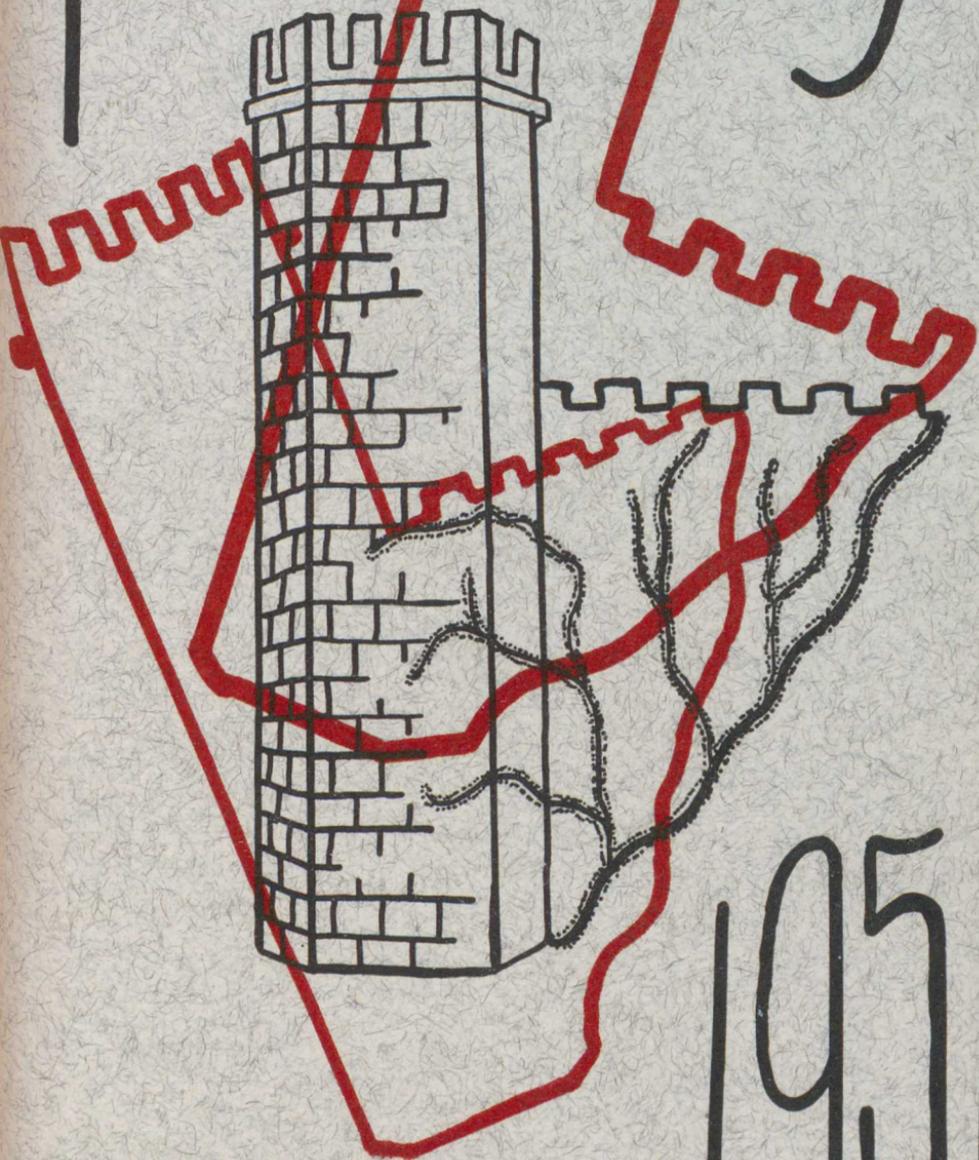


Towers



1951

THE TOWERS /

Presenting the Works of Students

of

Northern Illinois State Teachers College

DeKalb, Illinois

by

Xi Delta Chapter of Sigma Tau Delta

Honorary English Fraternity

The Towers



VOLUME VII

Published

by

Xi Delta Chapter of Sigma Tau Delta

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SIGMA TAU DELTA

MAUDE UHLAND, *Sponsor*

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Forward==

Expressing one's thoughts—whether it be in word, song, movement, or picture—is an art. Within these pages of THE TOWERS the members of Sigma Tau Delta have tried to present the outstanding "expressions" of thought which were submitted by the college students.

We realize that not everyone is deft in the art of "word-expression". Some find an ease in putting their thoughts across through color, form, sound, or movement. With the gracious assistance of the Fine Arts department we have been able to present the attractive cover and title page designs—the thoughts of two college art students presented by means of color and line.

With each new edition of THE TOWERS it is the hope of the Sigma Tau Delta members that other organizations on campus might take part in making this publication a compilation of the arts—a magazine containing the expressions of college students.

THE TOWERS is a publication for the students. The magazine has been written and compiled by students. The attainment of the goals for which we have strived will be decided by the thought THE TOWERS will stimulate in those who read it.

Co-Editors

ROBERT KAUTH DOLORES HANSON

Business Manager

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The Towers

*The castle ascends like a massive hand
High into the ethereal blue.
Its turricated fingers are still,
As the nebulous eddies pass through.
Its cold grey walls have been withered with years,
But still it stands firm in its site,
With a tenacity and fortitude,
That exhibits its will and its might.
And within these walls, a spirit exists.
It's a sage's spirit, which bestirs
The mind and the soul of a youth's desire,
To seek the truth that resides in the TOWERS.*

— Harry Ellis, '52

Sunday Morning in Mexico City

*The two highest peaks of the cathedral
Are suddenly frantic with noise:
Far below, wrinkled Juana mounts the cold steps,
Yawns to stone saints on ornate ledges,
Crosses herself, sits,
Spreads her laces,
Piles basket into basket,
And draws her black rebozo tighter to her head.*

*Antonio turns over in his sleep . . .
More dream-like than his very dreams
Is the sound from the cathedral tops,
When reaching out as far as sound can reach
It finally settles on his sleeping roof.
Antonio's eyes are closed,
But he is wide awake.
And his mind is very busy with the weekly game he plays:
He pretends he has not heard the chime that said,
"Sunday again, Antonio,
Leave the safe bed,
And the fashionable house,
And the respectable suburb,
And the solicitous wife,
And the mannerly children —
Get out and earn your bread."
The journals say Antonio lives to kill;
His wife and mother say he kills to live —
Down in the plaza Sunday afternoons,
Where death is two small hooves
Slowly getting quicker week by week,
And death is two curved horns
Every Sunday sharper than the last.*

*Maria slips between the glass doors
Of a tall apartment hotel;
The blackness of her clothing, hair, and eyes,
Asserted by the jewels at her ears,
Are reasons for the uptilt of her head:
Without a doubt, of purest lineage —
Obviously Castillian upper crust
On her way to Mass;
The contemporary counterpart
Of many a proud black-draped ancestral dame.
Behind her one of Montezuma's clan,
A barefoot wretch of twelve or fourteen years,
Also gowned in her Sunday black,
And perfumed by the gardenias she holds out,
Begs pity and pennies for the love of God.*

— Nancy Cleary, '51

A Narrow Escape

I just have to get to work because Mr. Smith said that I would be fired if I wern't on time. Instead of coming here to bank, I should have gone to the office. It wasn't enough that there was a long line ahead of me, but now two men have come into the bank, and they say that they are going to hold it up. I guess they mean it because they each have a gun. What will Mr. Smith say when I get to the office late!

The two men have their money now; I hope they leave so that I can go, too. What are they coming over here for? You want me to go along with you! This is the silliest thing I have ever heard! Now I'll never get to work. I suppose I had better go because those guns probably are real. If it isn't one delay, it's two others.

Well, here I am in the back seat of the gangsters' car. From their conversation, I gather that the driver's name is Al, and the fellow that is sitting beside me is Louie. They are the most inconsiderate fellows! They practically threw me into the car; and when I try to tell them that I have to get to the office, all they do is answer with a gruff, "Shut up!"

This is getting me nowhere fast.

I'm fifteen minutes late already, and Mr. Smith will have me boiled in oil. I just have to think of something or I'll never get back. Louie is busy counting the money; his gun is lying on the floor. If I can just slip my hand- down to- the- gun--and . . .

"Bang!" That gun makes an awful noise! I wonder what Mr. Smith would say if I shot it in his office. That reminds me, I must get back to town and then to the office right away, or Mr. Smith will use a gun on me. I meant to hit Louie in the heart, but I suppose that between the eyes makes him just as dead. Poor Al! He was so frightened that it took me fifteen minutes to calm him down and get him to drive back to town. We'll be there shortly. I hate to think what Mr. Smith will say.

We went right to Mr. Smith's office. There was a policeman on the corner, and I turned Al over to him. I was so frightened that I could barely walk up the steps to the office. But do you know what happened? Mr. Smith overslept, and he wasn't there yet; to this day, he hasn't found out! I guess that I was born under a lucky star.

— Harrison Reinken, '54

Decision

*The stars shine like blue-white diamonds in the
soft black-velvet sky.*

Lonely am I.

*Laughter is all around me like a myriad of
tinkling bells.*

Silently I cry.

*The pounding of my heart is like a rhythmic
jungle drum.*

Myself I defy.

"Come dance; the music starts again."

Weakly I try.

Run, flee from the whirling crowd.

A haven seek I.

Only the silver moon I see.

Quietly I die.

— Christine Andrianos, '51

They Didn't Do That When Pa Was Young

*My Pa says kids have changed, by heck!
When he was young, they didn't neck;
They didn't ride in open cars
Or stand in line for movie stars;
Their dance music was never swung —
They didn't do that when Pa was young.*

*They didn't do that when Pa was young?
They didn't do that when Pa was young!
Well, they must have missed a lot of fun
If they didn't do that when Pa was young.*

*In bygone days the kids were good;
They did the things that children should;
They never stayed out very late
But things like that are out of date —
Often seen but seldom heard
But now vice versa is the word!*

*They didn't do that when Pa was young,
They didn't do that when Pa was young!
Well, they must have missed a lot of fun
If they didn't do that when Pa was young.*

— Ruth Danekas, '51

Open All Night

Procastination and I are old friends. We both admire Scarlet O'Hara's creed: "I'll think of it all tomorrow. After all, tomorrow is another day." Actually, I could accomplish work when it should be done, but I would rather watch it pile up into mountainous proportions — there is more to surmount when the time eventually comes to do it.

