
GRIFFIN
1962

THE GRIFFIN

Published by the English Department of Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, No. 14, May, 1962

THE GRIFFIN

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

EDITORIAL STAFF

KAY HEITHECKER, *Editor*

Dianne Douglas
Caroline Drane
Brenda Ebeling
Laura McCord
Helen Newman
Joan Nixon
Jane Periman
Mary Lou Reed
Patty Rinehart

Assistant Editors

Agnes Sibley, *Faculty Adviser*

Cover design by Sue Matthews

Table of Contents

Poems by Nicole Johnson

The Secret

MADEENA SPRAY

Madeena Spray, winner of the Freshman Writing Contest, is a native of Paola, Kansas. Her major is undecided although she is quite active in broadcasting and theater. Her outside interests include choir, Poetry Society and the Young Republicans.

JIM BAKER galloped around the dusty forsythia bushes. Hearing voices, he reined his horse in. The huge animal pawed the ground restively, tossing his head and pulling at the bit.

"Steady, boy." Jim stroked the glossy muscular neck. "Steady."

The sharp ears cocked backward at the familiar, soothing tone. Many were those who had tried to master Black Devil, but he had conquered them all. Even now, this slight, tow-haired boy was the only human the stallion would suffer near him. Under the gentle hands, he gradually quieted, as Jim listened.

"What's that?" one of the voices inquired.

"Just Jimmie," the other guessed. "He's still racin' around on that ol' broomstick."

"I wouldn't mind racin' around, if I had a car to do it in," the first one yawned.

"Yeah." Then, with quickening interest, "you see what Cooper did to that ol' Chevy of his? He . . ."

Jim didn't wait for the rest. He headed Black Devil for the back yard and that six-bar fence they called Suicide Leap. But that applied only to ordinary horses! The stallion skimmed over it like a swallow—like a cloud. Turning, he cantered slowly around to the back door. There he paused and considered. Black Devil could use a little rest, and his master would have appreciated a Coke. However, this meant entering the kitchen where all of his aunts and uncles—along with his mother and father—always gathered to talk. Jim could never see just what it was that they needed so much privacy to talk about, for they met like this at his grandfather's house about once a month, or sometimes even oftener. However, no intruders were welcome, and Jim himself had been shooed out more than once with a curt, "Run along and play now, Jimmie."

Just then the back door opened, and Jim's Aunt Clara came out, followed by the rest of the grown-ups.

"Why, hello, Jimmie," she said. "Been out riding your horse?" She turned and winked broadly at Uncle Ernest, who was following her.

Jimmie frowned faintly. "Yeah, I guess so," he muttered.

Jimmie's mother followed his uncle down the steps. "Hi, honey," she greeted him warmly. "We're all going for a ride—out to see the old Anderson place. Want to go along and cool off?"

"Is Grandpa going?"

"Why, no, dear." His mother bent to brush an unruly sprig of hair from his forehead. "He's sitting in the shade, on the porch. It's so much cooler there."

Jimmie hesitated. "I dunno. Grandpa and I might go—"

"Oh, darling, Grandpa doesn't want to go." She sighed, and Jimmie noticed the beads of perspiration on her upper lip. "Are you coming with us?" The rest of the grown-ups were already sorting into the cars.

"Oh, I guess not."

His mother paused a moment. "Well—all right, then." She ran toward their car, laughing a little. "Wait for me!" She slid into the front seat, and Jimmie could see her talking to his father, who leaned his head out the open window.

"Aren't you coming, Slugger?" he called.

Jimmie shook his head. He stood where he was and watched the cars leaving, one by one, until they had all gone. All the grown-ups were nodding back and forth in silent conversation, still carrying on their endless discussion. At last the cars were out of sight.

Now he could have his Coke.

However, Jimmie suddenly decided that the Coke could wait. He noticed a stone in the driveway, right where the sun was most brilliant. It was larger than the others making up the gravel drive, and less beaten down by the passage of the cars. There were flecks in it that glittered in the light. Jimmie walked over and picked it up. It was pleasantly solid and warm to the touch. He turned it over in his hands, wondering at those shiny particles. Perhaps they were bits of

gold. At any rate, his grandfather would know what they were. Jimmie wandered around the side of the house to the dim front porch, shaded by the yardful of huge, untidy trees, to show his grandfather the stone. His grandfather usually sat here from early spring until the first frost, whenever his large family came to visit. Jimmie had always imagined him holding court there, in his armchair, with his sons and daughters in attendance. He wondered why his grandfather had decided not to go with the other grown-ups on the ride.

Now he found one of his girl cousins stretched lazily in the faded hammock, while the other sat on the railing, leaning against the column. The two boy cousins who had been discussing cars were draped indolently on the steps. His grandfather, as usual, was sitting in the old armchair, which had been moved to the front porch many years ago after it had outworn its usefulness in the living room.

"Well, Jimmie," said his grandfather. "Where you been?"

"Out ridin' his horse," said the younger boy cousin. One of the girls giggled.

"Sandy!" rebuked the cousin in the hammock. She smiled very sweetly at Jimmie. "You mustn't mind her, Jimmie."

Jimmie climbed the porch steps and half-sat, half-leaned against the railing where the column joined it, close to his grandfather. For a while no one spoke. A quiet, langorous, heat-of-the-day lull was upon them all.

There was a flash of movement in the street. A car darted by, a convertible; red and sleek and wicked. A simple breath of awe escaped the four older cousins.

"Look!" Sandy exclaimed.

The two boys had already snapped forward, in taut attention.

"Look at that tough car—and listen!" The younger boy spoke. "A factory hot rod—with an Isky." He pronounced it reverently.

"What's a—?" Jimmie began eagerly.

"Glass packs," announced the older cousin, Mike. They had not even heard Jimmie. "That's the first thing I'd do to *my* car. That is," he grinned ruefully, "if I had one."

"It's beautiful!" Sandy proclaimed. "Rolled and pleated."

"What's glass packs?" asked Jimmie.

The grandfather too had been listening intently. "What did you say—what's wrong with that car?" he inquired.

The cousins looked at each other.

"Nothing, Grandpa," Mike explained patiently. "We were just saying how we liked it. Those are car terms."

"Oh, really!" The old man laughed. "Guess I must be a little bit behind in my car language. Sounded like you were describing a wreck. Say!" He leaned forward in the old chair. "Say, did I ever tell you about my first car? It was a Ford—one of the first little old Tin Lizzies. Tin cans, they called them. It was a

good little car. But not like these new ones. They used to say they could hear us coming a mile away."

"Lakes, no doubt," muttered the younger boy cousin. Mike frowned and nudged him sharply with his foot.

"Sounds like a real tough little car, all right, Grandpa," he said politely. He looked around at the others, then rose and stretched elaborately. "Say, Dad left his car here. What say we go ride around—maybe get a Coke or something."

With suddenly renewed life, the three others assented. They took the porch steps two at a time, laughing. The oldest girl cousin paused for a second.

"G'bye, Grandpa," she said. She ran to join Sandy, who called over her shoulder, "G'bye, Grandpa. See you later!"

Soon Jimmie and his grandfather were alone. The grandfather laughed, a little rustily.

"I'll bet they spend all their time trying to find that car. At least, that's what *I* would have done." He smiled at his grandson. "Didn't you want to go with them?"

"They didn't—," he stopped and shrugged. "Huh-uh." Jimmie slid his spine along the rail post until he was sitting on the porch floor, propped against the column. "Why didn't you go ridin' with the grown-ups, Grandpa?" He picked experimentally at the loose piece of wicker on the old chair leg. He had succeeded in peeling the strip off before the old man answered him.

"Oh, I guess they figured I wouldn't want to leave my old chair here." He shook his head in admiration. "I swear I've got the most energetic family! All of them off somewhere, all the time. Four boys, three girls—and not a bad one in the lot. There's your Uncle Paul—up in Minnesota telling them how to make steel, and your own dad was up to Denver just a week ago, wasn't he, for a Doctor's meeting?"

"Yeah. Mama went, too." Jimmie was systematically tearing the wicker strip into small shreds.

"And Virginia—off to Europe with her family, just like they were going across town. But they still come to visit here, as often as they can. I'll bet not many kids go to see their folks that often." He pulled a much-creased sheet of paper from his pocket. It was dirty and limp from reading. "I got a letter from Virginia, just a week ago. I read it to the rest of the family today."

Jimmie yawned. "How long's Aunt Virginia been in Europe?"

"Oh—about a month. No, six weeks, I guess it is now." He carefully refolded the letter and put it back into his pocket. "She says they like it fine—of course, they've been awfully busy. Sightseeing, and all."

"Mm," Jimmie replied absently. "I jumped Black Devil today, Grandpa."

"Did you? How'd he do?"

"Oh, real good. I did just like you told me to."

"That's fine. Did I ever tell you about my little mare, Carney?" He

chuckled reflectively. "There was a little black devil, all right. Did I tell you about that?"

"No. What happened?" Jimmie inserted one of the wicker shreds into his mouth, chewing it slowly.

"Well, she was a little quarter mare. Good lookin'—but mean. I had quite a time breakin' her. And George—your father—used to come down and watch me every day. He came down every day and just sat there for hours, watching me break that little mare." He stared into the street, which shimmered in the sunlight. "And just think—here he is a big doctor, now. But he used to sit, always in one place, like a statue, almost."

Jimmie gently nudged one of the wicker chair legs with a dirty sneaker. "What about the horse?"

"Mare, you mean. It was a mare. Well, anyway, she was black as sin—and just about as mean. I figured it must have been the way she was treated before they brought her to me. Albert Siddons brought her over—he had a farm next to mine. We used to trade about visiting each other's families, every other Saturday night or so. Anyway, he knew this man who had Carney and didn't know what to do with her. But Siddons told him about me. He said to me—'Glen, this fellow says he's tried everything. I doubt you can do anything with this one. But he gave up. So if you can break her, you can have her.' Well, I could see right away she'd be a good mare if she was handled right. But it was a real job all right. A real job."

Jimmie squirmed for a more comfortable place on the wooden floor. Once he got started, his grandfather could talk for hours about his days as a horse breaker.

However, he had hardly started on this one, or at least had hardly got to the really exciting part, when the grown-ups returned. Most of them went in the back door, but Jimmie's mother strolled casually around to the front porch.

"Hello, you two!" she called, shading her eyes to see into the dimness where they were.

"Hi, Mama," Jimmie returned. He looked at his grandfather. Just as he had known, the story had been shut off in midstream as tightly as if a lid had been clamped upon it. Not a trace of it would appear until they were alone. Jimmie didn't understand this, but he relished it as a kind of privilege. He, and he alone, was entitled to hear these tales, while his cousins and the grown-ups remained on the outside.

"How was the ride?" his grandfather was inquiring now.

She glanced at him quickly. "Fine—just fine. But," she sighed heavily, "terribly hot all the same. You should be glad you have a lovely cool place like this in this horrible weather." She brushed nervously at a damp lock of hair.

