

The

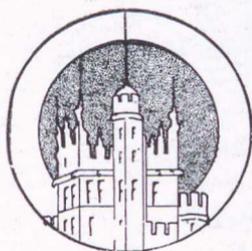
TOWERS



1949

The Towers

*Presenting the Work of Students
of
Northern Illinois State Teachers College
DeKalb, Illinois*



VOLUME V

Published

by

Xi Delta Chapter of Sigma Tau Delta

MAY, 1949

SIGMA TAU DELTA

Dr. Maude Uhland, Sponsor

Carla Haynes Bublitz	Henrietta Sagalow
Gordon Dahlgren	Dolores Scott
Sylvia Hamlin	Clifford E. Southard
Marjorie Hinkle	Helen Staubli
Marjorie Mann	Irving Tebor
Marilyn Morgan	Virginia D. Wahlstrom
Mildred Olson	Milt West
Frank Ross	Tom Woodstrup

Jean Wright

Dr. E. C. O. Beatty	Dr. John R. Hains
Mr. J. Hal Connor	Miss B. Mae Small
Mr. Paul Crawford	Dr. E. Ruth Taylor

Foreword

Sigma Tau Delta, honorary National English Fraternity at Northern Illinois presents this publication as its contribution to NI's Golden Anniversary year.

A person who writes sincerely, who expresses what he sees as truth, and who holds high a regard for presentation, style, and design has earned the right to have his work appear in print. With this idea in mind, Sincerity, Truth, Design, Sigma Tau Delta has gratefully received the material so generously contributed by you, the student body, and from it offers selections for your approval in this, your magazine.

It's that time of the year again!

It's Spring! It's May again!

It's the time when all things burst forth new again!

It's — *The Towers*.

FRANK ROSS

Editor-in-Chief

May, 1949

Table of Contents

Towers, <i>Jean Hubbard</i>	7
We Who Follow, <i>Tom Woodstrup</i>	8
There is a Wall, <i>Corrine Johnson</i>	9
The Mirrored Reflection, <i>Carla Bublitz</i>	10
To a Baby Tulip on March 1, <i>Mary Landis</i>	11
Adventures of a Self-Styled Scholar, <i>Marilyn Morgan</i>	12
Snowflakes, <i>Norma Rockow</i>	13
Arms Upraised in Brotherhood, <i>Harold Meier</i>	15
Season Symphonies, <i>Richard Jones</i>	15
A Reverie, <i>John Aquino</i>	16
Kish, <i>Gordon Dahlgren</i>	16
Perfect Love, <i>Donna Smale</i>	17
My Earliest Recognition of Beauty, <i>Carol Kramer</i>	17
A Debatable Question, <i>Irving Tebor</i>	18
Farewell, Youth's Joy, <i>Mildred Olson</i>	19
Fancies, <i>Robert A. Kauth</i>	20
Betrayed, <i>Frank Noble</i>	21
I've Often Wished, <i>Jean Hubbard</i>	22
Neal, <i>Gordon Carlson</i>	23
A Toadstool in the Fireplace, <i>Marjorie Hinkle</i>	24
Lovers, <i>Al Artz</i>	25
The Neighbors, <i>Henrietta Saglow</i>	26
So Long, <i>Marion White</i>	28
The True Friend, <i>Willys Wuest</i>	29
Incident, <i>Frank Ross</i>	29
Souvenir, <i>Harold Meier</i>	30
Medea, Portrait of a Tortured Soul, <i>Helen Staubli</i>	31
College Avenue, <i>Lois Stangley</i>	32
Rebirth, <i>Mildred Olson</i>	33
Too Late, <i>Jacqueline Warner</i>	33
The Brooch, <i>Gordon Dahlgren</i>	35
John's Electric Shop, <i>Patricia Liikala</i>	37
Jazz, <i>Al Artz</i>	39
This is My God, <i>Robert A. Kauth</i>	40
The Galveston Fishing Port, <i>Robert Speights</i>	41
An English Student's Psalm, <i>Lupe Ponce</i>	42
Ode to a Republican, <i>Dale Gould</i>	43
Maybe It Was the Spring Air, <i>Anthony R. Jedlicka</i>	44
The Voice, <i>Corrine Johnson</i>	46

Towers

*Through fifty changing years you've
watched*

*The many students come and go;
Could you but tell what you have
seen,*

*What joys, what sorrows we would
know!*

*Here in our little world of books
Each trying problem that we face
Seems insurmountable to us;
Still you, from your exalted place,
But smile, and think of other years,
Of other problems just as ours
And other students' smiles and tears.
Before we leave you, teach us of
The power of Time; while we are
here*

*Help us to live for joy and truth
And know that life can hold no
fear.*

— JEAN HUBBARD, '50

We Who Follow

(Reprinted from Special Memorial Issue for President Adams, *Northern Illinois*, December 16, 1948)

Footprints in the snow. I wonder
whose?

They look familiar. Should I
follow?

Where will they lead me? To a
place unknown?

They seem to be made by one in
determination; one who has
walked alone.

His steps are large, a size much larger
than mine.

His stride is longer, too. I wonder.

His path is straight; each print
planted firmly.

Where was he going and why?

Placing my left in his and my right
the same, I will follow.

But it is no use, they do not match.

Two patterns of different sizes.

What's this, our pace is slowing.

Are we going to stop?

What did he see? He must have
doubted. But no —

He continues on. Then again he
lessens the stride.

Was my leader confused? The trail
does not waver; he keeps on.

There were secrets hidden in the
snow. I wonder.

We had climbed a hill; but unlike
most men, he did not stop to
reminisce

Even though he knew the rest of the
way would be descending.

The footprints were not so firm, but
just as straight.

Off in the distance, I saw a figure.

Maybe —

Yes, it is—it's he! "Wait, wait for
me!" I cried.

The winds were blowing and he did
not hear me.

He approached the stream, so I
hastened to him. Too late.
He had passed over and would I
have followed had it been my
Time.
I hung my head. The snow was
getting deeper.
Behind me, his imprints were fading
into the past.
I would remember. But here I must
not stop.
I must walk on.
This time the footprints would be
my own;
The direction would be my own;
the pace my own.
Where was I going and why?
Would I, too, stop on the way?
Would I have doubts?
Would my stride sometimes lessen
or my trail waver?
There are secrets hidden in the
snow. I wonder.

— TOM WOODSTRUP, '49

There Is A Wall

There is a wall within my soul,
And I am puzzled, for I see
Each heartening effort, every goal,
Smashed before it can be free.
Some things must fly,
Take roots and live,
Love and cherish, breathe — defy
The mortar of a wall to give
A tortured soul quiet peace.
Yet still its side is very steep,
And I but shudder when doubts
increase
My anxious fears, and though I weep,
I know that in this place I hide,
And shall not see the other side.

— CORRINE JOHNSON, '52

The Mirrored Reflection

CARLA BUBLITZ, '50

Mary sat on the bridge and dangled her feet out over the water. The sun coming through the trees on the opposite bank cast dappled shadows on the mirror-like surface. Looking down into it, Mary saw her own reflection.

"You know," she mused, "it's funny how your face can hide the real you that's underneath. I don't look any different than I did four years ago, yet I am different. Four years ago I was a freshman in high school — and a shy, scared little freshman at that. I had always been rather quiet and shy, and meeting people had never been easy. The first part of that year was hard. I made new friends, yes, but the process of adjustment was slow. It must have been sometime during my sophomore year that the first big changes in me began to be made, because that was the year that I met Pat, Jeanne, and Ellie."

Mary paused a while, her thoughts skipping back to the good times she had had with these three and the rest of the gang from Lansing. They had been what she needed, Mary reflected, because they were all so unlike her. They were the leaders — the gay, self-reliant, popular gang in school.

"Being with them made me more self-reliant, too. The change was slow — big changes just don't occur over night — but soon I found myself meeting people, doing new things, and enjoying it all. As they grew up, so I grew, too, borrowing some of their good characteristics and making them mine. They were the first important step toward the transformation of the "old me" into the girl I just saw in the Water's mirror.

"The second important step came

with my first job. I was 'scared', just work in a store before. What right had I to think I could make a good saleswoman? The first day of my job soon came, however. I was so busy plain 'scared'. I hadn't ever done any all day that I hardly had time to think, but I knew one thing. I loved my job! It was actually fun, seeing all those new people. Each one was an experience; no two were alike.

"So all through my junior and senior years the metamorphosis started by my friendship with Pat and the rest of them and it progressed rapidly in its growth by my increasing self-reliance as my job continued. Now it was actually fun meeting new people and doing new things! Then came graduation day."

Here Mary smiled reminiscently. That had really been a milestone. It meant leaving behind her old friends and everything with which she had grown familiar. The preceding four years had given Mary something, though that enabled her to look ahead without as many fears as she had felt before she entered high school. She was afraid a little, but this time she was also excited about the new life in college that she would have.

"I hated leaving Pat because I still depended upon her and thought that now I would be all alone in college." Mary continued to reflect. "It's funny how those fears usually work themselves out, though, because when I got to college I did find another Pat. She was my first roommate and ultimately became the third important milestone in my journey from shyness to greater self-confidence. I wonder just what my life here would be like now if Jeannette hadn't started me

out right. She gave me the added push I needed to do so many things. Yes, I've been lucky. Whenever I've needed help, there has always been someone around to give it, someone to show me the way. I'm all right now; I'm no longer the shy little girl that my friends knew in high school. I've grown up and matured much in the last couple of years. There's a long way to go yet, but I'm going to make it. Maybe someplace along the way I can be a Pat or a Jeannette to someone that needs one."

Slowly a leaf carried on the light breeze floated down to the water be-

neath Mary's feet. The tiny ripples it made brought the girl back to the present, and she smiled suddenly.

"To think that a reflection in the water could have started me thinking all this! Sometimes I think it's good, though, to look into the mirror of the past as I have today — not to watch your reflection there all the time but just to take a glance occasionally. It's fun seeing the changes people and events can make. Who knows but what another four years from now the face that I will see reflected then will hide still 'another me'."

