The Towers

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

VOLUME VI
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SIGMA TAU DELTA
Maude Uhland, Sponsor

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Paul Mac Donald             Milt West
Frank Noble                 Marion White
                              Jean Wright

J. Hal Connor               Eugene James
Paul Crawford               Richard Keefer
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Cover Design by Esther Wittke
**Foreword**

With the beginning of the second half century of Northern Illinois State Teachers College, Sigma Tau Delta, honorary national English fraternity, is proud to present the sixth edition of *The Towers*.

Sigma Tau Delta believes that college students interested in writing should have an opportunity to see their literary expressions in print. It is with this thought in mind that *The Towers* is published.

Students of the college were encouraged not only to write but also to read and judge the contributions with critical attention to originality, quality, and student interest. It is from the writing of many students and the judging of many students that these selections have been chosen to make up this 1950 edition of *The Towers*.

Special acknowledgment is made to the Fine Arts Department for their cooperation in the making and selecting of the cover design.

GORDON D. DAHLGREN  
*Editor-in-Chief*  
May, 1950
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The Soft Voice

The poet's voice
Is so small and quiet
Amidst the great roar
Of the wind of indifference.
His heart cries aloud
As the cold swirling snow
Flies faster.
His words, so thundering
In his own ears,
Are taken up
And dispersed into nothingness
By the Great Wind.
His soul is pouring forth
A beating sound of life
Existing only to give.
Why do they not answer the poet
And take his gift
Of warmth to soften the cold?

— Sylvia Moller, '50
In Memoriam

Ida S. Simonson

"Any student appreciates the opportunity to study literature with a teacher who knows and loves the songs the poets sing and who knows how to set them ringing in his soul.... Students without number will be indebted to Miss Simonson for their introduction to the great."

— Warren Madden, 1908

(The Real Thing—1925 Norther)

Swen Franklin Parson

"To Swen Franklin Parson whose magnetic personality and true ideals of manhood, whose sympathetic cooperative understanding and encouragement have endeared him to us and ever been a stimulus, we, the Sophomore Class of 1925, dedicate this twenty-sixth volume of the Norther."

— The 1925 Norther

Edward Corbyn Obert Beatty

The sun has set
On his full day, and friends must part
When one has earned his rest;
He gave to us his mind and heart,
And we, who knew him best,
Shall not forget.

— Jean Hubbard, '50

Miss Ida S. Simonson, who passed away on December 17, 1949, was Head of the English Department at Northern Illinois from 1901 to 1931. She was an honorary charter member of Xi Delta Chapter of Sigma Tau Delta.

R. Swen Franklin Parson, who passed away on November 27, 1949, was Head of the Mathematic Department at Northern Illinois from 1899 to 1935.

Dr. E. C. O. Beatty was Professor of Social Science at Northern Illinois from 1930 until his death on March 6, 1950. He was a member of Xi Delta Chapter of Sigma Tau Delta.
John Harrington stumbled and fell heavily against the pavement in the alley way. He grasped his head between his hands in an effort to relieve the pain. Warm, sticky droplets of blood oozed through his fingers. He attempted to rise, but his muscles refused to respond to his will. He cursed to himself and mumbled hoarsely, "I'm drunk, I'm drunk, and I don't care." His mind reeled, and reeled and reeled in an ever increasing circle, gaining momentum on every round—this increased until it reached a roaring shriek—and then it ceased.

John Harrington's mind was clear once again. Except for the dull, throb of his head he felt good. Better lie on the pavement a little while longer, he thought to himself. His mind recalled the famous lines of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam."

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—

Yes, that is what life is for—pleasure—seek pleasure for that is the purpose of life.

Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!
Let the fools pray to their stupid Gods, let them lead their Christian lives. Let them miss the fun of life.

Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
Today of past Regrets and Future Fears.
He had played the fool once. What had he gained from leading the Christian life? What had it availed him? Where was his reward? He had been rewarded; yes, he had been rewarded. Remember, France, September, 1944. A German mine had rewarded him by blowing his right arm off and by twisting his right foot. Remember — the father — he said that you had sacrificed your arm for Him and your country. Remember — the Purple Heart — the Bronze Star — a big parade — that was your reward.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into Dust descend:

Then you were home — home. What home — not the home you left, but another home. The faces were the same — but that was all. The talk was the same — your arm — shame — your arm — a shame your arm — you were lucky to escape with your life — talk talk. Remember the look on the face of your girl — when she saw the right empty sleeve on your civilian suit. Sure she still loved you — she said — but to marry a man with only one arm and a twisted foot — You understand, she asked. Sure you understand — understand what?

And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

Then you took a drink, strange it helped you to forget — to forget your arm that wasn't there — to forget the twisted foot — twisted like your soul. You drank to forget — then you forgot to drink to forget, because you had forgotten why
you were drinking.

Then to the lip of this poor earthen Urn
I lean’d, the Secret of my life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmur’d—
"While you live,
Drink!—for, once dead, you never shall return."

Yes, you had divorced old barren reason from your bed. Old Omar, he was a philosopher. He knew the purpose of life. Who were the fools that claim that he was a philosopher of the Ultimate Reality. Fools, he never wrote for religious reasons. He wrote to make money to buy more wine. The more wine that he drank, the more he wrote, the more he wrote the more money, the more money the more wine.

Remember — Mary — how she tried to help you mend your ways. Mary — she was so sweet and gentle — and how you loved her perfume. She loved you — and you loved her.

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore—but was I sober when

I swore?

Mary! Mary! where are you?
Mary!—help me! I can’t get up,
help me get up!

Would but some winged Angel ere too late
Arrest the yet, unfolded Roll of Fate,
And make the Stern Recorder otherwise
Enregistered or quiet obliterate.

The whirling motion began once again. Round and round and round, gathering momentum, there was no halting this time, no respite, the law of gravity had been destroyed and every material object had left for a tangent of its own.

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart’s Desire!

— William R. Todd, ’50

Contentment

A little bird
Whose song is heard
Above a tired world.
Some shady trees
And cooling breeze
Away from work and strife.
A quiet nook
Near a clear brook
Where pebbles may be hurled.
A line and hook,
An unread book,
That’s all I ask of life.

— Erna Kroger, ’53
Pacific Idyll

Death lay in his hand.
Death—fused and timed and encased in serrated metal.
Violent, screeching destruction—canned, boxed
and marked "Made in U. S. A."
Death chained to a timeclock, murder by appointment.
He pulled the pin and forced himself to hold it,
counting the seconds till he could send it on its way.
To whom?
With a sob of relief he counted the last,
heaved the grenade, dropped quickly
to the safety of his shell hole,
hugged the ground and waited for the blast.
The explosion tried to muffle the ghastly scream
that it had fostered, but the wail cut through it
and ended in a whimpering cry
that made the cold sweat break out afresh over his body.
The skin of his back pricked and burned—and he retched.
A helluva way to fight a war.

Cautiously he raised his head to observe
the carnage about him. The beach was gouged
with shell holes, palm trees lay at crazy angles
scattered in a gigantic game of pick-up sticks.
Overhead the whistling scream of the naval barrage
dinned in his ears
accompanied by the dull bass of distant explosions
and the staccato drumming of small-arms fire.
Bongos of vengeance—beating their hymn of hate.
To his right, a bunker still held out,
bright flashes of fire winking from its Cyclop's eye,
kicking up dust around the ant-like creatures that surrounded it,
stabbing a few.
A figure rose from the dust and a flamethrower spat
its bright arc of venom, burning, blinding the eye.
Olive-drab shadows ran forward, some crumbling
falling grotesquely.
Others reached the summit of the bunker and—
seconds later—
with a subdued roar the entire roof lifted gently off
and settled back with a crash!
The tide of battle moved on
leaving in its wake a flotsam and jetsam of bodies and debris.
Shiny gold stars for empty windows.
Now it was night.
Velvet, star-studded night of the Pacific.
Creeping, crawling blackness on an island
loaded with Japs.
After the clamor of battle—silence.  
Silence that fell on his ears like a blanket,  
making his own pulse throb in his ears like footfalls.  
An occasional shot shattered the stillness  
making the silence more ominous  
when the report had died away.  
He thought the horror of the day had drained  
him of his quota of fear,  
but in the blackness a new, more insidious fear  
crept over him:  
fear of the unknown, lurking just beyond  
his little range of vision.  
To have died during the day,  
in the wild tumult of fighting, wouldn't have been hard.  
Racing up the beach with the blood pounding  
at his temples, he could have died with ease,  
hardly knowing.  
But in the night death steals stealthily closer;  
death with a thousand grinning faces,  
armed with cold steel.  
And he died a thousand times that night,  
starting at every movement,  
whirling about at every imagined sound.  
Fear stalked the night—panther-pawed.  
Exhaustion, mental, physical,  
but above all emotional,  
finally stunned him into a half-crouching,  
erking sleep, and his dreams were tenanted  
with blood besmattered phantoms,  
stirring and moiling in a cauldron of gore.  
He awoke in the first gray of dawn to  
the drumming of rain on his helmet—  
Water trickled down his neck  
and his bones ached from his cramped position.  
His mouth tasted like the morning-after.  
Unthinking, he stood and stretched—  
the first shot of the day tore through his body,  
throwing him to the ground, killing him.  
Death is a practical joker.

— Frank Noble, '51

Roulette

The ways of death are more  
Numerous than stars.  
So pick a number  
And play roulette.  
I'll take your bet.

— Gordon Dahlgren, '50

— 12 —
Woe Is Me!

Eighth hour drags,
Time sags,
Mind lags,
Ten minutes more!

Prof. keeps teaching,
Dry stuff preaching,
Seven minutes more!

Clock is crawling,
Eyelids falling,
Four minutes more!

Watching clock,
Tic . . . tock,
"Rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr,"
Gone!!

— Phyllis Johnson, '51

Joe!