The old man looked at her for a minute. "Yes," he said gently, "I am."

"Well—yes." The mother looked sharply down at Jimmie. "Jimmie—what have you got in your mouth? Is that gum?"

"Huh-uh," he muttered.

"Well, what is it?" she prodded.

Silently, he expelled the soggy lump of wicker, and held it out in his palm. His mother shuddered.

"Oh, honey—what on earth!" She grimaced in distaste. "Throw it away!"

Jimmie sent the damp ball sailing into the yard. Watching it go, his mother laughed gently.

"That's better." She turned back to the two with a bright smile. "Well, what have you two been up to while we were gone?" She looked first at the grandfather, then at Jimmie. In spite of the smile, there was a thin vertical line slicing her forehead.

"Just talkin'," said Jimmie.

She laughed again. "My goodness, but you're a talkative couple of kids! What do you find to talk about all this time?"

"Oh—different things." Jimmie shrugged.

"Oh," she replied vaguely. "It's so hot—wouldn't you like a Coke, Jimmie? And some iced tea?" She included the grandfather.

"No, thank you," the old man replied courteously. "I don't seem to feel the heat as much out here."

"No, thanks," Jimmie agreed.

"All right." She started for the door. "Just yell if you should change your minds. Or you could come in and get it, Jimmie."

The screen door banged behind her. Jimmie and his grandfather looked after her. The old man pulled out a package of gum and handed it gravely to the boy.

"Thanks, Grandpa." Jimmie grinned ruefully. He waited for the interrupted story to be continued. But his grandfather sat silently for a moment, looking out into the yard.

"You know," he said to the boy, "I was the oldest of all my family—just like you're the youngest. I used to think that was the worst thing that could happen—being oldest. But maybe it's both—youngest and oldest. They're both kind of lonely ages to be."

Jimmie began picking at a loose section on the sole of his sneaker that he had just discovered. He frowned in absorption.

"Are Mike and the others back yet?" the grandfather asked.

"Nope. They usually ride around all afternoon, I guess."

"Why didn't you want to go with them?"

A piece of the sole tore off, and Jimmie stretched it experimentally. "I went with them once," he said. "They asked me to go with them once."

The old man nodded as if that explained something, but still did not continue. Jimmie tested the piece of sole in his teeth.

"You want some iced tea, Grampa?" he asked finally.

"No, I believe not. But you go ahead and get that Coke, Jimmie."

Jimmie grinned up at him. "Okay. I'll be right back."

He swung over the porch railing. Darting around the side of the house, he growled in a powerful, motor-like way. He was a crack race driver, speeding over the flat, hard course. At the back door he stopped short.

"Black Devil!" he called softly. "You waited for me, didn't you, boy." His mount was patiently standing at the back door, where his master had left him. Jim caressed the satiny skin. "Okay, boy. I'll be right back."

The back door was ajar inside the screen for maximum coolness. Voices trickled out on the syrupy air. Jimmie had his hand on the door when he heard his name.

"—tell Jimmie?" a voice was tentatively asking.

"Why should you?" another voice inquired. "Where's the harm in his hearing some stories?"

A third, which he recognized as Aunt Clara's, cut in. "I'll tell you where the harm is. Jimmie's a very imaginative, impressionable child. And day after day he hears these wild tales from his grandfather—suppose he *believes* them!"

"Could we just say," the second voice put in gently, "that his grandfather's mind wanders a little and—"

"But Jimmie worships his Grandfather," his mother's voice interjected. "He—"

"My point exactly," came the crisp tones of Aunt Clara. "Most boys his age have baseball players or movie stars as idols. It's unhealthy."

One of his uncles suggested, "Maybe we could talk to Dad instead—you know, ask him to tone the stories down a little."

"Oh, I don't think so," Jimmie's father demurred. "That would hurt Dad's feelings pretty much, I'm afraid."

"Yes, and besides," another aunt's voice added, "I'm not too sure he knows that he's exaggerating any more."

"Your father is getting along in years," Jimmie's mother said. "I wouldn't be surprised if he might be getting a little childish."

"Senile," Aunt Clara pronounced definitely.

"But, poor Jimmie," his mother remarked. "He puts so much store in those wild horse stories."

"*I* should think he's past the age for fairy tales," replied Aunt Clara.

"Yes," his uncle Ernest agreed. "It's better he find out now than later."

"But still—"

"Look," Uncle Ernest persisted. "You know how Dad's mind wanders. Suppose he starts getting some of these tales mixed up—what's the poor kid going to think then?"

"Well, I don't know—," his mother's voice still sounded doubtful.

Jimmie let the screen door slam shut after him as he entered. He felt the sudden stir and then silence as the grown-ups turned to greet him.

"Well, howdy, Slugger," his father said heartily.

"Hello, Jimmie," his aunt Marsha added. "Where've you been?"

"Hi." He headed for the big refrigerator. "I came to get my Coke."

The grown-ups looked at each other.

"Jimmie, honey." His mother stopped him as he passed her. She smiled at him, then looked around the group. "Have you been out playing in all this heat?" she finally asked.

"No." He looked at her wonderingly. "I been talkin' to Grandpa."

"Oh—of course." She gave a flustered laugh. Aunt Clara nodded crisply as if to say, there—you see?

"Well, that's fine, honey. Go ahead and get your Coke."

Jimmie opened the door and stood for a moment with the cold, dry air brushing his face. No one told him to hurry and close it, to keep the coolness in.

"Jimmie," his mother began tentatively, "what do you and Grandpa talk about? It must be awfully important," she added teasingly.

"Oh—you know. How he used to train horses and all."

His father cleared his throat. "You know, Grandpa didn't always train horses for a living, don't you, Jimmie? He just did that for a very little while."

Jimmie searched far in the back of the refrigerator. Maybe the Cokes were colder there. He could feel the grown-ups waiting.

"I know," he said finally.

"Well, then," his aunt Marsha suggested, "maybe he didn't really train every one of the horses he tells you about."

Jimmie took out a bottle that was icy and sweating. Held up to the light the dark liquid was a marvelous red. It seemed a long time before he answered. One of the uncles scraped a chair. The slam of the door sounded unusually loud in the quiet room. "Oh yeah. I know he didn't."

He walked over to the drawer where the bottle opener was kept.

There was another stir in the room, as he heard his aunts and uncles look questioningly at each other again.

"Then—he told you he made some of the stories up?" his mother inquired.

"Huh-uh," Jimmie answered quickly. He looked at her. It was funny. Usually he had no idea what a grown-up wanted him to say, and usually he said the wrong thing, so they were mad, or it came out so they laughed at him for some reason. Now, all at once, he could tell just what they wanted. He almost laughed with the discovery. He opened the bottle and the cap went sailing into a corner.

"Then what is it?" Aunt Clara prodded.

"Oh, Grandpa believes them." He faced the grow-ups, who were all waiting for what he would say. "But I know they're not the truth. I know he makes a lot of them up."

His father had a relieved smile on his face. "That's right, son," he said. "But you must be careful not to say that to Grandpa."

"No." Jimmie smiled back at him. "I won't." Suddenly, he felt taller, with all of his aunts and uncles smiling at him in that same relieved way. It was as if he had passed some test. There was only one funny little feeling in the bottom of his stomach, as if he had already had his Coke, and had drunk it too fast. He went down on his knees in the corner to retrieve the bottle cap.

"You see," his father was saying, "it's like when you play with that broomstick and pretend it's a horse. Really you *know* it isn't anything but a broomstick, but it's more fun to pretend. We think Grandfather knows all those stories aren't quite true, but he doesn't mean to lie to you. It's just pretend—like your horse."

Jimmie threw the cap into the waste basket. He smiled at his father, but the feeling was still there. He wondered if the grown-ups were smiling at him, or laughing at him—at him and Grandpa.

Sure, I know, Dad," he said. He was hardly aware that the next words were coming out. "But Grandpa is kinda lonely, or somethin', and I feel sorry for him." He stopped short and looked around the group. He didn't know what they wanted him to say any more. He felt suddenly cold, and scared.

But, as one person, they were smiling at him again, and with real approval this time.

Jimmie's father laid his hand on his son's head, but he didn't tousle the hair as usual, or call him a great little Slugger.

"That's just fine, Jim," he said quietly. "That fine."

Jimmie grinned at him, embarrassed. He took a drink from his Coke.

"Well," he said awkwardly, "well, guess I better go back to Grandpa. He's waitin' on me."

"Okay, honey," his aunt Marsha said.

Outside, he stretched tall and grinned at a dusty-gray sparrow. Jim! He laughed out loud. Then his gaze fell on the old broomstick propped against the steps where he had left it.

"Well," he said self-consciously, "think I'll go for a ride."

He set the Coke down carefully in the shade. He straddled the broomstick, but somehow he didn't feel like riding around where Grandpa was, just now. He would do that later. As he galloped out into the back yard, he noticed the heat for the first time. It seemed to settle on him like a heavy blanket. He made one turn around the yard, but the sun sent hot, itching sweat into his eyes, and his T-shirt clung stickily to his back. The broomstick swung clumsily behind him, banging first one ankle then the other. He dismounted and looked uncertainly

at the thing for a moment. He decided to go finish the Coke. Dropping the stick, he returned to the back steps.

The Coke was beginning to lose its frostiness, but it was still cold. Jimmie stretched out on the ground, as much in the shade as he could get, to drink it. As he did so, something in his pocket made a hard painful lump. It was the stone he had been saving to show to his grandfather. He twisted until he could pull it out and look at it. He held the rough shape in his hand. It was scratchy and unpleasantly gritty to touch, and the parts that had seemed to shine were funny flecks of black that peeled off quite easily. The rock itself was an ugly brown-gray. Jimmie rolled over on his side facing the driveway and threw the stone. It landed almost in the middle, bouncing off the other gravel. It lay, a little bigger than the other rocks, and with a distinct shape they had lost. In the scorching sunlight, the little black flecks flashed and gleamed like gold.

Discovery of Poetry

Dr. Sibley is the faculty adviser to the GRIFFIN *staff.*

AGNES SIBLEY

FROM vantage of this precipice,
Not chaos out ahead, but light yet undefined,
Wildness with inherent order,
Now we see we have been blind:
This was just beyond the garden,
Just outside the wrought-iron door,
Informed our sleep and waking wonder
Disturbed our small routines before.
No boundaries to the real invisible,
No hedging in, no markers here,
Yet we cannot hesitate,
One felt certainty is clear:
Immensity awaits us when
Our joy is never to be safe again.

