GRIFFIN

THE GRIFFIN

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THE GRIFFIN

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

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Golden Bathtub

MARGARET DUFFY

Margaret Duffy, winner of the Freshman Writing Contest, is from Cleveland, Ohio. At the present time she is interested in art and medicine. Margaret has received a President's Scholarship for the coming year.

EVERY SATURDAY Billy went to see Mr. Shuffleton, and today was no exception. He pulled on his brown coat and tied a muffler around his neck. He never washed on Saturdays, because Mr. Shuffleton didn't seem to care if a kid had a little sleep in his eyes or a dirt smear on his nose. He didn't even care if Billy's hair stood straight up on his head in spikes. It usually did on Saturdays, but no one cared then, not even Billy's mother.

He closed the door behind him and walked slowly down the steps. Billows of cold breath rose around his head, and his nose felt cold. He dug his fists into his pockets and watched the ground as he walked along. His tennis shoes kicked a pebble along and he studied it carefully as it skipped and scratched on the cement. He looked up and smiled. Mrs. Emery's wash was hanging on the line, frozen stiff. Each piece swung back and forth like a swinging door on a creaky hinge. Brown leaves were crunchy and he poked little frozen bunches of them with his toe. He liked the alley way in the morning. Then it was quiet and dignified. Big rusty garbage cans were sugared with frost. The wire fences that guarded backyards were lattices from a fairy tale this morning. Billy knew about lattices and things like that from Mr. Shuffleton. He never said much to other people but he talked to Billy about anything—even pretty things like lattices, and things that would seem silly to anyone but him and Billy. Mr. Shuffleton could make even an ordinary frosty morning seem like a scene from make-believe.

Billy couldn't remember when Mr. Shuffleton had not been a special part of his life. He didn't even remember when he had started visiting Mr. Shuffleton's junk yard on Saturday mornings. He just knew that he always had gone and he always would go. Mr. Shuffleton lived alone in a grey wood shack in the

middle of his junk yard. Most people didn't like him. They were suspicious because he never went to church socials or anything like that. As a matter of fact, he never went to church at all.

Billy went to church every Sunday, but he didn't understand much of the Latin that the priest said. Sister Wilomena, Billy's teacher, was fat and jolly. She liked Billy, and once when he wrote a poem about the junk yard, she asked him to stay after school. Usually when kids had to stay after school it meant that they had done something bad, but Billy wasn't afraid because he never goofed off in class the way some of the other guys did. Sister asked him about Mr. Shuffleton, and he remembered how he squirmed in his desk and looked at his shoes. It wasn't easy to tell Sister about him, but somehow he told her about the Saturday visits. Sister Wilomena didn't press Billy to tell her anything about private stuff. She just hung his poem on the bulletin board with a white thumb tack.

The sun was beginning to come up over the hill. It was red, but it made everything look very cold and stiff. Billy imagined how the junk would look with the sun shining on it. Most of it was rusty scrap metal, so it glowed in the red morning sun, wheels and axles and fenders with paint scraped off.

The funniest thing that Billy could remember happening while he was at the junk yard, was the day when the artist guy came to buy some stuff from the junk yard. Mr. Shuffleton had just gotten some new stuff from a bad wreck on the highway, and he was looking it over when this funny looking artist came in. Mr. Shuffleton wrinkled up his eyebrows the way he always did when he saw someone coming to buy.

"What a mixed-up place! If I had my blow torch here I'd go crazy," said the artist as he flicked his cigarette with his finger.

Mr. Shuffleton didn't say a word. He just smiled at Billy and walked out to talk to the artist guy. Billy couldn't hear what they said after that, but the artist walked off with the awfulest pile of junk and paid Mr. Shuffleton a dollar bill. The next week when Billy came to the shack he saw a newspaper clipping on the wall. It was about the artist. His picture was there, and Mr. Shuffleton's junk was there all welded together. Mr. Shuffleton never said a word about it and Billy never asked him anything either. That clipping was the only thing Mr. Shuffleton ever hung on his wall.

Mr. Shuffleton had a collection of bathtubs in the junk yard that he kept separated from the rest of the stuff. There was one gold one with lions paws at the bottom. It stood apart from the others at the end of a long row. Billy thought it looked like a gold filling in a row of teeth from far away. Mr. Shuffleton would never sell it because that was the exact spot where he met Billy every Saturday morning. Billy never went straight up to the shack. He would sit in the bathtub and wait for Mr. Shuffleton to come out. It was a big bathtub, and Billy pretended that it was a ship afloat on the sea. Sometimes there would be a storm on the sea, and the golden ship swayed, and Billy curled up in the bottom.

It never took Mr. Shuffleton long to figure out that Billy was there, so he never had a very long time to play. Billy could always smell Mr. Shuffleton coming before he saw him. He had a smell of stale tobacco smoke and dust. Then Billy could hear the long regular draws that he took on his pipe. He never came straight over to the tub, but he stood a few feet away and waited for Billy to join him. Sometimes when Billy looked over the rim of the tub, Mr. Shuffleton looked so tall—almost like a giant. But when they walked along Billy could see how stooped his shoulders were. Some people called him Old Man Shuffleton, but he didn't seem very old to Billy. He was a big man with big hands that were usually dirty, and a big face that was occasionally unshaven. He always walked slowly, but Billy had to hurry along to keep up because he took such big steps. When they went on their walks they never invited anyone else to come because they wanted to be very quiet, and most other kids would have to yell and scream about everything they saw in the junk yard.

Billy thought about all these things as he trudged along toward the junk yard. He hoped that Mr. Shuffleton would ask him to have a hot chocolate, the way he sometimes did. Billy thought about the shack. He liked it there best of all. It was drafty, but they always sat close to the pot-bellied stove, so they were never bothered by it. Sometimes Mr. Shuffleton would tell stories like how the Taj Mahal got built, or sometimes he would read a chapter from *The Water Babies.* There was always a magical feeling in the room when Mr. Shuffleton talked. The smoke from his pipe always twirled around his head and made him look like the genie from Aladdin's lamp. He never looked at Billy when he told a story, but stared at the wall in back of Billy's head. Billy's favorite story was about the mysterious lady. He almost knew it by heart, but he never got tired of having Mr. Shuffleton tell it.

"Billy," he would say, "night is so beautiful in some parts of the world that people aren't afraid of it. I guess it's because of the sky. It gets green at sunset with a few violet clouds, and then it fades into mellow purple, not black—it's never black at night just a dark purple. Everything gets very still, and the nightingale sings from the branches of a bent tree."

Billy remembered how Mr. Shuffleton had smiled his relaxed sort of smile and sighed as though he was remembering the whole scene.

"Billy, I've been there, and I know how at sunset the tree by the pond sways in the wind. A lady comes there and walks when the green sky is gone and the moon is up. Her hair is raven, worn in large rolls on her head. She has beautiful eyes that are like slits in her white skin. She comes on the night wind, and everywhere she walks the moon's light follows. She touches evening dew drops, and each one becomes a pearl which she places carefully in a silver basket. Then before dawn comes she fades slowly away."

Mr. Shuffleton talked like that. Some people would call it silly, but Billy could visualize the whole thing perfectly.

Billy remembered the interior of the shack. It didn't have many furnishings —just a tall straight-backed chair, a small table, two stools, and a bed. There was an Indian blanket on the bed, and Billy always imagined that Mr. Shuffleton had taken a trip out West and had gotten the blanket as a reward for some brave deed done for an Indian chief. Mr. Shuffleton never mentioned it though. An old chipped sink hung on the wall, and there was a shelf for dishes above it. Mr. Shuffleton never opened that cupboard when Billy was there, but once when he left the shack to wait on a customer, Billy climbed upon the chair and looked in. It was bare except for a plate, a few pieces of silverware, and a fragile blue cup designed with pretty birds and funny houses with pointed roofs and people with slanty eyes. Then he saw a picture. It was yellow and dusty but very lovely. It was a lady like the one that Mr. Shuffleton had described in his story. Her hair was wound in rolls on her head, and her eyes were like slits. There was a letter there too, addressed to Major John Shuffleton. Billy remembered how ashamed he had been afterwards, and how quietly he had waited for Mr. Shuffleton to return. He knew that he would never forget the beautiful lady.

