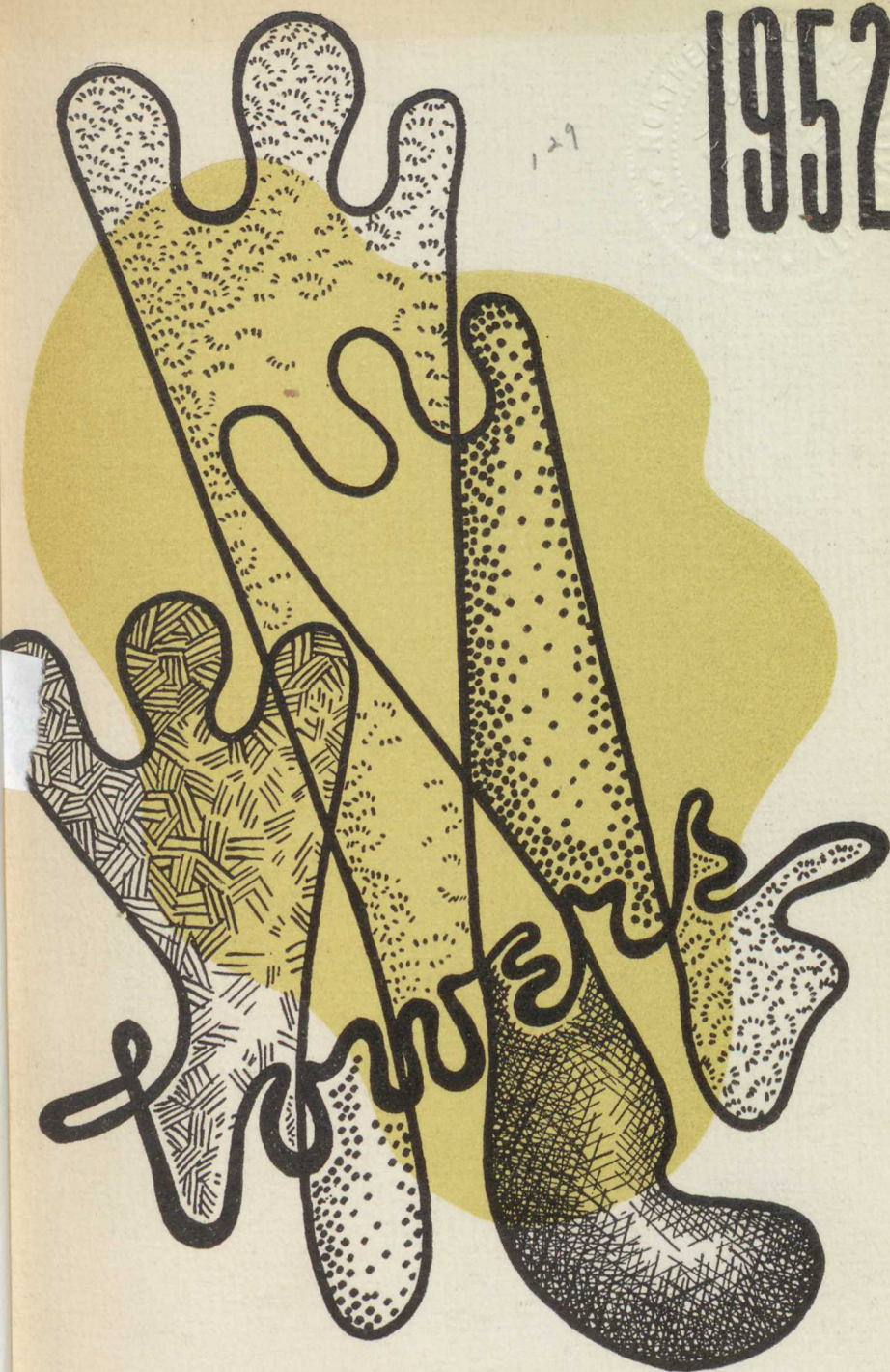


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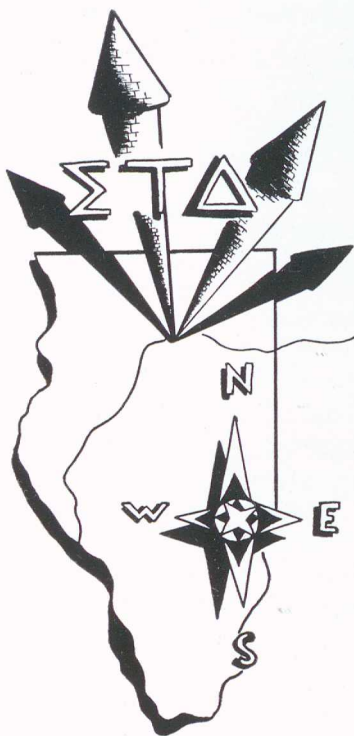
The Towers

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Forword

Springtime is TOWERS-time. Each year just as Spring presents her new crop of young, eager, and budding flowers, so TOWERS presents its new crop of young, eager and budding artists. Their work, like that of the Spring, is not the product of one hour or one day, but rather the results of months and months of preparation. In these pages of TOWERS, one can find the innermost thoughts and feelings of many young writers, quite the same as one can find in the flowers of Spring an expression of a newness and beauty revealing the heart of the greatest Writer of all.

The beauties of Springtime were meant for each and every one of us to enjoy; so, too, are the following pages of TOWERS intended for the pleasure and benefit of all. TOWERS is your magazine: its true worth can be determined only in the hearts of each and every one of its readers. Its pages can bring life and expression to printed words only if its readers seek this life and expression. To find a true meaning in the printed page is not an easy task; but once accomplished, it shall provide excitement and stimulation to the imagination of every reader.

It is our deepest wish that just as one eagerly awaits the coming of a new Springtime so too shall each new edition of TOWERS be eagerly awaited. It is up to you, our readers, to make this wish come true.

Co-Editors

ROBERT S. KAUTH

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Before The Castle Tower

*As Oedipus, I stand before the Sphinx
And find, before my slowly-lifted gaze,
The placid countenance of her who blinks
At all events that crowd our nights and days.
Surrounded by her lesser sisters, she
Propounds her ancient riddle still;
Aloof remains and watches quietly,
While frantically the hours we fill
With striving — searching for the one, the sure
Reply; reply that will forever free,
Or yet, with-held, forever will immure,
Since to the riddle joined is the decree
Of Socrates. What chance have I for pelf
Who may know Man, yet never know myself?*

— John Aye Ross, '52

Frantic Night !

Here I sit again! Babysitting! Each time I babysit I tell myself, "This is the last time." Now it isn't that I'm really a coward, but it seems as if I suddenly have the widest, yellowest stripe down my back at a time like — what was that? I swear I heard the strangest noise. It sounded as if someone was in the basement. Oh, it must have been my imagination. Me and my imagination!

Why do I always give in and agree to sit? I could have stayed at home; but oh no, I'm the brave one. There it is again. It isn't my imagination. I heard someone downstairs. Now this is nonsense. No one could possibly be down there, but what was that noise?

"Be brave," I tell myself. Despite my advice, I begin to feel limp. Of all the houses I have to be in, this one has big picture windows.

Maybe if I turn on the radio, I can forget these tormenting disturbances. My legs won't move. I'm almost completely paralyzed. Now this is absolute nonsense.

On goes the radio. The voice

blares out, "We now bring you the thrilling and bloodcurdling experiences of our vampire." Oh no, I just can't take this.

That noise — there it is again. There must be someone there. Whoever it is, is coming up the stairs from the basement. My heart is skipping beats. The footsteps are light and fast. There's a small rattling noise accompanying each step. More and more my knees are knocking. My muscles are limp. If I can only get to the phone, I might be able to get help. My voice! I can't speak. I've lost my voice. Oh, but I must get to that phone. I can feel the sweat running from my brow.

I've made it to the phone. Now if I can only pick up the receiver from the hook and yell for help. Oh, but I'm too late. He's coming through the kitchen. Run! I can't. Why doesn't that operator answer! Oh, I'm too late. I think I'm going to — — —

With tears of joy I look at the creature approaching me. Why didn't they tell me they had a dog?

— Betty Dreier, '55

Chicago Sleep

There is perhaps one thing one can say about Chicago sleep — it is just a cat nap with one eye open and one hand ready to swat the flies.

— Margaret Grewe, '55

Music At Dusk

*Now music steals across the purple dusk
And lays her lovely hands upon my heart.
And at their touch life seems no more a husk
For all day's sordid sorrowings depart.
Enthralled I hear unearthly loveliness
Drift upward from the vibrant keys and strings.
The clear notes rise — upon the air they press
Like birds that soar on swift and tireless wings.
Peace flutters down with beauty in her wake
While hovering hosts of precious joys draw near.
As tranquil as a moonlit mountain lake
Lies life, while music's voice is lingering here.
And even the echoes lightly upward swirled
Tell tales of realms which far eclipse our world.*

— Jeanne M. Scott, Summer, '51

Hidden Treasure

*I often wonder what becomes of all the smiles so gay,
And all the little chuckles that we chuckle in a day,
And all the happy laughter that has poured from
human hearts.
It must be in some land I know that isn't on the charts.
I often feel like setting forth — the hidden land
to find,
Where I could load my ship with smiles and laughter soft
and kind.
I'd pack it down with sympathy and happiness galore
And bring it to a gloomy world—a world whose heart
is sore.
And yet I know the land I seek is not so far away.
We pass it by and know it not, a thousand times a day.
Could we remove the veil of gloom we place before
our eyes,
We'd find that in each human heart that land of laughter
lies.*

— Jeanne M. Scott, Summer, '51

Apart

It was hot, so hot; there was only a taunting murmur of a breeze at the open L windows. The girl sat still on the long L seat, brushing a damp curl from off her forehead. The car was almost empty except for a ragged old man reading yesterday's newspaper and a shabbily dressed woman with a little boy. The girl sat quietly looking at these people — at them and past them to the dirty faces of the tenement houses. Disgust appeared in her look — disgust and hate. She shut her eyes trying to eliminate the filth and the dirt of the city and its people. She sat very still.

The conductor yelled her station, and she stepped off onto the L platform. The advertising signs stuck out their peeling paper tongues at her as she hurried down the stairs being careful not to touch the hand rail.

The hot white brilliance of the pavement hit her sharply in the face as she came outside. The noisy happy shouts of children playing in the puddles left by open fire hydrants hurt her ears. She walked rapidly to the large dark building at the end of the street. Its dark arms seemed to reach out, grasping people from all over the city as its slaves.

She walked along the street holding her head high aloof. One or two people glanced at her, but otherwise she was alone. She was apart from these people — apart with her crisp pink dress and white shoes — apart with her fresh clean face and curly hair — apart with her thoughts, her wishes and her dreams.

