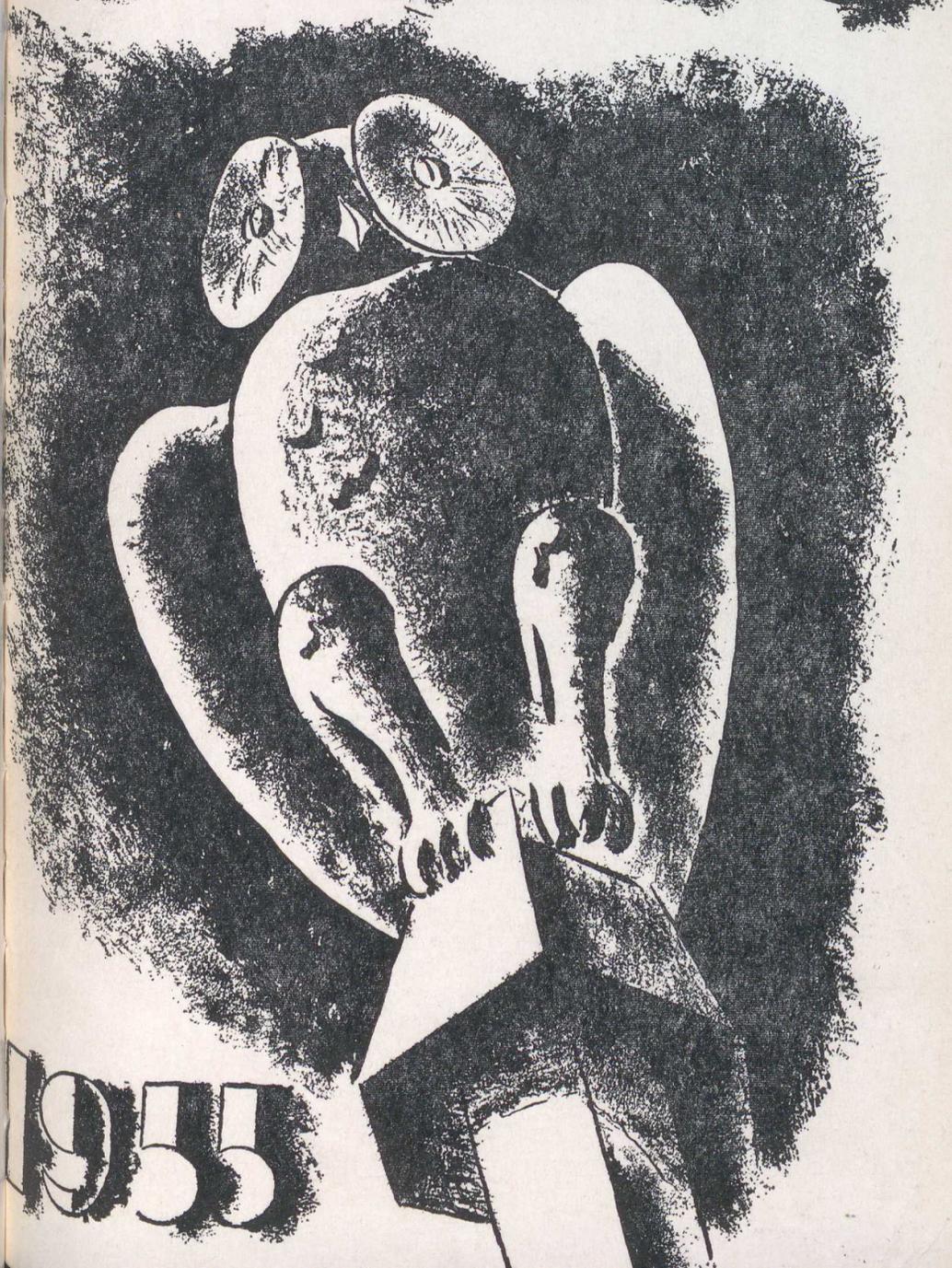


# TOWERS



1955

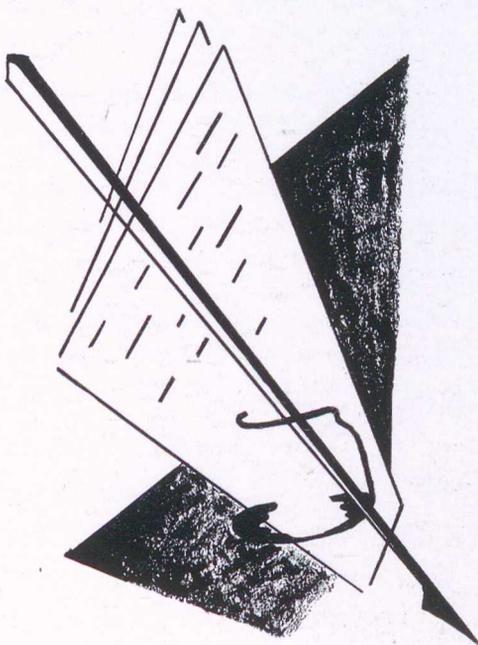
# The Towers

PRESENTING THE WORK OF STUDENTS

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## SIGMA TAU DELTA

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# Foreword

Everywhere at Northern there is evidence of growth and expansion — growth in enrollment, in scholastic achievement, in ideas. TOWERS serves as an outlet for those students striving to express their own ideas and feelings as the scope of the college widens.

The task of selecting the best manuscripts submitted for TOWERS publication has become increasingly difficult. Each spring the members of Sigma Tau Delta, honorary English fraternity, carefully sift through the large amount of material the student body submits. They try to choose those articles which will hold the most interest for the greatest number of readers. Every article appearing on the following pages may not appeal to each reader's taste, but the members and sponsors of Sigma Tau Delta sincerely hope that TOWERS will hold at least a moment of pleasure, inspiration, or profound thought for everyone.

This, then, is the 1955 TOWERS — the embodiment of the ideas, the ideals, and the dreams of those giving life to Northern during her years of expansion.

JOYCE WETZEL,  
*Editor-in-Chief*

MARILYN SEAMS — DON HARRINGTON  
*Associate Editors*

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### Thought, the Father to the Line

*Not of the happy heart come faded flowers  
That were in Shakespeare's time so wet with dew;  
Nor do we ever yet the peaceful hours  
Pass in fragrant silence beneath the blue.  