Clarence

PATTY RINEHART

Patty is a sophomore from Oak Ridge, Tennessee. She is a member of Human Rights Association and the GRIFFIN *staff. As a freshman, Patty won first place in the Freshman Writing Contest. She is interested in writing and enjoys working with children.*

THE OLD WOMAN'S brown-spotted, knobby hand scrabbled impatiently in the clutter of the drawer as she leaned from the bed to the table beside it. The rustling noise rose and fell fretfully in the high-ceilinged old bedroom. Dusty sun seeped between the windowsill and the dry, watermarked shade, polishing the lid of the vaporizer, glancing off the folds of the blanket, and dripped to the flowered carpet, unkindly revealing the red-brown rose pattern. "Here they are." She held three tintypes. Leaning back against the dim whiteness of her pillows, she dropped the pictures in her lap and closed her eyes. She was very still, her eyes and cheeks sunk to shadows in her old face, the flannel night gown moving slightly with her slow, shallow breathing. Picking up one of the pictures with her knotted, rusty hands, she held it close to her face and peered, squinting. She crooked her finger at a young girl sitting in a rocking chair in the corner of the room. "Open the shade; I don't see very good anymore."

The girl rose wearily and went to the window. The shade lurched up with papery slipping and clicking, and the harsh sun flowed probing into the room. The rocking chair sagged sullen and lumpy, dull in the light. Beside it the lamp leaned, the tasseled shade gap-toothed where some of the chenille lumps had fallen off. "Look at this one. I was fourteen then. Can you tell which one is me?" The girl came and leaned over the bed to see the pictures. Four young girls in long, wrinkled, tucked dresses stood around a wicker chair where a young man sat, stiffly uncomfortable in a tight suit, and center-parted, plastered hair. None of the young girls looked at all like the fragile old shell of a woman on the bed. The girl pointed to one, guessing. "No, not that one. Here I am on the end." A round-faced girl with thick, dark hair looked sternly from the picture. "I was

fourteen then. Got to put my hair up for the picture." She nodded her head, her thin grey hair a strong contrast to the girl in the picture.

"That's my brother Cecil in the middle. We always did everything together. He died of the typhoid when he was twenty-three." The old hand patted and smoothed the covers. "We didn't have window screens in those days, you know, and at threshing time it was our job, mine and Cecil's, to keep the flies off the dinner table. The men would feed the horses at noon and wash in a big tub out in the front yard. We'd stand at each end of the table to fan the flies off while the men ate. The women and children wasn't supposed to eat until the men was through. Cecil would grab biscuits while nobody was looking. He always did have a big appetite." The girl stared at her fingers and bit thoughtfully at a hangnail. "What are those other pictures?"

The woman stirred on the bed, and the sharpness of Vicks renewed itself in the room. Sterile, flowered wallpaper, flat behind the bed, passively rejected the streaming sun. "This was my picture when I was sixteen. 1890, that was. This other picture was taken that year, too. It's my wedding picture. See, I made my dress." The man was seated, she standing stiffly beside him, a hand placed timidly on his shoulder. "Clarence, that's my husband, was twenty-five and already working his own farm. We had twenty-seven head of cattle, a hog, and a flock of chickens."

The girl glanced at her watch. Through the window, she could see the road outside, empty and quiet. "Clarence must have been quite a catch. I bet you were proud on your wedding day."

The old woman recited the words like a familiar prayer. "I remember Clarence didn't want to be chivareed, so when we went back to the farm after the wedding, he locked the doors and windows so they couldn't get in." She wheezed with creaky laughter. "But, you know, it was my brother Cecil that got them in anyway. They got a ladder and come in through the second floor window. Clarence was so mad. When he heard them coming in through the window, he went out the back door to the barn. They all come in laughing and hollering."

"What did you do?"

"They come downstairs and I made coffee. We was all in the parlor. Everybody was telling stories about other chivarees. One time when one of my friends got married, they put a horse in the kitchen. They like to never got it out." The old woman shook her head, remembering. "After they'd been there for a while, I went in the kitchen to get more coffee. Cecil followed me into the kitchen. He offered to go get Clarence from the barn, but I was afraid Clarence would be madder than ever if he did. Cecil put his arms around my shoulders, and I started to cry. I didn't know what to do."

The girl nodded. "I don't know what I would have done, having to face all those people like that."

"I was real upset, but Cecil teased me about having red eyes until I stopped crying. Then we carried the coffee out and Cecil started telling funny stories and carrying on until everybody couldn't stop laughing. He always could make people laugh and have a good time. Half the girls in the county were after him, but he wouldn't have none of them. He said I was his only sweetheart."

"It was good, having a brother so close like that. I imagine it relieved you a lot to have him there."

"Yes, he kind of looked out for me, and I looked out for him as much as I could. When it got late, everybody had to go home. Cecil stood at the door with me to tell everyone good-bye, so I didn't have to say much. Then he had to go. He told me Clarence was just a proud man who couldn't take teasing. He had to be a little better than most people. I've thought of that lots of times since then. Cecil was right. Clarence was awful proud." The old woman's face was solemn again. Her voice trailed off. She didn't notice when the girl moved from the side of the bed to the chair. The girl rubbed her back with her hands, tired from leaning over the bed. She picked up a book and began reading while the old woman talked on, her voice louder again.

"He went out to the barn the night our first was stillborn. I tried to get up and go to the barn after him, but the doctor wouldn't let me. I wanted to tell him I was sorry. They wouldn't let me go after him. Cecil had died a few months before that, and there was no one I could really talk to."

"Did Clarence come back in to see you?"

"No, he never did that night. The woman that was setting up with me fell asleep, and I just laid there and waited. Somewhere along about midnight I thought I heard him come in up on the porch. It sounded like his step, but he didn't come in."

"Maybe he wanted to come in but he didn't know what to say. Men feel uncomfortable around sickness and things like that."

"I don't know. I called him when I thought I heard him on the porch. I cried almost all night. I felt awful alone, with Cecil dead and Clarence gone like that. I prayed and prayed that he would come in and just be there. He wouldn't have to talk or nothing. It hurt me to see Clarence that way. He wanted a son. I wished I had died instead. It was so important to him to have a son. If he had only let me tell him how sorry I was, it would have been better. But he never would talk, never. Clarence didn't like women that talked. I found out then that we would always be like that. Clarence took things alone, and so I had to take them that way too."

The girl looked up from her book when she realized that the old woman was quiet. The woman wasn't asleep. She was looking at the girl to see if she was listening. The girl felt uncomfortable with those eyes looking at her. She didn't know how to answer them. She looked down at her book and then at the floor.

When she looked back up, the old woman's eyes had stopped asking her. The room was quiet. She picked up her book and resumed reading. The old woman's eyes weren't seeing the room. She moved fretfully on the bed, her hand straying to the Bible on the marble topped table beside her. Then she spoke again, more rapidly, moving her hands occasionally.

"I remember the first time I had to cook dinner for the hands at haying time after we was married. Sally, your great-uncle Elmer's wife, was supposed to help me, but she fell downstairs and hurt her back, so I did it alone. After I got it all cooked, Elmer come from the fields and helped me just as good as any woman, carrying dishes and things. Clarence was out feeding the horses and showing the men where to wash up."

"Did Clarence know you were by yourself?"

She let her wrinkled eyelids sink over the whitish glazed irises of her deep eyes. "No, but he wouldn't have helped me anyways. He never did do nothing in the kitchen except eat. Elmer felt bad because Sally couldn't help me; that's why he come in. I was afraid I wouldn't be ready in time for the men. When Clarence come in and seen Elmer helping, he got mad." Her hands plucked the edge of the quilt. The girl listened a moment.

"What did you do?" She put her book down and looked at the vaporizer to check the water level. It was half full, enough for a while.

The old woman's voice went on in a crying singsong. "He said for Elmer to go on, not to be doing a woman's work. He said I was supposed to be a woman grown, and should do my own work. He never was as friendly to Elmer after that. He was ashamed I couldn't do it by myself, seemed like. I tried to make up for it after that; everybody always said I set the best table of anybody at haying time. I always set it by myself after that. The other women around never could see how I did it by myself. They always had help, sometimes three or four women. I went and helped the others, but I couldn't let them help me. It was almost more than I could do, cooking for fifteen or twenty men at once, but I did it. The other women offered to send food, but Clarence wouldn't let me take it, even though I always took lots of food to their houses. Clarence didn't want to be beholden to them; he liked to give more than anyone else."

The sun slid across the pillow, hardly pausing for the meager flesh of her body, showing purple the high, twisted veins of her hands. "Close that shade and go on now. I'm tired. I want to rest."

"Yes, you really should take a nap now." The girl went to the window, holding the place in the book with her finger. The shade slipped and clicked down, denying the sun, and the old woman was still by the whistle and gurgle of the vaporizer. The door creaked as the girl went out.

Visit

LOUISE LEAK

A senior art major from Dallas, Texas, Louise is working on an honors project in art. She serves as president of Poetry Society and Student Artists Guild and is a member of Philosophy Club.

THE gold was broken on the air
With lasting bits of green
That trembled, as if asking why
Their yellow should be seen
By me, who must perhaps intrude
With steady shuffle-feet
And laughing though I only die
Yet run myself, on beat.

Muff

LOUISE LEAK

AFTER its snown and blustery blown
Do little folk stir up for tea
And after its warmsy cozy cool
Their teacups sipcrack then does he,
The Benjamin Boodlestorff's fine young man
(A wee nublike spoof of a boy)
All muffles and mittens at this time demand
Then rashly pop out (not for joy)?

Seashell Sonnet

Helen was graduated from Lindenwood in 1961 with a major in art. She was a member of Poetry Society and of the GRIFFIN *staff. Last year, Helen attended graduate school at Vanderbilt University and is now living in Morrow, Ohio.*

HELEN RICE

NOW that I have a seashell for a heart,
Washed in an ocean warm but far from wise,
Struck by frightening storms that to my eyes
Only are after-rain clouds torn apart,
Senseless I drift . . . but always with a start
Sudden a net intangible that flies
Over the blackened azure lights and lies
Under me with unbidden, brilliant art.
What is the need of such a swift embrace?
Who are the hands that pull me to the shore?
Why are the features gone from out the face
That nothing finds, and turns to cast for more?
Stung by the sun and burned in the wind and sand,
I wait for waves to lure me from the land.

The Cycle

KAY HEITHECKER

Kay, editor of the 1962 GRIFFIN, *is an English major from St. Charles. She is interested in Spanish literature and culture. Next year Kay plans to teach high school English.*

IT WAS ALREADY PAST TEN O'CLOCK. The mailman was fifteen minutes late. Mrs. Maffitt lifted the edge of the yellowed curtain and peered down the street. "Not a sign of him . . ." She paced back to her fuchsia mohair chair and settled herself into its familiar shape. The blank eye of the television stared back at her from across the room. "A lot of company you are . . . 'Search for Tomorrow' won't be on for another hour." The cyclops in the corner was mute. Mrs. Maffitt picked up the gray wool sweater that was lying on the arm of the chair. She crossed to the door, opened it, and walked out onto the porch. The brass bells that hung on the doorknob tinkled faintly.