My latest Pike's Peak is term papers. Professors, especially those in the English department, have the sneaky habit of mumbling irrelevant data and then casually inserting, "And it will be due in a week." If I am not snoring too heavily, this last phrase is guaranteed to work better than any alarm clock. Slumber departs with all its luggage. I peer anxiously at my neighbor's notes. It is all too true; the words leer up at me: a so-many-word paper to be written on such-and-such or so-and-so. Why that sentence is sticking its tongue out at me! I'll show it; I won't pay any attention to it.

Days have the most fascinating way of hurriedly flitting past; no butterfly net will catch that week! The calendar is glaring at me; tomorrow that paper is due. It will take me at least an hour to rest my writing arm after carrying all those heavy, dusty books from the library. Now, wouldn't you know it? Time for my favorite program.

If that is my conscience I feel, it must work part-time as a hypodermic. Only an hour gone by? My brain already feels overcrowded. Too much reading . . . better quit for a while. I keep seeing three pages with type that has St. Vitus dance.

Ouch! Conscience again. My pen is always out of ink; it never heard of camels I suppose. Now where is some paper? There is absolutely nothing so annoying as a blank piece of paper staring at you. I'll write anything that comes into my mind. No, better not put *that* down. I'll try copying a little out of this book. Looks as if it hadn't been used in ages. No prof would ever know it wasn't mine. Wonder what nimble brain invented these six syllablers? Just for curiosity's sake, I'll look and — oh, no, my prof! Guess I'll take a break for a snack; my stomach feels hollow after that shock.

I feel inspired; my paper looks thoroughly congested now. Write, write, write. Why, my eyes were closed! This is no time for sleep. Concentrate. More words. That was very inconsiderate of my roommate to shut off the light. So what if it shines in her eyes and she can't sleep? Neither can I. Hope this flashlight battery lasts. This is not scribbling; I am almost done with this cursed paper. What's that stomping sound? I thought that business about "early birds" was just to fool night crawlers. There! The finished product — thicker than *War and Peace*.

Now I must get ready to go to school. I feel as if a steam-roller had run over me and backed up. Hey, you-in-the-mirror, are *you* me? Like the song goes, "Close your eyes, or you'll bleed to death." Ugh, what I need is a good night's sleep. I promise faithfully: I shall never put off . . . Why do tomorrows have to always come on time?

— Sally Harris, '53

Blues

Christmas eve,
a waterfront bar, dimly lit
by one naked bulb
glowing dully through the smoky haze
that is made intermittently red
by the garish neon at the window
as it flashes scarlet defiance to
the dismal night, calling mechanically
BEER — BEER — BEER
promising synthetic gayety and
temporary forgetfulness to the
soul-weary wanderers
on the foggy streets.

The bar is silent save for the soft blues
that spin from the fingers of an
old Negro, hunched over a battered piano
behind the bar.
The occasional slam of the door
behind a new arrival
only accentuates the stillness
as the somber revelers sag
in their seats, drinking wistfully,
compulsively, awaiting the promised joviality,
the hectic excitement, not of living,
but rather of detachment from the chore of living.
Silently, they sit, searching for
self-induced amnesia and respite.

An hour passes
and then another.
The click of the door is
heard more regularly, and the
silent celebrants at the bar begin
to feel the anticipated exhilaration.
Cares and inhibitions slip away,
Yesterday becomes a blur — tomorrow is forgotten,
and even the present is clothed
in a variegated opalescence.
Men, who until this magic moment have sat,
shoulders touching, in mute morbidity, begin to fraternize.
The silence becomes a hum of voices,
the hum rises and is cut through
by the sharp crackles of laughter:
"Hi, Mac. Have a drink." "I'm from Chicago."
"I'm from Maine." "Knock it down; the next one's on me."
"Where ya' goin'?"

"Where ya' from?"
"Merry Christmas!"
"Have some gin."
"Didja ever hear the one . . ."

And near the rear of the bar a young sailor staggers
to his feet, stands, bell-bottomed legs wavering, and
sings in a clear, sweet tenor, "Silent night, holy night"
all is calm, all is . . ."

He stops as suddenly as he began and stands weeping
maudlin tears before he turns to the bar for another drink.
Through the blue smoke haze
the bent grey head of the ancient Negro
can be dimly seen, his delicate fingers
weaving minor-mood arpeggios,
transcending the guttural talk
of this sordid bacchanal.
His fragile brown body is obscured
by the shifting crowd as he bends low,
plucking blue fantasies from the worn piano.
Pimps, fairies, broads on the make,
turn their tricks oblivious
of the simple beauty that is their song.
His musings the tired reminiscence of
one who has seen it all before
and foresuffers all that is to come.

— Frank Noble, '51

Musical Interlude

Her hands as dark as chaos
Translated mute keys into vibrant
Melodies which made me into stone.
Angry notes flung me to a jutting edge,
And beat me senseless. I fell outward
Into morbid space where black and white
Emerged as day. A delicate sonata bathed
My brow and washed away all bounds of time.

I turned to touch those static hands —
But spell and artist were long since gone.
Only the solitary spinet remained.

— Elizabeth Gall, '51

Poor Mr. Solz

Sometimes, when I look back, I get to thinkin' about Mr. Solz, and I feel kinda sorry for him. Not that I paid much attention to him at the time; he was just another kraut. But, sometimes, in the little room back of the cashier's desk there in the Officers' Clothing Store, we'd get to shootin' the breeze and eventually get around to politics. He was a Socialist; this kinda interested me; I'd never seen one up real close before. But not many men love liberty and justice and all the things we generally call "democracy" more than he did. Really, I mean it. In spite of his bein' a kraut and all. And not many men have done more for those things than he did. He was a member of a resistance group when, what with the Gestapo, the informers and all, resisters were as scarce as hen's teeth. They suspectd him all along, but they never could get anything on him. He used to tell me how he'd be listening to BBC London—a terrible crime—with the radio turned way down and his ear pressed up to the speaker, and then he'd hear his cellar steps creak as somebody tried to catch him at it. He belonged to a branch of the same outfit that nearly got Hitler in July, 1944.

Well, when the Americans came in, they entered town right down his street. Most of the Germans stayed in their houses, but not Mr. Solz; he was right out at his gate to watch the whole thing. After all, he'd worked and prayed and hoped for this day. "The Americans!" he'd thought, "Now we'll have justice in Germany!" Right in front of his house, a GI walked up to a major and started talkin' to him. No standin' at attention, no salutin'. "Boy!"

Mr. Solz thought, "there's real democracy! Even the army is democratic!"

A few days later, Mr. Solz and a couple other members of his group went to the military governor and offered the assistance of their group in settin' up a government in town. Well, the officer had no authorization to accept German participation in government, but he told them he'd get in touch with them when he did. Mr. Solz' group kept on holdin' regular meetings for a while, but they never heard any more from MG and it gradually petered out.

By the time I knew him, Mr. Solz was pretty disillusioned. I used to try to cheer him up, but there wasn't much I could do. "There's no justice," he'd say. "There's no justice. Why, right next door there's Fritz Lehnberg, the only man in town authorized to officers' tailored uniforms, and he was one of the biggest Nazis in town. He sent dozens of people to concentration camps; so you set him up in a half a dozen shops and help him make a fortune."

Well, what could I say? I figured MG probably had Fritz' record and would eventually catch up with him, but Mr. Solz figured they should have looked up his record before they set him up in business. It's hard to argue against that.

One day I found out from another kraut that Mr. Solz' own brother had been a Nazi! I casually brought that up the next time I saw Mr. Solz. Boy! I never knew a man could hate practically his own flesh and blood so much! He blew his top! I guess that was one guy he'd like to personally denazify.

Mr. Solz was supervisor over the German salespeople—we called him the Floor Manager—and he wasn't too well liked by the employees. I guess they figured he molly-coddled to the Americans too much. Finally, the powers-that-be decided we ought to have a new Floor Manager—to

preserve morale or for some other important reason. Oh, they kept Mr. Solz on the payroll; just demoted him. Poor Mr. Solz.

Who was the new Floor Manager? Why, Mr. Solz' brother.

— Boyd L. Peyton, '53

The Awakening

*Come! Don't run! Here, let me hold your hand;
Sure the world is cold and cruel, but I will understand.
Hush! Don't speak! And don't apologize,
Because I know so very well the fear within your eyes.*

*Yes, my child, the truth is harsh, but real,
And each must weave his way through life making his
own appeal.*

*Yes, my own, the fight has just begun,
And you will be quite battle-scarred before your
fight is won.*

*Alas! Don't weep! I'd rather see you smile,
Though it may mask the terror that you're feeling all the
while.*

*Be brave! Be strong! And lift your head up high!
Though dreams may crumble at your feet, don't let your
spirit die.*

*Security! ... Warmth! ... Freedom from all harm!
These things you took for granted within your mother's arms.
But they were not enough for you, so with a curious mind,
You reached out to the naked world to see what you
might find.*

*Come, my child, I want to comfort you;
Snuggle briefly in my arms, your fears I will subdue.
You see, my dear, I knew your life would bring
This day that is escaped by none — the cruel awakening!*

— Dolores Mary Palata, '51

The Mind of Man

*The mind of a man is likened to a field.
His thoughts are planted there in fertile soil.
Then April comes to stimulate their growth,
And self-reliance glows — as if a sun —
To radiate its optimistic beams
Upon green shoots of new philosophies
Which ripen into full maturity
Unless the frozen breath of Mars
Transforms these buds to wither'd deformities.
Then crops are quickly overrun by weeds
Which spread their ill effects on other fields.
Too many weeds take root within men's minds —
Spurr'd on by wasteful Mars' frigidity.
They steal the mind's prolific qualities,
And dreams for fruitful harvest fade away.*

— Woody Hasemann, '52

Voice Crying in the Wilderness

*Oh, Age, come to me
And bring me all your counterparts.
I'm sick of nerves too taut to bear
And heart all strained with longing.
My soul cries out a prayer for peace,
A plea for tranquil living:*

*Give me the day, Lord, of knowing-all;
(To fight, one must have ammunition)
It presses upon me, the world and all;
(O, Youth, hold your head up above it!)
Grant me some favors, Lord, for living,
A brain not hot with pressure,
The war and frightening life itself
Carefully stored away.
Security, that is the word for it, Lord.
Bless me with one static thing.
Show me sand castles—youth's bright ideals—
That cannot be washed away.*

*Be gone, you hectic years of youth,
And swiftly bring me instead
A heart, a soul of calmer grain;
O, ease this troubled head!*

— Betty Mussell, '54

Senses

Alone and trampled,
I follow my path
Lit only by the age old Star of Wonder.
Hard on my shoulder
I feel the Hand of Wisdom and Might;
And close in my ear
I hear the Voice of Power and Glory.
Am I afraid?
Though all the world should be forever veiled in darkness,
I shall not fear;
For my eyes have been opened to the blazing path of eternity,
And my feet follow the prints of the Silent Walker.
My nostrils inhale the smoldering odor of peace and security,
And my hands yearn only for one touch of comfort.
Fathoms beyond reality and truth,
I have found my purpose in life —
My goals and ambitions,
My desires and yearnings;
And above all, through all, and in all.
I have found my faith.

