

The

TOWERS

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1948

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*The Towers*

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



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SIGMA TAU DELTA

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## ***Foreword***

With spring comes another issue of *The Towers*, through which students at Northern Illinois State Teachers College find literary expression. Its sponsor, Sigma Tau Delta, is celebrating its tenth anniversary on campus this year and is proud to present the fruits of its labors. Sigma Tau Delta, honorary national English Fraternity, believes that college students, especially the aspiring journalists, writers, and poets should have an opportunity to see their efforts in print. Many of the selections were themes handed in for assignments in composition classes.

The contents of this little magazine are chosen on a selective basis with quality, originality, and student interest in view. It is with great pleasure that Sigma Tau Delta brings to you the fourth edition of *The Towers*, whose name symbolizes the Castle on the Hill.

MERLE WEIHERMAN

*Editor-in-Chief*

May, 1948

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## *In the Shadows of the Towers*

*With the coming of the spring, my dreams of fantasy climbed high.  
I reveled in its airy sweetness,  
I marveled at its green completeness,  
I shunned the fleeting shadow cast o'er an azure sky.*

*With the dawn of lovely summer—through sunlit realms I wandered.  
This perfect content was far too deep.  
Was I not lost in some long, sweet sleep?  
When soft evening winds caressed the day-worn earth, I pondered.*

*With the first autumnal leaves, my wariness it grew,  
Caused me often to be afraid,  
Caused me to walk alone, in sylvan glades.  
My quaint cavalcade of prayers, hopes, dreams, could I not renew?*

*With a flurry foretelling bleak winter, I ceased laughing easily,  
For you my life was gone forever,  
But your dear silent departure taught me to never  
Build castles of dreams, but to descend to life's realities.*

— IRVING TEBOR

## Winds A-sea

*I am haunted yet  
By the last dim hours  
In the doldrums' sultry listlessness,  
Its fickle breezes and abrupt showers,  
Its calm, its balm, its languidness.*

*I am haunted yet  
By the steadfast trades  
With the rustling seas lapping  
And rippling white before them;  
Overtones to the gushing and  
slapping  
Of the vessel's prow, in symphonic  
unison  
With the creaking shrouds, groaning  
frames,  
And canvas cracking in vengeful  
liaison.*

*For these are the winds of youth  
When, in league with their lusty  
gusts, veering  
And swirling round high flown  
yards, my fancy  
Led me, ever before the mast, with  
abandon steering  
Me o'er Magellan's sunken wake; in  
straits chancy  
Of coral reefs and shoals hidden neath  
seas mute  
To a heritage of Cook and Bligh,  
'Twi' warm green isles where tree-  
born fruit  
Waits to delight bring tongues and  
throats parched dry.*

*To these winds I cast off my soul  
From this drift-strewn beach of  
thwarted dreams, free  
To fly with the trades again, and loll  
In the doldrums' light airs, a-sea.*

— HAROLD MEIER

## The Case of the Missing Idea

ELAINE KELLEY

"It was strange," said the student who was seated before me. "It was there when I went to bed, a lovely, clever idea that was worth at least a double A plus, all about lies, white and otherwise, but when I woke up this morning it was gone, completely gone. You can help me?" and she held out her hands in a pleading gesture, tears streaming out of her eyes and bouncing off her quivering chin to the rug-covered floor.

Now cases of this kind I usually give to my assistant, a capable young man of Greek ancestry who had once lived at the foot of Mount Parnassus, thus giving himself something in common with the Muses for whom he searches most diligently. He is clever, this young man, and out of about seventy-one cases of this kind he always solved about—come to think of it, I cannot remember if he has ever solved any, but since he is quite good looking in a casual, Greek god sort of way, the lady writers are usually quite willing to exchange their Muses for an evening of dancing with him, and so they are all made quite happy. Gentlemen writers, of course, never lose ideas.

This day, however, he was out on another case, and the grief of the student facing me was so great, and her tears were making such large, ugly spots on my office carpet, that I decided to help her myself.

"There there, child," I murmured as I reached out to pat her hand, "don't cry. I will help you." The poor girl brightened up immediately, borrowed one of my handkerchiefs to mop up her tears and smiled brilliantly through the debris of her make-up.

"I knew you would," she trilled, and moved her chair closer to mine.

I moved my chair a little farther away. After all, a man in my position must remember his professional dignity, and besides, I expected my wife to drop in at any moment. I cleared my throat.

"Now, girl, can you give me an accurate description of this idea?"

"Why certainly." She looked at me indignantly. "Of course, I can. As I told you, it was a very clever idea, a large one with a beginning, and a middle, and an end. It had a certain sublimity about it, and was written all in iambs. It was a lovely idea, so neatly expressed, not in jargon, but miraculously clear, with just a dash or two of novelty for spice. I was so fond of it. You can find it for me. It was just like the ones Aristotle described, only different. It was . . ."

"Yes, yes," I interrupted, for the hands of the clock were nearing ten, and that meant that it was time for a little something, and I had had no breakfast. "That is all quite well, but was it happy?"

"How else could it be? It is not every day that an idea is recognized as being so wonderful. I am sure that this was the first time that it had even been so completely welcomed. Not happy? What an idea!" she was scornful.

"Was it in good health?"

"It was the healthiest idea that I ever saw. Nothing weak about this idea. Why, there was no height to which it could not climb. I do not understand it at all. Why should it leave me? And in the night, too.

That is what hurts, the way it left." Tears were ready to spill over into her voice.

"We must look for clues." My mind was already working on the case.

Later that morning we examined her room. I decided upon a stack of paper under her bed as the most likely place in which to find some further information. Eagerly I seized the top page.

"Dear Harry," I read, "you really should not ask me things like that because you know we both have to finish school before." She snatched the paper out of my hand. I picked up the next one. "Probable possibilities are preferred to possible improbabilities." Obviously there was no clue there. There were none in the next paper, only: "Dear Mom, if you want me to come home this weekend, you will have to send me

some money." But a Muse does not run away because the person to whom it belongs is poverty stricken.

I turned to her desk. Nothing there either. Even the head of the Ace Detective Agency could not solve a case in which there were no clues. For the first time in my career I had failed. I looked solemnly at the girl. She realized at once, without my saying a word, that there was no hope.

"You mean I can never have my idea back?"

I nodded.

"But I have to have an idea by one o'clock today! What am I going to do."

"Why don't you tell your teacher what happened? She will understand."

"She will not. I can not write a paper without an idea."

## Sudden Thought

*Just a little freshman,  
that's me,  
No more mama to  
shelter me.*

— JEWEL ANN WATKINS

## This Is Trigger

FRANK ROSS

"Gerard James Deitzer," it read on his induction papers, but his name was "Trigger." An appropriate name it was, too, because he had a wit as fast as a jet plane. I especially like to recall Trig's remark to the company executive officer, a tremendous braggard who had a personality like a wet dish rag. The lieutenant had begun an oft-repeated soliloquy concerning his days as a stage show comedian, when Trigger piped up caustically, "If you were an M.C., Lieutenant, then I know what killed vaudeville."

Quite a man, this Trigger was. He always impressed me as a bright moon on a starless night or a Paul Bunyan among the Lilliputians. His records show that he had drawn great respect for his work in refrigeration for Westinghouse at Pittsburgh. He had even created a stir in the ranks of the Infantry (an almost impossible feat) when two of his suggestions for modification on the 105mm Howitzer found their way into the Pentagon building and were eventually adopted as standard equipment on all guns.

He was no youngster—Francie had married him when they were both twenty-six, and little Jerry is nearly ten now—yet he managed well to keep from the boys the fact that he wasn't as young as the majority of them. He drank and danced and played baseball and football as violently as the company's eighteen year old mamma's boys who were out on their first fling.

Our first meeting I remember only slightly, but I know I liked him. I think he professed his creed when once he said, "I know a man who

lost his voice, and the saddest thing about him isn't that he can't talk, but that he can't laugh." So Trig and I laughed. We laughed on West Madison Street, Chicago, when his girl took off her hat and displayed a near-bald head. We laughed on the troop train passing through Pittsburgh when he tried to get off because he hadn't notified his draft board of the change in address. We laughed in Scully Square, Boston, and Broadway, New York. We laughed and we stored those laughs in our memories, and they came in handy later when there wasn't anything to laugh about.

Serious moments with Trig were few and far between, but he wasn't entirely without them. I remember when we stood together at the rail of the English ship as it sliced through the fog out into open sea; that is to say, we stood together with several thousand other Joes, silent and immobile, watching the last American girl slip away. Trig spoke for everyone at that rail when he said in a hushed voice to the great bronze statue, "This isn't just another line, lady. I want to see you again."

By the time we docked in the Firth of Clyde at the gates of Glasgow, Scotland, he had recovered from his voyage, and oh, how sick he had been! He had looked as though he were going to die, and he said he wished he would. Someone had forgotten an open porthole which sent the high waves dashing over his bunk, but he was too weak to move. "I've thrown up everything I ever swallowed," he moaned, "including the safety pin I ate when I was five."

I saw little of Trig while we were

in England or immediately after. They were busy times for us, and since we were in different platoons, we couldn't get together in the LST that landed us on the beaches of Normandy or even while we raced across France. It was not until our division was transferred into a holding position in the Hurtegan Forest of the Schnee-Eiffel Range which crowned the Belgian mountains and looked down upon the Siegfried Line that he and I arranged to dig our holes together.

His aptness for soldiering was respected by officers as well as enlisted men, and many times the captain crawled up to our machine gun nest for Trig's evaluation of things. It was a difficult frontier, and the officers were constantly worried about the deployment of the men. They didn't always take his suggestions, but I think now they wish they had.

He told me later that he thought the whole situation was hopeless in the event of a large scale attack, but the gravity of conditions didn't keep us from laughing when we trained our binoculars on the "Dragon's Teeth", a thousand yards away, and looked straight into two German eyes peering at us through German binoculars. Our laughs didn't come from the belly in those days, but they kept our teeth from chattering.