Joe's-a pretty-a-da common-a
name-a
Butta I lak-a-da Joe-a just-a-da
same-a.
John an'-a Tony an'-a maybe-a-da
Mike,
Dey's-a good-a names, too, butta Joe
I like.
It's gotta-a sound-a dat-a makes-a
me feel
I was-a meetin'-a guy dat's-a really
real.
It's notta-da classy like-a some-a-da
udders,
Butta we use-a dose names for
some-a-da brudders.
——— I tella you dis, Rosa, so you
gonna know
Dat-a we gonna call-a-da
fust-kid, Joe!

— Dolores K. Hanson, '51
Dear Mother

It's Sunday night, and I just finished my homework for tomorrow. For education class we're studying the psychology of young children. The way it tells us to rear children is very interesting, but I can't help thinking about you. Mother, you never went to college, and yet the way you reared us was exactly what the book said was correct.

First of all, the book said never to strike a child because he is doing wrong, but try to show him the right way. That reminds me of one day when I was very young. You didn't get upset or angry, but you calmly told me that it was wrong to take things that didn't belong to me. The discussion ended by your giving me a nickel, and telling me to ask you for money if I ever wanted it again. In that same way, Mother, you taught me the difference between right and wrong in all things. I'd like to thank you for being so understanding.

Another thing the psychology book told was to let children play freely, and dirty up the house to a certain extent. For dirtying up the house your children won first prize, and for being understanding you won first prize. Why, Mother, you never said a word to us when we played "Tarzan" by swinging off the dining room table on the drapes that hung between the living and dining room. You didn't seem to care how many times we made tents in the middle of the living room floor by putting up card tables and covering them with blankets and sheets that we had pulled off your bed. Our taking the silverware to dig with outside, our using the good dinner plates to feed the dog, and our using your hair brush to brush the cat's fur never seemed to bother you at all. I suppose you realized that we would outgrow these pranks. You knew that the fun we had was worth much more than the silver, dishes, and chairs we ruined in having that fun. Again, I'd like to thank you for being so understanding.

The thing that my psychology book mentions as being the most important in rearing children is love. You must have known that too, Mother, for you gave us all the love you had. You showed your love in more ways than by a kiss each night before we went to bed. You showed it by all the times you spent singing with us before dinner, and reading with us after dinner. You showed it by all the hot summer days you spent with us at Riverview, and by letting us drag you around the park until every ride and "spook house" had been explored. You showed your love most, though, by the smile that always came to your face when you saw that your daughters were having fun. I remember especially the proms at the high school that parents were allowed to watch from the balcony. The dance wouldn't have been complete, Mother, unless we could see you smiling down at us. We knew that no matter how much fun we were having on the floor, you were having more watching us from the balcony. We always wanted you to be where we were having fun, because we knew that you would have fun there, too. That's why this fall when I became homecoming queen I knew the day wouldn't be complete because you wouldn't be able to be there. You had a broken leg, and couldn't possibly get out to DeKalb for the parade. Neverthe-
less, I was happy when the car I was in drove through the gates, but my happiness knew no ends when I saw you standing in the crowd a little way beyond the bridge. You were on the edge of the street, leaning on your crutches, and smiling. Yes, Mother, you made it up here; I should have known you would. Then my day was as wonderful as it could have been. Thank you, again, for being so understanding.

You've devoted your life and given your love to us, Mother. In return we've given you sorrows, disappointments, and happiness. We can never hope to repay you. We can only hope to rear our children as you reared us.

All my love,

Florence

P. S. You know Mother, you're very smart, and you never even took psychology.

— Florence Allison, '52

A Defense of Melancholy

All men are mad,
If Burton does not err.
A melancholy species we,
With moods all full of mystery;
Dejection follows jubilee,
And laughter will occur
When we've been sad.

But what of this?
We now and then despair
When heaviness o'erfloods our hearts.
Gloom inexplicable imparts
Complete despondency. But now there darts,
To penetrate our care,
A hint of bliss.
And thus it goes,
And thus it ought to be.
Though melancholy follows glee,
Shun not, too much, despondency.
Pervading mirth succeeds it. We Feel more delight as we Cast off our woes.

Do not distress
Each frame of mind which brings Depression. Every feeling man Knows solemn moods. But when we can
Once more lift up our heads and fan Away all care, Earth sings In happiness!

— Milt West, '51
The City

I am a child of the city.
Born and reared in the city,
I will live and perhaps die in the city.
It is my home.
I belong.

I am devoured by its complexity
And lost in its masses of people
and people
and people.
People rushing like the waves, here now, gone now,
Faces remembered and then forgotten,
People seen once and then never again,
Or perhaps seen many times,
never leaving an impression,
remaining strangers;
People on the streets
In the theatre
At the beaches
In the restaurants
People shopping
working
playing
sweating
swearing
worshipping and singing.
People, everywhere people.

I am lulled by its never ending song,
Its ever changing song.
There are the clang of cymbals and the blare of horns.
Windows are thrown wide to catch all the songs:
The shouting of children playing in streets
And of mothers calling the children;
The blare of traffic, the rattle of trollies,
The chirping of city birds, the sparrows,
The cooing of city birds, the pigeons.
In winter the song is softened
Muffled by blankets of snow.
The song comes inside to pick up the hiss of a radiator,
And then to the window to catch the tapping of snow, of rain.
The song goes outside to catch the crunch of heels on snow on pavement,
Of heels on snow on pavement,
Of heels on pavement.

It sweeps past baking walls and radiating pavements,
Through dusty and dry-littered alleys.
By evening the song slows its tempo.
Children are playing 'kick the can'
    and the can ricochets down the walk
    and kids scatter and hide.
The song slows down and beats softly
In time to the heart of the city.
The kids go home and to bed.
A train howls its mournful message
And the city sleeps——
    With one eye open.

I have spent countless hours
Baking on her golden sands,
Gazing out over the endless, lapping, lazy waters.
I have spent stimulating afternoons in her parks
    sketching the ragged backbone of her skyline,
    watching the light and shadows run their
    scintillating races.
I treasure her museums and galleries, filled with
    wonder,
    with dusky skeletons of the past and bright
    frameworks of the future.
I relish the wind, careening along the boulevard
    whipping the rushing multitude on its way.
I cherish the speed and haste.

There is no end to the city—no end to the smoke,
    the soot
    the roar of the railroads that chug and wail in
    the night,
    the drone of an airplane flying low to land,
The poor
    the rich
    and the in-between,
The bright lights and breathtaking unreality of night
    in the loop,
The frothy spun candy of a ballet dancer’s skirt
    floating on air
    entrancing the spectators,
The open-mouthed wondering kids at the zoo,
    urchins with dirty faces,
The squealing hogs stupidly herded for slaughter,
    obnoxious stench,
    providing food for the masses,
The hoot of a factory whistle calling to toil the cogs
    of the machine
    that means production,
All this I prize.

But wait, there is more.
There is loneliness.
Sometimes a mist blankets her streets
and her buildings
and her people.
Putting each one apart from the other
chilling
alienating
hiding.
Sometimes a mass of skyscrapers loom up
casting black shadows over the gayness
snuffing it out.
Sometimes a spell is cast on her people
making them grim
unfriendly
unapproachable.
But wait, the mist and the shadows and the spell
are lifting.
Then go back to the laughing drunken pace!
Back to the people,
Back to the toil,
Back to the city.
Go back to my home!
— Marilyn Hackbarth, '51

Trapped!

I had killed him. It was done and I was glad. For a long time I had been suspicious of him. Then last night I had come home early and caught him in the act.

I must do something. There could be no slip up. I arranged every move I would make, working out each detail step by step in my mind. The end was simple. But how would I dispose of the body? Funny, I hadn’t thought of that until now.


Better use gloves. Yes, that was it, use gloves. Trembling, I ran to my bedroom. Must keep calm—don’t lose your head—keep calm. The gloves—ah, here. I tugged them on and went back to where his body lay. Bracing myself, I picked up the trap and carefully dropped the mouse into the garbage can.

— Elizabeth Gall, '51
To An Artist

Reveal yourself with each dab of paint
And make known your inner desires.
Convey the thoughts which fill your mind
And create, create that which inspires.
Think not of others when you compose
And then it will truly be yours,
For the secret of art is found within
And from within, it outward pours.
With man the artist shares his secrets,
Those which he painfully uncovers.
He reveals and conceals in colors and forms
The dreams which the explorer discovers.

— Dolores K. Hanson, '51

Theory

Life must come in graying mist
As rains do—
Drifting over eager land
Somewhere,
Silently;
Condensed when God shall blow it
From his airy palm.
So many prayers—
So many anxious thirsts—
God is impartial:
A life is but a drop.
For One who cools the fogs of time,
A mist still gathers far at sea.

— Corrine Johnson, '52
Have you ever seen a negro dangling in mid-air from a knotted rope as big as your forearm around his neck? I have, and it was nauseating. This is called lynching; sometimes it is enacted by certain unscrupulous white groups in the southland of this "free" country.

It was during a scorching Alabama August in 1946 when I was stationed at Fort McClellan. A friend and I were spending a misguided weekend leave in a whistle-stop town sixty or seventy miles north of Birmingham—one of the most rabid negro-hating areas in this country. From the moment we arrived in town on a Saturday afternoon, we were aware of the tense atmosphere that hung over the three thousand people who anticipated the coming tragedy of American democracy. A negro was being hunted who had supposedly committed an offense against a white woman. We decided to stay after the tenseness of the situation had caught us in its grip.

All Sunday afternoon the quiet, backward town hummed with the buzzing voices of people inquiring, "Any news about the nigger?" They didn't have to wait long—he was caught—at least, a negro was caught; any one would do.

My friend and I sat in an old rented car about fifty yards from a large, dead tree just along the highway outside of town and watched the captors drag their prize to his calvary. He was big and black—except for the red gash on the side of his shaven head. Stripped to the waist and sweating in the late afternoon heat as he was, the victim looked as though he had just been doused with water. Yes, he was struggling—who wouldn't be?

