

**Z-FF-RG**



# THE GRIFFIN

*Published by the English  
Department of Lindenwood  
College, St. Charles, Mis-  
souri. No. 17, May, 1965.*

## THE GRIFFIN

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

**EDITORIAL STAFF**

**HAVALA HENDERSON, *Editor***

Susan Fraser

Joan Gaynor

Julia Goodell

Nina Lesh

Sharon Littlejohn

Cheryl Ogden

Patricia Sharpe

Bertita Trabert

} *Assistant Editors*

**AGNES SIBLEY, *Faculty Adviser***

Cover Design by Mary Richardson

## Table of Contents

AFTER SNOW .....	<i>Margaret Duffy</i> .....	1
WAKE .....	<i>Patricia Sharpe</i> .....	2
SOMEBODY REALLY CARES .....	<i>Doris Hillis</i> .....	3
WITH THAT FIRST AND FINAL FLAKE .....	<i>Linda Hale</i> .....	8
DEAR SIR: .....	<i>Mary Richardson</i> .....	9
ONLY .....	<i>Margaret Duffy</i> .....	10
REVENGE .....	<i>Linda Hale</i> .....	10
THE RING .....	<i>Linda Firestone</i> .....	11
COLERIDGE AT MIDNIGHT .....	<i>Linda Hale</i> .....	15
MID-SEASON .....	<i>Patricia Sharpe</i> .....	16
TO A MURDERED GIRL, OVER CHRISTMAS .....	<i>Margaret Duffy</i> .....	17
WHEN MODERN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER .....	<i>Betty Tyree Osiek</i> .....	18
AN EASTER STORY .....	<i>Jane Kiser</i> .....	19
EIGHT WEEKS OF CAMP CRAFT .....	<i>Margaret Duffy</i> .....	24
CENTAUR'S LULLABY .....	<i>Patricia Sharpe</i> .....	25
BLOW THROUGH ME SNOW .....	<i>Barbara Armstrong</i> .....	26
INQUISITION .....	<i>Margaret Duffy</i> .....	27
SING .....	<i>Margaret Duffy</i> .....	32
WHAT I PRAYED REMEMBERING MARY BLY .....	<i>Peter L. Simpson</i> .....	33

## After Snow

MARGARET DUFFY

*Peggy Duffy, a junior formerly from Cleveland and now from St. Louis, is one of those rare individuals, half artist and half poet. An English major, Peggy is the president of Poetry Society and a past staff member of the GRIFFIN.*

**A**WAKEN slowly snow day, comfort me  
To bed again, then somehow I  
Can slither belly through a slip, a shirt  
That itches, brain that bitches at its flesh.  
Usher in the cold, hard blizzard hurt.  
Now crumble on a stone, a board, and black  
Thin lines of trees once bee lines to a honeycomb.

# Wake

*Senior Pat Sharpe, an English major, is chairman of the Honor Board and a member of Linden Scroll. She has served as a GRIFFIN staff member two years, and several of her poems appear in this year's GRIFFIN.*

PATRICIA SHARPE

WAS it so long ago  
that we walked, arm and shoulder  
along the lake shore,  
where water lapped  
from a disappearing wake

The deep mauve sky,  
the voiceless breeze,  
the rugged silhouette of rock and pines  
Pressed us  
each to each

Music from hidden porches  
dissolved the warmth of air

We trembled,  
submerged in August pleasure?

I am you are  
Only the gentle ripples . . .

## Somebody Really Cares

DORIS HILLIS

*Doris Hillis, a freshman, is from Boothwyn, Pennsylvania. Her short story, "Somebody Really Cares," is the first place entry in the Freshman Writing Contest. Doris plans to major in art.*

PATTI PUT HER ELBOWS ON THE CASH DRAWER, rested her head in her hands, and listened to the soft humdrum of people conversing, knives and forks clattering, ice tinkling in ice tea glasses.

After her breakfast break, coming back to work, or rather to sit around and do nothing, was three times as horrid as usual. But she had had a very interesting talk with Paul. He was the only one in the whole Dutch Pantry you could have an intelligent conversation with. She got so tired of talking about how many customers there were, how the rice pudding was when Annie was cook, how soon they'd be getting a new manager trainee, how many comment cards this or that waitress got this week. Paul was different—you could really talk to Paul. He'd sit there with one foot on the chair seat, his arms wrapped around his knee, one side of his face resting on his knee. His thick brown hair usually fell over his forehead and he'd look at her with just one eye. When he smiled at Patti, he looked like a little boy just starting school; but if she looked in his eyes, he suddenly became a very old man. It was hard to imagine how somebody could get that sad in just nineteen years. But Patti could change him . . . she could make his eyes twinkle . . . Wonder why no one else ever talked to



him or tried to be friends? Granted he was a bit . . . funny . . . different somehow, but after all appearances aren't everything. And he was so nice . . .

Hum, the customers were taking an awful long time to eat today. And where was the usual after-church crowd?

Patti pushed the total button to open her drawer and closed it again, knowing without looking that she had enough change and her dollar bills were all straight. Let's see—yes, all the cigar boxes were at least half-filled, there were half a dozen loaves of homemade bread in the showcase, the candy and gum racks were stocked, there were plenty of mints out, tomorrow's menus were folded. Oh, the front door was dirty. She slipped her feet back into her high heels and armed herself with a can of Windex and a stack of paper towels. She left her cubbyhole and went out and rubbed vigorously at each spot and fingerprint, stepping back periodically to make sure she hadn't missed a smear. Soon the glass was so clean it didn't seem to be there. Patti returned to the register smiling and feeling much better, but soon the gloomy boredom of her job settled over her again, and she had to sigh to get rid of the hard knot in her chest.