Billy wished that Mr. Shuffleton could be walking along with him now in the morning light, even though he would see him in a few minutes at the junk yard. He rubbed his nose on his sleeve, and he tightened the muffler around his face. He could see the smoke stack on the shack. Billy tried to imagine Mr. Shuffleton getting up and fixing his breakfast. It was cold even though the sun had come out. The sky was grey, and thick clouds moved in from the northwest. Billy crossed over to the junk yard. Sheets and slabs of metal were piled in great heaps, rusty piece upon rusty piece. Two old car wrecks watched the dead scene from broken headlights. Everything was so quiet and cold. A mountain of wire, some barbed and some smooth, blocked Billy's view of the shack. As he walked by, his coat got caught on a barb. He pulled and tugged until he finally tore it out, leaving an ugly tear in the coat. He walked on kicking a can with his foot, clink, clank, clink, clank. He stopped and looked at the shack. It was whitened with frost, and the boards shone in the sun like silver. The windows were opaque with frost. No smoke came from the chimney. Billy stood still. A whisper of wind whisked by his cold cheek. He shivered and clenched his fists in his pockets. The junk yard was like a scene from one of Mr. Shuffleton's stories. It wasn't real. He saw the bathtubs, cold white ones all in an even row, and there at the end sat the golden bathtub. Billy ran up to it and grabbed the edge of it. His warm hands stuck to the icy surface. The tub glinted in the sun. He jumped into the tub and shoved his fists deep into his pockets. He pretended he was handcuffed in the hull of a ship, and he tossed and turned trying to set himself free. His heels cracked hollowly against the walls of the tub. He poked his head up and looked around. It was so quiet, and everything was grey. The clouds covered the sun, and the junk yard was dull. Billy was cold. He laid his head back on the cold bottom of his little ship. He was very tired of waiting.

Descent from a Summit

KRISTI SLAYMAN

Kristi is a senior from Wabash, Indiana, majoring in art and English. Her many activities on campus include membership in Student Artists Guild, Linden Scroll, and Poetry Society.

STRETCH; relax;
Thought suspended.
Green, grey, brown,
Prickle, thud, thump,
Stifled squeal,
Momentary fear,
Arm, leg, head,
Bump, twist, turn,
Halted motion,
Jellied laughter,
Bright sky, cool earth, cushy grass,
Wearing numbness, creeping warmth, pounding heart,
panting breath,
Then—
Quiet supersedes.

Sketch: Central Park

Rindy Trauernicht, a senior English major, joined the GRIFFIN *staff this year. Her descriptive sketch captures the mood and the anonymity of a city park at night.*

RINDY TRAUERNICHT

PEOPLE DON'T GO TO CENTRAL PARK at night any more; at least not the couples that used to stroll down the dark bridle paths pretending that they were in a forest where no man had ever come before. Now and then a group of boys from the west side pass through in the shadows, but even they don't break the silence of this wilderness in the City. They just walk along, hands stuffed into the pockets of their jeans, staring at nothing in particular. Down by the pond the Negro boys kick stones in the water, or sit on the concrete bank tossing penknives from hand to hand. One starts whistling and soon ten or twelve low voices accompany him. They don't sing; they just hum, and there is no song, just a ripple of emotion that spreads no farther than the nearest streetlight fifty feet away. Farther on are the tennis courts, unlighted at night. The moon shining against the concrete creates a huge grey-white oblong, crossed at the east end by the twisted finger shadows of the trees. A mounted patrol on his nightly rounds rides slowly past this end, and his shadow can be seen wandering among the fingers. Still farther out towards the street, near each entrance, are benches filled by the timid, who barely penetrate the interior. Most numerous of these are the dog walkers who sit and talk while their charges pace the length of the leash, or wind themselves around the legs of the bench. On some benches old men and women sit, shapeless lumps engrossed in unknown thoughts. Outside the walls of the park all the benches are filled. People here are waiting for buses or just watching the activity in the street. They would not dream of going into the park at night.

The Visit

JOAN NIXON

Joan is a senior English major from Ellisville, Missouri. She is a member of the GRIFFIN *staff, S.E.A., and the Day Students Organization.*

ALICE WAS TO CHEER HIM UP, as her conscience had preplanned. Now as she waited on the front porch for her grandfather to answer the bell, she found herself resenting the fact that her mother would thank her for going and showing an interest.

"Your grandfather won't be around forever." She recalled her mother's words from their conversation the previous evening. "You know his heart condition isn't getting any better, and he loves to see you kids."

The venetian blind that hung loosely on the front door clanked against the peeling woodwork, as the door was pulled open.

"Surprise." She threw up her arms, not quite knowing how else to greet him. She felt self-conscious; he'd wonder why she'd come alone.

"Oh, look who's here; you surprised me!" He was holding the door open for her and smiling from beneath a khaki colored baseball-shaped hat. Between the bill of the cap and his glasses, his face seemed to be used up, except for the thin isolated lips stuck near his chin.

"Were you just going out?" asked Alice anxiously.

"No, no. I just got back from buying a few groceries. How about some lunch?" he asked, as he walked his swaying stride toward the kitchen, knowing that she'd follow.

Alice found herself within the fruit-patterned kitchen walls. Pulled shades helped to blend a large grease spot above the range with the rest of the faded paper that cracked and split at the corners. Alice couldn't help smiling as she looked at him, her resentment fading. They hadn't been together for nearly two weeks, and then she really hadn't talked to him. He didn't visit much any more. The kids, as his children referred to themselves, didn't want him on the road after dark. Pop didn't see so well any more.

As Alice turned from letting up a yellow paper shade, she saw him back in toward a kitchen chair, letting his bulk, which daily was harder for him to control, half fall onto the seat at the head of the table. His legs seemed to shoot forward as soon as he landed, roughly scuffing a big sole across the floor at her.

"Well, Alice," he began in his familiar way. His elbow was already bent, letting his hand reach his face to strum his slightly protruding lower lip. "What do you think of the idea of me having fried eggs for lunch?" His voice had almost a hint of its former zest.

"Coming right up," announced Alice, catching on the project. She must show that she cared. "It's been a long time since I've fixed you eggs."

At her own words, Alice recalled rather surprisedly that she'd actually done little or nothing in her life to show her grandpa that she loved him. As she splashed and flipped the hot grease onto the tops of the eggs, waiting for the white, transparent-looking skin to cover the yellows, she could freely observe her grandfather and the kitchen her mind usually placed him in. Had she really spent every Saturday with him when she was a child? The idea somehow seemed incredible. He was in real estate then, and Alice had ridden with him to open the display houses in some of the new subdivisions. She'd liked best the rides home when they stopped to see the truck garden lady who charged too much. Fruits and vegetables filled the wooden boxes on her front grass. "I used to know her husband before he died," her grandpa would explain, as they returned to the car with their tomatoes. "She's having a hard time of it." The passing rows seemed to suck Alice dizzily toward something at their end that escaped, as she was pulled away by the moving automobile.

Coffee was always perking on the stove when they got back home. Her grandpa'd have a bowl of coffee with two saccharins and a lot of milk. Alice would sit beside him eating syrup bread, thinking of the tiny saccharin pellets that had exploded and skipped across the bowl into nothingness, or concentrating on the gold coffin sardine can that he cranked open.

"Will I be able to fly when I get to heaven?" She could recall one of their discussions.

"Well, Alice," he had paused and looked at her over a piece of bread he was buttering. "Once people get there, they usually don't want to leave."

"Oh, I wouldn't leave," she assured him—"I'd just fly around and visit a little."

"How are you going to visit if everyone else is adoring God?"

She'd paused a minute, not quite understanding what adoring was. "Can't you still talk? You don't have to adore all the time, do you?" She had watched his face for an answer.

Alice looked at her grandfather now, as he sat in his bright, red flannelette shirt at the kitchen table. She smiled as she remembered her selfish questions, jealous of a God that might get in the way and keep her from talking to her friends.

"Do you want some toast, Grandpa?" She was going to be sure he had everything.

"No, I think I'll just try one of these doughnuts," his thick fingers broke clumsily into the cellophane-windowed box. "M-m. That's good." His false teeth snapped off with a pop the bite of doughnut that he'd dunked into the egg yellow.

Alice started toward the door and the sunlight that warmed the bare arms of youngsters out of doors, peddling their tricycles up and down the cracked sidewalks of the old neighborhood. Decay became an intriguing game, as they steered toward cracked, protruding fragments of the once sound concrete. Wheels weakened the walls and hollowed the crevices, as they jounced over the concrete projections and passed on. The gray solidity powdered, light absorbing the dust particles into nothingness. She was about that age when he had fixed up her brother's broken tricycle for her. Why, she wondered, did she remember that now? He'd painted the bike red and put a silver bell on the handlebar that jangled when she'd strummed its silver lever with her thumb.

"I put pepper in with salt, so I don't forget to take it." Her grandfather peered at Alice with the air of a sage imparting one last bit of important information to his follower. "Know why I use it?"