So why the stress on dull-decayed deceits  
And why the lyre when wasters cities fell;  
Why dwell so many fruitless hours on Keats,  
When Eros lures us down the road to hell?  
Oh, is there not enough to tax the mind?  
Oh, is there not enough to fire the soul  
On men in bloody ditches left behind,  
Or must we spend our time on barcarole?  
We can not in shadows of the past recline.  
Current thought must ever be the father to the line.*

— Yossel Naiman, '55

## Prejudice

Prejudice is my "pet peeve". No doubt you feel the same way. There are, of course, all types of prejudice, racial prejudice being the one which we hear the most about. I suppose that one might say that I am prejudiced against prejudice. The type which annoys me the most, however, is the prejudice many of the people of the United States have against the living standards and customs of other countries.

I am compelled to admit that I once had such a prejudice. A young person cannot help believing some of the propaganda he hears. He is bombarded with it immediately after becoming old enough to understand. The V.F.W., the D.A.R. and scores of other organizations continually preach that our country is the only answer to living. During World War II, for instance, I read such propaganda in the papers, saw it at the movies, and listened to adults whose intelligence I dared not question. I hated Japs. Since then I have had the opportunity to visit Japan and other countries in the Far East. I found her people charming and the country fascinating. The same was true of service personnel who nine years previous had hated a country whose

people they had never met.