She entered the cool darkness of the building and walked to the room labeled PERSONNEL. The room was filled with people; after hesitating a moment she walked to the desk

at which sat an efficient-looking young girl.

"I'd like to see Mr. Denison, please."

The girl looked up. "You have an appointment?"

"No, but I was reading the want ads and . . ."

"Please be seated and wait your turn."

She turned away and took a seat beside a girl with greasy black hair and lips darkly reddened. The girl looked around and crept further into herself. The room was dark and drab and the people were dark and drab, even with their gaudy colors. The smell of stale perspiration nauseated her — she wanted to go home. She hated this city! It was cruel, brutal, savage! Its music was harsh and ugly! Its painting was dirty and splattered with trite, dull colors! She shut her eyes and tried to close out the harsh sounding music of the people around her. She was different from them: wealthier — not in money but in something else. She did not belong to this ugly symphony — she was apart from all of this!

She heard her name called and arose to accept an application blank. She filled it out carefully and returned it to the efficient-looking girl.

"Here is a paper with the number of the office where you will receive a test for typing. Go there, please!"

The girl took the paper and found the office. Another girl with dirty hair and long red fingernails gave her a typing test. She typed until her fingers ached, but she was given the job. She smiled for the first time — a slight smile of relief.

The rest of the day was a melo-

drama — a play in which she had the leading role. She played her part well, working hard and sincerely . . . but she played it alone, proud, haughty, ignoring the other players. Her crisp, pink dress became smudged with dirt and ink; her hair hung limp and straight, and her face was gray with the mark of the city.

The bell finally rang — the play was over and she could go home. The girl with the long red fingernails came over and grasped her arm.

"You sure did fine — you're one of us already!"

She tried to push the red finger-

nails away. Her heart was screaming denial to that statement. The music of the city played loudly — overwhelming her. The dainty pink was fading — disappearing into the dirt and filth. The symphony and the painting — the dark building, the taunting signs, the ugly people, the noise — all were claspng her tightly! She tried to push them away, but her resistance dissolved into the pattern. She smiled weakly.

"Thanks. Which way do you go home?"

The red fingernails held her tightly as she became a part . . .

— Mary Huesman, '55

Imperial Diet

*Nine little missionaries in a row,
Off to the Fijis they would go;
Oh, the bitter hand of fate,
The cannibals dined, and there were eight.
Eight little missionaries explained heaven,
The pot got one and there were seven;
The hungry savages not appeased,
Gobbled the sixth, and were they pleased!
Five and four left out of nine,
Furnished cutlets that were fine;
The third was lean and two were fat,
The soup was fine in spite of that.
Number one was cooked at last,
The story ended much too fast;
Nine little missionaries took a beating,
That's the end, no more eating.*

— Joel Van Buren, '55

Eating Our Way To Victory

Here comes our gallant team!

Listen to the band!

Come! All together now!

"Where's the refreshment stand?"

Waiting breathless for the kickoff,

What heartening shout we hear!

"Gimme two with mustard,"

Above the seats rings clear.

Popcorn, peanuts, a hunk of bubble gum,

Soda pop, a candy bar,

A hot dog in a bun,

Mustard and pickles, and catsup on the same,

Our loyal rooters eat a wicked football game.

Listen to the cheer that arises from each loyal fan.

Not "We want a touchdown," but "We want the popcorn man."

"Who made that first down?"

Someone must have scored.

Heck, who cares for touchdowns,

Bring on that Smorgasbord.

Popcorn, peanuts,

"Do I really want that gum?"

Ginger ale, root beer,

Let's try one more bun,

A hot dog with mustard,

Relish on the same,

Through the throes of indigestion,

Our loyal fans are game.

— Richard Novak, '55

Zeitgeist

The fierce quiet of the night

Moon-gold gilding the sleeping world

Over all this a clear, cold melody

Like the shards of breaking crystal

Floats, aloof, in regal calm;

Each brittle note a living soul,

They form the immortal rhapsody

Of weary life and warm, gentle death

And the Muses wonder.

— Carol Gardner, '54

Chronicle Of The Children Of America

(The "Chronicle" is a synopsis of my experiences while working on the International Youth Railway in Yugoslavia last summer.)

And it came to pass that in the days of Tito there came to the land of Yugo some of the children of America, who were called students, for their wisdom did increase greatly. And the children of America were very weary from travel, for they were poor and burdened with many packs, at which the people of Yugo land did stare. But the peoples of Yugo land were very kind and gave them to eat of black bread and to drink of yellow water which they called "tea", and bade them to wash themselves in the creek near-by.

And on the second day, the children of America did dig much dirt and, loading it in wheelbarrows, did carry it to the top of a hill whereof it was needed for the railway bed. And when they did push the wheelbarrows, their sinews were strained so that they groaned exceedingly. And as they worked, they did hunger and thirst, and did gaze with longing toward the land from which cometh food and drink.

And it came to pass that at sunrise of the third day, (four o'clock to be exact as the historian doth relate) when the children of America did arise from their sleeping bags, that some of their number spake unto their leader, saying, "Master, our stomachs have become inconstant, and we are not able to leave our bags." And there were some who were in exceeding pain, and did go into the woodland to suffer.

Now there were places where the peoples of Yugo land did go to reap together, and these places were called

cooperatives. And when the children of America heard of these things, they said one to another, "Let us draw lots to decide who among us shall go to see the things of which the peoples of Yugo land have spoken."

And those who were chosen did travel along the roads of Yugo land on strange vehicles which made exceeding turbulence of the dust thereof. And the children of America did wonder greatly at what they saw, but feared not. And when they arrived, the men of Yugo spake unto their womenfolk, saying, "Bring forth fruits that these people may eat, and bring forth *sljivovic* that they may drink."

Now amongst the children of America there was one who was called Henry, who, when he had drunk his fill, did fall onto the ground, for his belly did ache with the fullness thereof. And as he lay, he did make strange noises as the feasters did dance the *Kola* about him and did sing the praises of Tito.

Now with the womenfolk of America there was one whom they called "Shorty". And it came to pass that when one of the menfolk of Yugo land did see Shorty, he did look upon her with great longing and spake to her from his book which was called a dictionary, and Shorty did smile upon this man.

And it came to pass that the children of America bade farewell to the land of Yugo. And on that day there was great sorrow amongst them, for the peoples of Yugo land had shown exceeding kindness.

So endeth the Chronicle of the Children of America.

— Katherine Kreuter, '54

The Second Hand

*Another day,
Over the land cool evening marches west;
And like a retreating wave, the sunshine
Leaves behind
On the shore of descending night
Speckled pools of light,
Where busy eastern cities glow
And folks homeward go,
For now the Nation rests.*

*A million or more absently hear,
While busy with a household chore
Or on the farm
Where in the barn, there's a gentle roar
Of the radio on the bovine ear! --
----- A sudden interruption ---*

*"WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM TO BRING YOU A
SPECIAL BULLETIN FROM U.N. HEADQUARTERS ... JAPAN"*

*----- With silence, a punctuation, the
Announcer gains the speaker's stand.*

*Thousands less noisy with the dishes
Of the usual evening meal;
Fathers with a million "Shushes"
Calm their commonweal;
And for a moment strange and brief
A surge of hope makes real their wishes
When announced the ragged word of PEACE.
And far beyond -- a youngster's hand
Draws another line upon his history chart
Where the crowded page of MAN
Is given another start.*

— Richard Jones, '52

The Hat

It was the unanimous decision of our crowd that the play was a success. I was quiet during the discussion. I had been gazing at an abstract picture during the entire production. The designer showed his mastery in the picture by his amazing use of colors. He had used great skill in applying the hues, which, to my

amateur eye, looked as if they had been pitched on the awaiting canvas in great brilliant splotches. It made a striking combination framed by black velvet, and held to the sleek, blond head of the young sophisticate by two large, bejewelled hatpins.

— Pat Rumann, '54

Intermission

*Fraught with foam and swells of ocean blue,
The harbor water shows sparkling in the sun.
Its bright, white coral reef encircles
Standing staunch to protect its precious contents.
Ships by the dozen, some small, some large,
Carry machines and tools of destruction,
Carry human cargo — our men.
Within these walls of coral bright
Is a picture of peace, of quiet, of silky surf
Upon bleached sand beaches
Where conflict and hate and blood-drenched ground
 seem naught,
Where palm leaves sway, as if to soothe a weary heart
And cool the heat-stricken memories of war.
So calm, so quiet, it is as if the harbor were artificially real;
As if the world claimed not a trouble or fear or strife.*

— Charles Krauz, '52

Lines upon reading: "To be or not to be --- "

*Again the subtlest genius starts the screw
Of learning turning in the mind of man
By clev'rest means: Instilling the desire
To know and know and know; and knowing, know
That never shall he know enough to sate
The great desire established by that
First question "Why?", who brings along his good
Wife "How?" and children "When?" and "What?"
 and "Where?"*

— John Aye Ross, '52

Chris

The alarm was set for five o'clock on that August morning, but I knew I'd be wide awake long before. When your years number only eight, sleep does not seem a blissful interval, but one wastefully slept away until a new dawning. This particular dawning was to begin a glorious two weeks which I had looked forward to since the first warm breezes had washed away the late winter's snow — a vacation in the Northwoods!

I did awake before five. Quietly slipping on paint-splattered dungarees and a dilapidated sweatshirt, I guided my bare feet to the first exit, and being very careful not to let the screen door bang, I slipped out into the pink glow of an awakening world.

Our cabin was one of three owned by a very intriguing old gentleman. I set off down log-hewn steps, which numbered fifty-three, to the dock in search of him. I opened the door to a shack which I labeled the fish-cleaning one without even looking inside. It was the same odor which had prevailed around the gold-fish bowl when Finny died: I jammed my hands further down in my jeans to push aside a temptation to hold my nose.

There on the stringer were three beautiful walleyes, and standing nearby cleaning a fourth was Chris. He did not hear me as I stepped over the board, serving as a stair, onto the floor of the shack that had been thoroughly lined with fish scales. I gazed at the top of his head. Thereon sat a dirty, deformed fedora densely covered with multi-colored flies and shining lures. Chris wore a faded-blue work shirt, a pair of

patched coveralls, and over them he laced his "loggin' boots." He was startled by my slightly forced cough, but without looking away from his work he said, "Take a seat, little lady!" and at the same time dismembered the tail from the fish with a professional blow.

Finding no chair in sight, I went over to stand beside him. It was then that I noticed the two long clawlike scars that ran from the corner of his eye to the side of his nose. The next moment they were lost in the wrinkles of his grin as I began to ask the why and wherefore of everything. "Why did reindeer have antlers and why did some of the trees have white trunks, etc.?" He then opened his storehouse of Indian lore and kept me enthralled for over an hour. His blue eyes seemed very intense in his tanned face because there his laugh started. When Chris laughs, he laughs all over.