Bright sunlight dazzled her eyes for a moment. Lifting her hand to shield her eyes from the sun, she gazed up the street. No mailman was in sight. The only activity on the quiet street was young Joanne Martin climbing into her car. The girl was wearing a bright print swimming suit. Mrs. Maffitt thought idly that she would go to the park and watch the divers after the mail arrived. She liked to sit on a bench near the pool and watch the swimmers. The young people had so much energy; they enjoyed life so much. It made a pleasant afternoon to sit on the bench, her sweater across her shoulders, the sun on her back, watching them cavort in the water. Mrs. Maffitt spent most of her summer afternoons at the park.

As the street was void of life, Mrs. Maffitt retreated to the still gloom of her living room. The Seth Thomas clock on the mantel ticked away the seconds. Such a lovely clock . . . it was a wedding present from Mama, given to her forty-five years ago. Ralph had liked the clock; sweet Ralph, dead now for ten years. Ten years of widowhood, and Mrs. Maffitt still missed him.

She padded back to the window. Alvin was coming up the street, his mailbag across his shoulder. Mrs. Maffitt clutched her sweater around her and hurried out to meet him. "Alvin, is something the matter? . . . you're late today."

"No, ma'am, just have a load today. Pretty hot for a sweater, isn't it?"

Mrs. Maffitt glanced down at the garment hanging from her shoulders, unaware that she was wearing it. "Why, yes, I suppose it is. Is there any mail for me today? I mean a letter. Bob . . . you know my son Bob . . ., he lives in Utah now. I sent my little granddaughter a dress . . . I wanted to know if they had received it."

"No, no letter . . . only a free sample of soap. Sorry." Alvin tipped his hat and started to leave.

"I just can't understand it. Do you suppose there's a mistake . . . not on your part, of course . . . , but well, somewhere?"

"I don't know, ma'am. Well, I've got to be going . . . have lots of mail to deliver."

"Im sure you have, but they've had plenty of time to answer. I was just sure that I'd get a letter. Young people don't realize how their folks worry when they don't hear from them."

"No, ma'am, I suppose not. Well, I'll see you tomorrow."

"Wouldn't you like some cookies before you go? I have a jar full."

"Thanks, but I've got to be going." Alvin hurriedly crossed the street, sorting the mail for the next house as he went.

Mrs. Maffitt watched him go, sighed, and walked back into the house. No letter, no good television, and she wasn't hungry. What was the use of staying in this big empty house by herself? She decided to go to the park early.

Mrs. Maffitt walked the three blocks to the park slowly. There was no hurry . . . she had all day. Her back felt hot with the warmth of the gray wool, but the familiar weight felt good. Lila Webster's geraniums were in full bloom. They might take a prize again this year. Great elms lined the street all the way to the park entrance. Their graceful boughs overhung the street and interlaced with those on the opposite side, forming an arch over the street. Mrs. Maffitt was grateful for the shade as she paced along. As she neared the park entrance, she became aware of the pride of Middlebury even before she saw it. Magnificent beds of roses, all hues, stretched from the gate to the pool wall; essence of roses clung to the air for a block around the park.

Mrs. Maffitt wondered if the park would be crowded. There should be many children at the pool today; it was so hot. She knew most of the regulars by sight. Their names escaped her, but sometimes she could associate the children with their parents who came to pick them up. Some of the parents were Bob's friends, grown older, but still recognizable. Soon these children would be picking up their children. The cycle continued, but the names were different. As you grew older, you could only sit and watch.

Mrs. Maffitt espied Joanne, across the pool, getting ready to dive. She was such a good diver, and swimmer, too. Mrs. Maffitt remembered the day Joanne had made her first jump from the side of the pool, and here she was now, diving from the high board. She felt a thrill of pride as Joanne executed a perfect jack-knife. The girl was good, no doubt of that. Joanne swam back to the ladder, unaware of the effect she had on the gray-haired lady on the bench. In fact, she hardly knew there was anybody sitting there.

Mrs. Maffitt glanced around the park. Over by the ball field there was a man sitting on a bench. It looked like Lyle Hodges, but from this distance she couldn't be sure. She hadn't seen Lyle for about fifteen years, and even then, she didn't know him very well. Ralph had done business with him a few times. She had heard that Lyle Hodges had moved to Middlebury after his wife died, to live with his sister. Maybe she'd just walk over that way to get a closer look. It was only common courtesy to speak to him if it were Lyle. Mrs. Maffitt saw him get up, stretch, and start to move away. It was too late . . . she had waited too long. It didn't really matter. It wasn't as if they were good friends . . . still, it would have been nice to talk to somebody. No, he wasn't going away after all; he was walking toward her in the direction of the water fountain. Mrs. Maffitt's throat felt dry, even parched. She needed a drink of water. Rising quickly, she strolled to the fountain, arriving just after the old gentleman.

The elderly man stooped to drink, then realizing that Mrs. Maffitt also had water on her mind, held the fountain for her. "Thank you. Why, aren't you Lyle Hodges?" Mrs. Maffitt raised her hand to her cheek in amazement. "I'll bet you don't even remember me."

"Yes, of course I know you. You're Ralph Maffitt's wife. How is Ralph?"

"Oh, didn't you . . . but, of course you didn't know. Ralph's been dead for ten years. I'm a widow now." Mrs. Maffitt's face resumed its customary lack of animation. The remembrance of Ralph still saddened her; as, from the distance of time, theirs had been the perfect marriage.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Maffitt. I don't get around much, so I've lost track of all my old acquaintances. I'm staying with my sister, Jewel. She's so busy with her clubs and things that she doesn't have much time to sit around and talk."

With the conversation back on pleasanter ground, Mrs. Maffitt took heart again. "I know her slightly. She's so civic-minded. A fine woman . . . whatever are you doing at the park? There's nothing special going on today, is there?"

"Oh, I'm just watching the kids play ball. You know, I was quite a ballplayer in my day. Some of these kids are pretty good. One, . . . but you don't want to hear all about a bunch of kids that you don't even know." He reddened in his embarrassment.

Mrs. Maffitt hastened to reassure him, "Oh, yes, I do. Indeed, I do. Really."

Mr. Hodges smiled his gratitude. "I've been coming out two or three times a week to watch them . . . know most of their names already. See that little fellow over there? He has a good fast ball . . . he's going to be a fine player someday.

He let me give him a couple of tips the other day. A fine boy."

Mrs. Maffitt fluttered her hands. "I don't know a thing about baseball, but I'd love to learn."

"You would? Well . . ." Mr. Hodges brightened a little. "I wouldn't want to bore you, but I do know something of the game."

"Bore me? I'd be fascinated." Mrs. Maffitt sparkled as she said, "And call me Martha."

* * *

The summer passed rapidly for Martha Maffitt. Lyle had a car and loved to go places. They seldom went to the park now; they were far too busy going to the movies, or having dinner out, or taking a drive. The thing they enjoyed doing most of all was to dine at home, and then sit out on the porch talking. Martha had so many things that she wanted to share with Lyle . . . the funny things that had happened while Bobby was growing up . . . the hopes she had for him . . . the anticipation of the first grandchild . . . all were moments she liked to live over. Of course, Lyle had things that he wanted to share with her, too. At times she became annoyed with him because he insisted on telling the same story more than once, but these moments passed rapidly in the swift current of happiness that flowed over her from having companionship. Lyle was a good companion; he was a good listener. He liked to talk, too. He had confessed to her that he was really very lonely. Jewel never had time for him, and he didn't have many friends in Middlebury. He liked to tell her about when he was a boy. He came from a large family, and they always had fun together, but only he and Jewel were left now. He was used to having people around him, and the solitude depressed him.

Martha scarcely had time to fret over Alvin being late with the mail now. She was having her hair blued and set every week, and was busy shopping for new clothes. The ragged gray sweater was neatly tucked in the bottom dresser drawer, and had been replaced with a new white stole for cool evenings. People commented on her vitality and effervescence, where before, they had hardly noticed her. Martha glowed with her secret. She and Lyle had been sitting on the swing, when suddenly, in a lull in the conversation, Lyle had taken her hand and said, "Martha, will you marry me?" Her heart thumped at the remembrance. For a moment she hadn't known what to say, then she envisioned countless winter evenings, alone with her television, and replied simply, "Yes." She still felt giddy when she thought of it.

Nights they sat on the porch and whispered their plans. Martha spoke of how she would pop corn and make hot chocolate, and they would watch all their favorite programs together. Sometimes they could read out loud to each other, or they could just talk away the long winter evenings. Life together would be a

long series of exchanging ideas, or just smiles. Lyle had a good pension, and with her savings, they would have no worries. Martha wished she could tell everybody, but they had agreed not to say anything to avoid interference from the families.

Martha stood now at the sink, doing the breakfast dishes. She couldn't suppress a giggle when she thought of how Bobby would react. "But, Mother, why do you want to get married? And at your age!" Oh, she knew people would talk, and maybe even laugh, but after she explained to Bobby how lonely she was, and how empty her life was with him away, he'd understand. She had an answer for all his arguments. "Mother, you're both too set in your ways. You'll never adjust." That was a lot of mumbo-jumbo about adjusting. She would just accept Lyle as he was. He didn't have to adjust. "Mother, what if he gets sick . . . you'll spend the rest of your life nursing him." That was better than spending her life waiting for the mailman. Martha hoped Bob wouldn't make a fuss, because nothing he could say would change her mind, now that it was made up. She wished Bobby wouldn't treat her as an incompetent just because she was over sixty-five. She brought her thoughts back to the wedding. Fall weddings were so beautiful . . . the air was so crisp . . . she wanted to wear blue, to reflect the blue of the autumn sky.

* * *

Snow was piling up on the walk. There would just be time for Lyle to shovel it before dinner. "Lyle, that snow's getting deep. Better get out there before it piles up too heavy."

Lyle laid down the paper that he had been reading. "It's supposed to snow all night. I'd just have to shovel it again in the morning." He picked the paper up again.

"But, Lyle, it'll be twice as heavy in the morning if you don't do it now." There was a slight edge on Martha's voice.

"All right, Martha, I'll do it now." Lyle put on his hat and coat. "Call me when dinner's ready. Let's eat early. There's a new quiz show on TV tonight that I want to watch." Lyle opened the door and braced himself against the wind. "Boy, it's cold for March. We're having a late spring."

"Shut the door . . . please. The house is getting cold." Martha heard him tramp across the porch. He'd forgotten to put his boots on again. Well, she wasn't going to remind him of it this time. After all, he wasn't a child. Martha walked to the window. She really ought to call him back in; it was much too cold for him to be out. She didn't care about the snow on the walk; it was just that she was tired of looking at the back of his paper. He hadn't said a word in an hour. How could anyone read the sports page for an hour? There just wasn't that much to say about sports. Lyle had talked to her about football and basketball right after they were married, but Martha hadn't understood a word of it, and now he didn't even try to explain. Saturdays and Sundays he had the games on television all day long. Martha thought maybe she would get him a television of his own for his birthday, so he could watch it in the back bedroom. At least

she could watch her own programs then. She didn't like to turn the channel in the middle of one of his programs, but, after all, it was her set.