To a Baby Tulip on March 1

*You stand in a cardboard pot from
the dime store,
In soil that's not earth soil at all,
And breathe baby breaths on the chill
window pane —
And clap your hands and say,
"It's Spring."*

*You came too early; you cannot stay
But you brought love when you came
Standing there in a cardboard pot
laughing softly,
Clapping your hands, telling
"It's Spring."*

*How sad, we say to die so young,
Never to know the warm south breeze
Or the gentle falling rain a tulip loves
so much.*

*But you clap your hands,
whispering "I live, and it is
Spring."*

— MARY LANDIS, '52

Adventures of a Self-Styled Scholar

MARILYN MORGAN, '49

You know, it's remarkable how much knowledge a person accumulates in the freshman year at college. I was amazed at myself. One short year before, I had thought Ibsen was a town in central Germany and recognized one of Chicago's nightclubs as the only "Ivanhoe" I had ever known. But here I was, after one year of writing weekly literary gems (unimaginatively called themes) and a personally forced introduction to the "Stray Birds" of Tagore, simply brimming over with the wherewithall to rock the literary world. With typewriter, an acquired Shavian vegetarianism, invented eccentricities, and hoarded Sunday Literary Supplement, I went home to the proletariat of the intelligent circles.

I thought at the time that Fate had created in the situation that existed here, never forgetting for once my capabilities, an ideal situation. I had been worried on my arrival home as to what to do with this acquired wonder that was mine, in what way a person so endowed might best serve the world and humanity. As I sat on the porch, intelligent head resting on egotistical palm, bandying the possibilities back and forth, I realized that I had an audience.

There were two potential disciples, miniature size, female variety. They were both blond and I judged them to be about four and six years old. In due time the larger child, seeing that they were to get no action from me, said simply, "I'm Polly". The little one chimed in quickly with, "I'm Pammy"; and then, just as if they had rehearsed it for weeks, together they said, "We're name is Jones".

Just like that it all became very clear to me. In other summers, other

years, might come the "Dissertation on the Writings of Petrarch" and "Don Quixote: the Literary Symbol of a Decadent Age": those things could all come later. But here before me, I was sure, stood an opportunity for a person rich in experience, background, and desire to do good (namely, me) to really make felt this contribution to the world.

Anxiously, I leaned forward and asked, "What did you say?" And they repeated, "We said that we're name is Jones".

Relieved, I sank back into the chair, satisfied as one who has heard the call and sees the road to service stretched out plainly before him — I would spend my time and talent for three long months bringing to the tender minds of these undeniable Joneses an appreciation and an ability to handle with less violence the language of their culture. I am sure my compatriot, Joan of Lorraine, felt somewhat as I did at that moment when she gazed for the first time on the vacillating dauphin.

I shall never forget that summer and how wonderfully satisfied with myself I felt. With religious regularity I gave up afternoon movies and swims in favor of grammar lessons for my neighbors. And how they loved it! Well, perhaps I shouldn't say that: they didn't always look as if they were listening; but then, I suppose one can play with a turtle and listen at the same time. At least I'm sure they must have been able to because it was only after a week of drill that they began to respond with surprising regularity, "Our name is Jones". The day they introduced themselves that way to a visiting friend of mine I shall always remember as the highlight of my career.

September came and it was almost time for me to go back to school. Polly and Pammy were as blue as I was; the experiment had not been as successful as I had hoped — although we did make great strides — but it had been fun. At our last lesson, philosophically, I almost said, "All good things must come to an end"; but then, regarding a cliché as inadequate in a relationship on such a high plane, I merely said, "Come on down to the store and I'll buy you a popsicle." Popsicles seeming to be the mad passion with the younger set, they agreed.

A few minutes later the three of us sat out at the side of the house, me with the hose aimed at a car very dirty from summer dust, and Polly and Pammy each with a green popsicle. Feeling very magnanimous and a little nostalgic even, I gazed at the two blond heads almost with affection. The afternoon was quiet, and lazy companionship was a good way to end our hours together. The feeling of well-being increased until I had myself convinced that no two other children could have responded as well to the course.

Wanting to say something to show them how I felt, and yet afraid to lower myself from the position of authority, I said, "Your tongues are green."

I tell you, that got more of a rise

out of them than nouns and adverbs ever had. They initiated an informal move to see how green the tongues could be gotten, and punctuated their efforts with green blasts of flesh at me and strangled syllables that sounded vaguely like, "How is it now?" At last both popsicles were eaten and they approached me arm in arm, tongues extended, and the question from Polly that has led me to think of disowning the human race. Twelve weeks of effort flew lightly out the window as she looked blankly at me and said, "Which one is the bestest?"

Grasping at my self-control, I said, "Polly-Polly, you didn't mean that, you couldn't have." And a hurt Polly turned quietly away. As my world crashed around me I heard little Pammy laugh, wrinkle up her nose, and look at me with sympathy as if Polly were some special type of midget brain. My spirit revived, mental arms embraced the four year old who stood before me, and my faith in human nature was restored. I had always considered Pammy as far superior, anyway, and so now I gazed on her with open affection as I gently asked, "What should she have said, Pammy?"

Her reply? Not — "Which one is the bestest?" Oh, no, naturally not, Pammy was always so superior. She said, "Which one is the worstest?"

Snowflakes

*Each has a destination unknown
to me,
Hovering here for awhile, now
there, and then,
Floating down and swooping
skyward like it wants to see
All things in this strange world
of men.*

— NORMA ROCKOW, '52

Arms Upraised In Brotherhood

*I see a hundred fifty million arms up-
raised in Brotherhood,
Raised high in freedom's virile air
with Washington's shimmering
monuments,
A forest of arms that spike the sky
like piney-spires of the Oregon
wood;
A hundred fifty million arms that bid
titanic testament,
Arms that toil and sweat, welcoming
arms outstretched to the world's
oppressed,
At times defiant, angry arms that fend
as pickets of liberty,
And vengeful arms, o'er-reaching the
seas when would-be conquerors
molest;
America, your strength in arms up-
raised in solidarity!
Brown arms, black arms, arms of
white and fallow tan — count
them all,
Arms pitted by molten steel splashed
from Gary's boiling ladles,
Bronzed arms of the Texas range, and
white-sleeved arms in marble halls,
Tiny, eager infant arms that vie from
the nation's nursery cradles,
Black-bitten arms that pick the coal
from West Virginia's catacombs;
A continent transformed by arms,
two centuries of toiling arms,
English, Polish, Jewish arms, arms of
Africans torn from their homes,
Arms whose brawn burst slavery's
bonds, built steel mills, cleared
fertile farms;
Count all these arms and a million
more that are not here, yet count
them still,
A million arms that bore our arms
and fell by the hedge-rows of
Normandy,
Those arms that flexed in freedom
last in the tangled vines of
Bougainville*

*And flailed the sands of surf-swept
beaches, bearing the brunt for
Democracy,
The absent arms that flung aside the
gates of bloody Buchanwald;
To inventory a people's might, count
arms that work for the common
good,
Oh World! here learn by our pros-
pering arms, we're free because
we're Brothers all,
Our hundred fifty million arms have
reaped the bounties of Brother-
hood;
All nations, hear! let all mankind
close arm to arm in unity,
A World of Brothers, Humanity!
from war and want, immunity!*

— HAROLD MEIER, '51

Season Symphonies

*Golden brown are the Autumn trees,
footballs in the air;
River Kishwaukee is full of leaves,
and students—everywhere.*

*Now winter icicles have come,
snow falls today;
Basketball has begun,
the Kish is cold and gray.*

*Soon young men's fancies turn—
for Spring is here;
The Kish rises and yearns, and
over its banks appears.*

*Summer sunshine soon brings
verdant lawns and leaves,
Swimming, golf, and tennis-teams;
the Kish is a trickling stream.*

*You'll find the Kish like the youth
it sees
along the winding way;
For all the trends of the season's deeds
Are reflected everyday.*

— RICHARD JONES, '52

A Reverie

JOHN AQUINO, '52

The misty, gray fog lifts, and through it a steamship plods its course. What a feeling; going to see the folks in the Philippines! In a few days we will dock in Covite Bay, outside Manila. The speedboat from the ship will take us to the mainland; to the sights of the capitol of the Philippines; to the unorthodox life of the Filipino people; to the home of my grandfather and grandmother.

On the mainland, we had expected to see old-fashioned people and houses, bamboo huts, open fires and half-dressed natives walking the dusty roads. But the sight is startling; Manila is one of the modern cities in the world. No bamboo huts; no open fires; no half-dressed natives; nothing of the sort confronts us. Instead, we see natives walking the paved streets in tropical suits, automobiles touring the city, skyscrapers like the ones back home, and modern apartments which house most of the Filipino people. Indeed, Manila is truly a modern city. We will decide to spend a few days in Manila; to see the sights and to rest before we start the long ride inland.

After our few days in Manila, we board a train and head for Vigan, Ilocus Sur, two hundred miles to the north, which is the home of my grandfather and grandmother and

the birthplace of my father. In a week we should be there.

When the train pulls into the city station; after all, we did not let them know we were coming. I will ask people I see in the streets where Mister Juan Aquino's house is located. After receiving directions, I will be full of suspense and anxiety.

I will knock on the woven door, but there will be no answer. I will open the door and an inspiring sight will confront me. An old man and an old lady sit at a home-made table. He will look up and exclaim, "Juan-ito! I did not know you were coming, but I can tell you by your pictures!" The old lady will exclaim and cry, too. All through the night I will be asked questions; I will be treated as if I were a king. There will be no sleep that night, but I will not care.

On the next day, I shall go on a tour of the city. Old friends of my father will say "hello", and the reminders of the World War II will bring a swelling to my eyes. After a month or so I shall begin the train-ride back to Manila and my steamship. It has been a wonderful experience; and how I wish it may someday be my father's, too; it would be the greatest thrill of his life, going home.