I spent that day and every one thereafter learning ways to tie knots and developing skill in molding my own sinkers. For the first two days I nursed calloused hands and ordered Chris to do all the boat rowing! I also learned that the only thing that Chris really hated was meanness in himself or in the people with whom he associated.

Whenever I had qualms about baiting my hook with a wriggly little minnow or cleaning the fish I had caught in a nearby inlet, he always said, "If ya' catches 'em, ye'll hafta clean 'em. Ya' know I'm not gonna do all my work an' yers, too!"

He took me over to Mercer every afternoon to get supplies. I always ran the motor on the way back so

that I could eat my ice-cream on the way home.

Evenings were spent listening to his many stories. Around the Mercer Lake region he is known as the best blacksmith and the oldest resident. He lives there all year round making repairs on his three rented cabins, hunting, trapping, and fishing. He is a retired lumberjack and boasts of felling the biggest tree in all Wisconsin.

Chris is a strange man when it comes to religion. When passing a church I asked him if he ever went there. He thought a minute and replied, "Churches is fine for people 'cause it makes 'em think about God. I think about God when I look out of my window and just see water and sky. I reckon God would be thrown off balance if he seed me at

church!" A few days later in my daily visit to the fish shed I came upon him silently kneeling on the floor and holding his beloved "fish-in'" hat, talking to another Fisherman who quieted the sea with an upraised hand.

Many years have passed since we spent that first summer with Chris, and every year finds us returning to our old vacation spot. My friendship with this kindly old man has grown stronger each year.

I can picture him very clearly—a man whose name will never be found in *Who's Who*. He is just another be-whiskered woodsman to a passerby; but to one who knows him, he is a little man with a big heart—that's Chris.

— Pauline Howland, '55

I Am Staring

I am staring over your slippery stone wall.

I am weakened by the anesthetic you create.

Your misty gray smog,

Your welcome waving lights,

Your cavalcade of multi-colored cars

Are crying, "Come, be master of us all."

I am staring over your slippery stone wall.

I am weakened by the anesthetic you create.

My pulsating heart,

My icy, sweating hands,

My throbbing, spinning, fevered head

Are blinding me from your heartless death call.

— Natalie Schauer, '55

Before I Go To Sleep

TO FREDDIE

*Green elephants walking around my floor,
Pink zebras and camels peek in at my door,
My eyes are just popping with wonder this night;
No one could imagine such wondrous sights.*

*Chartreuse dragons (just lovely) greet me in my bath,
And there is a porpoise wearing a mask.
I hope it's a dream — I'm afraid that it's true,
For there's a red waltus in a canoe.*

*My goodness, my dear, do you see that baboon —
He's trying so hard to sit on a balloon.
And there in the corner — just under my bed
Are three salamanders with hats on their heads.*

*Now here comes Mommie; so I'll close my eyes tight
And she won't know I've been up all night.
So hide! my friends, so she won't see,
And tomorrow night you can play with me.*

— Diane Cappell, '53

Philosophy Of Life

*These things I believe in:
Above all I believe in life;
A cruel, chaotic life with its bitter sloughs of desolation
Spurring me on toward greater achievement.
A life full of failure and imperfection
Giving me a keener incentive in striving toward perfection.
A life full of weaknesses and frailties
Which gives me true compassion for others.
A life full of hypocrisy and ingratitude
Which arouses me to do good without expectation of reward.
I believe emphatically in religion —
In God, in Jehovah, in the Messiah,
In one same God of commonage and brotherhood
Whose presence I feel above the incessant roar
Of cities,
Of machines,
Of the universe.*

— Jeanie Augustine, '54

Noon Hour

Silence.

The whistle blew.

The laborers walked to lockers,

Then left dark buildings

For the warmth of the sun.

The men unwrapped lunches,

Ate sausages, cold meat, bread, and stale pies,

And drank coffee from whiskey bottles

While sitting in yards of cinders and coal dust.

Laughter was heard.

A stocky red head

Told of the girl

He had picked up the night before.

Eager ears listened.

Grimy newspapers were read.

Black pipes were lit.

The sound of voices

Slowly stopped.

The whistle blew.

The men returned to work — to labor.

The tap of metal against metal,

The ring of steel driving steel,

The roar of a hundred discordant vibrations

Once more walked across the stage.

— Don Hedl, '54

Commendation

I wonder if you realize

the things you say and do

Reflect an empty bitterness

of memories of old.

Or do you know the sadness

it instills within my heart

To hear you tear apart with words

the things I try so hard to build?

Encouragement can mean so much,

and yet you hate to give

That little bit of patronage

to raise my hopes and dreams

To where they soar at dizzy heights

to leap or soar upon your word.

— Marjorie Bray, '55

Paid In Full

The black sedan rolled to a slow, sinister stop. Inside, the driver hunched forward, looking through the windshield, and quickly scanned the sign that arched its way across a high, iron gateway. It read: Creaton Cemetery.

As he leaned back, Carl Slater quickly lit a cigarette, inhaled a short, nervous puff, and forced the grey, curling smoke out through his nostrils. The huge gambling debt he owed fearfully flashed through his mind. He had little choice; the debt had to be paid or he and his family would be ruined by an avalanche of cheap publicity, or foul, unmerciful blackmail.

I'll get them their money, he thought resentfully. Father wasn't so eccentric after all by insisting that when he died his ring was to be buried with him — the miser! He always hated me. Well, I'll even those terms tonight. I'll be out of here in fifteen minutes and the whole, damnable affair will be done with.

He reached for an old pair of black gloves that were on the seat beside him and nervously slipped them on to his hands. As he dimmed the headlights, the darkness silently rushed forward as if to smother this human intruder who disturbed its solitude.

Grasping a small flashlight, he stepped out from the sedan and closed the door with an unusual amount of force. An icy wind was beginning to blow, and he was compelled to walk at an awkward angle in order to evade the cutting cold. He cursed the small flakes of snow that he saw as the flashlight stabbed its beam in to the darkness.

The mausoleum where his father lay buried was situated about two hundred feet from the main gate, but the path he had to follow directed his footsteps in a wide semicircular direction. The biting cold and wind caused the trees to snap and wildly wave their arms, and the determination with which Carl had begun was quickly losing its initial fervor.

When he reached the mausoleum, he ascended the four, low steps that led to the magnificent tomb's entrance. Forcing one of his gloved hands into his overcoat pocket, he removed a large key and proceeded to open the door, but as he was about to enter, the wind blew the door away from him causing it to clash against the inside wall with a loud, hollow crash.

With a hissed curse he quickly entered and pushed the door closed against the wind and snow. Then he turned and nervously swept the damp, silent tomb with his flashlight's single beam. The vaults were to his right, and on the opposite wall a tripod-shaped candle holder supported three black candles and a metal match box.

Damn it! Black candles! As if this grave wasn't morbid enough!

He walked to where the candles were and lighted each one, hoping to do away with some of the sinister atmosphere of the tomb; but the flickering light filled the marble room with dancing shadows that only added to the gloom of the dismal surroundings. A chill penetrated Carl's spine as he quickly walked to the vault in which his father's casket was locked. He clumsily removed a small key from his pocket, and as he was about to insert it in the square vault

door it slipped from his gloved hand. The sharp, metallic sound that emitted as it hit the marble floor echoed in Carl's ears with a piercing vibration.

He tore the glove from his right hand and hurled it into the far corner, then bent down and picked up the key. He opened the vault door and grasped the handle of the metal slab on which the coffin rested and easily rolled the entire contents from the recess. The coffin was now in position to be opened. It had been six years since his father's death, and no one had touched the casket since that time.

With one hand on top of the huge, bronze box, Carl pushed the release and felt the lid jump loose. There was no stopping now; he was about to attain the treasure for which he had come.

As he slowly lifted the lid, a dry, musty odor crept into his nostrils, tightened into a hard, sickening knot of nausea. The flashlight's beam invaded the coffin, and horrified eyes Carl looked upon a human form that had once been alive and easily recognized. Decay had not fully destroyed the features of the dead man, but his now grey flesh was shriveled and weirdly distorted.

At this moment, the full realization of the ghastliness of his act flooded Carl's mind and his scalp began to grow numb — not only with fear of the act itself, but with fear that his deed would become known. He shifted his half-crazed stare to his father's left hand, and there he was reminded of the purpose of his quest. The gold ring's enormous diamond reflected a fiery, bluish sparkle, proudly disregarding the dull, shadowy light of the tomb.

As he was about to reach into the

coffin to remove the ring from his father's hand, a low, voice-like hum penetrated the hollow recess of the mausoleum. Carl stiffened with petrified terror and listened. He could feel the hair on his arms stand on end as the hum, now more like a moan, was heard again. As it continued, Carl slowly lifted his head and looked toward the top of the tomb from where the sound seemed to be coming. He flashed his light toward the ceiling and detected a small air vent through which the wind was howling its mournful cry.

He could stand it no longer. He reached into the coffin, grasped the ring on his father's thin, shriveled finger, and crudely tore it from its place. The dead man's hand fell to one side and came to rest with its palm turned upward, its fingers slightly curved as if the lifeless owner was begging for his ring's return.

Carl hurriedly closed the lid of the coffin and pushed the slab and its casket back into the vault's recess. He locked the vault door, put the key into his pocket, and swiftly blew the candles' light into oblivion. The enveloping darkness injected an added terror in his mind, and he hastily walked toward the door. As he approached the exit, he saw the glove he had previously thrown aside. He picked it up, slipped it back on, and clenched the treasured ring in the gloved palm of his right hand.

With a violent twist of the door-knob, he found that the door would not open; he almost gave way to panic as the thought of being found locked inside the tomb flashed through his mind. But his light revealed an inside door latch which he gave an impulsive turn and pulled open the door. He stepped out into the black, windy night, removed the

key from the tomb's entrance, and began to run toward his car.

I'm out, he greedily thought to himself; finally out! Hell with the path. I'll cut across here and save time.

He reflected a phantom-like figure as he ran through the graveyard jumping over and sidestepping grave-stones. As he neared the main gate, he suddenly felt someone or something claw at his hat; as he wheeled around to face the antagonist, he slipped and hurtled to the ground with a fearful shout of hysteria. His head struck a frozen mound of dirt, and he lay there momentarily stunned by the blow.

Then he sat up and wildly stared at the low, snarled branch that had caused him this frightful delay. Looking behind him, he saw his flashlight, still intact, lying at the edge of an open, freshly dug grave. As he pushed himself up from the ground, he felt the ring beneath his right hand. Tightly closing his gloved fist upon the precious jewel,

he retrieved his flashlight and fled once more toward his car, dropping the ring into his overcoat pocket as he ran.

