

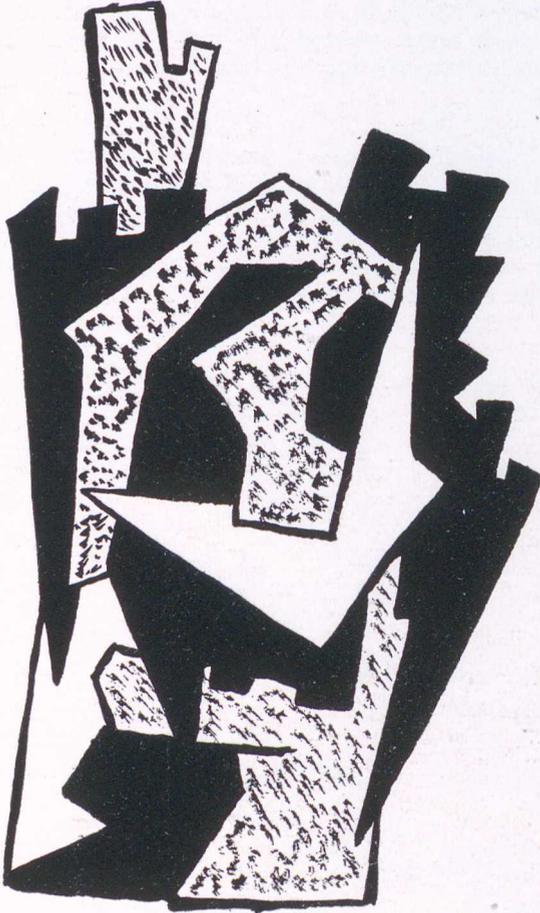
# TOWERS

1954



# The Towers

PRESENTING THE WORK OF STUDENTS  
of  
NORTHERN ILLINOIS STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE  
DEKALB, ILLINOIS



VOLUME X  
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XI DELTA CHAPTER OF SIGMA TAU DELTA  
HONORARY ENGLISH FRATERNITY  
May, 1954

# Foreword

The pulse of creativity vibrates within the towers of Northern. At times it is faint — at times hidden — at times suppressed — but the beating never dies. It becomes strong as it is released through the poetry and prose on these pages.

Each spring the members of Sigma Tau Delta, honorary English fraternity, try to capture the pulsating of the students' creative work. From the many manuscripts submitted, the fraternity selects the material that is published. On its sixteenth birthday the Xi Delta chapter presents the final product of this selective process — the 1954 TOWERS.

But TOWERS is more than a literary magazine — it represents the spirit and the feeling of N.I. It is a part of the highest creative powers of the students — their ideas, their thoughts, and their dreams. It is the TOWERS of Northern!

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## To Write

*The writer's curse —  
A mind perverse*

*A mind that will  
Not think a thought,  
A mind that runs  
To where it ought  
NOT*

*A ready pen  
And paper there  
To write the words  
The mind would dare  
TO THINK*

*A brain that's quick  
But often slow;  
A brain that stops  
When it should go  
AHEAD*

*Elusive things,  
Like lightening streaks,  
Ideas which  
The writer seeks  
TO FIND*

*And when at last  
With weary sigh  
The writer sets  
Blank paper by  
IT STARTS*

*And then the rush  
To get again  
The paper and  
The fountain pen  
TO WRITE*

— Helen Licking, '54

## Of Cabbages and Kings

A fantasy for adults with apologies to Lewis Carroll

Mama's voiced droned softly in the hot afternoon air as she read Cabbageland's great epic poem. We were all as still as could be when she came to our favorite passage.

*"The time has come," the Walrus said,*

*To talk of many things;*

*Of shoes ... and ships ... and  
sealing-wax ...*

*Of cabbages ... and kings ..."*

"How did those shoes and ships and sealing-wax sneak into the poem?" my sister Carrie demanded. "I thought the Collective Council of Cabbages declared them subversive."

That's my kid sister for you — boy, is she dumb. You'd think every Cabbage would know it was the Walrus and the kings that had been declared reactionaries by the Council. Mama didn't tell her that, though. She just said, "Shhh, don't talk so loud," and hid the book under one of her big leaves. I felt all tingly and excited then — sort of guilty, too — because we're not supposed to read the poem anymore. The Collective Council of Cabbages has put it on the list of banned books. I watched the librarian burn all her copies of it — and my old teacher in school got in a lot of trouble 'cause she wouldn't stop making us read it. Our new teacher says it's a very bad book that would put the wrong kind of ideas in our heads. She says we must not even think of kings anymore in Cabbageland — and as for Walruses — why, she says only our fine, brave Council stops the war-mongering Walruses from coming in and gobbling up all us Cabbages. My new teacher gets me pretty con-

fused sometimes. All day long she'll tell us that we should think this — we shouldn't think that — and then, the very next day, she'll change her mind and tell us just the opposite. It would be a lot easier if she'd let us do our own thinking once in awhile.

One night somebody wrote out the whole poem in the dirt in front of the City Hall — and was the Council mad! They made all the grownup Cabbages go to a big meeting. Papa told me they brought in one of those red Cabbages from the next field to talk to them. I saw that red Cabbage walking around one day puffing out his leaves to make believe he was a great big guy — but he wasn't. Why, even Carrie saw he was all shriveled up inside. All the other Cabbages were afraid of him, though, and got out of his way when he came along. But I'm not scared of him. When I grow up, I'm not going to get pushed around like that. Once I told Mama that, and she looked real frightened, but kinda proud, too. All she said was, "Shhh, someone will hear." Seems to me that "Shhh," is all everybody says these days. Just you wait — when I'm a big Cabbage I'm not going to go around saying, "Shhh," all day. Instead, I'm going to shout at the top of my lungs,

*"The time has come," the Walrus said,*

*To talk of many things;*

*Of shoes ... and ships ... and  
sealing-wax ...*

*Of cabbages ... and kings ..."*

Maybe, by then, the time will have come!

— Marilyn Seams, '55

## Carnival

*A few brassy notes  
Drip wearily from the bell  
Of a tired trumpet;  
Bits of confetti  
Whisper across the floor  
In a fitful whirl.*

*If I ever cease to love . . .  
If ever I . . .*

*Broken ornaments of gilt,  
Ribbons and cigaret ends,  
Shredded illusions,  
Forgotten dreams  
And other such rubble  
Litter the party-torn room*

*Where recently the gods danced.*

*And now, fluttering ashes proclaim  
That the dance is done.*

— Carol Gardner, '53

## On Visiting a Cezanne Exhibition

*Step into the honored sanctum,  
You who wish to know of art,  
And behold the derivations  
Of a sentimental heart.*

*Here the essence of the dishpan,  
Of the ladle and the bowl  
Is presented as the loftiest  
Expression of the soul.*

*At the pace our culture travels,  
We may fortunately see  
When the modern, furnished kitchen  
Will replace the gallery.*

— Marjorie Knop, '54

## The Joke

He giggled.

It was all very funny, really. In fact, the more he thought of it, the funnier it became. He laughed so hard that tears ran down his face and he fell into the street and rolled over and over with laughter.

No one heard him. The apartment houses looked down at him through grimy windows. The smudged curtains billowed slightly in the wind. From a dirty window box on the third floor of an old brownstone, a single petunia gazed forlornly down at him.

"Poor little petunia," he thought aloud. A song entered his mind—an old song, no sense to it at all, but cute:

*"I'm a lonely little petunia in an  
onion patch,  
An onion patch,  
An onion patch;  
I'm a lonely little petunia in an  
onion patch,  
Da-dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-  
dum-de-da."*

Oh, that was really too rare! He sat on the curbstone beneath a lamp-post and roared with delight. After a moment, he got up and walked off down the empty street, chuckling to himself. He stopped at a news stand to buy a paper, although there was no newsboy there to take his money. He also bought the latest copy of a well-known magazine, which had a gigantic picture of the newest H-bomb-carrying plane on the cover. This plane was indeed unique. It could easily carry ten H-bombs and five A-bombs—enough power to obliterate a good-sized country. The headlines screamed "WAR INEVITABLE: Outbreak Imminent!"

Of course, the paper was a bit yellow, being three years old. He remembered how exceedingly clever they had been. They had known that war was coming; and that when it did, the world and everyone in it would die. So, secretly, the government had been building spaceships—hundreds and thousands of them. The plane on the magazine cover was all part of the huge hoax they were playing on the enemy, trying to make them believe the government was going ahead full-steam in the race for new weapons, preparing for war that everyone knew was coming.

Then, when war and its accompanying death knocked at the door, everyone in the country would hop into the spaceships and away they'd all go to Mars, and let the rest of the world blow itself up.

It was the greatest secret the world had ever had to keep. It was very neat and simple. And they didn't have to worry about spies, either—there weren't any. The government had ways of—dealing—with them. Of course, they had no guarantee that the spaceships would work; after all, they couldn't test them out and risk giving the secret away, could they? Half of the ships probably wouldn't work, and would go off like Fourth-of-July firecrackers. Then, too, there was only enough fuel for a one-way trip. But that was all right—there would be nothing left to come back to, anyway.

To make sure that the world would be completely wiped clean of life, they planned to leave behind a few "volunteers" who, at just the right moment, would push buttons that would send a thousand rockets with new and fascinatingly horrible

explosives screaming into the enemy's territory. But they would let the enemy strike first. They always did.

However, as the old saying goes, "The best-laid plans of mice and men - -"; they had overlooked a few minor details — human nature, for one. It so happened that, at the very last minute, when everyone was quietly boarding the spaceships and laughing at how very clever they had been, all the volunteers who were supposed to push the buttons changed their minds and stowed away on the spaceships.

And only he was left—a volunteer who had not decided that life was better than glory until everyone else had gone; and then, of course, it was too late.

So he was alone in that big, empty country, waiting for the enemy's bombs to come so that he could push his buttons and die.

Only, the bombs didn't come! Why? — You might call it human nature again. No bombs fell simply because there was no one left in the whole world to push buttons. For his government wasn't the *only* government in the world that could get clever ideas. And so everyone had gone off on a one-way trip to Mars!

And no-one had ever come back.

Oh, it was so funny! Everybody was sitting up there on Mars glaring at each other and nobody could get back. He just *had* to laugh!

But his laugh was cut short by a shout. A human voice! There was someone else left on Earth!!

He ran toward the figure standing beside a parked car, laughing and crying at the same time. The other figure was running toward him now . . . Then they stopped abruptly and looked at one another, unbelieving. At last he spoke . . .