Kish

*Kish is a premiere ballerina
Swirling on a campus stage.
Her endless repertoire of dance
Looked upon by every age.*

— GORDON DAHLGREN, '50

Perfect Love

*I've never been so much in love
With anyone. But God above
Has made us for each other, dear,
And every time I find you near
In dreams, or really by my side
I feel my love from deep inside
Come swelling forth. And then I
know
That all my life this love will grow.*

*I pray we'll never see the day
When unkind words our lips will say.
For love like ours is hard to find,
And we should never really mind
If things go wrong and seem unfair
Because we'll know that God is there.
And may His love and blessings be
With us until eternity.*

— DONNA SMALE, '51

My Earliest Recognition of Beauty

CAROL KRAMER, '52

My first recognition of beauty came at the dinner table when I was about six or seven years of age. The topic of conversation happened to be beauty; however at that age I was not accustomed to entering into the conversation and I was left with my own ideas on the subject. I listened very attentively and vainly sought in my mind for something that was beautiful. I was becoming exasperated and was about to banish the thought when I glanced across the table.

She was sitting and eating as usual, but something seemed to be so beautiful about her. It seemed to be an ethereal portrait that met my eyes. Her hair was softly arranged about her temples and it formed an imaginary halo outlining her head. When she spoke, the words were not harsh; they came as a song off a harp — soft and melodious. I pinched myself. This portrait did not seem to be true — why hadn't I seen it before? I

looked across the table again to reassure myself that I was dreaming. No, the picture remained. I asked to be excused from the table, and permission was granted.

I retired to the living room and sat down to think. I was shaking and trembling all over — I was actually frightened! I kept asking myself — why hadn't I seen it before? I tried to find the answer, but it just would not come.

Soon after I had left the table, Mother came in and I noticed the effect I had before received from casting my eyes on her had vanished. For some odd reason, I was greatly relieved and I went about my childlike ways.

I have often thought about this episode in my childhood and sometimes I try to find something as beautiful as I saw that evening. I never have; I doubt if I ever shall find another person so glowing with beauty.

A Debatable Question

To sleep or not to sleep: that is the
problem;
Whether 'tis better for us to suffer
The queries and remarks of outraged
teachers,
Or to take confidence in our own
desires,
And by opposing, continue! To rest:
to sleep;
Some more; and by a sleep to say we
end
The thoughts and weariness of class-
work
That pupils endure! Tis a thought
Only to be wished. To rest, to sleep,
Perchance to be awakened: Ay there's
the rub;
For in that blissful slumber what
dreams may come
When we have no thoughts of daily
homework;
Makes us happy: there's the respect
That makes sleep so much desired;
For who could bear home and class-
work every day
The teachers' oppression, the lengthy
assignments
The pangs of despis'd tests, the re-
ports delay,
The dread of suspension, the home-
work,
Which is unworthy of patient
endeavor
When we ourselves might be expelled
Without a reason! Who but students
bear
To work and study under a dreary
life
But that the hope of something —
graduation,
The great reward that lures us on to
somewhere
No one knows, puzzles the will
And makes us ponder on our prob-
lems
That we care to know nothing of.

— IRVING TEBOR, '49

Farewell, Youth's Joy

MILDRED OLSON, '49

Until the year we moved to Harvey, the summer months always held the happiest moments of my young life, for every summer our family left our home in Crystal Falls, Michigan, and went farther up North. We lived for three months in almost complete solitude on our densely forested island in the center of Perch Lake. The Upper Peninsula of Michigan has always been noted for its rustic beauty and charm, but those tourists from the cities have never seen such dense forests and wilderness or even dreamed that there could be so wild a section of the country.

We left for Perch Lake the glorious day that school was out. We three would race madly home from school, romp through the silent, darkened rooms with their pulled shades; and had an excuse of a meal before we left. Finally, with Nell and Pal, our cocker spaniels, eagerly clawing for opposite windows, my doll in my arms, everything in a squeezed disorder, father would honk the horn with an especial flourish, and away we would go. Hurrah!

The long ride up through the woods was supreme. There were large, low, grassy fields dotted with munching cows and white horses prancing close to rail fences.

I remember a comfortable, white farm house snuggled in between emerald elm trees and a once-scarlet barn; the chickens scurrying over the lawn; the freshly painted bird houses lazily swinging from tree limbs; the leaping collie heralding our approach; the rusted screen on the door with a hole poked through; the drone of bees; the weather beaten sheds; the broken porch rail; the soulful look in a calf's eyes; the friendly greeting of a plump farmer's wife as she hurries away

with mother to compare bread recipes. I can still taste the thick, warm bread, oven-fresh, covered with golden, melting butter; it was served with thick, cold cream in a cracked, white mug pressed into one's hands by the rough, red hands of a smiling and weathered old farmer. How could I ever forget the smell of the hay stored in the loft; the shivery feeling as a gentle cow licked my palm; the all-important weather vane high overhead; the impatient stomping of an excited horse; the dimness of the barns before twilight; the solitude and quietness prevailing through the long, black night?

After their home we left civilization behind, for on all sides the dark forests closed in, archways forming high, high above our heads. How peaceful, how quiet and restful it was here. The trail leading miles into the wilderness was badly overgrown, and amongst boulders and ditches were fallen trees which had to be pushed aside before we could pass. Winding deeper and deeper into the forests we would at last come to the Clearing, a high grassed, tumbled field. Set way back were some ruined, deserted farm shacks, held together only by past memories.

Finally, with one last triumphant chug of the motor we rounded the bend of the only known trail leading to Perch Lake to pull up behind old caretaker Jake's cabin on the mainland. Old Jake! He never changed all those years I knew him.

The lake, the island! Oh joy supreme! The dogs and I went wild, and I shall never forget the absolute joy that wrung me limp as I stretched out my arms and then pulled my North woods close in to me.

We lived, oh how we lived those three months! My memories flow thick and fast as I recall all the things I did with and without the family. The island was large enough to roam and run, to dream, and to work. How still and beautiful it was. How dear were Nell and Pal to me! Nell has since joined her mate away in Happy Dog Heaven.

Jake, too, is there no more. No. No, I cannot say that. He is still there; he always shall be there. How cruel it was for him to lie so many months under ice before being found

in the Spring. How happy I will be to see him again, for perhaps then he will continue his long tales of Injun days and of all the forest creatures he loved and knew so well.

Perch Lake Island: an oasis out there in the choppy blue; an oasis from care and toil and the life of the common man — The Slaver! The Driver! The Fool!

My island! My home! In dreams I can see you minutely and yet I shall never see you again as I did before. Eyes have such a tendency to grow up. Farewell, youth's joy.

Fancies

Wonderin'
Why there's snow in winter,
And why the grass is green.

Wishin'
There'd be no class today,
But instead a twilight scene.

Hopin'
I'll pass that test tomorrow,
At least with the average C.

Knowin'
I shouldn't be wonderin', wishin',
hopin',
But just keeping up with reality.

— ROBERT A. KAUTH, '52

Betrayed

FRANK NOBLE, '52

He lay in the darkness, the oppressive heat like a giant hand clutching him, in its grasp until it seemed he couldn't breathe. The beat of the motors on the deck below was the throbbing pulse of this Goliath that seemed intent on his destruction. It was early morning and after playing for eight hours in the crowded salon he was bushed.

As he lay there, he allowed the false, fixed grin, that had frozen on his face while he was on the stand slowly to melt away. His hands still trembled and his leg jumped in an up-tempo as he tried to relax from his ordeal at the drums.

Luxury liner! Yeah, sure it was luxurious up there in the suites and cabins on the boat deck, but here above the boilers it was a hell-ship and he a poor dark devil in the inferno. He had signed on in Frisco to play in a five piece "combo" aboard this "queen of the seas", expecting it to be a fine vacation after playing for coffee and cakes in dives and gin mills along the Barbary Coast. But even here his color had damned him.

The other members, the white members, of the little jazz band were living three decks above in the comparative luxury of second class cabins while he sweated it out in a berth with the "black gang" of the liner. The other musicians had soon become popular among the sporting class of the ship, laughing and drinking with them at the bar, shooting craps in their cabins. But he had remained a nonentity when off the stand. He had been deluded by the applause and shouted requests for drum-breaks to believe that he would be accepted; but when he left his drums the people, who a moment before had been shouting and applaud-

ing his artistry, turned their backs or stared through him as though he didn't exist. At times it gave him a creepy feeling that he was some ghostly, translucent being that became visible only when he held a pair of drum-sticks in his calloused, muscular hands.

The heat and violent throbbing were becoming more than he could stand; the sweat pouring from his body wet the canvas of his hammock-like berth. With a curse he straightened and lowered his bare feet to the hot plates of the deck. Stopping only to pull on his trousers he climbed the ladder up to the boat deck and stood by the rail staring across the quiet water. Off the port rail was a darker blot against the midnight blue of the horizon marking another of the tiny islands that were so numerous in these waters. They had passed many of them in the last few days, little emerald gems in the azure cushion of the sea, surrounded by white beach and the sparkle of breakers on the coral reefs.

One morning they had passed within hailing distance of a group of gaily clad Polynesians that had shouted in a strange, musical tongue and waved like children watching a circus parade. Perhaps here he could find happiness, on one of these tiny atolls that hadn't met the bounty of civilization and the evil and intolerance that unfailingly accompany it. What had he to lose if he were to slip over the side and swim for it? All he owned in the world were his clothes and his set of skins, and even they were in sad shape. He had broken the head on his big tom-tom tonight during that final chorus of "Flyin' Home." What the hell! Why not? It didn't look too far to the island, not more than a mile or so.

He stripped off his trousers and his dark body glistened for a moment in the starlight as he stood poised on the rail, and then he dove into the inky blackness. The shock of hitting the water almost broke his neck, and he went deep, deep into the churning water before he rose, lungs bursting and teeth chattering from the cold. Strange that the water would be so cold in this tropical heat. He rested there a moment, treading water and gasping in deep draughts of air to his laboring lungs. The ship was already moving away, towering above him, lighted only by its running lights. What a frenzy the discovery of his trousers by the rail would cause. Yes, they would miss him all right, but only because there would be nobody to beat the skins, lifting the band and carrying them in up-tempo clear down to the blazing finish.