As he opened the car door, he pressed his hand against his coat pocket to be certain that he hadn't lost the ring; then he pounced into the sedan and drove away amid the sound of grinding gears, his mind in a state of overwrought terror.

Meanwhile, the moon, momentarily breaking through a cloud formation, cast its light upon Creation Cemetery. The snow was falling heavily, and the wind continued to howl through the trees; but now, the howling sounded more like a mocking laughter. The intruder had gone; all was about the same—except for the fiery, blue sparkle that appeared at the bottom of an open grave, and a new indentation in the cemetery ground could be seen where a piece of frozen mud, about the size of a man's ring was missing.

— Charles Krauz, '52

Communique

*Intention was to thwart the gloom
With floods of light upon my room.
For you, my guest, I've polished up
More dazzling glaze on every cup.
And lest an atom would be seen,
I've even scrubbed the carpet clean
As if, that done, were not enough
Inspection coaxed some cobwebs
So as to make the balance pure,
I rearranged the furniture.
In fact, I've rubbed my knuckles bare
Perspiring through my outer wear.
Dare you commit the casual sin
Of not desiring to step in?*

— Ruth Render, P. G.,
Summer, '51

Requiem

*Misty rain shines the pavement;
Lights grow mist-fuzzed.
Millions of diamonds shatter
To sparkle around the neon lights.
Footsteps come out of the night,
Hollow-echoing in the damp darkness
Down toward the dock—
Out on the pier—
To the fitful growl of the foghorn,
The water replies with a gurgling
splash.
Silence reigns*

— Carol Gardner, '54

Vespers

*Cool, gray evening . . .
Mist like a silver web . . .
Sparkling drops of rain
Glistening diamond-like . . .
A song floated out of the mist,
Clear, shimmering notes,
Blue as a summer sky;
A dream drifting lazily
On the evening breeze.
Pure, liquid notes
Pealing forth from the tower . . .
Twilight . . . all was still . . .
One sparkling note trilled . . .
Held . . . faded lingeringly . . .
A final amen.*

— Carol Gardner, '54

Unwritten and Unspoken

Until I met you
I thought that words
Were necessary to think
Of Nothingness;
I thought I could describe
Everything I saw,
And felt,
And wanted
With words —
Yes, but only until I met you;
And your eyes
Drew the idle wanderings of mine
Deep into yours;
And I had the same sensation
As if I were dreaming —
Dreaming that I was falling
From some high place;
And I awoke with a start
And suppressed a scream.
My skin felt too tight
All of a sudden;
And a shiver
Darted up my spine
Like a squirrel
Scurrying up a tall elm;
And my whole body tingled.
I wanted to tell you,
But there weren't any words.

A thin azure line
Of cigarette smoke
Is gulped in by the hungry
Black loneliness
Of the night before me;
And I sit,
Still looking for words —
Words —
Always words —
But now what more can I give you
Than words?
Now —
After you have vanished
Into the air
Like the smoke
Of my cigarette.

Those unwritten words —
 If only you were here,
 You would see them in my eyes,
 Find them in my arms,
 Feel them on my lips.
 Together we would watch Dawn
 Taking another peep at the world;
 And perhaps she would give me
 words
 To break the silence
 Of our night.
 But no —
 Why speak them?
 You know
 What those words
 Would be.

— Katherine Kreuter, '54

Ode To Tomorrow

You appear as a dream,
 Once real,
 But now a sporadic memory,
 Shimmering for a moment,
 Then lost—only to return again to torment me.
 But,
 This torment is bitter sweet.
 At times, churlish, antagonistic and teasing—seeming to realize
 the difficulties confronting us.
 Then it is beautiful, recreating moments known to us alone.
 Our special glance, speaking hundreds of words that only we could
 interpret.
 The moments of complete serenity when we looked to the heavens—
 wishing that the ticking seconds would linger forever defying
 Nature's rules.
 Now, during the twilight hours, snatches and glimpses of our lives
 together shine forth.
 People call me a dreamer, one who thrives on illusion.
 Little do they know that this dream will become reality, for
 we'll be together again.
 Together, with our lives before us, we'll weave a pattern of life
 so beautiful and strong that none will dare to destroy it.

— Joan Andresen, '53

Pandemonium

It was as if I had been having a fiendish nightmare. Perhaps I had, for I was so startled by the clanging and jangling of bells, the banging and slamming of doors, and the shrieking and screaming of voices that I instantaneously braced myself up in my bed. Mounting fear bolted through my entire being until, when it had soared to its uppermost peak, my mind was cold and numb — a complete blank, my heart far exceeded its normal rate of seventy-two pulsations per minute, and my forehead was dotted with infinite, transparent beads of perspiration.

Within the next several seconds I collected my thoughts sufficiently so as to determine the time of my rude awakening. Drowsily, I cast my still half-closed eyes (for I am one not given to that senile disease — insomnia) on the face of "Baby Ben." "One forty-one a.m.," I breathed aloud as I yawned. "One forty-one a.m.?" questioned my visual accuracy. "One forty-one a.m.!" I exclaimed, finally coming to the realization. Incredible! More incredible that I should be even half awake at such an unearthly hour.

And then a pandemonium bearing a striking resemblance to a herd of African elephants on a rampage pierced my auditory nerves. Coming initially from directly above my quarters, it stampeded nearer, nearer, nearer.

But this was only the beginning. Simultaneously I felt the impact upon my ears of such prerogative outcries as "Open your blinds! Leave your closet and room doors wide open! Snap on the light! Grab a coat, a scarf, and a turkish towel!"

After the lapse of a few more minutes, someone burst into my room yelling wildly, "Fire drill! Fire drill!" and then, even in a greater hurry, rushed out. Awakened to reality at last, I clambered down from my top bunk, and dashed out of my room, down the corridor, and into the living room, the hot flames of imaginary fire quick on my heels.

Arriving breathless and exhausted, I scrambled for my position in the line and sleepily repeated over and over to myself, "Seven, seven, seven . . ." — my number. "Here. Here," I answered as the questioning voice called out "1-2-3-4-5-6-7? etc." Official dismissal occurred only after everyone had been accounted for.

I retreated listlessly to my cubicle, hoisted myself up and over onto my bunk, and snuggled down into the covers, with a firm resolution in mind to let nothing — nothing understand you — prevent me from getting five more hours of sound sleep.

— Patricia Miller, '54

Epic 1952

Sing, O Muse, of the strife of student teachers, children of Education 495,
Worrisome strife that plagues them and others of their kind
With multiplied hours of woe and wrath, sending souls many and brave,
From the depths of Hades to the hazy heights of student-teachers' Heaven.

Who of the gods, then, join these numbers in combined strife and joy?
These students, in their eagerness for a degree,
Arouse the camp, and anon bestir their bones to yon high school,
There to spend long hours in their chosen work.

They arise betimes when that glorious orb, called by human the sun,
Has peeped over far horizon's line,
And fit themselves for honorable, much-applauded toil.
They go to speak to those younger sons and daughters of the House of Hoppe,
Of the use of libraries and the writing of letters, and the niceties of speech,
They go to observe the problem child, the misfit, the disciplinary case,
And to find a case study for their log.
They go to achieve perfection in effortless window opening and closing,
The democratic processes of self-discipline, and the new dynamic practice
Of primary doctrines and drills in advanced pencil-sharpening.

And when that glorious orb has sunk behind the western hills,
The student teachers wearily plod homeward to write up their day's
adventures,
So that posterity may beware.

Aid them, O Muse, for they sorely need thy help.

— Marian Conro, '51

Reverie

Clock chimes — a distant note;
The waves hiss and froth
As they angrily beat the shore.
Grey fog shifts, rises, sinks,
Holding an aura of coolness;
Foghorns moan in anguish
As the misty blanket smothers them.
The beach is empty and fiercely quiet;
Here, in a cave, is a fire lit,
The flickering shadows leaping and dancing
On the cold, rugged stone walls,
Silently alone

— Carol Gardner, '54

On Drinking of Life

*Behold the flasks which bear your earthly store,
These vials in which the living treasures lie
To grasp and lift, to sip or down before
Their pleasures touch the tongue with lasting mark.
I've drunk the joys of love, and they are good,
For, bringing light into the darkened tomb—
In that we call the heart, —the seed to wood
With nourishment shall grow; but more than mere
Unfeeling stuff, the sentient bows, the fruit,
Arise and cast their shade and breath in that
Unweeded copse where grows with varied root
The stately and the stunted, side by side.*

*I've drunk that which the virtuous through fear
Of weakness at their base impute "the dregs,"
And found them not the damning sorcerer,
Transforming always those who lift the cup.
The vices are not evils absolute,
For willinly they teach those who would learn
That sound which seem the music of the lute
Are from the leaden strings of fancy's tune.*

*The wormwood draught of sorrow which it pressed
To lips averse a pregnant message holds:
When time's diluting waters take their blessed
And seasoned course, but memories remain.
The foolish only wish their joy to last,
To live forever in the sunlit bliss;
The heart, once weighed, when sorrow's burden's past,
Can better feel the joys which life has lent.*

*These, near at hand, are not to be declaimed
Because of those who violate their use;
For they, as others, only are defamed
When man imports the part as being whole.*

*I've groped and felt and sometimes seen a ray
Of that evasive shimmer christened life,
But where I wanted brightness, found a gray
and half-informing specter of the truth.
Yet, though in erring twilight, trial has led
To error more than not, this have I found:
That happiness can be but truly bred
When labors fertilize its weakly seed.
In this short interim between two voids
I labor with indifferent tools to raise
My shelter for the storm which soon destroys
The careless structure—and sometimes the strong.*

*When from within I look upon my roof,
Its incompleteness shows both stars and clouds;
The one shall lead, the other show reproof;
The near and far together guide my course.*

*I know my happiness to lie not in
The transient pleasures which betimes are worn,
But in the daily essays which may win
The greater truths to which I lift my hand.
Oh, may I someday see the smoky thread
Which leaves the spark I labored to ignite
To better fuel, its wisp to upward spread
And give a touch of warmth to that which once was cold.*

— Erwin Zipse, '54

The Voice Of Nature

I

*The mystic voice of Nature whispers to me
A verse of woodlands and lakes,
A poem of flowers and trees —
A sonnet of Spring.*

II

*The thrilling voice of Nature sings to me
A song of lilac fragrance,
A melody of chirping birds —
A symphony of Summer.*

III

*The chanting voice of Nature speaks to me
A word of harvest prayer,
A passage of rustling leaves —
An oration of Autumn.*

IV

*The soothing voice of Nature croons to me
A psalm of the sleeping earth,
A sonata of peaceful rest —
A lullaby of Winter.*

— Doris Lutsch, '54

The Dancer

"Let's see now. Where were we sitting?" murmured the young lawyer. He stumbled noiselessly down the darkened carpeted aisle. "Ah, yes!" He stooped. He had the scarf at last; as he rose he became aware for the first time, since he had entered this vast dimly lit auditorium, of the petite blue clad dancing figure on stage and the faint humming. "My, but she's pretty," he thought, "a bit foreign looking." The young man sat down; he had a scrap of time on his hands; he could watch her for a while. "Funny I didn't notice her during the production — understudy perhaps." The dancing was very good; not stiff like some professional dancing, more like a folk dance. "Ah, she's coming to the front of the stage. My, but she is beautiful." He leaned forward in his chair.