The next morning Trig's discussed attack came with lightning speed (the initial opening of the Battle of the Bulge), and it proved as hopeless as he had said it would be. The Hun came with tanks, troops, horse-drawn artillery, and bicycle brigades. Drew Pearson reported simply, "They fell away like straws in the wind." Confusion, surprise, despair ran rampant through the company which was reduced from one hundred and fourteen men to a mere twenty-one—all this

in twenty-four hours.

Trig and I were fortunate in the first onslaught, in that we had hoarded ammunition to beat European Theater's habit of making a daily allocation. When the other positions ran out, we were still pumping hot lead. Wave after wave of Valksstorm heard the singing of our .50 calibre.

\* We had never fought a defensive battle before; yet the situation of fighting for life had worn thin by three o'clock. Our ammunition was low, our morale was lower, and our stomachs cried out for food. Inadvertently, we relaxed our vigil for an instant, and in that time a Tiger Royal tank grovelled into our range. Silencing the gun to keep from drawing the fire of the Tiger's 88mm mounted cannon, we meditated on our predicament. It didn't take long for Trigger to understand the situation: the tank commander was lost. He hadn't made communication with his headquarters, and he wasn't sure which was his territory and which was American.

Trig and I hugged our hole breathlessly as the commander lifted the hatch and wriggled out. We were close enough to thrust a rock at his head as easily as to turn the gun on him, but such action would have disclosed our position to his crew.

When I wished out loud that we might have a Bazooka, Trigger's face lit up. He had seen one beside a tree in the woods at our rear. It had belonged to Dunlap, but he was dead now; so we knew we could use it—if it could be reached.

The fringe of the woods was twenty yards away, and the twenty yards were all on an incline, covered with glistening snow. It was decided that I should man the gun and open fire to draw attention to me if he

were spotted leaving or returning. "Now don't get killed for a while, kid," he said as a parting word. Then he was gone.

The minutes marched by with club feet, slowly, conspicuously. No Trigger. An artillery barrage came in, and then another. No Trigger. The tank commander decided to go back to the Vaderland before he was the target of his own shells. Grumbling, chattering, the tank careened into the valley out of sight. It was night now and colder (sixteen below zero, I knew later). I was prepared to whisper Trig's name in the direction of the woods when I heard a low moan.

Crawling back to where he lay, I found his chest torn open, his ears and mouth oozing blood, and his left foot completely gone. As I huddled over his body, emaciated by a hundred pieces of jagged steel, I thought of the Trigger that a gal

had been prompted to say looked "just like Victor Mature" to which he had replied, "Only with my cap on. When I take it off, I look like Guy Kibbee."

His blood was warm on my numb hands, but it didn't mix well with my salty tears. He looked up, and I think he laughed at me. "Kid," he whispered, "forget it," and he died.

Over three years it is, but I haven't forgotten—not for a minute. He taught me many things without his knowing he was a teacher or without my knowing I was a student. A fairer person than he I don't believe ever lived. He made clean dealing more desirable than the rewards of dirty dealing. He made admitting being wrong more honorable than always being right.

He's a hero to Westinghouse, and to Francie, and to his son, but not in the way he is to me.

## Ignorance Isn't Bliss

*Oh world of physics, science mad,  
You taunter of my mind,  
You mystery of light and sound,  
Of motion, wave and dyne,  
A source of expectation.  
Enjoyment do I find  
In your precise components  
If Prof would be so kind  
As to leave me in my ignorance  
Of proof which lies behind.*

*The spectrum in its glory shines;  
It falls on floor and wall,  
Red and yellow, blue and green;  
Oh no, that isn't all!*

*Then come words of man's creation:  
Spectroscopy and aberration.  
The light disperses and refracts;  
That's again where I lose track.*

*Little gadgets sit about  
Waiting for the touch  
That turns them into spectacles  
To entertain me much.*

*A devil in a bottle  
A little, tiny pump,  
Big gigantic noises  
That always make me jump.*

*Bean shooters, catsfur, musical sticks,  
The Prof is full of a hundred tricks,  
If only he'd leave it there—but nix,  
He has to ask me, why it ticks!*

— MERLE WEIHERMAN

## Cloak of Night

*It is time to put away the cloak of  
another day,  
Wrap the dark curtains of night  
about you,  
And sink into the soft pillows of  
dreams.  
Let the sounds of earth sing their  
lullaby:  
The cheery chirp of the cricket and  
the deep bass of contented frog,  
The lowing of cattle deep in green  
grass,  
And the hooting owl's mysterious  
advice  
Which you cannot understand.*

— VIRGINIA DARLING

## Rather Would I Not Know

(This poem is written in answer to a message received from the Goddess of Poetry whereby the wonders of Palomar's new telescope are revealed.)

Thou say'st at Palomar they will build a "scope,"

A polished piece of glass, ground to the finest of the finest.

Through this key-hole magnified, this diamond two hundred inches across,

We shall see new stars, planets, brothers to the Milky Way.

Thou say'st, too, they have hopes to end the many mysteries the night skies behold.

Thou hast disturbed me.

Many nights have I stood upon a lonely deck, gazing at that white stinted blue.

Wondering. Thinking. Yet a comfort. "There's God," it was whispered inside.

He has made these nights.

The hours would by me slip, as would the waves;

Sometimes not so fast, but I had the Heavens to entertain.

And as I gazed, some stars would fall; as in Life.

Did they not ever rise? Maybe so, one cannot say.

By falling, they may have risen.

Scenes of home would be reflected there.

'T was a companion.

Yet, thou speakest of people that may be as we.

You do not know.

Your guess is that they may be of intellect, for

"Canals" have thought there to be found.

Maybe they be of brain, but maybe they crawl on fours,

Or have tails, or slimy skins,

Or have names that end in "Q", or spelled in consonants.

Wilt thou be willing to sacrifice prejudice for science?

Have we not the lesser where we are?

Is not the bitterness now enough against black, white, yellow,

And those that end in "I"?

If discovery be for escape,

Who knows, there may be Jews on Mars.

Thou speakest of more-intelligent men upon these distant shores.

Hast thou fear that our own are not sufficient to do our thoughts?

If this thou fear, I object!

For progress does not come as of Ol' Nick, bringing miracles on a December day.

Oh, Galileo, Newton, why startest this! If thou seekest atomic materials,

Cursed be Einstein! Cursed be Hiroshima!

Would not this give death to the poets?

Thou concludest, 't would "increase man's power—

Give him better understanding of natural laws—

Contribute to further development of spiritual qualities."

All lies! Lies, I say!

Let him find his steeple here at home. And of natural laws,

He may still learn from the ants.

Excited was I, too, when first I saw the Southern Cross.

Thus, I realize your anxiety.

But let us stay within, and as to a movie watch,

Of which the real actors we never know.

Rather would I not know.

— THOMAS E. WOODSTRUP

## A Smouldering Ember

MERLE WEIHERMAN

"Size six and a half please," said the girl in the white wool jacket.

A waxy, blue-veined hand searched quickly among grey and white, blue and white, and black and white shoes on a shelf under the reserved balls.

"Terry, what a beautiful jacket!"

Terry started to turn around but was detained.

"Sorry, dearie, but we ain't got no six and half's left. Can you wear a six?" She held up a pair of black and white bowling shoes.

"Six is all right. Do you really like my jacket, Jeannie?"

"Do I!" Jean's voice was husky with admiration as she gingerly felt the material in the sleeve. "It's even prettier than you said. Turn around; let me see the back."

Relief shone in Terry's eyes. "Oh, I'm so glad you like it. I couldn't make up my mind whether or not to buy it. I really needed one, but it cost so much that I was afraid I couldn't afford it. But if you think it's worth it, I don't regret one cent I paid for it. I guess I wouldn't have needed to wear it tonight because it is quite warm, but it will be cool going home on the streetcar after bowling." She stopped as she realized her exuberance was carrying her away and Jean was becoming bored with the details. But it was new and she was excited about it.

"Here's your shoes, dearie." With only a vague attempt at concealing the purpose, the transparent hand jangled the little chromium dish on the counter. Terry produced a coin and dropped it in. The two girls moved away to the spectators' seats and Terry sat down.

"My team is ready to bowl; I'd better shove off. Would you care to join us kids in a beer after League, Terry?"

Terry's muffled voice came up from the regions of the floor where she was untying her saddle shoes. "No, thanks. Not tonight."

Jeannie started away, then scurried back. Leaning over and cupping her mouth, she whispered, "Don's over there on alley 12."

"Oh," said Terry in the most disinterested voice she could produce. Jeannie gave her a puzzled look and left. How was she to know—the last she had heard Terry was crazy about the guy.

While Terry's hands were busy with changing shoes, her mind was busy with Jeannie's last remark. Of course Don is here, she thought; that's nothing to me now. Wonder why he stopped dating me. We had such super times together: picnics, swimming, bowling, dancing. Before she jerked off her shoe, for a dreamy second her eyes wandered down the alley to the ten shiny pins. That's just so much water over the dam. He's not going to see me moping around because he gave me the fluff-off. I can take 'em or leave 'em and he's no exception. The other shoe came off. I hope he notices I'm having a good time without him. If he's as conceited as all men are, he'll probably think I came down just to see him! She shoved her feet into the size sixes, tied them and got up. Her saddles were plopped into the check box and left on the checking counter.

Terry's team won three lines. She had never bowled better; 182 was

her high game. Once during the third line she had glanced over to where the boys were bowling and met Don's glance. He had grinned and waved, and she had smiled back. Seeing that they were still bowling she wondered if she could walk over and see how they were coming along without Don's thinking she was chasing him. She picked up her jacket, casually sauntered over and stood a few feet behind them. The place was a bedlam of clattering pins, humming balls, and excited voices of teammates urging and cheering each other on. A young boy with blue slacks and green plaid sweater hung over the scorekeeper's shoulder; and every time anyone on Don's team threw the ball, he would pound the back of the seat and yell, "Strike!"

A fat, bald-headed man beside him would rasp through clenched teeth that held a pipe, "Gutter ball! Gutter ball!" Each time the words would end in a choking and sputtering as in his excitement he inhaled too much smoke.