Just then Miss Talley came bustling out of the kitchen. She was a tall, bony, elderly woman with attractively done silver-blue hair. She was perfectly suited to her job as hostess—a sweet little grandmother to the customers; a nagging witch to the college-bound waitresses.

"Miss Hoberg, did you take the eleven o'clock reading?"

"Yes ma'am, I did."

"Well find something to do! Mr. Campbell will raise hell with me if he sees you out here sitting on your ass doing nothing after I've bitched for a cashier for so long. Go clean off the door."

Patti mumbled, "But I just . . ." stopped, picked up the Windex and paper towels and went out and rubbed merrily away at the non-existent spots.

Just then several cars pulled into the parking lot—the first of the after-church crowd at last. There was a sudden flurry of activity as the waitresses scurried from behind the "work area" to their stations in the dining room. Miss Talley calmly grabbed her breakfast menus in one hand, dinner in the other, brushed off her black pleated skirt, and marched out to meet the customers at the door.

The soft clattering and tinkling of earlier rose to a mad crescendo of noise until Patti could hardly hear herself think. Nevertheless, she put on her best Dutch Pantry "May I Serve You" smile and began to make change.

"Good morning, sir. Four twenty out of ten. Four twenty, twenty-five, fifty, seventy-five, five, and five is ten. Thank you. . . .

"Well, hello Russ! Did you enjoy your meal? Oh, don't get smart! Ninety and one. See you tomorrow. . . .

"Just a minute, sir. I'll see if I can find your waitress. There she is.

Sherry, do you have this man's check? There we go. That was a dollar thirty, sir. Thank you and come again. . . .

"Let's see. Yes, you're right, sir. That should be two fifty-five. Two fifty-five, sixty-five, seventy-five, three, four, and five. Thank you and come again."

Suddenly there was a loud crash of dishes behind the lattice. The dining room became deathly still as everyone turned to what had happened.

"Miss Talley! Come quick! It's Paul!"

Patti swung out from behind the register and started for the lattice, but Miss Talley came flying out of nowhere and yelled, "You stay at the register!"

Mr. Campbell came booming through the kitchen doors. "What the hell's going on out here! Miss Talley!"

"Over here! Hurry!"

A minute later Mr. Campbell backed out from behind the shiny chrome of the milk machine. He was bent over, lifting Paul from under the armpits and dragging Paul's feet in front of him. As they turned the corner into the kitchen, Patti saw Paul's face. He had a large welt on his forehead, there was blood dripping from the corner of his lip and he was . . . purple . . . deep dark purple!

Patti felt over-whelmingly warm—as if she had just woke up after spending the night with her electric blanket up too high.

She had just begun to feel better when the kitchen door swung open, and Jimmy, the breakfast cook, ran out, grabbed a spoon from the counter, and ran back. Patti's mind flashed back to her ninth-grade first aid course—a spoon—to get Paul's tongue out of his throat. Suddenly the warm feeling came over her again. She wondered if this was what it felt like to faint, but the warmth left as suddenly as it had come, and she dismissed the thought and went back to putting "specials" on Monday's menus.

Miss Talley came back out to the dining room out-of-breath but as composed as usual.

"What happened," Patti asked hesitantly, half-afraid to hear the answer.

"Oh, Paul just had another fit. It's happened three or four times before. Didn't you know he was an epileptic? Personally, I don't see why they don't fire him. Goin' around scarin' the hell out of everybody like that. . . .

"Oh, Goddammit! Here comes a family of six, seven, eight! I don't know why the hell these big families don't stay home!," Miss Talley muttered as she went to greet them at the door.

"Good afternoon, sir. My, what a nice family you have there! May I seat you for breakfast or for dinner? All righty. Just a minute and we'll pull these two tables together," and off she went like a mother hen leading her chicks.

Sherry leaned over the partition separating the counter from Patti's little box. "Patti, we need saucers. Could you get one of the boys to bring some out? I'd go myself but I'm sort of rushed right now."

"Okay. Just a minute."

Patti pushed through the swinging door and found herself face-to-face with Paul. He was leaning against a stack of cup racks, rolling up his sleeves. He glanced sideways to see who had come through the door, then jerked his head back to swing his hair out of his eyes, looked at Patti and grinned. She couldn't believe it . . . he was perfectly okay! No one would have ever known anything had happened except for the bump on his forehead and his broken tooth. Patti was so startled she forgot what she was after and swung through the other door. She spotted Sherry, remembered the saucers, and went back into the kitchen.

She tried to say, "Paul, we need some saucers," but it came out in a cracked inaudible whisper.

"What, Patti?"

"Saucers," she squeaked, realizing the warm feeling was back and much worse. She turned and ran through the door to the dining room.

"Sherry, please fix me a Bromo."

"You sick? Bet it was Paul. Seeing him like that's got you all upset."

Patti decided not to wait for the Bromo. She walked through the kitchen as fast as she could, afraid to run because of the slippery tile floor. The kitchen seemed to have grown immensely long—the girls' room was so far away. The hallway kept moving. Suddenly the floor tilted and everything went black.

The next thing Patti remembered was waking up leaning against a wall. She felt it—it was thick wood—either the pantry or freezer door. Out of the corner of her eye Patti saw a white shirt—Mr. Campbell.

"Miss Hoberg, are you all right?"

Patti wanted to answer but she didn't know what to say and she had suddenly forgotten how to talk.

Mr. Campbell turned away from her and yelled, "Paul, go get Sherry! Tell Miss Talley to close the counter till Sherry gets back."

"What's wrong?" Paul asked, coming closer.

"Miss Hoberg just blacked out. Now go—go get Sherry."

A minute later Paul and Sherry appeared.

"What's wrong?" Sherry asked.

"I don't know . . . Paul . . . I don't know. . . ."