— Robert S. Kauth, '52

Make-Up

"Okay, kids, let's quiet down; we've lots of work to do.
We'll take the leading lady first and see that she gets through.
From here, that shade looks just too dark, remember she's a queen —
Hey, who's the one with the brush and glue for the man in the second scene?
In all this mess — in all this fuss, which whirls around my head,
I'm so nervous; I'm so worried; oh, I wish that I were dead!
I was next; for heaven's sake, is all that stuff for me?
Tilted back — with cloth on neck — I could no longer see.
The cold-cream base felt cool and smooth and soothed my burning skin.
Next they smudged my eyes with grey, marked black lines on my chin.
My hair was puffed with powder and my lips were dabbed with paint.
I felt my face transfigured, and I'll bet I sure looked quaint!
"You're through," they sang in unison, "you really look fine."
But really, for all this work, I've only got one line.

— Daniel Hess, '52

The Helping Hand

As Dr. Stone closed the lab door, he saw Birch gazing through the window, his good hand dejectedly burrowing in his left pocket. The other sleeve of the patient's tweed jacket was pinned up supporting his useless right arm.

Flashing Birch his best professional smile, Dr. Stone crossed to the desk. "Try to sit down and relax, Mr. Birch," he nodded toward a chair. "I want to check over these charts just once more before I speak with you."

With an awkward grace, Birch collapsed in the proffered chair and hung his head in his left hand.

While pretending to study the charts, Dr. Stone stole a glance at Jeff Birch. His features seemed vaguely familiar — the heavy shoulders, the stoic face with its broad forehead, stubborn jaw, and icy eyes.

Jeff's eyes arrested Dr. Stone's observing glance now. "It's quite all right, doctor," he began. "I want you to tell me exactly what you've found." He cleared his throat. "I shouldn't want you to hold anything back from me. I'm depending upon you as the best brain specialist in the country." Jeff fumbled with a cigarette.

"Beastly," Stone muttered to himself. He made a motion to help Birch light up, but he checked himself.

"I'm afraid--Mr.--ah--Birch," he started, "that the examinations only confirm my former opinion."

Jeff's eyes narrowed as he took a long drag on his cigarette. "Y-e-s--of course," he encouraged.

"I shall avoid being technical, Mr. Birch," Stone shrugged, "but the blow you received, I'm afraid will permanently impair your right arm."

Jeff was concentrating on the glowing ash at the end of his cigarette. "Then the--that is, the brain tissue is positively destroyed--is that it, doctor?" he demanded.

Dr. Stone measured his fingers against each other, avoiding Birch's icy stare. "There is considerable damage to the motor area," he stated reluctantly. "I know of only one man who might possibly--there is just a chance--who might be able to restore some of the use of your right arm to you. In fact, I'm rather surprised no one else has recommended him to you --Dr. Hollingsworth--of Bradford--I believe. Gone farther in brain surgery than any other specialist in the field."

Jeff grimaced. "Hollingsworth!" "Good God, man!--is it as bad as all that?" Dr. Stone exclaimed. "Perhaps even Dr. Hollingsworth will be unable to do anything for you. I've seen men make marvelous adjustments; you have two good legs and a perfectly normal left arm."

"Yes--I've got my left hand," Jeff reiterated absently, eyeing it with contempt. He took another long drag on the dying cigarette, then crushed it out. Stretching out of the chair, he smiled down on Stone and offered his left hand. "Thanks for your opinion, doctor. Guess I'll be on my way now."

They shook hands—left handed—and Birch disappeared through the door.

Funny chap, Stone mused as he listened to the heavy footsteps descending on the stairs. I barely know the fellow, and yet--Birch he said his name was--Jeff Birch. He shrugged his shoulders and ambled back into the lab. Guess I'll work another hour and then go for tea.

An hour later, as Stone hurried through the darkened streets, he heard the excited muttering of a crowd gathered under a street lamp across on his left. Someone shouted, "Get a doctor--fast!"

Crossing the street with a bound,

Dr. Stone arrived upon the scene to hear a cabbie whining, "'E stepped right out in front of me cab, 'e did. I could na' ha' missed 'im gov'ner!"

While the witnesses were acknowledging the truth of the cabbie's statement, Stone bent over the lifeless form. "Why-- it's BIRCH!!" he gasped.

"You know this man, doctor?" a bobbie cut in. "His credentials here say his name's Hollingsworth--Dr. J. C. HOLLINGSWORTH of Bradford!"

— Marion White, '52

Time

Destructive Time,

*Waiting for no one, feasting on life, passes us by.
To him, people are but toys being cast away at random.
To him, all life is but a condemned criminal
Awaiting one fatal stroke of the scythe.*

Perpetual Time

*Temporarily is subjected to the whims of the human race;
Sometimes saved; oft times wasted; occasionally utilized.
Ultimately surviving all; enjoying unrestrained freedom.*

Humble Time,

*Conceding to the immortal arts which enshrine beauty permanently.
Bowing before the unwavering protection of Minerva's eye,
Allows passage into the infinite world of the eternal.*

Boundless Time

*Laughs in his sleeve at man's petty attempts
To mark the limits.
To him, the hourglass, the clock, the calendar are but
Devices of man's befuddled mind.
To him, a day is perhaps a year;
A lifetime, perhaps a day.*

— Louise Reda, '51

La Porte

Clare Turner twisted restlessly beneath the single, white sheet that covered her body. It was too warm in New Orleans for sleep to come easily, and besides, Clare was anxious to tell her husband that she had finally got a job at the public library — cataloging books.

She turned once more, propped herself up on one fragile elbow, and peered at the clock's luminous face. It was exactly midnight. Twenty-five minutes remained until Paul would get home; possibly less, if Pierre's car was running.

Sliding down upon the bed, she balanced her chin on the edge of the mattress and listened for sounds that were familiar to this third-floor apartment where she and Paul had lived for the past two years. It was a game she always played whenever she was alone — listening to and identifying the muffled sounds of the radio or voices in the next apartment, or mentally tracing the origin of the many creaks emitted by the aged walls and floorboards. Such simple familiarity gave her a sense of security and a feeling of belonging; and like all human beings, she needed to be reminded again and again that she did belong.

But the night was unusually quiet, and she wrinkled her brow in resentment.

I'm not listening closely enough, that's the trouble. I —

Then she heard it. The front room door, the apartment's only entrance and exit, was quietly, but firmly, having its knob turned by someone in the outside hallway.

Clare quickly got out of bed, took four rapid steps into the grey, moon-

lit living room, and stood silently looking at the door that was being tampered with.

Paul must have forgotten his key again; but then, whenever he does leave his key at home, he slowly knocks four times.

The doorknob was now silent, and Clare heard a low mumble in the hallway that sounded as if a man had spoken to someone else. Her heart pounded in prayer for Paul's four designated knocks to follow, but somehow she knew this fleeting hope was in vain. Cold, tiny crystals of perspiration amassed themselves on her forehead, and her body gave a sudden quiver as if a sweeping blanket of frost had brushed across her shoulders.

What can I do? I must get help! The phone; but no, that wouldn't help.

Then Clare saw Paul's housekey lying next to the telephone, and once again her mind grasped at the hope that it was Paul who was trying to open the door.

But whoever was in the hall interrupted her thoughts by beginning to pick at the door's lock with a metallic scratching.

He's trying to spring the lock! Help, I must get help!

The open window on the far side of the room caught Clare's attention, for she was certain that she had just heard voices float up from the street below. She quickly ran to the window and threw her body across its sill. There, below, were two men walking arm in arm noisily singing an incoherent song. She grasped one

of the two, small flower pots from the window sill's edge and hurtled it toward the sidewalk. Down, down, down shot Clare's missile, and with it were her desperate hopes of getting help.

The flower pot announced its presence to the two men by smashing against the sidewalk directly behind them. They jarred themselves to a halt, wheeled around in unison, and directed their somewhat blurred gaze at the broken pottery and broken-stemmed plant. Then they leaned back in precarious balance and saw a woman three stories above who was frantically waving for them to come up.

With understanding smiles, the men waved back, and one of them shouted, "Not tonight, honey. We ain't got a penny between us!" They followed this with drunken laughter and walked in the direction they were facing, unmindful that they were retracing the steps they had taken before the flower-pot episode.

Clare's eyes pleadingly followed the men's retreat, and tears of desperation floundered down her cheeks. She had experienced the sadness of being alone many times, of not being wanted, but there was never the kind of fear within her heart as there was now.

As she turned away from the window, her foot touched the side of a small mouse trap that was sitting on the floor. The sudden jar offset the trap, and it jumped with a sinister snap. Clare almost lost what little self-control she still had, and with wide, terrified eyes she looked at the empty mechanism that was now lying upside down on the carpet's edge. The gruesome remembrance of once seeing a mouse get caught in that trap flashed through her mind; the horror

she felt as she watched the mouse writhe and kick and finally, without a sound, stiffen and die.

She plunged her fingers into her mass of disheveled hair as if to drive away the noise of the intruder's incessant picking and scratching at the door's lock, but his efforts seemed to grow more determined, and every few seconds he would turn the door-knob in attempt to enter.

He mustn't get in, ever! That scratching! A dog — if I only had a dog!