For an instant he almost regretted his decision, but it was too late to turn back now and he began to swim in the direction of the island. He swam swiftly at first, anxious to reach his goal, and then slowly, laboriously, resting now and then to gain strength

to push on again. At times it seemed it would be so easy to just give up and sink beneath the waves, but the strength and drive that had carried him through the all night sessions in Harlem and Chicago, forced him to push on.

When it seemed he could go no further he lowered his legs, expecting to sink under, and they touched bottom. With a sigh of relief and exhaustion he stumbled up the sandy beach and sprawled headlong, a dark, inky blot on the white manuscript of the beach.

When the dawn broke with the abruptness characteristic of the tropics, a roving band of natives, headhunters still untouched by civilization, passed by on the fringe of the jungle. They might have overlooked him, but the contrast of his black body against the white of the beach was too glaring.

They swooped down on him, killing him before he could rouse from his utopian dreams, and carried off his head in the highest of glee.

His color had betrayed him again.

I've Often Wished

*I've often wished to stretch my hand
In space until
I reached a star, a shining land
Of wealth; but still,
If possible to reach that far,
I know that I,
The moment that I clutched a star,
Would want the sky.*

— JEAN HUBBARD, '50

Neal

GORDON CARLSON, '52

Neal went into the service in 1942. In a short time he found himself serving in the Eighth Air Force in England; in what must have seemed even a shorter time, he was flying missions over western Europe as a turret gunner. It was on his seventh mission that his plane was hit. This was before D day, and here he was floating down in his parachute over occupied Europe. What was the use of trying to escape from Germany! Belgium and Holland were almost as full of Germans as Germany, but nevertheless Neal and his tail gunner gave it a try. That was at noon. The following morning at five they had walked into Holland where they were picked up by the Dutch Underground.

This started what was to become eleven anxious months for both Neal and his friends at home. Soon his family was notified that he was missing in action. Finally after eleven months of walking, riding, running, and sneaking, he reached the Swiss border and safety.

This should certainly have been more than enough of hardship and tough breaks for one person, but not so in Neal's case. After his discharge from the service, he married and then re-enlisted since he had a good job and a bright future there. It seemed as though everything was going smoothly when — well, here he was in the polio ward of the Army and Navy General Hospital, Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Despite all this he was happy and carefree. Everything will turn out all right if we don't worry and feel sorry for ourselves was his philosophy. This coming from a fellow who had

lost the complete use of his right arm and the partial use of his left arm made everyone in the ward optimistic. He instilled a feeling of confidence in everyone.

As the days turned into weeks and the weeks to months, Neal and I were together most of the time. Fishing happened to be his favorite sport, and it ranks high with me, too. We spent many happy hours on Lake Hamilton. He had located an apartment by the lake and had sent for his wife and baby. Nights were spent playing cards or just talking over a cold drink. Now I spend part of my vacation with them in Minnesota, at a lake there.

I can remember the first summer after our discharge from the hospital. We were out fishing, and a good size bass hit Neal's plug and then stood right out of the water on its tail. Neal had a real fight on his hands. It was the first big fish he had hooked since he had polio. He stood in the bow of the boat with his left foot upon the edge, his rod and reel propped against his knee with his worst hand; he was reeling feverishly with the other. Several times he yelled for help, but I just sat and watched him sweat. Finally he had worked the bass close enough to the boat for me to land him in a net. What a beauty it was as it lay there in the bottom of our boat! It was exhausted, and so was Neal.

"Well, I guess that proves that polio isn't going to stop me from doing almost everything I did before," he beamed. "That old bass must weigh a good eight pounds."

A Toadstool in the Fireplace

MARJORIE HINKLE, '51

Traveling is educational. At least that is my mother's opinion on the subject. Catering to her views, the Hinkle clan climbs into the family car every summer and hits the dusty trail of adventure. Our favorite trick is to pop in on poor unsuspecting relatives who had innocently remarked, "Do bring the children and come and see us sometime."

Last summer we popped in on our youthful auntie in the hills of old Tennessee. I, being broadminded and respecting my mother's wise and well-deliberated opinions, attempted to squeeze every ounce of education from our one week's visit.

Auntie's home is located half-way up the hillside in a little hamlet on the outskirts of Knoxville. The town is unique in several ways: there is one main street; there are no sidewalks; and all the houses are scattered haphazardly up and down over the bumpy countryside.

The children were immediately fascinated by their surroundings. It didn't take them long to discover that the Tennessee hills would echo their every word. All day long, little Hinkles poured over the land "yoo-hooing" to their hearts' delight. The old hills faithfully "yoo-hoed" back.

Of course, these echoing mountains oftentimes proved a nuisance. Auntie's nearest neighbors, who lived a half mile up the road, had to choose their words with discretion. When they sat on their front porch, their voices carried and we could hear every detail of even whispered conversations.

Unfortunately, these neighbors had peculiar customs. They raised beagle hounds. In fact, they had fifteen in all. Every night these homely creatures would howl mournfully at the

moon. The plaintive cry echoed and re-echoed. With the children "yoo-hooing" all day and those hounds howling all night, the weary traveler had little time to meditate about the educational aspects of the community.

To add to the misery, the place was infested with what must have been the largest bug population known. There were spiders, roaches, termites, thousand-leggers—bugs and insects of all descriptions and categories. In fact, I'm sure I discovered some new species that science never classified. No matter how careful we were about locking the windows and keeping the doors closed, the crawling armies still managed to invade the household. One night we were seated at the dinner table when we heard a peculiar buzzing coming from the large grandfather's clock. There, inside the glass face of the clock, was a small odd-looking creature from the insect world.

"What is that?" asked one of my brothers puzzled.

"Well," answered Uncle who maintains his sparkling humor in the most disturbing situations, "that is a clock tick!"

Auntie's particular section of Tennessee was noted for its wet climate. But that, too, was carried to the extreme. Because of the humidity, fungus sprung up over night with unheard of rapidity. Each morning when the natives awoke, they cheerfully went about their daily task of brushing the fungi off the walls. Auntie had the honor of possessing the dampest house in town. She scraped and scoured more than the others.

However, the crowning blow came one morning when she hopped gaily out of bed and discovered a big, fat toadstool sitting nonchalantly in her

fireplace. Neighbors flocked from miles around to view this amazing spectacle. They studied the size, shape, color — and exchanged opinions about the marvelous growth. The local newspaper insisted upon an interview with the owner. Someone suggested sending a telegram to Bob Ripley. Auntie's toadstool was judged the highlight of the social season. We were rather confused and bewildered, but managed to smile politely through the whole episode.

Back home again, safe in our own living room with echoing hills, howl-

ing beagle hounds, and crawling bugs far behind, our family sat contemplating the recent southward jaunt. Mother, with thoughts turned again to the educational solemnly remarked, "Auntie certainly has to put up with a lot living under those conditions. We should be thankful that we have the nice home we do."

Ignoring Mother's wise words, our youngest little Hinklet sat gazing dreamily into space. Finally, she sighed and said, "When I get to be a big lady — you know what I want? — A toadstool in my fireplace!"

Lovers

*Beach of jewels, coruscated,
Diadem gleaming, shimmering
In an aura of electricity
Flashing blue splendor over
Saturated sand. Wet packing
Sand stiffens on the soles
Of our feet. The sea
Roars defiance, then whispers
Seductively. Constant lovers:
Sand and sea. They never grow
Old. He tosses satiny cascades
Of wealth to his lover's
Bosom. Warm foamy deceptive
Traitor! Cold treachery and
Wriggling blind spawns of evil
Hungriely prowl that blackened
Soul of darkness.*

*Tinted shells of beauty prostitute
Themselves alluringly before the
Bulbous stinging Man O' War.*

*Untamed, tremendous breast
Flexing mightily thunders its
Wrath at human rivals also
Wooing warm-fleshed beach
Of fiery beauty.*

— AL ARTZ, '52

The Neighbors

HENRIETTA SAGLOW, '51

The beetle-like street cars crawled through the December twilight first swallowing and then later regurgitating as indigestible its human cargo. Mr. Levy got off at his usual stop and slushed the half block to his apartment house. (Notice it was an apartment house, not a tenement or a penthouse, but just a plain ordinary middle-class, three-story, forty-flat apartment house.)

He fumbled with the mailbox, extracted its contents and pulled his way up the stairs. Mr. Levy was one of those insurance men who didn't own a car.

While hanging his coat in the hall closet, he noticed the note on the dining-room table. Sarah had gone downtown, and she planned to stop at the bank to make a deposit.

That's right; this was Friday. Sarah always went to the bank on Friday—might as well go out and grab a bite to eat. Sarah never feels like cooking when she comes home from the bank. As he reached for his coat, the back door bell exploded into sound. Puzzled, he pulled the light on in the kitchen and unlocked the door to look down at their next door neighbor.

"Hello, is Mrs. Levy home?"

"No, no, she isn't, Mrs. Gross. She went downtown—shopping—I suppose. I was just leaving to go out to dinner. Why, is there something you wanted?"

"No, she just asked me to let her see Marta's gift before I wrapped it. By the way, all the restaurants around here are closed tonight. Why don't you have supper with us tonight?"

Before he had a chance to voice a refusal, she added, "We have a big

bottle of Pepto Bismal; so don't worry. Just come in about five minutes. I'm not promising anything special."

She ran lightly back across the porch and disappeared into her kitchen. Nice people, Leon thought—spendthrift, but nice. Sarah said they were crazy for buying their kids that phonograph and all those records last Christmas when they didn't even have a bank account. And she just couldn't see them sending Marta to college. After all, she wasn't their real kid—just an adopted niece—nice kid but—Oh well, they're young. Bill's thirty-six, and she's only thirty-two. They'll learn.

He ran water into the bowl, washed his hands and face, combed his hair and went across the porch. He didn't have to bother ringing the bell; their door was always open. They had never been robbed, but Sarah always said it was better to be safe than sorry.

As he stepped into the warm kitchen, he could smell the usual Friday night meal of chicken and soup, chopped liver, kischke, holly, and coagal. Sarah didn't believe in fussing on Friday night. The four candles were burning on the stove, and the kitchen table was set for five. The dining room table was cluttered with Christmas wrappings, gift boxes, cards, stickers, and all the rest of the Christmas paraphernalia.