A very painful look came over Paul's face and a tear brimmed at the corner of his eye. "Oh, it was me", he whispered to himself. He stood there frozen like a statue for a minute, then whirled suddenly on his heels and pushed through the group that had by now gathered around Patti.

"Well, listen Toots, why don't we go in the girls' room?" Sherry said. Oh, the girls' room. Now she remembered. She was on her way to the girls' room. How could she forget? What was wrong with her anyway?

They went in but instead of sitting in a chair in the lounge with Sherry, Patti went into the bathroom and curled up in a corner with her head between her knees. The icy cold of the tile felt good against her sweaty body. After a few minutes the too-warm feeling had left and she felt much better.

"Do you want me to call your dad, Patti?", Sherry asked.

"No thank you. I'm okay, Sher. Really."

After having some tea and sitting down for awhile, Patti returned to the register. By this time the rush was over and Miss Talley was counting out place mats.

"It was Paul that made you sick," she announced. "Me, well nothing upsets me after working in an emergency ward for fifteen years. I still say they ought to fire him. If he doesn't have the brains to remember to take his pills, every morning, well tough. He probably spends his money on booze instead of getting his pills. It's his own damn fault. I have no sympathy for an ass like him. Furthermore, he's got no right to go around scaring waitresses and customers like that."

"Well, Miss Talley", Patti protested, "You never know what . . ."

Just then Paul came through the kitchen door. Patti stopped talking and Miss Talley turned to talk to Paul.

"Hi, Paul! You leaving now? Well, see you tomorrow. Don't forget to take your pill tomorrow, you hear? We wouldn't want anything to happen to you."

"Oh, I will, Miss Talley. Thanks for reminding me. It's nice to know somebody around here really cares about you", he said softly.

"Bye, Paul", Patti said. "See you tomorrow."

Paul looked her straight in the eye, turned around, and pushed through the front door, leaving a gigantic hand-print on the glass.

## With That First and Final Flake

*A senior from Onawa, Iowa, Linda Hale plans to do graduate work at Iowa State. Linda has a double major in English and drama. She is a member of Poetry Society, editor of the BARK, and is directing a one-act play this semester.*

LINDA HALE

WINTER lay too long in brittle sleep this year;  
Mild autumn's lingering breath made fools of us,  
Tempting our naked, flailing arms to embrace a false warmth,  
Our bare, sin-tinged legs to stride too boldly.

There is a cold, sharp stroke of honesty,  
A purging shudder that blows in with dry snowflakes;  
Thank God for that—I welcome this chill, hesitant season;  
The deceitful abundance of an empty harvest has been too long with us.

Dear Sir:

MARY RICHARDSON

*Mary Richardson, a junior from Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, designed this year's GRIFFIN cover. As an art major, Mary is an ever-present spirit on second floor FAB, but she does manage, it seems, to sneak over to Room 328 for those late-hour seminars.*

**M**Y nest is high in that knotty tree,  
A journey's end that's stayed the salty  
sunrise breezes  
And left them to their Way.  
Mark them under future reference "S" for still.  
So go.  
I'll blow a little north of North and south  
of South in my own choosing.  
Don't push or I'll jump.

## Only

MARGARET DUFFY

**T**AKE me to bed.  
No cool sheet can burn my brain  
So neat, too clean for me  
Too bare

## Revenge

LINDA HALE

**T**HEY put a lion in my bed,  
And when I woke he roared;  
Then calmly swallowed up my head,  
While "Mercy!" I implored.  
Next night, a Hunter came instead,  
To slay my lion while he snored;  
And now ferocious Leo's face  
Smiles sweetly from a trophy case.

# The Ring

LINDA FIRESTONE

*Linda Firestone is the second-place winner of this year's Freshman Writing Contest. She comes from Joplin, Missouri. Linda plans a double major in English and speech, with an emphasis on communications and programming. She is an announcer on the KCLC campus radio staff.*

**T**ODAY WAS THE DAY. The carnival had finally come to town. Tommy marked the last day off his big, white calendar and retraced the red crayon circle around the date. The mirror above his small, maple dresser reflected the face of an excited and determined little boy. He grabbed the change that he had taken from his piggy bank the night before and charged through the house. "Bye, Mom, I'll be home when I get my ring at the merry-go-round."

As he tore through the kitchen, his mother turned from cleaning toast crumbs from the breakfast table, "Be careful, Tommy, don't . . ." Her voice trailed into silence as the backdoor slammed and Tommy ran across the yard.

All the way to the Fairgrounds, Tommy remembered last year when his grandfather had taken him to the carnival. It was the first time he had ever seen a merry-go-round, and he could remember running straight to the biggest horse. While his grandfather bought the tickets, Tommy just stared at the horses. Then, he looked up, and the ring caught his eye. Gold, round, glistening in the sun, it fascinated and charmed him. To Tommy the ring was the most



perfect thing he had ever seen. He grabbed his grandfather's sleeve and pointed at the ring. "If I could have anything in the world today, I'd get that ring!" Tommy remembered that his grandfather had smiled and said that the ring was very special and that Tommy would have to earn it by grabbing for it every time the carousel passed by. All afternoon Tommy rode the merry-go-round, and every time he passed the ring he tried to catch it. Each time he got a little closer, but he never touched the perfect, golden ring. Then, when he was very tired, his grandfather took his hand gently in his own and said, "Come, Tommy, next year you'll be bigger when the fair comes. Maybe you can get the ring then." Tommy looked up at the ring as the carousel lights shone on it; it sparkled, now red, now yellow, now gold. The music resounded in Tommy's ears, "Next year, next year, I'll wait for you, Tommy."