Her long blonde hair was caught up in a ribbon at the back of her neck. Her features were very fine and delicate. She had looked very frail, but now under the light one could see at a glance that physically her body had done a lot of hard work. She had not noticed the sudden shaft of light that had admitted him; and even now she was completely oblivious to his presence. Thoughts of her early life in Bohemia made her smile—a soft, warm, remembering smile. She had only arrived in this new land two short months ago. She was happy here, but everything was very different. These folk dances were bringing the familiar back to mind. Her eyes

were aglow. Around and around she went. Back and forth, the dance carried her. Then she saw this figure; she stopped abruptly. A look of fear and despair crossed her face.

"Oh, please go on, I'm enjoying it. They should let you dance like that during the show."

These words thundered at her. She looked at him stupefied.

"Excuse, pardon myself." She yelled this in broken English.

She had not understood what he had said. Her impulse was to flee. She ran to her bucket and rags, which were to her, her work, grabbed them and attempted to hide these possessions of hers from the piercing eyes of this American stranger. Then, like a blue streak she ran sobbing off stage.

He sat there awhile, realizing what she was and what he had done. Making sure he still had the retrieved scarf he groped his way out of the blackened theater.

The only illumination was the red and blue lights marking the exit doors and the one 225 watt bulb suspended on stage. The once yellow tapestry panels reflected this light and appeared gold. The 2100 chairs loomed dark and empty on five floor levels casting ominous shapes on the walls. Many dramas had been played here, but perhaps this one had most touched these seemingly inanimate fixtures.

— Mary Jane Olson, '55

An Eternal Struggle

*The cool March breeze carries the light touch of a south wind,
And warm sunlight brings lengthy shadows in the late afternoons.
Vanishing traces of January patch the sidewalk and streets, holding tight
with icy fingers.
Faint glimpses of life invade the faded stillness of the garden.
Green blades of grass push impatient hands against the strength of winter
snows.
Suppressed excitement grows beneath the ground,
And unseen painters polish the fingertips of each branch and twig a lacy
delicate green.
The warmth and mildness of the air hold promises of Spring,
But Winter threatens with its chilly breath.
March, month of the lion and the lamb, becomes the center of an eternal
struggle for the throne of seasons.*

— Barbara Cunningham, '55

Autumn Mood

*A blue note drifts
And clings to the evening breeze —
A mournful melody —
Blue moonlight sifts down
Through the silver leaves.
Crystal-clear and cold,
The lagoon lies in azure calm;
Velvet shadows sway
In a mournful rhythm,
Weaving silently fantastic patterns
Around the moon beams.*

— Carol Gardner, '54

To Susan Springer Just After March

No one told her it was spring.
Although she had seen the earth awaken but five times, she knew.
She knew when the warm wind gently brushed her cheek,
And when the russet-breasted robin left its blue-green eggs
In the brown twiggy nest in the great oak tree
Close by the kitchen door.

No one told her it was spring.
She knew when she ran down the path by the gate,
Looking-up, trying to see
If the big white cloud were touching the top of the tree,
Or peeping beneath a bramble bush
Where she thought she saw a violet.

No one told her it was spring.
She knew it best of all when she came to the end of the path,
For there was the pasture, untouched by the plow —
All green and white and gold with daisies.
She curled her toes into the soft brown earth,
And stood, for all the world, like one of the flowers.
She raised her little white hands,
Nodded her little gold head, and smiled.
The daisies knew her, and nodded their greeting.
They knew that she, like they, was springtime's child.

— Joan Weathers, '54

Reflections

A bit of paper,
a piece of faded cloth,
A dream of other days,
a house upon an older street:
All are to time
as the fluttering of a moth,
The quiet of the night,
the heart's last beat.

— Leif Ayen, '55

Wonder Woman

As she came through the door of the lodge, the tall blonde goddess presented a striking figure. Against the white snow banks her ski suit flamed a brilliant red. She held the attention of the spectators, who watched fascinated as she fastened the steel bindings of the long slim skis to her heavy boots. Slowly she finished adjusting and checking her equipment; and then with ease which only an expert could have, she slid away from the group of bystanders.

The wind felt sharp and cold against her face, and the nervousness that had clung to her all day made her tremble slightly. Those who watched her saw no trace of her nervousness. To them she appeared calm and poised. The man at the tow gave her the signal, and she let the thick rope slip between the heavy gloves which protected her hands. After the first jerk, she rose with the rope to the top of the hill which was reserved for experts only. Too many accidents had happened on this dangerous pile of snow-covered land. Deceiving drops waited for unsuspecting victims, and more than once the safety patrol had been called to rescue a skier with a badly fractured leg, a twisted back, or even a broken neck.

From where she stood, the world looked like a toyland in winter. The landscape was covered with soft, silvery snow and little green pine trees; little toy houses were scattered about as if dropped from Santa's sleigh. The descending trail looked deep and treacherous. She realized that in a few moments all that she

had been anticipating would be over.

It was almost her turn now. Not many skiers remained, and she noticed the first aid men with their red arm bands, ready for any emergency. She was motioned into place. Ahead she could see the green flags marking the trail over which she would soon travel. Then she was off! Already around the first sharp bend, she heard the whine and felt the bitter sting of the wind. From the corner of her eyes she saw trees rush by, faster and faster — but more important, she remembered to watch the winding trail. Regaining her old confidence, she began to take the turns with sure, graceful movements. Fear was driven away by the thrill that surged through her body.

Suddenly the end of the trail loomed before her; she felt a strange joy at having made the run safely. Friends hurried to greet her as she glided to a stop, snow spraying from the edges of her skis. They helped her unfasten the bindings and carried her skis and poles as they gayly led her toward the lodge. The delicious odor of food cooking and the thought of a comfortable armchair beside a crackling fireplace drew her inside.

The people watched her enter the cabin; they knew that the famous woman skier was back to thrill the crowds. Ten months before, while speeding down this same trail, she had fallen on a hidden log and twisted her body almost beyond repair. The tenacity of a good sportsman had won the battle.

— Virginia Haake, '55

The Science Building

*The silhouette of its tower in the moonlight;
A mailed fist grasping for the infinite.*

— Keith Jacob, '54

Excerpt from *Time Magazine*, 1953

One cold, gray, foggy morning late last week, guards making their rounds within the high, gray, forbidding granite walls of State Penitentiary came upon portly, graying, fiftyish Warden Jaws, bound, gagged and concealed within a circle of chairs in the prison's group discussion room. Missing from the room were all twelve convict members of the recently organized Prisoners Democratic Action Group and prison psychologist Dr. Thorndike P. (for Pavlov) Dewey. When released, Warden Jaws made the astounding statement that Dr. Dewey had actively participated in this sensational escape.

Tall, slim, balding Thorndike P. Dewey had done sensational things before. Since his graduation from Mecca University's Teachers College he had often set the educational profession on its pedagogical ear. Always a staunch advocate of non-essay, non-traditional, standardized, objective, new-type tests, Dewey's first triumph came with his successful construction of a simplified test designed to reduce the guessing factor to an absolute minimum. After months of exhaustive experimentation with a selected control group from Eastern Rhode Island, Professor Dewey cautiously reported his findings. By doing away with all false questions in any normal true-false test and instructing students to answer only true to the remaining questions, he had practically eliminated the guessing factor. And, as Dewey pointed out at the time, such a test also made grading unnecessary.

Busy, bustling, beaver-like Dewey soon soared to greater heights. Following an intensive year-long survey of the nation's classrooms, he wrote,

in response to an unfelt need, *An Evaluation of the Principles and Practices of Advanced Blackboard Erasing in Secondary Schools* and other guidance manuals equally as valuable. By 1950 he was acclaimed top man in his field. That year marked the turning point in his career.

While he was on a lecture tour through the Southwest, a sudden torrential downpour forced him to take shelter in an abandoned Santa Fe roundhouse. Said Dewey, "I was immediately struck by the ease . . . with which such a building could be adapted to the . . . circular group type of instruction." A hurried consultation with architect Frank Lloyd Wright quickly proved the practicability of the circular school house, and institutions of this type soon dotted the nation. However, superintendents discovered one teacher could easily observe a group of several hundred students in such a structure. Nine hundred and twenty-seven surplus teachers were dismissed in New Mexico alone. Educators everywhere protested, and Dewey hastily resigned from the National Council of Progressive Pedagogues and other professional organizations.

By 1952 his star had declined somewhat, although he did manage to obtain the position of Group Organizer and Convention Coordinator at the Republican National Convention in Chicago. But his once magic touch was gone. In his eager attempt to establish friendly relations among all factions, he suggested that each delegate introduce the person on his left to the group. But Dewey failed to realize he was dealing with long-winded politicians. By election time

in November, 91 delegates and 153 alternates had yet to be introduced. Because the Republicans were still presenting one another to the group, and had not had time to nominate a presidential candidate, the unopposed Democratic Party swept to its inevitable victory. Following this fiasco Dewey plummeted to obscurity.

The past few months Dewey had submerged himself in a minor political position as prison psychologist at Stateville. With the enthusiasm of previous years, he threw himself into his task of introducing the democratic group process to prisoners, and he

seems to have succeeded admirably, even though a little too spectacularly.

To quote Warden Jaw's statement concerning the surprising jail break in which Dewey participated: "Dewey apparently succeeded in instilling a belief in the democratic process into the men in a few short months. Perhaps he brought them along too rapidly. My theory is that the men unanimously voted to break out, and Dewey, dedicated as he was to this cause, could not impair their new beliefs by refusing to cooperate with the group."