Not yet lost to hysteria, Clare rushed forward, bent down, and began to scratch the bottom of the door.

He'll think there's a dog in here. He must think there's a dog in here!

The picking at the lock stopped, and she feared that her pounding heart would be heard by the unknown aggressor outside her door.

So close; I'm so very close to him. Only the thinness of the door separates us.

She scratched again and waited, almost imagining that she should hear him walk away.

But the picking at the lock began once more. This time, however, the intruder gave companion to his efforts by humming "Au clair de la lune." The low, murmuring hum had a weird, hypnotical effect on Clare's fear-benumbed mind. Crouched behind the door, her nightgown clinging to her wet, perspiring body, she began dimly to visualize the words to the song as he hummed: "By the clear moonlight—;" the words swan dizzily through her mind: "My candle is out, and I have no light—;"

I must be going mad! I must do something to stop this fiend!

But the words of the last line of the song loomed in her mind: "Open your door for me, for the love of God!"

She could stand it no longer. The tenseness of all that had happened snapped and recoiled with a paralyzing lash that seemed to numb her soul. She stood up, tore open the lock, threw open the door, and with wild hysteria in her eyes she faced the torturer whom she was about to wildly beat with her delicate, harmless fists.

She saw Paul in the dimly lit hallway rapidly walking toward the apartment. He called to her, seeing that something was wrong.

As she fell into his arms, the intruder took another step backward and stood there with a wide open mouth and eyes to match, disbelieving what he saw.

Paul looked at him and snapped, "What's been going on here, Louis? Why don't you take your drunkenness somewhere else?"

Louis was now far from being drunk, although his reeking breath tended to disprove this fact. He stammered, "Mon Dieu! Monsieur

Turner, this apartment . . . I lost my key . . . I am a locksmith, and I thought I could—"

"Yes, I know," said Paul sarcastically, "but you live in apartment 2-A, not 3-A, remember?"

"But your wife, Monsieur, I must have frightened her half to death. But the scratching on the door—like my dog—everything, I was sure that—"

"We don't have a dog, Louis, or whatever you're talking about. Now get out of here and—"

Clare couldn't get close enough to Paul. She had her quivering body pressed to his as if she wanted to crawl inside him and hide.

The old, wrinkled face of Louis revealed regret as he watched Clare, and he said, "Monsieur, the wine and I are no longer friends, for it made me hurt your wife, one who is—who cannot—"

"Yes, Louis, she's mute; she can't say a word."

Lifting Clare's head and looking into her eyes, Paul said, "Let's go inside, Clare. You'll feel better after you tell me all about it."

— Charles Krauz, '52

Quest

*And so, in dreams, I seek the good, the right, the true,
And find it not, nor trace thereof,
And in the dusty philosophy long taught, the ideas of learned men,
And there is no answer —
Until at last, out of the haze and cloud and mist of lostness I come,
Finding all — in you.*

— Mary L. Landis, '51

Black Gold

*Listen, my children, and I'll unfold
An interesting story about Black Gold,
A horse who could take six feet in each stride,
And throw every man who said he could ride.*

*One morning Charlie, from out of the East,
Vowed he would ride the black satin beast.
He got Blackie saddled and ready to go —
An started to mount — at first kind of slow.*

*Charlie was no sooner on Blackie's back,
When up came the ground and hit him — KER-SMACK!
Slowly he raised himself up off the ground,
And started to mount — at first kind of slow.*

*Charlie was not to be outdone so quickly;
He put on some glue to make himself stick.
He then hit the saddle as quick as he could,
And this time he stuck as he hoped that he would.*

*Well, Charlie and Blackie were off like lightening,
I'm telling you now it was kind of frightening.
They went over a mountain as if it was a hill,
And passing up a train as though it was standing still.*

*We never saw Blackie alive after that.
He died while crossing a long sandy flat.
Charlie was also turning light blue —
He couldn't get off because of the glue.*

*We buried them both in the very same grave,
And used as a headpiece a small wooden stave.
Across the top was written this sayin':
"Put glue on the saddle — and then started a-prayin'!"*

— Danny Frankfather, '53

Leaves Of Life

*Withered leaves fall to the ground
Like thwarted ambitions, incomplete dreams.
Scattered by winds, swallowed by snows,
They crumple in heaps and soon are gone.*

*The breath of Spring revives the tree
And one by one the buds appear anew.
Revived, reborn, they fulfill their life's span,
Wither, fall and die just as before.*

— Elizabeth Gall, '51

Evolution of a Dance

*Two masses of nothing
lie in nothingness
a purple - soundless
- vacuum.
Slowly, - steadily -
these masses -
grow into
abstract forms, that
begin to breathe rhythm
from a timeless, timeless
moment - - - -*

*And the abstract
forms evolve into
two breathing bodies,
pushing, their shaping
structures through
dimension.
Suddenly!!! transforms
dimension*

*itself into time and
time into years, - days,
hours, - minutes, - seconds - - - -
and then breathes inspiration
into, - now, - two well
defined beings, floating
through space
sharing a moment in time
that can never be regained.*

*Sharing a moment in time
that can never, ever be regained.*

— Charles Czarny, '53

To My Father

*Once you were a huge and friendly tree
In a wood of trees unknown and stark,
And I would clutch at your rough trunk and cling,
And soon forget to fear the gloomy dark.*

*The forest has grown more familiar now,
And I no longer fear the other trees,
Yet still I love to cling to your bent boughs,
And settle close when night stirs up a breeze.*

— Nancy Cleary, '51

A Walk Down a Country Road

*On a warm spring day in the middle of June,
When the air was filled with a fragrant perfume,
I walked alone down a dusty road
And watched for flowers in their beautiful robes
Of gold and violet and yellow and blue —
And some in a mixed and heavenly hue.
Straight ahead on this road lay a field of wheat
With the golden heads swaying in the breeze-cooled heat.
To the left was a brook where the children play,
Laughing and running in the sand all day.
To the right was a valley filled with trees,
Their green leaves rustling in a soft summer breeze.
I suddenly stopped and gazed at this scene —
It seemed to me like a wonderful dream —
Then I realize what life really means
On my walk down a country road.*

— Virginia Kirby, '53

Hold Back the Night

*What will you have of me after I'm gone
But a remembrance —
A remembrance of the things we used to do
And the countless hours we spent together?
Will you be content with recollections
Of our last few times together,
Or will you always remain as lost and disillusioned
As I am now?
You will always remain as constant to me
As the bright rains of April
And the revealing rays of the summer's sun;
And when the dusk of memory finally falls,
I pray God
Hold back the night,
And the loneliness and desolation that darkness brings;
For in the eternal depths of evening
I must reach out my faltering hand
And search for someone, somewhere,
Whom I can leave with torturing thoughts,
And be as cold to you as you are to me now.*

— Robert S. Kauth, '52

Never Alone

For hours now I have been sitting here, thinking in silence. Long ago the house was darkened and the family went to sleep upstairs. Still I remain, troubled in thought of you, dear friend. I had no definite intention in seating myself here in the creaky old rocker before the hearth. Perhaps it was the only thing left to do: think. Sleep? Impossible! Read? Absurd! Walk? Unbearable!

All the times that I wanted to tell you how much I thought of you keep haunting me; I never could find any words. Now—now it's too late anyway. Only my prayers can reach your ears.

The reckless flames of the spitting fire before me are bringing pictures to my mind—pictures of you and me tramping around the countryside. Remember the time you fell into the river? Plop! Such a dazed creature you were, so helpless in the mud! Speechless with laughter, I could not even move to help you out. Bygone days: memories of friends!

The swaying shadows of the fire remind me of music: music we heard together, lived together. Remember that bright idea of ours to run off to Chicago to hear Rise Stevens? Now, I fear to turn on the radio or stir out of the house lest I should hear the overpowering strains of Tchaikowsky's "Fifth" that we loved so well. Perhaps this is my cue for tears. Ha! My head is too heavy, too choked with the saddest of all pains: that of loneliness, longing for a friend. Yes, first I would have to forget you before tears would flood my eyes.

Every possible moment we were together. Remember our Saturday afternoon tennis games? Mostly laughter! Remember our scores of

evenings together? One summer's eve found us scaling the wall of that old "haunted house" and another seriously conversing about "Keat's Aesthetic Philosophy." Yes, we were always together.

Strange how our young minds were yearning for a taste of wisdom. Together we found happiness, knowledge, and above all, God. It was He who was in such great favor of our friendship. It was He who blessed it, who fed it, who kept it pure and secure in eternal hope. It was He who pointed out to us the fullness of living. Under His guidance we came to love each raindrop, each tiny blade of grass. Both are inexplicable, both part of the Kingdom. Infinitely rich. Such deep wonder we had as He gave us, together, the Keys of the Kingdom.

Always there were your sympathetic, understanding eyes. Never were they mocking, never angry; they but tenderly pleaded for love in return. Oh, I would have lifted the world for you, such was my devotion.

Now what? What is to be done with this grief that numbs and tears and gouges out my very inwards? Where lies happiness, peace, love? Where is there hope in our old ideas, plans, ideals without you?

It's true that you were only one small part of my life; but as the tiny cotter-pin holds intact a huge wheel, so you were that integral part of me that diligently kept together my wheel of life, which without you now goes crazily spinning off into space, bereft of hope.

My hand keeps reaching out to touch yours but meets nothingness.

My mouth opens to greet you, but
your ears are forever closed. The
vainness of it all holds me here, para-
lyzed.

Wait! Surely He had a purpose
in taking you away. Was it that I
was not fully appreciative of our
friendship? No! No! I can see my
way clearly now; He didn't take you
from me. Why did I say we were
parted? Words of a fool! We two

shall never part. The very Being in
us was united long ago. Although
we cannot enjoy earthly pleasures
any longer, in those of the Spirit we
shall hold our silent communion.

Forever our souls shall march
along together, now fully out of the
reaches of Sin's black fingers. Into
the brilliant gleam of God's fields
we shall walk, my friend. Forever
together!