When Tommy heard the promising chant from the merry-go-round, he ran as hard as he could, clutching his money as he tightened his fist. He ran straight to the carousel. There was the ring—still shining, sparkling, perfect. For several minutes he just stood there entranced by its beauty. Then, still under the ring's magic, he paid the fare and jumped on the biggest horse, a dappled, grey charger, closest to the ring. The merry-go-round waited for more people, but early morning brought few to the fair. Eventually, the carousel man counted the number of passengers, shrugged his shoulders, and with the ease of one accustomed to his job, he pushed the metal lever; the music started, and Tommy's horse jumped forward.

Tommy raised up and tried to grab the golden ring, but he was too late. All around the merry-go-round he kept his arm and hand outstretched—ready. The carousel was moving more rapidly now, but Tommy held the reins with only one hand. He was almost back to the ring; his heart skipped a beat; his stomach was in his throat; one more horse-length and he would be there. The ring winked as the sunshine caught its edge. Tommy grabbed, but the horse was low and did not approach the ring.

He looked back longingly, then settled in his seat and looked around. In front of him, two horses up, was a little girl with blond hair falling onto her pink dress from a pink grosgrain ribbon. She bounced up and down with glee and playfully reached out for the ring while spreading her fingers to their full span.

Tommy watched her as she grabbed in her turn and missed. Then, as his turn approached, he stood high on the horse, circling the metal pole with his left arm while holding the reins. Then he stretched with all his might, but the ring again eluded his reach.

The little girl was still bouncing up and down as she whispered to her trusty steed, small and white. She patted him on the head and cooed mystical words in his ear.

Tommy settled back, decided to lunge, knowing he would get the ring this

time. He looked at it, "Yes, Tommy, yes, now!" the Calliope whispered. But, again, the horse was low, and he could not reach high enough.

The little girl's dress was blowing out stiffly across the back of the pale saddle. She leaned forward until she was almost flat against her horse, then bounced up giggling, as if the movement tickled. She was still giggling as her horse passed the ring. She did not even try to get the ring. Tommy watched her, knowing that she was too young to really know about the ring. He tried again and missed. And again. And again.

The ride was over, and Tommy was so tired that he decided to wait for a little while before trying again. He jumped off his horse and ran to look at the chameleons. "Maybe I'll get one later," he told the thin, pale man who held the large box of crawling colors. Tommy laughed as the small lizards seemed to change colors on the bright, print material. Then, he looked at the man with innocent, but assured, expectation, "But, first, I'm going to get the ring on the merry-go-round!"

He whispered to the box, "Good-by, Comedians," and turned to walk to the popcorn stand, kicking a rock as he walked. He had known he would get the ring. He had to get the ring; he had to. Quickly, he forced the popcorn into his mouth, not tasting it as he had not tasted breakfast. He looked around the carnival; there was so much to see and so much to do, but the sideshow and the tattooed man and the sword swallower and the snakes would all have to wait until after he had gotten his golden ring. He looked back toward the ring as the late morning sun danced around it and gave it an even prettier appeal. He dropped the empty popcorn box and ran to buy another ticket.

He climbed onto his gallant stallion, took the reins in his hands, and waited for the music to begin. The carousel started with a small jerk, and Tommy lunged forward, preparing to grasp the ring. He looked at it; he grabbed, and he almost touched it. The next round the horse was down, and he had no chance. Again, he was approaching it; he stood high in his stirrups, his left knee bent in, his left hand holding the reins and the pole; he reached out as far as he possibly could; and he touched the ring! "Next time," he said as the horse passed by on the low round, "Next time!"

He was so excited that he stood with his left hand on the pole, his left knee firm on the saddle. He stretched out with his whole body. He lunged forward and touched it, had it. The ring was his! He sank back on his proud, bouncing horse, closed his eyes; his happiness seemed too much for his body.

He looked at his tightly clenched fist. He could feel the ring. He was afraid he would lose it if he opened his fist to look, but he had to look, so he took just a little peek at his perfect golden dream. But it was not even gold. It was plastic! It felt light, and it was scratched and peeling, and disfigured.

Tommy looked at his ring with uncomprehending disgust; something stuck in his throat; he wanted off the horrible merry-go-round! The music kept getting louder and louder with that same lying chant. The horse he was riding became a wild bronco that tried to throw him off and then snarled and bared his teeth as he tried to bite Tommy. The smell of sweaty, dirty people and stale popcorn was suffocating. The colors blared at him, and the swirling forms made a whirlpool around him, and he thought he was going to drown in their flash.

It stopped. A dirty old man yelled at Tommy, "Hey, Kid! Get off or show your ticket!" Tommy bowed his head and slowly climbed down from the ugly, wooden beast, and stepped off the platform as he looked at the animal. He turned to look at where his golden ring had been. Another ring was there. Shining, promising. The music started up, "Next year, I'll wait for you, Tommy." He looked at the ring in his hand. His eyes watched the ground as the ring fell into the sand. He turned from the fair, walked slowly, head down.

## Coleridge at Midnight

LINDA HALE

**T**HE drowsy poet finds his sleep  
At last beside a dreamy flame,  
Where shackled hearts, made free, may leap  
To love a child without a name;  
Emerging from the nightmare deep,  
The Mariner and he the same;  
Maturity gives time to weep,  
Recalling how strange demons came  
And stormed his craft, a reckless heap—  
Subsiding, left a little fame.

## Mid-Season

PATRICIA SHARPE

**I**N mid-season, when trout  
spring  
    dance  
    over lake-lace  
We sandle-shuffle across the sand.  
Watching the fishers who sit  
    patient, watchful  
For those silver-shimmers under green lake-lawn.  
We pebble-toss awhile to stare at  
    speckled-skin, weather-wrinkled,  
Squint blurry-eyed at sequin-surface,  
    glitter gold on yards of blue  
Gaze at sky-shore far beyond  
    sublime blue-blend.