— Robert Polson, '52

God Walks With Me

*I was not born to be despised
And looked upon with hate-filled eyes;
I am not here to fill the place
Of servant — slaves to white man's race.
No different I — in my ideals
Or needs; or what I think and feel.
And though my color different be
That does not change the good in me.
For I bear music in my veins,
The light of knowledge in my brains.
My thoughts are pure — my heart is true
God walks with me — and I with you.*

— Diane Cappell, '53

Ode To Sleep

*Sleep, Elusive Sister of Death,
Descend upon my soul;
Lift from the trammels of earthly care
My spirit in glorious anthems of prayer;
Lave my soul, fond Sister of Death,
From regions ethereal, exhume thy breath.
Sleep — Thou phantom mendicant*

*Weighed by mortal alms;
Through shadowy mists thy form emerges,
In monkish cowl, chants slumb'rous dirges
With mingling measures of empyreal psalms
And blinding draughts of lotus-balms.
When moved by Thee, Consoling Sleep,*

*The soul surmounts Earth's ages;
Unburdened by carnal ties the mind
Is freed to explore the recess of time;
Within one moment's exoteric streak
Whole lifetimes may pass in panoptical sweep.*

Sister to Death, immortal Sleep!

*Dost Thou unveil celestial scenes
Of which the mortal never dreams?
Truths conscious mind fails to sieze —
A glimpse of heaven's rippling emerald isle
Which dazes, eclipses Sleep's mortal exile —
Diadem flowers in rainbow hues
Bowing their petals as rhythmic breeze
Kisses each blossom's ambrosial dews.*

*Heaven-sent Sister, caress my brow;
With Thy drugs, sweet Sleep,
Envelop the deep
Recesses of sensual thought;
Set free my soul in the chasms of time. —
— To the Temple of Truth on breath sublime
Enraptured the transcendent spirit is wrought.*

— Marion White, '53

This Love

Strange — this love I have for you
Once a challenge to reach a goal
Then a friendship to meet desire
Words of intimacies spoken
Now and then strains of laughter dying away
Thoughts at random being alike
Sharing happiness when able
Soothing words in whisper which drew me near
Possessing great trustworthiness in you
Thinking you are different
Knowing you are different
Saying silly things that are now remembered
Not caring what others thought
Ignoring what they said
Telling secrets for two that were never told before
Worrying about the weather — perhaps rain
Our famous last words: "Chicken today and feathers tomorrow."
Temptations of cutting a class or two only to be with you
Walking hand in hand — so gentle, kind, and soft
Tripping over little rocks that were never there
Saying how crazy it was
Giving my ideas to you
Both agreeing; sometimes not.
Seeing beauty in all things
Eye contact — reflecting a twinkle of merriment
Perhaps a flirtation or so
And then a gentle smile
Maybe a warm caress
Sad moments upon departure
Making plans for another meeting
Those nights when it was cold
A quick goodbye until the morrow
And then a sentence of encouragement
Early telephone calls — morning, noon, and night
Moments waiting for you
Those few times you were late
An apology; no arguments
Then a giggle
Later a sigh of contentment
The remains within my heart
A memory of you,
Once a challenge
Still a goal
Strange — this love I have for you.

— Louise Soboleski, '54

Beside The Still Waters

Stand along the sandy white shore of the seemingly endless Lake Michigan. Listen to the laughter of children, to the splashing of waves as they beat against the sandy beach. Look into the endless distance where the blueness of the sky blends itself into that of the water. The white sea gulls fly way out into that far reaching distance, but you cannot hear their cry — only the laughter of carefree people splashing in the cool blue water of the lake as if it were Ponce de Leon's Fountain of Youth. Plunge yourself into the water so that you may lose your sorrows, your troubles, and your woes and live in a world of enchanted love.

It was late spring when Claire and I went to the Indiana State Dunes. We never expected to find everything so bathed in the beauty of Nature. After a few plunges in the lake, we took our lunch and hand in hand began to climb toward the top of the ever rising sand mountain. The sand seemed to rise higher and higher until it lost itself in the green at the top of the hill. Upon reaching the summit, we thought we could go no further; but looking down on the wooded area below, we saw a paradise away from the noise of the beach and away from the thoughts of the world. Knowing only *la joie de vivre*, we began to run down the side of the hill to the valley below. Thoroughly exhausted, hungry, and thirsty, we fell down beside the trickling stream which courses through the valley, and we drank of the clear refreshing water which runs musically over the stones which lie in its bed.

The long climb and the fresh spring air gave us a rather hearty ap-

petite; so we ate our lunch surrounded by Nature and her children.

The soft green grass and the flowers invited us to lie down and rest. The leaves and branches of the trees came together at the top to form a kind of roof. The sunlight came creeping through to form intricate patterns of light — red, silvery-green, and yellow. The flowers filled the air with a sweet lingering fragrance. The light found its way into Claire's hair, and the music found its way into my heart. Never before had she seemed so beautiful, and never before had I been able to tell her how much I loved her. The words came without effort. I said them; the birds sang them, and the trees swayed to their rhythm.

Claire fell asleep, and I set out to explore the woods around us. With the flowers in bloom, the trees swaying in a cool spring breeze, the birds singing joyfully, and the air filled with love, I could not help realizing why Edna St. Vincent Millay wrote:

*O world, I cannot hold thee close
enough!*

*Thy winds, thy wide grey skies!
Thy mists, that roll and rise!*

Lord, I do fear

*Thou'st make the world too beautiful
this year;*

*My soul is all but out of me, —
let fall*

*No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird
call.*

It was then that I felt that we too often take the beautiful world for granted.

The sun had turned to a glittering gold as it pushed its rays through the trees. We walked up the sandy hill,

passed children on its summit, walked down the hill, saw people still splashing in the water, passed numberless cars which were honking and slowly winding their way through the congested crowd of people returning

home, turned once more for a long last look at the endless blue water which was reflecting the golden rays of the setting sun; and then, lingeringly we departed.

— Thomas Ruffin, '55

Dogfight

*Twenty-two men flew into the
night,
And twenty-two spirits returned;
Twenty-two women cursed that
flight,
For twenty-two widows now
yearned.*

— Don Hedl, '54

What I Want

*To be with you, to talk with you,
To share the little things of life,
To have you really understand
Each problem I face —
What more could I ask?
To have you know what I mean
When words come hard,
To have you listen with interest
When they come free and easy —
What more could I wish?
To share with you the pleasures
As well as the trials of life,
To become a good, pure person
Because that's the way you like me,
Is there more I want?
There is —
What more could I ask?
What more do I want?
I ask only that I could do the same for you —
That I could help you as you help me.
I want only the peace of mind that it would give to
both of us.
Yes, that's what I want.*

— Helen Mae Licking, '54

"Mom, My Wife"

The little old, gray-haired lady sat anxiously waiting for the return of her son, Tom, who had been away for five long, lonely years. Around her was dreariness. The bus stop is a corner in the General Delivery Store in Gainsville, Iowa, a little town next to nowhere. She sat on the single bench propped up against the dingy finger-printed wall which was covered with remnants of travel folders, time tables, and other old advertisements. Near her in the corner was a bushel basket brimming with paper and a spittoon with its contents oozing over the sides. Now and then the gentle, dry breeze rustled the dust and papers which had accumulated on the unswept floor.

Ch-h-h-h. A bus pulled up in front of the tattered screen door of the broken-down store; people piled out to stretch their legs, but no one remained; it was only a stop for exercise. The little lady's face saddened again as she resumed her position on the wooden bench.

"My boy is coming home to me. My little Tom — after five years in a strange place. I wonder if he's still as sweet as when he left." She breathed a deep sigh as she thought of his childhood, his high school days, and their close association before he journeyed away to the city. Time was passing very slowly. Minutes dragged by, and she waited in hopes that she hadn't misunderstood the message of his return.

Ch-h-h, the sound of air brakes again. Children came screaming out of the bus door. The little woman hobbled over to the door only to be greeted with a cheery "Hi ya! Mrs. Williams. Heard from Tom lately?" The school bus driver was always inquisitive about other people's busi-

ness. Mrs. Williams merely nodded her head and returned to her place on the dirty bench. She hoped Tom would come back today because she had to travel far to the bus stop, and the weather was getting warm now that summer was near.

"I'll have someone all my own again, someone to care for and someone to cook and sew for. The days won't be long anymore when my Tom comes home. It'll be almost like having Dad with me again."

Mr. Greger, the storekeeper, looked out over his spectacles and called, "Mrs. Williams, I see a blue bus coming. Maybe this is the one Tom will be on." Mrs. Williams toddled over to the door, opened it, and let it swing shut. The squeaking and whining of it sounded loudly in the empty store. The bus came nearer, and the little old woman could visualize how her boy would look, and how it would be to be alone with him and talk about all his experiences and the good times they had when Dad was alive.

Ch-h-h, the huge brake screeched on. Out of the tiny door stepped Tom, tall and handsome, followed by a little runt of a woman, who was always gabbing and criticizing the appearance of the little "one horse town." "What a dreadful little person she must be," thought Mrs. Williams. "I wonder how far Tom had to travel with her."

In a moment Tom was embracing his mother. Tears rolled down her gently wrinkled cheeks, and she trembled with delight. Tom turned to the lady who was still complaining and said to his mother, "Mom, my wife."

— Mary Annette Courington, '55

Man's Subtle Mind

*Chaos, the spawn of man's thinking,
with bent back,
hanging head and
whirling mind
sneaks back and forth
through shades of darkness
and then lingers like
Evil over its prey.*

*But I laugh at You,
Mind's foe,
stalking through quiet fields,
stirring the wrath of
man's madness
only to lumber
and weaken all
so saddened by Hell.*

— Jim L. Nardini, '54

Canto 3

*Dreamers, conquerors
to shallow graves
of nothingness pass.
As Musing Firmament
guiding
lesser forms
(Nature's Infants)
laughs while
driving rain,
whirling wind
crumble
leaves of autumn
to dust.*

— Jim Nardini, '53

To Cynthia, On Going To The Wars

It was about nine in the evening when Cynthia and Bob started talking seriously. They were sitting in the living room of Cynthia's large home. It was furnished with everything modern but comfortable. It was on the long couch that they sat talking.

"But, Bob, why do you want to wait so long? Four or five years seems like a century to me."

"Can't you see that it's only for our own good that we wait until I come back?" Bob questioned.

Cynthia sat with her hands in her lap refraining from even touching him although she longed to so much. She wanted to show him how much she loved him but could not do it if she were to convince him.

"Bob, I know you are leaving in two weeks. We could easily be married in that time."

"But can't you see my point of view, too? Honey, after all where would you be if we were married, and then I left you here alone?"

"When two people love each other the way we do, it's only right that they get married."

"Cynthia," Bob began, "try to see my reasons. Listen to me for a moment — with an open mind. I realize you wouldn't mind staying home, but I'm afraid after a while you'd get a little tired of it. You might want to go out with someone even though we were married—just to have a date."

"How can you say such a thing when I love you so much! Don't you see I couldn't possibly go out with anyone else?"