I honestly had been led to believe that the people of other countries were all suffering under a great famine. I had little doubt that Edison's great discovery had been reported to only a chosen few in other countries. We were modern; they were primitive. What a pity that so many school children today have the same misconception! I was shocked to find a very workable television set in my hotel. I was amazed at the speed of the subways. I was astonished at the building in Tokyo. It was unbelievable that so many of the population spoke English. I was embarrassed. I came from the most progressive nation in the world and did not speak Japanese.

People from the United States are prejudiced against other countries. I wonder if they have ever had this thought occur to them: Americans will drive to Chicago for Chinese food, wait in line for an Italian dinner, fight over home-made bread at a French or Finnish bake sale, but how far will a Frenchman or a Finn, an Italian or a Chinaman go for an ear of corn on the cob? I wonder.

— Charles Munson, '58

## To Du Wayne

*I am nothing without you.  
I am a statue of clay . . . a paper doll.  
    No heart nor soul,  
    Just two dimensions!  
I am nothing without you!*

*Not azure sky, nor crimson poppies  
    Can I see.  
Not the harvest musk nor apple blossoms  
    Do I smell.  
Not lemon's sour nor saccharine's sweet  
    Can I taste;  
Nor vibrant velvet can I feel.  
You have charmed me.*

*I cannot see . . . I have not seen,  
    Not smelled,  
    Nor tasted,  
    Nor touched,  
Not realized life's rich vitality  
Until I loved you.*

— Lois Peterson, '55

## The Night

*A beautiful day and then comes dawn,  
    A full-red sun sets itself to spawn.  
Another day has turned its face to hide,  
    And night flows in like the oncoming tide.*

*The cool breeze blows and stars begin to gleam;  
    All is calm and silence reigns supreme.  
The moon shines and glows so bright,  
    Setting the scene for a lover's night.*

*A lonely couple walk through the woods  
    Arm in arm the way lovers should.  
How much I wish that it were you and I,  
    As I sit here watching a starry sky.*

— Bob Schieck, '56

## Does It Have To Be ?

Jan sat in her room, gazing out at the flame-colored trees with unseeing eyes. "Why," her mind pleaded, "it's all so unnecessary. How can being of another religion make such a tremendous difference?"

Her mind went back to last year and the first time she had met Ken. The meeting had been a silly accident, the kind of situation people laugh at in the movies. A cinder had flown into her eye as she walked out of the dormitory. Ken had seen her and had gallantly come to her aid. They walked along, talking, and parted at the corner. It had all been so commonplace. Neither of them dreamt that an insignificant cinder could make such a difference.

The summer had been the kind a girl always dreams about. Moonlight rides, dancing, swimming, parties, but best of all were the nights when they just sat and smoked and talked. They had so much to learn about each other. Jan floated along on her own special cloud until a week before the fall term began.

They had spent the evening, talking about the crazy things they had done as children, when Ken casually mentioned that he had gone to St. Jerome's Grammar School. As if a light had been flashed on in her mind, Jan realized that she didn't even know what religion Ken was. Religion had just never entered their conversations, and by now Jan was so caught up in the spell the moonlight wove on the lake that she let the matter pass. It was that same night that Ken told Jan his mother wanted to meet her, and would she like to come to dinner that Friday?

Jan was so nervous Friday before

leaving that her mother threatened to disown her if she didn't stop fidgeting. When she and Ken finally walked into the Scholz home, she felt as though she had butterflies the size of pianos in her stomach. Mr. and Mrs. Scholz were charming and immediately relieved her nervousness. To Jan's great surprise, they were just like her own family, and long before dinner was ready, they were all chatting like old friends. When Charlie, the youngest Scholz, saw that the main dish was fish, he piped up disgustedly, "Aw, nuts, I hate fish! Why do we always have fish? Do you like fish, Jan?"

"Mm, yes, I do. We don't have it very often at our house; my father detests it, but Mom and I both like it." For an instant, so brief that Jan later thought it her overactive imagination, she saw a strange look cross Mrs. Scholz's face.