Martha put dinner on the table and called Lyle in to eat. He came in stomping the snow off his shoes. He grinned sheepishly. "Guess I forgot my boots again."

"Yes, I guess you did."

They sat opposite each other at the small table. Martha broke the silence with: "I hope you didn't get too cold out there."

"No, the exercise was good for me. Got to keep in shape, you know."

"Yes, I know."

"What do you want to do tonight, dear?" Lyle smiled at her from across the table.

"Just whatever you want to do. Do you want to read out of a book? We've hardly started that book of short stories. I could pop some corn. . . ."

Lyle smiled again, "Not tonight. There's that quiz show, and then a basketball game that I thought we could watch."

"That sounds fine." Martha returned his smile woodenly. "Pass the butter, dear."

"That was a nice dinner. Do you want me to help with the dishes?"

"No, it's more of a hindrance than a help to have someone in the kitchen with me. It was sweet of you to ask."

Martha ridded up the dishes mechanically. She could hear Lyle whistling off-key in the living room. She didn't like to hear whistling. "Lyle, dear, would you turn up the volume? I want to hear the news." She did the dishes carefully, meticulously, in an effort to prolong the job. It carried her through the quiz program. The basketball game was on when she walked into the living room. "Who's winning?"

"Huh, what did you say?"

"Nothing." Martha sat down in her fuchsia chair. She watched the game for awhile. "Lyle, do you remember how the park looked last summer?"

"What's that? Oh, sure I do. Look at that shot!"

Martha walked out of the room. She picked her coat from the closet and walked out the back door. The moon shone brightly enough to outline the house. It was still, dark, with only the living room emitting any light at all. Martha walked to the front and started down the same three blocks she had walked so many times. Lila Webster's geraniums were safely tucked inside the house to prevent frostbite. The great elms stretched across the street, but without the foliage, the branches only reached for each other; they did not interlace. As Martha reached the park gate, she smelled the odor of liver and onions from across the street. She sat on the same bench as always, staring at the pool drained of water. She knew it was foolish to come to the park in winter. She rose and retraced her steps to the front door of her home. The bleak light from the

television came out the window and reflected on the snow where she stood. She opened the door and walk in. The tinkle of the brass bells roused Lyle from his game.

"Hi, you been someplace? You're really missing a good game." Lyle returned to the program.

Martha rid herself of the coat. She started back to the living room, but went, instead, into the bedroom. She must have put it somewhere in here, maybe in the drawer. She found it tucked away under the white stole. Slowly she drew it on and felt the weight of the gray wool sweater stoop her shoulders slightly.

Euglena

LEANNA BOYSKO

Leanna, a first semester senior, is from Kansas City, Missouri. She is an English and psychology major. A member of Poetry Society, Human Rights Association and Philosophy Club, Leanna is also interested in art history.

EUGLENA is a funny kind,
He sees the light yet he is blind.
His cell is filled with chloroplasts,
And *ad infinitum* he lasts.
He isn't even he or she:
Euglena claims neutrality.
What's more, he is both plant and beat,
A funny kind, to say the least.

Writing Poems

JUDITH PETTERSON

LIKE rare glass prisms, some were ground
To catch the sun that made the moving shades
A pantomime.
But mine enticed—a lush grape ice
With frozen crystals purple-mounding
Fervid words surrounding phrases wound
Around a rhyme.
We'd worked in secret; they'd been seen by none,
Until we rushed to try them in the sun.
Then some made colors unsurpassed.
Mine trickled purple through the grass.

Aurora Borealis

A junior English major from Gardiner, Maine, Dianne plans a career in literary editing. She is a member of Alpha Lambda Delta, of Poetry Society, and of the GRIFFIN *staff.*

DIANNE DOUGLAS

BENEATH crisp February's midnight dome,
Low flames softly lick on the horizon
And, faintly flickering, commence to roam,
Casting shimmering lights in shades of melon.

The glow of vastly heightening proportions
Spears upwards in a thousand soundless flights,
Awaits a mind who will, to its contortions,
Compose a Symphony of Northern Lights.

They're Calling Our Flight

LOUISE LEAK

A CONCLAVE clock
Tells crooked time
    ticking
    our clipping
        clip
    clip-ping

Below was the evening;
That above, is the ceiling
That's over there somewhere—
Or were we first wrong?

You said it was left.
And I thought it was right;
But we both followed forward—
At what time, tonight?

A rubber pot palm
Can make much of the ceiling;
And with wax revealing
The architect's plans
For light incandescent
On plant, iridescent—
But walking straight forward
    Is walking right by.

No doors to oppose us;
Or do you suppose this
Is part of his scheme,
This new modern plan?
    His doors were most yellow.
    Pass, planned this fellow.
But we walked straight, on through them
    Clipping our heels
        clip-
        ping (went the clock)
Past the wax on the leaf
(no sign on the door).

Rabbits

LOIS PEDERSEN

Lois Pedersen, a sophomore from Webster Groves, Missouri, is a veteran contributor to the GRIFFIN. *Last year she was awarded second prize in the Freshman Writing Contest. Lois, an English major, is an active member of Poetry Society and is the editor of the* LINDEN BARK *this year.*

"M-M-MOM, can I have a c-c-c-carrot?" The little, dark-eyed boy spoke with his head down, his hands and shoulders tense.

"A carrot, darling?" said his mother, who was peeling potatoes.

"Y-y-y-yes, a c-c-carrot."

"A carrot," said his mother again.

"A c-c-c-c-c-car-r-r-rot!" The boy emphasized the word as hard as he could. He smiled hopefully at his mother. Her expression relaxed and became gentle, a little sad, it seemed to him.

"You certainly like carrots. You're just like a rabbit," she said as she put them in his outstretched hand.

"M-m-mom, I'm going out to pl-pl-pl-play m-m-marbles with the b-b-b-boys."

"All right, Marvin. Wear your jacket," she said. "Marvin, are you going to play in the house?" his mother asked, coming after him.

"At J-j-j-jim—"

"At Jimmy's house. That's good."

Marvin wondered why his mother always insisted on saying what he wanted to say before he could say it. He started to turn the doorknob slowly, wishing he could drift outside without her knowing.

"Come, let me zip up your jacket," she said.

Marvin hastily zipped his jacket by himself. He hated to be babied continually. He was seven. Didn't Mr. Digman, who owned the farm on the other side of the woods, let Marvin do things that he wouldn't let other boys do, like milking the cows and nailing things together, and painting on little things like window panes?

"Now, sweetie, are you listening? I said don't go in the woods and be home by five-thirty. Run on now. Oh, come kiss me."

Marvin hastily grabbed his mother around the neck and, kissing her on the cheek, ran outside as fast as possible. It was four o'clock. He hated to waste time at Jimmy's house, but he knew his Mother would call to see if he got there. He would have to work fast to get to the woods in time.

As Marvin walked in the door at Jimmy's he heard the telephone ring. She had given him just enough time.

"W-w-w-w-want to pl-pl-play m-m-marbles?" asked Marvin.

"No, I don't *want* to *play* marbles." Jimmy repeated the sentence enunciating every word as distinctly as he could. "I am playing with my electric train."

"Oh, w-w-w-wwell, I g-g-g-got to g-g-go," he said.

"Good-bye," said Jimmy simply. Marvin walked out of the basement door. He ran furiously to the woods. He couldn't be late.

More than any place in the world he loved the woods which were to him a refuge from the new, crowded subdivision where he lived. Marvin went down by his log near the creek. For a long time he sat on the log and stared above him through the thick lacey branches, just beginning to bud, to the patches of sky. The sky was tingled with pastels, pale blues, pale pinks, and pale yellows, each diffusing into the other again and again like a pattern repeating itself.

A robin came up and perched on the other end of the log. The robin cocked his head to one side inquisitively. Marvin shook his head and held out his hand to show that he had only two carrots. The robin looked curiously at the carrots.

"I'm s-s-s-sorry, b-b-birdy, b-b-but I didn't bring anything f-f-f-for you." The robin hopped off the log and fluttered down to the stream. Marvin started to whistle. The bird started to whistle too, as it played in the water. Marvin was getting restless and tired of waiting, but he sat still just the same. The bird flew away.

At last he heard a rustling noise behind him. He grew tense with expectancy but didn't move. Thud, rustle, thud. He listened attentively to every movement behind him. The sounds told him that the animal was coming closer. With a final thud, the little brown rabbit landed before him, his back to Marvin. The rabbit hopped down to the edge of the water and pretended that Marvin wasn't there at all.

Marvin broke off a piece of carrot and held it out in his hand.

Hearing the crack, the rabbit wheeled around rapidly. Marvin sat still. The rabbit saw the carrot and wiggled his nose. Marvin wiggled his nose, too. The rabbit wiggled his ears. Marvin wiggled his ears, too. Mr. Digman had taught him how to wiggle his ears.

Little by little the rabbit edged forward. Marvin could hardly keep from moving. He waited intensely for the little rabbit to take the carrot from his hand. The rabbit came closer and closer. Marvin's dark eyes, luminous with anticipation, met the pleading eyes of the rabbit coming closer and closer.

Suddenly from nowhere a tree branch snapped. The rabbit and little boy jumped simultaneously. The carrot fell from Marvin's hand. Snatching it from the ground, the rabbit fled. Marvin stood up and wheeled around to face the invader with snapping black eyes. It was Mr. Digman. Seeing that it was Mr. Digman, Marvin ran up to him and started crying.

The old man put his arms around the boy comfortingly. Marvin made a hard fist and hit him.

"Well, what's this?" said the man.

As well as he could Marvin explained to Mr. Digman. The old man, slightly deaf, strained to hear and understand what the boy said.

"I-I-I w-w-w-want to c-c-c-catch the r-r-r-rabbit," said Marvin. Then he realized that Mr. Digman couldn't understand a word he was saying. He pouted quietly.

Finally, after Mr. Digman had thought a long time, he said, "You want to trap the rabbit?"

"Y-y-y-yes," said Marvin angrily. "I-I-I-w-w-w-want to trap that rabbit."

"Well, now, don't you worry," said the old man with a sigh of relief. "I've got some traps back in the barn, and I'll set a trap for that rabbit tonight. Now don't you worry."

Marvin's eyes gleamed bright and shining. "Gee, th-th-th-thanks," he said.

"Let me see that carrot you got there," said the old man. "Just set that down here, and I'll go back home and get a trap and set it tonight. Now, don't worry. You come back tomorrow, and you'll see the rabbit, right there in the trap."

Marvin was so excited. He asked Mr. Digman if he couldn't help him set the trap, but Mr. Digman told him to go home because it was late.

"P-p-p-p-promise you w-w-w-won't forget?" said Marvin earnestly.

"I won't forget," said Mr. Digman.

Marvin raced home as fast as he could. He didn't want to be late. Although excited, he remembered at the edge of the woods to stop and carefully scrape the mud from his shoes.