Terry watched the scene a few minutes unnoticed by the team. A friend went by and made a witty remark which she did not catch, but she laughed loudly anyway.

Recognizing her laugh, Don immediately turned around, a look of surprise and pleasure in his eyes. Terry smiled impersonally and pushed up her sweater sleeves. Don clambered over a mass of jumbled legs and made his way back to her. Under cover of the noise and confusion he asked if he could take her home.

It was impossible to keep all of the surprise out of her voice, but she managed to say quite casually, "Why, thank you, Don. That's awfully nice of you."

"One more frame. I'll be ready in five minutes," he said and hurried back to his teammates.

Terry turned quickly, paused, then calmly walked over to the Ladies' Room. Why not let him take me home if he wants to she thought as she pushed the worn spot on the black and red door. Guess he decided not to fluff me off after all. She dropped her jacket on the red leather divan, fished her make-up kit out of the pocket and proceeded to a dimly lit mirror on the west wall. I'm glad he asked to take me home; now I can brush him off before he fluffs me. Compact, lipstick, and comb were laid on the cigarette-scarred shelf beneath the mirror. So he thinks he can ignore me for three weeks, then suddenly pop up and ask to take me home and expect me to go. Ordinarily, I wouldn't. But it is the perfect opportunity to show him that he's nothing more than a friend to me. That's what we are, just friends. I'm amazed at how calm I am. For weeks I waited for him to take me out, and now when he does I'm as enthusiastic as a termite in a stone quarry. She leaned closer to the mirror as she applied the lipstick, for it was important not to smear it. The little cap went back on smoothly, and she set it down and picked up the comb. A little self-satisfied smile brushed her lips as she reached up and removed the yellow hair ribbon. I'm glad we can be friends. So many kids act like strangers when they stop going together. That's silly. They should take such things in their stride.

She combed her hair into loose waves. Tonight, I'll just let Don take me straight home, hop out of the car, say, "Thanks" and "Good-night" just as if it were the girls or the neighbors. Oh, Juliet, where 'is

all that elation and breathlessness thou shouldst feel? She removed the ribbon and put it in again, dumped all the cosmetics back into the kit and walked calmly from the room.

It was Thursday morning, about eleven o'clock, just after the alleys opened, that the phone rang. The

same hand reached out and picked it up. "Skylight Bowling Alleys—a white wool jacket?—No, dearie, I haven't seen any. That's been three days ago. Somebody must have picked it up by now.—Sorry, there ain't none been turned in. You should have called sooner."

## Sonnets

### I

*Long ago beside a laughing brook  
I lay in shade and shadow, dreaming  
dreams;*

*Beside me lay a wondrous travel book  
And I drifted on my thoughts to  
foreign scenes.*

*On camel back I roamed the burning  
sands*

*Of wondrous sandy deserts far and  
wide.*

*I sailed the seven seas with pirate  
bands,*

*And with the pirate captain by my  
side,*

*I watched the bright and ever-  
changing shore,*

*Watched the lovely silky fronds of  
palm*

*Flirting with the breeze awhile before  
The darkness fell upon a sea so calm*

*A silv'ry mirror its glassy surface  
made,*

*Reflecting back the face of happy  
maid.*

II

If it should be that you will never  
 love me  
 And all the happiness my busy brain  
 Has dreamed of comes to naught, still  
 above  
 Me and about me, cheering me, my  
 love remains.  
 Days will not be empty; nights not  
 fraught  
 With loneliness, but filled with  
 idolatry of you  
 Pass swiftly by. Loving you has  
 taught  
 Me patience; and I have learned that  
 life's not through  
 If love is not returned. And yet, my  
 heart  
 Protests against my reason with a  
 sigh.  
 Can hearts be forced to play a merry  
 part  
 If they are less inclined to laugh than  
 cry?  
 May God help me to quiet my wild  
 heart's plea  
 If it should be that you will never  
 love me.

III

I cannot say that I have never loved  
 you,  
 For now and then the heart is strong,  
 and rules  
 The head awhile. It makes romantic  
 blue  
 Blossom in the grayest sky. It fools  
 The mind, and tricks it—slyly  
 playful thing,  
 You played a trick on me. I saw  
 the blue,

And for a wild, delirious moment,  
 spring  
 Unfolded in December. If you but  
 knew  
 How much I loved you, I think I  
 never said;  
 Why can I never say what means the  
 most?  
 And now our love, if it was love,  
 is dead,  
 Dead, and I am left to tease the ghost.  
 I wonder if you felt the spring and  
 then—  
 But I was weak—I'll not be weak  
 again.

IV

Now once again I find that I must be  
 A very different self. I'll build a fence  
 Around the place that was my heart,  
 and see  
 If dark and rest can cure the hurt.  
 No sense  
 Exposing it again to doubts and fears  
 That are a part of loving you.  
 Who'll know  
 There is no heart inside? Let others'  
 tears  
 Water the barren place, and wet, and  
 snow  
 Try to warp the wall. Another hand  
 Shall grope to find the key to enter in  
 And, gaining entrance to the hidden  
 land,  
 Find the treasure flown. For what  
 has been,  
 Will never be again, no need to cry;  
 I'll do the crying, other fools and I.

— LIZ COOK

## Graduation

DONALD MOORE

John Mahoney picked his way through the dirty slush, watching his pointed brown shoes avoid the swollen butts and the torn wet newspapers that were plastered to the sidewalk.

He shifted the smooth leather bag to his left hand as he turned the corner under the red flicker of neon. A sudden bluster of wind cut through his coat like a many-pronged fork, digging its steel points into the length of his spine.

Across the mill pond, flames belched luridly against the dusky sky. The steel mills. John Mahoney frowned and bit his lip. He had gone to college to escape those mills, but they were dragging him back now, sucking him in with the hot iron gasp of their laughter. They would kill him as they had killed his father. . .

Dad! With the thought of his father, the numb bitterness on which he had drugged his mind during the trip home from school cracked open like a dried husk and dumped its stinging contents into his chest and throat. His steps quickened; he ran clumsily over the shifting ice and up the creaking black steps.

In the hall, he leaned against the closed door, listening to the hammering fury of wind. He put his suitcase on the floor and removed his gloves, rubbing his cold, hooked fingers vigorously. Vapour clouds hung briefly before his eyes as his breathing gradually returned to normal. Before him the long, narrow staircase with the broken bannister led to the naked glare of a single, unwinking hall light.

John Mahoney picked up his suit-

case and climbed the stairs slowly. At first his eyes glittered in the wan light, but when he tipped his head forward, the shadow of his hatbrim fell across his face, extinguishing it in the darkness.

His mother's hand was wet. "Washing dishes," he thought irrelevantly as he drew her to him and placed an arm about her shoulders. "I got the telegram," he said huskily. Then, as he felt her tremble, "It's okay, Ma. Where is he?" The question sounded harsh and cruel, as though he were speaking of a chair, or a bucket of coal. He fumbled desperately for some softening remark, but the words were weighted by something at once bitter and sad, and would not rise to his lips.

She stepped back and regarded him steadily, a little pityingly, he imagined. He felt a rush of admiration for his mother. She seemed to be without fear or anger. Her grey hair was swept back gracefully from her pale forehead, and through the steel-rimmed spectacles her eyes were clear blue—only a little misty. She nodded toward the living room. "In there, Johnny," she said quietly.

"Ma," he said, catching her arm as she turned from him. He wet his lips before speaking, determined not to show his resentment. "It was his heart?"

She nodded.

"It happened—" He knew his mouth was twisting to a snarl—"at the mill?"

"Johnny," she said abruptly, "let me take your coat."

He pulled off his coat and handed it to her, placing the hat on top.

There was no sense showing her how he felt; it would only make things harder. Little Ellie, his sister, stood in the living room doorway, clutching her doll. The doll's head was broken, and sawdust oozed from a burst seam in its leg, but Ellie clutched it all the tighter for this, and watched her brother with round, somber eyes. He forced a smile as he took her free hand. "Hello, Ellie," he said.

"Hello, Johnny," she echoed solemnly. Her voice was small and soft. Johnny, recalling how she had been laughing the last time he saw her, leaned down and whispered:

"C'mon, Ellie. Let's go in and see Pa."

The room was dark except for the candles that surrounded the casket. Mr. Mahoney looked tired, even in death. His face was peaceful, but worn, his nose pinched, his eyes sewn irrevocably shut with the lashes; and the rounded dome of his head seemed fragile as an eggshell. Even before making the Sign of the Cross, Johnny noted, with irony, that the casket, the plush on which he knelt, the flowers and the candles comprised the most attractive display that had ever graced the Mahoney living room. But the display had come, like everything now, too late for his father to enjoy, and under circumstances that prevented the others from doing so.

Johnny watched his sister from the corner of his eye. A blue ribbon stuck ridiculously up from the back of her bowed head, and from under her arm dangled the trailing, wobbly legs of her doll.

He turned back to regard his father's tired, still face, flickering in the dim candlelight. "The heart, the heart—at the mill—the heart, the heart." Words ran through his head in crazy, singsongy spirals, like

flotsam in a vortex drawing closer to the center, describing tighter, more breakneck circles. . .

The room was briefly lit by a distant flame, a malevolently incandescent eye across the mill pond. Johnny shuddered and looked again at Ellie. "He's asleep—sort of, isn't he?" Johnny whispered.

She raised her face. The size and depth of her eyes revealed no comforting childish illusions. "He's in heaven now, Johnny," she replied with a faintly chiding voice; and for a moment Johnny wished that he were, too.

It was a modest funeral. Mr. Mahoney's insurance would allow no other. The wake was little more than a tea party. Johnny met all the guests stolidly and listened to eulogies on his father's virtues. "A good man," they said, "a fine, up-standing man, a credit to his church and his community. . ."

Of course, Johnny thought, digging harassed fingernails into his palms behind his back as he nodded agreement to these sentiments. But his father had been a good man on the production line, too. Why didn't someone mention that? Why didn't someone mention that the company knew about the bad heart, and knew that retirement was only a few years off? His father, Johnny decided, had been a piece of human machinery that had finally broken down, and was being removed with an affectionate pat on the head. "A good man." The fools! Why couldn't they see that they would all go the same way?