Leon could never understand why the Grosses exchanged gifts on Christmas. If anything, they were better Jews than he was. They always had lighted candles on the Sabbath eve, even sent their kids to Sunday school for Hebrew lessons. They weren't religious fanatics, but they were Jews. They'd never gone

so far as having a Christmas tree or going to church, but they always exchanged gifts. Well, it wasn't any of his business.

She was in the pantry, and the kids had the phonograph on in the front room and were dancing. They still hadn't bought a new rug. Somehow they weren't ashamed to have the bare floor showing even in the front room. Sarah would have been.

"Hello, Mr. Levy." Marta—got in from school last night—must be about nineteen now.

"Hi, Mr. L.," screamed Pudge—first year high.

Both nice kids, different as night and day in looks—other ways, too. Harriet's the brain; Pudge's the social butterfly. Mrs. Gross came out of the pantry, beaming at him.

"Sit down," she said, "Bill isn't home yet." She turned toward the living room and yelled, "Hey, kids, turn that thing down before you blow the roof off. We're having supper in the kitchen so we can use the dining room table to wrap gifts. Lousy weather, isn't it? Hope Bill gets a ride home. His leg has been bothering him."

"Bill's limp is always worse in winter, isn't it?"

"Yes," she smiled, "but Bill wouldn't complain if you beat him. What time will Sarah be home?"

"She usually gets home about six-thirty, but with the mob on the cars tonight she probably won't be home before seven."

"I guess Bill will have the same trouble. Last minute Christmas shoppers. Shame on Sarah."

"Oh, Sarah wasn't Christmas shopping. It's just that she always goes downtown on Friday, and I guess she'd forgotten about Christmas. We don't bother with Christmas—besides it's not our holiday.

I've always wondered why you and your family did."

Mrs. Gross looked at Leon for a moment—it seemed as if she were going to cry; or as if she pitied him. Well, she had no right to, he made three times as much as Bill, and at least they had a rug on their floor and some money in the bank. She smiled again.

"Well, first it started out just to please the kids," she said. "When Marta started going to school, most of the other kids got Christmas presents, and she felt hurt when she didn't get any. You try and explain to a kid that the fact she's Jewish prohibits her from getting a doll at Christmas. It just doesn't work! When Pudge came along, we just kept up the practice. Bill and I couldn't see that there was anything wrong or sacrilegious in it."

Leon was afraid he was being misunderstood. If she wanted to throw her money away, that was fine with him, but thank heaven Sarah was more careful with his money. He didn't want to quarrel with her.

"Oh, don't get me wrong, Mrs. Gross," he said. "I know you don't believe in Christ—" Again that maddening look—like a Salvation Army worker looking at a drunk.

"No, no, we don't worship Christ, Leon—but we believe in Christmas because to us it's not a religious holiday; it's a national one. It's just like the Fourth of July, only better, because it's the only time of the year you can honestly give something just for the fun of giving it—Oh, there's Bill!"

Bill walked into the kitchen smelling of the outdoors and took off his coat.

"Well, I must say, Mr. Gross, it's about time. Which sick friend were you with tonight?"

The kids ran in and took his things to the closet; then ran back to the front room dragging Bill along with them. They had a new dance step to show him. Poor guy looks all worn out, Leon observed. Those kids never leave him alone.

They had supper a little later. Leon ate well. Mrs. Gross was a good cook. The kids did the dishes and sang along with the little radio in the kitchen. Sarah always said one radio was enough for any house.

Leon wanted to go back to the apartment, but they insisted they needed his help wrapping. Expensive gifts—shirts, sweaters, bathrobes, records, and books—must have spent about two hundred dollars. Sarah always said they were crazy and now Leon believed it—only crazy people would spend two hundred dollars when they didn't have to. Who do they think they are, millionaires? Bill didn't look tired anymore. The kids were working hard—they all cracked jokes and

sang. They made Leon official "sticker lick."

"Oh, Sarah must be home; the light just went on in the kitchen."

"Guess I'd better get in. She'll wonder what happened to me." As Leon rose, he saw Mrs. Gross wink at Marta. She ran into the bedroom and came back with two gift-wrapped boxes.

"We want to wish you a merry Christmas." They were all smiling.

"Well, thanks," said Leon. "I'll get Sarah."

He walked across the porch into the kitchen. Sarah came in and looked at the packages in his arms.

"Those crazy fools next door," he mumbled, "got us some Christmas presents. You'd think they had a million dollars or something. Imagine us throwing money away, celebrating Christmas. Sarah walked across the kitchen and locked the back door."

So Long

*So long, ribbed bobbie sock!
Oh, sock, so creamy white.
The time has come when I
Must say "Farewell" to you in spite
Of all the fun we've shared
In the fleeting shades of youth,
When you boldly clashed with saddle
shoe,
And rubbed your knit, purl tooth.
Old saddle shoe has gone his way;
Collapsed on Styx's shores.
Slippers, dainty mock his place
And nylons wait for yours.
Years my bobbie socks I've worn —
Worn through thick and thin.
But now the fatal day arrives;
Student teaching must begin!*

— MARION WHITE, '52

The True Friend

*You are the one who fills my soul's
emptiness.*

*It is you, the interpreter, who gives
meaning to each phrase in my book
of life.*

*You are my purpose and my means.
You are the bridge between this self-
island and the world.*

*Without you, true friend, I stand
alone.*

— WILLYS WUEST, '50

Incident

FRANK ROSS, '50

"Don't drag that stiff in here,"
Max growled.

The boy whimpered. "He's not a
stiff; he's my buddy." The tears ran
cautiously down his face as he guided
the lifeless body to the hole, broke its
fall, and leaned it back gently against
the side. It was Sanderson.

"I said, 'a stiff'," Max growled
louder. "What good is he now. He's
just a bottleneck for the ones who are
left. He's no good to himself or to
anyone else."

The kid blinked his eyes clear. He
gritted his teeth, and Max caught the
expression of hate that came across
the young face.

"Go on," he said more gently,
"hate me. Hate something. It'll do
you good. I had a prof once who
said 'the mind's got room for only
one passion at a time,' so go on, hate
me. Then you won't have room to
— love that poor sucker."

"He's my buddy." The kid said
it as though it were his only line in
a play and he had practiced it a
thousand times.

Max tried to control his tense
nerves, but he shouted, "Leave him
alone, damn it. I said he's no good
anymore."

The kid shouted back, "He's my
buddy."

"That's not your buddy. Your
buddy's not there. That's just a
body. You loved the guy who was
inside of it and he's not there. He's
gone."

"Gone?"

"He's gone. I don't know where
they go — but we're likely to find
out any minute now. Get your gun
up here." Max's words dragged. He
felt groggy.

The kid's expression changed.
"You never had a buddy!"

Max took a minute to answer al-
though he had the word formed on
his lips.

"A good buddy's different from —
from anything else. He can mean a
lot. I got him drunk the first time.
I got him his first woman." The kid's
eyes got big again. He was a long

way from a forest in Germany. He was thinking about the old days. Perhaps that was only a week ago, but from now on they would be "the old days." "He was going to be my kid's god-father, if I had a kid, if I got married. A good buddy's different. You'll have a buddy. You'll have a buddy. The war's just begun."

"Maybe it's just ended."

"What do you mean?"

While the kid was talking, Max had been scanning the area for a target. Now he grew rigid: "Keep your head down!"

The kid, eyes dry but cheeks still wet and chapping in the raw winds, waited. He waited for Max to say something.

"Naw, nothing. Lt. Kay is moving out of his hole. We might as

well take off. No good sitting here." He turned to look at the kid, who was going over the body for a keepsake. "Leave his tags on. How are they going to know who he is — to send a telegram?"

"I'll tell 'em."

"You'll tell hell. Maybe you'll get it in ten minutes from now. Then who's going to tell them? Leave the tags on." As an afterthought, Max added, "There's a detail in regimental headquarters that buries them."

The kid looked relieved. While he replaced the tags with caressing hands, he looked at Max out of the corner of his eye, then hung his head sheepishly. Clearing his throat, he said, "Hey, Sarge. I didn't mean to — bawl — like a woman."

The reply was quick. "You didn't bawl — like a woman. Let's go."

Souvenir

*Teuton master, Argan pure;
Contours terse, hard sheen of blue,
Haughty hands grip hard, inure—
Steel Junker, proud are you,
Souvenir.*

*Kaiser, Fuehrer, hands obey—
Achtung! March! Europe today—
Tomorrow the World.
Destiny on your trigger plays!
Souvenir.*

*Son of Krupp, you'll not abjure
Terror wrought in blood and fear.
Grim, in laconic die, you'll lure
The victor's trembling finger near,
Souvenir.*

*Soon, as cold as your mute steel,
His hand will grip you and feel
No triumph in life.
Scored in death, your Victory is real.
Souvenir.*

— HAROLD MEIER, '51

Medea, Portrait of a Tortured Soul

HELEN STAUBLI, '50

The house lights dim as a huge serpent creeps across the stage. There is a rising rumble of drums expressing the foreboding threat of unspeakable tragedy echoed by all nature. One forgets that the time is the 20th century—in fact, December 11, 1948—the place, the Blackstone theatre, Chicago. Instead, it is a day B. C. in far-distant Corinth where the tragedy of Medea occurs. The audience no longer conforms to a standard group of people viewing a play starring Judith Anderson, but rather becomes a part of old Corinth witnessing the horrible destruction of a human soul—that of Medea.

Thrown aside by her husband, Jason, for the young daughter of King Creon, deserted by friends, and threatened with exile, Medea becomes a creature possessed with animal-like instincts and action. Previously equipped with experience in murder and sorcery, she finds her fury is now unsurpassed. Miss Anderson lives this broken being. She writhes, she quivers, she struggles, she throws herself to the ground, and tears her hair, not as a superb actress portraying a part—but as a woman, who, losing everything, resorts to one compensating obsession—revenge.