The next day in school, Marvin was so restless, the teacher had to ask him to stand out in the hall twice. He didn't mind though, because then he had time to think about the rabbit. It didn't even bother him when reading time came and everybody laughed. Marvin kept thinking about the rabbit. He was a little

worried because he was afraid the rabbit might have been caught in the trap in the morning and would have been there all day without any food.

Marvin ran all the way home from school. He raced upstairs to change his clothes without saying hello to his mother. She looked a little angry at him when he asked her for some more carrots but let him go anyway. He ran outside.

A half an hour later, Marvin's mother heard the telephone ring. It was Jimmy's mother.

"Mary," she said, "I just saw Marvin going up the street. He looks terribly upset, and he looks like he's carrying some sort of dead animal. I don't know what's the matter with him."

"Oh, no. I better go see. Thank you so much for calling, Helen." As she hung up she heard Marvin crying outside the front door. She ran and opened the door.

"OOh Marvin! What in the world have you got? Ugh, a dead rabbit! Put that thing down. No, don't bring it in here. What's the matter with you?"

Marvin was very pale. Tears streamed from his eyes, and his hands shook as he carried the bloody rabbit with one leg missing. "I've got to b-b-b-b-bury my friend," he said, hardly able to talk.

"Marvin, don't be silly. Put that beast down at once and get in here."

"M-m-m-mom!" Marvin felt something inside getting bigger and bigger and soon it was going to choke him.

"Marvin, for heaven's sake. Stop this. What's the matter with you? Stop shaking like that." His mother made a motion toward the rabbit but drew back hastily, repulsed.

The lump inside Marvin was so big now he had to whisper. "M-m-m-m-m-mom! H-h-he's d-d-d-d-d-dead!" He felt his knees getting weak. "M-m-m-m-mom!" Something inside of him was giving way. He started to choke and then fainted.

Cringing, Marvin's mother dislodged the bloody animal from his hands. She carried Marvin inside and laid him on the couch. She raced to the phone to call his father and the doctor. When she went back to the living room, she found her son lying sobbing on the couch. Marvin looked up at her. He felt hopelessly lost.

Very gently his mother took him in her lap. Stroking his hair, she asked quietly, "What's the matter, darling? Don't worry; Daddy's going to be home soon. He'll help you bury the rabbit. Don't cry. Everything will be all right."

Marvin sighed and said, "Mother, I didn't mean for the rabbit to die. I didn't want my rabbit to be killed. I wanted my rabbit for a pet, for my friend."

Marvin's mother stared at him as if she couldn't believe what she had heard. "Marvin, talk to me again. What did you say?"

"I didn't want the rabbit to die, Mom. Honest. I didn't want the rabbit to die."

Sea Song

KAY HEITHECKER

I SING my song to my love–
He strokes my arm,
"Small one–run play with the children."
They take me in.
I whistle my heart–
Their hooded eyes glaze at me.
Turned, I turn away.
My solvent eyes flow to the sea,
The waves splash back–
"My shores are strained with tears."

Agape

HELEN RICE

THE warm spirit of love says, come,
Warm yourself at my fire.
See, it will not burn you,
You may turn if you fear
To hold hand to warmth.
However the mind falters,
Its stark lines
Plunged into darkness,
Love is light, does not tire,
Is home; then come.

Ferris Wheel

LEANNA BOYSKO

I WOULD like to be . . .
A ferris wheel
To whirl
Around
Round
Around
Round
To dip to ground
Then soar and scoop out sky.
I would like to be
Of ferris wheel
One bolt, one tiny piece that
Rushing
Sweeping
Upward
Outward
Would fall free, fall up
To stars.

The Ballad of Bill Baird

LEANNA BOYSKO

THE light flashed red above the booth,
The second hand passed two.
At one, a booming voice rang out:
"Stay tuned to KOQ!"

All over town the teenage fans
Began to come alive.
Bill Baird was on the air to spin
Their favorite fifty-five.

He played the "pick hit" of the week,
The newest twist was next,
But then a strange sound filled the air—
His audience sat perplexed.

Poor Bill was trying once again
To slip a Schubert song
Among the current top ten tunes—
It didn't quite belong.

The "public" groaned in unison,
The phones began to ring.
His teenage fans commanded Bill:
"Turn off that awful thing!"

Brave Bill was beaten down again,
But down he would not stay.
He waited for a week or two,
With Schubert put away.

'Twas on a quiet Monday night,
A record lay concealed,
Awaiting seven forty-five
When it would be revealed.

The "wild child's" choice was over now,
Bill talked on cheerfully.
His grip was steady as he poised
The needle carefully.

The record spinning 'neath his hand
He feared would seal his fate.
But for his cause he knew there was
No sacrifice too great.

For Bill still hoped and he still tried
To change the public taste:
He played a rumbling fugue by Bach—
The station was disgraced.

Enraged, a mob of teenage fans
Demanded: "Fire Bill!"
The station happily obeyed
This sign of public will.

An ex-D.J. trudged home that night
And locked his shabby door.
He blotted out with Bach and Brahms
The shouting, teenage roar.

A broken man renounced the world—
The pain had been too keen.
He dared not leave his stereo—
Bill nevermore was seen.

The moral, reader, plain to see,
Is get in step, in style.
Give your allegiance to the twist
And make your life worthwhile.

Dismissed

Joan is a junior from Ellisville, Missouri. She is an English major, with a minor in secondary education. Joan is a member of the GRIFFIN *staff, and she was a contributor to last year's publication.*

JOAN NIXON

THE DOOR OF MARTHA'S ROOM creaked open and her younger sister, Anne, appeared with a bag of potato chips and a Pepsi. "I'm on my way to study and thought I might as well come in and see you too."

Martha was lying on her back and looking up at the wooden ship, a replica of nothing, that sailed a linen scarf on the chest of drawers. She almost looks as though she'd like to sail away, thought Anne, as she watched her sister and waited for an answer. "How was college today?" Anne made another attempt, asking about the mysterious school where Martha didn't have classes every hour, sometimes only one a day.

"I guess you could say it was rather different," said Martha, pulling herself up to walk across the room and turn on the hi-fi. Slush–plunk, a march blared through the room. The loud noise seemed to stamp out any attempt at thinking. "Was Socrates immoral for drinking the hemlock?" Martha questioned, reaching for a paperback of Plato's on her way back to the bed.

"It beats me," munched Anne, thinking she'd rather hear about college. "Tell me what hemlock is, and I'll give you the answer." Anne stepped into her sister's leather moccasin slippers, trying them on for size. They slopped up and down, as she circled the center of the room.

"It was poison, and take off my slippers," Martha said abruptly. "I do know it's immoral to question the actions of a teacher."

"Why'd you say that?" asked Anne.

After a pause, Martha added—not actually having heard her sister's question, "I found that out today when I tried to talk to Miss Fairchild about an award given at the honor assembly today. Hell or high water you back the members of your profession, regardless of incompetency and lack of ethics." The words seemed to spout up like the boiling water of a geyser, as Martha lay on her back.

"Who got the award?" asked Anne, not stopping to consider that she wouldn't know anymore if Martha told her. She waited for the reply, as she often had waited when they were both in high school. There were her sister's intramural basketball games to watch and applaud, yearbook papers that Martha had to pick up before going home, so she could work on something called a "dummy." Anne remembered the times she'd worked and re-worked the combination on her locker, checking for a book she knew she hadn't forgotten, so she wouldn't look so conspicuous waiting in the empty school hall walled with green padlocked lockers. The red second hand circled the face of the large clock on the wall, as Anne waited for her sister to emerge from a shower room of laughter that seeped out from beneath the door and down the quiet hall. How angry she'd gotten, feeling herself made a fool, only to have Martha's smile dissolve it, as she rounded the corner with her arms bundled with books and a dirty gym suit. She is so unaware, Anne had thought, that I've been waiting, and that everyone isn't as busy as she. Anne usually volunteered to help carry, preferring the orderly yearbook material to the hodgepodge of other things. Funny how Anne couldn't remember her sister ever studying in high school, as she did. Martha just didn't have the time to study with her heavy schedule or extracurricular activities, although her report card showed a majority of "A's," and a box of attendance and scholarship certificates was shoved in the corner of her closet. How secure not to have to study, thought Anne. She moved to the bookcase with this reflection and fingered the two white metal vases. Deep, red-stained hollows in the metal formed bodies of some prehistoric looking deer. Intricate, jagged lines rubbed her thumb firmly. Between the vases was a carved, brown figure of a Chinese god, Ho-ti, his smooth grained belly overhanging a carved sash.

"I had the pleasure of seeing the wrong girl presented an award at the honor assembly today," Martha finally answered her sister.

"How do you know?" questioned Anne, as she recrossed the room to the chenille covered bed. Within the room she and Martha absorbed the robust "Liberty Bell March" with its loud, tramping music. A cargo of sounds carried by the performers rushed from the speaker as the noises of a parade always run through the air ahead of the invisible marchers, music impatient to catch and cloak the spectators in borrowed feelings.

Pulling herself to a sitting position, Martha scooted back to lean against the headboard of the bed. "A service award is given each year by the Philosophy Club to the member who's contributed the most toward the organization's advancement," Martha explained.

"Who decides what member receives the award?" prodded Anne.

"The three faculty members in the department and the four officers of the club decide," answered Martha, annoyed. She'd been going over the procedure in her mind since the afternoon assembly. "As president of the club, I was on the board that discussed the possible candidates and voted." Martha thought she was warding off further questions.

"Are you sure the wrong girl got it? Who counted the votes?" quizzed Anne. She had to wait for an answer, as her sister got up to light a cigarette from the opened pack on the desk. Martha seemed isolated in concentration, as she exhaled, rumpling the air with smoke. Her thoughtful face reminded Anne of the confidential talks they had had as children. How sure she has always been of herself, thought Anne, remembering how Martha had planned the funerals for the dead sparrows they'd found as children. Martha had carried the feather-shrouded bodies to prepared, stick-dug graves, leaving Anne to follow with a pebble tombstone.

"Miss Goodman counted the votes, which were only to be seen by her," Martha answered. "The afternoon of the day we voted, I went to see Miss Goodman to find out what book I was to buy for the award. She was out of her office, but the voting slips were on the corner of the desk."

"And you counted them," broke in Anne enthusiastically, realizing how her sister had been sure of the girl selected and pleased that she'd gotten enough information to make the obvious deduction.

"That's right," sighed Martha, letting the tense air out of her lungs. It always gave Anne the feeling that one was lowering sail when she heard someone exhale with deep release.

Both girls sat in silence. The marches had been played, letting the record player click off automatically.

"Are you going to talk to Miss Goodman?" asked Anne, almost afraid to suggest any action. She was sure Martha could handle it. Taking a drink of soda, Anne watched for her sister's reaction.

"I don't know exactly what I'm going to do," growled Martha, standing up to get her books, "but I have to study now."

Picking up the potato chips, Anne walked toward the door, brushing Ho-ti, who wobbled unsteadily on the bookcase. Anne paused to see if she'd have to set the top-heavy carving back on his feet. "Well, I have to do my homework," said Anne, looking back over her shoulder. Martha had rolled over on her side, her back to the door. The sound of flipping book pages rose from behind the uneven wall.