"It's been a long time, hasn't it?"

"Yes," said the other. "We're the very last two people on Earth. You know that, don't you?"

"I know," he said solemnly. Then the laughter came bubbling up from within him. "Good Lord!" he exclaimed, "Do you know what? My middle name is ADAM!!"

"Really?" replied the other; "Mine is Richard."

The two men sat down in the street and laughed, and laughed, and laughed . . .

— Roger Margason, '56

## To The Wind

*Here on the crest of endless plain  
Like a whim of time you fly;  
Sing louder yet than pain  
And merge your mood in our cry.*

*Chant to us your holy mass,  
Carry away grief in your wing;  
Visit our graves and bid the grass  
That wanders above to sing.*

— Glenn Erickson, '57

## The Little Chinese Angel

"Tell me a story, Mommy, please; just one story and then I'll go to bed," pleaded Nancy Carol, her eyes bright. Bedtime was story-time for her and she always made sure her mother told her at least one story.

"All right, dear, hop into bed and I'll be right there," answered her mother from the kitchen as she put away the last of the Christmas cookies she had been baking that day. Although Nancy, excited with thoughts of Christmas, had been unable to sit still, she needed no coaxing and snuggled down under the blankets as her mother began:

"Once upon a star, for angels have no sense of time, there was a little Chinese angel. (God plays no favorites in heaven.) She was no ordinary angel to say the least: for while the other angels were playing their harps and gathering fallen stars, this little angel would be busy in the kitchen. She thought it was *Heaven* to be able to cook whatever she wanted whenever she wanted to and was forever having parties for the other angels.

"Now this little Chinese angel could cook almost anything; sometimes she cooked German food, other times Swedish food and still other times Chinese food, which was her specialty. Many times she would spend the whole day in the kitchen; and when she had turned out a meal fit for a king, she would call the other angels and they would have a celebration.

"One day this little Chinese angel decided that she would make some rice and invite all the other Chinese angels because they very rarely had rice any more. It was just after she put the rice on the stove that some of the other angels came bursting into the kitchen to tell the little

Chinese angel of the huge star that had fallen. She quickly caught their excitement and followed them to the spot where they found the star. They had such great fun playing around the star that the little angel forgot all about the rice which was coming to a boil back in the kitchen.

"Oh heavens!" thought the little angel, suddenly, "my rice!" At that she rushed back to her kitchen, but it was too late. There was rice all over the place; there was even rice outside, and it was headed straight through the clouds for the earth. The people were astounded to wake up and find the earth covered with this soft, fluffy white substance that they had never seen before; but they soon came back to earth and accepted it.

"It was probably a good thing they did; for the little Chinese angel thought it was great fun to peek through the clouds and watch her rice float to earth, and it began to happen more and more often. The people didn't know that it was rice, though, so they decided to call it snow."

"So you see, Nancy, that's how we happen to have snow," said her mother. "Just think, if we didn't have snow, you couldn't have made that snowman with Daddy this morning."

"Yes, Mommy," agreed Nancy; "we had so much fun. Then I couldn't go sliding on my new sled either, could I?"

"No, dear, you couldn't," answered her mother, "and it's time to go to sleep, now, so you'll be able to go sliding tomorrow."

"All right, Mommy, good night," was the sleepy reply.

— Phyllis Bender, '55

## The Winter

*The hoary sky  
With pregnant low-lumped clouds  
Outlines the black-boled trees  
And etches gnarled fingers indelibly  
Against its heavenly shrouds.*

*The rushing wind  
Starts on determinedly  
And grasps the earth and time  
In snowy arms and niggardly holds its reign  
While spreading an ermined sea.*

*In time the cold  
And heavy quilt of white  
Disguises works of man  
By angles hid and softened; it smothers and  
Chokes with silent might.*

\*\*\*\*\*

*Mere man withdrawn  
So huddled, cold, and bent  
Tries not to hear the voice  
Denying strength and hinting him weak before  
God: omnipotent!*

— Robert Franke, '55

## Winter Wonderland

*The soft and velvet petals of those wondrous flowers,  
Which grow where heaven meets the clouds,  
Are slowly, softly covering every bush and tree,  
The field mouse slowly threads his tiny way  
Among the downy flakes  
And seeks the warmth of mate and brood.  
An owl ruffles his feathers gray with age  
And looks from out his lofty home.  
He knows these fragile flakes will not long last  
And that the earth will wake again someday  
To spring's warm touch.  
A furry cottontail contents himself  
With chewing on a tender root,  
Not dreaming of the wonderful, yet deadly,  
Menace of this white assassin.*

— Wilfred Faulkner, '54

## Spring Fever

I turned in a blank sheet of paper for my freshman English theme yesterday. So did Lucy Dollar. I despise writing themes more than anything else in the world. But I am infatuated with Lucy Dollar by the same measure of affection. Without a doubt Lucy and I could have conceived some idea and enlarged upon it to such an extent that our grades would not have suffered in the process. This thought never entered our minds, however. Our crime was entirely premeditated with complete indifference towards the ultimate consequences. A number of reasons had influenced our decision. But the primary factor that swayed our verdict was the fact that spring had finally made its annual invasion upon the campus. Who can conceive sitting in a stuffy classroom on a balmy, spring afternoon, listening to Doctor Forbes defining a split infinitive, when, at the same moment, one could be cavorting gaily across the awakening countryside with such an enticing young lady as Lucy Dollar? Not I, for one. One glance at Lucy's trim, chic composition and you would be forced to side with me.

Lucy and I left our blank papers on Doctor Forbes' desk yesterday afternoon before anyone entered the classroom. Then we hurriedly left the building and, hand in hand, skipped lightly through the warm afternoon sunlight towards the woods and lagoon which bordered the campus. For the next few hours an intransitive verb or a split infinitive was the thought most remote in either of our minds. Happily, we followed the familiar paths, pausing

every so often to enable Lucy to remove the cockleburrs from her hair. (I must confess . . . Lucy is rather short.) Then we would dart off again, dancing over a wooded knoll or dipping into a shaded glen. Finally we reached the edge of the small lagoon, its still waters reflecting the tranquility of the scene. Warily, we dropped to the ground beneath the spreading branches of a white pine tree, remaining in the same position for several hours, contentedly soaking up the natural beauty of our surroundings.

Finally the afternoon sunlight began to wane and gray shadows began creeping across the water's glass-like surface like searching fingers. Noticing that an army of red ants had begun to burrow into my pockets, I suggested that we should return to the campus. Because she had a cramp in her leg from sitting in the same position for so long, Lucy quickly agreed. Together we made our way back over the maze of twisted trails, finally emerging from the thicket at a point directly in front of the college administration building. Suddenly, I drew back aghast. Not more than twenty-five feet away, moving along the sidewalk towards us, was Doctor Forbes. Immediately realizing our predicament and the gravity of our being seen together, I hastily shoved Lucy headlong into a thick bramble bush, reducing her knit sweater to a twisted ball of yarn. I then assumed an erect position, thrusting my arms into the air, hoping that in the waning daylight, Doctor Forbes would mistake me for a budding cedar tree.

I scarcely breathed as Doctor Forbes drew even with me. Doctor Forbes was a tiny old man. He had skin like freshly tanned leather, a pair of beady, black eyes, and a small wrinkled mouth. He was bundled under a heavy, frayed topcoat and he carried a gnarled, hickory walking stick. He was conjugating a verb to himself. Suddenly he turned and clasped his weathered hands around my collar.

"I don't appreciate people who cut my classes and hand in blank themes," he barked shrilly. "What do you have to say for yourself, Mister Little?"

My mind seemed suddenly to have turned to a jelly solution. Quickly I stammered, "I'm sorry Doctor Forbes, but today I was overcome by the wonders of Nature, the awakening of the *terra firma*, the song of the birds. Doctor, spring hath sprung!"

"You seem to have forgotten your primary purpose for college attendance. Learning is the cornerstone of our civilization, Mister Little. Your books and your lessons are the tools with which you will mold your career. Never forget this, Mister Little."

I nodded my head mutely, visibly moved by the professor's oration. "I guess I never thought of things in that light before," I answered sincerely. "You have a good point there, Doctor."

He smiled smugly in satisfaction. Then his brow creased in thought.

"But you have a point, too, Little. By gar, you do! Spring! The song of the birds!" He began to shed the heavy, frayed topcoat. "Why, look at those two songbirds up there! And that boy and girl over there across the street!" With the youthful agility of an Olympic javelin thrower, he pitched his walking stick halfway across the administration building's lawn. "Young man, you do have a point. You've taught me a lesson." He turned to leave.

"And you, too, have taught me a lesson, Doctor Forbes. A theme hereafter shall become a source of pleasure for me. I shall grasp the task as a carpenter grasps his hammer."

Doctor Forbes rubbed his palms together briskly, nodded curtly, and then turned on his heel. "Good night, Mister Little," he called over his shoulder. Then he poked his head into the bramble bush. "And good evening to you, Miss Dollar."

Lucy and I truly learned our lesson yesterday evening. With firm intentness, we tackled our themes together. Upon our conclusion, we were justifiably proud of our efforts. So we hurried to our English class this afternoon with a swelling sense of pride and satisfaction. But our English class did not meet this afternoon. When Lucy and I reached Doctor Forbes' classroom, there was a small, white card tacked on the closed door. In small, black type, the inscription read: No classes today. Gone fishing.