## To a Murdered Girl, Over Christmas

MARGARET DUFFY

**W**HAT did you let in, little girl?  
An almost face of boy, so rednecked young  
Who saw your skinny sweets respond  
To his thin smile, a touch of his hands, white whirl  
Of holiday, something forgotten sprung  
Inside his head your legs beneath his blonde.  
A sting starved painful groin  
Has made his hand knife open sores  
Slim merry body, ravaged loin  
Will never burst again.

## When Modern Knighthood Was in Flower

*Betty Osiek, who was graduated from Lindenwood in 1962, has almost completed the work for her Ph.D. in Spanish literature at Washington University. She is married and lives in St. Charles.*

BETTY TYREE OSIEK

SEE the knight,  
He polishes his steed's armor;  
Ford-like, caresses nickel;  
While beatnik Dulcinea  
Performs her calisthenics,  
As one horn-rimmed eye  
Denigrates his charger.

## An Easter Story

JANE KISER

*Jane Kiser, a music major, is from Bonne Terre, Mo. She has been pledged to Alpha Lambda Delta, freshman scholastic society, and Mu Phi Epsilon, music society. "Easter Story" won for her third place in the Freshman Writing Contest.*

ELLEN SCANNED THE ROWS OF PEOPLE. It was Easter morning, and a family that didn't come to church very often was sitting in the DeClue's regular pew. She spotted her parents at last, quite near the front, and made her way to where they were sitting.

Ellen sat down, removed her gloves, and opened the church program. There was only one announcement: "On this glorious Easter morning, the church extends a joyous hand of welcome to the young people entering our church: Betsy Fox, Alfred Eads, Carol Carson . . ."

"Well, what did the minister have to say?" whispered Mrs. DeClue. She was forced to ask the question since Ellen hadn't said anything about the conversation.

"He wanted to know if I'd changed my mind."

"And . . .?"

"I told him I hadn't."

Ellen glanced up briefly to see the reaction to her words. Her mother was looking at her with distaste.

"I hope you weren't quite as flippant with him as you are with me."

Instead of replying, Ellen picked up the hymnal and started marking the hymns. Since last Sunday it had been rather hard to communicate with either of her parents, so she finally decided it was best not to say anything at all.

She couldn't really blame them for being upset, though. They had belonged to the church all their lives and she had been brought up in it. Now



that she was entering Senior High Sunday School, it was natural that she should join the church along with her classmates. So, when the minister had asked her last Sunday after dinner if she was going to, neither he nor her parents had expected her to say no. But she had. Her parents had been shocked and then angry. Her father decided she must be an atheist, but her mother said it was just an act of typical teenage rebellion against parents.

If she could only explain it to them! But then she really didn't understand it herself. It was so confusing. . . .

The congregation rose to sing the opening hymn. Ellen, glad for the inter-ruption, turned her attention to singing. She knew the hymn by memory.

His glories now we sing  
Who died, and rose on high,  
Who died, eternal life to bring,  
And lives that death may die?

It was so confusing. Seemingly, everything ended in a question mark instead of a period. The main question, the one that aggravated her so by its insistency, was "Why am I not entering the church?" She was sure that there was a reason but it was so elusive! She could never quite catch up with it. And yet, it would have been impossible for her to change her mind about joining. She had realized last Sunday that she could not go through the ceremony. "But why?" she wondered. "And does death die?" Ellen caught the thought before it had quite slipped through her mind. Surprised at herself, she wondered what the hymn really did mean and then wondered why she had never wondered before.

"Amen," the congregation sighed, and the hymn was over. Ellen sat down and the minister stood.

"Let us pray," he said solemnly and bowed his head. The people submissively bowed their heads and focused their eyes studiously on laps, hands, and gloves. With a rather guilty feeling, Ellen looked up and around. Her classmates and friends were seated together on the two front pews on the opposite side of the aisle. She watched them. They looked the same as always, she thought, except that the girls were a little more dressed up. She eyed Betsy's suit and decided that it really would look better on someone a little shorter. She ran her hand over the nubby yellow wool of her own suit, pleased with the way it looked and felt. Carol's dress was nice, too.

Ellen could see Carol's face—it was set in a little frown. "She's probably mad because she's here in church instead of at the drugstore," Ellen thought, with a malicious smile. For a moment she felt inclined to laugh at the whole idea of Carol entering the church. It seemed so out of character. Her amusement lasted only for a moment though. She thought of herself and she knew that although she was at church every Sunday, it meant no more to her than it did to Carol. Her self-righteousness vanished, her thoughts dissolved, and she

heard the minister's words: "Through Jesus Christ, Our Lord and Savior, we ask it. Amen."

There was a restless stirring and shuffling as the prayer ended and people aroused themselves, blinked their eyes, and looked around.

The minister cleared his throat and announced that the ladies of the Missionary Society had compiled all their favorite recipes in a little cookbook which could be purchased for a quarter. There was a buzz of approval. "Or is that stomachs growling?" mused Ellen, remembering that mealtime was only an hour away.

There wasn't enough time to think of such pleasant things as food, though. Already the organist was pumping out the opening chords of "Christ the Lord is Risen today," and everyone would have to stand again. Ellen wished the first half of the service was over. All the standing up and sitting down, singing, responsive readings, unison prayers, collection, Doxology, and the Gloria Patri—it bored her so. It was so tiresome—you didn't have time to think! She felt like thinking. . . .

The busy worship was finally over, the minister had begun his sermon, and Ellen had settled down to relax. She usually played little games with herself during the sermon: folding the program in interesting shapes, drawing pictures, or memorizing hymns. She would think about her date the night before or her homework for Monday. Occasionally, she would catch words or phrases, but so often they were the same ones she had heard repeated before in Sunday School and church, that she would resume her private thoughts.

Today her mind was wandering too. She put her gloves back on, and smoothed them nicely. She examined them for stains and found several of the fingers to be rather gray. The embroidery was holding together well, though, and the three tiny buttons at the wrist were quite secure.