The next day was a cold February gray. During their early supper, Martha seemed unusually preoccupied, asking for the jello salad to be passed, only to change her mind when the shiny, shaking mass vibrated before her.

"Can't we turn the light on?" she urged impatiently, annoyed by the dull light of the afternoon.

Giving Martha a chance to get settled in her room after they'd eaten, Anne pushed open the slick birch door at the end of the hall. Books were already scattered open on the spread. Anne walked toward her sister, who sat cross-legged on her bed, flipping through a book.

"Got much work?" asked Anne, impatient at leading up to her real questions.

"Enough," answered Martha, stopping at chapter twelve in her ethics book. " 'The Fruition of Character Through Education: Intellectual and Moral Training,' " she read the title. "Sounds impressive, doesn't it?"

Martha's head was tilted forward, shielding her eyes from the ceiling light and casting a shadow on the open book. Her bent concentration reminded Anne of the summer evenings they'd spent together as children, sitting on the front steps of the four-family flat. The concrete against Anne's legs had still been warm from the afternoon sun, as she watched intently, waiting for the firefly gently pinned between Martha's fingers to light up. "Now," Anne had always wanted to shout when the bug lit, but she sat quietly instead. Martha pinched at the right moment—as she always did—and the phosphorescent light stayed on. "Here, now don't drop it; it's hard to do," Martha would scold, giving Anne the bug and turning to pick up two petrified lights of her own. What a beautiful golden ring, Anne had thought, placing the insect belly up on her middle finger. White clover chain necklaces had completed their outfits.

"Did you talk to her?" asked Anne, as her thoughts returned to the present.

"I talked," paused Martha, continuing in the cold passive, "and was told that the girl who received the award should have been voted it—that the award should be based on original contributions, not just putting in one's time—that Miss Goodman took the responsibility and had the right to change votes—that I sounded as if I were more worried that the votes might have been changed last year when I was up as a candidate—that—that. . . ." Martha's voice lost wind and lowered to quietness.

She seemed angry at even having to tell it, thought Anne, after the impersonal torrent of facts ended. Walking quietly across the room, she gazed at the calendar that hung on the wall, its squares filled with meetings, exams, dates. It seemed as if life were pigeon-holed into compartments. Maxims were clipped along the edge. "If you have been badly wronged, forgive and forget," Anne read Mary Baker Eddy's comment and stopped, shocked to realize she had read it aloud—and it fit so well. Anne glanced over her shoulder at Martha. She's heard and simply dismissed it; she wasn't even hurt, thought Anne, stunned by the idea.

Sitting on the bed, Martha absentmindedly rearranged some near-by papers, wrinkling the spread into chenille ridges, as she pulled a book toward her.

"Are you going to see the president of the college?" Anne turned to meet her sister's gaze, sure that her sister would do something.

"No—you see I can't," Martha paused. "The election was fixed last year too; I should have gotten the award." Martha continued in order to answer the questions already forming in her sister's expression. "Today I went to talk to Kathy Peabody, one of last year's officers. Kathy was surprised last year when I didn't get the award and asked around to see how the other two officers voted. The three of them had voted for me and with the vote of Professor Dillinger—who openly supported me for the award—I know that I received at least four of the seven possible votes."

"But if it was crooked, no matter if it was you. . . ."

"If I went to the college president," Martha cut off her sister's interruption, "it would look as if I were just trying to stir up trouble, because I didn't get the award last year." The room was silent as Anne stood, realizing that Martha was serious.

"I've got to study now—so if you don't have any more questions." Martha broke the stillness.

Anne walked toward the door. "No," she mumbled, "the questions I have, haven't been answered yet." As the door clicked firmly behind Anne, she heard a hollow thud. Ho-ti must have fallen, she thought, and started down the hall.

Window

LOUISE LEAK

THE color wheel shattered
—Three pure; seven blended,
Sifted to glaze still life,
Lead-lined together,
In groups, seven sisters;
Starts the up-handed hour,
Shivers, one raveled chord
To horizon-held corners,
Braced all color clad dust,
Without wet, red shadows
—None sustained in the mind
(The hydra has a funny case
he combs his food into his face—)
The communal suspended.

Rain Patterns

EMILY SIMMONS

Emily Simmons, a junior from Potosi, Missouri, is an English major and an art minor. She has contributed to the GRIFFIN *for the past two years. As an insatiable reader and a member of Poetry Society, Emily has enhanced her potential as a creative writer.*

LULLED by
the patterned rain,
we lie half-caught
in time.
Gentle wisps of breath
brush my shoulder.
His slow hand moves
to hold my back
as slow, warm water
pools on the still-warm sill.
How quiet it is,
curved in by out-flung arm.
The storm is gone
behind the hills.
Only the lapping drops
slide gently down
in time to deepening pools
as wet-blurred lamps
come softly into dusk.

Sonnet

DIANNE DOUGLAS

WITHIN the infant days of each new year,
There is a lulling cradle warmth that tries
To balm the helpless babe with April's tear,
And lifts the leaden weight of winter skies.
The vast mid-western sprawling prairie lies
Outstretched to bask in the phenomenon
Of scented, sunny air that melts and dries
The crusts of sooty snow on unmown lawn.
But soon the new year's incubator's gone,
And rodents scurry under brittle ferns
As children home, more woolen muffs to don,
An ear-flapped farmer shifts his pail and turns
To see the last horizon's crimson glow
Lower the abyss of night and snow.

Proposition

LOUISE LEAK

JUST yesterday,
Was meant to say
One word, that's now
Not what—but how;
(Not where, yet when
If chosen) then
Might draw from lines
Of others; rhymes
Unheard—not new
This word; from you
May come, might call,
Must leave us, all
With time—less spent
On words one's lent.

Kidnapped

BETTY OSIEK

Betty, a senior from St. Charles, is a modern language major. Her hobbies are writing poetry and traveling. Next year Betty plans to do graduate work at Washington University.

THE image of the child was blurred and dim;
As clinging to her father's back, she gazed ahead;
They fled along; the flickering shadows
Of their shifting figures as they passed
Danced upon the bank beside the lane.
The sun sank slowly in a reddish twilight,
That made their figures even stranger.

The childish mind strained to remember
To perceive her yesterdays more sharply
Than the darkly moving shadow-shapes beside the road.

But cloudy memories only frightened,
The child held tighter to the man called father,
And waited for an overwhelming force
To take her kidnapped body from his back.

The Swan's Wing

JUDITH PETTERSON

Judith Petterson, who wrote this story last year, is spending her junior year in England, studying at Bishop Otter College in Chichester, Sussex.

AUNT DOROTHY and my cousin Cozette were to meet me at the escalator in the union station. As my stair reached the top, Cozette came running to greet me, like a missile with arms and legs stuck into it. I said a prayer of thanks when I saw that she wasn't wearing her high-topped tennis shoes. I hadn't seen them, but Aunt Dorothy had written that Cozette had found a pair of men's tennis shoes at the last church rummage sale.

"Hi! Elaine!" Cozette snatched my train case out of my hand. "I'll carry this. Say, what's at the bottom of this escalator anyway?" She strained her neck to see the bottom of the moving metal stairs.

"Nothing but a bunch of dirty old trains," I answered. "Come on, your Mother's waiting for us over there by the Harvey Restaurant." I started walking through the mass of red caps and suitcases and people kissing people goodby and people kissing people hello. Aunt Dorothy opened her arms to hug me against her pale blue knit dress. We had so much to talk about. I hadn't been to the city to visit for five years, and I was only planning to stay two weeks. Then I'd go on to visit Grandmother. But before Aunt Dorothy could say more than "Hellooooo-how's your-family?" Cozette had run right between two ladies, turned around to say, "Oops pardon me," hit another lady with my swinging train case, and after one more "pardon please" she'd pounced upon me melodramatically, saying, "Are you *sure* that there's nothing besides trains down there? Seems like there ought to be some dogs down there in cages at least."

Aunt Dorothy laughed, so I did too. With Cozette ahead of us darting from water fountain to water fountain, we walked to the big revolving doors of the union station. Aunt Dorothy was telling me how proud they were to hear that I had won honors in my high school class. I would have made one of my "it was nothing" speeches, except that by that time, we had reached the revolving doors, and Cozette, having made the whirl around fifteen times, was impatient to get on to the car. We crossed the street to the parking lot, and Cozette leaped into the front seat of the car. Her mother told her to get into the back, because there wasn't enough room in the front, and she slid reluctantly over the top of the seat. But that didn't keep her from hanging an inch from the back of my neck to bombard me with questions.

"Hey, Elaine, how do you like my jumper?" The hot, humid wind blowing in my window scattered the strands of her boyish pixi cut into her eyes as she leaned up into the front of the car so I could see. I looked at it. It was just a jumper—that's all.

"She wore it especially for you, Elaine," my aunt said as she settled behind the steering wheel. "If we'd been meeting anyone else, even that baseball player, Stan Musial, she'd have worn her blue jeans." Dorothy laughed a ladylike laugh that curved only the corners of her coral lips. Cozette, however, was serious when she added, "Oh, especially if it had been Stan Musial."

We pulled out of the scorching parking lot and turned right on Broadway. The lunchtime traffic filled the steaming city streets, so we had to inch along in front of the Coca Cola signs and the smoking cigarette ads. Cozette said she'd been to her private Spanish lesson that morning, and she had her books with her in the back seat of the car. She handed me a thin yellow-covered book. "Boy, you'd like this, Elaine. It's about Montezuma." The freckles on her cheeks were dancing. "You know who Montezuma was, don't you?"

"Sure," I said confidently, "He was the last of the Inca leaders. Why everyone knows that he—"

"Nope, he was an Aztec."

The city heat became suffocating. "Well, I meant to say Aztec," I said.

Aunt Dorothy made a brisk left turn around a bus as she hummed, "You take the high road, and I'll take the low road . . ." Then she stopped for a red light and glanced at me while she fastened the single pearl button on her white glove. I looked at my gloves—a wilted mound in my lap. Dorothy smiled over her right shoulder into the back seat. "The way this traffic looks, it will probably take us quite a while to get home. I'll bet Elaine can help you with some of those hard parts in your lesson."

"Gee yes, Elaine, I mean, *Sí, Elena. Mi lección es muy difícil.* She opened the yellow book to an exercise which suggested, "Converse with a friend who speaks Spanish. Talk about the Mexican sports." That didn't sound too bad. After all, I had been taking Spanish for two years, and besides, I was used to helping other people with their lessons.

"Since this is your assignment, you tell me all you know first, and I'll correct your mistakes," I said in my professional tutoring voice. Cozette was delighted. She told me about *el fútbol, el beisbol, el ténis, la corrida de toros,* and how to ride *en bicicleta*—all complete with appropriate gestures that attracted appropriate attention from other cars. One little grey-hatted man drove horror-stricken right through a red light, while Cozette died an agonizing bull's death in the back seat. By that time, she had three really bad wounds, and as she clasped the gash on her left side with hoofs, she cried out the window, "Oh, moooooan. Snort. Snort. Snort!"