Later, as she and Ken were walking up the steps to the Nelson house, she told Ken about the look. It was dark and she couldn't see his face, but his words reassured her. "Jan, honey, you're just being silly; couldn't you see the whole family was crazy about you? Dad told me he thought you were great. The important thing is, do you like them?"

"Of course, I do. I think they're all very sweet, especially Charlie."

They sat and talked, oblivious of time, until Mrs. Nelson finally decided that if she did not go out on the porch, they would sit until dawn.

After Ken had said goodbye, Jan and her mother went into the kitchen and had some lemonade. The night was a typically sultry late summer

night — a night especially made for talking, instead of sleeping. Jan sat waiting for her mother to ask about the evening. Finally, unable to bear it a moment longer, she burst out, "Aren't you going to ask me what they're like? I think they like me, and we got along real well, and I think they are awfully nice. Ken said his father thought I was great."

Mrs. Nelson's smile changed to a half frown at her next words.

"You know, Mommy, I think they're Catholic. Ken's never said anything to me, but I'm pretty sure they are."

"That is a shame, dear. Perhaps you had better stop seeing Ken before things get too serious. You know how your father and I feel, and I'm sure he would never approve.

"Mommy, I know this sounds terrible, but I don't even care — I don't really mean that exactly. I don't even know what I mean, but as far as I'm concerned, it's already serious."

"Well, dear, I *do* think you're rushing things. You will probably feel differently in the morning. It is a romantic night! Good night, Jan."

Jan sat staring at the empty glass. "I know I've hurt her, and maybe all for nothing. If only I knew for sure. Why on earth should it matter so much. We all believe in the same things; it's only the way we go about it that's different. Well, maybe things will be different tomorrow . . . maybe."

Ken didn't call Saturday. Saturday night and Sunday went by without a word from him. As Jan moped about, packing for school, she no-

ticed the questioning but relieved look in Mrs. Nelson's eyes, but she ignored it. Sunday night when the Nelsons left her at the dormitory, her mother's parting words were, "Don't worry, Hon, everything works out for the best."

Waving goodbye, Jan thought ironically, "Why do mothers always say that?"

In the chaos of unpacking, Jan forgot, for a few moments, about Ken, and when the buzzer rang, she answered it automatically. It was only upon hearing that she had a caller that the pesky butterflies again made their appearance.

"Ken . . . but what about . . . I mean, what happened?"

With a glance at the girl behind the desk, Ken took her arm and replied, "Let's go for a walk."

They walked in silence until they reached a secluded bench on the hill overlooking the college. The silence lengthened until Jan thought she would explode. Just as she thought she must scream, Ken softly spoke. "I suppose you're mad at me about not calling and not showing up Saturday night. I hope you'll understand why I didn't. The truth is, I was planning never to see you again, but here I am — only lasted two days."

"But, Ken, I don't understand. How could you change your mind overnight like that? Did I do something?"

"No, Hon, it's nothing like that. I still love you; guess I always will. It's just that when I got home from your house Friday night, Mom was waiting for me. She asked a lot of

questions about you, wanted to know if I was serious about you, things like that. Then she said something that hit me like a bomb. She said, 'Of course, Jan's Catholic?' I just told her I didn't think you were and that we'd never discussed religion. She really hit the ceiling. I never saw her blow up like that before. Well, anyhow, we had a big fight, and I stormed off to bed."

Jan sat speechless and when she started to say something, Ken interrupted her.

"Wait a minute; I'm not through yet. That part's not so bad. I started thinking about it, and after a while I began thinking that maybe she was right. I don't know. I got all mixed up."

"It's funny, Ken, but we used to talk about these situations and I always thought I'd never get into one and even if I did, I'd break it off before it started. Just goes to show how dumb I was."

"I've always felt that way, too. That's one reason why I didn't call you. I wanted you to get so mad at me that you would never talk to me again. But I decided it wasn't fair not to tell you what happened."

Dusk was beginning to creep over the campus, and the shadows cast by the buildings seemed gigantic. The scene was ironically peaceful to two of the troubled spectators. Jan finally broke the silence by relating her talk with her mother.