— Joe Little, '57

## Bereavement

*The barren trees, bereft of leaves as I  
Of love, my silent comforters shall be;  
They, too, have felt the breath of death's chill  
sigh,*

*Have watched with helpless fury winter's glee  
In snatching, hurling far, its leaves, the gift  
Of courting summer past. My love, so gay  
With summer's bloom, fell withered 'neath the drift  
Of winter's snow. I, too, must death obey.  
Yet spring must come, the snows defeat; a new  
And shining crown of green the trees shall bear.  
Perhaps I, too, can conquer winter; strew  
Again my heart with love's sweet blossoms fair.  
For life and love die not with death. At last  
Renewed each tree and breast . . . with winter past.*

— Marilyn Seams, '55

## Why?

*The sun descends, unquenchable the frost,  
Too cold the bitter pain insues,  
Too far beyond flows sleep's eternal waves,  
And noble dreams lie far afield and lost.*

*Why beats the bird against the thistle's thorn?  
Why reels the wanderer under searing sun?  
Why waxes beauty's bloom amid the forest's glen?  
Who deems it be, who bids the shade be shade?  
And why does not the brave man cry aloud  
Nor silence keep the coward's way?*

*Again the frost consumes; the sleep it slumbers round.  
Against the lonely silent shore  
Too cold, too cold the waves dash forth,  
And noble dreams lie far afield and lost.*

— Janet Hall, '54

## Alone

*At last the roaring rush  
Of beating words  
Has fused into the hush  
That drifts towards  
The silence of a still  
And tranquil soul  
That waits alone until  
The aching hole  
Is filled with solitude —  
And breathes again  
A solitary mood:  
    Yet in the den  
Of restful soft repose,  
A crashing pain  
Destroys this mood and flows  
In blinding rain:  
And throbbing, thrashing thought  
Ignores my plea —  
For bitter loneliness has fought  
And conquered me.*

— Mary Huesman, '55

## Happiness

*What is happiness?  
Love and success — yes,  
    but more than that—contentment  
    of soul, deed, or thought,  
    carried through years  
    of suffering or strain.*

*It is a payment,  
a consolation,  
for a tired heart.*

— Janet O'May, '56

## The Wheel Turns

Tires screamed, brakes meshed, a dull thud jarred the air. And then it was gone, lost in the fog. The dark-like blotch near the curbing twitched once, then lay still . . .

Jim Malone struggled to disentangle his long legs from the bed-clothes, as his arm automatically but awkwardly shot out in answer to the persistent buzz of the phone by his bed. Picking up the receiver, he mouthed sleepily, "Malone speaking."

As the voice on the phone talked, the young intern listened intently, fully awake now, as experience had taught him he must be. In a moment, however, fighting a yawn, he broke in to say, "I'm sorry about the accident, Ryan, but I'm not on call tonight. You better go check your list again."

The phone bit back. Jim stiffened.

"Dukeman operating. Surgery B. Right."

Two minutes later as Jim left his room, buttoning his jacket as he went, he was joined in the hall by two of his fellows in a similar state of hurried attire.

As the elevator slid smoothly up, Stills sagged against the wall and moaned. "Three drinks of scotch, a fight with my girl, and Dukeman all in one night. It's too much."

In sympathetic silence, Jim eyed his friend.

Stills was right. Dukeman was a trial to work under, when you were at your best, — and even that was never enough. The man was merciless — uncanny, in his own ability.

Everyone hated his guts. Everyone worshipped his medical genius. He did the impossible, and he revelled in it.

Thinking on, Jim frowned. The case must be bad tonight to get Dukeman out. He took only the cases no one else would touch. One thing, about the man, he lived for his work. The millionaire flown to him from Europe, the charity case from the Bronx — both got the same kind of attention. Not as people, of course, but as problems for Dukeman to lick. It was funny about the kids though. He wouldn't touch a case if the patient was under twelve years of age. He wouldn't even sit in on consultation.

The elevator slid smoothly to a stop, and in silence the three young doctors entered the surgery dressing room.

Methodically, thoroughly, Jim Malone scrubbed. The door to the chief's room opened and closed. Dukeman was here. Three operations under him, and Jim had changed his specialty from obstetrics to brain surgery. Scrubbing away, he knew again a twinge of fear . . . Could he ever measure up? What did it take to be a great surgeon? Couldn't one be human, maybe love someone, feel sympathy sometimes, know fear? As far as anyone seemed to know, Dukeman had no past, no ties, not even a family.

Giving himself a mental shake, Jim switched his thoughts to the surgery coming up. The nurse, tying on his surgical cap, couldn't tell much . . .

"It is foggy out," she said. "The patient was struck by a car on North

Shore Boulevard, just two blocks from the hospital. She had a deep frontal head fracture. Beyond that," the nurse shrugged, "the x-rays are still developing. Her identity is not known. She is middle-aged and was well-dressed — was wearing what looked like a genuine Persian Lamb coat. If she had been carrying a handbag, it was not found."

The nurse opened the door; and head-bound, masked, gloved, and ready for surgery, the young intern walked into the operating room.

The merciless light of the reflectors beat down on silent, masked figures that worked noiselessly. Instrument tables were being rolled out. The x-rays were being placed for study. Packings, gauzes, sutures were waiting. The whole scene had a sterile, cold quality of efficiency, as the knowledge of science gathered its forces to make its fight for the still, broken figure being wheeled into the room.

Easily, smoothly, the patient was lifted from the cot and strapped to the operating table. Emergency had shaved that part of the head where the bone was uninjured; but the area that was supported by a splintered, crushed skull had not been touched, and grey, curling hair, matted with blood and dirt, covered it. The ether mask was placed, and the anaesthetist began to ease ether into the lungs of the victim.

Sharply the door from the chief's scrub-room opened, and Dukeman walked in. Without a glance in the direction of the patient, the great surgeon walked directly to the wall screen and the still drying x-rays shown there. Jim Malone, Stills, and Missions stood attentively behind him, awaiting the outline of procedure.

The injury, shown by the x-rays, was far worse than any Jim had ever seen. It seemed incredible that the woman still lived. There should have been a hemorrhage immediately.

Two, three, four minutes slipped by, and still the Chief did not speak. Only the sound of the patient, breathing through attached rubber lungs, filled the quiet.

Dukeman spoke. "Barring cerebral hemorrhage, we should be able to complete surgery. We'll remove this area, transferring it . . ." His voice went on, outlining the impossible, in short, quick statements.

The surgeon grew quiet. For one more minute he studied the x-rays and then motioning for them to be set up close to the operating table, he turned and walked to the patient.

"Is the patient under? Pulse? Blood Pressure?"

Even as he snapped the questions, his long sensitive fingers were sliding around the injured area. His hand closed about the tool extended to him and drilling accurately through the solid bone, he circled the concussion, and lifted out that part of the skull that was crushed.

Slowly, evenly, the minutes ticked by. One hour. Two hours.

"Pulse?" . . . "Blood Pressure?"

Three hours.

"Heartbeat fainter."

"Administer adrenalin."

Dukeman was doing the impossible, — the patient still lived.

Four hours. The breathing of the patient was short and choppy: Dukeman was hurrying. Perspiration stood thick on his forehead.

The minutes ticked by. The transfer was made. The injured part of the skull had been cleaned and taped, and reinforced with a small, silver disk. It lay ready to be clamped in place.

"Pulse, 67; blood pressure, 62."

Dukeman did not falter, or raise his head as he spoke, "Give adrenalin."

More minutes. Slowly — evenly. Time was so close, you could feel it move. The rubber lungs that swelled and collapsed — as the patient breathed — sagged, limp.

"Pulse—blood pressure are gone."

"Administer adrenalin straight into the heart."

The surgeon's hands flew. The skull was placed — clamped — taped. Surgery was completed.

One adrenalin shot. The patient did not breathe.

Methodically, thoroughly, Jim checked for life.

One minute — two minutes, and Dukeman spoke, "Take the patient away, — to the morgue. Come up to the office, Malone, to sign the death certificate with me, and tell the technician, I'd like the x-rays of this patient, for my personal file."

The doctor turned, and stripping his gloves from his hands as he went, walked swiftly, and efficiently into the scrub-room. No one spoke or moved until the door closed behind him.

As he left the dressing room some twenty minutes later, Jim noticed that the night was gone. Day had come, a dismal, foggy day, still clutching traces of the night within it.

Ignoring the elevator, Jim took the stairs. His legs were tired and cramped from standing. His head ached a little, and his stomach felt jumpy and nervous. The exercise would be good for him. He was always shaky after the hospital lost a patient. Dully he wondered if he'd ever seen death without flinching, without paying a certain price.

As Jim reached the first floor and stepped into the lobby, Dukeman left the elevator, and together they walked to the office.

"An unusual case," Dukeman commented. "You noticed how the . . ." He reviewed the strange facts of the injury. His voice was vibrant and alive. Vibrant after four and one-half hours of the most gruelling surgery Jim had ever witnessed.

Entering a small back room of the office lay-out, Dukeman sat down at a desk and pulled a death certificate toward him. "Get the file on this patient, will you, Malone."

In a moment Jim was back. "The file doesn't offer much, Doctor. They don't even know who she was. We'll have to sign it: victim unknown. The office will notify the police of her death and let the Missing Persons Bureau know. Probably, they'll take pictures at the morgue."

"She was wearing this ring." Jim studied the small object pinched between two fingers of his hand. As he turned it this way and that, it caught the light and reflected it sharply.

"The sale of this stone should more than pay the hospital and surgery expense. Looks like an inscription inside. It's kind of hard to read. O to — No — C. to H., January, 1934."

Why Jim turned to look at his chief, he never knew, for the man had made no noise. Dukeman's face was chalk-like in its whiteness as he stared with fear-filled eyes at Jim's hand. Noticeably shaken, he extended his hand for the ring. He seemed unable to speak — to find it difficult to breathe.

"What is it, Sir? What's the matter?"

Slowly the surgeon read the inscription and studied the ring setting. Holding it in one clenched fist, he raised his head to stare blindly before him. "Were there any scars on the body — marks of identification?"

"Yes, an appendectomy, and jagged mark of adhesion on the thigh.

The report says it had four spurs as though done by barbed wire. What is it, sir? Did you know her?"

The surgeon seemed not to notice. Haltingly he started to talk. "She went away ten years ago. She had a son, a child. He was thrown from his pony — severe head injury. The father wanted surgery. He had great faith in brain surgery. His wife was against it. Everyone was against it. The father won out. The boy died. She went away."

Slowly the surgeon raised his hand. Picking up the pen, he placed it on the death certificate. Placed it, and wrote, "Helen Dukeman."

— Marian Hull, '54

## Hail, Caesar

*Hail, Caesar! Eagled standards wave aloft,  
Trumpets herald conquest. Yes, all roads lead to Rome.  
No! no! no — the crown is not for me.  
Two-score and three sharp arguments  
convinced him soon of that.*

*Can pushing fingers yearn to yield?  
Does rock remain a rock for lack of ambition?  
Thumbs up, thumbs down. Human life is cheap.  
Ave, Caesar, morituri te salutamus!*

*Eagles soar high, kingly to behold,  
But when pierced, how far they fall,  
How terribly, contortedly they plummet.  
Who then is victor, eagle or archer?  
Eagles are always out of season.  
Thus winner is the plebeian;  
Roasted eagle is a rare repast.*

*All roads lead to Rome — and from it, too.*

— F. R. Paesel, '55

## Death Of A Korean Partisan

The pain should be getting worse, but it isn't. I have three hours and nothing comes but the all-forgiving snow . . . The snow is to the earth as soap is to dirt, God to the sinner, or as with me, an anesthetic to a miserable wound.