"Oh, I can see that, but it's just that you'd get sick and tired of sitting

home. And another thing—what if I'd get killed? How would it feel to be a widow at *nineteen*, having spent only a week alone with your husband? Even worse, suppose you had a child. Those things do happen, you know. You wouldn't be able to go out and work. Honey, you've got to think of these things.

"Don't you see that those things don't matter! All that matters is that we'd be married and have some time together."

"Cindy, I can't let you do anything that might turn out disastrously. Don't forget that marriage is an important step. Maybe when I come back you won't even love me any more."

Cynthia was hurt at this last remark, but it set off a little spark that made her angry.

"All right, if that's the way you feel, Bob. I guess there's nothing I can do or say to change your mind. I'm afraid all this talk about marriage was wrong in the first place. I can see that you never *really* wanted to marry me!"

"Cindy! How can you say that! You know very well what I'm trying to say. I certainly want to marry you, but when you can't see my point of view for what it's worth, how can we talk sense?"

"I guess we'd better not talk about it at all any more."

"All right — if that's the way you want it."

"Yes, it is!"

"Good-night."

As the door slammed behind Bob, Cynthia heard the echo of his last words.

"It was so final," she thought. "It was the end of everything."

While she walked upstairs the echo, "good-night, good-night," followed her even as she closed her bedroom door.

Downstairs a lone light burned, illuminating the couch leaving the rest of the room in shadows. Bob

could see the room as he stood outside looking at the house. He saw the light go on in Cynthia's room and thought of what he had just done. Slowly he turned his feet away from the house and walked into the darkness beyond.

— Adrienne Engdahl, '55

Open Letter To a Friend

You are dear to me,

But I have told you not.

It is hard to say to a friend

"I care."

The words are not forthcoming;

My lips cannot speak them

Though my heart overflows with them.

I would tell you how you answer my needs,

I would tell you how I come to you for peace,

*I would tell you how my heart communes with yours when we
are silent,*

*I would tell you how I enjoy sharing with you—sharing
the great as well as the small.*

There are many things I would tell you

But I am mute when with you.

The golden words of praise with which I would cover you

Are sealed within me.

Sometime, somewhere, there will be the right situation,

And I will speak.

— Helen Mae Licking, '54

Love In Prospect

*Baby, lying there in your crib, gurgling
With happiness as you kick your tiny doll-like feet
And wave your small fists,
In your world of proud parental eyes, caressing giant hands,
Warm, sweet oil for your rose-petal skin,
What do you know of love?
How can such a Lilliputian creature understand
So great a thing?*

Love In Retrospect

*"Grandmother, what can you tell us about love?"
"Love, my child, mellows with age.
It loses most of its breathlessness
And replaces it with a deep understanding.
Its spontaneity and sparkle become quieted;
Its passion is now close companionship.
Aged, it is the blooming beauty of summer
After the budding beauty of spring.
You have discovered its harbinger, my darling,
You have much to anticipate."*

— Pat Rumann, '54

A Man's Best Friend

In listing the forces friendly to man, no scientific book I can recall has mentioned the pillow. Yet in the experience of all, the pillow is one of the most constant and most helpful of friends. How many tender hopes and fancies are breathed into it; how many passionate and yearning prayers does it hear, too sacred for human ears; how many joyful smiles are molded in it; and how many tears it can absorb! Pudgy and round in shape, it can absorb secrets like pudgy and round people.

Many types of pillows can be observed. They can be fat, thin, lumpy, skinny; they can be covered with a fancy coat or be strikingly plain. They can be filled with down, feathers, kapok, or foam rubber — and on some sleepless nights I have heard a few poor souls refer to their being filled with bricks. Some people use them straight; others double them over; and still others, wanting to be different, prefer to do without any.

This white friendly head cradle can be used in several ways. Consider the pillows used to compensate for the irregularities in your old lumpy easy chair. In this way the pillow helps to make your body conform to that of the chair. I have heard a story told of Chinese women who use them in a strange way. It seems they place a hard, almost bricklike pillow under their neck and sleep in this fashion. Their coiffures are so elaborate that they are afraid to disarrange them — very uncomfortable I would think.

But the pillow has a far more im-

portant trait than any of these. Consider, if you please, the personality of a pillow. Think how many men, strong men, have not only held them, but whispered their fondest hopes and dreams into them.

But the pillow gives no response; it answers not; but the very fact it says nothing makes it consoling. As a confidant, the pillow is strong exactly where human beings are weak. It does not drive you mad with well-meaning, irrelevant philosophy. It offers no solution for your problems; it makes no pretense to understanding your heart. It is entirely inert and impassive. Moreover, it is wonderfully patient. You pour upon it a torrent of abuse; you plead with it; you dig your elbows into it; in the middle of your violence you suddenly caress it or laugh to it. It does not look hurt or amused. How many people do you think would endure such manhandling? Let us appreciate the gentle pillow.

You need never be afraid to tell a pillow anything. With a human, you are afraid to tell all; but to the friendly pillow, you pour out everything. A pillow is never impatient and never interrupts. When after a long and baffling day, spent with people rubbing you the wrong way, how comforting you find it to come home and lay your weary head upon your pillow. It calms your brain with its very silence. Without speech or sign, it unanswerably gives you the wisdom of patience — of postponement.

— Marilyn Oberg, '55

Accident

by Leif Ayen
(for Bennett Cerf)

The heavens gleamed with the orange-pink streamers of the dying sun. Great banks of clouds rested wearily on the outer rim of the pale, blue sky. An icy gust of wind blew the autumn leaves into the filth-strewn gutters. The trees raised bare limbs to defy the wind and draw back the coppery rays of a dying sun for warmth.

Kramer smiled grimly as he finished the adjustment on the brakes of the car with a deft and too-precise movement of the wrench in his hand. It really would not take too long, he thought . . . The steep incline and the flimsy railing at the curve of the hill. It would be simple indeed. The perfect crime. He was finished. The car was now ready. Without a glance he walked away, whistling, into the twilight . . .

* * * *

He could not understand how he came to be walking north on Clark. He had no memory of how he had come there or what he had been doing previously. The last gray wisps of evening crept into the western sky.

"Name! Must remember my name!" he muttered. He walked on down the twilit-street, staring at the buildings as he passed. They were closed. Few people were on the street. There was a park nearby. He went over to an empty bench and sat down.

His mind was in chaos. Who was he? Just nothingness. Yet, somewhere in the red-and-gray recesses of his mind, something lingered — remote in time and in space. As a magnet he pulled at the wisp of thought, trying desperately to dredge

it from the quicksand of forgetfulness. Faintly, ever so faintly, the thought came out of the sunken cavern into the scarlet dawn of memory. It was a telephone number.

There was someone in front of him. "Say, mister, got a quarter for a cup of coffee? Crist! I'm starvin', mister. Will ya give me a quarter, huh?"

The man on the bench glanced up. The panhandler standing before him opened his mouth and with a half-choked croak of horror turned and ran. Puzzled, the one on the bench stood up. A young couple brushed past him. The girl looked up into his face and screamed; the young man with her swore and both hurried off down the street as in fear of their lives.

With his brain whirling, he entered a drugstore and stepped into a telephone booth. No one noticed him enter. He tried to collect his torrential thoughts. What had made those people so afraid? What was the answer? Why couldn't he remember? He tried to collect all he could. Presently, as in a dream, it came to him. The number. He would dial the number.

A strange voice answered. "A name found its way to his lips.

"Mrs. Fullerton?" echoed the voice. "Now who would be expecting her to be in now? Didn't you know? Her husband, John, was killed in an auto accident early this morning. I guess he was a mess when they found him. She's down at the funeral home!"

Memory came rushing back in a

great flood. John Fullerton set the phone back on its cradle and walked out into the dusk where a smiling, faceless stranger stood waiting. "I was delayed," said the stranger. "Are you ready? I've one other to attend, and then we'll go."

Fullerton nodded and the two walked into the shadows and were gone.

* * * *

William Kramer sat in his living-room chair and read the morning paper. He smiled as he again read the notice of Fullerton's death — "due to an automobile accident!" Wouldn't the police have been interested to know that he had tampered with the car!

Now, at long last, he was the controlling partner of Mottro Plastics, and would no longer need to embezzle the company's funds. Too bad that Fullerton had discovered that fact, but then — Mrs. Fullerton was a very beautiful woman, and

was not really the type to remain a widow for too great a time, especially if a very sympathetic friend were to console her.

"Must be getting colder outside!" The fire in the hearth blazed a brilliant blue and then sank into invisibility. The hair on his neck rose. His eyes were fixed on the center of the room. There was a blackness there — not merely a shadow, but the pure absence of light itself. The blackness expanded. Kramer's face paled, and his heart trilled, threatening to burst.

It was madness, gibbering, nightmarish madness. "You're dead!" he gasped. "I killed you!" The darkness was very close now and Kramer saw the second shape. His brain was icy. His heart lanced fire. The coldness was unbearable. He slumped to the floor. A third shadow joined the others in the frozen blackness. **REQUIESCAT IN TENEBRAE!**

— Leif Ayen, '55

Tan-Ta-Ra

*No redcoat riders after fox
Crave quarry that more often mocks
At all the skills elusively,
And failures prove conclusively,*

*Than hunters after verse.
Senses must be quick and keen
To note a meaning in the mean,
And then in phrases lyrical
To contemplate the miracle,
Finding words perverse.*

*But once we do get something said
To justify our daily bread,
And tan-ta-ra with awful glee,
Assembly reading merrily,
Proclaims it could be worse.*

— Ruthe Bender, P. G.,
Summer, '51

Each Man

*Each man has within him
A dream of the boy he was
Or life that should have been,
That is at times
More real and loved
Than anything that's won or owned,
Because it is his alone.
For only he can understand
And from it draw his comfort.*

— George Anne Schulz, '54

Let Me

*Let me stand at the foot of the mountain,
That I may feel my smallness,
And not look at clouds as wisps,
But as entities;
And see not men as specks,
But as life has drawn them.*

*Let me reach out and touch life,
Feel its presence,
Not hear the wind moan to nothing,
But singing to life.*

*Let me say not that I have reached
Higher than anyone,
But that I have touched that which is closest*

— Erwin Zipse, '54

Sleep

I am a wanderer, and for many years I have travelled throughout the countries seeking a haven of peace — a haven of rest.

One day I saw a large iron gate. It opened, and I entered into a deep valley. This was the valley of sleep.

In this valley I saw many forms of sleep. I saw the four seasons: autumn, winter, spring, and summer. Sleep was present in autumn. I saw it in the dead leaves which had fallen from the tall trees. I also saw sleep in the cold, stiff soils of the earth. As I looked upon winter, sleep came in a different form. It was in the footprints on the new-fallen snow. Sleep was in the snow on the boughs of the trees. It was the icicles which were clinging to the roof of the barn.