She stared at him, trying to grasp what he was thinking. "Pop's slipped a lot in the last few years; he's getting more childish." The lines that had become cliches pounded in her ears and seemed to muffle communication with him.

"For bron-i-cal trouble," he responded to her mechanical head shake, pounding the center of his chest lightly with his fist. "I just remembered lately," he continued, eating his eggs, "that one of the salesmen I worked with at A. J. Murphy was having trouble breathing." He paused to take a full look at his granddaughter; she couldn't yet make him out. "He tried pepper—everybody needs pepper in his system—and then he was all right. I never forgot that," he added as an afterthought.

Alice's eyes fell to study the worn-tile floor. She was afraid the lines of her face would curve into a betraying smile. She'd remember this moment and feel guilty if her mother asked her if she'd had a nice visit that evening. His scientific explanations seemed almost plausible within his own home. She needn't always be questioning; education seemed so sarcastic.

"I wish we had had nice big rooms like these when we lived in a flat." Alice already felt more comfortable with the new topic. "Five of us in three little rooms," she continued, hoping to bring reality back into focus. She raised her eyes to see if he'd noticed her shift in conversation.

"Five in three rooms isn't bad," her grandfather answered. "How'd you like to have eight people in two rooms?" he challenged. He'd adeptly put the conversation back on his own terms; she prepared for a dissertation on some personal experience.

"Eight in two rooms!" Alice exclaimed. Had her incredulity satisfied him?

"There were two rooms, each one about the size of two of these put together," he motioned abstractedly toward the rooms near the front of the house. "Honey, it was really crowded." He seemed to take pride. "We had beds all along the walls in the one room."

"I bet you did," answered Alice, surprised that he seemed to be remembering so clearly. "Wall to wall furniture," her lips curved in a thin smile. She really wasn't cheering him up.

"Yeh," her grandfather answered solemnly, "and when they laid my father out—he was only a young man when he died—they put the casket right in the middle of the bedroom; there was plenty of room."

Alice couldn't remember his ever mentioning his father's funeral before. Rather, she pictured her grandfather sitting by the side of Uncle George's grave on Memorial Day, straining sideways to center a wreath over the well-mowed grass. She'd said a Hail Mary while waiting to leave, walking carefully on little, garden-like paths between the symmetrical rows of concrete plaques even with the ground. They diminished in the distance, as if sucked toward something at each row's end. "What does the stone say?" Her curiosity and impatience had finally gotten the better of her. After a pause her grandfather had answered something about her Uncle George being killed in action. He didn't sound like he was reading it, Alice recalled her impression, and Uncle George was still on the windowsill in a gold frame when they'd gotten home. She'd seen a picture of him just like that on the back of a holy picture in her grandpa's prayerbook.

"I know they used to lay people out at home," Alice answered slowly. "Did you say those doughnuts were pretty good? Maybe I'll try one after all."

"They laid him out real nice at home," he wouldn't be interrupted, "and the casket dripped-dripped." His voice paused realistically, imitating the rhythm of the slow dripping. "They had to keep the bodies with ice"; he was engrossed in educating her. "And they didn't even have enough sense to put a little piece of rubber hose on the casket to stop the dripping." Her grandfather shoved the egg dish away. "Let's go sit in the front room."

Alice walked obediently after him, as he lumbered down the hallway into the living room. St. John's church bells were starting to toll the Angeles. She'd be hearing them every week at this time, if she were to make this a weekly visit. The muffled sounds seeped in over the windowsill and through the thin sun-lit curtains. The sounds seemed gently to disturb the dust specks that floated in sunrays playing on the worn rug.

"Isn't this about the time of day you used to go to see Aunt Helen?" Alice's grandfather had cared for his invalid sister several years preceding her death. Alice had made some visits with him to the isolated back bedroom where Aunt Helen lay.

"How'd you like to sit up for a while?" He'd half pull and lift the large white-haired woman to a sitting position; three huge pillows supported her.

"Get this kid some ice cream," Aunt Helen would say through thick lips.

He'd return from the kitchen, carrying a tray assembled with two cups of coffee and Alice's dish of ice cream.

Alice had examined the room over spoonfuls of ice cream. She made a game of naming the religious statues that lined the dresser. St. Jude—he was for hopeless cases—stood precariously near the end, while bald St. Anthony, Aunt Helen's favorite, stood bunched with the Blessed Virgin and medicine bottles near the center of the dresser. She spotted on the bed-side table a little Infant Jesus of Prague, that she and her grandfather had bought.

Alice looked expectantly toward her grandfather; he was taking so long to answer. Was it that difficult for him to remember their visits?

"Yeh, Alice, that's right." He finally responded. "I did see her everyday just about this time." His voice had dropped in pitch, and he seemed momentarily to recall. He must be visualizing the house where he'd spent hours with Aunt Helen in that back room, trying to cheer her up.

"I haven't had one of those strawberry crumb cakes from her corner baker for a long time," he added.

Alice sighed.

"Will you hand me that paper?" He sat in the deep rocker, thumbing his lower lip. "Did your mother see where Bill Youngman died?" he asked, taking the day-old paper that she had retrieved from across the room.

"Does she know him?" asked Alice; the name was unfamiliar. Must she go through the obituaries with him every week?

"He used to work for me when he was just a kid. I'll circle his name for your mother, and you can take her the paper."

His head was bent close to the finely-printed page, as Alice walked away from her grandfather toward the door and lively voices of the tricycle children on their way back down the block. The baring trees stood exposed to the sun, the limbs and trunks a piebald of sun and shadows. It was possible that her grandfather wouldn't still be there next year. It seemed that he'd been dying for years. Alice had pictured herself standing in a cemetery on a sunny day like this and didn't think that she'd be able to cry. Her mother might think she didn't care—but Alice had buried him so many times. She'd used up her ability to show outward emotion.

"Isn't it a beautiful day?" asked Alice. She felt like an animal that wanted to be out and warmed by the sun. "You wouldn't like to take a ride with me before I have to start home, would you, Grandpa?"

"No, honey," he answered after a pause. His voice was drawn out with a faraway disinterest.

Alice wondered why she'd even asked, knowing he wouldn't go. Her grandfather needed the whole day; he chilled so easily as soon as the sun went down. "Well, I've got to be going," she began again. "Oh, I just remembered," she wanted to be casual, "I've got a meeting next week, so if I can't get by to see you, I'll catch up with you real soon."

He looked surprised. "You haven't been coming weekly."

She'd gathered up her things to go while he'd answered. "Good bye, Grandpa." Her lips brushed his rough cheek; he liked to be kissed.

Walking toward the door, she paused to glance over her shoulder. He rocked steadily, enveloped in the bright flannelette shirt, his face almost lost behind large spectacles.

"You look like you're ready for winter," she commented with a nervous smile.

"I am, honey." He paused in his answer. "And I'm just going to wait for it right here, where it's warm."

I Have a Candle

Martha is a freshman from Fulton, Missouri. She is a member of Poetry Society, and her poem won first place in the Poetry Society contest earlier this year.

MARTHA TUCKER

I HAVE a candle.
I would have the moon.
I would have stars twinkling
In a bowl of water
With a pure pale lily
Floating in the center.

I would throw pearls over
A shadowed corridor
And gaze with cold eyes
On virgins.

Cherry Pie

BETH JOHNSTON

Beth Johnston, a freshman from Culbertson Park, Missouri, is the second place winner in the GRIFFIN *contest.*

YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE CHERRY PIE FOR DESSERT? Oh, you make me sick. I can't eat dessert—I'm on a diet, of all things. Well, let me tell you about something while you're eating.

I went to a slumber party last night. One of the girls at school had it, and she invited me to kind of get acquainted, since I just moved up here a week or so ago. It turned out to be just another party for them, but for me it was different. I changed that night—for the better. I learned a difficult lesson, and it made me a better person. You know, I wish more people could have my experience—it would do them good.

It all started when I was sitting in English class. I was new in town, and I didn't know anyone at all. It's an awful feeling, really. Well, I was sitting there, and this girl that sits next to me started talking to me.

"Do you know any of the kids here?" she asked me.

Well, of course I told her no, I hadn't met anyone, since we had just moved in a week ago.

So she said, "Well, I'm having a slumber party this Friday night. Why don't you come and sort of meet everyone?"

Naturally, I accepted. So she told me her name and address, and I looked forward to the party all week long. I planned what I would wear, and how I would act. It's very important to make a good impression, you know.

Well, Friday night came at last, and one of the girls picked me up at my new house. By the time we finally got to the party, everyone else was there. That annoyed me—I hate to be late, but I didn't say anything.