The trouble was that everyone worked at the mills. They made the town. There were no jobs worth taking outside them. Johnny had worked at the mills. Everyone did sooner or later. This first job was

a sort of pubic rite, a ceremonial initiation to adulthood that usually took place during the second or third summer of "high school. Johnny's initiation had lasted two weeks. At the end of that time he'd seen a hook snap on a ladle of molten steel and instantly dissolve the two men standing under it. He had finished that summer as a grocery clerk—at half the salary.

The townspeople had shaken their heads, clucked their tongues, and recited a catalogue of the virtues of the two deceased exactly as they were doing now with his father. "So much for them," Johnny had thought, "but I'll *never* work in the steel mills again."

And so Johnny awoke the morning after the burial with a pain that felt like dirty water collected at the base of his skull. All night the rasping breath from across the mill pond had reminded him of frozen clods breaking on his father's coffin lid. He dressed quickly in the cold and tiptoed to the kitchen, glancing into the bedroom where Ellie and his mother were sleeping.

He made a pot of coffee, and was frying his bacon and egg when a startled gasp from the kitchen door spun him about.

"My God, boy," Mrs. Mahoney half sobbed and wheezed, fumbling for the back of a chair on which to lean, "I thought for a moment you were Pa."

"I am," Johnny said laconically, turning back to the stove.

"Sit down, Johnny," his mother said, gathering her robe about her as she moved toward him. "I'll do the cooking."

They ate silently. There was nothing to say. Johnny was not hungry; the food fell on his stomach like stones on a stretched bundle of rubber bands.

When he stood beside the door, his mother took his hand in both of hers. Her eyes were steady and blue behind the windows of her glasses. "I'm soory, son," she said simply, "but it's got to be. You know that."

"Yes," he replied, "I know."

But Johnny's head still ached, and he was still sick with the old hate and terror when he opened the door. The lunchpail was cold and heavy in his hand; and he felt like a crawling, helpless thing before the clanking, flaring immensity toward which he walked.

## A Lost Classic

When Bill and Ben were yet alive,  
They once did actually contrive  
To write a brilliant repartee  
In duo, for enormous fee.

It seems Queen Bess, or was it James?  
Desired to relegate the names  
Of Britain's lengthy list of nobles  
To history's illustrious robes.

"The play's the thing," the ruler  
thought,  
Which in the future will be sought  
To find contemptry state of things,  
And mayhap seek to know ex-kings.

Came time the epic to contract,  
To poet or bard who might enact  
The majesty that England knew,  
In verse or sonnet, with pomp imbue.

The lyric talent was world renowned,  
Which England spawned and made  
abound.

Kyd and Lyly, critic Greene,  
Spencer, Marlowe filled the scene.

Long debates, learned discussions,  
Which even yet have repercussions,  
Finally settled on the first,  
Ben, the courtier, he well-versed.

Now the serious thought began.  
Who was to aid the famous man?  
After much concerted thought,  
All but one were put to nought.

Who was left? Of all in mention  
Only one was worth attention,  
He par-excellent, called the Swan,  
Playwright, actor of Avon.

Bill, the Shaker of the Spear,  
Famous for Macbeth and Lear.  
He, it was, who cast the spell,  
Ben could help, but ne'er excel.

Loss untold to future scholars  
When, because of worldly dollars  
This, the greatest Shakespeare play,  
Was lost, through inability to pay  
The writers, who, incensed,  
Destroyed their effort unrecompensed.

— RAYMOND LLOYD

## Fall

Merry ballet of gay colored leaves  
Dancing on stolen time;  
Fantasy of dreams  
Swirling, dipping, rising higher . . .  
higher;  
Melancholy mournful bitter wind  
whistling through half naked trees  
Hunched like cold hungry beggars;  
Sad symphony of all dying things  
Inevitable, not understood;  
Mournful pathos of eternal questions  
unanswered.

— VIRGINIA DARLING

## The Baron Walks the Plank

HAROLD MEIER

It was an especially hot and sultry afternoon on the shadeless bridge; nevertheless it was a relief to be on watch. It meant temporary respite from the shellbacks. Every day that we neared the equator saw these old sailors bolder and more intolerable than the day before.

I leaned on the flagbag and looked absently over the after part of the ship. Propped precariously on a bitt near the fantail, with a smoldering cigarette dangling from his sun-chapped lips, was the familiar figure of a fair-complexioned sailor. Balancing a soup-bowl of tepid coffee in one hand and clasping a book in the other, he caught my disinterested gaze. Obviously, though a pollywog himself, he was not in the least concerned by the approaching day of reckoning as we neared the equator.

He was enjoying his usual composure. As the blunt bow of the "fighting 562" rustled aimlessly through the listless southern seas, he lost himself in the world of *Anthony Adverse*, or just as likely, saw Superman score another victory for law and order in a back issue of "Smash Comics". This somewhat intellectually inclined seaman, an eminent member of my own bridge force, was known to his shipmates as Baron von Stege. A self-bestowed title, probably, but so fitting to his aloof, aristocratic bearing, so consistent with his incorrigible gambling, extravagant generosity, and his genteel superiority to his own lot and the lot of his comrades that it was never questioned that he should be regarded as the "Baron".

Considering his seemingly imperturbable nature, it was not unnatural, then, that I was somewhat chagrined

as I observed the Baron that hot afternoon. I was irked by his apparently unscathed composure; for he, certainly more than any of us, was marked for special consideration by Neptune's court.

The hour of doom finally arrived one blazing July day. As we lay-to on latitude zero, rolling gently to the caressing undulations of the southern seas somewhere between Balboa and Bora Bora, Neptunus Rex and his royal cohorts boarded our rusty decks to deal out briny justice and initiate all trembling pollywogs into the Solemn Mysteries of the Ancient Order of the Deep. There was much wailing and gnashing of teeth among the innocents that day as, one by one, we were assailed by the Royal Judge, "read off" by Davy Jones and dealt with by the initiating staff of loyal shellbacks.

The decks were cleared of all the more insignificant victims and the royal entourage centered its attention on the Baron as two particularly swash-buckling shellbacks dragged him before the bar of justice. Cutlass trailing and his one unpatched eye gleaming mayhem, Davy Jones, the Royal Scribe, swaggered to the fore. Producing an ominous scroll from his wide red sash, he addressed the Royal Judge.

"Your honor, this lowly and impudent pollywog is charged with reserving for himself a foreign title of nobility in the Kingdom of Neptune, in flagrant disregard of His majesty's supreme sovereignty. A special committee of shellbacks has carefully investigated this charge and demand that the culprit be thoroughly purged of his hideous crime."

"Guilty-or-not-guilty?" snapped

the judge as soon as the scribe had finished reading the indictment.

Just as the Baron opened his mouth to answer, the "defense counsel" stuffed a sour sponge into it, and a motley jury of pirates and ruffians chorused, "Guilty! Guilty! Guilty! To the deep-six with him!"

Thence the Baron was haled unceremoniously before the august throne of Neptunus Rex. His Royal Majesty, enthroned aloft the forward capstan and flanked by four Royal Guardsmen who looked more like risen followers of Henry Morgan than Royal courtiers, scowled down through his stringy, green beard at the unhappy culprit. Upon hearing the findings of the court as presented by Davy Jones, he angrily thumped the deck with his tri-pronged pitchfork and let out a "regulation growl" that brought silence over the decks.

"Now-do-ye-hear-there, my hearty shellbacks?" he bawled. "I command ye to spare no means to purge this impertinent lubber of his noble notions and make him a fit subject of my Imperial Realm!"

Enthusiastic cries of "Aye, aye! Aye! aye!" came up from the initiation staff, and the hapless Baron was rudely prodded out to the lubbers' line by eager shellbacks wielding rice-bag billies. At this stage of the ceremony I left to man my watch station on the bridge, so I was spared witnessing the sadistic humbling of the Baron. But even from the bridge I could hear the gleeful guffawing of the shellbacks and the anguished cries of their quarry as he was put through the stocks, operated on by an electric scalpo wielded by the Royal Surgeon, trimmed by the Royal Barber, garbed in red-lead and deck paint by the Royal Tailor, fed pepper-saturated food by the Royal

Chef, made to kiss the grease-smear'd belly of the Royal Baby, and finally as he was at the climax of the proceedings, he was blindfolded and forced to walk the plank under impetus of a fire hose.

After the initiation was over, the dazed Baron made his uncertain way up to the bridge. When I looked up from the log book, in which I was at the moment making an entry, my eyes recoiled in horror. Only his voice was familiar. Four long locks of bright orange hair clung in absurd independence of one another to a white pate that gleamed in the sun. He looked like a survivor of a buccaneer boarding party. His hands and hairy arms were besmeared to the elbows with blood-red pigment. Weird designs of green and red on his normally angelic face transformed it into the spine-chilling countenance of a hoodoo demon. Neptune's coat of arms, the Jolly Roger, glared vacantly from the Baron's heaving chest.

Recovering somewhat from the initial shock, I mumbled an incoherent admonition concerning his untidy appearance and begged him to remedy it as soon as possible. Others might have regarded the spectacle with amusement, but I was revolted by it. Even after he had cleansed his body of the "royal garb", the four orangeplumes protruding ludicrously from his shining white scalp were enough in themselves to unnerve me. For the sake of harmony on the bridge, he reluctantly consented to remove them, threatening to grow a beard in compensation.

Throughout the entire ordeal the Baron wavered little in his superior attitude, striving outwardly to be philosophically tolerant of his initiation into the Watery Realm. In the course of time the jungle of orange

again flourished more profusely than ever before. (To our relief, he did not grow a beard—not for more than a week at a time, anyway.) But inwardly, I think, he resented Neptune and his white-capped kingdom.

For neither the sun and the salt of His Majesty's southern dominion, nor the cynical wiles of his royal retinue worked any favors for the Baron's fair complexion and noble disposition.