As I approached spring, I saw sleep in the rain as it fell into stagnant

ponds. I saw buds sleeping undisturbed by the brisk winds and cool rains. Sleep in the summer was present in the dry sands. It was present in the hot cement sidewalks which burned the feet of youngsters while they played. It was found in the stars as they slept during the day, and it was found in the sun as it slumbered during the night.

Before I left this valley, I saw sleep in its final form. This was an eternal sleep. When bodies become tired and aged, God takes away the breath of these tired and aged bodies. He casts their souls into the four corners of the earth. This is truly an eternal sleep. Perhaps this is the haven of peace I am seeking. Perhaps this eternal sleep is rest. Perhaps.

— Louise Soboleski, '54

"I"

*I "won't" is a tramp,
I "can't" is a quitter,
I "don't know" is a lazy,
I "wish I could" is a wisher,
I "might" is waking up,
I "will try" is on his feet,
I "can" is on his way,
I "will" is at work,
I "did" is now the boss.*

— Richard Novak, '55

Rickey and the Indians

As the light grew dim, Rickey began to wonder what would happen if the cowboys and the Indians in his wallpaper and curtains came to life; and then right before his eyes that's just what happened. Before he realized what had happened, he was being captured from the range, where all the cowboys stayed, by Indians. As they rode off, the Indians were dragging Rickey by the neck because they couldn't get hold of his hair — it was too short. The cowboys started after the Indians; but, of course, to make it more exciting the Indians got away.

They took Rickey to their camp, and there they prepared for a big celebration. It seemed that they had heard that this small boy who was four years old was one of the best wrestlers in the country. They wanted to see if he stood as straight and was as good natured as other people had said he was. They also wanted to match him up with one of the small boys in their tribe, which they thought had the best wrestlers in the country.

The match took place the next day after a night of feasting. During the wrestling they were twisting each other's arms and legs and hitting with their forearms. There were great gasps of pain and loud moans and groans; the Indians were making a lot of noise themselves, all of them were yelling for the Indian boy and against Rickey. As the fight progressed, it looked as if the Indian boy was going to win, but all of a sudden Rickey gave him a body slam and pinned him to the ground. At this the Indians grew very angry; they

grabbed Rickey; and as they were pulling him to a large post with branches and twigs fixed around it so that it could be quickly ignited Rickey was yelling, "Stop, I didn't do anything but beat him fair and square, stop, stop." But all the Indians would say was "Ugh".

They tied him to the post and did a death dance around him. The Indians had masks on that would scare anyone out of his own skin. As they danced, the chief came toward Rickey with a burning torch and held it so close to his face that he could almost feel it burning his nose. Then the chief lighted the fire at Rickey's feet; and as the flames started to creep up, Rickey was wishing, as he had never wished before, that the cowboys would come and rescue him.

A minute later he saw dust at the entrance of the camp; and in came Hopalong Cassidy riding his great horse Topper. As Hoppy came towards the fire, Rickey heard someone say, "Rickey, will you get up and eat your breakfast so that I can get my house work done?" When Rickey heard his mother, he woke up immediately and realized that he had been dreaming all this time.

The rest of the day he was bothered with such thoughts as, "I wonder if Hoppy would have rescued me?" or "If Hoppy was captured?" or "If he got burned very bad from those flames?" Many other thoughts ran through his mind. But, of course, none of these questions could he answer.

— Margie Todd, '55

The Conquering

*The chill of fall was replaced by winter's icy blasts
As the tyrant roared over his kingdom hurling defiance
In a frenzy that slighted nothing.*

*He shook the trees viciously until they shed their leaves in jerky streams;
Wildly he drove the clouds before him in his crazy rage
While the cold and wind increased throughout the endless night until dawn.
A Stygian fog galloped in trampling the protesting earth with its cold,
clammy feet.*

*The trees and bushes bowed in reverence;
And the winds died a slow death leaving the world in blessed peace
While Winter was exiled with all his baggage.*

The Conquered

*She sent an advertisement of her coming, a poster of magnificent colors,
And the hues spread across the earth like the unfolding of an iridescent scarf.
The hills looked like mounds of precious stones with the dew sprinkled
up their side.*

*The clouds blushed but kept their glory
While gossamer bands of illumination spread across the sky.
Spring was busy being her sweet, simple self.*

*Created and performed without human help,
Created without discord, in perfect harmony,
The weaker sex prevailed again.*

— Gloria Schilling, '54

Lost Forever

Thoughts were milling around in my head like a body of water caught in a giant whirlpool. Everything seemed so unreal — could this be happening to me? Just twenty-five minutes ago things had been so wonderfully right. I was so happy, and now my heart felt as if it weighed at least a ton.

Bits of my father's conversation came back to me a phrase at a time: "nobody home at the time—neighbors told us—nothing more could be done."

The sun had been bright and warm; a few girls and I had been playing tennis—as many college students often do. Gladness had been my sole feeling when a housemate after racing several blocks breathlessly informed me of my dad's arrival. The unusualness of a visit from my father on a week day did not occur to me.

As I hurriedly jostled home on that wonderful spring day, I left my thoughts settle on the coming formal. Jack and I had made big plans for this next dance; we could hardly wait for the big day. Three of my sorority sisters hailed a hearty but hasty greeting from across the street as I approached the house at which I was staying during my first year at college. After living in it for several weeks, I had convinced myself that it really wasn't too bad; and besides, my roommate was one of the best.

When I entered my little room, terror and fear found their mark. I could barely whisper as I faced my father. "W-What's wrong, Dad?" were the few words which I finally forced out. After all you could plainly see that something was dreadfully wrong.

As I awaited his answer, the heat seemed to intensify a thousand-fold. "At least 90," I thought. "Yes, this heat is terrific, and school wouldn't be out for three weeks yet. Why do we have to attend classes on such sultry days as this?" I wondered. The green colored furniture, which usually cooled my room — at least psychologically — for some reason was of no immediate help at the moment.

One couldn't help noticing the change in Dad, who was in his early forties. His drawn face and sad eyes accentuated by drooping shoulders seemed to add twenty years to his age in the few minutes that we had been together. Even the lines on the naturally happy face of this jovial parent appeared to grow in length and depth as his hesitant voice sputtered only half an answer.

"Your brother, Tom — we told them not to, but they didn't listen."

By now my curiosity and excitement were aroused and the senselessness of his words only heightened it.

The stern character of this father of mine started to break down, and his social obligation of acting like a hardened man was the only thing which kept him from breaking down completely. Full realization came to me only after he had composed himself once more.

"Your mother and I had gone shopping. We told the two youngsters to stay around the house, but the Miller kids called them and got them to go swimming. Tom jumped off the pier and hit his head on a rock. When the kids didn't see him, they called a neighbor."

"But what happened?" I blurted out as tears began to sting my burning eyes.

"The doctor said he drowned. There's nothing anyone can do now."

The full meaning of his choppy sentences struck me as no blow had ever done before. During the next instant images of the past and of the things my little brother and I had done together danced before my eyes. Dad and I stood facing each other, knowing how each felt at that moment.

As I packed to go home, everything about college including the formal left my mind. My eyes were blurred, but the tears would not come as they normally had; this made it all the harder to bear. The weak unfamiliar voice which came from me seemed to be miles away.

"But he's (not yet aware of the difference in tense) only seven years

old," my now broken voice spurted out.

On the way home I inwardly cursed everything and everyone who had had any part in the horrible happening. My body was too numb with shock to respond any other way. That once beautiful lake near which we lived became a monstrous pit of blue cold liquid, and the Miller kids — why hadn't they minded their own business. Then there was the terrific heat — yes, the factor which was really responsible for the whole unfortunate crisis.

All of this happened nearly a year ago, and how well I still remember the unhappy incident. It's odd how little events and activities stir your memory and force you to remember even the most undesirable things. Playing tennis did it today; I suppose tomorrow swimming will be the cause. I wonder — does anyone ever forget a lost loved one?

— Marlene Lech, '55

The Gem

*One slender prayer ascends
To meet a listening God;
One prayer outreaches other suns
And pierces great unbounded voids
Illumined by the chartless stars.*

*This sigh upon the feeble lips
Is pressed upon a nameless wind
To harden in a stinging blast;
And through gray ramparts, tow'ring mist
Breaks forth to scatter from its depth
The prism of eternal Light.
Held thus before the eye of God,
One tempered echo of a man
Becomes a glittering curious jewel
Surrendered by the humble clay.*

— Corinne Johnson, '52

Tomorrow — A New World

My old world has ended.

Though the stars have not fallen from the skies,

Nor has the sun dimmed its light,

Still the youth and gayety of a young life

Have passed with the passing of my college days.

Now the troubles of the world have fallen upon my shoulders,

And each new day brings a new fear, a new anxiety, a new problem.

Gone is that unique sound of college laughter

And the swishing, scraping noises of dancing feet,

Alive with freedom and vitality.

Gone is the peace and security I once found by being part of a college group;

*Gone is the feeling of mental and spiritual growth which I found in my
classrooms.*

And gone are my ability and desire to look forward to each new day.

However, the most vital, the most important, the most significant

Shall never be taken from me;

For memories shall remain with me long after all known worlds have ended.

I shall open the darkest, most secretive compartments of my heart and mind,

And I shall find there friendship, love, and education,

*The three of which have made my college years unequalled in pleasure
and worth.*

And though the hands of the world

Shall press heavier on my shoulders with each passing day,

I know this friendship, love, and education shall always lessen the burden

*Of care and worry, and bring the peace and contentment which an anxious
soul needs.*

*And so I say to you, Old World, "Though you may have ended, my fight
has not.*

*For I am picking up the challenge of commencement: the challenge to find
a new world."*

— Robert Kauth, '52

The Man In The Ivory Tower

*He sits alone in his ivory tower'
Half buried by his books.
He knows no time nor is he bound to speak the tongues
of men.
He has traveled to all the places of the earth.
He whispered words of wisdom to the sages of Cathay,
And guided sightless Homer across great Ilium's plains.
He sat with boys in Academus Woods.
He mounted to Parnassus' highest peak,
And in his greatest glory spoke with God.
He sits alone in his ivory tower'
Half buried by his books,
For in this frenzied age we know him not.
He seeks to tell us, but we do not heed his words;
They will not help us build a bigger bomb;
They are not made of chromium-plated steel.
Yet, when some gigantic cataclysm
Has turned to nothing all our high-flown "isms",
He will take up his pen in some quiet hour,
And write an ode to the beauty of one small flower.
Blessed is he in his ivory tower.*

— Joan Weathers, '54