— Katherine Kreuter, '53

Soliloquy of a Disillusioned Schoolboy

*Huh! — There she sits, tormentor of minds,
Haunched on the throne of despotism.
Scanning the room with her eagle eye, she finds
A jellyfish — victim of her unjust criticism.
In her rasping, wavering voice she demands:
"Name each one on the Canterbury trip!"
No answer. Now she'll glory in reprimands.
(Ha-ha! Look there; her teeth did slip!)*

*"Imbecile! Idiot!" she starts with a roar,
Each slashing word exciting the next,
See her victim seep through the crack in the floor?
I guess she is just a little bit vexed.
Oh no!! — Mass torture is about to advance;
She's sighted a poem — Gads, what a crime!
There she goes — into her ecstatic trance —
"Oh, now isn't this a be-e-utiful rime?"*

*She skipped a page — Ah, I see why.
That poet lived an "uproarious life."
To the library I'll rush to satisfy
My curiosity — Did he have a wife?
Just watch, I'll match her bitter tongue;
Let her try just once to challenge me —
"Bob Jones?" Ouch, how that name stung,
No, ma'am — Yes, ma'am — B-but you see —*

— Louise Reda, '51

When Will the Lady Be Home ?

*"When will the Lady be home?" she said.
"I wanted to visit today.
She told me to come whenever I wished.
She told me to come and play."*

*"She always has cookies, or books to read,
Or a kitten to cuddle and tease.
When will the Lady be home?" she said.
"May I come in? May I, please?"*

*"The Lady is gone," I told the child.
"She moved from this neighborhood.
I'm sorry she left without saying goodbye."
I smiled as best I could.*

*The child looked doubtful; then ran down the stairs.
I turned and closed the door.
"The Lady is gone," I told myself.
She was buried the day before.*

*I thought of the things she had done for me,
The things I could never tell,
How hard she had worked to make things right
For me, and for others as well.*

*How seldom we thanked her even though we held
Our gratitude deep inside.
We saw in her eyes the love she gave,
It was there on the day she died.*

*But no more regrets, now it is too late.
Like her I must try to be.
Next time the neighbor's child comes to call,
I'll ask her to visit with me.*

— Marilyn Hackbarth, '51

My Will-o'-the-Wisp

*What is this thing that's lost to me
Which has no height, or breadth, or form?
I try to think what it might be,
To what concept it might conform.*

*Is it a wish, desire, or scheme,
That I made once so long ago?
Is it a nightmare or a dream I had one night?
How can I know?*

*I seek remembrance in my mind
To some forgotten love or song,
To something I tried once to find,
I almost have it—then it's gone!*

*I'll chance upon it in the night
When lost in dreamy fantasy,
But then at dawn it restless grows,
And struggles urgently to flee.*

*And though desire for it burns,
As I try to grasp it in my mind,
A doubtful promise of return
Is all it ever leaves behind.*

*Perhaps some far off, future day,
When lost in pleasant reverie,
I'll suddenly awake and find
That which was lost has come to me!*

— Dolores Palata, '51

With Nature

*A willow thicket as the sun sinks low,
A log to rest on where the smoke won't blow,
A migrating bird twitters in the tree,
And the crickets' chirpings make soft harmony.*

*The brown-turned corn in the afterglow,
The leafstrewn ground where too soon we'll go
With the seed-stripped stalk in the fading sky,
And a memory turned prison, there young dreams lie.*

— Erwin C. Zipse, '54

Achilles In Korea

PROLOGUE

Sing goddess, the wrath of the NI student, the terrible wrath which brought forth innumerable curses and much wailing, and the cause that sent many young men far from their wonted paths of life.

Who then among the great powers could have wrought such havoc among the lives of so many? Even the Draft Board, that group of demi-gods who, at the best of those higher in power, sent out many greetings and commandments to the men of the nation, yea, even unto college students.

What cause, what reason could be great enough to warrant such disruption of life? None but the mighty struggle of great nations on the tiny chessboard of Korea. And these, these young men are the pawns, the rooks. But for what reason? Why such a titanic struggle between nations which should know only peace? Did the powerful Joseph, tamer of the Czars, offend the mighty Harry, keeper of the piano? These things, O Muse, sing; sing, for we would know the answer.

CHARACTERS

Achilles Sergeant Captain Jones

(The scene is a quiet valley in Korea about ten miles from the front. Numerous tents and army vehicles are present. Enter Achilles, resplendent in his glittering armor.)

Achilles: Praised be the gods, for war remains unchanged;
The tents of fighting men I clear discern.

But where the troops? Could they be in the press?
And yet, no sound of battle hits mine ear.

I'll ask yon slave. *(For servant must he be. He bears no armor as befits a man.)*

Ho, slave! Direct me to thy master's tent

That I may learn the place and tide of war.

Sergeant *(Entering)*: Who in the blue blazes do you think you are? Where do you think you're going dressed like that, to a masquerade? What's all this "slave" and "master" business? I'm neither a slave nor a servant.

Achilles *(Angrily raising his spear)*:
Thou —

Sergeant *(Shouting)*: Don't interrupt me! Put down that pointed stick! As long as I'm sergeant here, there'll be no shenanigans. Now, state your business or clear out.

Achilles *(More quietly)*: Pardon. I have come to offer aid;
To fight again with host against the foe,
With noble comrades from far-distant Greece.

Sergeant: You've come to enlist? The Greeks are miles from here, but you can join this troop until we meet them. You might have the makings of a good foot soldier. Here's Captain Jones. Speak to him while I see about a uniform for you.

(Exit Sergeant; Enter Captain)

Captain *(Chuckling)*: Excuse me, but I can't help laughing, to see you dressed in an outfit like that here on a battle-front. Who are you, and what can I do for you?

Achilles: I am Achilles, son of Pel-eus.
And thou, art thou the leader of this host?

Leader thou must be; thou hast the look

Of commander, though thou hast not the garb.

(*Strange, it seems that warlike garb has changed*

Since last I won my laurels at the front.)

Captain: I'm leader of this company, but not commander, Mr.-- Mr.-- uh-- Ash-heels.

Achilles: Who then is thy commander, where is he?

Captain: My commander-in-chief is in Washington.

Achilles: O, he is at the front, up in the press?

Brave must he be, to fight beside his men.

Captain: You don't understand. Washington is many miles away from here. My commander is not a fighter.

Achilles: Wise then must he be to gain such a post.

And do the bards and minstrels sing his praises?

Captain: Quite the contrary. A lot of people think he doesn't know anything.

Achilles: But does he plan the battles and campaigns?

And tell thee how to storm the foe's stout walls?

Captain: No, he delegates that power to his subordinates.

Achilles: By all the gods, what type of host is this?

The men wear no armor, the commander does not command.

(*Jet planes thunder over in formation. Several tanks rumble by.*)

O, Zeus! What manner of manifestations be these?

Captain: You mean you've never seen an airplane or a tank? These are only some of our weapons.

Sergeant (*Entering*): Hey, you! Here's your uniform and there's your gun.

Achilles: But this is cloth; it hath no burnished steel

To turn the edge of foeman's pointed spear.

This gun, this puny tool of wood and metal,

Use I it to club my foes to death?

O, Zeus, a cruel and pitiful joke hast thou

Played upon thy servant, Peleus' son. Fighters are they not; These men are mad.

Therefore, return thy servant from their grasp

E'en unto Hades' halls, whence I have strayed.

And never more shall chance I ask of thee

To join, on Earth, the fools that live today.

(*Exit Achilles, in a cloud of smoke, leaving behind two very baffled army men.*)

— Louis Dolan, '54

We're Going Home !

Tremendous tension, outwardly tranquil but inwardly a raging inferno, contorting the very last nerve to such an extent of high emotion that the heart seems ready to burst.

We're going home, do you hear? Home! Back to the nest of warmth and loved ones we left some hundred years ago.

The word for departing will arrive soon — perhaps in one minute, possibly in one day; but until it does our thoughts rush madly through our minds, and their sum is but a blur.

"Light a cigarette, man."

"I shall, but already my throat is raw from twenty before."

"Tell a joke; sing a song; take a walk — do anything but cry with joy and expectation."

Less than two years ago we left our land and came out here to desolation's worst. Now our work is done, and we are going back. Once more we shall begin our lives of peace, and fear of killing or of being killed will be naught.

Rejoice? But how? Another drink? No — just a prayer of thankfulness; thankfulness for being led out of the powder-smoked ruins alive to live this glorious day.

Home. Do you hear? We're going home!

— Charles Krauz, '52

Marriage

Marriage is a gamble

Two hearts are put at stake

A tug of war

Forever more

In this game of give and take.

— Louise Soboleski, '54

That Night

*The wind rustled the leaves.
The moon made a path of silver on the water.
A boat lay at rest in the bay.
A white mast rose straight,
And touched the stars:
The peace was frightening.*

*She sat alone for a long time
Watching the rippling waters.
After a while a stranger appeared.
"It's time," he said.
She rose slowly,
Took one last longing look,
And disappeared.*

— Virginia Kirby, '53

My "Ivory" Tower

*A nectar of shyness seals my lips;
Yet I have much to reveal.
If it were not for the pen and word,
You would know not how I feel - - - -*

*I could not bear to be unheard
For then I could not live.
To be alone is not for man,
His thoughts are his to give - - - -*

*This pen sips nectar from my lips
To carry these words to you;
May each line tell you my dreams
As clear as though they were true - - - -*

*And may the thoughts I write for you
Have the great strength and power
To merge our thoughts and carry you off
To the realm of my "ivory" tower - - - -*

— Dolores K. Hanson, '51

The Ties of Love

*The ties of love that bind us fast
May gentle be, or fair;
But when we want to wander on
We find them, firmly, there.*

*We try to ease away from them
To set our souls free;
We find them strong and hard to break
As only chains should be.*

*The one who loves so very much
May build a wall of stone —
To keep the loved one safe from harm
And keep him all her own.*

*The one who loves but not enough
Has ties of jealousy
That keep embroiled in pits of fire
A heart that can't be free.*

*The one who loves but not the one
She pledged her heart and hand
Has not one soul, but two, entwined
With cruel iron bands.*

*The love that holds, or binds, or ties —
It never kind can be.
The greatest love of all is that
Which sets a loved one free.*

— Ruth Danekas, '51

The Fading Taper

*The fading reddish taper
With its crystal chimney glass,
Its waning yellow twinkle,
Its blackened stand of brass
Recalls to one a figure
Whose fruitful years are past
With a slowly dying ember
Subdued in flame at last
From a once emblazoned member
To the hull of coming age
As it writes a smoky ending
To its closing written page.*

— Erwin C. Zipse, '54

Thoughts On Ignorance

Murian Carver is really a name to suit an ambassador or a lawyer, even a Ph. D. or a business tycoon. No one ever suggested that to Murian, however, and all his life he was content to dip turpentine for eighty cents a barrel. Three days a week he loaded his wagon with his barrels and his boy and plodded the old mule into the piney woods to make the rounds of the fresh-chipped trees that oozed the amber gum. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday he did this; Thursday and Friday he left the wagon, the mule, the boy, and the barrels behind and took the long, blade-ended stick which he used to chip the trees. Saturday, if the day was clear and the mule wasn't sick, he loaded the wagon, still sticky on the seat and floor with gum, with his boy, his wife, and his dog; and the old mule took them to town.