"Everything is secure and ordinary," she told herself reassuringly. "I dress up and come to church every Sunday and hear the familiar words and think my private thoughts, and today is just the same." And yet somehow it all seemed new to her—as if she was there for the first time. All the familiar people were strangers and all the trusty old proverbs and injunctions were mystifying and complex.

And over and over again she wondered, "Why am I not joining the church?"

The minister had said it wasn't important—that it was only a ceremony and really didn't mean very much. "Why should it seem so important to me then?" she wondered. "You can change churches later just by writing a letter," he had told her. Remembering his words, Ellen wondered if most people did change churches—she had not thought of it before. At any rate, the minister seemed to think it was just as simple to change as to join and that both were quite easy. But he never asked her *why* she wasn't joining. This morning before church they had talked, and for a second she had thought he was going to

Their voices, emotionless and precise, repeated the magic words—the words with which they were dedicating their lives to God, to Jesus, and to the Church.

“. . . who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; he descended into hell; the third day he rose again from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty.”

The parents had settled back in their seats and were smiling complacently, as the young people followed the pattern, adopted the beliefs that had been presented to them all their lives, and became true Christians.

Ellen sat forward, her hands clasped tightly in her lap. She listened intently, straining to comprehend the creed. It was rushing by much too quickly though. How was she ever to understand it all? The overwhelming import of the fast-moving words left Ellen lost and bewildered.

“From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead . . .” She was hypnotized by the mystifying beauty of the words.

“I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.”

The words were awfully beautiful—beautiful to Ellen because of the greatness, the grandeur of what they said. The sanctuary was still filled with them and Ellen felt transplanted into the very midst of their vastness.

The young people were finished and the minister was praying again. It was the closing prayer and church was almost over. Ellen raised her head and watched the light shining through the stained glass window, making patterns of red and gold and purple on the floor. She was caught up in the minister's words:

“We await our Resurrection in the coming of Thee, oh Lord, when the hidden sovereignty of Jesus Christ will be revealed in the fullness of His glory, when Thou will be Lord over a humanity united through Thy will and bound to Thee. Amen.”

The organist played the recessional, as the minister walked down the aisle to greet the people as they left.

Church was over. Ellen rose and breathed a deep sigh, feeling at the same time exhausted and refreshed. She turned and smiled at her mother, standing next to her, holding the gloves Ellen had left in the pew.

Their voices, emotionless and precise, repeated the magic words—the words with which they were dedicating their lives to God, to Jesus, and to the Church.

“. . . who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; he descended into hell; the third day he rose again from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty.”

The parents had settled back in their seats and were smiling complacently, as the young people followed the pattern, adopted the beliefs that had been presented to them all their lives, and became true Christians.

Ellen sat forward, her hands clasped tightly in her lap. She listened intently, straining to comprehend the creed. It was rushing by much too quickly though. How was she ever to understand it all? The overwhelming import of the fast-moving words left Ellen lost and bewildered.

“From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead . . .” She was hypnotized by the mystifying beauty of the words.

“I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.”

The words were awfully beautiful—beautiful to Ellen because of the greatness, the grandeur of what they said. The sanctuary was still filled with them and Ellen felt transplanted into the very midst of their vastness.

The young people were finished and the minister was praying again. It was the closing prayer and church was almost over. Ellen raised her head and watched the light shining through the stained glass window, making patterns of red and gold and purple on the floor. She was caught up in the minister's words:

“We await our Resurrection in the coming of Thee, oh Lord, when the hidden sovereignty of Jesus Christ will be revealed in the fullness of His glory, when Thou will be Lord over a humanity united through Thy will and bound to Thee. Amen.”

The organist played the recessional, as the minister walked down the aisle to greet the people as they left.

Church was over. Ellen rose and breathed a deep sigh, feeling at the same time exhausted and refreshed. She turned and smiled at her mother, standing next to her, holding the gloves Ellen had left in the pew.

## Eight Weeks of Camp Craft

MARGARET DUFFY

**T**HE sweetened cliffs of mushroom fall  
To burst their sizzled thickness in the fire.  
The we, four knees around our self fed pyre  
Can feel the shadows cool a wall  
Around our fantasy of flame  
The circle widens as we back away  
Embodied shadows shrink through misty grey  
Circumference without a frame.

## Centaur's Lullaby

PATRICIA SHARPE

**V**ENUS-CHILD, so soft, so strange  
Almost a man,  
Yet legs, not two, but four.  
Human heart with manly blood  
Scalds thy veins, drives thy spirit  
From pasture to strange paradise.  
Poor willful beast,  
Legs tear in furious gallop,  
Pound, strain, then fall  
Limp, frame remains,  
And thine is left  
To whinny

## Blow Through Me Snow

*Barbara Armstrong, a freshman from Madison, Wisconsin, is a member of Poetry Society and Orchesis. Her major is art history. This poem, along with a story, received honorable mention in the Freshman Writing Contest.*

BARBARA ARMSTRONG

**B**LOW through me snow.

And in and out  
And wash about  
Deeply.

Build up the scent  
Of powders new,  
Of lilies blue  
And bent—

On journeys, yes!  
Of whirls and swirls  
And pearly girls  
In sweat.

All wet in sweat.  
Of cold and heat.  
Repeat! Repeat!  
Blow through me snow.

# Inquisition

MARGARET DUFFY

He honored me with an invitation. I had an excellent seat; and refreshments were served to the ladies between the Mass and the execution.