Justice

His hands were tightly tied. A large, coiling, snake-like rope was formed into a noose and snapped around the negro's neck with enough fury to strangle him on the spot. Then the big black man was set astraddle a big black mule. The tail of the sticky rope was tossed over a perpendicular branch of the tree and made fast.

The sun was almost on a level with the earth at that hour. A mad mob of sixty or seventy angry white men had gathered around the bare tree to express their approval of the proceedings. Some laughed; others cursed; and still others stood motionlessly waiting. The negro was babbling insensibly now. Now he was crying—almost laughing in a fit of terrifying fright. I was speechless.

The three or four executioners who had been doing the physical labor gathered and became immersed in a discussion—perhaps a dispute as to who should wield the switch that was to send the mule dashing on his way and the man plunging to his death.

Then for the first time I noticed a small group of negroes—I believe there were seven or eight—standing a little further down the road than we were. They did not appear to be saying anything, but the two women were crying. I felt shocked and ashamed, but the men around the tree did not. Some of them noticed the group of mourners and shouted at them; others shouted and one fired a shot into the air causing the colored spectators to retreat another thirty or forty yards.

The massive mule was restless all the while and shifted from side to side as one man held him by the bridle. The negro on the mule's back
had become quiet. When he saw the small gathering of his race out on the road, he sat looking skyward for a few moments; then he hung his head as if he were overcome by the heavy heat. It was as if it were rehearsed, except that the mule balked when the switch was lashed across his thigh the first time. But he did not balk the second time; he jumped out only four or five feet, but that was enough and that was all. The mob was quiet. Maybe they were satisfied; at any rate they started to disperse from the scene of the startling spectacle. Some hurried as though they had to get home before supper got cold; others lagged behind, occasionally glancing over their shoulders at the dangling form. The twenty or thirty minutes which had seemed like years to me was an eternity to one other member of that gruesome gathering.

— Ronald Jager, '52

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**Spring In the Meadow**

_The sun streams down, caressing_
_ all earthly objects in her warm rays._
_The buds pop out on all the trees,_
_ soft and spongy to my hand._
_There is no wind; it's just a breeze_
_ that blows my hair against my cheek._
_The earth is just awakening_
_ for it is May._

_I stand here in the field,_
_ trying to consume the full glory of springtime,_
_Breathing deeply of the fragrant air,_
_ and aching to gather in my arms_
_ all the glorious signs of spring._
_The world is in an enchanted stage_
_ and is filled with unsolved mysteries to me,_
_for I am young._

_Yes, I can hear the meadow lark and thrush,_
_ the clear notes, the high notes of the meadowland serenade;_
_I can hear the babble of the tinkling crystal brook_ _as it skips gaily over the little dam;_
_I can smell the daisies and the multitude of flowers_ _that tumble in huge clusters over the meadow._
_Yes, I can do all these; yet spring is not all mine,_
_for I am blind!_

— Marcia Terwilliger '53

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21
I Watched You Go

I watched you go—
I calmly watched you walk away from me,
And even then
I did not realize that I was free.

I had no fear,
For I believed we'd meet again someday;
You'd change your mind,
You could not have the strength to stay away.

But now I know,
I know why, then; my feet seemed turned to stone,
Why I, in sudden terror, felt alone
And wished to catch you while you still were here,
To fling my arms about you, hold you near,
And whisper to you softly, “Please don’t go”—
Oh now I know!

For I am here,
And here are loneliness and fear and pride;
And where you are
Is emptiness to fill your heart inside.

You left me, dear.
You said that it was best, someday I’d know;
But you were wrong,
I’ve known that since the night I watched you go.

— Jean Hubbard, ’50

A Night In June

The stars are silver sequins,
The golden moon is pinned
Upon a deep blue velvet gown
That whispers in the wind.

Soft caressing moon-light
‘Mid bits of stardust flows.
Every balmy June night
Is the world in evening clothes.

— Dorothy Reck, ’51
If families were ever to have mottoes, I think that ours would be "Watch the birdies!" Unfortunately, all the Hinkles, both big and little, have become victims of that rare disease known as Shutteritis.

The first symptoms were seen several years ago when Mother returned from the store to find Father very industriously moving all of her brooms out of the broom closet. Of course, Mother was quite shocked. She hadn't seen Father so energetically employed for some time although she could not imagine why he should want to clean out the closet. She soon learned to her dismay that Father was not merely cleaning out the closet, he was installing a dark room—something that every family should have.

Mother was rather perturbed by the thought of having all her cleaning paraphernalia exposed to the elements. Since this was our only broom closet, there would be no other place to keep them. But Father assured her that it was all for a good cause, and thus, the first germ of Shutteritis was firmly implanted in our home.

Since that time we have all become photographers of the first order. All the little Hinklets have their own cameras—and even Mother fell heir to an old box kodak. Of course, the youngest had to be coached very carefully in the picture-taking art. After a half dozen lessons, she learned that one does not unroll exposed film to look at the pictures one has just taken.

First of all, we started taking pictures of one another and for every occasion imaginable. For this reason, our family album is bulging with portraits bearing such exciting titles as "James in a Plaid Shirt," "Caro-lyn Washing a Glass," "Mother on the Back Porch," "Ruth Standing on One Leg," "Father Jumping Over the Horizontal Bar," and "Charles Looking at a Dog—(Notation: Charles on the left!)"

Mother has framed many of these inspiring pictures to hang on her bedroom walls. Now her room looks like the famous Rogues Gallery, with photographs of all the little Hinkles assuming a variety of unusual poses. Often, Mother has greeted many a bewildered guest at the door by chirping gaily—"Do come into my room. I just hung another one of the children today!"

By the time the guest has returned from viewing these unusual wall-hangings and has thumbed through the family album, Father has the projector out and the movie screen erected. Then the room is plunged into darkness while the little Hinkles parade across the screen going through a variety of antics. Each reel lasts about seven minutes and portrays a typical day in our life—and all in glamorous technicolor.

Of course, some nights the program is varied. For those who have seen the latest "typical day" reel, we present a selection of colored slides from one of our many vacations—complete with travelogue by Father. We have colorful vacation shots from all points North, East, and West. The South remains a project for the future!

Eventually, Shutteritis grew into something that could not be kept within the family. We started shooting our friends. The boys built up quite a little business by developing and printing pictures for acquaintances. They even acquired an official stamp which boldly states "Hinkle
Studios—Everything Photographic.' Our fame spread, and Chuck is now invited to parties and dances as the official photographer, while Jim prints up orders for Boy Scouts, Women's Clubs, and graduating high school seniors.

Today, our home is in a continuous uproar—thanks to Shutteritis. We have strange spots on the floors and cabinets where the developer acid has been spilled; The latest photos are floating nonchalantly in our kitchen sink; there is a flash of camera bulbs, and the constant clicking of shutters; all the children have developed a peculiar darkroom pallor.

Shutteritis definitely has a firm hold in the Hinkle house and, to coin an appropriate phrase, everyone is waiting to see what will develop.

— Marjorie Hinkle, '50

The Bazaar

Behold, beloved,
How I lay my soul and self before thee,
Spreading my secrets as the merchant
Displays his miscellany
In the market place.
Take what pleaseth thee, but treat it well,
For it is myself: my dreams, my hopes,
Offered humbly here for your selection.
Tread lightly through this odd bazaar.
Be not too casual with, or inspect too deeply,
These simple offerings,
For who can put a value on them
When they are so elusive and abstract?
Here I place my heart, a lamp fill'd
But once with oil, long-burning,
But carefully hoarded to lighten
Dark and lonely days.
There I place my life, a silver vase
Full of flaws and tarnished,
Yet the shape remains true to its first design.
Scattered about are other items: beliefs, interests,
Desires and dreams, all herein displayed.
I charge you now, have care. Take what you will.
The fee, dear friend is small—
An iota of time subtracted from all eternity—
But the price is precious to the seller of dreams—
The price is all to me.

— Paul Benedict

— 24 —
If I Were a Poet

I'd give you bouquets of beautiful words
And with them I'd send the sweetest of dreams.
I'd give you the songs of chorusing birds,
The silvery moon, the sun’s golden beams.
I’d give you the stars, the blue of the sky,
The beauty of dawn, the silence of night.
I’d make every breeze a whispering sigh
And each one a touch of hope and delight.
I’d capture the rose, the song of the dove
And give them to you with poetic art.
No wizzard of verse but one who can love,
I give you my all, my worshipping heart.

— Lupe Ponce, '50

The Jewels

(An episode during the Chinese fight for freedom. Note: this story is not necessarily true. In fact I doubt whether it ever happened. However, I don’t think that’s important. This is a small insignificant episode of people who have faith. The people are true. The world may be a fabrication of lies, but the people are true.) — Author

The Communist armies were sixteen miles outside the village; already many young male citizens had been killed in defending their native town.

Le Sei Tong sat the whole day in the school and instructed the people. While he was absent from the house, both of his sons were killed by Communists.

The wife of Le Sei Tong took them to her bed chamber and spread a white covering over their bodies. In the evening Le Sei Tong came home.

"Where are my sons?" he asked.

"I repeatedly looked around the school, and I did not see them there."

She gave him a goblet. He drank the sweet wine and again asked, "Where are my sons?"

"They will not be afar off," she said, and placed a bowl of rice before him. When he had finished his meal, she thus addressed him: "With your permission, I would like to ask you a question."

"Ask it then," he replied.

"A few days ago a person entrusted some jewels into my custody, and now he demands them of me, should I give them back again?"

"This is a question," said Le Sei Tong, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What! Would you hesitate to restore to everyone his own?"

"No," she replied, "but yet I thought it best not to restore them without telling you first."