It falls steadily and quietly. The white hills about me seem feminine. They heave with a slow respiration. Is this the soft falling snow or is it the intoxication of the elements? I don't know. But the hills are not steadfast; they are rising and falling.

Corpsman, medic, scout — none are here, none will come. Soon this cold, white comforter will completely envelope me in gentle sleep . . . This is paradoxical to the point of humor. Death, I had imagined, would come to me quickly, loud, and crimson. This is how I lived; this is how I should die. But these falling flakes are slow and calm; they are subtle, silent, soothing; but most ironic of all, they are pure, white, and clean. This is not me.

Bars, brothels, "B" girls have been habitants and companions. This filth and corruption in which I have bathed cannot be wiped clean with this heavenly eraser . . . It would seem more fitting for me to die on a beach, on a hot sandy beach among bursting red shells, screaming men, and finally to fall and crumple into the moisture of the mechanically lubricated grit. Or better still, in a bar with a fat-lipped wench professionally draining my emotion and wage.

What have I done to be awarded this communicable, Christian departure? I don't know.

Coward that I am, my wish has always been to die quickly — painlessly to be sure, but with rapid expiration allowing no time for reverie, remorse, or repentance.

But here I lie. My life is trickling now, but flowing rapidly before, permeating my alabaster — no, not alabaster because alabaster is cold, lifeless, and hard; the sheets of my bed are warm, soft, and alive — repose with burning crimson. Near me it has melted its host and re-frozen in a pale-pink hue. Like a baby's "cheek". Ashes to ashes or baby to baby . . . kind of funny.

Were I to turn my jagged wound or unsheath my numbed hand from its casing, I could re-create the colors of my country in the fresher blood and snow . . . Would this symbolize my patriotism? I am already demented with the weather. Maybe that is good. But these are strange thoughts for a dying man.

Were my faculties intact, I could think rationally. I could discern my wrongs and beg forgiveness. This would be worse. Should I find myself tomorrow in a medicinally scented wardroom, I would curse my hypocrisy. But this is irrelevant. Were my faculties intact, I would realize pain. This is not irrelevant to a coward . . . Whoever is responsible for this, thank him for not taking me on oily sand. *Soldier, you're praying and you said you never would.* I won't.

The snow continues to nestle me  
deeper and deeper in her blanket.  
Soon I will sleep . . . Is this ironic?  
. . . the snow is . . . to a man damned  
with sensations . . . cold and uncom-  
fortable. Maybe that was meant to  
. . . maybe not . . . This is relaxing  
. . . restful . . . It's like a perfect

drunk . . . a three-day pass over  
Wednesday . . . Thursday . . . and  
. . . everybody falls out for revielle  
except you . . . Soldier . . . Pull up  
that dirty . . . brown blanket and  
smile . . . and sleep 'til noon . . . But  
my blanket is white and clean.

— Lee Pederson, '54

## The Merchant

*You'll find them in the usual place, my friend.  
Such wines don't move in this uncultured town;  
And I won't sell the sweetened swill they send,  
Or whiskey! Give me first a friar's gown.*

*But I won't starve. I've learned to forage well,  
And public buildings have their pigeons still.  
We soldiers all can live when living's hell,  
And find fresh herbs on any bloodied hill.*

*My wine lies here in plenty, that you see.  
The only thing I lack, excepting you,  
Is company, but that is given me  
In books. I find them wise and often true.*

*Yet voices are to mind as brandy to  
A sauce. Professor, stay. I'll smother us  
Some squabs and with my herbs I'll make a stew.  
We've wine, cigars, and much that we'll discuss!*

— Robert Frey, '55

## Chef de Cuisine

*He feels  
A patrician bottle of Niersteiner  
And a few cool peaches  
In a Wedgewood bowl  
Have some delicate savor  
Of morning's role.*

— Robert Frey, '55

## The Secret

*Deep inside  
Beyond the barriers  
    of hate and fear and pride  
Built by the years  
    to guard and to protect  
Lies, securely hidden,  
Where people never see,  
The real  
Me.*

— Frances Eickstead, '54

## Poem

*Time goes by;  
The future becomes the present —  
  the present —  
  the past.*

*Time goes by;  
The hands mark off the hours —  
  minutes —  
  seconds.*

*Eternity is still forever.  
Time goes by;           I live.  
Time goes by;           I die.  
Time goes by.*

— Frances Eickstead, '54

## Heredity

I was deer hunting in northern Wisconsin this past winter with my old friend Frank Bacci and a few other mutual friends. Each night after a full day of hunting, we gathered around the old pot-bellied stove in a room that smelled of pine. Each fellow related a hunting experience of his that he deemed particularly interesting or exciting.

Dan was telling us one of his experiences when he was interrupted by Al, who said, "Do I believe in heredity? Why, certainly! I've seen it done!"

Dan was sitting on the other side of the pot-bellied stove, and he was getting mad. This was our third day afield, and he still hadn't won an argument. But now he had Al cold, because when Dan wasn't fishing or hunting, he was a scientist. "Heredity," he said, talking like a professor, "is passing along traits from parents to off-spring. What do you know about it?"

"Plenty," Al began. "I was out with my 16-gauge when an old wild hog — a sow — came charging out of the woods. Now there I was with just bird shot facing a crazed old razorback with saliva dripping from both her five-inch tusks. She had a broad white stripe down her back that added to her fierce look. I cut loose with the No. 6's, but couldn't stop her."

"That's not heredity," Dan said. "It's poor shootin'."

Al paid no attention to him. "Lucky for me there was a molasses barrel in the clearing. I dived in and upended it over my head."

"Natural urge to self-preservation," Dan said.

"That sow rooted around awhile," Al continued. "Finally she turned around, and I grabbed her tail, pulled it through the bunglehole, and tied a knot in it. She couldn't shake loose, so she jerked the barrel off me and hauled it into the woods."

"Nothing but the homing instinct," Dan said.

"Hold on," Al said. "Next season in them same woods I heard something bumping against the trees. Out came the same old razorback with the white stripe down her back and that wild look in her eyes, the barrel still on her tail."

"To be scientific," Dan said, "that was . . ."

"Right behind her," Al cut in, "were seven little pigs. And every one of 'em had broad white stripes running down their backs and had little molasses kegs on their tails. That's heredity!"

Dan slammed another log on the fire. He shook his head, but he didn't say a word.

— Robert Nedry, '57

## A Little Learning

My heart was pounding like a trip-hammer as I raced up the library steps. Today I would catch that tall good-looking chap I'd been chasing, or I'd know the reason why! I peaked through the door of the large reading room. Yes, there he was just as usual, sitting at the longest table, reading from the largest book in the library — *English Poetry Since 1066*, Vol. 1. Ugh, how could anybody read such stuff! Oh, well, after he got to know me, he wouldn't bother with the *ancients* any more. For weeks I had been watching this handsome specimen of manhood poring over his books, and for weeks I had never been able to get him to say "hello." Up to this time I had always left him just as he was, and gone home in defeat. Today I was going to *make* him take notice.

I was dressed in my simplest frock. It was very sweet; not at all provocative — just the sort of outfit he would like. It made me look like an innocent country girl. He was one of those simple men who frowned upon the slinky, siren type of girl.

I wandered nonchalantly toward his table. At intervals I stopped and took a book from the shelves as though I were looking for something. Directly behind his chair, I found the book I wanted. It was nearly as large as the one he was reading and way up on the top shelf.

"Pardon me," I said, touching him lightly on the shoulder, "but would you do me a favor?"

He didn't move.

"I beg your pardon, sir," I said.

"Huh, well, what's the matter?" he asked, turning toward me with a nasty frown on his handsome face.

"I wondered if you would do me a little favor." I smiled sweetly down upon him.

"All right. What do you want?" he almost growled.

"That book on the top shelf. I can't reach it, and I'm afraid of the ladder. But I'm sure you could get it for me. You're so-o-o-o tall."

"Yeah, but I'm not ten feet tall," he grumbled. "Well, I suppose I'll get no peace until I get that thing for you. Where's the ladder?"

He got the ladder and climbed up for the book I had desired. "Is this it?" he asked, holding out the immense volume.

"Yes, that's . . . Oh, look out, you're slipp - -" Too late! Down he came and with him a large number of books he had grabbed trying to save himself.

"Oh, are you hurt?" I cried, looking down upon him as he lay sprawled among the wreckage.

"Of course not!" he answered sarcastically. "I always try to save time by coming down that way!"

"Shhhh!" came from all sides of the room.

That was too much; I could hold it in no longer. I started to laugh, harder and harder.

"Hey," he cried, tossing books in every direction as he attempted to rise, "it's no laughing matter!"

"Shhhh!" came again.

"I-ha-ha-know--ha-ha-ha-- but you looked so funny!" I almost shrieked the words and I couldn't stop laughing.

"Okay, then," he grinned sheepishly as he finally rose, "go ahead and laugh. I guess I must have looked pretty funny at that."

"Well," I said as I controlled my laughter, "I'm glad to see you've got a sense of humor; I was beginning to wonder if you were really the ogre you pretended to be."

"You'd be surprised," he grinned. "Say, here's your book. Humm, *English Literature, the Romantic Age*. Well, that's my favorite topic. Don't tell me you're interested in English literature, too?"

"Why, yes," I lied bravely. "It's my major in college."

"You don't say. Well, in spite of our forceful meeting we do have something in common. Which do you prefer, the Anglo-Saxon age or the Romantic period?"

"Why, ug---the Romantic age, of course."

"What do you mean—of course? I prefer the Anglo-Saxon Age myself."

"Yes, but--uh, you're a man. A woman naturally would prefer the more romantic poetry," I gulped. Oh, why had I ever said that this was my major? It was actually the one subject I had avoided in school because I disliked it so much.

"Oh, I don't know," he smiled. "I know someone who likes the Anglo-Saxon Age better. But tell me, who's your favorite Romantic poet?"

Oh, no! What could I say? I didn't know any of the poets. Suddenly a name came to my mind, "Poe."

"Poe?" he said with a rather startled look. "Oh, yes, Poe! And which of his poems is your favorite? I particularly like 'In Memorium' myself," he seemed to be grinning to himself but I was too frightened to notice. "It has such forceful lines."

"Uh-huh," I agreed. That smile was worrying me. "But let's not talk about me. What are your favorite lines?"

He was muttering something to himself. It sounded like "confusion worse confounded."