*Candide*

LAKE ERIE grease and fishy smell covered white bathing suit and dirtied suitcase, beach bag, comb and brush that Emory flung on her white bed spread in a great heap. Labor Day had flashed in Mattson. Mrs. Howlett, chaperone to twenty girls would never do it again. It was the sleeping in the boy's cottage that did it. Some lecture had been given Emory about her falling morals. All she wanted to remember was the cool night when Bobby had taken her hair down letting the sand it gathered on the beach sprinkle lightly on his face and the open neck of his shirt. Under the warm quilt it had been chest to chest warm. Arms and legs were moved softly, slowly around each other. Sweet hotness had skimmed on faces. Ears burned. The window behind Emory's back was cotton curtained light, and Elvis crooned behind louder voiced girls and silly boys who would tell in Cleveland some story. They had been sitting on the porch all afternoon, afraid. The Huckley boys had driven by the cottage earlier, leering from the bullet shattered window of their pick-up truck. Some Cleveland dude had shot up the truck, and now there was talk of rumbles, hot, to end the summer nicely. Only rumbles hadn't come, only talk and gossip about drunks and slightly clad bodies. Emory wondered under cover what they would say about her.



The next night Bobby had broken into the gas station with Tracy Coins, a boy who had been in reform school several times. Bobby's arm was cut up, He told Emory that it had gotten cut by a beer bottle.

"Tramp" somehow didn't seem an adequate word to describe Emory's body. She tried to explain, or rationalize, to herself her behavior on that undercover night. Bobby had seemed nice against her bare legs. The nuns, however, would have some words for her body and they would be the same as the words Mrs. Howlett had used.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp."

Emory scribbled these words in her religion notebook, "tramp, tramp, tramp." They meant a walk along the beach, the last day when the windy sand brought the first fallen leaves, and some little red dog had lapped the filthy white at the water's edge. Some things could be tramped on too, like hot sand, dead fish washed up after a storm. A tramp was a person who took things as they came, a person with no home, a person who left the ugly grey city, the smoke stained Tudor homes, treed boulevards, for one last look at the dirty lake where people shouldn't swim. It was infested with disease.

September had come too quickly on falling leaves. It made the lake white, thin beaches pale from sun. It meant time for the full bodied bathers to return to the city and school.

For Emory fall was the Inquisition of the year, a time for guilt and renewed faith in something. Reviews of the summer's happenings were carried on by some of the pinch faced little nuns. There was a priest in Mattson who saw Cleveland kids file into Church, scarf clad, blue jean clad, assumed that sin had hit his town, so every year Sister Lucetta heard about her girls from him.

"And, girls, now is the time to take stock of the summer's happenings. Here is a little pamphlet that should help you know whether or not you have neglected your spiritual life during vacation. Let me read a few passages to you. 'Did you attend Mass regularly?' Mass, yes, Mass girls . . . the masses on the beaches, arms and legs spraying sand sting in your eyes, little boys carrying sand pails, shovels, those sweet scrambled Masses where wine flows at night to wash down potato chips. That's some communion. It's very important for you girls to receive Communion. You need every grace you can get. Did you receive his body and blood. Some have I'm sure, in sweaty beds. Those nights would never be cold if you slept with him. Did you become involved in any entangling romances? They may have been an occasion of sweet sin for you. Who had tasted another mouth? Examine your consciences, girls. Know if you have sinned, God loves you very much, better than those bodies you lie with all summer. Did you press brown bodies to a chest, or let your dry, free hair make a curtain around any kiss or kisses? Your dress, did it at any time expose firm breasts? Did you boldly dare him to look at your golden legs? Girls, I hope for most of

you the summer has been a pure one, an intellectually stimulating one. Now we are going to start a new school year, and I sincerely hope you girls are planning to better yourselves."

Sister Lucetta picked up her pointer, raised it calmly over the yellowed map of Italy that hung on the wall. It was about to descend on Vatican City.

"Miss McGannon, will you please cross your legs at the ankle, if you must cross them at all. What if Father were here today, besides it is bad for your circulation."

Sherry McGannon uncrossed her legs, slamming one foot to the floor.

"Miss, you will see me after class for that noise. It is quite ridiculous to display your displeasure at a command. You should do my bidding without question. Our course this year will involve a careful study of the Inquisition in all of its aspects. It should offer you a broader understanding of an aspect of history for which the Catholic Church is much maligned. You will be able to explain this logical, historical movement to all your non-Catholic friends. They can be very clever in their arguments so if you are not fully versed on any topic of your religion it would be better not to speak to them, or listen to them either. Before the bell rings I will give you your assignment. You are to read the first chapter in the text book and tomorrow I will give you a little quiz. You are dismissed."

Sherry McGannon gathered up her books, approached Sister's desk with a silly grin on her face. Emory saw Sister frown into Sherry's face.

"Quiz tomorrow, I wonder if Sherry will study for it. I don't think she will. Her two piece was really a mess after Mattson. Wonder if she and Tracy really did stay down on the beach all night. The straps were ripped off. I saw her the next day, wouldn't explain it. I'll wait to walk down to the locker room with her."

"Yes, Miss McGannon, I've heard all about you, and I want you to know that . . . 'I won't let you be young very long. This habit I wear as God's bride has pinched in my mind to see you as a fearful thing. You threaten me, and out you'll go my dear little body that you are, so skeptical. I'm here to crush that in you. How brown your body is, bronze, brazen smiling lips. Yes, I know you, once I knew you under that uniform. Even its grey can't hide your sex, no, no . . . I mean it can't hide your obvious contempt . . .' Remember, Miss McGannon, to be modest at all times. Do not be sassy because you won't get away with it."

"Sherry, would you like to walk down to the locker room with me. You do have a nice tan. Mine's all faded. Yes, I just got back last night."

They walked down the slippery stairs. A Holy Hour sign was tacked neatly on the bulletin board at the bottom. It read, "Come Follow Me."