She then led him to the chamber and took the white covering from the dead bodies.

"Ah! My sons! My sons!" lamented Le Sei Tong. "The light of my eyes."

The mother turned away and wept bitterly. Then she took her husband by the hand. "Didn’t you teach me we should not be reluctant to restore that which was entrusted for our keeping? See—the Lord gave and the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

— Eugene Blau, '52
The Lost Art of Listening

Often of late I find myself thinking upon those half-forgotten skills and crafts that have come to be known as "the lost arts." The ingenuity developed by the necessities of an earlier day have given way to our present age of packaged living, and many fine handicrafts and home arts have fallen into disuse and decay.

An excellent example is the virtually lost art of tatting. Crocheting and knitting will always find adherents, but not so, tatting. It is much too time-consuming to become a popular craft, although there are still a few devotees who indulge in that delicate form of fancywork for the sheer joy of creating those fragile traceries in thread.

It seems that many of the "lost arts" fall within the culinary kingdom. Sour milk pancakes, buckwheat cakes that were "set" the night before, home made bread, and, if packaged mixes continue in popularity, we shall soon be speaking of the "lost art" of cake making.

I had an aunt who made her own hominy, using wood ashes for their caustic properties. Along came commercial lye and the making of hominy was no longer an art. It became a process. To those people without knowledge of southern cuisine, the making of hominy may not seem to be an art. I hasten to assure them that it was, and is—but it, too, is numbered among the lost.

Among all these arts and crafts has fallen a victim of the same disease: Time Saving! We Americans are interested in nothing that is not time saving. It has been truly said that, as a people, we have more time-saving devices and less time than any other nation in the world.

Perhaps the most important of all the "lost arts" is the art of listening.

To know, it is said, is to understand, but we can not expect to understand that which we do not hear. Obviously, we can't hear if we do not listen—and it requires only a cursory examination of our society today to see that we do not listen.

How often our Monday morning headlines are a direct result of that fact! They do not hear the blasting of a truck horn at a busy intersection or the screaming of a train whistle at a dangerous crossing! They do not hear when someone says, "You've had enough!" And so, more figures are added to the great compilations of statistics prepared each year in the cause of safety.

Our pioneer ancestors knew well the value of being a good listener. It might mean the difference between living and dying. Listening was an art necessary to survival.

One of the most familiar safety signs is today an American idiom: Stop, Look and Listen! But it is passe; we rarely have time to stop to look at anything, much less to listen. We have radios in our cars in order to listen without being halted in this great mass movement. And the things that come from our radios! It would be better for us to relax in a cozy corner and go quietly to sleep; at least the body would benefit and the mind not be harmed.

Recently, during my daily drives to and from college, I have developed the habit of selecting a specific topic, and pursuing that topic to some logical conclusion in my thinking. I have discovered, in this way, that there are many things bearing no audible sound that clamor to be heard. I have found it to be a stimul...
lating mental exercise, and I have been surprised at the capacity the mind has for listening. Too, I am nearly astonished when I consider how many of my views have subtly but surely changed.

By this method I have improved my listening habits in the class room, out-of-doors—everywhere. There is no place to be found in which there is not something to listen to, if we seek it. My knowledge of things great and small has increased and with it my enjoyment of life, due largely to my re-learning the lost art of listening.

— John A. Ross, '52

If

Fairies dance in the moonlight
O'er meadowland and lea;
Fairies dance in the moonlight
To lissome melody.
"Look! Oh, look at the mortals,"
Cried Fairy Ho to Lee,
"They don't dance in the moonlight
To fairy melody."

Men work hard in the daylight
In mine and factory;
Men work hard in the daylight
Near lake and rolling sea.
They work hard from morn to night;
They have no time to spree,
So they don't dance at midnight
To fairy melody.

Fairies dance in the moonlight
And they don't work at day.
Mortals work hard in the daylight
And have no time to play,
If men could dance at midnight
And fairies worked all day,
Would mortals be so gloomy
And fairies be so gay?

— Ruth E. Danekas, '51
Harlem In the Sky

Budding pain claws squirming nerves;  
Blue light leaps the sputtering gap of Time. Driven through with icicles  
And pinned to a cross of wires. You Scream—Save me, Jack, until the  
Throat is swollen and powdered with Dust. There buzzards loafing low,  
Creaking delightedly, applaud restless Urgent air set hopping by a furnace Sun. The blistered, swollen feet hang Above, searing hot ice sands.

Men stand and watch a man die.  
Watch his eyes roll. Tongue cracked and hard as a Walnut shell rattles feebly,  
Then lies thick and still.

The hairy serpent is relentless.  
Tighter! Tighter! Blood swollen head, dusky Puffy, shapeless. A full Blown toy balloon suspended From a string.

Lord, Lord! You Could have saved this Brother's life, made him white, White as their cigarette Paper. White, white as the Virgin cotton he picked For white bosses. I hope you Let him make it to your little Harlem up there, Lord. I know He was kind of counting on it.

— Allan Artz, '52
In Retrospect

As a tot,
I used to crawl
Upon my father's knees.
He told me tales of pirates bold
And red and bloody seas.

As a child,
I used to roam
Along the woodland's streams.
I planned my life for years to come
And lived in lonely dreams.

As a youth,
I used to long
For days when I'd be free,
And I could travel to that world,
So far removed from me.

But as a man,
I had to live
As God decreed—alone.
In my dreams, I'd lost my love,
My friends, and then my home.

— Robert Kauth, '52

The Storm

The soft gray mists of early day
Have not yet lifted from the silent streets.
The steady rain at last has ceased to fall from sullen clouds,
And everything is still.

The stormy night when jagged bolts of lightning first flashed from heaving skies,
And furious sheets of rain relentlessly flooded the waiting earth
Is now but a memory.
Gone are the sleek, wet cars that crept cautiously along,
Thrusting inadequate beams of light into the darkness.

The weary trees hang limp from the violence of the storm.
Soon they will hopefully lift their branches to the sky once more.
The warm misty air wraps itself softly about them—
Blotting out the echoes of the storm.

— Aileen Devine, '52
Outside the bus, it was just an average nasty spring night, wet instead of cold. The rain splattered the windows of the bus in the gusts of wind, and the water on the street made the tires sing on the asphalt pavement.

Inside, it was warm and bright, though a little damp. Each passenger brought on with him the smell of wet clothes. It was the rush hour; even out here in the suburbs, and the bus was packed, full of the home-going chatter of office girls and the deeper accompaniment of mechanics, salesmen and railroad workers.

Many of Harry’s office friends were nearby, but he kept to himself. He was worried. He had been in his seat for twenty minutes and had hardly moved a muscle, except for those the habitual rider uses to keep himself in place. All he could think was, “Suppose it’s true. Just suppose. What will I do? What can I do?”

As the driver called, “Scott Boulevard, far’s we go!” Harry joined the movement toward the exit door, still thinking, and remembering the empty sound of the operator’s voice, saying close to his ear, “I’m sorry. They do not answer. Shall I try again?” He remembered, too, the doctor’s voice, “Check home as often as you can during the day. These spells won’t come very often, and they probably won’t harm her in themselves, but she might take a fall. It’s better to be safe than sorry.”

He thought of Marge, sweet, patient Marge. “Sure I’ll be all right, sweet,” she had said. “You’d better start working; I hate to make the doctor wait. We need the money, and you can’t nursemaid me all your life! I’ll be all right, honest I will. I’ll even make an effort!” With this flash of the old, casual campus days, she had tried to make him feel easy about leaving her.

Harry was out of the bus now, and on his way across the street. He had the light, he noticed, and as it flashed yellow, he started to cut over to cross Scott Boulevard. This maneuver took him about two steps ahead of the crowd on the curb. His mind was now ahead of him, racing on to the little flat two streets over and down the block. “Would the living room light be on? Or would the place be dark? And if it was dark, what would he find inside? Maybe Marge had thought she was strong enough to go to the store. Or maybe the radio had been loud. She liked it that way.”

He didn’t see the big, maroon Lincoln coming until it was about ten feet away. It was coming fast, the man behind the wheel trying to beat the light. In that moment, even as he started to jump back, he noticed how mud-spattered the fenders and hood were, how only the parking lights were on, despite the murkiness of the wet half-light. His jump was complicated by the car’s sudden swerve toward him as the driver hit the brakes and twisted the wheel. As the fender slid toward him, Harry set his hands on it and pushed his body back. The next second the car was gone.

The only sound came from an elderly man in the crowd on the curb. It was an inarticulate grunt. They all looked at Harry, who hadn’t turned around, or cursed, or anything. There was a speculative gleam in their eyes, all of them, as they waited for a reaction from him. Harry, though, had already forgotten.
his escape, and was on his way again across the street, having this time checked to see if there were any more "cowboys" on the way. The disappointed crowd followed him, the grunting man shaking his head wonderingly perhaps at this younger generation.

This younger generation was a half block down the street by the time the lights changed again, swinging along, thinking again, torturing himself with wild imaginings. He had Marge buried by the time he reached the end of the block. The step down at the curb almost spilled him. In catching himself, he also caught his racing thoughts and straightened them out.

He began to look back at the past, trying to blot out what might be ahead of him. A year and a half it hadn't been since the day the crowd had spilled down the hill toward him and his classmates. He had been aware of the familiar buildings behind them and remembered being surprised at the turnout. He had only had eyes for Marge beside him though, as the long ceremony ended. "Now we start, baby!" he remembered saying as he gathered her in. It had all seemed so simple. Get a job, get married, make money, have kids and live happily ever after, that's all there was to it.

Too bad it hadn't turned out that way. First, a job hadn't been too easy to find. Second, a place to live was even harder to locate, and once located, cost more than they had figured on. Things weren't working out badly at all though, 'til Marge lost the baby. That had started the unbudgeted bills rolling. They had gone into debt and Harry had just last week started his campaign to pull out of the mess.