Judith Anderson with her whole heart and soul plays the Medea of Euripides to the last moment of crazed frenzy and cruelty. Every motion of her body speaks a language of its own in its expression of the tortured turmoil of Medea's soul as she goes on and on securing pleasure only in planning, engineering and executing the atrocities of her revenge. She dotes as she pulls bit by bit the tale of the burning of Jason's new wife from her distraught

nurse, who, throwing herself to the stone steps, sickens—gurgling and spitting—at the horrible sight she has seen. Medea, however, is untouched by this suffering. She rolls and thrills in ecstasy, listening to the narration of events, calling for more and more of the gory details.

The only plausible key which can solve the puzzle of this monstrous woman and her inhuman action is found in an understanding of the magnitude of the love that has gone before and in using it as a basis for the unbounding hate that is personified in Medea. The old nurse used this key, continually calling attention to the extent which Medea has sacrificed herself for this man Jason, who has deserted her, even to the point of killing her own brother and cutting herself off forever from her family and her native land—the home of the Golden Fleece.

The nurse, portrayed by Hilda Vaughn, often reminisces how she once nursed and cared for Medea just as she now cares for Medea's two small sons. In her portrayal she never once straightens her haggard old back as she lays forth the fear she feels of the potentialities hidden within her mistress. At times Hilda Vaughn achieves dramatic fervor almost equal to that of Miss Anderson, particularly in the scene where lying on the barren steps of the castle at Corinth, she reports the fate of Creon's young daughter, Creusa. She tells of the tragic death of Jason's young wife as she donned the poisoned robe—Medea's gift of revenge.

The chorus, in the form of three Corinthian women, hear the confidences of Medea, reiterate them and shrink with horror. Mary Servoss,

the first woman, with her deep, resonating voice is particularly impressive as well as expressive in her numerous narrations of the tragic Corinthian household. Henry Brandon, as Jason, by comparison with Judith Anderson, as Medea, becomes a mere background figure—hardly worth the blood-stained hands and the equally bloody bodies of the two dead sons which Medea vaunts before her unfaithful husband as she deals the final blow of her revenge with the words: "I loathed you more than I loved them. Mine is the triumph."

Robinson Jeffers, in revising Euripedes' *Medea*, fits it for the modern public. The language is understandable and, if not always the most adept, is made so by Judith Ander-

son's able tongue, which uses every tone and vibration in her power—screaming, shouting, wheedling, coaxing, sidling, begging and hissing, as the situation demands.

As one views Guthrie McClintic's production of *Medea*, there are no tears or compassionated pity on the onlooker's part but instead an intense feeling of awe and irrepressible horror. It is believable, yet too hideous to penetrate the sensitive area of the human heart that controls the flow of tears. Miss Anderson, in creating this effect, is unforgettable; and, as many critics insist, the great Euripedes must have had a preview of the talent that would one day enact his *Medea*. The production as a whole is a masterpiece—even from the next to the last row of the second balcony.

College Avenue

LOIS STANGLEY, '51

The soft breeze stirs your hair as you pause on your doorstep. The gay houselights wink merrily at the sober, steady street lights.

Joyous laughter fades away and ends with a banging door. Cars roar up the street in one great, last, noisy effort, and then — all is still.

The houses, so bold and bright, close their eyes, and pulling the robe of darkness around them, settle down to drowsy hulks to await the peace of sleep.

With a gentle breeze the last light winks out like a candle flame, and you turn into your house. All is quiet on College Avenue.

Rebirth

Open land and quiet places —
Freedom for the soul:
welcome green,
bird cries,
sunlight,
the smell of grass, the freshness,
the buds of clover,
The earth, the earth!
Simple colors, simple land!
the calls of winging birds,
the grass nodding, the greenness,
the swaying boughs,
this slow-winding stream
they call a river.
Clouds drift peacefully, dreamily;
All is quiet, so quiet.
Earth is repaid —
Freedom, rest for weary soul.

Open land and quiet places —
Freedom for the soul:
Feel it seep into you,
calming you,
freeing you.
Peace for you again
after all the long times of no rest.
Smell it, breathe it,
Take it into your hands, your heart.
You live again!

— MILDRED OLSON, '49

Too Late

JACQUELINE WARNER, '52

("I shouldn't be coming here. I should have gone to the movies as I told mother I would. But it's been so long since I've seen him.") Jane's thoughts moved in a slow, almost reluctant manner as if she were afraid someone might overhear. She tried to think about something else but all she could think of was him.

Counting the steps that led up to the first floor, she thought ("At least

they haven't changed. They're cement and cement doesn't change. It crumbles and cracks but it doesn't change.") She remembered the days when they sat out on these stairs, enjoying the cool air of a summer night. ("But that was long ago.") Jane reminded herself.

When the door chime rang, she experienced a mixture of emotions. ("Why it hasn't changed either.

How proud and pleased we both were when it was installed.") Staring out the front hall window waiting for someone to answer the door, she tried earnestly to compose herself for the impending ordeal, looking "forward to, yet dreading it. When a gust of warm air enveloped her, she turned hesitatingly to find a pair of brown eyes curiously scrutinizing her. ("But who is she? Surely I must know her. She looks so much like—) Audrey, Audrey, can it be you?"

It was difficult to realize that this tall, pretty young girl had been the chubby nine year old she remembered. Audrey held Jane's hand firmly as she led her into the apartment. ("Why nothing's changed. It's just the way it was when I—") but Audrey's enthusiasm made further reminiscing impossible and suddenly Jane realized she was facing a roomful of people. As she was introduced around, her mind began to focus on the vaguely familiar faces but *he* wasn't here. Audrey noticing her disappointment said, "He'll be here any minute. You know, it's slow driving in this weather."

The room was crowded and hazy and Jane felt alone in the midst of all these talking, laughing people. ("What are they saying? Why are they laughing?") The questions slipped from her tired mind soon

after they entered. ("Strange my being here. All these years have passed. Why it's close to five years since I've seen him.") Thinking of her mother's reaction she felt uneasy. Suddenly she realized that *he* was standing before her and as she rose, he clasped her hands in his own.

At the supper table their conversation lapsed into that void that comes when two people have too much to say to each other. No one seemed to notice the somewhat constrained silence between these two who once had been so attached. Jane wanted to tell him how she wished there never had been a divorce, how lonely she was for him, but she couldn't. She couldn't tell him that it hadn't taken her long to realize how unfair mother had been. But it was too late now, too late. He had remarried and had a little daughter. She had no business here. It was too late! She wanted to go home, back to her arbitrary mother for it was too late now.

The ride home seemed short to both parties in the car.

"Well good-bye, Jane. I don't know when I'll see you again. I'm moving to the coast next week. If your mother hadn't made it so difficult—." He kissed her gently on the forehead. Jane slowly slid out of the warmth within the car into the cold sharp winter air. "Good-bye, Good-bye, Dad."

The Brooch

GORDON DAHLGREN, '50

"Anton! Anton! Anton! The brooch, it must be here somewhere!"

Rosalyn was visibly shaken as she rummaged through the final bureau drawer. She had searched throughout the four room cottage before she finally threw herself recklessly on the bed in a stream of tears. The pillow muffled her words.

"The brooch, Anton, we can't leave without the brooch, in spite of all the hurricanes in the world. We've never travelled without it."

Anton brushed his hand gently across her soft hair. "My dear wife, please pull yourself together. There isn't much time; we've got to leave this place."

The rattle in the south window came louder as the wind intensified and swept nearer to the climax of its all-destroying journey. Anton moved nervously from the bed to the window. He looked at his watch. Ten A.M. He peered through a ragged crack in the wind-blown shutter. The sky, as far as his eyes could pierce the semi-darkness, wore a cape of sagging, swiftly moving black clouds.

Their wooden cottage seemed to be a target with the south window its bullseye. The cottage was situated on that jutting point of earth and rock known to New Englanders as "Land's End." Less than twenty feet from their door mat, "Land's End" ended with a fifty foot drop to the sea. It was the most southerly point of land along the Cape, the only place to build a cottage Rosalyn and Anton had always said. Yes, there had been other hurricanes. The one in '38 and the other in '44 had lashed the tiny peninsula, but that was before the cottage. They had

thought about this day and hoped it would never come.

"I'll take the last pieces of luggage. Please forget the brooch." Anton picked up the final two suitcases and went out the door.

His wife sat on the bed and wiped her tired eyes with a corner of the bedspread. "Where on earth is that brooch?" she murmured, her eyes searching the floor as she put on a raincape. She lingered in the doorway a moment, then stepped into the rain.

The small Ford was packed with every important possession they could possibly load into it. The couple got in; Anton backed the car to the Bluff Road and headed north.

A sigh of relief parted Anton's lips. He gripped the wheel tightly as the car picked up speed. "Let it blow; we'll be back tomorrow, and then we'll find the brooch. Now please, dear, no more worrying about a little silver goodluck charm at a time like this. You'd think finding it was more important than getting away and possibly saving our lives."

Rosalyn rested her head on Anton's shoulder. She was, nevertheless, worried; she wondered if she'd ever see the cottage again—or the brooch. Maybe it was but a small goodluck piece; maybe most people didn't believe in such nonsense; but it had given them such a good life since the wedding three years ago. It was that "something old" that cousin Marguerite had given them. She had purchased it in Iraq before the war from one of those ancient prophets who line the dusty streets of Bagdad. "Destruction shall not cross here" was the English translation of the brooch's faded Arabic

letters. Rosalyn knew it was true because there had been so much happiness in those three years, although no one but her would admit the brooch had anything to do with it..

She shook herself loose from her dreamy thoughts and straightened up as the light Ford lurched ahead through the night-like morning air. The narrow road started to climb and wind as they approached Hawkins' Bluff. A damp chill touched her.

"You're going too fast, Anton, Slow down!" Rosalyn rubbed her hand across the windshield but could see only the gale-blown rain in the glare of the headlights. "Be careful, dear. You know how slippery the road is when it's wet, and especially now."

