself.

Soon she was on her way back to the bus carrying two tall Dixie cups. "Here you are." She handed one of the cokes to the girl. "I decided I'd bring mine back to the bus and thought I might as well bring you one too."

"Well, bless your heart. You shouldn't have done this. Well, . . . well, thank you." She took a big sip out of the straw and smiled. "Good." Then another big sip. "You know, I don't even know your name."

"No. Nor I yours." Sally smiled again. "I'm Sally Briner."

"Well, I'm Amelda Gourd."

"Nice to meet you, Amelda," Sally said, and then they both laughed; they were already good friends.

The bus driver mounted the bottom steps of the bus and leaned over to pick up his microphone. People were getting back on the bus. "Sorry, folks, but we're gonna be here another hour." Everybody groaned. "Having a little bit of carburetor trouble. Nothing serious. Just have to get it fixed is all." He put down the "mike" and descended the steps again.

"Oh, no." Amelda rested her head back on the back of the seat. Sally looked at her. That was too bad; she'd have to wait another hour to be with her husband. She was so nice. Sally was glad she'd sat by Amelda when she first got on the bus. Negros were no different from whites. Not really. Amelda turned her head and started to say something, hesitated, then blurted out, "Sally?"

"Yes?"

"Could I borrow some money from you? I could pay you back as soon as we get to Waco; Jim would give me the money."

Sally was a little shocked by the proposal. You didn't just borrow money from strangers. But she wasn't a stranger. She remembered. She was Amelda's friend.

"Jim won't know we's gonna be late. I really ought to call him and tell him so's he won't worry." Amelda explained.

"Well, . . . sure. Sure," she repeated. "How much will you need?"

"About two dollars, I 'magine. I could jus' bring back the change."

Heavens, two dollars? Would it take that much? She was only loaning her the money, though; it really didn't matter. Amelda could get money from her husband when they got to Waco. Sally opened her little coin purse and handed her two dollar bills. "You'll have to get change in the cafe."

"Thanks." Amelda took the money and hurried out of the bus. Funny—Sally hadn't expected her to ask to borrow money. She guessed it was all right. Sure. She'd get it back when they got to Waco. What were good friends for anyway? And they *were* good friends. Sally was proud of that. The lady in the fur stole was getting on the bus. Almost everybody was. They'd be leaving soon. It had been more than an hour. The bus driver was coming up the steps. Amelda had better hurry. Oh, there she was. Sally could see her crossing the gravel parkway in front of the cafe. That funny straw hat!

"Get hold of Jim?" Sally asked as Amelda reached their seats. "Yes. You want to sit by the window for a while?" That was thoughtful of her, Sally thought.

"Yes, if you don't mind; I'd like to. Thanks."

Sally got up and changed seats with Amelda. The bus was beginning to move again. Slowly. Sally looked out and down at the pavement. They were so high. The few vacant cars on the sides of the streets looked small. The passengers were quieting down. Going back to sleep. She was tired, too. So was Amelda. Amelda had put her seat down and was lying back, her eyes closed. Sally lay back. She watched the country go by the window, illuminated by the moon. Glad she'd loaned Amelda the money. She turned her head and looked at the Negro girl. So content. Probably thinking about her husband. They were no different. Not really. If people could only get to know them—understand them—like she had Amelda. She and Amelda were good friends. She was proud of their friendship. She was tired, too. So tired.

* * *

Oh! What was that? Sally quickly opened her eyes. Light was streaming in through the window. What time was it? Where were they? The bus lurched again. It was still dark inside. Sally rubbed her eyes and looked over to see if Amelda was awake. The seat was vacant. She looked up the aisle. Back down the aisle. Where was she? The bus had begun to move again. Sally rose up and pressed her nose against the window. Waco Bus Terminal. The sign on the side of the brick wall was growing smaller and smaller. And in the distance, the figures of a couple: a man—and a woman in a big straw hat.