As his reminiscing reached this point, Harry reached his corner, the one where he paused each morning for that last look. His eyes jumped toward the familiar house where they lived in the attic and his fright leaped in his mind. It stayed only a moment this time, for the light was on. He sprinted those last yards, his mind full of his wife. Just suppose something had happened!

It hadn't, though. Even the porch light was shining. He forgot all his worries as he took the steps three at a time. He reached for the door knob and saw the mud on his hands. He remembered the speeding car, his absent-mindedness, the sound his hands had made on the metal of the muddy, maroon fender. And he thought of what might have been. A broken leg, at least! Harry got the shakes; he could hardly get the stuff off his hands for thinking of how disastrous that would've been. Just from worrying!

"Too much imagination," he decided. "Got to settle down." He opened the door and went up the stairs to his worries, his frustrations, and his wife.

— Ken Warner, '50

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Green

I shook the tree
An apple fell.
I'm still not well!

— Gordon Dahlgren, '50

—31—
The Physicist's Sad Plight

A young and eager physicist with I.Q. most alarming
And appearance drab
Worked in a lab—
Not exactly a Prince Charming!

Now to that lab there chanced one day
A most delightful creature,
Saucy and cute—and pretty to boot—
Perfect in every feature!

She asked him for the time of day,
He stuttered and he stammered.
How his head did whirl at the sight of this girl
And his heart, OH! how it hammered!

Clearly this lad was deeply moved
By this vision, so ethereal!
He sputtered and rasped, and finally gasped,
"Mean time or sidereal?"

She wrinkled her nose, turned on her toes
And stalked right out of the room,
Leaving our phys somewhat in a tizz
And a picture of visible gloom.

Cyclo-, syncro-, and betatrous—
He knew them through and through.
She'd never split an atom
But she broke his heart in two!

Now he's a famous man who lives alone,
While she lives far away,
Married to some iceman
Who knew the time of day!

My verses, I fear, are somewhat drear
My meter—rather bumpy.
I hope the moral, though, is clear
Be the sentiment e're so lumpy!

Scientists! beware! Geniuses! take care!
For this advice I give—
Be you ever so busy, still always take out
A little time to LIVE!

Not all the figures in this world
Are exactly mathematical,
And how a girl should be took can't be found
in a book.
(It's true—though not quite grammatical!)

—32—
stage long ahead of time to assure himself a good position. He wanted to observe closely the precious commodity soon to be on display.

The musicians and dancers were right on time, and as their jeeps rumbled up to the rear entrance of the temporary dressing rooms, we heard feminine voices. They were the first American feminine voices many of us had heard overseas.

The performers stepped out on the stage; a hush fell over the audience. The show got under way. The men seemed to enjoy each act more than the preceding one.

Then the inevitable end of the performance came. The entertainers appeared on the stage for their final bow, and every man contributed to the uproarious ovation. I noticed tears in the eyes of those around me—and perhaps mine were also damp, not because the dances and songs were extraordinary but for the deep appreciation and gratitude for these people who had come half way around the world to entertain us—every one of them was an American Negro.

— Paul Kleinwachter, '51
“Hi, there, Craig! Nice day, isn’t it?” Lowering his voice just a little he turned to Mr. Everett: “Yes, sir, that Craig is one swell fellow. He’s looking a lot better now than he has for quite a spell. Still could use more meat on his bones though. A man of his size needs plenty of padding. Time was when you could count all his ribs. Do you know him? He just moved into our neighborhood. Took a job in one of the plants during the war. They kept him on afterwards: must be as good a worker as he is a friend; otherwise, I don’t think they would have kept him on, do you?”

Mr. Everett sat and listened to the old neighbor ramble on. The evening was peaceful: a good time for neighbors to gossip. Craig was out of sight by now, probably turning up his own walk to enter the small frame house.

Craig had mounted the steps to his house—the house he and his wife had planned so long to buy. One of the reasons he had put in so much overtime at work at the factory. It was not a large house, but it was very nice looking and what was ever better, it was in a very nice neighborhood. Had not his wife told him that many times!

“Craig, this house is in a good neighborhood. As good a neighborhood as you can afford, that is. Now if you were any kind of a husband, you would try harder to help me get us ahead in this town.”

“Yes, dear.”

“Oh, you and your yes, dears! Here I work and work just to get us friends among the better class of people, and what do you do? Shall I tell you?”

“Yes, dear.”

“You go to your job every morning, regular as clockwork. Back to your job as a factory hand. What kind of a job is that? The least you can do is to come in the back way now, and you might try to get all that grease out from under your finger nails. Do put on a white shirt and a tie before you come out to meet my guests as long as you are to be working that shift that gets you home before my bridge club is over.”

“Yes, dear.”

That occurred when they had just moved into this house. How proud Craig was of it. He was constantly working on this thing or that thing. He was never one to be idle. If only—Oh, yes, what was it last night? They had been talking over the possibilities of getting a car. One of the newer used cars. But, then the house was not paid for yet. He told his wife that, trying to prove that he was doing all he could to help her. Then she started talking about Mr. Everett.

“Mr. Everett has a new car. I saw it just this morning. Not only that, he also is a member of that club where all the important men in town belong. He doesn’t make much more money than you do. It’s just that Mr. Everett knows how to get ahead. Why aren’t you in that club? It would make me much more liked by the ladies I am trying to cultivate. Can’t you even try to help me? I wouldn’t care so much if we didn’t have the car right away if you only belonged to that club. It would mean we were finally on our way up in society and that means so much to me.”

“But, dear, you know you have
to be asked to join by someone who is already a member. It is impossible for you to ask to join."

"Oh, you! Just like everything else. You can't do anything, or you don't want to. You won't get a car, and you won't try to join that club. You could at least—"

"But, dear, the house isn't all paid for yet, as I said, and I can't—"

"Don't but me! You could do it if you wanted to. But, no, you are just too lazy. You don't want to be anything but a factory hand. You would be perfectly happy if you could be among your dirty factory cronies rather than come home. Wouldn't you? Someday you are going to come home, and I'll have come to my senses and have left you."

That had been last Monday. She had talked about a car and the club all week. By this morning she would not speak to him.

Now he was inside the house, having picked up the mail from the box in the front of the house before going in by the back door. There was just one letter today.

Once inside he saw, in the middle of the kitchen table, a note; a note scribbled in a childish manner on the back of an old page of the calendar. She had left him: "for good," the note said.

An audible sigh eased from his entire body as he slipped comfortably into a chair, his face relaxing. The grime, still under his finger nails, kept perfect companionship with his tieless, dark-blue work shirt.

He looked at the envelope he held in his hand. It was addressed to him. He did not get many letters! The return address said that the sender was Mr. Everett.

"I am happy to invite you to join our little club. We meet—"

— Constance Wheeldon, '51

Winter Twilight

The light of one pure star sees
The day decline behind the trees;
The curved horizon lies
In bands of color on the sky;
The wind sings softer now,
As if to tell that in the bough
The nestled bird begs lullabies
To sooner close its tireless eyes.
Above, day's silken lining spun
from light
Eases to black velvet that is night.

— Nancy Angela Cleary, '51
The Mystery of the Wind

Oh, Wind that "bloweth where it listeth,"
We hear thy mighty sound,
But we know not from whence thou comest
Nor whither thou art bound.

We marvel how at different times
Thou whirlest round and round,
And, yet, oh, Wind, thou can't be gentle—
Which fact we've often found.

God's Word has this to say of thee
That He Who made the earth,
The vapours and lightnings with the rain,
To thee also gave birth.

"For, lo, He that formeth the mountains"
"Causeth the wind to blow;"
And power is His to still thee, too.
His voice thou well dost know.

And so the great "God of Creation"
Who calms thy rage, Oh, Wind,
Can also bring that quiet repose
To souls of men who've sinned.

— Nordis Arneberg, '51

Seen From the Shore

Chips of starlight,  
Scattered on the lake.  
Moonbeams playing 
In a rowboat's wake.

Jumping fishes,  
Blanketed with night,  
Leave behind them  
Quivering drops of light.

Shorelites glitter; 
One by one they die.  
Velvet water  
Merges with the sky.

— Dorothy Reck, '51
"I've sold the farm!" called Dad as he briskly entered the porch leading into the kitchen. There was a big smile on his face; in fact, it was too big to be natural. Apparently he hoped that his enthusiasm would carry over to the rest of the family, but we were all stunned by the horrible news. The farm, the place where he and Mom had worked and lived from sun-rise until long after sun-set throughout their married life, the place where we were born, the only place where we felt at home, was gone. The place Grandpa had made a farm out of a timberland, the place where Dad had built up the soil and put years of work into the farm buildings was to belong to someone else. More than Dad's enthusiasm was needed to destroy these memories.

Minutes, each seeming to be little eternities, passed by; no one spoke. The knuckles of Dad's brown hands were white as he gripped the door knob. With a tone of fierceness in his voice, he finally asked, "Well, make up your minds. Do you want me or the farm?" Then everyone started talking at once. "Dad, what a silly question!" "You can sell it if you want to, but don't ever say that I wanted you to do it." "Where will we go?" "I won't live in town!"

Such were some of the words Dad heard. He warily sat down in the rocking chair beside the door: his tall, erect form seemed to become even more straight.

"It seems a man can't do anything without the whole family making up his mind for him," he said. "But it's no use: I can't take it any more: that is all there is to it. I've slaved myself half to death here, and what do I get for it? I tell you I was a fool to ever come here. That red clay in the back field is enough to make any man get sick of this place. But that's not the half of it. On top of that hill near the machine shed, the rocks are practically sticking out of the ground. You know yourself from the mess I dug through last fall to get the water over here to the house that it isn't fit for farming. The only thing this place is fit for is raising cattle, and we don't have the proper buildings for that. And I'm getting too old to start building all over again."