Her husband was not listening. He wanted to be as far from the coast as possible when the full fury of the hurricane struck. He knew well the '38 blow, its death and destruction. And Rosalyn wanted to stay because the brooch was gone. "My God," he thought, "we've lost enough time looking for it." The latest hurricane report stated that the storm would strike at four—it was already eleven.

The curves in the road came sharper, and the headlights played a weird pattern on the white rail fence that marked the dividing line between the shoulder of the road and the long drop to the valley.

Rosalyn started to mention the brooch once again when a fallen oak, looming large in front of the car, turned the words to screams. She clutched at her husband as his foot dropped heavily on the brake. The car careened crazily, seemed to land sickeningly on the bluff's edge for

a second and then whirled through the guard-rail in a rain of leaves and wooden splinters.

* * * * *

At four o'clock Marguerite knocked on the door of the cottage at Land's End; there was no answer. She decided that it was just as well that Anton and Rosalyn had gone. The way that hurricane was coming, who would have guessed that it would swerve harmlessly out to sea.

"Well, maybe I'll wait awhile," she thought walking to the edge of the cliff. She breathed deeply of the fresh ocean air. A gusty wind whipped at the edges of her raincoat, but the sun was bright through the open patches of cloud cover. "Lovely view, all right, especially with the sun sparkling on the white caps that way."

At the edge of the cliff another sparkle caught her eye. She kneeled down and picked up the silvery object.

"Why it's Rosalyn and Anton's goodluck brooch. One of them must have dropped it." Marguerite looked out over the sea again and thought — "Destruction will not cross here."

She whirled around as if looking for someone to talk with. "Out here on the end of the land—why the brooch stopped the hurricane, all by itself." She smiled triumphantly and held the brooch tightly against her breast.

"Won't Roz and Anton be surprised! Why it's a good thing they didn't have it with them."

* * * * *

At the foot of Hawkins' Bluff, two broken and lifeless bodies were sprawled near a battered Ford in a warm afternoon sun.

John's Electric Shop

PATRICIA LUKALA, '52

As you enter the tiny three by five foot room comprising John's Electric Shop, you stop to glance at the myriads of shelves crammed full of radios to be repaired, extra parts of radios, washing machines, irons, toasters and light switches, extra electric cords, and most important, the tools that are jammed in here and there. You wonder how anyone could find anything in that conglomeration. Yet John knows where everything is. No matter what he needs, he can pick it out of the mixture in less than three seconds. At the far end of the room is a wide board with hundreds of unfiled keys dangling from nails, serving as hooks, and jingling whenever the door opens and a breeze passes through the room.

There, leaning over a work shelf is John, the master of all trades. In that instant before he acknowledges your presence, you see a mass of shining black hair, broad, strong shoulders, and a body of medium build, attired in dark trousers and a greasy and dirt-stained blue work shirt, sleeves rolled to the elbows.

Without looking up from his work, he utters a gruff, "H'lo! What do you want?"

As you move closer to John, you see an unshaven face, also stained with grease and dirt but a pleasant face with a look of calm peacefulness about it. His eyes are the most unusual, beautiful brown eyes you have seen. They seem to be the innocent eyes of a child. Could the words you heard a second ago have come from this man? You wonder how such a gentle-looking man can have prompted the many stories you have heard about him.

You have been told by many people that John is the most capable

repair man in that territory. His customers come from the many near-by towns. Many have said that there is not an electrical or mechanical device beyond repair if taken to John.

You know that this knack of "fixing things" is a talent he has had since the day he was born, for he has had no training or education beyond the seventh grade. You wonder how a man can know so much without proper "schooling."

Still, as you stand there watching him at work, you see him twist wires, turn screws, and adjust tubes as though it were as easy as eating. Each move he makes seems to be the right one and seems to add to the ultimate end.

All at once you hear a low, sputtering, rumbling rush of words. No, you cannot understand them because when John is angry at himself, he uses the language of his native Finland to express himself.

After you have given him your radio, which you have taken to six other repairmen without luck, John asks you to be seated and to wait while he looks over the radio.

While you sit there on an uncomfortable orange crate, you can hear his wife taking calls for John in another part of the house. In the past few minutes the phone has rung four times with four requests for John's talent and time. You know from that and from what others have told you that business is good for the Electric Shop. Yet you, an authorized bill collector, have visited John's home many times in the two years you have held the position.

You remember the afternoon your little girl, Mary, came home from school and asked you why John's little girl always wore the same dress

every day. Mary also asked you why the little girl couldn't stop to buy candy once-in-a-while or go to a movie occasionally. You could not give Mary any answers then, but you know the answer now, though you won't tell them to Mary. You know, for instance, that John has been seen regularly in one of the local taverns.

John's brother-in-law, a well-known lawyer, told you how he had tried to reason with John about getting state reports into the mail on specified dates. "I'll do it when I get a chance. Maybe tomorrow!" Tomorrow came and went but the reports were not mailed.

Yes, John is always putting things off to another day. Each time John's wife asks him to pay a bill or give him the money she has earned from her small yarn sales, he will either neglect the bill or spend the money foolishly on his "pals."

He never keeps appointments, however unimportant or important, unless he so desires. If he does not feel like doing a thing, he simply does not do it. Very seldom does he keep appointments with his own family. When he asks his wife to have a meal ready at six o'clock, he usually gets home at seven or seven-thirty. Sometimes he does not even bother to come home all evening. He gives no excuses unless he feels like it.

Yet, here you sit looking at a man who can do absolutely anything related to mechanics or electricity, but who has the business mentality of a child. You wonder how a man so skilled in the trades can be so un-

skilled in financial and family responsibilities.

You wonder, also, about the rumors you have heard about John's wife leaving him. You can understand why a woman might finally give up this man and this kind of life in order to do more for her children.

Glancing at your watch, you notice you have been waiting ten minutes. As you look up, John turns around saying, "Okay, yer radio's fixed! Nothin' much wrong with it!"

"Fine!" you say, smiling. "How much do I owe you for repairs?" you ask, thinking of the small fortune you have previously paid the other repair men.

"It was only a couple o' wires crossed and a condenser burnt out. Don't cost much. Fifty cents fer the condenser," mumbles John. "Come back again if ya have any more trouble!"

You pay John and then say good-bye to him. As you open the door, you see John's wife and two children with suitcases leave by the front door, walk to the street, and enter a waiting taxi-cab. You look at John, but he seems undisturbed.

You realize what is happening. You wonder with whom you should sympathize, John or his wife and children. As you close the door, you hear the keys jingle faintly at the far end of the little shop. Through the window you can see John leaning over his work table, hard at work with tears rolling down his greasestained cheeks.

Jazz

*Two smooth black hands
Of human leather beat our
Native rhythm from a
Taut stretched hide.
Two ivory eyes glistened
And rolled with the natural
Beat.*

*A thousand streaming bodies
Flexed and jerked. They
Bent and twisted above
Two thousand stuttering
Feet. The air boiled and
Shimmered and spent its
Helpless rage.*

*Heavy clouds of tobacco
Smoke rained down
Streams of sweat.*

*A thousand bodies rocked
And swayed transmitting
Their vibrations with a
Dull ecstasy that rolled
On a breaker of liquid
Emotion and broke on
The rocky shore of
Convention.*

— AL ARTZ, '52

This Is My God

*At dawn
He paints a streak of gold
Across the eastern sky;
He breathes and forms a million
clouds;
He smiles and so do I.
This is the God I know.*

*At noon
He gazes in content
At His work half done this day;
He talks and chides with his Heavenly
Hosts;
He lets man go his way.
This is the God I see.*

*At night
He shines the glittering stars
And puts them into place;
He makes a shady lovers' lane;
He gives the moon its face.
This is the God I love.*

*Always
He guides and keeps us close
From His Heavenly perch somewhere;
He scolds and laughs and shares our
joy;
He talks with us in prayer.
This is my God.*

— ROBERT A. KAUTH, '52

The Galveston Fishing Port

ROBERT SPEIGHTS, '52

Shrieking and cawing loudly, the seagulls hover above the Galveston wharves. These scavengers of the sea are always present whenever a fishing fleet returns. They seem to know that a few fish will be left lying on the decks during the loading of the catch. Boats, large and small, chug and toot in the tiny harbor space while awaiting their turn to be systematically moored, unloaded, and cleaned. The crew members of each vessel patiently pass the time by singing well-known sea tunes and playing card games beneath the shade of fishing nets that have been strung from the masts to dry.

The wharf during a fishing fleet return is always the center of attraction of Galveston. (The paintings that can be drawn of the rugged fishermen are inexhaustible.) Young men tediously labor hoisting the heavy buckets of fish from boat to storage space on the wharves. Older fishermen, who enviously watch the scene, remember their younger, vigorous days and the thrill of selling a prize catch. Now, these old salts sit in creaking rocking chairs and weave huge rope bumpers for the boats, knit huge fishing nets and carve masts that may have been snapped from one of the vessels during a storm. These old duffers never say very much, but their life's story is portrayed on their ruddy weather-beaten faces and bent-over frames. Their endurance of stormy seas and tropical gales seems to be written in every lineament of the faces of these old-time seamen.

Near the old salts' abode are piles of oysters, octopus carcasses, and fish that line the market's huge bins, and all types of smells emanate from them. That big Italian, sitting on the pile of oysters, is the proud owner of a pouch full of purple, red, and

black pearls. He finds them inside the oyster shells when he opens them. Of course, only a few oyster shells contain pearls, but the Italian has been opening them for several years. The man next to him has a hobby of playing with a baby octopus. He lets it encircle his arm; it starts sucking and squeezing for food; then he jerks it off and shows everyone the red circular imprints made by the suckers of the tentacles. He says it doesn't hurt; but then, he is probably just a show-off when spectators are around.

In the back rooms of the markets, men dripping wet with salty sweat-beads are shoveling ice onto the bins of fish. During the hot summer months even the heartiest of men often drop from heat prostration in these stifling markets. The work must be done, for their livelihood depends on the selling of fresh fish.