### **The Joy of Life**

*As the glowing sun sinks slowly  
Behind the blackness of the hills,  
A joy pervades this heart of mine,  
That warms my youthful blood to  
thrills!*  
*To some, great wealth is God's best  
gift,  
To others, peace and rest from strife;  
Many desire great glory of fame,  
But oh, for me the joy of life!  
The life to breathe the breath of  
pines,  
And see the clouds of grey above,  
The flowers that bloom, the stars  
that shine,  
Just let me live and laugh and love!*

— IRVING TEBOR

## Experience

A more delightful picture may be  
gained  
Were we to use, this little while,  
Somewhat of Faust's particular style,  
And thus our goal could be attained;  
For man can better say in verse  
Such lore as from emotion bursts;  
And rhythm lends such grace to  
thought,  
Such flow of speech  
As man's long sought.

From Faust, we have before us first  
The thing for which we endless  
thirst:  
The question of man's folly; hence,  
The nature of experience.  
Is it a thing to shun and shame?  
Must we frost tavern windowpanes,  
Or post that sex is not for man  
But of the devil and his clan?  
Ought we abhor such literature  
As gives such views of great mixtures  
Of people who in every sense  
Are always not of penitence?  
Can we go forth and claim that drink  
Or e'en divorce to which some sink,  
Are born of sin?  
Can we be full and wise and old  
Without that to us has been told  
The nature of most everything?  
Can we shun this or cancel that  
And hope to know at all whereat  
The rest of things are hiding?  
If we're to teach, and teach it well,  
Must we not know of what to tell?  
Should not we above all beings  
Have experience in many things?  
Is not happiness thereto derived  
When men, when asked, are not  
confounded  
Because they know what they've  
propounded?  
Who knows the wrath of fire better,  
Or knows the ills of overdrink

And of tobacco's fetters,  
Than he who's allowed himself to  
sink  
Enchanted, 'neath the social brink  
To meet this world, alone of which  
Can humble man and make him  
think?

We must believe as Christ believed;  
As Bacon, Faust, and Socrates,  
And all great men before;  
That nothing in this universe  
Is of so low a thing, adverse,  
That rules it out from visiting  
By even them, our humble kings.  
They were not great or wise  
Because to man they did advise  
He should not face the tempter's  
snare!

But rather did they say a lot  
Of hiding talents we should not,  
But take our souls among the tares  
And test their strength in Satan's  
lairs.

O pity him who nothing knows  
Of social institutes of woe;  
He's no reply to answers chose,  
"Of what are evils, then, composed?"  
He lacks complete the fundament  
Of natural things he's all against.

We teachers, then, must guide the  
child,  
And teach in ways of manners mild;  
And ever keep in foremost mind  
The fundamentals of nature's kind.  
We must allow each one to learn,  
In slow and easy steps, in turn  
Each evil thing we hold to be  
Not good for our society.  
When thus we fail, as failed we have,  
Each child when grown, will of a  
time  
Learn all at once, and much too fast;  
And to our group one more will pass  
Into the wrecks of hell's divines.

*What nature will of surety teach,  
We must not in our schools impeach;  
And oft as we say prayer and song,  
So oft must we, as time goes 'long,  
The devil hear and him pay call  
That we may know the all in all.  
So we, like Faust, a friend must sieze  
And name him Mephistopheles;  
A certain way of being sure  
That we will gain a rapt picture  
Of nature's possibilities.*

— ARTHUR PIEPENBRINK

## “Grampa”

ROSE ELEANOR HEMBRY

To his friends in the little town of Grand River, Iowa, he was Uncle Joe Shields, but to me he was “Grampa.” He was not really my grandfather, nor was he grandfather to any of the score of neighbor children who also called him “Grampa.”

I can remember his yearly visits to our house, for he always came in the winter, and this long-awaited event was anticipated with eagerness. He always arrived on a certain date, stayed the customary three months and departed with no little reluctance.

He was a big man with a dignified carriage that denied his seventy-odd years. His wrinkled face was the soft pink of a faded wild rose. His white hair seemed to form a soft wreath about his shiny head, and there were possibly a dozen strands of hair near the front which he brushed to the side in an attempt to cover the baldness.

“Grampa” wore a queer little moustache, and this utterly fascinated me. After breakfast, he would sit at the table and twist his wispy little moustache until the ends stuck out like a butterfly’s antennae. Everyone politely teased him about it, but he kept right on pampering it.

The second finger on his right hand stiffly refused to bend when he closed the other fingers, for the tendon had once been accidentally cut. This was always the subject of endless questioning. Did it hurt? Was the finger really stiff? Could it be bent by using the other hand? Had it always been that way? He would then patiently explain how the tendon had been permanently injured years ago.

“Gampa” loved flowers and took many prizes at flower shows with his gladioli and dahlia. He owned half a block of ground on which he

planted a multitude of vegetables as well as the inevitable flowers. The long, seemingly endless rows of gladioli were like an army in perfect formation, awaiting the order to break ranks.

You have never seen gladioli more beautiful than the ones he grew, for their riotous colors were unsurpassed by all others. At times he would have as many as twenty vases literally choked with flowers sitting around in the house with no one but himself to enjoy their beauty. Even after giving each of the neighbor ladies a huge bouquet, he would still have enough left to fill several vases.

He never used a razor, for he shaved with a razor blade held fast in a slit cut in a pencil. When he wore a hole in one of his shoes, he would always take that one and have it mended, but he never had the other repaired until it, too, had a gaping hole. He did his own canning, having an abundance of fruit on the

many trees which grew behind his house.

During the three months he spent at our house, he would often build a new lawn chair for the coming summer. He built bird houses and end tables and almost anything he thought we needed. One winter he built a beautiful bird house and mounted it on a heavy, white wooden tower, which stood about fifteen feet high. It was actually more like an exclusive apartment house, since it was two and one-half stories high with six flats on each floor and two up under the roof.

I loved to watch him working at his workbench and would pester him until he finally, as a last resort, put me to work building a little wren house out of a wooden cheese box.

"Gampa" died in the fall several years ago. He had spent the day digging up the gladioli bulbs to store away during the winter. He died as he would have wanted to—among his beloved flowers.

## Why Not be a Dinosaur?

*"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footsteps in the sands of time."*

*Dinosaurs who roamed this country  
Never lived a life sublime,  
Dying, left their footsteps to us  
Hardened into stones of lime.*

— ELAINE KELLEY

## I Was a Soldier

JERRY GENGLER

I was a soldier. Not literally but technically. I marched, shot a gun, ate rations, and all of that sort of thing that goes to make up a member of our fighting forces, but I believe that if I had ever been recommended for a medal, it would have been spelled m-e-t-a-l and received while standing blindfolded in front of a firing squad. Fortunately, I never distinguished myself quite enough for this and even now have an honorable discharge packed away with the rest of my army issue, right next to my old mess kit which I get out and beat with a hammer for five solid minutes previous to each time I have a steak dinner. I decided upon this procedure—both keeping them packed together and the use of the hammer—because, indirectly, it was because of the mess kit that the discharge was placed in its greatest jeopardy after it had weathered a long line of harrowing experiences. It had escaped the wrath of a first-sergeant to whom I reported for extra duty wearing moccasins. It had escaped the scorn of an inspecting officer when I tied strings to the seats of the uncared chairs in a latrine in such a manner, that when I called "attention!" and then pulled the strings, the seats popped back in response. And it even escaped the threats of a C.O. when a water tank exploded, along with my hopes of a hot shower, when the heat from a flame-thrower proved too much.

Yes, strangely enough, the prospects of a white discharge were still to be considered when I debarked at San Francisco after a year overseas. Entertaining the belief that I had swallowed my last mess kit full of stew, I got off the boat and headed

for the receiving camp with the expectation of gorging myself with beefsteak, until I would acknowledge my fill with a "moo." After arriving at camp and asking the mess sergeant what was for supper, I reprimanded him for swearing—Yes, it was stew.

Two hours and a three-course-steak-dinner later, I staggered out of a San Francisco restaurant and down the street. Without noticing the music store I was passing, I met an elderly couple, and, when I heard them mention something about horns, I felt sure I had eaten too much steak.

I had stopped and was wondering how to find the nearest place to which I might go to rest and let the digestive system function in peace, when along the street came Sergeant "Booze" Bowers. Now Booze held perhaps the greatest fascination for me of any man with whom I have ever had the misfortune to share a tent. In the three months that we had been together in New Guinea, I had watched him drink everything from ninety-octane airplane gas to the distilled drippings that came from his project behind our tent, which consisted of a maze of coils and a couple of barrels.

"If it isn't my sweet old buddy Gengler!" "Sweet Old Buddy" was his most affectionate name for me. Sometimes he used just the initials. "When did you get back in the states? There's a bar across the street where you can tell me all about it."

I welcomed the invitation, since I thought it would prove quite interesting to see what Booze drank when he had his choice. We walked into the bar and headed for a booth next to one littered with so many bottles

that it looked as if a two-weeks party had been held in it. As we walked by, a bartender shook a foot which was protruding from under all the bottles and said: "It's the twenty-fifth, Sarge. Your furlough's up."

We sat down and the bartender came over to us. Booze ordered two shots of Green Label. It scared me, but I knew Booze to be a gourmet of spirits whose taste could detect a drop of Five Crown in a bottle of Seven.

"Here's to yuh!" said Booze, so I flicked the liquid into my throat. I never lowered my hand—I just dropped the glass—and clutched at the top of my head to keep it from blowing off. Booze set his glass back on the table with a "bang" and shouted: "Bartender! This stuff's been cut!"

About two hours later, after tossing down a shot of Green Label and shouting: "Bartender! This stuff's been cut!" I caught sight of two shapely knees peeking at me from around a corner of the bar. Most girls count on their fingers, but this one could count on her legs. My gaze continued on up, and I discovered she was looking at me. Feeling sure I was able to interpret that look, I started edging out of the booth. Unfortunately, Booze saw my destination and also started getting up. Frankly, I consider tripping very boorish behavior, but Booze got a head start on me.

"Who stumbled me?" he said, landing on his glowing proboscis. I looked very innocently toward a bartender and said: "Cut him off. He's driving," and continued on.