Aunt Dorothy's face was flushed pink as she tried to swallow her laughter.

"Now, Elaine, that leaves hockey and cricket for you," Cozette said at the end of her act. "In Spanish," she added eagerly. I shifted in the seat and burnt my leg on a part of the plastic seat cover that had been soaking heat from the city sun. Something was wrong. Everytime I opened my mouth to form the Spanish words, my tongue got thick. Hockey. Hockeycita? It was miserably hot in the car. "Can you roll down the back window, Cozette?" I mumbled. All the moisture in the air began to condense on my forehead. Cozette waited. *"En México,"* I began. Aunt Dorothy looked at me expectantly. *"En México. . . ."*

I convinced Cozette that we had to do her grammar lesson before I'd tell her about hockey and cricket. Immediately, I said that *pájaros* meant potatoes, and two pages later, Cozette found an illustration of three darn ugly birds with red eyes. The caption said: *LOS PAJAROS.* I was tired of Spanish. And besides, we were almost to the house.

As soon as we pulled into the winding drive, Cozette jumped out of the car and ran into the house swinging my train case round and round. Aunt Dorothy's eyes were framed with laugh crinkles as she whispered confidently to me, "She has a surprise for you, but she must put on her blue jeans and tennis shoes first."

We lingered a moment outside the house in the sunshine to look at the new rose bushes, and by the time we got inside the house, the trap was oiled and its jaws were wide open. Cozette was going to play her OBOE for me. I play flute.

As she sank down into the yellow-flowered divan to listen, Aunt Dorothy looked interested. I looked interested too, as I sank into the green armchair. I supposed Cozette would be really good on her oboe. Surprisingly, though, I'd never heard, "Row, Row, Row Your Boat" played in such a squawky flat key. I decided to prove how interested I was by asking Cozette if she could name the three musical B's. She pounced on the question. "Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms," she said. "Gee, Elaine, do you play this game in music class too?" My pearl choker shrank. "Now it's your turn," she cried excitedly. "Who wrote the Surprise Symphony to wake up all the courtiers, because they used to go to sleep during the chamber music?" She waited, eyes glittering, poised for the repartee.

It was then that I realized what she was doing. What she'd been doing since the moment we left the train station. First it was the Spanish bull act and then

Los Pájaros. And now this. She was trying to show me up in front of Aunt Dorothy.

Suddenly, I noticed a picture of purple iris over the mantel that I'd seen all during the concert, "Oh, Aunt Dorothy, where did you get this new water color? The colors are so luxurious, so vivid, so . . ."

Cozette put her oboe down on the piano bench, and beamed at me. At once my lap was filled with finger paint pussy cats, cardboard wastebaskets, and macaroni jewelry. Cozette showed me the fine points of each item with her proud, sweaty fingers, and Aunt Dorothy was biting. She smiled from the middle of the yellow-flowered divan, and looked at me mysteriously. I finally conceded to comment that one woodburning plaque was nice, although I'd hardly even looked at it.

"It's funny you'd choose that one," Cozette said with distaste. "That's the worst one I've done. See, I burnt the swan's wing in the wrong place." She pointed out the jagged burn. Aunt Dorothy raised one pleasant eyebrow. She probably thought it was pretty smart of Cozette to plant that swan's wing in with all the good things. And I was a sucker. Well, if things got too bad, I could easily go to Grandmother's early.

The front doorbell chimed, and Cozette banged open the front screen door. Something wearing a baseball hat and a quiver full of arrows asked if it could have a drink of water. As an after thought, it shouted from the kitchen. "Hey, can Cozette play baseball?" The heat seeped in through the screen door. Cozette bounded to the end of the divan and lifted up the yellow pleated skirt around its legs. She stealthily withdrew a battered catcher's mitt from underneath. "Say, Elaine, why don't you come to watch the game? You could meet all my friends. Rick'll be there, and Jane, and—"

"No thanks," I snapped. Perhaps I'd just get out of this hot city and go to Grandmother's. There was a bus leaving in the morning.

Cozette smiled a hideously toothy smile, as she pushed a strand of hair out of her eyes. "Well, ok, . . . If you don't want to go, but gosh, I'm glad you came. Just think, you'll be here two whole weeks." And she banged out the door.

Why had I said I'd stay two weeks? Two weeks so she could show her mother that she was smarter than I. If I'd known. . . . Aunt Dorothy picked up the swan plaque from the coffee table where Cozette had left it when she went to answer the door. She was probably going to rub it in—my great art criticizing job. Maybe she'd even scold me for picking the only bad one. Might hurt her daughter's little feelings.

"You know, Elaine," she said quietly. "I'm proud of my daughter." It was coming. Well, I could tell her that Grandmother was sick, and I couldn't stay more than one night. "Cozette insists that you sleep in her room, Elaine. I thought you wouldn't mind. And she does have bunk beds." That fixed it. I would just call the bus station and see if I could get a bus that night instead of in the morning. Aunt Dorothy looked at the burnt swan plaque for several hot

minutes. I kept my eyes on my dusty high heels. It wasn't too far to Grand. . . . Aunt Dorothy was saying, "Perhaps, I shouldn't tell you, but . . . well. . . ." She was looking at me earnestly. "Cozette's never had any brothers or sisters, and since you're the oldest of her cousins. . . . Don't tell her I told you, but she's always comparing herself with you." I looked up at Aunt Dorothy. She smiled distantly as she fingered the plaque. "Cozette really wanted to impress you today, Elaine. We've had so many good reports about you lately. Did you notice how her face fell when you saw the burnt place on the swan?" She was silent for a moment. "My, it looks like rain," she murmured.

I looked out the front screen. The afternoon sun had disappeared. A breeze tinkled the wind chimes on the front porch, and then blew through the screen. I felt it on my cheek, and it was cool. As the dark clouds knotted overhead, Cozette came running up the front steps with her catcher's mitt in her hand. "Heck. It's going to rain. Right at the beginning of a good game, too." She banged in the front door and plopped down on the yellow divan. Aunt Dorothy tousled Cozy's hair as she rose to start dinner, and she laid the plaque upside down on the coffee table. I looked at my dusty shoes and heard the rain drops ploshing on the front porch. Cozette was asking me to play checkers, and the wind chimes were tinkling glassy oriental sounds. I kicked off my dusty shoes. It would be silly to catch a bus in the rain.

Tinge

SUE MATTHEWS

Sue is a sophomore from Madison, Wisconsin. An English and art major, Sue is a member of the Poetry Society and Student Artist Guild. This year, she has been writing for the editorial staff of the LINDEN BARK.

SIX-FINGERED hand,
Three minutes tipped with ash,
Exhaled tin-colored rings of filtered smoke;
Red seconds move from white to gray, then smash—
Tin-colored ring of words,
Time's ash-tipped joke.

The Recluse

MADEENA SPRAY

My room

Is small, tidy,

Friendly and familiar.

My thoughts are stacked on closet shelves

Neatly.

Love is

Blowsy; gay and

Boisterous. It would not

Stay in drawers; so I swept it out

The door.

After the Rain

CISSY DIAZ

Cecelia Diaz attended Lindenwood in her freshman year. Cissy is now studying in the nursing program at St. Vincent's Hospital in Toledo, Ohio. This poem was written last year for her freshman English class.

SCHLOSH, the grainy gutter water
Rushing down gravelly gutter
A full, bent beer can
Plumply clumps . . . . . .

Gravelly gutter, the can
Rebounds a metal tong
Grainy gutter's
Sanded song.

The Lawnmower

CAROLJEAN MAPLES

Caroljean is a sophomore from Tulsa, Oklahoma. She is an art major, a member of Student Artist Guild, Human Rights Association, and the Student Peace Union.

chaklunka
chalinka
chunk
green slivers sliced clean
bow and fall
oozing green juice.
chalunka
chalinka
clank
a brown twig
resisting the blade
and bending to snap
echoes in steely sound.

Poems by Nicole Johnson

Nicole Johnson was a student at Lindenwood for three and one-half years. She won first prize in the Poetry Society Contest in 1959. Last year she was editor of the GRIFFIN *and won the Spahmer award for creative writing. Nicki was killed in a car accident on December 16, 1961.*

Apology

ONLY the eyes betray me into weeping
alone is softer touch than eyes to grief
most silenced in my tossing tearless sleeping
where Time is stilled, yet more subtle thief
than we have dreamed.

See we are caught in eyes
that gazing find our own reflection only
dismayed and deeper leaning realize
the unreality of depth more lonely
than shallows.

I am chilled by horrors
of my white faces searching murky black.
Oh this is more futility than mirrors
and when I smile I watch the faces crack.

To doubt the mirrored vision darkly deep
our lost eyes lost in eyes must blindly weep.

Pressure

NOT far away is rolling and wind calling
To me blown bodiless before the screaming
Ache that flattens on the back still pressing,
Soars the long body free for singing.

Within locked gates is flat land and air staling
In me filled body heavy with shrill chattering
Shrieks that darting pin me flat still piercing,
Bind the short body torn from singing.

Some Swollen Summer Day

SOME swollen summer day sweet
Heart quite hot how shall I
Race warm, spring hills to greet
Some risen kingly sun and lie
Soft grass and flowered meet
Thighs deep and warm the sky
To blazing sweat-soaked, stroking heat
Till sweat beads cooling tears do cry.

To the J.B.S.

LOVE against hate with hate
becomes hate against hate as we
Wise Men, enlightened, have mind
to force out force that does as we
Not see.

Sight against blind with blind
becomes blind against blind as we
Wise Men, pure-hearted, have mind-
less eyes to shut out love as we
Not see.

For they must be right who force
the eyeless out of eternity.
Wise Men, myopic, have eyes
that winking see the blind as we
Not see.

Conjecture

EVEN the infinite scholar so (well) read
is unable to tell us the (meaning) less
unknown or perhaps
it is merely his (mannered) methods
force him to silence (talk).

In the Garden

FORM from formless torn
and torn for two
rest breast on the breast of Evedam,
on the floating rib bone
Lie Adam rest.

Woman woman-born
of man man-made
slumber deep on the brink of Evedoom,
on the eve of your sorrow
Sigh Adam sleep . . .

Reflections

I LOOKED down a tunnel of mirrors,
Cold steel ringing infinite worm,
Where space was made subject to circles:
Space twisted and curved to a squirm.

My face grew more blurred with reflection
And dwindled reflection to gray,
Chilled by the endless refraction
That coiled, slithered sterile away.

Lost somewhere in segments of mirrors
Time echoes the soundless scream
That rings through the worm-eaten circles
From a face that dissolved into dream.

This was set in 10 point
Baskerville with titles in
18 and 24 point Garamond Bold.
The paper is Ticonderoga Text,
polar white laid.