Anyhow, what I was telling is, there was a colored girl there! They had invited her! Well, when I walked in the door and saw her standing around with all the people, I just couldn't believe my eyes.

There she was, standing there talking to everyone. She was the only Negro there, thank goodness, and she stood out like a sore thumb. Her skin was dark, dark brown, not quite black. And her eyes were big and brown like a cow's. Some people think that cows' eyes are pretty, but I don't. They look stupid and unintelligent and lifeless to me, and her eyes were like a cow's. All colored peoples' do.

She was about as tall as you are, about five feet seven inches, and she was a little bit fat. I don't like fat Negroes—they look so sassy. Well her hair was in a kind of bubble, and it looked pretty nice. It wasn't kinky, and it seemed to be clean. Then I noticed her fingernails. They looked clean, of course, but you never can tell.

Well, this Negro was something I hadn't planned on. But I decided I'd better be nice to her. After all, Northerners don't like to have people be prejudiced against Negroes. But it sure was hard to be nice at first. It griped me how she acted like she was just as good as anyone else there. But I did it—I was nice to her. And I'm glad I was. It changed me. I got so that I almost liked her—for a Negro.

Well, after I was introduced to all the people, we sat around and watched television and ate and talked. You know, like all slumber parties. And, you know, I sat next to that colored girl. She had on a real nice pair of pajamas. At least, they *looked* expensive. It surprised me. They were light blue, and they had pretty blue embroidery on the collar and the sleeves and down the front. It would have looked nice on a white, blue-eyed girl, but then what could she buy that would look good on a Negro? But they were really nice-looking pajamas.

We were sitting there eating potato chips, and three or four of us were eating out of this one bowl. At first I wouldn't, because I didn't want any germs from

that girl. You know what I mean. But I finally did get up my courage and take a few chips from the bowl. I thought I'd show those girls that we aren't really as bad as people make out. And, you know, I learned that it isn't really so bad after all. Associating so closely with her, I mean. But I was careful to eat from the other side of the bowl. Even though her hands did look clean, you never can tell what's their brown skin and what's dirt.

Pretty soon we got tired of watching TV, so we played some records and danced. You should have seen her, especially when we twisted. I'll be the first to admit that that girl is a good dancer. But, then, all Negroes have a good sense of rhythm.

Well, we got tired of dancing after a while, so we were wondering what we could do. Everyone started asking Carla—that's her name—to do a monologue. They wanted her to do the "First Champagne Flight" one. It sounded like she must do quite a few of them. Anyhow, she finally did it. I was surprised that it was so good. She was actually funny. But I guess all Negroes have a good sense of humor.

She got on a stool, one of those kitchen stools, and sat up straight and prim. Her white glasses and neat black hair made her look like a secretary, but her pajamas ruined the effect and made her seem ridiculous. Anyhow, she made her voice very sharp and nasal, and started out:

"Champagne! Oh, how marvelous! Sure, I'll have one. Thanks, lady . . . Mmm! That's good!" Then she said something about three more, please. So she had some more champagne and got sort of silly. After all, four glasses is pretty much, you know. Well, then she pretended this little boy came along and kept bothering her. So she said to him, "Little boy, where's your mother? . . . What? You have to—well, tell your mother! Well, then, run!" Well, of course you know what she was talking about. He had to go to the bathroom. Well, he came back, so she told him to go outside and play. There they were thousands of feet up in the air, and she told him to go outside and play!

Well, you can see she was funny. I wish you could have seen her. The expressions on her face were perfect. Especially when that little boy was bothering her, and when she started to feel a little gay. She really had talent, for a Negro. I even told her that I thought she was good.

Well, after we goofed around some more, we finally decided to go to bed. This girl who was having the party didn't have a very big house, so some of the kids brought their sleeping bags. Well, naturally, that girl—Carla—brought hers. I mean, who would want her sleeping in their bed? Oh, she looked clean, of course, but like I say, you can't ever tell.

That night was when I realized that prejudice is so bad. It's a stupid, blinding thing, and it just shows ignorance. I learned that last night.

Oh, are you through with your pie now? I guess we really should have left sooner, but there's only that big darkie lady waiting for the table. Do you have your check?

Word Game

Mary Lee, a junior art major from Salt Lake City, is president of Pi Alpha Delta and a member of the creative writing class.

MARY LEE BRANNOCK

WHEN darkness falls to tic-tac-toe,
The tongue a harness silver bears,
When myrtle laurel grasps to cling,
A cape to make of rose and pink,
When moments in eternity
Two backs meet, cold feet touch warm calf,
W becomes omega.
Then back to back two stars orbe earth
To cut each feather from those eyes
Which know black and white; see no gray.
Then circle fingers call to life;
A chart of multi shades to plot.
A smile with strength holds forth its hands.

Summer Storm

CAROLJEAN MAPLES

Caroljean majors in English and minors in art history. During her junior year she has been secretary of the Human Rights Association and an active member of Student Artist Guild and Student Peace Union. Her home is in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

"WELL, DO YOU THINK IT'LL RAIN TONIGHT?" Ellen sat down next to her uncle on the top step of the porch. Drawing her skirt close, she clasped her hands under her legs.

"Nah. There's not a cloud in sight. Be three, four days before we see a good wet spell." The old man peered at the sky. The air was hot and sultry. Heat came out of the screened door from the kitchen. A pie was baking in the oven and the smell seemed to slink along the ground rather than float.

"Doodle, doodle." Two children chortled as they sat in the shade between the oak tree and the house.

Annie scrunched her feet in the soft, powdery dirt and sifted the earth through her toes. This was a better game than hunting for doodle bugs. The earth was cool and felt good in the sweaty crevices of her feet. Larry was intent on finding a bug. He stared at the ground and waited for a stir of life from the dirt mound.

"Doodle, doodle." Larry canted. "Come on, bug. Doodle, doodle."

"Doodle, Doodle." Annie screeched. She sat on her haunches with her legs wide apart, a spoon poised in her right hand. Her smudgy fingers made the metal hot and sticky.

"Aw, Larry. Ain't no bug gonna come out today. Let's do something else." She stood up and hesitated, waiting for her brother to follow. "Hey, I know what. We can play funeral with my paper dolls."

"You always get mad when I play with the dolls. Always say I'm too rough." Larry continued to look at the mound.

"I won't get mad this time, honest. You can cut their heads off an' I won't get mad. Come on."

Larry didn't answer, still concerned with the bugs.

"Come on." Annie's voice lifted into a high-pitched whine.

Larry got up and followed his sister, looking in the direction of the dirt piles. "Okay, but if a bug does come and I don't get it, it'll be your fault."

The two scampered up the wooden porch steps and wriggled between their mother and uncle.

"Excuse me, please." Annie grinned and minced into the house. She was pleased at her courtesy.

" 'cuse me." Larry followed his sister as she walked through the kitchen.

On the kitchen wall a red electric clock droned, the noise cutting its way through the sticky, settled stillness of the room. It was 2:30. The children would have lots of time to play before dinner. They walked to their room and Larry sat down on the bed, waiting for Annie to get her dolls. As she scooted a chair across the floor, Annie puffed and screwed up her face in an unnecessary grimace of determination. The chair wasn't that heavy; Annie enjoyed making easy things look hard. She crawled upon the seat of the chair and took a brown shoe box off the top shelf of the closet. Getting down from the chair, she handed the box to her brother, then shoved the chair back to its corner.

Larry opened the box and gazed at the paper dolls. Men and women were scattered about the bottom. Their awkward postures made them look as if they had been smothered by the clothes on top of them. Annie liked to play funeral with these dolls because she could bury them wearing one dress, dig them up, and bury them wearing another costume. Whenever a doll wore a different dress, this meant the doll was another person. The doll had to have another name, another occupation, and another family. Annie made up elaborate stories about each doll. All were rich and belonged to royalty, except one individual Annie had made a movie star. The others were kings and queens, princes and princesses, dukes and duchesses; titles Annie remembered from movies and television shows. Once, Larry had wanted to make a doll a lady and marry her to a lord. "No, stupid," Annie was indignant. "They're all ladies. Gen-teel ladies." Annie was too young to read and write, but she remembered words from movies quite well.

The children went out of the house and played in a ravine near the road. There the earth was sandy and easy to dig in. Also, the place was secluded, and if they crouched low, no one could see them. They didn't want grown-ups to watch them playing. Once Ellen had seen them playing funeral and told them children shouldn't play such games. Now they played where no one could watch.

Larry solemnly scooped a hole in the dirt with his spoon while Annie prepared the deceased for burial. She wrapped the doll in a shroud of toilet paper and laid a Spring Beauty on the doll's breast. Annie had held the flower in her hand for some time; the stem was wilted and the delicate white petals had become brown and transparent.