I asked the girl with the knees if she would let the army buy her a drink, and she pleasantly accepted. She said that she'd drink whatever I

was drinking, so I ordered two Green Labels. She wanted a chaser, and I made a mistake by saying that nothing could catch it, because she cancelled that one and ordered the bartender's suggestion. She was trying to tell me about a game she used to play but could not remember the name of it—hop, hop—

"Scotch?" asked the bartender.

"Thanks. Make it a double," she said, as I stood by baffled.

I had a couple of more drinks with her but finally left when she became too affectionate. It was just after she said she'd seen a beautiful show—"The Valley of Decision." I said that I'd just seen "The Valley of Indecision" and it was much more beautiful and, after she followed my gaze to her low neckline, she tried to tickle my ear, but I ducked as her arm swished over my head.

I went back to my booth and decided I'd been using the wrong line. After all, it was the same one I'd used before I went overseas, and that was just after I got out of high school. No doubt it sounded juvenile now, and I'd better adopt a new one. And what could be more apropos than being indifferent and intellectual?

My first course of action was to grab a newspaper from the floor and turn to the editorial page. I had no more than got my vision focused down to three lines of type, when a petite morsel of femininity was imploring me to share my spacious booth, since it had the only vacant seat left. Scarcely raising my eyes from the paper, I nodded toward the seat across from me and continued at the effort of focusing. After a measured disinterest toward her flattering remarks about my gallantry, intending to cast my spell, I raised my eyes.

gave her a withering stare and told her that I was doing analytical reading on a provocative review of the international situation and to please call a moratorium on her loquacity. She bolted from the seat and in a moment returned with a bartender who made disparaging remarks about my evening's conduct and offered to throw me out. I could see it was working—she was trying to endear herself to me by making me feel as if my harsh manner had hurt her. I drew my height up before the bartender and told him that if he would care to step outside, I would condescend to instruct him in pugilistic ceremonies.

I remember little after that until I skidded to a stop on the sidewalk outside, looking up at another form draped around a lamp post. It looked like Booze from the back so I asked him who he was. He said he was a god, and, when I questioned it, he wanted to bet me a shot of Green Label. He said that he'd prove it and grabbed me by the arm and dragged me back in and up to the bar. The bartender took one look at him and said: "Oh, soldier! Are you back again?"

I conceded defeat and was ordering a couple of drinks when a colonel tried to edge his way up to the bar between Booze and me. I saw Booze get a wild look on his face, whirl, and cut the colonel down with a right hook. He staggered to his feet, so I stepped up and spun him against the wall with a similar right. The last I remember is someone hollering, "M.P.'s!"

When we appeared at our court-martial, the officer trying our case turned to me and said: "Sergeant Bowers has just displayed a toe with an infected corn, on which the colonel stepped. It is held quite probable that he was momentarily irresponsible for his actions. But why, Private Gengler, did you strike the officer?"

I told him that when I saw the sergeant strike him, I thought the war was over; so I hit him, too. Although I don't think he believed me, three days after the court-martial I got my discharge; but I've always felt that it was only because they knew that they would have to be responsible for my actions longer if they had put me in the guardhouse.

Yes, I was a soldier—not literally but technically!

## The Battle

*Against "the face that launched a  
thousand ships  
And burned the topless towers of  
Illium"  
What chance have I? The truth  
comes as a shock.  
My single strength: my face can  
stop a clock!*

— ELAINE KELLEY

## Cindy

GORDON P. JOHNSON

Two blue eyes look inquiringly as I move rather stealthily toward an open door. Presently I am confronted with the very familiar greeting and subsequent demand as to my destination. Although a GI's busy life sometimes brings annoyance at such interruptions, I nevertheless experience pride at receiving such friendly attention from this eminent person, Cindy.

As a result of our close association, I have become adept at translating her greetings and demands. Through signs and facial expressions, we two are able to carry on an enlightening conversation at any time. The intricacies and eccentricities of this constant companion and confidant are such that I am learning an unusual number of psychological facts—facts that anyone desiring knowledge of human behavior may find a valuable asset.

It has been slightly more than a year since my wife suggested that I become better acquainted with this petite character. She was aware of my fondness for analyzing unusual personalities. To date, there seems to have been no feeling of jealousy between the two, even though both are women, and both are not reluctant to display their femininity in one another's presence.

Whenever I visit the small room which houses this charming personality and all her worldly possessions, I feel as if I were transported to another land inhabited only by lovely young ladies whose lilting laughter

and carefree chatter belie the presence of any form of evil. Because of a form of invalidism, she is unable to go out-of-doors without someone else's assistance, and because her gratitude is so sincere, I often take her for automobile rides. During these excursions, everything that she sees is a source of wonder or amusement, and frequently her eyes ask an explanation of some unusually strange object. On occasion, when she feels that words are necessary—her knowledge of English is insufficient—, she bursts out in a deluge of words in her own language. Although I am not able to understand exactly what she is saying, I am able to discern her general meaning by the actions of her hands and the thoughts mirrored in her expressive face.

Because of her ready smile and engaging personality, she has many devoted admirers, all of whom are eager to assist her in overcoming her present physical, mental, and lingual handicaps. However, it is I, strangely enough, whom she has chosen to be her best friend. At times, she is actually rude to others and ignores them to devote her attentions to me.

I have no plausible explanation for this conduct on her part, unless it is that she realizes how deep my affections for her have become and how her happiness and well-being mean a great deal to me. I often contemplate the actual value of one heart-warming smile bestowed upon me by Cindy, my twelve-months old daughter.

## Budget Happy

JOHN LILES

Books, receipts, check books and all the paraphernalia of bookkeeping surrounded me in a semi-orderly mess as I arrived at the totals. Income, expenditures, debits, credits, bank balances, and miscellaneous totals were right under my nose and the overworked pencil point. Overworked, I say, because a tiny piece of lead fell from the warm pencil point just as I concluded the totals for the month.

After two hours of labor, two smoldering ash trays of cigarettes, two excited people found one obstinate penny astray between expenditures and accounts receivable.

"Mary," I said half aloud, "we made a mistake in adding. I'll add the columns again, and you double check me."

"Open the other pack of Camels before we start," Mary replied. "It took a pack and a half to get the totals we have now."

"OK, but you'll have to heat the coffee again. My last cup is cold and half full of cigarette ashes."

Now keeping account books for household use is a good idea. It is easy, too. You just write down what you spend in several various columns, and oppose the expenditures with entries of income in another set of columns. Nothing to it. It always comes out to the penny—almost always.

I forgot to mention that that is what happens for the first month. At the end of the first month, a slight discrepancy has to be entered under another separate heading—miscellaneous. It looks awful to see a headless chicken flopping all over creation.

Miscellaneous seems to flounder the same way in an audit.

Remember, I said that was the first month. The second month you become more miscellaneous conscious. If the money came in, it had to go out. But where? As I said, the habit becomes an obsession as each month passes.

For months on end, Mary and I had not had even a penny discrepancy in balances. Why, we had even cut out the miscellaneous column. Just think of all the adding that saved.

"Phil," my wife said to me, "your coffee will get cold and I can't re-heat it again. It's strong enough to eat the kitchen drain now."

"Roger. I'll try to stomach this while you check my totals again. I can't find any errors."

The pungent taste of sulphur from the match I used to light another cigarette was mellow compared to the coffee. And all for a penny. My ego rode rough shod over my vanity for a one-hundredth part of a dollar.

Hours later and with our eyes smarting more, we discovered that the error was not in addition or subtraction.

"Phil, can't we let such a slight loss go unaccounted for?" Mary yawned.

"No," I said, "that penny would pay the tax on next week's toothpaste. Let's check our movements for the past week. The error is hiding there."

Crazy people, Mary and I. People often find a penny on the street, in a store, or even on the subway. It is just a penny. Still my ego dictated

that we should hunt for hours, drink powerful coffee, and smoke endless cigarettes for the same decimal point of a dollar.

"Did you look in your pants pockets, Phil?" Mary hopefully said.

"Ah ha! That's it, Mary. I left it in my pants."

So I went through the closet and dozens of pockets. Why I even looked in each watch pocket later. Still the Pandora of my ego was missing. "I'll hang the pants up again before we go to bed," I explained apologetically to Mary for the scattered clothes.

Mary is a meticulous housekeeper. The waxed desk top with ashes scattered on its glossy coat and my displaced wardrobe were enough to make any conscientious housewife sad, and Mary of all people. It was her soulful look that made me feel like a heel—all for a penny. "Let's wash the dishes, Mary, and forget about the penny," I said in my most gentle voice.

"Excellent idea! Next month will be different." Mary seriously commented.

But all the time we spent doing the dishes, I couldn't help thinking that next month it might be a dollar; two months later, ten dollars; and months later, no bookkeeping at all. I couldn't tell Mary that, however.

When the dishes were done, Mary hung up my scattered apparel while I closed the audit for our missing-penny month. I had just completed entering the miscellaneous column when Mary screamed.

As I said, my wife is wonderful, absolutely. But even a wonderful girl shouldn't shatter the early morning hours with a deafening squeal. I upset my desk lamp, and it broke into too many pieces to count in my dash to save Mary.

How was I to know in my anxiety that Mary was dashing into the room as I was streaking out of it to her aid?

After we untangled ourselves from a heap on the floor like football players piled on a defenseless oval egg, Mary leaned on my broad shoulder and cried like a happy school girl would after her first successful formal dance. What could I do?

There I sat, holding Mary closer all the time and getting a wet shoulder in the process. I was looking for the cause of my pretty wife's tears. The only thing I saw through my tired eyes was the house all in order again and one of the books from the open bookcase in a heap on the floor.

"Phil! Oh, Phil, It was right there."

"What? Where?"  
"On the davenport. I saw it in the bookcase."

Now a man doesn't tell his wife that she is crazy, seriously. But I felt Mary's forehead, none too gently grasped her chin for a better look at her face, and tried to be logical. What could be on the davenport and in the bookcase to cause such a wet shoulder for me. I was worried. So I said, "Mary, stop your nonsense," in a gruff voice.

"Phil, here!" And Mary started a frantic tear-rimmed search for something. I even got pushed aside like an old piece of paper.