At last Mom's quiet voice broke into Dad's pleading speech. "But Bud will be old enough soon to do almost all of the work here."

"Yes, I'm old enough now to plow the corn if you will let me. Last summer I started to mow the hay, and this spring I harrowed the whole corn field. By next year I'll be able to plant the corn and maybe even run the binder," said Bud, hoping to be helpful.

"You will never be able to do really heavy work like this farm needs because you have the asthma, and a little dust puts you down right away. What's more, I don't want you to break your back like I've had to do all these years. You wouldn't be able to buck that hard-pan in the right field, no matter how much strength you had. It's impossible, I tell you," said Dad in another effort to make us understand.

"After you put all that work in on the water system and the new bathroom, I think you ought to get some good from it yourself. The house is only five years old, and we have hardly started to get out of it all we put into it. And since we have electricity and the new milking ma-
chines, we haven’t had to work as hard as we did once,” Mother said in a lighter tone.

Mary, who usually says all she thinks, was crying quietly; Jane, who, being much younger, didn’t fully realize what was being discussed, huddled over her and tried to stop her crying. I, as usual, said nothing. A thousand little hot needle points seemed to prick the back of my eyeballs, but the tears would not come as long as I stood there. Maybe morning would come soon and wake me from this horrible nightmare.

But the morning I looked for never came. Dad sat in the rocking chair and rocked a moment in silence. “O. K.,” he said, “I’ll tell Piper tomorrow that I don’t want to sell, but I’m a fool for listening to you.”

We, who didn’t want to leave had kept the farm, but we had lost something, too. We knew that Dad would not be satisfied here and that in a few years we would remember this day when Dad was growing into an old man. Dad rose from the chair and with bent back walked out into the yard. Then the tears came.

— Esther Wurster, ’51

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**Love Said Farewell**

*Love said farewell*
*And closed the door,*
*Thin fingers of sorrow*
*Crept through the keyhole*
*And stole into my bosom*
*Mending my heart*
*With cold smooth ice.*

*No longer does it beat*
*In human rhythm*
*Or know the gaiety of Spring,*
*The warmth of Summer sun,*
*Or the unbridled brilliance of Autumn,*

*But expands and contracts*
*In fretful spasms*
*Of loneliness and grey rain,*
*Jagged pieces held together*
*By the cold hard mortar of Time.*

— Clinton B. McMannis, ’52
We Thank You

We thank you, God, for time:
Time for joy and meditation,
Time for swift and happy days
of school,
Time to heal the tender pain of
first love,
Time for warm and graeful
friendships;
Happy for the sun and for the moon,
Snowy ground and crisply glowing
air,
Happy for soft rain and wild wind
And all the ways of earth,
We thank you, God, for time.

— Virginia Wahlstrom, '51

Loneliness

They say that I'm lonely. They
say that because I live by myself,
within myself, I must be lonely.
Surely they jest—me, lonely? Ha!

Give me my books, and I'll show
them my friends—hosts upon hosts
of them, never turning, never chang­
ing, always there when needed.

Give me my horse and a woodland
trail through windswept pines. Let
me ride with the whipping breeze—
sweeping clear my brain of man's
self-created strife. Let me see Nature's
fragile creations trying to outdo each
other in fresh chrome-beauty.

Give me my piano. Place me at
the contrasting black and white key­
board, and let me coax from that
contrast the secrets of my soul.

They say that I'm lonely. Maybe
I am—but if so, let me glory in my
loneliness.

— David Kushner, '51
The Professor

"Without a doubt . . . .", he sat down
"But even so . . . . ."
Can it be he'd stoop again to clown
When even now
The study-group is sad that he
Should fall into a way
Of thinking
That brings from out
The confused shadows of our lives
Not e'en the weakest gleam
Of light
To give us ease and shape us right:
But still he MAKES US THINK!

— Kenneth LaPlante, '51

The Wake

Smoldering embers of a charcoal fire illuminated the strained faces of the group huddled about it. Some sat, their head in their hands; others stared into the fire, silent, solemn. One woman held a wide-eyed baby wrapped in a faded blanket. All were waiting, hoping.

There had been a terrific blast which like a series of shots struck fear into the heart of every mother, wife and child hearing it. Shrieking sirens and factory whistles re-echoed the disaster. Then came silence, frightening, dead.

Women still wearing aprons left half-kneaded bread and frantically ran with their fellow villagers to the pits. Questions choked with tears were heard. "How many?" "Who?" "Could it be My Johnny or Jim? Oh God——"

Wait—everyone must wait and see. There was lots of time to wait now—maybe a whole lifetime, not knowing, afraid of thinking.

Tired, sweaty men who had seen the twisted, bloody horror of death came to the surface with the old news: "Shaft caved in—lots of gas—six dead, two, three, maybe more missing—"

"Let me go down," sobbed a young woman not more than twenty, "I'll find him. He can't be lost—not today—it's our wedding anniversary!"

A white-haired grandmother shook her head. "Poor dear—a newcomer from the city. Takes time to get used to this," she sighed. "But there's a time for everything—a time to live, and a time to die."

— Elizabeth Gall, '51
An American Custom

Mama and Papa were what today would be known as an ideal couple. As far back as I can remember, they have never had many arguments. The few they did have were always on one thing—the telephone.

Now this phone was not like the modern ones. It was the old-fashioned type—the kind that had the little handle on the side. Another peculiarity was that every time it rang every receiver on the line was taken down, including ours.

This is what Mama and Papa argued about.

Papa had been born in the big city where they had modern phones, and he thought it was horrible the way all the neighbors listened to the conversations. Mama had grown up in the house in which we lived and thought nothing of picking up the receiver when the phone rang, whether it was for us or not. She told Papa that that was the only way one really got to know the neighbors.

I remember how Papa would explode if he found out that Mama had been using the phone "wrongly" as he put it.

I remember very clearly the time he threatened to have the phone removed if Mama wouldn’t mend her ways. It all happened at the supper table.

Mama was telling Papa about the things she had done; and in the conversation she mentioned something about the Albright’s, who lived three or four miles away. Papa put down his fork and glared, as only Papa could glare, at Mama.

"Mama," he said, "you have been using the phone wrongly again."

Mama looked down at her plate and nodded mutely.

"Mama," declared Papa, "if this happens again, I am going to have the phone taken from the house. Do you hear me?"

Again Mama nodded mutely.

Well, for a week or so Mama didn’t touch the phone; but every time it rang, she would look from Papa to it and back again, fidget and sigh—but she wouldn’t touch the phone. Then one night it was ringing constantly. Mama was getting more restless and glancing at Papa more often until Papa couldn’t stand it any longer. With a sigh he said, "All right, Mama; see what it is all about."

Now, when the phone rings, Papa answers it almost as often as Mama does.

— Elizabeth Heiland, ’51

Problems of a Student Teacher

When Mommy’s near, the Kiddies wear
Halos, and ‘tongue in cheek.
When Mommy’s gone and they’re in school,
Then FIVE days make one weak!!

— Phyllis Johnson, ’51
Portrait of the Greek Woman

Oh, Morning Sun, waken the fair from sleep; 
Take her from her dreamy slumber and from her world so deep.
Sing, Heavenly Muses, and let her harken to your sound;
Shake the curtains o'er her couch and break the very ground.

The princess rises; 
Straps upon her feet the sandals of play; 
She begins her duties, 
Using lip colour of blue and silky clay 
Upon her face. 
She adds to the corner of her eyes a touch of red. 
She begins her duties, 
Beseeches the gods for daily help and peace unto the dead.

"Mighty Thanatos, watch closely those past. 
Dear Ares, guard our warriors and keep fast 
The gates of our loved city. 
Hera, Aphrodyte, Athena, women of Zeus's land, 
Help me tread my path today: 
Lead me by the hand. 
My heart is pure; 
My will is free; 
My joyful life 
is blest by thee."

Quickly, 
She laces her garments of linen white. 
Carefully, 
She presses the flowing folds and hides the ties from sight. 
Choosingly, 
She selects a band of netted gold for her hair. 
Wisely, 
A string of pale pink pearls she elects to wear. 
In an earthen pot she mixes water and seed; 
She estimates and gathers what stores she might need. 
She sets her family on its daily way.

— 42 —
And returns to her routine of everyday:

A fowl, a sacrifice for a granted favor,
Washing,
Mending, noon-time labor,
An afternoon around the city walls,
Marketing,
Bargaining,
Private calls.

A stop at the palace of Apollo.

Her children return from the tutor;
Her husband from his daily toil.
The evening meal is finished—
Joy rests on Achaian soil—

For——
Today to the Theatre of Dionysius,
On the hillside of the Acropolis.
Drama!
Music!
Clap, call, hiss, or groan.
Flatter with a flower,
Or pelt with a stone.
Poetry!
Dancing!
Encore for the actor, a brief return!
One final speech, o'er the torches burn.

Homeward, the road is not so smooth;
The hill is not so low.
The night god raises his curtains high,
As the day god starts to go.

The hills are dark;
The night wind blows,
And so to sleep and sweet repose.

— Robert Kauth, '52
The Friendly Kempster

When our family first moved to Round Lake about ten or eleven years ago, our neighbors were Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Kempster. It so happened that they were the only other people on our block, and to avoid them would have been impossible; to shun them would have been silly.

They were very friendly people, these Kempsters. The "Mrs." was a grammar school teacher and Forrey, as he was fondly dubbed by his appreciative and loving wife, was a veteran. That was about all one could say about Forrey; he was a veteran. Mr. Kempster had spent a short time in the army during the First World War and hadn't, to the best of anyone's knowledge, held a job since. It wasn't that an employer wouldn't have him; it was just that he wouldn't have an employer.

It seems that Forrey had been afflicted with that terrible malady, laziness, and had never quite recuperated. In the years following the First World War, he had spent most of his time telling the inhabitants of Round Lake, and most every other town in Lake County, about how hard his wife worked while he stayed home. Forrey didn't like children very much, and he thought that his wife was making a great sacrifice by teaching school and putting up with the little nuisances.