"The Holy Hours will be starting again soon. I don't think I will go to the first one. It's too hot. The incense always hangs so . . . 'No, Bobby and

I won't be seeing each other anymore, you know the old story, occasion of sin and all. Yes, Mattson was fun, but that's different . . .' so different from coming home, so different from being a tramp for awhile. Now is the time for my renewal, a new page turned in a book. There will have to be confession, yes, and it will bring sweat and matted hair when I breathe the cold air on the stony Church step. An act of faith every night should cure the body wants, will stop the fear of not accepting the one pale potato chip I may take on Sundays with no wine. 'Oh, yes, I'd like a cigarette too, and all the kids are gone, so nobody will see us. If we ever get caught. Here have one of mine. If we ever get caught we will really be in trouble. We might even be expelled. It would be nice to have a place to smoke, like a senior smoker. They have them in other schools.'"

Emory untied her scuffed saddle shoes, placed them in her locker, and then slid into her loafers. Sherry did the same. Emory took a long drag on her cigarette, then waved her hand to Sherry.

"Sherry, did you hear something, sounded like footsteps, going away. I was probably just imagining it. Hurry, I've got to catch the four o'clock bus. I hope nobody saw us. It wouldn't matter so much if it were an upperclassman, because so many of them do it. It's the freshman tattler I worry about."

"Emory, come in and sit down."

"I wonder if this is just about yesterday? I don't know. It could be anything. I'll simply own up to what I have done if she knows about something. She will just sit carefully in her chair, her dry little hands will fold neatly in her lap. Then she will say, 'Why did you do it, Emory? We have placed so much confidence in you. Your classmates have placed confidence in you by electing you to office. Of course, there will be some appropriate punishment. You must know you could be expelled for this offense. However, since you are the President of Student Council, I have thought of something else. I have decided that you may not participate in the final district debate tournament. I know our team is favored to win, and your absence will be a great blow to the team, but school honor is not as important as the development of individual integrity and respect for basic values. You will not even be allowed to attend the tournament. No letter will be sent home to your parents, so you will have to explain all this to them. I am very disappointed in you, Emory. Go now to your class.' So she has said it. It is not impossible. She does know about it."

Emory went to religion class late. As she came in the door, thirty flesh ovals turned to her, waiting, smiling, wanting a smile back. Sister Lucetta turned her slit eyes to Emory.

"Emory, we were just about to say prayer, won't you join us if you can find the time? We've been waiting for you. Hail Mary . . . Emory, has your morning been so trying that you cannot stand with your hands folded for just a moment? Your Savior died for you on that cross, there."

Sister's hand motioned to the naked, gold-plated Christ who was mounted so carefully on His polished mahogany panels. Cold, slick and indifferent, the assembly line Christ looked modestly pained. Emory, eye drilled by now, tried to look devoutly at the cross.

"Perhaps you would forget your little troubles if you would focus your attention on the crucifix. Ask Our Dear Lord to make you less proud."

Emory looked hard at Christ, blurring His image, by squinting her eyes nearly closed.

"You may be seated now, girls. In non-Catholic circles the Inquisition is looked upon as being a very unjust thing, but I intend to show that in historical perspective it is only too logical. At the time of the Inquisition everyone was Catholic, everyone abided by the decisions of the Church in matters of faith and morals. The Church also had temporal power, and at the time of the Inquisition it was against the law to be a heretic. . . ."

"And so, my pretty little girls, it is only logical that you never love or trust another of your kind. Never lie, yellow washed on a sun beach, his body brown next to your brown body. How the hot, glassy grains dig in your flesh, you should never know, breathing is the only moist relief when you're far from the water's edge. At the beachy keeno, where naked boys kick sand sprays, eat hot dogs, chase their little sisters in pursuit of the sand pail and shovel, bury the lady in bikini, whose lobster body sleeps and burns some more, you should not play. Only walk in the cold fall there, and see how everything is burned brown, so the wisp wind can blow it all conveniently away. Dare to put a toe in the milky, turgid water, then. It will be blue or red as the leaves are now."

"Now, girls, it is time for a short quiz."

Emory ripped a page from her notebook and waited for Sister to ask the question.

"Did it matter, really, that the people brought to justice were heretics?"

"Why were these people put to death? for what offense? Does the nature of the offense matter? Or is it sufficient to know there was an offense? . . . an offense, an offense. Was there an offense? What is the Latin derivative of the word 'offense'? Sister would like that. She would like to know I thought about my Latin, a language dead two years for me. She'd like to think I could use it in religion class. Sherry McGannon won't escape the issue by delving into a word meaning. What made the Inquisition right or wrong? Some berry colored backs and fronts together on a beach, a cigarette smoked in a locker room after school? Which is a worse offense? Does it really matter? Sister was fair, no more debate for me this year, no tournament to win, no hard work. I can lose myself in study, or terrible fear. Who will find out?"

"Girls, please pass in your papers; now, up the rows to the front desk."

Emory handed in her blank paper. Her name looked very small, ridiculous, in the unlined corner of her paper.

## Sing

MARGARET DUFFY

**Y**OUR finger trails along my back  
I wish were bare against thin sheet.  
With head upon my head, then I could touch  
Your thighs and arms to make  
Them vibrate more than her voice  
Quivers in your ears,  
Burst you with notes you say  
So silently in touch and breath.

## What I Prayed Remembering Mary Bly

PETER L. SIMPSON

*Mr. Simpson, a former member of the English Department, is now active in St. Louis politics.*

SO now we have some poor Missouri snow.  
August berries stain your plump face  
(still unkissed?) and you grow away  
with Minnesota. Ah, Mary Bly, some  
copper tubes feed fountains in my chest,  
a gorge of tart blood. Your own hands  
stick all the sweets between your lips.  
And all the time since summer  
goes to sleep. I pray for thicker snow—  
and those same raspberries—when  
this hard mid-west Christmas comes.

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