"See! See, here," Mary sobbed as she practically put my eye out with some crumpled, tear-smearred piece of paper. "It was in your *War and Peace* book all the time. You used the weight ticket I spent a penny for last Wednesday for a book marker. OH, Phil, our missing penny!" And Mary leaned on my shoulder and proceeded to make it wetter than the right one. I didn't mind. My vanity was saved.

## A Baby's Cry

CAROL BEDAU

Down, down, down I sank, further and further into black oblivion. The harder I fought it, the more intensely the hot, stifling mist seemed to envelop me. I was like an unwilling victim being pushed slowly but steadily down a mountain of ever-shifting sand. Desperately I tried to grasp reality, to discover where I was and why. Consciousness was quickly escaping me. I could feel it slipping through my fingers as I recalled the events of the last few hours.

My family and I had stopped at a tourist camp in South Carolina for the night. We had spent a few cheerful hours anticipating the days we would have in Miami, Florida. My parents, Grandmother, and I felt very warm and happy in our cozy little cabin. Baby Sister, who had slept much during the day, was wide awake and smiling.

After we all had gone to bed, I lay listening to the fury of the wind and rain outside. It seemed to pound against the cabin very rhythmically; one could almost count its beats. Like the rolling of many distant drums and the pelting of many tiny pebbles, the wind and rain swept around the cabin for hours. The room became warmer and warmer, and coupled with the rhythmic beating of the storm outside, I was soon fast asleep.

Hours later some strange, uneasy feeling aroused me from a deep sleep. I sat up in bed and looked about me. Everything appeared to be the same

as it had before. My head felt very heavy, however, and the room seemed to look shaded and hazy. The air was almost unbearably hot and heavy. Dimly I heard the storm which was still raging outside. Fresh air was what I needed, I decided. I got out of bed and started across the room to the window. My body seemed leaden; every move I made seemed to require a great deal of effort. Air . . . fresh air? Would I ever reach the window?

I felt myself sinking deeper down into the shifting sand of oblivion. Desperately I prayed for a reprieve from heaven. At the last moment, it seemed, that reprieve came. I faintly heard a baby's cry, hurried footsteps, and the welcome sound of a window being raised. Fresh air swelled into my lungs and the strangling sand seemed to melt away. I opened my eyes to see Mother bending over me, anxiety sharply penciled into her face. I weakly smiled and her face cleared—I was going to be all right.

Now, years later, we can all look back on our little adventure and laugh together. Nevertheless, as long as I live, I shall never be able to forget the half-terrified, half-dazed look on Father's face as he reached down and turned off the unlit gas jet in the defective burner. Every time I hear a baby's cry, I think of how my little sister saved us all from certain death.

## Farewell Tempest

SHIRLEY ANDERSON

The waves began to lap over the bow of the boat. The match with which I was trying to light a cigarette fluttered in the wind, gave one last spurt of flame and petered out. My last match swirled in the backwash, and I could see nothing but what seemed to be dark infinite space around me. I was leaving this place the next day for good. Endless space, an empty match folder, and a dead cigarette were symbols of the fact that this phase of my life was almost over. On this last day at the lake, I went off by myself to pay my last tribute to my own summer paradise.

I thought deeply. I had been going to Stony Lake every summer for seventeen years; and, as far back as I could remember, I had been going through the same agonizing ritual. For seven years my family had driven all the way from New Orleans to Michigan to spend the summer there.

Stony Lake is a private lake about forty miles from Muskegon and one mile from Lake Michigan. It is surrounded by wooded, sandy and hilly orchard country. Pines, white birch, and arbor vitae line its shores. On the higher ground are more evergreens, elm, and sumac. It was, and still is, Indian territory. We often found arrowheads and trees with bent limbs which had been used for signals. The Indian burial ground is still a place of great interest with its mounds and a tree growing from the center of each one.

In my early years at the lake I had a playmate named Edward whom I called "Eggward" (so called probably because he and I made "eggs" by putting wet sand in spoons—we played egg man by the hour).

Then came the years of spending

hours down at the Lake Michigan beach sun bathing and watching the Saturday night dances in the little dance hall at the resort end of the lake. Everyone turned out for them. Farmers, resorters, Indians and camp counselors—old and young enjoyed the novel five-piece orchestra. It was at this time that I became an avid sailor. We took all-day trips with sailboats. Starting from one end of the lake, we would sail to the other end. After docking our boat at the public swimming beach, we stopped at the store for cokes to go with our packed lunches. Then we hiked for miles through the woods or climbed Old Baldy, the largest of the sand dunes which form a dividing line between Stony Lake and Lake Michigan. We ended up on Lake Michigan's beach where we swam and ate our lunch. The rest of the day was spent sunbathing and swimming. Those days have become vague now. I can just remember that I spent a very free and happy existence. I never dreamed then that there would ever be a summer when I would say goodbye to the lake knowing that I would not be coming back the following summer.

However, here I was, years later, taking my last sail in complete darkness. A strong wind had come up, but I didn't care. It came from over "Old Baldy", and a wind from that direction usually meant a storm. I kept on tacking back and forth, hardly aware of my course or of weather conditions. I wasn't even thinking rationally. I had tipped over before, but never at night. I was feeling martyrish, and I felt like battling a storm just for spite against this farewell. The sheet pulled much

more tightly in my hands, and I had to strain to hold it. The tiller seemed much more stiff; the wake was frothing angrily behind it. Then I remembered the centerboard! When I had begun my sail, the sun had still been up and the lake had been comparatively calm. I had let the centerboard down only a little then, but now it should be much farther down or I would tip. If I let out on the sheet to give it a little play while I let the centerboard down, I would be sure to make the sail jibe because I was sailing so close to the wind. The only thing to do was to keep close-hauled and to hold onto the sheet with my foot while I let down the heavy centerboard. I was worried.

I had visions of myself, a perfect target for lightning, tacking blindly back and forth, in what I hoped was deep water. My toes were cramped as I held onto the sheet with my bare foot. It seemed as if the centerboard chain were endless; finally it felt as if it must be far enough down to stabilize the boat. It *had* to be; my foot could not stand the excruciating cramp any longer. Now I was safe. The only thing to do was to keep sailing blindly.

I knew by the glimpses that I got during each flash of lightning that I was at least in the right end of the lake and fairly near home. Then I heard a faint scraping sound. The centerboard was touching seaweed; this meant that I was in "Turtle's Paradise"—the only place that sailboats can sail through seaweed without running aground. I had my bearings. I had sailed to and from "Turtle's Paradise" many times. All I would have to do now to "come

about" was to hold the sail at what seemed to be a right angle and the tiller at a forty-five degree angle with the boat. I "came about." The sailboat shot forward. The rhythmic "splosh splosh" of the waves on the bow was soothing, and I wasn't worried anymore. The mast, the stays, and the halyards were straining with the pull of the wind. The pulleys and lines creaked. This was sailing at its best.

I still had a problem. How could I possibly come into the buoy in the dark? I could only go by feel. No, I wouldn't for what was that other "splosh splashing" sound? I hadn't thought of that before. The rowboat I had used to get out to the sailboat earlier that evening was joyfully playing a roller coaster game with the waves, and I was getting nearer to that gratifying sound. As soon as I passed the noise, I "came about", let go of the sheet, and the boat stopped as it headed into the wind. I crawled to the bow of the boat and groped for the rowboat. My hand touched its gunwhale. I pulled the sailboat to the buoy hand over hand on the rowboat's gunwhale, and as I hooked the sailboat painter to the buoy, I let out a heaving sigh of relief. Now I had to furl the sail and pull up the centerboard. Then I could row to the pier. I knew that route by heart.

After I reached the shore, I stood on the cold sand on the beach and gazed into nothingness. I was glad I had done such a foolish thing as to let a storm overtake me. It was a fitting background for this dramatic moment in my life—my farewell to Stony Lake and its beloved memories.

## The People Just Die

*Why must it be  
That men can inspire  
The vast multitudes  
To bloodshed and ire?*

*That they with their speeches  
And endless prattle  
Can dupe the people  
And send them to battle?*

*They battle and fight  
With spirits high.  
Men's fortunes increase,  
But the people just die.*

*Glory and fame  
And honor most high  
Go to these men,  
But the people just die.*

*Is all this quite right?  
Is it their due  
That many should die  
For the greed of a few?*

*When will it be  
That all battles will cease  
That the people will conquer,  
Have lasting peace?*

*Or will it be  
That by oily tongues led  
The people will follow  
'Til all are dead?*

— DON FREELAND

## The May Fete

CAROLYN WHITE

Your grandfather and mine used to say that "Spring has come when you can place your foot on three daisies at once!" Our modern calendars tell us that March 21 is the first day of spring. But we really know here at N.I. that spring does not come officially until we celebrate with the May Fete.

Spring on this festive day bounds in with the traditional songs, dances, a May Pole celebration, and the coronation of the famous King and Queen of May. The bare-footed dancers welcome the warm May breezes as they frolic on the little island just off the shores of the Kishwaukee on N.I.'s campus. The slope of the hill supports the bleachers filled with happy children from McMurray, carefree college students, and enthusiastic townspeople.

During the years, the dancers have presented many themes before the royal court. *Peace*, one of the early pageants, showed the Spirit of the World watching over the children of the earth. With her were her attendants—Peace, Love, Liberty, and Plenty. The Spirit of the World presented gifts or talents to the children. To the Oriental she gave the talent of philosophy. To the dark races she gave the power to compose mournful, lyric cadences, to represent life vividly in color and form, and to show a longing for beauty. To the white races she gave the talent of comprehension of law—scientific, natural, political. The children of the world, in spite of these magnificent gifts, were not content to play together peacefully; greed, jealousy, and war entered into the scene. War reigned for a time, but Peace and Hope broke the chains of war and

humanity rejoiced. Peace, Love, Liberty, and Plenty finally returned and announced the glad news to the Spirit of the World. This was the hope of the students, a few years after the first World War.

One spring the pageant was entitled *The Search For Education, the Fugitive*. The students frantically searched in each department in the school. Light humor as well as constructive examples of work from each department were displayed.