"Me?" he asked. "Oh, I like Pope best. He wrote so many quotable lines, like 'For fools rush in where angels fear to tread' or 'Honor and shame from no condition rise; Act well your part', (he grinned a huge grin) 'there all the honor lies.'"

"Yes, those are lovely lines," I smiled knowingly. He was beginning to fall. I could tell by all those nice smiles he was sending my way. I knew my plan would work! "Didn't he write these lines: 'Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow . . .' I've forgotten the rest." Some of my old high school training was coming back. I knew what I was saying now.

"You know, you're an amazing girl!" he said with a sweet smile. "I'd like to ask you a question."

Here it came! He was going to ask me for a date! I knew it; I could just tell!

"Go ahead," I encouraged him, knowing he would be rather shy about this sort of thing.

"Yes, well--Oh pardon me a moment, please." He walked across the room toward a tall, blond--bleached! --slinky siren-type woman who had just glided into the room.

"Hi-ya, honey," I heard him say. "Got supper ready?"

"Yes, dear, it's all ready," she answered in a soft, rich contralto

voice. "Now come home and eat it while it's hot."

"Okay," he answered, putting his arm around her as they started to leave. "Oh, just a second, dear."

He turned to me. "That question I was going to ask you—I wondered if you had ever heard this quote:

*A little learning is a dangerous thing;  
Drink deep, or taste not the  
Pierian spring:  
There shallow draughts intoxicate  
the brain,  
And drinking largely sobers us  
again.*

— Sally Meaders, '57

## Punch And Judy

*Laugh, Punchinello, jest, be gay!  
On with powder and the motley  
So Judy's lately flown away . . .*

*Foolish buffoon, to mirth make way  
The stage is set — they've paid the fee  
Laugh, Punchinello, jest, be gay!*

*You feel your heart must break, you say?  
Yet mask the cry — they clap in glee  
So Judy's lately flown away . . .*

*What, you stay so bleak, so gray?  
The clam'ring wolves you wish to flee  
Laugh, Punchinello, jest, be gay!*

*Your spirit be dead — Ha! on with the play  
Laugh, clown, laugh, no pity plea  
So Judy's lately flown away . . .*

*Alas you sob that it must be  
The world's more cold than fair maid's way  
Laugh, Punchinello, jest, be gay!  
So Judy's with Harlequin flown away . . .*

— Leona Obodzinski, '55

## Of Time

*Of time there are many reflections:  
Of its slowness, its rapidness,  
Of its sorrows, its happiness,  
Its powerful impression upon the minds of men.*

*Of time the draftee spends training,  
Of the time it takes to change his way of life;  
Thrown together with men  
Of every kind—every walk of life—  
Forced he is to share his energy  
With theirs—for the common cause of the united.*

*Of time he spends in the field  
Learning ways—to kill  
His fellow man,  
Firing his rifle, throwing grenades,  
Of bayonet drill, of other weapons;  
Of the time spent cleaning his equipment—attending  
The GI parties—Saturday morning inspections.*

*Of time he spends resting his tired body,  
Of time spent dreaming  
Of the future—of education,  
Of his girl—or wife; of home and children.  
Must all men take time—for War?  
Of time; Of time; Of time.*

— James Baker, '56

## A Winter Day

*Crest-grown corn stalks spear the slate sky;  
Dusty sparrows peck between ash-yellow rows of stubble;  
Great black crows circle the skating pond.*

*The crisp cries of skating children—  
The banter of boys building block houses of snow—  
The whoosh of red-painted toboggans on the hill—  
The splat of snowballs and the snuffle of ruddy noses  
Sing of winter.*

*Boots,  
Scarves,  
Mittens,  
Ear Muffs,  
Running eyes and freezing ears.  
Cold,  
Friendly cold.  
Cold,  
Harsh, freezing cold burns from finger tips  
to toes.*

*Chafing frozen, blue hands before the oven's glow,  
Sipping steaming cocoa,  
Designing stick children on moist kitchen windows.*

*To bed—  
To the welcome warmth of bath—  
To the caress of red-flannel pajamas—  
To the rich, rough-woolen blankets  
Which arrest the creeping cold.*

*Peeping through the frosted pane,  
Watching the darting, dancing moon-shadows on the pond,  
Slipping into the comfortable cave of blankets.*

*To sleep.  
Crest-grown corn stalks spear the midnight sky,  
And the great black crows circle the silent pond.*

— Lois Peterson, '55

## Haven of Summer

*The thousand sparkling diamond-like reflections  
Blind us as we swiftly glide along.  
The sunlight dances on the surface of the water,  
The wavelets shimmer in the bright haze of summer.  
Rhythmically, evenly, the paddles sweep  
Cleaving our way through the cool green tide.  
Dripping, dipping, they shed a veil of spray  
That soothes us with its cool caress.*

*I watch the interplay of force implied  
In strong, bronzed arms so evenly stroking.  
Man's power is there in his lean, tanned back,  
And I think he possesses a redman's skill.  
We glide along the shadowed shore,  
Then swerve, and head for the open expanse.  
Burning in the blazing summer sun,  
We careen the balanced craft and rock  
Till it rolls smoothly over and the water receives us.*

*Relaxed I sink, and the green roof closes  
Above my head. In sudden solitude, peacefully alone,  
I sense the quiet of the green world around me.  
An upward motion: I cleave through the surface  
And the brilliance of the sun-starred waves  
Is welcome, and the fresh warm air.*

*We cling to the overturned, drifting canoe  
And aimlessly float, lost in contemplation,  
Or murmuring a thought that is kindredly felt.  
At last, when the shore reclaims us again,  
We fall exhausted to the grass and recline  
Reveling in the warmth of the scalding sun.*

— Joan Kasten, '55

## The Glory Boys

Hank's gaunt face needed a shave badly, and the mucky clothing that clung to him seemed to fit into the countryside. He sat hollow-eyed in the mud wiping imaginary grit from his now spotless automatic rifle.

Pres pulled up his aching knee to relieve the pain and cursed. He cursed the world in general and the landscape in particular. As he gazed at the road, the water in his mouth tasted bitter, and he dropped his dented canteen.

Merph, the comedian, screwed his face in a smile, "Goodbye, cruel world, I shall sleep." He slowly closed his eyes.

Dave lay motionless, a picture of the girl he hadn't seen in two years clutched tightly in his hand.

The rest of the squad slept.

\* \* \* \*

"All right, you guys, get your gear together," the sergeant growled.

"Come off it, will yuh, we ain't slept for two days," groaned Pres. Hank picked up his rifle and kicked Dave into consciousness.

"Time for tea, sarge?" asked Merph.

"We hold that pile of rock and the road 'til the comp'ny gets out," said the sergeant emotionlessly. "If we can't get through to Air for some strafing and strikes, I'll see you where it's hot."

"Save me a shovel," someone yelled as they dug in.

Then down the road like an army of ants came dots that grew into men. There was even humming in the air, but it was explosives not wings.

"Save your ammo, save your ammo!" bellowed the sergeant. Hank's rifle became hot in his hands. Merph screamed and rolled over, grasping his middle. The firing from the rocks grew weaker. Dave staggered and fell from his precarious position. Pres jumped up to help him and was immediately slammed down with metal in his leg; he watched helplessly as Dave's body was riddled.

Then it happened. Suddenly there was a flash of light ahead—napalm, strafing! Air did come! The last of the first squad, Hank and Pres, yelled hoarsely.

\* \* \* \*

Hank sat hollow-eyed in the muck wiping imaginary grit from his now spotless automatic rifle. Pres pulled up his aching knee to relieve the pain and cursed. He cursed the world in general and the landscape in particular. As he gazed at the road, the water in his mouth tasted bitter, and he dropped the dented canteen. Merph, the comedian, screwed his face in a smile, "Goodbye cruel world, I shall sleep." He closed his eyes . . .

Dave lay motionless, a picture of the girl he hadn't seen in two years clutched tightly in his hand . . .

The rest of the squad slept . . .

— Thomas E. Hipple, '54

## To a Well-Meaning Teacher

*"Write," you say  
And write we may  
If we can find the leisure,  
But don't suppose  
Our hurried prose  
Will give you any pleasure.*

*"Read," you say  
And read we may  
At intervals of morning.  
You should expect  
Us to neglect  
Your well-intentioned warning.*

*"Learn," you say  
And learn we may  
If time and talent borrow.  
Feel no distress  
When we profess  
A reverence for tomorrow.*

*"Flunk," you say  
And flunk we may  
If praying has no powers;  
Yet bear in mind  
That we're confined  
By sixteen quarter hours.*

— Marjorie Knop, '54

### Triolet

*The fly is on the curtain  
And the swatter's in my hand,  
While the aim is judged for certain.  
The fly is on the curtain;  
The aim is not so certain  
With the swatter, there I stand.  
The fly is on the curtain  
And the swatter's in my hand.*

— Mary Margaret Blank, '55

## Progress

A ceaseless flow of babble came from the restless woman. A slovenly man lolled on another bench across the path, his eyes fixed out in space. Both seemed oblivious of the other's presence and of ours as we walked by.

... And now the nurse led us into the recreation center of the hospital. The walls were hung with drawings, some displaying amazing ability; but a mass of line and color was the most common expression of the patients. Ruffling through a set of drawings the nurse drew out three, each a likeness of a nun and created by a single person. An ugly distorted face in dark hateful colors with a

hammer-like figure lying across it was the first. The second was an exact reproduction of the first save for the less ominous but still unpleasant colors. A feeling of relief was afforded by the third. Warm yellows and browns sketched the natural though still unhandsome countenance and garb. The hammer did not appear. Saying only, "Creations of the babbling woman who six months ago would not utter a word," the nurse waited a moment allowing us to ponder the drawings which lay before us.

We moved on.

— Donna Hecht, '55

## Men And Trains

*Great trains rush forward all times of the night and day.*

*Great leaders of men do the same.*

*They may not be the greatest or wisest, but they suggest they are.*

*They tell others what is right*

*And make it sound like truth, and men follow.*

*The world says that those who bluff best and loudest may lead.*

*But*

*The switch engine helps them on their mighty way and stays behind*

*To help again and be a friend.*

— Mary Jane Ball, '55

## Stage Setting

When I sit at my desk and look out the window, there is before me a stage.