Drifting further on down the waterfront, one passes the taverns and saloons that fishing villages are famous for. These usually dingy, smoke-filled bar-rooms are very picturesque, and they reflect the rugged men that inhabit them. The proprietors in many cases are old-time sea-captains that in days gone by sailed the Seven Seas in enormous four-masted sailing ships. Their saloons, often oriental in atmosphere, often resemble the cabin of a sailing ship with foreign trinkets ornamenting the walls.

Upon leaving the Galveston Fishing Port and once again breathing fresh, clean air, one may not think well of a fishing village. But after a few years of being engaged in a smoky, dirty city, he will find memories drifting back about the hardy care-free life of a fisherman. Maybe he will take another trip to visit the weather-beaten fishing port.

An English Student's Psalm

..... is my teacher
I shall not pass.
He maketh me to write what I have
not read;
he leadeth me into discussions which I
cannot support.

He restoreth my fears of my previous
English
class; he asketh me for recitations
which I cannot give.

Yea, though I stay up nights
with Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales"
and Milton's
"Paradise Lost", it giveth me no help,
for my
poor memory faileth me, especially
when thou
callest and awakest me from deep
slumber.

Thou recognizest my ignorance; thou
showest
me no mercy.

Surely poor grades and failures shall
follow
me for the rest of my days, and I shall
dwell
in these Towers forever.

— LUPE PONCE, '50

Ode To a Republican

DALE GOULD, '52

You sit back, snugly confident that in a matter of hours Dewey will be the next President of the United States. The radio is on, and you have several bottles (of coke), an election tabulation sheet, and well-sharpened pencils to help share your lonely vigil. This night your favorite party will sweep into the Legislative and Executive positions, unhampered by opposition, and break a sixteen-year jinx. Ignoring the early scattered returns, you wait until midnight before taking serious notice of the election trend. At any moment you expect the Dewey bandwagon to surge well ahead of the Missouri mule and capture the coveted Presidency.

At 1:00 a.m., with the candidates still running neck and neck, there is, as yet, no inkling of anything amiss. After all, the farm votes are the last ones counted, and the tillers of the soil have always been the best Republican backers. You remember you have homework to do, but by now the tenseness of the situation has become immeshed in a web of intrigue so strong that even the presence of wild horses could not coax you into action. Time wanes, and still the development of any trend has failed to materialize. Then suddenly you realize that it's three o'clock; brother, will you be beat in the morning! Turning off the radio, you fall asleep, amazed at the closeness of the Presidential race,

but still very sure of an eventual Republican victory.

Awakening in time for a first period class, you pierce the fog of sleep enough to realize that this is a Republican Christmas. Running to your faithful Zenith, you manage, with quaking hands, to fumble with the dials until a tired, weak voice is heard. Recognizing the voice as being a mere shadow of the announcer's earlier vocal efforts, you listen and stand, stunned; the election is still on!

Rushing to class, you begin to realize how many people there are of a votable age who have holes in their heads; you punctuate every thought with speech that is not recognized in literary circles.

Your teacher may notice your neglected beard and lack of attention, but if she does, she gives no sign. Perhaps she was up late, too.

After class, with a burst of speed that would have amazed Dobbs, the impossible is accomplished—you get a seat at Jimmie's—near the radio. It is while in this establishment, so long connected with pleasant memories, that the axe falls, Gibraltar tips, and Texas joins the Union—Truman (sob) has won. Spending the next ten minutes in silence, facing east, you ponder over the fate of the Nation. Then, with head held high, you meet your Democratic adversary, pay the buck you lost and purchase a *Chicago Tribune* to sooth your wounded pride.

Maybe It Was the Spring Air

ANTHONY R. JEDLICKA, '49

Women are the most fickle creatures on earth. Women don't give a "hoot" for merit. All they care about is money and sodas and cream-colored roadsters. Some women even go so far as to change the spelling of their names from B-e-t-t-y to B-e-t-t-e, which seems "cute" to certain people; but to others it is definitely disgusting. These thoughts raced through the fourteen-year-old mind of Albert Theodore McGill, more informally known as "Pepper." Pepper's spirits were dampened; in fact, he was soaked to the skin.

As the rain dripped from his hat and trickled down the back of his neck, he continued to contemplate his misfortune and the bad taste of some *women* he could mention. It was all right with him if Bette Ellen had chosen to return from the class picnic in John Drew the third's cream-colored roadster. What if she had come to the picnic with him? It didn't make a great deal of difference — or did it? Somehow Pepper just couldn't regret not joining the rest of the gang on their trip homeward in the school bus even though it had started to rain.

When he mounted the steps of his home, he began to wonder if an explanation of his conduct was going to be necessary. Upon entering the living room, he saw his sixteen-year-old sister seated in a large armchair with a box of chocolates in her lap.

Her only remark to the drenched lad was, "Well, it's a wonder you can't come home from these childish affairs on the bus as the common, ordinary children do."

That's a woman for you, always being sarcastic, thought Pepper. Following this, he obeyed his mother's orders quietly as she rushed him un-

ceremoniously to bed. She did not dismiss him, however, until after she had reprimanded him for his conduct. No sympathy at all, he thought, but Mom can't help it. She's a woman, too.

As he lay in bed, he gazed at the inky blackness of the room. If he had been asked, he probably wouldn't have admitted that he was wondering if John Drew III would join their school basketball team. Then, too, once in a while a little doubt crept into his mind as to whether Bette Ellen still intended to go to the Freshman Hop with him as she had promised. There were plenty of other girls in the school, of course; but even these troubled thoughts were not enough to keep him awake. He dropped off to sleep.

The next morning, Pepper arose even before the alarm clanged in his ear; at this astonishing phenomenon Mrs. McGill was duly amazed. Before breakfast, he leaned out of the window and admired the beautiful view, the luxurious grass, and the wonderful flowers. Just as a matter of course, he happened to glance in the direction of Bette Ellen's house. It all came back to him — that awful yesterday. Now the beautiful view was just a view, and likewise the grass was just grass, and the flowers just plain old, ordinary, every-day flowers.

He ate his breakfast doggedly and walked just as doggedly to school. *She* probably would look "super gorgeous" this morning. No doubt she would wear those low-heeled moccasins "things" and maybe that red and white blouse with the long sleeves. Her shiny black hair would probably be extra glamorous. Regardless of everything, Pepper had determined to

be very cool and merely say, "Good morning, Miss Randolph."

When he entered the Morton High School building that morning, he wondered why he hadn't taken the day off, pretended illness — anything to spare himself the unwanted babblings and questions of his fellow students. He reached the door of his algebra class simultaneously with that certain Miss Randolph. His face flushed, and he suddenly felt as if he had just stepped out of an elevator that had descended rapidly.

He gulped and said, "Hullo, Bette. You sure look pretty this morning. I - - -"

"Good morning, Mr. McGill." She walked lightly to her seat.

Except for a few interruptions of teachers, Pepper spent most of the morning hating himself for not being cool to Bette. About 11:30, the door opened, and a lovely young lady stepped in. She talked with Mr. Ames and then gracefully crossed the room and sat opposite Pepper. During the time elapsing from 11:30 to lunch period, he learned that this lovely, red-haired *woman* (aged fourteen) was Sandra Jean Kelly. She was going to reside two blocks from where Pepper lived. During the period he also learned that she would be delighted to come to watch him play basketball that evening and have a soda afterwards.

After he had seen Sandra home and made arrangements for that night, he walked home slowly turning his thoughts over in his mind. He knew very well that his walking home with Sandra had taken some of the brilliance from Bette Ellen's exit in John Drew the third's roadster. He only hoped that she was not too dense to realize this fact. His thoughts rambled on and on. Pepper liked to think this way.

The next morning, Pepper sat upright in his bed. He looked at the sun streaming in through the window, and then, not to be misled thinking it was a beautiful morning if it was not, he reviewed the events of the preceding night. Yes! He was a hero. His basket had won the game for Morton; Bette had been sufficiently jealous; and Sandra had promised to go to the Hop with him. It certainly was a wonderful morning.

That day everything proceeded beautifully. He kept on being a hero. During lunch period, he was surrounded with lovely *women* including Sandra and Bette.

He had been home from school only a short time when the telephone rang. When Bette told him that she had not forgotten their prom date, Pepper felt a little weak. Again his thoughts turned against women. Why couldn't they be consistent? Women never knew what they wanted.

The next day and the day after that Sandra was not at school, but Pepper scarcely noticed. He had to concentrate on his problem, the problem of having two girls to take to the prom. In fact, he concentrated so much on it that his teachers objected. The teachers, of course, who objected were women, or at least Pepper did not notice the complaints of the men instructors. Anyway, he preferred to think only women were unreasonable. He merely held these objections as one more strike against women in his mental ball game.

That day as he walked home alone, he wondered if it was worthwhile to go on day after day sauntering to school, going to classes, and sauntering home again. It seemed like a futile existence. His contemplations were interrupted suddenly when he looked up at Sandra's house. On the door was a large sign which read "Measles—Keep Out." Pepper could

not comprehend his feeling at the sight of this. First, he wondered vaguely if he would get the measles. Then, as he pondered a little longer, he realized that his problems were over for the present, at least. He had only one girl to take to the prom. Bette wasn't such a bad "kid" after all.

The next morning was one of those "extra special" mornings. Sauntering to school wasn't so bad if one was doing his sauntering with Bette. Pepper looked admiringly at her and said, "You know, Bets, generally speaking women are wonderful people. All you gotta' do is understand them."

The Voice

*I am music: sprightly or pondering,
Sweeping cadenzas, crashing chords;
Allegro, largo: my tempos vary,
Beckoning or silencing men,
Moving their feet or welling tears.*

*I am art: lines and curves,
The smile of the Mona Lisa;
Cathedral windows and sidewalk
easels.*

*A statue in the park am I.
From canvas to concrete you shall
find me.*

*I am literature: pen and ink;
The recorded folk tale,
Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Poe —
Persuasive surely — a forceful tool.
I claim the headlines and the oldest
epic.*

*Who am I?
I am ageless — my best efforts are
immortal.
Look about you. I am everywhere
The contributions of a creative world;
The crystallizations of man's closest
thoughts.*

— CORRINE JOHNSON, '52