Kempster was a big man well over six feet in height and of extremely sound construction. It was easy to see, as one got to know him better, that he hadn't been slighted vocally. He was one of the loudest men that I have ever known. To look at him as he hung over the backyard fence, chatting jovially with some newly arrived neighbors and loudly acclaiming the beauty of peaceful Round Lake, one might well think that he resembled a lumberjack.

This he did. His voice might easily pass for Paul Bunyan's, and as far as volume is concerned, there wasn't a bigger man in the county. Forrey always managed to keep himself busy (in a manner disinclined to exertion) with his two hobbies: talking and puttering. Of these two the latter was most likely to exhaust the big man, and, therefore, he was forced to carry on with the former.

Forrest Kempster was forever puttering around his little house, and as he puttered, he forever lamented the fact that his mamma had to work terribly hard while he stayed home.

As the town grew, our block began to fill out, as did the rest of the community. More and more people got to know Forrey and the fact that he was a veteran. How could one possibly lose sight of this fact? If one knew Forrey, one undoubtedly knew he was a veteran. Forrest saw to that. Everyone in town realized, as did he, how sorry he was that the "Mrs." had to work while he stayed home and puttered and sputtered and puttered.

It was not unlikely that one could leave for work at any time during the day and still find Forrey trading words with some industrious housewife or some man of the family who had taken a day off in order that he might spend time with his family. One could hardly avoid the pleasant greeting tossed his way as Forrey, all six foot plus of solid windbag, would amble over to drape himself on the fence and discuss the political or economical situations of the day. The ever present gratitude toward his hard-working wife was always an added part of the conversation.
Forrey Kempster, local windbag and legitimate loafer, was a pretty good fellow when one got right down to it though. There was usually a good word for everyone, and although at most times there were too many words, he did add color to an up-and-coming community, regard less of the time he may have wasted and the atmosphere he may have warmed. Forrey was indeed an asset to our town.

— Eugene Alsperger, '52

Lullaby

Sleep, ye heroes, sleep.
Now rest in holy ground.
The birds will sing the reveille
When dawn calls for their heav'nly sound.
Sleep, ye heroes, sleep
Where silent daisies grow,
And gentle breeze, that melody,
Will bring you love not woe, not woe.
Dream, ye heroes, dream.
Rejoice in holy mirth.
Beyond the brightest light does shine;
'Tis but eternal sleep on earth.
Dream, ye heroes, dream.
Dream of heaven's best—
Pure love, sweet peace, and life divine.
So gently sleep forever blest.

— Lupe Ponce, '52

Pieces of Glass

A broken promise
Is like a shattered mirror.
It lies in pieces at your feet
Because you had not the strength
To grasp it tightly while yours.
It cannot be mended now.

— Mary Landis, '52
Winter Music

There is no noise in the light-hued twilight
But the occasional ripple of sound
From the slow-moving stream,
As a branch, caught for an instant
Interjects a fast movement
In the cantata of nature,
Before the movement fades away
Into mellow harmony—into silence.

Trees dip their icy fingers like pens
Into the water and etch
Frosted designs on the banks
To the rhythm of the imaginary music,
And then stretch their naked arms
To the fast darkening sky,
Accompanied by the tuneless chant
Of the vesper breeze.

When footsteps are heard traversing
The iron bridge, there is a moment
When their noise is like the
Deafening clang of cymbals.
Then all things remain poised, at rest,
Waiting for the swing of the
Conductor's baton
To lead them on again
In His endless symphony.

Ethereal melodies filter through the atmosphere
When the figure stops to gaze
Into the cold waters
Gliding from under the bridge,
And the mists seem to form again
Their unity around him
And all is blended together
Like the soft Amen of a hymn.

The figure breathes deeply,
Sighs, and tip-toes on,
As if fearful of breaking that glorious spell.
Only I am left in the great concert hall
And my heart is stirred by His Winter Music played on the Instruments of Nature By the Hands of Time.

— Lois Stangley, '51
A Story of Courage

The shy Corporal Jenkins, who had the bunk next to mine, had been with the 101st Airborne Division, the heroes of Bostogne; and, although he never wore them, he had more ribbons and battle stars than could be seen on any of the brass on a field day. As he gradually lost his constraint and began to talk, he told me of many of his experiences. One in particular I think I shall remember for a long time.

On D-Day minus one—twenty-four hours before the invasion of France—Jenkins landed on Normandy. Unfortunately he hit the ground many miles from his rendezvous. He could find none of the landmarks that had been carefully described in advance. None of his comrades were in sight. He was lost. All that was in sight was a neat French farmhouse. Dawn was breaking. Knowing that he couldn’t survive in daylight he must have cover.

He was alone in enemy-held territory, and he didn’t know whether the occupants of the farm were pro-ally or pro-German—but he had to take the chance. He ran toward the house rehearsing the few words of French he had been taught for such emergencies.

His knock was answered by a Frenchwoman of about thirty—"She wasn’t pretty and didn’t smile much but she had kind, steady eyes." Over her shoulder he saw her husband and three small children seated at the breakfast table.

"I am an American soldier," said the parachutist. "Will you hide me?"

"Yes, of course," said the French woman and drew him inside.

"Hurry! You must hurry!" said the husband. He pushed Jenkins into a large wood cupboard beside the fireplace and slammed the door.

A few minutes later six men of the German S.S. arrived. They had seen the parachute coming down. This was the only house in the neighborhood. They searched it thoroughly and swiftly. Almost immediately Jenkins was found and pulled from the cupboard.

The French farmer, guilty only of hiding him, got no trial. There were no formalities, no farewells. The Germans stood him in the farmyard and shot him at once. His wife moaned; one child screamed.

There was an argument as to the disposition of their prisoner. So, for the time being, they shoved him into a shed in the farmyard and bolted the door.

There was a small window at the back of the shed. Skirting the farm were woods. Jenkins squeezed through the window and ran for the woods.

The Germans heard him go. They rushed around the shed and after him, firing as they came. The bullets missed him. But now the attempt at escape seemed quite hopeless. He had hardly got into the woods when he heard his pursuers all around. Their voices came from all directions. It was only a matter of time until they would find him.

There was one last chance. Doubling on his tracks, ducking from tree to tree, he left the woods and fled into the open again. He ran back past the shed and on through the farmyard. Once again, the American stood at the French farmhouse knocking on the kitchen door.

The woman came quickly. Her face was pale, her eyes dulled with
tears. She looked straight into the eyes of the young American, whose coming had made her a widow and orphaned her children.

"Will you hide me?" he said.

"Yes, of course. Be quick!"

Without hesitation she returned him to the cupboard beside the fireplace. He stayed in hiding in the cupboard for three days until that part of Normandy was freed, and he was able to rejoin his division.

The Storm Troopers never came back to the farmhouse. It didn’t occur to them to search that house again because they did not understand the kind of people they were dealing with. Two kinds of courage defeated them—the courage of a boy who out-thought them to save his life and the courage of a woman who unhesitatingly hid him.

— Joseph Gutenson, '50

As I Saw India

The large sign read, "Off Limits To Military Personnel." To most GI’s this was an invitation, and I began to wonder why the army had never used any of its psychological warfare against its own men. If the army said the area was off limits, the area probably turned out to be a busy allied thoroughfare. To the GI there was still the three proverbial ways of doing anything—the right way, the wrong way, and the army way.

Uniformed men were coming and going. Some arrived in charcoal powered cabbies driven by the gallant Sikh who was neatly dressed in the traditional uniform of the caste, while the hair of the Sikh, a most reverent detail, was neatly bound in a red or white turban. Others arrived in horse-drawn lorries, on bicycles, but the majority traveled on foot. One thing was certain. The visiting men and women went into the area in good spirits, but very few came out feeling the same.

The Burning Ghosts of Calcutta are located overlooking the Hoagli River, the place where the Hindu ashes are finally placed. Atop the ghats, the many dead Hindu are placed upon a pyre of sandalwood, the holy wood of the Hindu, and burned as the nearest of kin circle the fire, some crying and some chanting. Those who were too old or too weak to participate in this gloomy activity just sat and stared.

It all seemed sinful, for the cameras of the visiting foreigners clicked and snapped pictures of the burning bodies and the sorrowful people. Calcutta was in the midst of a cholera epidemic. The ghats would glow all night, and perhaps some of the night visitors would be fortunate enough to have flash bulbs. "The folks back home will get a big 'kick' out of these!"

When the fire had died down and the ashes had cooled, the nearest of kin would place the ash remains in an urn and walk down the stairs of the ghat to the edge of the water. After a brief pause for final prayer, the ashes were gently spread over the water.

On the water there was much activity, for some of the people were
bathing their animals, some were toileting, and some were busy filling huge jugs for the dinner table. No sooner had the ashes been spread, when another corpse was being prepared.

That evening as I looked over the city of Calcutta from my comfortable hotel room, I saw a faint glow of light in the distance. The ghats were busy tonight. "I wonder if the pictures I had taken today would come out?"

— Lee Diamond, '50

On Seeing a Twisted Tree

These things I see, each time I pause to look
Upon a twisted tree that God has made:
I see a calm and cooling, quiet shade;
I see bright hearth fires glow; I see a book.
I see the kneeling shepherd's gnarled crook
Beside a manger where a Babe was laid.
I see a street with verdant fronds arrayed,
And filled with throngs of people who betook
Themselves again, that selfsame week, to see
The Man who lived and died a creed of love
No other man had dared. I see the moss
Upon the knotted, leaning olive tree
'Neath which, in tears, He prayed to God above.
But, more than these, I see the scabrous cross.

— John Ross, '52

Alone?

Alone?
No.
There are the sun
The stars
The sky
The singing woods
The noises
The brook:
All reflections of you and me
Our thoughts
Our dreams
Our inmost desires.
Alone?
Never.