At a distance at the back of the stage are the cut-out props. The center silhouette is a tiny white playhouse of a home with three tall elms guarding it from the over-towering monster of a barn. The props on either side are clusters of lowly, snow-speckled evergreens bowed low in homage. Three-fourths of the way forward a long row of dead reeds contrasts with the snow-covered stubble. At the very front bunches of half-kneeling locusts rest silently with gnarled arms uplifted. In the spotlight the ballerina, poised on her right foot with her unseen left leg outstretched behind her, sways her dark brown arms slowly, rhythmically, hypnotically in harmony with the melodious accompaniment of the murmuring rustlings of the breeze and the clear, piercing twitter of sparrows.

Each act is illuminated in different degrees. In the first act a large yellow orb burns. The golden red glow

tints the edges of the silhouette, softening the stark brown trees, gently rouging the pale countenance of the farm house. The humble cluster of locust are blushing shy. Overhead the silvered gold is streaked as if the painter had employed a worn-out brush with jagged edges. In the second act the stage is flooded with light. The white snow is dazzling; the stubble and the bare patches of earth are flecked with golden tints. The shy little farmhouse is glowingly radiant. The backdrop is an unbelievably smooth, deep, robin's-egg blue as if the painter instead of painting stroke-by-stroke had dipped the entire huge canvass into a dye pot of brilliant golden blue. In the last act the light, dimmed, sets the mood for the tranquil restfulness of night. The snowy ground is blurred. The chorus of trees, the stubble of the ground, the ballerina — all are dissolved into a vague, soft blur of mist. Overhead a deep, fluffy darkness broods over the earth, enfolding it protectingly.

The curtain of blackness is falling.

— Shirley Jean McFarland, '55

## An Arabian Sketch

The room was dim and hazy. Through the haze the curled smoke of incense lay heavily on the air. The carpet was Persian, deep and caressingly soft to the sandled foot. Silence filled the room luxuriously. A long satin gown moved quietly on the carpet, paused and draped itself across a couch covered with blood red velvet. No spoken word

violated the silence, no word was needed, a lifting of an eye-lash brought everything a human could desire. The feel of the soft plush divan barely touched the skin and body draped in the soft satin. A sip of an ambrosia-like liquid brought complete passivity. It was exquisite — but oh! so dull.

— Kathleen O'Brien, '55

## Frankie

Frankie laboriously signed the letter thanking his Aunt Mabel for the tie she had sent him for his birthday and hastily shoved it into his mother's outstretched hand. Triumphant, she slipped the masterpiece into its awaiting envelope and sealed it.

"Thank you, dear. Now, that wasn't so hard, was it?"

The young boy's freckled face screwed up into a pained, agonized look. Next to girls, he hated ties, especially those which his aunt Mabel sent him for every birthday and every Christmas! He sat sullenly at the oversized desk, impatiently scuffing one worn tennis shoe along the rug.

"Aw, gee whiz . . . can't I go out to play now, Mom? . . . the fellas are waitin'."

His mother smiled. "All right, Frankie, but don't be late for supper."

He dashed toward the vacant lot where his buddies already had a game under way. In his haste he almost collided with Lucy Austin, who greeted him with a sweet "Hiya, Frankie," to which our hero muffled a half-hearted reply, as he galloped along the street. Girls! How he hated them! They were nothin' but pains in the neck. Why were they always gigglin' and makin' eyes at him and his pals? Didn't they know that boys couldn't stand girls? At least boys in their right minds couldn't stand them. His big brother Wes had always been an all-right

guy until he started going around with Janis Martin. Now whenever he was at home, all he ever did was mope around, as though he was half-sick, and talk to her on the phone for what seemed like hours. Wes was a tremendous fellow — played first-string basketball, had been tackle on the football team — why, he was a brother to be proud of, except he liked girls! Frankie was completely repulsed by this thought and showed it by making an appropriately ugly face.

Like his eleven-year old cronies, Frankie's first love was baseball. But he had several other interests. He seemed to get great enjoyment in messing up the living room floor with parts from his deluxe electric train. On Friday nights when Skinny Jim McBee came over to pick up his sister Carolyn for a date, Frankie loved to horrify his family by being on his very worst behavior, singing bloody cowboy songs, carrying on exhibition wrestling matches with the family collie, and showing off in general. Afterwards he always received a lecture from his parents; after all, they didn't want to leave a bad impression on Jim. Only Frankie cared nothing about what Skinny Jim thought. Skinny Jim was a sissy; he liked girls.

Life as it was for Frankie Morris was too good to last. Our freckle-faced hero was content to go on this way forever — loving baseball, teasing Carolyn's boyfriend, ruining the living room, tolerating Aunt Mabel's ties, and hating girls.

His world began falling apart at the seams one fine spring day when Buster McGracken, the toughest and most-pronounced woman-hater of Frankie's gang, actually smiled and said "Hi" to Saralea Shaw. The whole gang, Frankie in particular, was horrified. When they confronted him with his unforgivable sin, he only shrugged and mumbled, "Ah, girls ain't so bad!"

And the next day Buster McGracken walked to school with Saralea Shaw! After that, things began happening fast. Fatso Mulligan was seen talking and laughing with Anne Wood; Butchie Swanson asked Sally Parks to help him with a geography problem. But Frankie — stalwart Frankie Morris — would have nothing, absolutely nothing, to do with such sissified goings-on. It was a great blow to see all of his buddies desert him and go over on the enemy side. How sickening to see Buster, Fatso, Butchie and the rest make

utter fools of themselves over girls!

The fellas still played ball with him, but it wasn't the same as before.

One day after all the gang had disgusted him with all their talk about girls, Frankie, feeling sad and dejected, slowly moped along the street. As he rounded a corner, head down, feet dragging, Lucy Austin, with an armload of books, met him. She smiled, said "Hi" and continued on her way. Frankie ignored her—then did a double-take. His eyes followed her up the street. Gee, she surely had pretty hair, and what color were her eyes — blue or gray?

"Hey, Lucy, wait a minute: I'll carry those books for you!"

The little girl stopped, turned, demurely smiled, and waited as he hurried to catch up with her. And as he ran, he thought, "Maybe girls ain't so bad after all!"

— Dolores Dieken, '57

## Poetry

*It seems to me  
That poetry  
Ought to rhyme  
Occasionally  
Instead of going  
On and on and on and on  
And on and on  
Until you reach  
The end.*

— Jacquelyn Gerhardt, '57

## Maypole Dancing Goals

*Housewife idol clean house  
Quite dustless quite quite  
Bird perch living  
Model materialism  
Mosquito persistence of negatives  
(The cabbage shack by the railroad:  
Beautiful blasphemy of nonchalant sloven.)  
But we all have Maypole dancing goals  
And dance insipid circles  
And find severe satisfaction  
In goading them to our death.*

— Erwin Zipse, '54

## "Open Sesame!"

Words are like witches who hover over their cauldrons conjuring up sensations with which to entice or repel those who taste, feel, hear. A single word or phrase can lead man out of the here and now into a world not of the present, yet not of the past — a hazy world of vague remembrances, of dimly recalled tastes, feelings, sounds.

Red pepper, cinnamon balls, lemon, chili powder, horse-radish fill the mouth with a trace of the pungence that was once there. Weak tea and unsalted oatmeal bring back the insipidness. By suggesting chapped

hands, brick, sandpaper, stubble, rough objects are again indistinctly felt. By mentioning silk, satin, pearl the fingers lightly touch the smoothness felt so long before. Think of lullaby, coo, melodiousness. Dreamy soothing sounds pluck one out of the present into the vagueness of past noises. Screech owl, teeth gritting, chalk grating bring to the ear strident echoes reverberating from sounds past.

Words are the "open sesame" of the past.

— Shirley Jean McFarland, '55

## The Last Days Were

*It crept slowly out and down,  
Destroyed the lesser,  
Engulfed the smaller,  
Smitten! Smitten with fire,  
And the flame crawled on.  
Pens knew,  
Throats cried,  
"Destiny," some said;  
And then they were gone.  
Many bled,  
And the ground was gore,  
Men swore,  
And the darkness came.  
Some said peace,  
And died.  
But the many knew,  
For it had been said,  
And it did come,  
Harvest!  
Light!  
And the East was split;  
They saw — Him!  
As He said He'd come,  
All believed  
And they fell.  
"Too late," said a voice,  
And the many knew,  
For so it was written.*

— Wilfred Faulkner, '54

## The Cross

A few miles behind the front lines was a tiny, abandoned village, the remnant of war where partly demolished buildings stood like gravestones of a once prosperous life. It was a prototype of hundreds of other little hamlets that dotted the countryside. Occasionally the stillness was broken with the rumbling echoes of the advanced war. At the extreme edge of the town's battered thoroughfare stood a crumbling jail that housed the only remaining life. There, two American officers and the daughter of a local political leader were held by a communist guard until orders concerning their fate worked their way through the lines.

The inside of the jail was even worse than its sun-baked exterior. Its damp dirt floor turned into mud on rainy days that oozed from under the boots of the jailer when he brought the prisoners their rations. The two officers were in one cell and the girl, Rena, was in the cell at a right angle to them. Both of the enclosures were long narrow holes with bars extending from the ceiling to the floor. Through twenty-seven days of imprisonment the three had never been outside the jail cells, and the guard kept a constant vigilance over them.

The communist guard was tall and lean in structure unlike most Russian soldiers. His brow was always drawn in small wrinkles, and it gave his face a contemplative expression. His duties were performed methodically and his whole bearing seemed sad. In his movement there was a restlessness of spirit apparent. He watched them closely.

It was evident to them that escape was impossible unless one of them could get outside their barren cells. There were no windows in the cells and the walls were impenetrable without tools. The steel bars of their cells were perhaps the only part of the jail that survived time without any signs of weakening, and although they scratched and tugged at them in unguarded moments, they remained secure. After weeks of watching they had discovered no flaw in the guard's routine that could be enlarged into a plan. Finally it was Rena that devised a daring scheme of escape.

For the next month Rena avoided any communication with the Americans and concentrated her attention upon the young guard. Rena had a natural weapon — she was a beautiful woman. She had profound dark eyes set in a honey brown face that was bordered with jet black waves of hair. She had a grace and softness completely natural and the jailer warmed to her friendliness. Soon he spent long hours laughing and talking with her through the bars. Rena was careful, very careful; she didn't push herself but with little gestures and phrases she made the guard her prisoner. She found a hundred little things for him to get her so that their fingertips might meet. Nightly she sat and talked with him while she combed her hair with the comb he had gotten for her, and he watched with growing interest.

Rena made herself tantalizing! She was like candy in a window or what an unwatched fortune is to a thief to the man on the outside of the bars.