Murian Carver was one of my grandmother's last tenant farmers. The poor old woman in her declining years had become less critical of her help. In a moment of compassion, she had taken pity on Carver's impoverished family and hired the slow "cracker" to tend two hundred acres of gum-yielding yellow pines and a small plot of tobacco. What work he did was done well, but the heat of the Georgia sun was too deep in his bones for fast movement. I can remember watching from the front porch of my grandmother's house the sleepy motions of the wizened, little man and

his plow, as he trudged back and forth across the tobacco field, leaving raw-looking heaps of red clay upturned. Slow, slow, ever so slow, he was.

This was Murian's working pace. On Sunday night, however, he was a changed man. As a deacon of the local Holy Roller Baptist Church, he was convinced that the fate of his soul in Heaven or Hell depended upon his attending the services every week. He and his boy would both settle themselves in the cradle of the mule's back and ride the old animal to church. The services were piously rowdy, according to the faith of the Holy Rollers, and Murian himself was usually in the center of the whooping and hollering, yelling out in cracker slang that the Lawd was a-comin' and the sinners should repent. Monday mornings Murian was always slower than usual.

Within the crude frame of Murian Carver there was a heart simple enough to love great stanches of pine woods and the soft velvet of his mule's nose, a brain not quite alert enough to be discontented with field peas and cornbread or dipping gum and hoeing tobacco. This naive, comfortable happiness has always made me wonder if in this complex, insecure world, it is not better to be ignorant and content than to bear the dissatisfaction of awareness.

— Betty Mussell, '54

Why Parents Grow Old

I came with the depression back in 1931. I was greeted by Mother, Father, and two older brothers, Chuck and Dave. I was the third boy. They wanted me to be a girl so badly that they hadn't even thought of a boy's name. They finally named me John.

It wasn't long before another arrival visited us. You guessed it. It was another boy. Our family now consists of four boys. Chuck, the oldest, says, "They tried once and were pleased with the results; so they had three more," but Tom, the youngest, insists that they tried three times before they got what they wanted. In either case, four of a kind is hard to beat.

It is funny how much of the first part of your life you forget, but the nice things and happy times seem to remain with you forever. I can remember in the first grade a little girl who sat next to me. I liked her very much; and to show my devotion I brought her a string of pearls which Mom had given us to play with. In the process of giving these pearls to her, the string broke and pearls went rolling in every direction. The teacher, coming back to see what the commotion was about, stepped on these scattered beads and went flying in the air. As I look back, nothing in the world was more comical, but when she lit with a bang that almost broke her back, it was, at the time, a great tragedy for me.

In second grade I was old enough to go on errands, and soon I learned the value of money. Dad gave Tom

and me each a nickel. We ran down to the drug store to change them quickly into pennies, for everyone that age knew that pennies were worth more than nickels. However Tom asked the lady for three pennies; and she just gave him three. I knew better and received five. Tom, being two pennies shy, took one of mine, so we each were happy with four. It was then I learned the evil money brought and the scheming one can do to possess it.

We soon had an allowance; but that, too, brought problems. After it was gone for the week, we had to earn our own money. One of the ways when we were really hard pressed was to load our wagons with iron pipes and sell them to the junk man. Where did we get the pipes? Why, in back of the junk yard. Yes, we were selling the man his own junk. He came out on top, however. It was a very hot day and Tom and I needed some money to go swimming. We sold Mom's high school trombone that had spent the last fifteen years in the attic. She had enjoyed many happy hours of her youth with that beloved horn and now it was gone — gone for twenty-five cents.

I look back now at these incidents, that at one time seemed so great and significant, and now I laugh for they seem so far away. It is wonderful growing up with the brothers I had. One can't pay for what they have given me. Some happiness you just can't buy.

— John Hopp, '54

My Dear Son

My dear Son:

This is the first time that you have had to live all alone far from your home, and I think that this is a proper moment for me to give you, just as my father not a very long time ago gave me, some advice which I hope will help you to make your life a successful one. You know how much we all love you, and how much we are concerned about your future. You know that I will do all I can to help you to become an honest and worthy man.

In spite of the fact that you are still very young, I shall talk to you as if you were an adult, and I hope that you will consider my instructions as seriously as they should be considered. Remember always that your future depends almost entirely on you, for you, and only you, are *the blacksmith of your fate*. Be always a thorough hardworker and whatever you do, do it the best you can. Try to find joy and satisfaction in your work; make it a pleasure and never get discouraged if you have any difficulties. Through persistence and strong desire we can accomplish many a thing that seemed to us at first impossible to be attained.

Remember also about recreation and amusement. Divide your time wisely and always plan ahead. One has as much time as anybody else and has only to know how to use it.

Be always courteous, and make helping and serving others your everyday habit. Do not distinguish between people, but treat everybody equally. Be fair and honest, and never hesitate to make it clear to anybody that you expect the same from others. Be very careful in the choice of your friends, and remember the great value of a true friendship.

Be always critical of yours as well

as other people's opinions, and before making any decisions consult your friends, especially those older and more experienced than you.

Do not be proud of your success; be modest about your accomplishments and let others evaluate you, but do not hesitate to undertake any task or accept any responsibility which you feel you will be able to fulfill satisfactorily.

Be thrifty and careful with your money; do not borrow any unless it is very essential, and be sure that you will be able to return it within the possibly shortest period of time. Always keep your budget well balanced and try to save some money for unexpected expenses, but do not be stingy. Remember that money is merely a tool (no doubt a very important one) necessary for the realization of our plans, and it should serve some practical ends.

Read as much as you can. Study the lives of great people; it will help you to meet and solve your life problems.* Find out what you can do best as well as what you would like to do. Set a goal for yourself; do all you can in order to achieve it. Be a realist and take things as they are, but do not give up your plans.

My dear son, be as sincere and frank with me as you are with your best friend. Let me hear about any of the problems or difficulties you are not able to solve yourself. I shall always be very happy to help you with my advice.

Take good care of yourself.

Your affectionate father.

— Oleh Fedyshyn, '53

(During the 1949-1950 school year, Mr. Fedyshyn attend Northern as a displaced student from the Ukraine.)

Aspiration

The other night I was on a picnic in the woods. We built a big bonfire and sat around it and watched it burn. I sat there looking at the flames and the inky blackness of the woods surrounding me. I started thinking and felt that there by the fire I was secure. The security of the fire kept the darkness of the woods—the world and reality—far away. But soon I realized that the fire was dying, and I must face that world of reality again. I hated to leave because anyone hates to leave security; but security, like a fire, soon dies unless kindled. Eventually we must face that world of reality again.

But all of a sudden, I looked up, and I saw a sky full of stars; and to me those stars were like a little bit of security, a little bit of hope and faith, and somehow with those stars shining brightly above me, I didn't dread leaving the fire so much.

I kept thinking and I found myself wondering what was ahead. I kept comparing the fire to college and the present. But college and the pres-

ent, like the fire, will end eventually; and I'll have to go out and face the problems, if they may be so called, of teaching. I realized that a big job was ahead of me—the biggest job in the world—that of trying to teach confused children to understand, to think, and to reason for themselves.

When I first started thinking about this future life, I was frightened, and I suppose I still am frightened. But I have been guided, as I was guided by the stars that night, by understanding teachers who have helped me solve problems in school and who have erased some of the confusion from my mind. And somehow, I know now that these problems can be met, just as the darkness was met with the guidance of the stars when I left the security of the fire.

My prayer is that I may be like one of those stars—providing a little bit of security, a little bit of hope and faith and understanding to the children I shall someday teach.

— Gladys Anderson, '52

Waiting For a Train

*'Twas a lonely figure, sinister and skilled
With the thirst of blood and the lust that killed,
Sitting outside in the drizzling rain
Waiting for an inbound train.*

*'Twas only Death waiting outside,
Dark and cruel and wary eyed,
What cared he if the train was late?
He had nothing to do but wait.*

*Now the hour glass is filled with sand
And marks a curse on another man.
No famed hero shall come this way.
No crowds will wait to homage pay.
After all this is only Death again,
Come to meet another train.*

*Oh! to relive a day again would give pleasure and joy
But Death must have its toy.*

— Gloria Schilling, '54

Mabel's Ups and Downs

"I suppose tomorrow will be another dull day, riding up and down that elevator. I travel plenty of miles every day, but all I ever see is the inside of an elevator."

"Aw, cheer up, Mabel. Look at all of the interesting people you meet. You could really study psychology at first hand."

"Interesting? I wish they *were* interesting. It would break the monotony a little bit to talk to an interesting passenger once in a while."

"Oh, well, tell me what goes on anyway."

"All right, you asked for it. I take over the elevator at eight o'clock. I make about one trip up and down and stop again at the ground floor. At three minutes past eight Mr. Jones (he's the rich lawyer who has his office on the ninth floor) comes down the hall and yells at me, 'Oh, miss, hold that elevator a minute!' He is never in his office at eight. He's always just three minutes late. When he gets out at the ninth floor he says, 'Thanks, miss, I'm a little late this morning.' Every morning the same thing happens."

"Isn't that always the way! Men are never on time."

"About once a week a young couple gets into the elevator and asks to go to the tenth floor. The way they're glaring at each other and standing in opposite corners, I know they're on the way to the divorce lawyer whose office is on the tenth floor. Gee, they always look like such nice couples, too."

"That's really too bad. I suppose they just had a little fight over some trifle. It's probably the husband's fault."