"Okay. Everything's ready." Larry dropped his role of gravedigger and stood up to assume the position and dignity of a minister. Annie stood beside him after she had dressed the mourners and placed them around the grave. She was to be the singer.

"Lord, we all know this woman was a fine woman and did her best." Larry halted. All the grave side speeches he gave sounded alike. He wondered if preachers ever ran out of something to say at funerals. They must have to speak at many funerals, and they must have to bury lots of people that weren't too nice when they were alive. Larry wished Annie would let him bury someone who had been pretty bad. It would be fun to try and think up something good to say about a bad person.

"And she helped the poor, too." Annie hissed.

"Oh, yes, she donated money to the poor people throughout the land when they was on relief." Larry echoed the words he had heard his uncle use many times.

"Jesus loves me, this I kno-ow," Annie sang the one song she thought appropriate for the occasion. Then she picked up a clod of dirt and crumbled it over the grave. Larry filled the grave with more dirt and placed a paper marker at the head. Services continued for three more victims.

Larry soon tired of the game. "Come on, let's go get some lemonade." He began to climb up the slope of the ravine.

Annie followed reluctantly. "Okay, but let's take the long way."

The children walked down the dirt road, kicking up the dust until it sifted into the air and made clouds in front of their faces. They crawled between the barbed wire of a fence, each lifting the wires for the other. The wild grass stung their feet, but they refused to admit this. Annie stopped once to take a sand burr from between her toes, then walked on.

"Look." Larry stopped walking and pointed to the ground.

"What?" Annie ran to her brother. She was always poking along a few steps behind.

In the grass lay a small gray rabbit, quiet and still.

"He's dead." Larry could make this observation with some authority. He had gone rabbit hunting with his uncle once and had just seen the spotlight tails of rabbits as they hopped off to keep from being shot. The only still rabbits Larry had ever seen were the dead ones.

Annie knew her brother was right. She advanced to the rabbit and dropped on her hands and knees.

"He's awful small. Do you think his mother misses him yet?"

"Rabbits don't have mothers like we do. Their mothers just have babies and then leave them to have more babies."

"Oh." Annie didn't want to believe this, but her brother was older. Therefore, he had to be right.

"Larry, let's have a funeral for the rabbit."

"Oh, Annie," Larry moaned.

"But we can't just leave him here."

Annie was right. The rabbit should be buried—out of respect. Larry picked up the gray mass of fur and started back toward the fence.

"We can bury him in the culvert. The ground is soft there."

"And we can find the grave real easy. I want to bring him fresh flowers every day."

Larry knew this attitude of reverence for the dead wouldn't last more than three days, but he said nothing.

By the side of the road they found a discarded match box and decided this would make an appropriate coffin. The rabbit was very small and could fit in the box with a minimum of squeezing. Larry dug the grave in a plot away from the graves of the dolls. After all, this was different than playing. Annie wrapped the bunny in some toilet paper, but Larry complained that both the rabbit and the paper couldn't fit in the box. Besides, at real funerals the deceased could be seen.

"Well, all right, but it won't look as nice."

The children were in such a hurry to bury the rabbit that they forgot a speech and song. The grave was decided big enough, and Larry slid the cover over the box. The tip of one pink ear stuck out, but Larry couldn't make it fit in. The coffin was placed into the shallow hole. Dirt was shoved over and the words "Diamond Match Company" turned dusty with sand, then disappeared. Annie found a square piece of sandstone and put this at the head of the grave. She wasn't sure in which direction the rabbit was facing, but she assumed this was the right end. Larry took a Spring Beauty from one of the doll's graves and laid it on the rabbit's; he was sure that the doll would understand she would have a flower for her next funeral. He then began to dig up the paper dolls, and Annie dusted them off before returning them to their box.

"Hurry up, Annie. We'll be late for supper." Scurrying up the ravine, he headed for home.

* * *

Ellen sat in the chair and looked out the window from time to time. The sky would become light and then dark. The stars has disappeared, and now the moon was partially hidden.

"Ha! Hear that?" She turned to her uncle at the sound of thunder.

"Yeah. Be muddy as hell in the morning."

The sky was streaked with silver-white hands that reached out to shake or slap one another. When they struck each other the sound lingered in the air before falling to earth. Blue clouds rumbled in and out of the hands like overweight dancers changing partners. The rain dropped slowly and heavily at first, then in quick knife stabs making dents in the ground.

Annie woke during the night and watched rain splatter against the window. She started to punch Larry and make him watch too. She didn't like thunder storms and would have felt better if Larry were awake. He didn't move when she touched him, so she lay back down. Soon the rain hummed quietly, and Annie was asleep.

The children ate their breakfast hurriedly. It was chilly, and the fried eggs turned cold before they could be eaten. Grease blobs surrounded both eggs and nearby pieces of bacon.

"Hey, Annie, let's go out and see what happened last night." Larry swallowed his milk and stuffed a biscuit into his pocket. He never ate the biscuits, but it made his mother happy because she believed he ate them later. Larry always threw the bread to a dog or some birds that were nearby and hoped that they ate the food.

Annie jumped down from her chair and followed Larry.

"What could those two have to do so early in the morning?" Uncle Jack glanced at Ellen as he made sipping noises, trying to cool his coffee.

"I'm sure I don't know. I can't keep track of them at all in the summer."

Uncle Jack slurped the coffee then reached for the cream pitcher, cursing as he stuck out his burnt tongue.

Outside Annie padded about in the mud, hopping from one puddle to another. She let the earth suck at her feet and giggled as the ground made funny noises whenever she lifted her toes.

"Larry, I bet all the doodle bugs drowned last night." She giggled again.

"Aw-w, they didn't drown. They got sense enough to know better. They're probably hiding. They'll come back again when it's dry."

Larry ran down the road. The sand and pebbles were wet and stuck to his feet. "Come on, let's go to the ravine. It'll be a river by now."

Annie trailed along, wearing her mud shoes. The ravine was not a river. Water stood in the deeper parts of the culvert, but it looked much the same as the road. Annie picked some weeds and approached her brother.

"Let's go see the rabbit's grave. I got some flowers here."

Larry led the way down the culvert. He couldn't see the newly-erected tombstone and wondered if this were the right way. But he was sure this was the right way. They had played near here yesterday.

"Oh-h, Larry. Look!"

"What is it? If it's a bug, kill it. If it's a snake, leave it alone."

"No, no. Come here. Look!"

Larry walked to where his sister stood. Her arm was outstretched; her finger pointing to the ground. On the ground was the rabbit. The rain had washed out the shallow grave. The rabbit's fur was wet and stuck to the torn match box and the damp ground. Larry bent over the animal. Ants were crawl-

ing around and one or two flies had settled on the body. Larry poked at the rabbit with his finger and turned it over; the animal's skin was sticky. On the underside of the body white worms fell out of the fur, squirmed on the ground, and then tried to crawl back onto the rabbit. Larry stood up. He felt dizzy and sick, like he felt when he ate too much.

"Larry, what do we do?"

"I don't know. I guess we have to bury him again." Larry didn't want to bury the animal. He didn't want to touch it.

"I don't want to," Annie wailed. She had seen the worms, too.

"Dopey. We have to do something."

"Let's just leave him here, huh? I'm going back to the house." Annie threw her limp flowers on the ground and ran away from the rabbit. She turned around but did not move toward her brother. "Come on. I said I'm going."

"Yeah."

Larry looked at the dead animal once more and then followed Annie. The children climbed out of the ravine and walked up the road. As they reached the back porch Annie stopped.

"You think we can hunt for doodle bugs today?"

"Nah. I told you before, it's too wet."

Annie could be so stupid at times.

"I think I'll watch television or something." Larry shut the screened door quietly and left his sister sitting on the porch steps.

Dusk

LOUISE LEAK

Louise was graduated from Lindenwood in 1962 with a major in art. She served as president of Poetry Society and Student Artists Guild and was a contributor to last year's GRIFFIN. *This year Louise is doing graduate work in art at the University of California.*

As

As
Sometimes when
A some time, soon
Is snatched away—
An afternoon
Is
Sometime then
Till borrowed light
With time in sum
Suspends the night.

Ballad: A Case of Love

LOUISE LEAK

ALL gone, sees Humbert
Holding there,
Between bent teeth
Honed sharp on air
That's broken
In his breath of love.
Had she, above
A song, forgot
The case in hand
(His minstrel box)
Inside of which
All air is tuned—
Warbled up
To leave, so soon?
"Not so" he snaps
A round, a song
Is round so long
Was flat—perhaps.