One afternoon the bars were removed, and Rena and the young communist stepped forth into the sunlight of the silent village. They wound their way over the hill that edged the valley of the town. The sun was warm and pleasant, and the sky was an unmarred blue over the wild flowers and grass that swayed on the slopes. After her dark cell Rena even forgot to watch for any chance to outwit her guard in her ecstasy. She stooped to pick a flower and from her neck swung out a chain with a tiny crucifix. Rena did not notice it until her companion reached for it, and then she stood up abruptly in terror. He stood there with the little metal image in the palm of his hand. Rena was held captive by the chain and by her dread of the communist's reaction to her badge of Christianity. Her eyes were fixed on his motionless hand a long time before she fearfully raised her eyes to his face. Then Rena realized he wasn't looking at her, but his gaze was centered on the object in his hand. Instead of anger his entire expression was relaxed and wistful! As he raised his glance and her eyes met his, he perceived her bewilderment. Gently he took her arm and set her down upon the slope beside him and commenced to talk.

"Once," he said, "I was not a communist. When I was a boy, I lived in Poland and went to the parish school. Then the Russians came. I was ten and they took me away from my home — I never saw my parents again — to become a member of their Children's Army. They taught me their hateful ways," he said bitterly. "I never got to be an enthusiast, and so they kept me in the lower ranks. Rena, they couldn't make me forget the lessons I had learned in the parish school and with the few prayers I have remembered I have always prayed to know the truth." He looked at her and continued, "It is you, with your love and your cross that God has sent to show me the way."

The tears were rolling down Rena's cheeks and she hid her face against his arm. He would never know. For the rest of her life she would love him so much that he would never guess her plan. Together they arose and walked back to the jail, and after a few explanations the four set out toward the American lines.

— Darlene Liles, '55

## Love

*Time will cure it  
Time will heal it  
Time will make it  
Sad or gay*

*Time will solve it  
Time will end it  
Time will make me  
Old and gray*

— Mary Kapovich, '56

## Be Still My Soul

*The mammoth bells sobbed—  
A sob for consciences clear,  
A sob for thoughts so pure.  
While the people bowed in reverence,  
The echoes died a lingering death  
Leaving the world in blessed peace.  
This holy music, created without discord,  
In perfect harmony—  
The faithful chorus of all time—  
Carried a tune to each and everyone,  
And yet to one alone—  
Alone among the congregation,  
Alone in reverie and prayer  
Diminishing to a sigh.*

— Gloria Schilling, '54

## Why, Oh Why?

As he thought back now, it seemed that the last half year had been one long struggle. It all began last winter when he awoke to find himself surrounded by white, everything white, from his nurse's cap to the light switch.

For weeks he couldn't even turn himself over in bed. After a while he began straining to move about so that he need not call for help every time he felt uncomfortable. Then one day, to his relief and the delight of the whole family, he managed to gather enough strength to turn over on his face.

He'd thought he'd relax like a gentleman of leisure and be satisfied with that much progress for awhile, but soon everyone was urging him to try to sit up. That frightened him. He felt top-heavy and insecure. After weeks of practice, however, he succeeded, and everyone rejoiced again. He didn't like to think about it, but he was sure the worst was yet to come, for just that morning the doc-

tor had said he would be walking before they knew it.

He decided not to worry about that just now, for at the present moment he must turn his attention to a problem that had been one of the most trying right from the beginning — eating. At first he had been so exhausted that he could hardly make himself wake up for the ordeal, and when he did, what did he get? Liquids, nothing more. What a disgusting diet for a man!

All this coaxing and wheedling at mealtime was more than he could bear. There it came again — "It's good for you. Just one more bite." She spoke almost in baby talk, in a whining tone that made him cringe from the soft spot on his head to the bottom of his bare feet. He spit it out! . . . Why, in the interest of common sense, do innocent six-month-old babies have to eat strained carrots anyway?!

— Lois Hofstad, '56

## The Forgotten

Have you ever heard the thunderous blasts of detonating bombs or ever seen the riddling effects of machine gun fire on human flesh?

*I have.*

Can you visualize the agony of the wounded or hear the curdling screams of the tortured?

*I can.*

Could you walk through the debris of mutilated bodies and smell the sour odor of blood and disease?

*I have.*

I have watched the human race drag itself down, foot by foot, through hatred and jealousy of neigh-

bors. I have listened to whispers of greed and revenge with vomitive disgust. And yes, I have snarled at those who seek power selfishly!

Where am I? I lurk unseen behind the shadows of war. I slink behind the march of ruthless dictators. I choke on food of ignorance, prejudice, and fear.

When will you see me, America? When will you hear my voice of contentment? Will you ever cease to destroy me with envy? What will tomorrow bring for me, the forgotten one . . . . PEACE?

— Ethel R. Blum, '57

## The Book

"Lookie, Joey; see what I got!"

"Huh? What is it?" Joey asked, running over to him.

"A book!" he said proudly, his face beaming. "I found it right here," he said, indicating the pile of rubble behind him.

"Aw, so what. What's an old book anyhow? There's lots better things you could find." Scoffing, Joey threw a piece of wood at a cat slinking along a broken wall. The wood was aimed too high, and broke the last pane of glass in the one remaining window in the wall. It tinkled pleasantly as it fell onto a pile of bricks. Joey grinned.

"I can read!" said the first one, whose name was Tom. "Mom taught me how. We used to have lots of books in our house." Tom was very proud.

"Didja?" asked Joey with little interest.

"Yeh. This one's called *War and Peace* by Leo -- Tol -- Tol - stoy."

"Who cares? Come on. Let's go play hide and seek." Dusk was settling, and the shadows from the ragged buildings cast long, jagged fingers across the mounds of debris. To the east, near what had been the center of the city, the sky was beginning to glow a dull, pulsating greenish-blue.

With a sigh, Tom threw the book back onto the debris and ran off down the shattered street after Joey.

"After all," thought Tom, "he's too young to remember the old world. He's only thirty-eight."

"Hey, Joey, wait up, will yuh?" he called.

— Roger Margason, '56

## The Man of the West

*Trees grasp breathless clouds . . .*

*Plains stretch grassy arms . . .*

*Reaching for*

*A man—*

*Strong and tall,*

*Rugged and tan,*

*White teeth sparkling,*

*Coonskin and buckskin.*

*He walks—and is*

*The West*

*Splattered on canvas with bright colors*

*Of dreams and illusions.*

*A man of destiny*

*Ah yes, but look beyond that legendary figure*

*To a man—*

*Weary and worn,*

*Weather-beaten and poor,*

*Plagued by "ills that Flesh is heir to!"*

*What more—*

*Can there be more?*

*Western man at war*

*With Nature and her child, Indian;*

*And as for Nature—*

*She tried through use of*

*Blistering summer sun*

*And blustery winter wind*

*To return man East,*

*From where he came.*

*But rather was not seen too much at all!*

*Though all who care to know*

*Are aware*

*Friend Indian rarely bit*

*The dust in droves as*

*Saturday's cinema relates;*

*But to no end:*

*The Man of the West*

*Was there to stay!*

*What now?*

*Are legend and fact*

*Perhaps mixed?*

*It's true.*

*The Man of the West is even more—  
A paradox  
Of aching sorrows:  
Discouragement—despair—  
Conforming to all rules of  
Society and  
Nature.  
YET  
Strength and optimism—  
An individual—  
A pilgrim of  
Democracy.*

—Mary Hrivnak, '56

## Man's Country

*The great chasms are eerily lit by the greens, blues, reds,  
and whites of the commercial signs;  
They flash and flicker their advertising messages to the  
unthronged streets;  
They cause ominous shadows to creep on the sidewalk and  
scurry up neighboring walls.  
Discarded scraps of paper careen along in the gutter;  
Together with the wind, they slink into an alley abyss,  
whimpering and rustling.  
The simultaneous click of the four changing stop signs of  
one corner resound in these valleys.  
The hiss of the tires and the ruck of the motor of the bus  
on its hourly run re-echo against the mountains.  
The asphyxiating fumes flow from the bladder of the bus.  
The frosty breath from the cavernous subway gaps impregnates  
the heavy air.  
Life is at its minimum.  
The city sleeps.*

— Mary Jane Olsen, '55

## The Wind

Once I saw a darkened sky heaped with angry clouds.  
I saw a blinding spark of light cut across the sky.  
I heard the deafening sound of rolling barrels  
Rumble from above.  
And in an instant, the whistling wind from nowhere came  
Pushing onward in all its fury,  
Destroying with the tremendous force of the devil himself.  
Swirling more violently with each new breath,  
It swept the ground of clutter carrying it high into the air  
Farther and farther away, then down again and upward again,  
Farther and farther away.  
Slowly, slowly with gradual ease the wind lessened its pace.  
Quietly, the clutter fell back to earth.  
Soon stillness prevailed.  
The rumbling barrels had rolled into the distance.  
A stream of white fluffy clouds circled the wide blue sky,  
But the wind was there, I know; I saw it.  
An old torn newspaper slid along the curb.  
I saw it.

— Mary Ann Kapovich, '56

## Thought

I don't know. Sometimes I just sit and I think and the little specks of thoughts spatter through me in a criss-cross pattern of consciousness. Sometimes I try to erase the lines but they are an endless circle with no beginning and no end and not even a middle. I am resigned to the labyrinth; yet I struggle with its puzzle.

And sometimes I don't listen, but it throbs against my brain as I try to escape from it and myself.

Dreams float and sometimes flood the labyrinth, but dreams have an ending and a beginning, and I can feel the throbbing again.

I am helpless. I reach out and grope, but there is nothing. It's a summer day; the clouds are resting on the stomach of the earth but I can't reach them to brush them from the sun. And I think that I shall scream because I try.

Or it is fog; my hand is empty although I grasp large handfuls of the dripping mist.

I don't know. Sometimes I know there is no answer, for there is nothing but that search for something.

The labyrinth is swelling; I fight it now — yet am tired of fighting. But when I turn to see it, I feel it holding me until I am nothing, too.

As I become a tool and a victim of it, I am not unhappy. The search revives and is everlasting as it leaps through the lines of the labyrinth. And yet I wait for something — but I know that it will be like the lilacs in spring. I wait and I wait and when I finally see them and smell them and touch them, they are already fading. Then they are dead. I don't know.

— Mary Huesman, '55

## Rain

Drops of water splash into little puddles in the center of the black asphalt road, slide silently off the green oak leaves in the quiet woods, or drip off the roofs of the lighted houses.