"We didn't quarrel, but just about the same thing happened to me. Mother started asking about you; and when I told her you were Catholic, she got that special look she gets on

her face and said, 'You know your father will never approve.' So . . . where to now?"

"Lord, I never thought anything like this would happen to me!"

"Well, Ken, wishing won't change it. But we can't keep letting this hang over our heads, making us miserable. We've got to decide now. Wou . . . would you be willing to change?"

"Are you kidding? I told you how my mother feels. It would just kill her and Dad. Even if it weren't for them, I couldn't do it. . . I can't just throw away every belief and bit of learning I've gotten in twenty-two years just like that. Could you?"

"No, honestly, I don't think I could. Your reasons are exactly the same as mine, and neither of us has the right to ask the other to sacrifice."

"So, that leaves two alternatives. We can get married and keep our separate religions or we can just forget we ever met, or rather we could try!"

Jan looked pleadingly into Ken's eyes as she whispered, "Do you want to forget it?"

"It would be one of the hardest things I've ever done, and I'm not sure I could do it. We have to be realistic, though. You know, there are some things my church would require before we could get married. You'd have to sign a paper promising to raise our children in the Catholic faith. We'd have to be married by a priest, and we couldn't have a Protestant service afterward. There are some others, but I guess you

know what they are. What's your answer?"

Jan was silent for so long that Ken finally turned from his intense scrutiny of the end of his cigarette to look at her. The look told him everything. "Somehow, I knew you would feel that way."

They lapsed into silence again, watching the lights below flicker on one by one. It was as though with

each new light appearing below, another of their dreams lost its glitter and shattered.

Words were not necessary. They seemed to know each other's thoughts better than their own. With one last glance around them, avoiding each other's eyes, they rose and walked down the hill.

— Daisy Huber, '56

## The Poor Ump

*I stepped up with my super-sized bat,  
Brushed off the plate with the top of my hat.  
I straightened up, stepped back, dug in and waited.  
"Strike one!" cried the ump. My smile quickly faded.  
"See here, you blind goat! come get in the game."  
And I followed this up with some more not so tame.*

*I stepped back in the box; dug my spikes in the mud.  
The ball hit the mitt with an echoing thud.  
"Strike two!" cried the ump; 'twas a horrible sound.  
Says I, "Is your seeing-eye dog close around?"  
And he with a smile and wave of his hand  
Said, "Knock off the music or go join the band."*

*I stepped back in the box; took a get-ready swing.  
The pitcher wound up for that last mighty fling.  
"You're out!" said the man. "You're crazy," says I.  
"Any blind man could tell that ball was too high."  
"Go take a seat!" to me said the ump.  
My bat hit the ground with a mighty hard thump.  
I said to the coach, "Give that umpire the blame.  
The poor man's most blind; 'tis really a shame."*

— Forest C. Hanna, Jr., '58

## Urbanitis

*We'd hate to leave our city to live out in the sticks.  
Who wants to have to milk the cows and feed the little chicks?  
We couldn't leave our neighborhood — our gossipy, noisy block,  
We'd miss our office, crabby boss, phone complaints, and slow time-clock.*

*We'd rather spend the stuffy nights of August in our flat  
Where not a bit of breeze will blow. Who'd think of leaving that?  
We like our children in the streets with busses, cars, and trucks.  
We don't want them playing with chickens, lambs, and ducks!*

*We have our yard — it's four by five and big enough for us,  
'Cause if we even step on it, our landlord makes a fuss.  
And speaking of our landlord, he isn't really bad,  
Except we can't redecorate. (He likes what he first had.)*

*We love the noise, the smog, the dirt, and nosy neighbors, too.  
We'd hate to live upon a farm — we're City through and through.  
We rather like the dinning horns and dirty city air,  
The jerky, crowded subway rides and neighbors in our hair.*