Other Gold

JOANIE SALIM

Joanie, a sophomore sociology major, wrote her short story in the creative writing class. She is a member of Poetry Society and a columnist on the BARK. *Her home is in Shaker Heights, Ohio.*

MONTERREY, MEXICO, lies in a valley encircled by mountains. On the side of one of these mountains, across the River Road and the dried river bed, separated from the concrete buildings and white brick houses, is another, smaller town. Grey shacks climb the hill; neat rows of wooden hovels line the yellow dirt roads going across and up the side of the hill. Men presently out of work sprawl in the shade of their homes taking their siestas.

A small dark child appeared in the doorway of one of the huts. She stood in the dusk of the hut and looked up at the yellow ball of sun hanging above the shaggy peaks. She pressed her eyes shut against its hot glare and began to walk down the road, humming a tune she had heard at the bullfights when the band had played before the bull was released.

A fat man, his thick grey hair slick against his head, sat against the rough boards of the hut. He stared at the girl as she walked. "Buenos tardes, Tío Pepe," the girl said softly. Her uncle nodded. His hand moved from his thigh and wiped across his sweating forehead. She squatted beside him. "You no longer have work?" she asked.

Tío Pepe frowned and looked away. He slid his tongue across thick dry lips. "Sí, Sonia. I will no longer work for those Yankees who cannot speak without an accent. They have called me lazy, no good, stupid. What can they expect? Working during a siesta! Gringos, Yankees . . ." his voice slid into a hiss. He jerked his head to spit into the air. His spit made a bright silver blotch on the dust of the road.

Sonia stood up. "So they discharged you, Tío?"

"Sí muchacha, they did. Stupid Yankees . . ."

Sonia turned slowly to continue walking down the road. She slapped her feet against the hard dry earth, watching puffs of dust rise between her toes. She stopped at the bank of the dried river bed and stooped on the warm earth, hunching forward to hug her knees. Her cotton skirt, its red print flowers now faded, covered her bare feet. Her grey blouse, white when it had been her older sister's bagged loosely. She watched her brothers playing ball in the gully below.

Jesu, the oldest, held a splintered board. "Oi, oi, oi," he jeered at his youngest brother. He stamped his foot, waiting for the ball, a lumpy ball of twine stolen from the market across the street. "Ándale, Ricardo. Ándale, so that I may hit it back into your ugly face." Ricardo took the stance of a professional pitcher. He brought his right arm back and jerked it forward. Jesu swung the improvised bat, sending the ball over the heads of his younger brothers. Smiling and waving his arms, he ran from one clump of grass to another until he was back to the dried patch that represented home plate. A grey-brown burro, grazing on the sparse grass, watched passively as the ball bounced a few feet away and three boys came running and shouting toward him. Ricardo again had the ball. He licked his hands and rubbed them together. As before, Jesu hit the ball far out into the river bed. "Es lástima Ricardo," Jesu called. "Too bad you're not as good as I!"

Sonia yawned. She stood and hit the sides of her skirt to brush off the dust. If only it were Sunday again. She could go to the bullfights and whoop with her brothers and listen to the music and watch the people. She walked along the edge of the bank toward the bridge that led to the River Road. If only it were time for another bullfight. She could watch the touristas as they came to the fights. They sat on the other side of the ring, the side that was covered with canvas so the sun would not burn them as it did Sonia and her brothers. Last Sunday she had been lucky enough to see three American girls, dressed in white dresses, with white skin, white and soft as a rabbit's fur. They had been laughing and talking as they came through the entrance. They had passed Sonia to go up the stairs to their seats. One girl had yellow hair, short as a boy's, yellower and more beautiful than the sun. The girl had wrinkled her nose and squinted, looking around at the people. Once she had glanced at Sonia; she had smiled. Sitting on a rough plank in the bleachers, Sonia had tried to see the girl with the sun's hair. She had imagined the girl quiet when the bull was killed, smiling rather than sneering when he did not die. Yes, it would be good to go again to the bullfights.

Sonia reached the concrete bridge and walked along the side of it. At the curb of the road, she waited for the policeman to signal; then she crossed the road to the market.

Sonia wandered through the rows of pottery being sold at the edge of the

road, lingering to look at woven baskets and round smooth jugs. Walking on toward the main building, she saw the three touristas crossing the dirt lot. She hid in the entrance of the building and waited. The three girls stopped outside to examine bongo drums being sold near the door. They passed under the arches and disappeared into the crowd. Sonia hurried to follow.

It was hotter inside the building, a pressing, damp heat. Sonia pushed past fat women and their skinny brown children. She stood on her toes to see above the people, then bumped against pushcarts and glass showcases, trying to catch up. She saw the three girls talking to a man selling gold masks. The girl with the yellow hair gestured with open hands, talking rapidly in English. The man smiled and nodded. The girls turned to go although they had not yet bought anything.

Sonia followed. They moved quickly through the crowd. They passed stalls displaying spicy foods and Coca Cola, and oil paintings on cheap velvet hanging from cement walls. The girls stopped to look at jewelry. Sonia crouched behind a counter.

An old beggar woman, face hidden behind a grey shawl, approached the girls. "Dinero, por favor, Señoritas?" She grabbed the blonde girl's skirt. "Dinero, Señoritas? Señoritas? Señoritas?"

The girl jerked away. "No dinero Señora."

Again the girls swept into the breathless crowd, jostling, pushing, moving. A small boy with lines of sweat on his dusty face called out, "Chic-e-let, chic-e-let, chic-e-let?" A young woman holding a baby close to her small, swollen breasts haggled with a shopkeeper over a dried piece of meat. A tall dark man sang out the delicious flavor of a gooey yellow and orange candy. Sonia hesitated, looked longingly at the candy, but hurried on. The three touristas, with the blonde girl leading, wound snake-like through the crowd to the exit. Not to lose them, Sonia had to run.

She blinked as she stepped into the sunlight. The girls were standing a few yards away beside a red American-made convertible. Sonia walked slowly past. She smiled at the girl with the golden hair.

The girl smiled, turning to say something to the others. "Muchacha," called the girl. Sonia stopped to look at her. The tourista held out a silver peso in her white palm. "Por usted," the girl said awkwardly. "Por usted." Sonia stared. She backed away. The white girl continued smiling. Her hair shone in the sunlight, shone so in the glare that Sonia looked away.

The tourista threw the peso. It landed in the dust a few feet from Sonia. Sonia moved clumsily toward it and bent to pick it out of the dirt. Holding it tightly in her fist, she whirled to face the girl. "Grácias, Gringa. Gringas, Yankees . . ." she spat out. She spun around and began to run from the market. The concrete of the River Road was hot beneath her feet. She ran down into the gully, slowing to a walk when she reached the grey-brown burro quietly eating grass. She stopped to stretch out her hand and stared at the silver peso.

A Curio

MARTHA MC DONALD

Martha McDonald is an enthusiastic worker in both dramatics and English. She is a junior this year and a member of the GRIFFIN *staff. Her poem presents a visual image.*

BLACK and rust and brown shadings
Curve and dip to form a skull.
Fragile, delicate, broken shapes
Make a small thing, make a skull.
Jagged teeth ward off destroyers
Who would crash the old, old skull.
One eye socket is a black hole
In the small thing, in the skull.
In the other is a white rose
Faded, brittle, dead.

Those Are Angels

MARY LEE BRANNOCK

THE FIVE OF THEM—Christ, Saint Vitale, the Bishop Maximilian, the other angel, and himself—had been sitting over the altar for about one thousand five hundred and eight years. They knew how old they were because people dressed in strange clothes would look at them and say, "Imagine, those mosaics are so many years old." Then the people would ask the man who seemed to know a few things about the five of them how old they were, and he would tell them. Christ was sitting on a round blue circle that was suppose to be the earth. Alfred the angel was on the left side of Christ, and next to him was the Bishop Maximilian; he was holding a replica of the church at Ravenna. Over his hat was written the Bishop's name. Haran, the other angel, was on the right hand of Christ. Christ's hand was in front of Haran; He was handing the gold crown of martyrdom to Saint Vitale. Saint Vitale was dressed in a robe that looked like a patchwork quilt; his name was written over his halo. When the people started coming to stare at them they would say, "That's Christ, that's Maximilian, that's Vitale." Sometimes they would say, "Those are angels." But that was only when there were children with them.

Alfred never had much to say, but Haran was a little tired of the whole thing. No one ever said, "That's Haran." After all he was supposed to be introducing Vitale to Christ, and that was important. None of the others seemed to agree with him. Maximilian would only say, "Yes, Lord, yes," or "No, Lord, no." Vitale was too humble to say anything; and Christ, who was looking straight out at the people, rarely took time to say anything. He wanted to listen to the things that were said about Him. Haran had tried to cover his feelings, but sometimes it was difficult.