Rain begins simply but impressively. The dark clouds seem suddenly to invade the sky blotting out the sun and that bright blue curtain which surrounds the earth. Darker and darker it grows — a deathly stillness begins to grasp all people and objects. The very air itself seems to have become stagnant. Then sometimes quietly and sometimes heralded by thunder and lightning, the storm breaks.

The drops patter gently when they first begin falling. The storm gathers intensity. More drops. Quicker and quicker they come. The trees and shrubs stand expectantly with their branches upstretched to receive some of the life-sustaining water. The

buildings glisten as the rain bathes them.

All the beauty of the earth — Nature's beauty and man-made beauties — waits and looks forward to the cool, gentle rain. People alone seem to hurry along. Covered with coats on which the drops stand out like so many precious gems, they lift umbrellas over their heads, hug their bundles tightly to them, scurry along on their way, skip around little puddles — very anxious to get out of the rain.

They scoot into their respective buildings and do not come out. They sit down feeling snug and comfortable — missing all the beauties of the earth in the rain — the dripping of the drops as they hit the window behind them, the water gliding off the oak leaves in the quiet woods, and the drops splashing into the puddles which gather all around.

— Helen Licking, '54

## Strip Mine

*I stand on the brink of a wind-swept abyss.  
Beneath the lurid sky, great monsters creep along  
With iron teeth bared to lay open the earth's black  
and shining heart.*

*The earth lies gutted.  
Its yellow entrails choke the sluggish river,  
And its vital substance stains the limpid waters  
Where just a little time ago  
Was mirrored the reflection of Autumn's many-colored leaves  
And summer's sky of misty blue.*

*Surely I here behold a sacrifice fit  
To pacify the insatiable appetite  
Of the great American god, Industry.*

— Jacqueline Logan, '56

## Second Chance

"Nothing is right today. In fact, nothing has been right for so long a time. There are so many things I want, so many places I want to go and see. Why wasn't I born with money? I never seem to be happy any more. Life in general is such a bore." So ran Eileen's thoughts that misty, chilly day in December. Her mother had driven up to State U to take her home for the Christmas holidays, and now Eileen was at the wheel driving along in silence mulling over in her mind the happenings of her first months of living away from home.

She liked the new feeling of being a little bit independent; but no matter where she was or what she was doing, she just wasn't content or satisfied. There was always someone who had a suit or a dress that was prettier than hers. She had friends whom she visited often, but she'd never take them home with her for fear they wouldn't find her home quite as comfortable or modern as theirs. Another thing which bothered Eileen was the fact that neither of her parents had gone to college as had those of the other girls; and so she was just a slight bit ashamed of them, though she seldom admitted it even to herself. Now, as she glanced out of the corner of her eye at her mother, Eileen thought, "Mom is looking a little dowdy lately. She used to have such beautiful hair — but look at it now — all grey, almost — and her skin even looks old. I hope I don't let myself go like that when I get to middle-age — I —"

Just then, as they were ascending a steep incline in the highway, the car hit a small patch of ice, scarcely visible to the eye. Eileen felt the car

lurch and tried to avoid skidding; but before she could think, it crashed through the guard rail as though it were a toothpick and tipped over the forty foot embankment.

For the next two seconds her ears were filled with unforgettable noises. The sound the car made as it rolled down the hillside over on its side was nothing like the crash and grate of metal against metal made when two automobiles collide. This was a thudding, crushing sound as it must be when the heavens fall down around your ears. Eileen felt as though she were in a giant mixer as she saw flashes of gloves, purses, and other things which a second ago were lying on the seat behind her go flying past her eyes.

The voice screaming "My God! my God! not now" must have been her own because she could feel her lips move and then she heard herself scream, "Mother!" The car plummeted over one more time with an agonizing roar and clattered to a stop. She reached out her hand for her mother. She wasn't there. A pain shot through her chest and the blue-green fog closed around Eileen like a turbulent whirlpool. She seemed to rise out of herself and float above the ground for a moment; then she settled back into the blue mist of nothingness.

Now, after what seemed a thousand years, Eileen began to hear sounds again — sounds peculiar to hospitals — the opening and closing of an elevator door, a cart being wheeled down an empty corridor, a baby crying somewhere in the distance. The odor of ether was drifting in from the hall. She didn't like it. It made her head hurt more

than it already did. Little by little her senses came back to her and her body felt as if it belonged to her once more. She moved first one arm, then the other, one leg, then the other. Her side hurt a little when she breathed, but otherwise she felt passably well. Her brain was foggy and she felt as though she were in a vacuum. The last word she had spoken before she blacked out still echoed through her mind — "mother" — now her mind was really beginning to function. "Mother, she *must* be all right!"

She couldn't quite make herself call out yet, but fear swept through

her as it does when you know someone you love very much is in danger. Along with this fear came shame for her own twisted sense of values and of her critical, selfish outlook on her home and family. "I've put things before people. God, forgive me and let Mom be all right," she said aloud.

"Are you awake now, Sis?" Eileen turned her head to the sound of the voice and opened her eyes wide for the first time. She looked into the anxious face of her mother who stood beside her hospital bed.

"Yes, *wide* awake," she answered and smiled.

— Joyce Wetzell, '55

## Boredom

*Boredom abides*

*in an unloving spirit,  
in a self-absorbed mind,  
in a godless heart.*

*It feeds*

*on petty thoughts,  
on careless words,  
on unkind deeds.*

*It cowers in the light of a tender smile.*

*It dies from the touch of a loving hand.*

— Lois Hofstad, '56

## Loneliness

*Loneliness is a hoary beggar  
Stretching out gaunt wrinkled hands,  
His watered, old eyes wearily imploring passers-by;  
A timeless oak tree—its familiar niches  
And comforting frame  
Torn and felled by a coldly oblivious streak of light;  
The haunting desolation clutching the heart  
Stifled in a crowded, smoke-filled room.*

*Loneliness is a child's hushed whimpering  
A wordless plea—a little thing loved and lost;  
The startling screech of an ambulance siren  
Screaming a discord of ominous warning;  
A bridge in the distance buried in midnight mist;  
A shapeless form, a flash of light—the footsteps fade  
And all is mist again . . .*

*Loneliness is a melancholy melody awakening memories  
When the ghost of time forgotten is freed to haunt again  
The dried, brittle leaves of yesterday's spring  
Like tears for a summer love too soon dead  
Diffusing the insensate winds—wanton and unheard—  
The surging, majestic wave that roars to its craggy doom  
And splinters into surf.*

*This is loneliness—all  
Transient feeling—not mine!*

*My loneliness is a mute scream—  
A cry that can never be voiced;  
An endless sea of memories—  
Where drifts my derelict soul;  
An elegy for a dead heart,  
A symphony of forgotten, broken dreams—  
This is my loneliness—mine forever.*

— Leona Obodzinski, '55

## Requirements For Graduation

*This will surely be my doom;  
The end I'll never reach.  
I could take a million courses,  
But I cannot student-teach.*

*Lesson plans and units  
Keep me up so very late,  
And the students in the classroom  
Have me worn by half-past eight!*

*"Let the children have their wishes,"  
I have learned through my four years,  
But I can't stand fifty voices  
All shouting in my ears.*

*They are ordinary creatures—  
No animals or kings—  
And I love them for their youthfulness  
And a dozen other things.*

*But why can't they appreciate  
The finer things in life?  
And give their student teacher  
A smile instead of strife!*

— Marilyn Seidemann, '54

## The Birth of Dawn

*The mountain stood in all her majesty.  
She yawned.*

*The sky gave birth to dawn.  
She slipped from her shoulders  
The velvet veil of night,  
And donned in its stead*

*A morning cloak of varigated pinks.  
She called to her valleys.*

*They awoke.  
Life stirred in the golden grain fields.  
Noise rose from the market places  
All joyous with the new day.*

— Mary Jane Olson, '55

## A Restaurant In Tacubaya

In Mexico City during the summer of 1952, we used to go for a late evening snack at a typical shabby restaurant in Tacubaya, the poorest *Colonia* in the city. Standing on the bare foot-trod sidewalk, Pepe, Javier, and I looked in upon a typical small Mexico City shop. There was no entrance that Americans would recognize, but a corrugated overhead steel door formed the front wall, sliding up during business hours to afford hungry passers-by an inviting view.

About ten o'clock at night the three of us would arrive; then the cornmeal *tortillas* and sharp, tasty *tacos* simmered on the jet-black grill, centered right in the front of the store and opened directly onto the sidewalk. As we stepped over the four-inch cement door-jam which closed out the trickling muddy water of rainy season, bright, unshaded bulbs glared in our eyes. On the

right, small wooden tables and chairs with chipped white enamel tops and wobbly grey legs stood dingily; on the left was a short, high counter behind which refreshing bottles of pop were kept on ice. Against the back wall, a dilapidated old General Electric refrigerator grumbled intermittently.

Finally, the waitress, daughter of the couple who owned the store, brought out bowls of hot, piquant *pozole*, a native soup which we garnished with burning pepper sauce. Even though the boiling soup singed our tongues, we enjoyed the delightful little treat.

As we left, a dry, lifeless odor filled our nostrils. It destroyed beyond recall the pungent atmosphere of juicy beef on the sizzling skillet, of tiny kernels of golden corn in the soup, of drifting cigarette smoke in the air.

— Calvin Smith, '56

## Le Sacre du Sauvage

*Fire-flashing birds tantalize a weeping tree;  
Fragile temple bells flicker mistily.  
Calmly swaying, the jungle waits  
And, amid profound twilight, meditates.  
Subtle beats pulse, knowing slow unrest,  
Calling strange desires and fearing lest  
The melody cease.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*In the dimming gloom  
The strength of sinuous bodies  
Whirls and glides.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Before a laughing fire, beating back the night,  
Graceful wildness flows, warming the light.  
Shadows leap convulsively in frantic union  
With throbbing drums. The ritual has begun.  
In ceremonial flame glides the unknown god  
To the thunder, the wild gasping frenzy  
Of quivering throats.*

— Carol Gardner, '53

## Sensitivity

*Today I wrote a bit of verse.  
I thought it pretty, smooth, and terse.  
I showed it to my friends and teachers,  
Sang it to the woodland creatures.  
When I returned, tonight, to bed  
I savored what these folks had said;  
I found that each one took a part,  
Found flaw, and then destroyed the heart,  
Leaving here alone with me  
The particles, no poetry.  
So after this when I compose  
Sonnet, doggerel, or prose,  
I think I'll hide it on a shelf  
And then enjoy it by myself.*

— Lee Pederson, '54