At another time the May Fete depicted the travels of a modern Alice through an imaginary Wonderland. She was searching for the King and Queen of the beautiful month of May. After several brief and amusing encounters with the mock turtle, mad hatter, tweedle-de-dum, and the door mouse, she finally found the court of the King and Queen of May; and the honor of crowning the royal couple was bestowed upon her.

*The Challenge* gave the people on the bleachers a serious message: "In this untidy, uncomfortable bewildered world, you, the people have taken it upon yourselves to fight for the ideals which you desire to pass on to your children. You want your children to be happy, and free; to enjoy that incomparable happiness that is youth's and youth's alone. And yet, in the fighting for these ideals that are the hope and promise of youth, you have forgotten these ideals, and you have neglected the child. You have strode along swiftly, impulsively, and you have not paused to give a firm and steady hand to the child who has stumbled and fallen along the way. This is a Challenge to you. Will you give youth the

strong heart, the guiding hand, the eternal ideals?" In this May Fete the conquering of materialism, force and ignorance was the challenge to youth.

*Hiawatha* dominated the May celebration one spring when war dances, camp fires, and Indian songs were staged. *Hiawatha* and *Minnehaha* sailed away together on the lake to the haunting strains of the "Indian Love Call."

The pageant of another year carried the members of the court into the "make-believe" *Candyland*. All were children again, as they wandered through the woods one spring day with Dotty and Danny. The two youngsters came to a small island where they stopped to rest. Soon they were fast asleep. When they awoke, the island was changed to "Candyland." They met many of the Candy Folk and watched the Peppermint Stick Army banish the evil of the land—the old witch. After her banishment, she was pushed

into a canoe which drifted out into the lake.

Fairyland proved to be so enchanting that the next year *Fantasy in May* transported the royal court to that same land of make-believe. This was the story of the three little girls and their dream of a sorcerer's holding captive a fair lady until a tall handsome knight came to rescue her.

Last year, spring and winter came to life when a storybook containing the mysterious tale of the struggle between spring and winter was flung open.

When the flowers begin to bloom and the April showers have gone this year, the *Piper's Tale* will take us once more into the land of "Make-Believe." We will hear the story of the Pied Piper; we will welcome the barefooted dancers; we will anticipate the coronation of the famous King and Queen of May. Spring will come officially to the students of Northern Illinois.

## Strange City

ROBERT L. HEICK

Having time to spare on my last day in Calcutta, I decided to meander around to see what I could find. I followed a few Red Cross symbols and found myself on the second floor of the American Red Cross Club. With the exception of a "Hindu bearer" the place was empty. I had decided not to stay when I noticed a door at the far end of the room that led to an outside balcony. I could see that it was shaded and that it looked inviting. I headed for it. The balcony itself was small, but cool. With a cigarette in one hand, and a refreshing drink brought by the "bearer" in the other, I relaxed in a soft chair constructed of typical Indian bamboo. It was then that I began to notice the inspiring panorama that lay before me. I wasn't looking at just another city. Before me, under a burning sun that made its teeming masses all the more miserable, lay the brightest jewel in the British crown.

My thoughts began to wander back to the tune of four days, when I had landed in this strange city. What had I seen of it? The more I thought about it, the more I remembered. I pictured the jute mills, grinding frantically with their black-faced keepers standing by like robots; the sacred Ganges, a rendezvous for ships from all over the world, and also a convenient catch for all types of carrion flesh.

On her banks, in the center of the city, rested the "burning ghats", where the Hindu population bring

their dead to be disposed of in the traditional fashion, providing they can muster the small fee required. Here the "holy men" perform their ancient dances. I remembered the congested streets, some narrow and crooked, others wide and modern; rickshaws competing with steel street-cars; automobiles with ox-carts, bicycles with cripples; palatial hotels and airless tenements; luxurious restaurants and vermin-ridden food stands; English cigars and beetle-nut. Down at the wharves I had seen thousands of coolies filling the holds of modern merchantmen through the aid of small baskets which they balance on their heads; and then the ancient fishing vessels of the natives anchored nearby.

Upward in the hazy sky I had been startled by the ever-present vultures, circling at great heights in oval patterns. They make short work of all undesirable refuse. Lastly my mind conjured up a picture of the dark-skinned, illiterate, undernourished and suffering population that makes up this oriental Mecca.

Three o'clock, train time! On the platform I was aware that I wasn't the only one catching this train. Before I could enter my compartment I had to cut my way through several hundred mad Indians. Accomplishing this feat, I finally boarded the poor man's "El Capitan." Eventually the train lurched once, and then again, and once more I was on my way.

## Calling All Mice!

RALPH SCOTT

My three roommates and I had been living in our two room suite only three days when we made the startling discovery that we had unwanted guests—mice. To combat them we purchased three traps and proceeded to do some large scale game hunting. We were very enthusiastic over the problem because we needed no license for this type of hunting. And as we found out later, the "bag" was unlimited. After setting the traps we sat back to await results.

Escapade No. 1. This little fellow was the first of many mice that were to meet with fatal accidents in Room 230 (The room of death). He met his death at the entrance of trap No. 1. I might take time to explain the numbering of the traps and their location in the room. Number 1 is located under the foot of Mr. Koerner's bed. Number 2 is located under the head of Mr. Burr's bed. Number 3 is located behind the waste basket. Now this first little mouse was snooping around trap No. 1 at 7:15 on the night of September 23. His death came at 7:19. The death was instant; due to the severance of the windpipe.

Escapade No. 2. On the same night at 10:24 the second mouse met his death. He was a cute little fellow with a slight beard. He met his death at the foot of trap No. 3. His death was quick and I don't think he suffered any pain. The trap struck him directly across the back and this blow caused his death.

Escapade No. 3. Again on this same night (we really hit the jackpot this night) misfortune struck the mice family. This time it was trap No. 1 again. We could see from the evidence that his death came at exact-

ly eight minutes before twelve, on the night of September 23, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and forty-seven.

Escapade No. 4. This little fellow was murdered by Mr. Burr. Trap No. 1 merely caught him by the front paw, and Mr. Burr finished him off. His death occurred at 8:15 p.m. on the night of September 25. His death was due to a fractured skull, broken ribs, and multiple bruises about the body—a very messy affair.

\* \* \* \*

Escapade No. 7. Cold weather set in today and I presume all the field mice in the county took refuge in our alley. I say this because we established an all time record of five kills in one night. The first death came at 6:33 a.m. on September 30. It was a merciful death; his head was almost completely severed.

\* \* \* \*

Escapade No. 9. We were enjoying Henry Morgan when No. 9 died. He met his death at the entrance of trap No. 1 (as so many others have.) This was the fourth kill accredited to trap No. 1; one more kill and it will achieve an ace rating. This was the third death of the evening and tied the old record set on September 23. Burial was to have been held immediately, but was held up because of the lack of pall bearers.

Escapade Nos. 10 and 11. At exactly 11:03 No. 10 started on the "long journey," and exactly eight seconds later No. 11 got the call. I believe that No. 11 had the more pleasant death, because after viewing the remains I noticed that No. 10's body was twisted into gargoyleish features. This had been quite a night

for us and we were proud of our bag. After all, five kills in one night is a record. Word reached us the next morning that the landlord was offering a bounty of five cents per head. We later learned that after hearing of our exploits in Murder, Inc., he withdrew his offer because of the impending danger of bankruptcy.

\* \* \* \*

Escapade No. 15. There was evidence of foul play here. We heard the trap spring and ran to view the

evidence, but all we found was that the cheese was missing. We called in Sam Spade and the Fat Man, but neither of these international detectives could solve the mystery of the missing cheese.

As you can see by the escapades just related, our big game hunt was a huge success. But what has worried me, is that when my life is over and my score is added up, I wonder if I'll be forgiven for my misdeeds against those little creatures called mice.

## The Teacher Has a Duty

NORMA WRIGHT

"Since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that the defenses of peace must be constructed."

We, as future teachers, must realize the importance of these opening words of the preamble of the UNESCO constitution. On our shoulders will soon be thrown the responsibility of keeping a world free from war and hatred. We must realize our obligations as teachers and be willing to help bridge the gap between this fast-moving world and an education system which is moving too slowly to keep up. We must understand that teaching is more than just a vocation; it is more than just a job to which we give eight hours of work a day; it is rather a task to which we must dedicate our lives if we are to fulfill our manifold opportunities and desires.

In our hands will lie the ability to shape the future citizens of America —be they farmers or statesmen. We will be given the opportunity to mold the minds of young children towards hatred and racial prejudice. We must learn now how to encourage the former if we are to avoid another world war. This teaching of young children will indeed be our major job, but it will not be our only one.

We must also further the idea of peace among the adults of our community. Because we will have an education beyond that of the average citizen, we should use this training to help influence public opinion. Since these adults are the present governing power, they must be educated to become more intelligent citizens if present peace is to be maintained. Then, too, as teachers we must aid our profession as a whole by understand-

ing better the objectives of UNESCO, helping to raise funds for this organization, and making its activities better known to the general public.

No, maybe we as teachers will not be able to do this great job of pro-

moting alone; but, if education is to be effective at all in preventing another war, it must be accomplished by the teachers of this generation in America, where education is most free and most influential in determining the policy of the public.

### A Crystal Chandelier

*A brittle crystal chandelier  
Tinkled a tune for the crowd to hear.  
The wispy fingers of wind would  
play  
On the icy pendants that loosely  
hung  
And reflected the rainbows as they  
swung.*

*Nothing could touch the chandelier  
It hung on high with a chain of clear  
And polished silver, as cold as it.  
And far below a marble floor  
Reflected the beauty the silver bore.*

*Cool and remote so high above  
It could not be moved by hate nor  
love  
But only the wisps of wind could  
stir.*

*Never shaken, but only stirred  
Never shaken—but once I've heard.*

*A chandelier and a silver chain  
Are not for a tempest it is plain.  
The chain was not strong as it  
seemed to be*

*And all that was shimmering beauty  
before  
Is a broken heap on a marble floor.*

— LIZ COOK