The Living End

NICOLE JOHNSON

THE College Woman, armed, deodorized
by campus custom sweetly socialized
is girded by four years of business skills,
nutrition, proper care of children's ills,
psychology, biology and math—
"O, what a mind the Modern Woman hath!"
Through casual Survey, she maps the vast,
is introduced to new worlds and the past.
In sociology she probes the mass
and sex is sterilized in hygiene class.
Well Rounded, she discusses easily,
adept with vaguest terminology,
on every subject has a word to say;
beyond that, trusts to wit and bluffs her way.
Art, Literature and Music—all these grace,
bring sensitivity to cold-creamed face.

If after final testing, she is found
to be Adjusted, Mind and Body Sound,
she graduates, her Sheepskin clutched in hand,
a brilliant future plotted, Progress planned,
abandons classroom, Storms the Outer World,
which comments on the way her hair is curled.
She finds the Rhythm Method and a Mate,
reads *Glamour's* diets for the Overweight
while bearing several children with the aid
of kindly Dr. Spock. Their future laid
through strictest toilet training, she is Free—
"Now to Enrich My Own Community."
Embraces Cultural Development,
joins Welcome Wagon, PTA, is sent
as delegate to National Conventions,
receives Awards and Honorable Mentions
for Civic Leadership, and in addition,
increases and maintains prestige, position.
"We'll send the girls to college," says this wife,
"so they may also live the Fuller Life."

Thunderbird

VIRGINIA KNIGHT

Virginia is a freshman from Rochester, New York. She received honorable mention in the Freshman Writing Contest for her short story, "Thunderbird."

FRIDAY I HAVE E. LIT. AT THREE, which is my last class until ten on Monday. This gives me a pretty fair weekend, which I usually start by going down to Charlie's with some of the other Gammas. Everybody is there on Friday afternoon.

Last week I walked out of class and saw Melanie's blonde head about twenty feet in front of me. I can't see too well without my glasses, but you can't miss hair like hers.

I yelled, "Hey, Mel!" She turned.

"Why, hello, Sharie. Going to Charlie's?"

"It's an unwritten law," I said as we started down the stairs.

Mel lives across the hall from me at the house, and there isn't a nicer girl in the whole Gamma chapter. It's just that she's a little funny sometimes. Like that girl at O.U. she writes to. I've seen her picture, and she's really sharp; but she's an Independent—doesn't like sororities and won't join, although I know she could. Mel is still pretty fond of this kid, and they pal around at home a lot, I guess. And some of Mel's ideas. I think she really wanted us to pledge Linda Bernstein. Oh, Linda's pretty and her father's rich as sin; she has her own pink Impala, but some people just don't fit in. You know how it is.

I even feel funny around Mel sometimes, she acts so strange. But part of it is her looks. I'm not ugly, you understand, though my hair is really a mousy brown color, and I have sort of blue-green eyes, and I'm not awfully tall. Girls like Mel always make me feel like a chubby little cherub with big feet. Hers are small, and the rest of her is, too, except where it shouldn't be. Her eyes are green, without the least bit of blue like mine. She has such smooth skin and that hair is

beautiful; natural, too, I might add.

It's about six blocks from Stuart Hall and English Lit. to Charlie's. It took us nearly half an hour to get there because we stopped to talk to so many kids. When we finally pushed open the glass door with its Bond Bread sign, there were only two booths left. Of course, we chose the one nearest the Phi Delts. When Ethel came, I ordered a cherry coke and Mel got a lemon one.

Before Ethel even got back with our order, Randy Williams and Jeff Crandel came over, just as I had thought they would. Randy sat down next to me, of course, (we had a date that night), and Jeff sat down by Mel. I was glad he did because we think he is perfect for her. The whole house had been trying to get her a date with him for the last two weeks. Jeff is the vice-president of the Phi Delts and he's 6′ 2″ with brown eyes and blond hair and what a build! His father is president of some food processing company and he has a white T-bird.