"Oh, everything generally works

out all right. That lawyer must really be good. I guess he figures he's serving mankind better by keeping families together. You see, almost every one of those couples come back down smiling and talking as if they been just married all over again."

"I'd like to see one of those couples. They always seem so happy that even I start wishing I were married. But then I think, 'No, why should I break a thousand men's hearts just to make one happy?'"

"Gert, quit joking. Oh, I'll have to tell you about Mr. Brown. He is about the direct opposite of Mr. Jones. Mr. Brown is so busy being an executive that he can't take off time to go out for lunch. Instead he sends his office boy, Jim, down to the drug store on the ground floor for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. Jim always tells me what he orders each day. It's always a liverwurst sandwich with his coffee. Some days he has lettuce, mustard, a slice of tomato, onion, or relish in it."

"My goodness, he must have a cast iron stomach. Liverwurst never agrees with me. Oh, well, it's his life."

"Generally about two o'clock in the afternoon one or two rather plump, middle-aged ladies get in and ask to get off at the second floor. (That's where that exclusive dress shop is, you know.) Most people would rather walk up one flight of stairs than to wait for the elevators, but not any of these ladies would dare to use that much energy climbing stairs because of their blood pressure. They're always talking to each other about their latest ailment. It's either a weak heart, gall stones, backache, or corns on their little toes."

"It's very funny that some people think they are sick when they are really very healthy. I hope I don't get that way when I get old."

"I'm sure you never will, Gert. Well, that's about the end of my story. The rest of the people are just

like these. Nobody interesting, just somebody you'd see every day. Now you see why I think my job is boring."

"Gee, Mabel, ain't it the truth."

— Marilyn Allen, '54

Rebirth

*In the valley stands a grove of trees,
Moving and swaying with the breeze;
A lone young peach tree, strong and wild,
Is stirred by the zephyr, warm and mild.*

*Waiting for the rain that the clouds have foretold,
The trees in preparation, their leaves unfold;
The first swift drops, with a warning sound,
Hit the leaves and fall to the ground.*

*Ripe and heavy, the peach tree sways,
Innocent of the storm's cruel ways —
Caught unawares by the lightning's attacks,
The slender straight trunk bends and cracks.*

*Now in the mud, its bright leaves lie,
Left to fade, and wither and die,
But the seeds will scatter and sprout anew,
And an orchard will rise where one tree grew.*

— Lois Stangley, '51

Crew-Cut --- Phooey !

A crew-cut (let me explain to the uneducated) is nothing but an exaggerated hair-cut. It is not a complicated method of "hair do" — in fact, it is very simple. It is merely the result of getting too close to the barber.

I can't blame the barber, though, because I told him to do it. I even had to persuade him. I thought any barber would be glad to have a chance to close his eyes and whack away, for a dollar and a quarter, but he wasn't at all. I dropped into the chair and said, "Give me a crew-cut."

"A what!" exclaimed the barber.

"A crew-cut!"

"O my! I wouldn't cut it off if I were you. You'll regret it when it starts coming back in — stubborn as the dickens. Your hair is pretty, too."

My girl, too, had always told me that my hair looked all right, and she liked the way I combed it. But no, I had made up my mind.

I walked out of the shop with a light head and entered an adjacent store to buy a candy bar.

"Hello, sonny. What can I do for you?" the clerk asked. That rubbed my dandruff the wrong way. I thought that when I came to college I had become a man.

I hurried out of the store and down the street in an attempt to make my math class on time. As I entered the door, one of the "bright boys" yelled out, "Well, will you look what we have here! Hello, curly." That was only the beginning.

It happened that we were discuss-

ing symmetric figures that day, and the instructor said in explanation, "Your own body is ordinarily an example of symmetry, with the exception of the hair."

"But Shellgren is perfectly symmetrical!" my classmates said in unison.

The next mistake I made was going home over the week-end. No, my parents didn't mind, but the certain girl I went to call on did. When I had written to her that I was coming home, I somehow "forgot" to mention my crew-cut. I almost never wear a hat, but when I went to call on her this time, I decided that I should wear one.

Everything went well when she met me at the door; then we went inside.

"Take off your hat and stay a while, honey," she said affectionately.

"Don't you like my hat?" I said.

"Yes, I like your hat; but if you don't take it off, I will."

I didn't wait — I stuffed my ears quickly. It came — and how it came! I won't repeat what she said then either. It wasn't sentimental at all.

After I came back to the campus, I received a letter. "I don't see why you got your hair-cut," she said. "I loved your hair, but now that it's gone—well—what's left?"

I am like Samson; my strength is in my hair; I lose my hair; I lose my girl. So now I have two consolations: I am like Samson, and I am symmetric with respect to the y-axis.

— Norman Shellgren, '53

Monument

*I will go out and face the storm,
No cringing in corners for me;
My blood is racing and pulses warm
Aching to be free.*

*To be free, to roam where my footsteps lead
Across surging rivers and uncharted mead;
To leave this world of cares behind
And build a monument to Mind.*

*A monument for pilgrims bold
Who struggle to stand apart,
Individuals strayed from the fold
Following a stalwart heart.*

*Who cares a fig for a feeble fate,
Blamed for what men see?
Those who explore, scorning to wait,
Defy eternity!*

— Marion White, '53

Soliloquy

*I feel a sense of loneliness
Creeping fast about me;
Everything is enveloped
In stillness I cannot seem to see.*

*The trees, the brook, the dying grass
Pay no heed to me at all;
Is it because, in this vast world,
These things make me seem small?*

*They go about their endless way
Without a helping hand;
And who am I to break the spell
And try to understand?*

— Jean L. Wright, '53

Hidden Talent

Maxwell Leopold Thorne was a small, thin child whose face wore the perpetually starved look that marks young boys having bottomless stomachs. His restless energy bore him through numerous adventures which dismayed his parents and delighted his friends. The wistful expression that flittered across his face and the impish smile that showed how one tooth had been forcibly removed saved him from any serious punishment which might have resulted. The hair hanging rebelliously in his eyes often caused strange women to smooth it back (although it never stayed) and pat his head, an unhappy circumstance which he endured but never enjoyed. Old ladies fed him cookies, young ones thought him adorable, cats trusted him more than others of his species and dogs frankly treated him as a brother. In short, Max, for he was only Maxwell Leopold Thorne when he had aroused the ire of a parent or some other adult authority, was the type of boy that every grown man fondly remembers himself as being.

But another quality, although it was apparent only to a keen or sympathetic observer, was a part of Max also: he was a stranger in town. He was confused, lonely, longing so much for friends that it was almost a pain inside of him—everything that "stranger" implies when a city boy moves to a small town. The newness and unexpected freedom frightened him; moreover, he had the unfortunate, but undeniable talent of doing in rapid succession the wrong thing at the most noticeable time for which he was laughed at, kept after school or hit on the head with a flying object depending upon which things he happened to be doing. All of these

misfortunes had occurred in the five short days since he had come to his new home.

Falling down and staying after school were minor, almost routine troubles. He had lost a front tooth, taken a note home from the first grade teacher and dismissed both incidents from his mind. Ah, but when the G-9 Rangers had laughed at him, that was more than one small boy could bear, or so it seemed then and seemed even now, as he huddled dejectedly upon the front steps. To be in the G-9 Rangers would be the next thing to heaven or possibly even better, reflected Max, because he was sure they had no secret club houses in heaven, and the Rangers most assuredly did, complete with a closely guarded password.

"Gee," he breathed longingly. Then tears filled his eyes as he recalled the first afternoon and his first and last encounter with the Rangers. It was then he discovered he could not catch, not at all. His head hung in humiliation as he pictured the Rangers' disgust when they also discovered his failing. He had substituted for Stinky Edwards in a crucial ninth inning play against the Third Grade, when circumstances demanded that Stinky "head for home right away and no maybes." It was what the announcers call a perfect throw to home; he had reached out his hands, closed his eyes and prepared to catch the ball. A moment of unexplainable darkness followed, and then his father's face loomed above him saying reassuringly, "It's all right, Old Man," and his mother for reasons of her own was "Maxwell, my poor darling"-ing him. It seemed he had not caught the ball—quite the contrary.

"Heck," sighed Max as he slid off the steps and slouched down the street, being careful to scuff the toe of each shoe as he went. A tin can nestled among the ashes of Mr. Shelley's incinerator. It lay there temptingly glistening in the afternoon sun, and as it caught his eye, Max's glance brightened momentarily. He paused, judged the distance carefully, calculated for a slight breeze, took a stance, curled back his upper lip, spit and hit the can with a resounding "bing."

"Dead-center," he said, allowing himself a moment of self praise. This new talent had remained hidden until the loss of the tooth a few days ago. Since then it had grown and blossomed until he had been interrupted practicing in his room with a milk bottle.

"Only for babies," his mother had said, and promised grimly that his father would "hear of this."

His father had countered with the usual, "Do as your mother says," and spoke of buying him a spittoon.

For a time it was a ray of hope, but Max actually never looked for one. It was a habit of grownups and parents in particular, he had found, to say things they did not mean, and children were supposed to ignore them as though they never had been said.

His thoughts drifted slowly back to the present and settled lazily upon the tin can. Confidently, he hit it again, and paused to wonder why he could spit so remarkably far and with such amazing accuracy.

Suddenly five whoops came from behind, followed by a shout, "Hey fellows, look! He hit the can." And

up charged five G-9 Rangers, guns in hand.

Max's head turned with a jerk; he could not move; he could only stare with horror in his eyes; his hair partially blocked his vision. Only babies spit, and they had seen him. Never, never would he become a G-9 Ranger, for they were men of importance not given to talking with babies.

Stinky Edwards, chief spy and head scout, spoke. "Do it again, kid."

Max complied and waited for the derisive laughter.

Codemaster and de-coder, Fats Edward, stepped nearer. Admiration quavered in his voice, "Gee, Max. We could sure use a fellow like you in the Rangers. That's if you're willin' and can spit like that when we need ya most."

"Ya," said Whitey Johnson, who kept the Rangers' radio active equipment in his father's tackle box (unknown, of course, to the fishing enthusiast, Mr. Johnson), "maybe you could teach us, too."

"Maybe," admitted Max.

"It's a deal," shouted Stinky. "Give the secret sign, fellows. C'mon, Max. You c'n be in charge of Secret Weapons. That's you, of course. We'll try you on the Third Grade. Let's go. Yippee."