*What good's a country life, indeed? Who likes to see the sky,  
Or rolling hills or little stones? Who needs a butterfly?  
We'd get no thrill from fields of grain (a business all our own).  
We'd rather live in our little flat than in a cozy home.*

*Now you may think that we are ignorant or that we're lazy.  
You're wrong on both because, you see, we're neither one. We're CRAZY!*

— Judy Tomiseck, '56

## College, U. S. A.

It seems that everyone, whether he be young or old, has been exposed at one time or another to that product of unlimited Hollywood imagination known simply and modestly as a "spectacular musical extravaganza"! The press agents go berserk with the release of such a production and superfluous adjectives, flowing with incredible ease, invade the advertisements.

Is it possible that there might be one particular form of celluloid musical that could conceivably be placed on a plane lower than average? There is, in my opinion, just one. It is commonly titled *College, U. S. A.* or something equally as trite.

This type of entertainment has been invading local cinema houses and insulting the intelligence of movie goers ever since make-up expert Wally Westmore discovered he could make a thirty-five year-old, three-time divorcee look like a virtuous coed.

In case it has been some time since you have been subjected to this type of buffoonery, I feel it my duty to refresh your memory. This I will attempt to do without the dubious benefits of cinemascrap, sterophony sound, lousycolor, or butter corn.

The first scene invariably finds demure, young, bewildered Penelope (Penny) getting off the train at Seedy Corners, a lazy little valley town which boasts the campus of Furshlunger College.

Penny, just beginning her college career as a freshman, hails from a little mining town in South Dakota. She has worked every spare moment for the last ten years to send herself

through school. Her father doesn't exactly smash the upper income bracket.

Penny doesn't know a soul in Seedy Corners or at Furshlunger except an old high school beau named Myron Snarf, who meets her at the station. Myron likes Penny. Myron is conference checker champion. He is a real nice guy. He takes Penny by the hand and escorts her to his old Model A Ford. They drive together down the shady streets of Seedy Corners. Its shady streets are in reality a work of art; it took the men on the set almost three hours to erect them.

Upon her first glimpse of the campus, Penny, unable to suppress her emotions, bursts into melodic song praising Furshlunger. Myron, far from being a kill-joy, joins her on the second chorus. Although they haven't seen each other since high school graduation, they are in perfect harmony and know all the words to the extemporaneous song.

They eventually jolt to a halt on the last note in front of Dalrymple Hall, women's dormitory at Furshlunger. Although it was broad daylight when they left the station, there is now full moonlight shedding golden light on the pair. This moon, in reality, is an electrician's pride and joy.

Penny, after thanking Myron for the lift, skips lightly up the stairs of Dalrymple carrying two steamer trunks and an ironing board, blowing kisses to Myron as he drives off.

The plot thickens when Penny meets her new roommate, Thelma.

Thelma is gorgeous. Thelma is queen of everything. Thelma is sexy.

It is immediately obvious to the audience that Thelma is much more worldly-wise than Penny. Thelma wears low-cut dresses. Penny wears Dorth Collins' blouses. Thelma wears make-up. So does Penny, but you're not supposed to know that. Thelma has an exotic hair-do. Penny's golden locks are unblemished by artificial treatments. Thelma is a knockout. Penny is unobtrusive. They make perfect roommates.

At the outset, the audience sees that Penny is a wallflower, while Thelma is constantly going on a mad whirl of frivolous fraternity parties. Penny stays home and practices her zither lessons. No one knows her or pays any attention to her except Myron, who comes over constantly to teach her the finer points of checkers. It becomes more and more obvious to the audience that Myron is a "square bear."

One evening while Myron and Penny are deeply engrossed in a fast-moving game, Thelma arrives with Biff, a fraternity man. Biff is president of Sigma Freud. Biff is BMOC. Biff has just pinned Thelma because Thelma is BWOC.