"Hiya, snow girl. I can't believe you look so cute today," Randy said. I smiled up at him, and asked him if he had had the fender of his blue Corvette fixed yet. Some potted Sigma Nu had run right into it a week before. I don't know much about cars, so while Randy was telling about his dual exhausts, I couldn't help overhearing Jeff. Honest, if he said to me what he said to Mel, I wouldn't be able to sit there playing with a straw as calmly as she was.

"It was unreal," he said. "That fool Cramer asked all about the Reasonable Ages, or something like that, and I didn't have any idea what he meant. Listen, it was bad."

"I know," said Mel. "He's pretty rough. I can't believe we have a test every Friday in that class."

"I just don't sweat those any more," said Jeff. He took a large bite of his cheeseburger. "I can still make my grades with Am. Lit. and Chem. Hey, listen, Mel, how about going out to the Saddle Club tomorrow night? We're gonna have a real sharp band."

"I'd love to, Jeff, but I have a date with Bill Mathiews."

"He's just a pledge. I'll fix that. He can go out with that little girl with the freckles."

"If you're sure Bill will understand, I'd love to go."

If I'd been her, I would have just died. I knew all the girls would be so happy when we got back and told them. That reminded me of a little errand I had to run before supper, so, much as I hated to leave those sharp dolls, I told Randy we had to go. As he walked me to the door, he told me he'd pick me up at 7:30.

I had to get some Lady Clairol Ultra Blue to fix my roots. Carolyn uses it and it works beautiful for her, so I thought I'd try it. I asked Melanie if she minded stopping in at Rexall's a minute and, of course, she didn't. I went right up and got the rinse; I know where Mr. Jones keeps the hair stuff.

I was just about to call to Melanie, who was over by the magazines, when I

saw that Steve Price was bothering her again. If there ever was a fruit, it's Steve. He's a G.D.I. Not that all Independents are fruit. There's Tim Franklin who had to de-pledge SAE because he didn't make his grades, and that darling Roy, who is rich as sin but can't pledge because he's been married. But this Steve is a typical G.D.I. He isn't bad looking, but his clothes just aren't too sharp, and his hair isn't quite right, and he drives that old '49 Plymouth.

I hated to break in on them because Mel seemed to be interested in what old Price had to say. Yet the flushed look on her face showed that she was embarrassed to be seen talking to him.

"How about going out tomorrow night, Mel?" he was saying. Melanie got a real funny look, and for a second I didn't know what she was going to do.

After a minute she said, "Gosh, Steve, I'm afraid I can't. I really wish I could, but I have a date."

"With a Phi Delt, I bet."

"Yes, as a matter of fact, with Jeff Crandel."

"I should have known, after the way your whole sorority has been pushing you two together."

I thought Melanie was going to hit Price. But, before I could decide whether to help her or to leave quietly by the side door, he grabbed her hand and said, "Melanie, I'm sick of this business. I've got a lot more to myself than the noble vice-president, and you know it. Just because I don't have a sports car, a roman nose, and thirty-five brothers to stick up for me doesn't mean I'm not as good as that empty-headed Greek with his little pin on his sweatshirt."

Mel looked like she was going to cry, but she did something worse. Instead of yanking her hand out of his grasp, she looked up at him as if he was the President of the inter-frat council.

"Look, Steve," she said, "I would like to date you. I know you're a much more worth-while person than Jeff. It's just that your car is a little old, and you don't have a house to have parties. I'm used to those things. We Gammas just don't date Independents."

"Are you a person, Mel, or a Gamma?"

"A Gamma, I guess. I hope we can be friends, Steve. I like you, but it just won't work out."

He dropped her hand, and she left the store so fast that she even forgot to wait for me. I hurried to catch up with her and wondered what she would say about Steve. We were silent a moment, and I thought, she's going to tell me what the conceited fruit said.

"Sharie," she began, "may I borrow your purple outfit tonight? Jeff is so sharp and I know he'll be a hard one to snow, but I've just got to."

"Sure," I said. "I'll set your hair, too."