Max Thorne, secret weapon, smiled. No longer a misfit, he was the pride and joy of the G-9 Rangers. Happiness glowed on his face and tingled in his toes as he galloped away with his fellow rangers.

— GeorgeAnne Schuz, '54

Cyrano's Friends Receive the News

*Note: This is a review of the movie *Cyrano de Bergerac*, adapted from the play by Edmund Rostand. The action in the following story takes place in the pastry shop of one of Cyrano's good friends, and is patterned after a scene in the play.*

* * *

Early Tuesday morning I walked into Ragueneau's pastry shop. Sure enough, the cooks and poets were still getting into each other's frosting, and the jolly host, Monsieur R., was bustling happily about.

I sat down near the door and helped myself to a fat cream puff (for even in a dream I like to eat!) I was just getting to its gooey center when Ragueneau spied me.

"Ah! My friend!" He bobbed towards me.

"Tempting cream puffs, Ragueneau," I said guiltily.

Ragueneau flicked the top of his bakers cap and winked knowingly.

"Got something to tell you. I think you'll be awfully interested." I tilted back my chair, licked powdered sugar off my thumb, and then said nonchalantly, "Cyrano's in a movie."

"Cyrano? All blown up on a screen? I've heard about that invention somewhere. Good heavens—this is the most exciting thing since he fought *The Hundred!*" He hesitated. "And his nose? Is it----?"

"More regal than ever," I retorted dramatically.

"And all his friends---are we---are they----"

I chuckled to myself. "Yes, you're all there, you, and Roxanne, Le Bret, Christian, the soldiers, and the nobles. The movie shows you just as you really live, you know. It's terribly

realistic. But Hollywood has cut some of your personalities so that Cyrano shines forth like the moon among the stars."

Ragueneau rubbed his hands on his apron. "Oh, my dear friend, you must tell us everything. A movie! Cyrano!----He'd love it if he knew!"

He turned to his poet friends, who were looting blueberry muffins. "Come here! come here! we're going to find out about Cyrano in a movie!" After confiscating the remaining goodies, a group of shabbily dressed "poets" came munchingly forth to listen.

"Well," I began, eyeing my audience quizzically, "Cyrano is portrayed by a most excellent actor named Jose Ferrer. His noble tirade of words, the gleam in his eye, the sweeping sword, you'd swear it was Cyrano. Americans just love him—they never doubt for a moment but what he's a real person. They leave a theatre knowing our friend as well as we do."

"Was he still a brave Cyrano?" a youthful writer sitting on the counter spoke up.

"Ah---how he fought!" I sat forward eagerly. "Jumping, charging, leaping, leading the men in battle---could he fight! He fought a duel and composed a ballad at the same time, you know! The action was much more dramatic and original than in cowboy movies---it was more intense and alive---"

"What's a cowboy?" hissed a French youth.

"Shut up!" growled his neighbor. "But he was a poet, also, Monsieur."

"There you have it," I agreed. "Cyrano had a great, unselfish heart."

His scenes with Roxanne, and his friendship with Christian, the handsome lad who married her, show what a great love he had for his cousin. Ferrer's expression of this admiration is earnestly and spontaneously presented."

"But humor! Humor!"

"Oh, Ferrer is a humorous Cyrano, as well. Remember how he used to tell us about the time he pretended he was a man from the moon? When that part was portrayed in the movie, it was terrific. Americans were thunderstruck! There was Cyrano, with his cloak drawn around him, and his plume hanging in his face, waylaying the intruder. His inventiveness appeals to their love of scientific fantasies."

"So," said Ragueneau, "Cyrano is still with us; still a solitary hero. Even today he's the tempestuous character he always was."

"Yes," I answered. "The movie adds a few things that we never knew about before: how Cyrano taught Christian to make love to Roxanne --- Americans relish that sort of thing, you know, and it adds to the continuity."

"How I would like to see it, murmured and elderly gentleman. "To see our own age, our own 17th century, just how we live---all in action before me. For if it is as well portrayed as you say---" He paused and then continued, "Cyrano is shown in the war, too?"

"Superbly. Battle scenes were cut somewhat, for time, and also to emphasize Cyrano. Stunt men aided the effect. It was marvellously gory! The camera was able to create such interesting scenes all the way through, effects which we do not visualize in everyday life. The supporting cast

was excellent, but sometimes lacked fire and zest."

Ragueneau moved away from the group, toward his huge brick ovens. Suddenly he turned. "To think another man could catch the soul of Cyrano, put on his cloak of pathos and irony, could sense his satiric, stabbing wit, his flowing oratory, his agile movement. It must be a great story, for his life was one of violent actions. He used to terrify me, the way he'd be exultant, then deathly solemn. He pitched me from admiration to contempt, from laughter to tears. He led a vibrant life---Cyrano. He was a swordsman-poet."

"His death was a tragic blow," a fellow chimed in.

"The movie has not changed that much," I added. "It is a great blow to the audience, which has fallen in love with Cyrano, gigantic nose and all. In fact, as the movie progresses, one forgets about his nose, and worships his soul, as Roxanne did."

"You could say nothing better," concluded Ragueneau. "That is a tribute to Cyrano, and the actor who could protect that spirit." He brightened, and gestured dramatically to his followers. "But come, my friends! We are neglecting the muses! Today we must sing for Cyrano, a poet's hero!"

I left them composing a lordly tribute (on a piece of wrapping paper), a snatch of which I seem to remember as

*So Cyrano again doth live,
In movies he resumes
His matchless love and courage
bold*

To fiercely wave---his plume!

— Corinne Johnson, '52

Pity the Poor Oyster !

*I'm a comin' a here to America,
Joey, she's a my name.
An' a since I'm a been in America,
Ain't a nuttin dat's a beena da same.*

*I'm a getta myself a cute littla home,
Den I'm a getta a wife.
But dat's a where I'm a maka da mistake,
She's a bringa me trubble an' a strife.*

*My wife, she a say, "Now, Joey, do dis!"
"Now, Joey, go dere an' a go here!"
I'm a up and I'm a down, I'm a run an' a hop,
I'm a losa my brain, I'm a fear!*

*One a day I'm a gonna lead a revolt,
I'm a no gonna hear when she blab.
Taka da warnin from a me, you young bachelors,
Ain't a only oysters who marry da crabs.*

— Phyllis A. Johnson, '51

Deeper In My Dreams

*For all the hours I spent writing poems of you
For all the tears I shed when you left me for good
For all your innocent actions which drew me close to you
For all those many times your arms clasped me close
For all those quiet seconds we shared to think awhile
For all those dearest moments I treasured at your side
For all your loving kisses you showered upon my lips
For all those gentle caresses you bestowed upon my soul
For all the times you made me feel happy close at heart
For all the many times you comforted me when I told you my troubles
For the inspiring songs you sang to me when I was blue
For all those exciting moments when you'd clasp and hold me tight
For all the steady moments I'd long to be with you
For all the little whispers that you placed upon my ear
For all the trying moments when you'd tempt me and you'd tease
For all the many long hours I waited for you in vain
For that lull in conversation when I'd rest close by your side
For the many nights I prayed for you to think of me
For the many nights I prayed to keep you good and strong
For every beautiful night that beckoned unto our love
For every dying leaf that fell when you left me
For all those loving moments, caresses, heartaches and prayers
Only made me love you more.*

— Louise Soboleski, '54

Nexus

It was an ordinary day when the thing first happened. The world was having its customary average of deaths and births, wars and famines, harangues and threats. Then someone — no one quite remembers who — looked up and saw it, that shining, shimmering, swinging thing, an infinity away.

The scientists chortled and called it a new star, a star which gyrated and swung in the endless space beyond the world. The common man was excited by rumors of a rocket ship from space or a mythical saucer. Everyone saw it and then lost interest—lost interest until it drew closer.

Finally, after seventeen days, its shape could be discerned by the naked eye. No one could believe it or wanted to believe it. But it was there. It still swung, but now it was swinging in a huge circle and, as it swung, a stiff, dry breeze blew across the earth and the earth was afraid. For the thing could now be distinguished as a huge, gilded scythe guided by some spectral, unseen force.

Each day it grew closer. The world went about its business, but who could blame any man if he left his work frequently to look and wonder and fear. And the breeze was growing stronger and dryer.

The nations looked askance at

each other; a few notes were exchanged, but each knew this was no secret weapon. But still the wars went on, the stockpiles grew, the harangues continued. And the scythe drew closer.

Then came the reports. The scythe had swung, and in its wake the tallest buildings of the world were leveled, the mighty bridges collapsed, planes were snatched from the sky. And no one was hurt.

Daily the arc became lower. Factories and smaller cities, then towns and homes disintegrated in its wake. Churches were full day and night, the harangues were forgotten, the warriors knelt together, the leaders were reconciled. And the scythe swung again.

Three months ago the scythe made its last swing. From our hut we can see for miles over the barren plain that was once a city. Now all that remains is an occasional steeple. The scythe had ceased its swinging. Its golden aura slowly regressed into the space beyond. We are left to build.

We heard today that a man called Nehman believes he can build a self-propelled vehicle. It seemed when we heard it that far away we could see the scythe gleam brightly for an instant; and we felt a faint, dry breeze.

— John Rebel, '52

A Student's Prayer

O God, Who giveth life and intellect,
Help me to grow in wisdom day by day;
Help me to learn of sciences and arts,
Of facts that books and scholars wise can give.
And, Lord, I know that Thou hast lessons, too,
For me to learn; so I would ask each day
To sit close by Thy side and there to learn
What Thou wouldst teach of wisdom, truth, and love.
I know that only Thou canst take my life,
My heart and mind, my talents and my time,
And use them to bring fullest happiness
And service to myself, the world, and Thee.
So take my heart and teach me how to show
True kindness in each thought and word and deed.
Teach me to understand when others grieve
And to rejoice when friends are happy, too.
Then train my mind to seek for all that's true
And wise, and all that lifts my thoughts to Thee.
Teach me to use my talents and my time
With wisdom, knowing they are gifts from Thee.
So take my life, O Lord, and make each hour
With joy and love and service to be filled;
Then teach me so to live from day to day
That through my life Thy Will may find release.

— Shirley Ostrem, '54