In the last five hundred and eight years, whenever a visitor would ignore him, Haran would step on one of the white flowers that were placed around the feet of the five of them. This disturbed the order of things. Christ would become angry, and He would point His little finger which was hidden by the crown at Haran. When He did this, a piece of Haran's robe would fall down to the floor. A workman would complainingly come and put the piece back on. Christ had threatened to send all of Haran down to the floor, but it took so long to place back one piece that Haran knew Christ would never do it. The workman would have to place a piece of canvas over them while he was repaired. Haran had seen it happen to other groups. Christ would want all the people to see Him. He wouldn't want to be covered by a piece of canvas.

One winter night the man who knew how old they were was excited. His youngest daughter was marrying the village baker, and the wedding was taking place that night. When the last visitor had left he rushed around straightening up the building and out the door. In his excitement he left the door open. That night it was cold in the building. The wind rushed up to the altar and brushed across their five faces. The next morning Christ woke up sniffling. All day it got worse. Alfred tried to cover Him with his robe; Vitale and Maximilian prayed; Haran didn't do anything. The last group of visitors were coming up to see them when it happened. Christ sneezed, and all of Him fell loudly down on the altar and the floor. The man who knew how old they were got the workman, and they were covered up with a large piece of canvas until all the pieces of Christ were found.

July 17, 1958

GERTRUD WAHLGREN

Gertrud Wahlgren, a foreign student from Sweden, submitted her vignette too late for publication last year. However, during her stay at Lindenwood she was a frequent contributor to the BARK. *This year Gertrud is studying law in Sweden.*

THE DAY WAS STEAMING HOT, the sun shining from a cloudless sky. I felt as if somebody had placed a heavy iron cap on my head. This indicated that the beautiful weather would probably not last all day, but end up in a thunderstorm. It later proved to be true.

Detley and I drove out from Hamburg to the gliders' airplane base early in the morning. Everyone seemed to be so depressed by the heat, however, that they could not even pull themselves together for their favorite activity in this world—gliding. They were all standing in a group out on the field, leaning against their planes, sweating, talking irritably to each other, drinking soda in a vain effort to relieve the heat. All actions were at a standstill.

These people, however, never stopped examining the sky because they were on the ground. Suddenly all the indifference among the group was gone. A plane had appeared against the blue, blue sky; it looked like a white feather floating around up high, almost unreal, making no motor-sound. To me, layman as I was, there seemed to be nothing extraordinary about this newcomer, but obviously there was, for the rest of the group was suddenly very excited, trying to bet what type of plane it was, while they almost broke their necks staring up into the sky all the time. "It's a 'Sparrow,' I swear," said Carl.

"If that is a 'Sparrow,' I never saw one like it before," argued Otto. "I bet it is an 'LK16'."

Nobody really thought that we should ever find out what kind of plane it was, but at this moment it started circling around as if it wanted to go down. Ten minutes later it was on the ground. Now the excitement was still greater. Carl had been right; it was a "Sparrow," but not just any "Sparrow." The letters on the bottom side of its wings had told us that it was a plane from East Berlin. The questions were hanging around in the air while we all rushed up to the little fragile plane to make it welcome. He was about thirty-five years old, with black hair, brown skin and a somewhat heavy stature—an appearance that made him look very healthy. The explanation for his coming here was very simple. The wind had been blowing westward in Berlin, and without his noticing it, he had reached regions which he did not recognize. It had been mere luck that brought him to a field made for planes and not to an ordinary wheat field. The only thing that was a little embarrassing was that he had crossed the Iron Curtain without having a passport, and he could not make the reverse process of flying back over the border without raising a lot of questions. After having called Berlin and his airbase, it was decided that some of his friends should drive a truck over to Hamburg, and in this way transport him and his plane back to the hangar by road.

This gave us four hours of suspense—four hours that I will probably never forget in my life, and which convinced me that the Germans are an extraordinary and most admirable people.

We were all sitting in the little clubroom with candles on each table as the only light in the summer night. None of the group went home though it was beginning to be late. They all stayed to celebrate the unexpected arrival of a fellow countryman. But there was no discussion about politics, no questions about the conditions on the other side of the Iron Curtain. I had expected sadness in a meeting between two parts, that have been separated for a long time though they actually belong together—and that were to part again in a short, short time, probably never to meet again. But there was no sadness. I have never had such a feeling of being surrounded by so perfect a joy, a joy so deep that no words had to be said. We ate hot-dogs and sauerkraut and drank beer, chatting about everything between earth and sky. Then—in a moment of silence —somebody began to hum the old emotion-stirring march "Berliner Luft," and within seconds the whole company was singing like I had never heard anything sung before. In those minutes Germany was not a parted country, the Germans not a separated people. Years of shame and suffering were forgotten—and there I sat, very, very young, having no memory whatsoever of the war and still tears were slowly dripping down my cheeks, why and how I don't know, but they were impossible to stop.

After the last tone of "Berliner Luft" had stopped sounding, reluctantly, the atmosphere was changed. It was more tense; the feeling of sadness that everybody obviously had been trying to put off before was now present after all. The chat-

ting almost stopped; the candles were nearly burnt down. We waited for his friends from Berlin to come.

Half an hour later he was gone, as abruptly as he had come down to us seven hours earlier. None of the Hamburg people made any comments. It had been a day which brought both happiness and now sorrow. The inevitable had better be forgotten. Therefore, one does not talk about it.

Triolet

This year Jane is a junior at the University of Texas in Austin. During her sophomore year at Lindenwood she was a member of the GRIFFIN *staff. Her poem is in triolet form.*

JANE PERIMAN

RAKE ripe—the sweat
And gasp—in growth!
Upset regret,
Rake ripe—the sweat
For truth pours yet
Insomnious oath.
Rake ripe—the sweat
And gasp in growth!

The Golden Reality

LAURA MC CORD

Laura McCord, a senior from Mexico, Missouri, plans to teach English next year. She has been a member of the GRIFFIN *staff for two years, and this year she has contributed an imaginative short story.*

I WAS WORKING AS A COUNSELOR at church camp that summer because I thought that it would be a good way to spend the time between summer school and the fall semester. My motive was not one of helping little lost souls; as a future teacher, I wanted some experience in working with children.

My duties as counselor were seeing that each girl in my group washed her face and brushed her teeth in the morning and before she went to bed, and herding the group from one place to another during the day. Well-behaved, my group passively followed me as I led them from dorm to dining room to missionary lectures to supervised play to vespers and back to the dorm for bed.

One child in my group was not passive, however. This was Mollie, a long, leggy child whose brown eyes looked like question marks. At the beginning she had seemed intensely interested in the missionary lectures, but one day I caught her hiding *Winnie-the-Pooh* in her hymnal. That night, after the other girls were asleep, I talked to Mollie. "Why," I asked, "were you reading during the talk; don't you know that it's impolite?"

Her answer surprised me. "The missionary was boring, and I didn't think God would mind if I read in His house, 'cause I've already heard what the lady was saying twice before."

"But Mollie, reading while someone is talking to you is rude. Please don't do it anymore."

"Don't you like Pooh better than the missionary?" she asked. "I do, 'cause he does lots of different things and doesn't just stand and talk about how awful people are. Oh, now I know who the speaker reminded me of. It was Eyore!"

Unfortunately, I laughed. The lecturer had expressed the same attitude as Eyore. When Mollie heard me laugh, she grinned widely, revealing the braces on her teeth. She knew she had found a comrade, but before she got another chance to trap me, I said, "It's time you were in bed. Remember, now, no more reading during lectures."

"Yes, ma'am," she said, "pleasant dreams."

The next morning, during the discussion period, Mollie paid attention, but her attention didn't last during the afternoon lecture. She sat gazing at the speaker without seeing her; she was looking at something far away, something that she alone could see. I wondered what she was thinking about.

As I was getting ready for bed that evening, Mollie knocked at my door. She came in and said, "I didn't read today, but I didn't pay attention."

"I noticed you didn't; what were you thinking about?"

"I was wondering about God," she answered. "Why doesn't He like for people to laugh in church; doesn't he want them to be happy?"

"Of course he wants them to be happy, but church is a place to be serious in," I replied. I knew that my answer would have found approval among the missionaries, but Mollie did not approve of it.

"That's silly," she told me. I made no comment because I didn't want to discuss my ideas about what God liked or did not like in church.