"Thanks, Sharie. I've got to get him to ask me out again. He's even got a Thunderbird."

Cyclops

EMILY SIMMONS

I, CYCLOPS, son of Poseidon the earth girdler,
a lonely shepherd, unknowing of the ways of men,
drove my flocks at close of day
to their stone-walled home.
Strangers bade me enter while they wiped
my food from their stupid mouths.
The leader, pale, puling mortal,
demanded hospitality and rich gifts:
Golden wheels of cheeses made by my hand,
my rounded casks of sun-warmed grapes,
my woolly friends for meat to grease his
gluttonous stomach . . . This he demanded
in the law of hospitality!
Six of his sniveling men I ate, blood, flesh and bone,
and gnashed and ground my teeth over each
whimpering mouthful.
But the gods deserted me. My father looked
away from his son.
One-eyed and terrible, cruel monster though I am named,
why did he look away while the deceitful Nobody
with hard-fired olive pole thrust through
the crackling skin and took my sight?
Taunting, cocksure, and strutting in victory,
the braggart stranger mocked my plight
from the safety of his surf-held ship.
"I am Odysseus, sacker of cities," he
shouted in full-mouthed boast above
the pounding crash of the high-flung waves.
Three great boulders I threw with all
my strength and fury . . .
three times they fell short into the sea.
In pain and anger mixed, I cursed the foul Odysseus.
May my father and all the gods hear again and heed
the curse I raise against him,
against Odysseus, a tremendous man.

Peace and Quiet

JOAN HISEROTE

Joan is a freshman from Keokuk, Iowa. She received honorable mention for this short story entered in the Freshman Writing Contest.

"THANKS, DOCTOR," said John. He tucked his wrinkled blue shirt into his soiled coveralls and reached for his jacket.

"I'd like for you to come back tomorrow, Mr. Miller. We didn't get a really thorough check-up today. Can you possibly take time off from your job tomorrow?"

"I think so. I'll try," replied John. He put on his jacket. He walked to the door, opened it, and stepped out into the waiting room.

"Carol," the doctor said to his nurse, "I want you to run these tests over again. I think we might have missed something. I hope I'm wrong, but I'm afraid Mr. Miller . . ."

John closed the office door, and he did not hear the end of the doctor's sentence.

John passed through the waiting room. It was silent. There was only the sniffling of someone's cold, the whimper of a baby, and the rattle of magazine pages being turned. The people looked at him with questions in their eyes. Each one of them wondered about the others. Each person wondered what was wrong with the other. The doctor called for the next patient. John stepped outside.

It was getting dark when John stepped out of the doctor's office. He stood on the steps a moment, straightened his worn gray cap, and then turned down the street. He walked the few blocks to the bus stop. It seemed that the same cars honked and roared down the street, the same policemen blew their whistles on the same corners, the same people shuffled and scurried along the sidewalks,

and the same ragged dogs sniffed at the same trash in the gutter. There was no breeze. The oily, choking smoke from the factories slithered in between the tall buildings. The air was warm and sticky. John came to the bus stop. He sighed. He felt very tired.

The green bus rattled up to its stop. Its passengers pushed and jostled off, and the waiting crowd pushed and jostled themselves on. John was swept on and stood clutching a pole as the bus jerked forward. The bus rambled on for blocks, honking at cars, jerking and lunging at stops. At last it came to John's corner.

The bus squeaked and sneezed to a stop. The people poured out like oil from a can; more people poured back on. The bus roared away, clattering over the worn brick street.

John stood by the street light on the corner. The narrow sidewalk led to stone steps guarded by black iron railings, which led up to gray stone buildings. Looking upward, John saw stories of windows, which revealed a light bulb hanging from a kitchen ceiling, or the grim faces of the people within, or laundry suspended on wires in a room. Two Negro boys sat on a step eating candy. A dog wandered down the winding street. John heard the faint rumble of the subway train in the distance. He walked slowly down the street.