— Helen Staubli, '50
The Morning After

Sleepily I looked at my watch in the dim light of morning—5:30. Still fifteen minutes to sleep. So I dozed and waited for the sound of Mother’s footsteps, but something must be wrong—she certainly should have come by this time. Hastily I lifted my arm from under the warm blanket and peered again at the faint numbers on my watch—6:15. Oh no, I thought! Now I will miss my bus; and if I miss the bus, I’ll miss the train; and if I miss the train, I’ll be late; and I just can’t be late.

As I lay there and thought of these miserable things, not seeming to have the energy to do anything about them, something else struck me—it was all over now. I didn’t have to get up at 5:45 today or any day. I didn’t have to run for the bus and ride on a shaky old train for thirty miles. It was all over, and starting today I was free.

So with a sigh of relief I rolled over and tried to go back to sleep; but now sleep wouldn’t come. My mind kept reviewing events of the past twelve weeks as if it was reluctant to let it all end. There I was again in front of that big building just as I was on that first day. How I had wished that morning that the sidewalk would open up and swallow me deep beneath its surface so that I wouldn’t have to go through with the whole ordeal. But it didn’t, and so it all started.

That first noon I bravely walked into the faculty cafeteria only to be kindly, but firmly, led (just as if I was a misplaced freshman) to the student lunchroom. (I later learned that was my first meeting with the superintendent.) That was to be only the first of many embarrassing situations. I’ll never quite forget the look of “you can’t get away with this” which an elderly woman gave me when I with proud confidence spoke to her as I entered the sanctuary of the faculty lounge, or how embarrassed the gentleman was who had stopped me twice for being out of the class room without a permit when we were finally formally introduced.

But, of course, those weeks weren’t spent just with the faculty. Many faces of my students kept popping before me, as I lay there. There was the cute little freshman boy—about four feet eight inches tall, very much Italian, with his dark wavy hair and big brown eyes, so sweet, but also so dumb (or should I be progressive and say “slow”). One day he wrote on a book report “It was about pioneers?” And another time he wrote on the bottom of his short answer quiz—of which all the answers were wrong—“Dear Miss Wright, I didn’t red this story. Pleas excus me?” But I was really proud of him the day he passed a test for the first time.

And there was the very neglected and confused freshman girl who drove her uncle thirty miles to see me one snowy Sunday, and then felt bad when I would not go out and have a drink with her uncle and her. Then there was the little boy who stopped me in the hall one day to buy a ticket to a football dance and his pains expression after giving me such a lengthy sales talk on how all my girl friends would be there when he learned I was a “teacher.”

Then I thought of my “sophisticated” college prep class, of the handsome blond who, I said in my written observation the second week, would make wonderful college material and of my disappointment later.
to discover how he consistently made the lowest grade of all the thirty-five students in the class. I thought about the “brain” of the class, whom I soon learned to call on whenever I wasn’t sure of an answer myself. She’ll never know what a help she was, or maybe she will because she wants to be a teacher herself someday. And I will never forget the color of the boy’s face who forgetfully addressed me as Jean one day, or my own surprise the first time I told them all to be quiet and they were!

Yes, this was the first morning after twelve weeks of student teaching. Now I could just laugh at all the memories of the hours I had spent grading papers, the fear I had felt the first time I took over a class of seniors, the embarrassing moments I had experienced both with the students and with the faculty and the discouraging moments when it seemed the “ordeal” would never come to an end. All these things I knew I would never quite forget, or could I forget the funny incidents, the triumphant sensations when I realized even one student had learned something from me, or the overwhelming moments like when my seniors gave me a box of candy and said they would miss me. And all of a sudden I knew I was sorry it was all over, for surprising as it may seem to those who are still preparing for the “ordeal”, it was fun!

—Norma Jean Wright, ’50

Plea to a Teacher

This small, believing boy of mine
Has gone to greet the new-laid snow.
He wants to show me how his steps
Will go wherever he will go.
Will you let him walk his snowy path,
Careful to make each footprint plain,
And never tell him that the snow
Will drift again?

— Eva Williams Phelan
The Blow-Out

There had been no warning at all. The sky wasn’t dark and threatening as it always is in stories when something dreadful happens; there wasn’t a cloud in sight. The sun shone warmly on the backs of Wilda and Frank Clements as they jostled and jolted along in the back of the wagon. The perpetual prairie wind rustled the corn in the adjacent field and rippled the grass of the pasture, but it gave no foreboding of the evil thing that was about to happen. Even Tippy, their little brown and white dog, was oblivious of the impending tragedy.

True, Mr. Clements had been reluctant to let the children come along while he fixed the fence of the south pasture, and he had maintained a strong silence all afternoon. But that was not unusual. He seldom wanted to be bothered with the children, and he always ignored them when they were with him. It seemed as though the only time he said anything to them was to complain about something.

But there had been no complaints today; and whenever Mr. Clements had stopped to make some repairs, Frank and Wilda and Tippy had played blissfully in the grass and sagebrush. Once Tippy had chased a jack-rabbit, and they had excitedly cheered him on even though they knew he couldn’t hope to catch it. All in all, it had been an enjoyable day.

They were well on their way home and had come to the blow-out, an immense hole scooped out of a sandhill by the ceaseless wind; then it happened. Mr. Clements stopped the team, climbed out of the wagon and said, “Well, it’s about time we got rid of that dog. He’s been stealing chickens. Wilda, you catch him and give him to me.”

Obediently, afraid to protest, Wilda called Tippy and handed him to her father. He picked a hammer out of the wagon and started down into the blow-out. He stopped and said, “You kids get in the wagon and stay there.”

As soon as he disappeared, Wilda started crying, but Frank jumped out of the wagon and ran to the edge of the blow-out. Just below him he could see his father as he held Tippy down against the sand. A frightening, unfathomable look of hatred and rage contorted Mr. Clement’s face and was burned indelibly into his son’s memory. Helplessly, but dry-eyed, Frank watched his father as he savagely struck Tippy and again with the hammer. At first Tippy yelped piteously, but his breath was rapidly beaten from his lungs and all was quiet.

Frank raced back to the wagon and clambered in. Mr. Clements emerged from the blow-out, climbed into the wagon, looked at Wilda, who was still sobbing miserably and said, “Wilda, shut up!”

Frank looked at her. “Yes, for God’s sake, shut up!”

— Boyd L. Peyton, ‘52

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Why?

Why weepest thou, son?
Were you not born of noble parentage,
As proud of them as they are of you?
Can you tell me?

Why weepest thou, American?
Were you not born to a country audacious,
Guaranteeing liberty and the pursuit of happiness?
Please explain.

Why weepest thou, Christian?
Were you not born to the God of Love,
Blessed with the gift of a life eternal?
Is there reason?

Why weepest thou, man?
Were you not born to be master of beasts,
Ruler over sex with your stronghold of abstinence?
Give your answer.

Why weepest thou, thinker?
Were you not born with the gift of logic,
To better inform you of the joys of your life?
What's your comment?

Why weepest thou, dreamer?
Were you not born with the tool of the Gods,
Gifted with visions to temper your fate?
Solve the problem.

Why weepest thou, poet?
Were you not born with a silver quill,
Bringing the joy of sight to the blinded ones?
Can you reply?

Why weepest thou, fool?
Were you not born to a host of friends,
Not to be despised, but neither to be loved?
Set me at rest.

Why weepest thou, lover?
Why weepest thou?
Why?

— Richard A. Nielsen, '52
It is a night that makes you long for a familiar chair before a glowing fire and the companionship of good friends, good music, and good wine. It is a night that makes you look with contentment—hungry eyes through steamed windows at the warm intimacy of the tavern. It is a night that makes you pause in your solitary wandering, held by a thread of longing, to listen to the voice of a piano calling to you through the half-open door. But you move on, your head down, your body hunched against the miserable chill, trying not to hear the soft laughter and pleading ballads that pluck at your tired consciousness and call you back.

The slow rhythm of your footsteps dies in the sodden leaves that rot in silent bereavement on the still bosom of the earth. You feel a kinship with the wet, naked trees, a legion of grief-stricken women stretching their scrawny arms to the sky in piteous plea. The deep black stillness of the park mirrors your aloneness, and you wonder if the trees have souls. You wonder if the rain gets lonely. Now the only music is the quiet sobbing of the wind echoing the weariness of Time's slow mitigation.

You make your way past dirty flat-faced houses like toothless old crones peering at you through half-closed eyes and mocking the defeat that hangs like a cloak from your shoulders. You stumble up the steps, marking, as before, the worn depressions hollowed out by the legion of time-wearied souls whose only claim to security was this heap of rotting timbers. At the door you pause a moment to ponder on the futility of this cheat that is Life; then you go into the hall. But the chill and oppression of the street cling to you like unsavory companions as you climb upward, ignoring the familiar groans of protest from the stairs.

You know when you finally reach your door that your only greeting will be the mocking silence of a barren, unfriendly room. You know that, but you forsake the dank odor of the hallway; your room, at least, is private. When you were a child you learned that when you wanted to see, you turned on the light; now you use that knowledge, leaving the light off to shut out the reality of four peeling walls that confine you like a helpless corpse in a coffin. You need no light to find your way, for this is a pattern as familiar to you as the darkness that envelops it.

You sink wearily into your bed, without undressing, to lie with the ghosts of your defeats. Your body is numb to the stones that are your resting place. You don't hear the squeaking complaints of the quarreling mice that materialize from the walls and skitter across the bare floor. These are the sounds that assail your consciousness night after endless night; but you are deaf to them. Your eyes are open—what need to draw the shade against darkness? But weariness and surcease veil your mind against stifling reality; and sleep, the minister, opens the back door to that world of escape for which you wait all through the day.

And you dream.

"A Night in November" by Clinton McMannis, '52