The next night Mollie was back to tell me that she had found out that not only was God ever-serious and unlaughing, He also watched everyone all the time. "You know," she said, "God's awfully nosey. All He does is sit up there in the sky and spy on people all the time. Doesn't He trust people?"

How do I answer this question, I thought to myself. Finally I told her, "Well, Mollie, God made everyone, and naturally He's interested in you, like your parents are interested, because you are His child."

"Even Mama and Daddy aren't that nosey," Mollie retorted. "I do wish He'd quit spying on me."

"Mollie," the word was sharp, "God does not spy on you. He's your Heavenly Father and has a right to know what you're doing. Now get to bed."

Her eyes hardened, and her "Good-night" was pushed out of her mouth by a sob. She closed the door very softly and carefully, not letting it slam as she usually did.

I lay awake all night. Toward morning it began to rain, and it rained steadily for several days. The tabernacle smelled of damp wood and wet raincoats; the dorm was dripping with wet clothes hung up to dry, and at night the sheets were clammy. The rain abolished the play period, and everyone stayed inside as much as possible. By the third day of being kept inside, missionaries, counselors and girls were tense and impatient.

During this time Mollie and I tried to avoid each other. She no longer came to my room to talk at night; when she had to speak to me, she was polite, but insincere. I missed her visits, but in a way I was relieved that I didn't have to answer any more of her questions. On the afternoon of the third rain-sodden day, the sun burst out of its prison of gray grumbling clouds. The girls screamed and shouted in joy.

Mollie cried out disgustedly, "The sun's out, and we have to listen to that dumb old missionary!" The question marks in her eyes became glints of rebellion.

In the joy of seeing the sun, I forgot to be reserved. I smiled and nodded to her. I then herded the girls into the gloomy tabernacle. As I entered the dark building and left the sunlight behind, it took my eyes a while to adjust to the dimness inside. It wasn't until we were seated that I noticed that Mollie was missing. While the opening hymn was being sung, I quietly went out into the light to look for her.

Outside, the sun was bathing trees, grass, and flowers in a solution of liquid diamonds. I looked toward the high bluff overhanging the river and saw Mollie standing near the top. I quietly worked my way toward her. As I neared her, she heard me coming. She turned and spoke in her childish voice, "Isn't it pretty?"

I nodded in agreement and stood beside her. We looked down from the bluff to the river and fields beneath us. At the far edge of the fields was a diamond-coated woods which seemed to echo the rejoicing of the fields as they lay in the sun. Standing there, we hardly noticed that it had begun to rain again, though the sun was still shining. The pastel arc of the rainbow painted the sky. As we gazed at the colors, the blue and red blended into a vivid purple which dominated rainbow, sky, and earth. Impulsively, Mollie exclaimed, "Let's see if we can find the pot of gold!"

Her impulsiveness was contagious, and I agreed. We scrambled down the muddy bluff, helping each other and laughing gaily. We walked along the banks of the over-flowing river until we came to the footbridge where we crossed the river and entered the fields of corn and soy beans. The end of the rainbow appeared to be in the woods before us, and we headed that way. As we neared the woods, the rain began to fall more slowly; Mollie almost cried. "The rainbow will be gone by the time we get there."

"No, Mollie," I answered, "we have come this far, surely we won't be disappointed now." Looking back, I wonder why I was so certain that we could find what we were looking for. I knew that a legend was only a legend, and I was encouraging a child in a dream instead of seeing that she became interested in the salvation of souls.

Even as I spoke, the rain began falling harder and faster, although the sun still shone through the glistening drops. We entered the woods and fought our way through undergrowth heavy with water. A path had once existed, but the brush was crowding it out. Mollie, ahead of me, seemed to be having a struggle

with the unfriendly bushes, but she wouldn't let me walk ahead of her. As we got farther into the woods, the way was easier, and soon Mollie stopped and stood still. I came up behind her and looked ahead. There, in the center of a clearing, was a huge tree; its branches weighted down by hundreds of golden apples. The apples were shiny, and their glow gave the smooth triangular leaves a goldish-green tint. The rough brown bark of the trunk was almost hidden by the purple swatch of the rainbow, for at the foot of the tree was the end of the arc.

I stood a moment in disbelief; surely the tree of golden apples wasn't real. Turning, I looked back and saw only the green woods behind me. I looked ahead again; the tree was still there. "Mollie, what do you see in front of us?"

"A golden-apple tree at the end of the rainbow; it's not a pot of gold after all." There was no disappointment in her voice, only acceptance of the sight before us.

So the scene ahead wasn't just imaginary; Mollie saw it, too. Hopefully, I said, "Perhaps the sun shining on the rain-covered tree and apples is making it appear gold."

"No," was the definite answer. "The apples are really gold; I know they are, and they are real, too. Let's walk closer, so we can see them better."

She started walking toward the tree, and I followed. As we came nearer, the spicy smell of apples blended with the damp earthy odor of the wet woods. "See, the apples are real." Mollie told me, "I can smell them. I wonder if it would hurt to pick an apple?"

We were now in the clearing and within a few feet of the tree. Suddenly I stopped. Something about the mighty tree forbade me to come closer. I experienced the sensation which had been so familiar in childhood, when I had wanted to go into the attic alone. Then, I had never gotten any farther than putting my hand on the door, for the feeling of trespassing into something private had always stopped me. Now the same consciousness of trespassing on forbidden property made me stop.

Mollie, however, did not seem to be intimidated by the sight before us, for she kept walking toward the tree. When she was under it, she reached up to pluck an apple.

"Mollie! No!" I screamed. As I screamed, the tree became enveloped by the mist of the rainbow, and I could no longer see it. More calmly I said, "The tree wasn't real; we were just dreaming."

"No, we weren't. The tree is still here; I still see it."

"Don't you lie to me, young lady. There is nothing here. There never was. Let's start back to camp."

Mollie looked at me wonderingly. "But the tree is here. See."

"Mollie, come on, and quit being silly. You know there isn't a golden apple tree here. Now come on."

The tears began streaming down her cheeks. "All right. I'll come."

She followed me as we pushed our way out of the brush and woods, which were no longer diamond-coated. Mollie was silent as she crossed the footbridge and fought her way up the muddy bluff. When I reached the top, I stopped and waited for her. She had quit crying, and her face was vacant. The brown eyes were neither questioning nor rebellious, just blank. When she stood beside me, I reached for her hand. She passively placed her hand in mine, and we silently walked toward the tabernacle. We arrived there just as the final hymn was being sung. My other girls met us at the door. One of them said accusingly, "You all missed the most inspiring talk about Winning Lost Souls on the Mission Field. Brother Paul even showed colored slides."

A Trainee's August Love:
Camp Chaffee, Arkansas, 1952

Mr. Simpson is the faculty advisor to the GRIFFIN *staff. Throughout this year he has shared his poetry with students in the classroom and in special reading sessions. The poem in this issue is a favorite on campus, and we are pleased to include it for those students who requested copies.*

PETER L. SIMPSON

HE, caught, falleth
plumb on to the spike of the targe . . .
There, beyond color, essence set apart,
In the midst of darkness light light giveth forth
Beyond all falsity, worthy of faith, alone
That in him solely is compassion born.
—Guido Cavalcanti, *Donna Mi Prega*
(tr. by Ezra Pound)

She's around tonight. A skinny kid,
stretched slack and prone, I pick at
arid slivers of dried-up paint
off the grey old wood of the barracks porch.

How swift they drove a yelping pup
from field to range, and broke a fumbling
summer's pride. The crickets are crabby,
the frogs are bitching, as Arkansas

smothers the shy breeze in a steady,
torrid grip. The night dies gagging,
choking echoes and lingers of war.
I'm scared that no one dreams in August,

sultry August, too hot and heavy
a time for dreams. It's Leo's month;
his heyday's past as a rough, young cub,
crawling eager out of a savage womb;

Now he's coagulated: a sullen
toothless cuckold out someplace
among a curdled batch of stars.
He sleeps and chafes the horny dust

with a wornout tail, and slavers
all over the musty shag of his mane.
Hey, look, her hair falls free; loose,
a lock grazes my sleepy eye.

A breeze has got a chilly minute;
spare, supple, it sneaks me the kiss
of a winter second. The tone of the night
becomes acute. Bothering my ear,

a flea in his small way has set
my head astir. All my nerves
wake up—they grope to find
an easy, pliant hour of the earth.

Now I'm new with any little trick.
Her lips are tense and cool; and when
she breathes, a storm blows up the dust
we stirred at drill. The disciplined strip

of weeds breaks ranks. A clean snake
I killed this noon rests on his bright back
in the wild old pine clutched hills
out there. She's here, and the night's hot.

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