When John opened the door of the apartment, he smelled fish frying and hot coffee. He took off his jacket and cap and hung them on a hook behind the door.

"Is that you, John? When ye been anyhow? Whatd 'cha do, stop off at The Pub for a beer? Spending our money?" Agnes yelled from the kitchen in her cranky voice.

"No, Agnes," sighed John. He turned on the news, leaned back in his chair, and placed his feet on a stool.

"Don't put yer feet on the stool and don't sit down either. We're gonna eat now. All I do is slave around here all day an' when y'come home all y'do is flop in that chair of yers. Not a hello or even the consideration to ask me how I am. I'm just a slave around here! What have you got to say to that, eh John?"

"Nothing, dear."

She hustled around in the kitchen, slamming pans and cupboards, mumbling to herself and pushing her stringy hair back out of her eyes. She wiped her hands on her apron.

"Let's eat. Can't wait till it's cold. It won't stay warm all night. That's all I need, to eat a cold supper after all the time I spent fixin' it. Hurry up, John!"

They sat down to eat. Neither said a word. The news announcer talked on. A hot breeze swayed the red plastic curtains in the kitchen window. Someone dropped something on the floor above them. This was a favorite complaint of Agnes'. She was irritated.

"Noise, noise, noise! And me with my nerves. It's enough to drive a person mad. I told the landlord to talk to them upstairs, but he don't do it. John, hurry

up and eat. I want to get through early tonight. My nerves are killing me!"

There was some more silence for a while. John nibbled at his food.

"Why don't you eat? I worked hard to cook you a meal. As hot as it is, it's hotter in the crowded kitchen. You don't know how hot it is. I wish we had a better place. You couldn't get a raise, could you? If you're sick, why didn't you tell me? I wouldn't have had to go to all the trouble of fixin' dinner tonight."

John got up from the table.

"Don't try to get away from me. Don't ignore me! I'm the one who has to keep conversation alive in this house. I really think yer too dumb to talk."

He went into the front room and sat in his chair. He picked up the newspaper and started to read. His back was toward Agnes.

"First you're late gettin' home, then y'don't say a word to me, y'don't eat supper and now ya go and read the paper. Just for once I'd like to be able to sit down and talk. Just once! I don't suppose you'd help me with the dishes. Would you? Would you, John?"

"No, dear, I won't help you with the dishes."

"No, of course not! I should of known better than to ask. You used to help me when we were first married, you know. Those dishes can wait. I'll do them tomorrow."

She left the dishes piled together on the sink, dripping with grease. The greasy odor smothered the apartment.

Agnes went into the front room. She sat down in a rocking chair. One end of the arm was hanging loose. Only two screws kept it from falling off. The rocking chair creaked as she rocked to and fro. The air stirred and the factory smoke sifted through the screenless window. A cat cried outside. A trash can fell over below the window. A dog barked. The heat was choking.

"It's hot. I wish we had a fan. The people across the hall do. If you only had enough talent to make one. Oh, well, no use hoping for a fan. I feel faint from the heat. John, turn that radio down! It's tearing my head apart. Can't even think. Don't think you can drown me out with it. I've got vocal chords. We need another light in here. I can barely see. It's so hot. Maybe I ought to go to The Pub for a nice cold glass of beer. Doubt if you'd give me any money though. You wouldn't spend a cent on me if you had to. Would you? It's so hot. Turn down that radio, John! Did you hear me, John? John! John, did you hear me? John? John! Don't you go to sleep on me!"

John didn't hear her. He couldn't. John was dead in his chair, the paper still in his hand, his head bowed as if in sleep. John couldn't hear now. He didn't have to. There was no one for Agnes to talk to now.

"John, don't try to ignore me. Don't try not to listen to me. You can't ignore me. John! John?"

Another station interfered with the news announcer. Jazz music diminished the monotony of the announcer.

This was set in 10 point
Baskerville with titles in
81 and 24 point Garamond Bold.
The paper is Ticonderoga Text,
colonial white wove.