The scene shifts to the front stairs of Dalrymple Hall. There is Biff, dressed in his uniform (Biff is football captain) and holding Thelma very, very close. In the background are all Biff's Sig Freud brothers. They are singing the song reserved for just such moonlit occasions — "The Sweetheart of Sigma Freud."

In this scene, the magic of Hollywood is vividly demonstrated. The boys sound better than Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, and from nowhere

comes the lilting music of a five hundred piece orchestra.

Biff kisses Thelma. Biff kisses very well. He should. He's forty-six years old.

Biff takes Thelma by the arm and strolls into the foyer. They pass very close to Penny and Myron. Biff, of course, doesn't even notice Penny, until Thelma winks at him with a knowing smile and introduces him. The implication here is that Thelma is just being the gracious big wheel that she is by allowing Penny to meet her pin-man.

Biff smiles at Penny. Penny's heart goes pitty-pat. Penny is in love with Biff.

Let us pause for a moment in our critique to take stock of just what has transpired in the first fifty minutes. There is more than a triangle; there is a quadrangle. Penny loves Biff after saying "How do you do"; Biff loves Thelma because Thelma is sexy; Thelma loves Biff because Biff is BMOC; and last, but not least Myron loves Penny, but Thelma has been in the back of his mind ever since he heard that she could play a mean game of checkers.

The next scene is in Penny's room. Thelma is out as usual and Penny is meditating. She is trying to think of a way to win Biff. At this moment who should enter but the kindly old housemother, aptly portrayed by Mae West. In the movie her name is Mother Perkins. Mother Perkins asks the reason for Penny's obvious melancholy.

Penny tearfully pours out her troubles. Mother Perkins chortles to herself. It seems that she has resolved the problem. It seems that she was

once a Ziegfield Follies girl and knows all the tricks of the trade with regard to alluring the opposite sex.

The next day a new girl is sitting in Penny's classroom chair. The audience knows, of course, that it's not a new girl at all, but actually Penny, who has been transformed by Mother Perkins's make-up tricks. She is wearing an outfit that should get her arrested for indecent exposure.

Everyone stares at Penny's low-cut dress. Everyone stares at the smiling red lips. Everyone watches the way she walks. Penny is so happy at the way everyone is staring at her that she once again breaks into song. The whole class, who likes to stare at the new Penny, breaks into song, too. Penny's voice can be heard above all the rest because she's really not singing. It's actually Jane Froman.

Penny bounces out of class after deftly squelching some unwholesome ideas the prof had. She dances down the campus singing gaily with that mysterious five hundred piece orchestra. No one seems to notice her dancing or singing with the five hundred piece orchestra.

Her choreography takes her in front of the Sigma Freud fraternity house. It might be apropos to describe this edifice. It's very large. As a matter of fact, it dwarfs the Waldorf. It has huge white pillars and a gold door on which is emblazoned a picture of its founder, Dr. Kraft-Ebbing, and its crest.

Just as Penny walks by, the door bursts open and out comes Biff, not walking but dancing, dressed in Oxford gray slacks, white bucks and a gaudy sport shirt. He has a tennis racket under his bronze-colored arm and dances out to the curb where his

Cadillac convertible with the Cashmere top is parked. Biff is subsidized.

Biff ogles Penny as she flits by and does the now-famous Hollywood "double take". He inquires if Penny would like a lift. You bet Penny wants a lift. The whole plot has been building up to this gripping climax.

Once Penny is settled on the genuine leather seat, Biff asks her her name, his painted white teeth grinding sensuously. She tells him that she is Penny, the demure young thing he'd met that night in Dalrymple. He, of course, can't believe his eyes. Neither can the audience.

They talk as they drive and suddenly it's dark. They conveniently find themselves on the edge of a sleepy lagoon. The crickets are chirping as the big car glides to a halt under a psuedo-weeping willow.

Biff has the radio on. Freddy Gardner's "I'm in the Mood for Love" is softly playing. Biff puts his muscled arm around Penny and begins to croon. Freddy Gardner suddenly loses the melody and begins to accompany Biff as he sings. The audience wishes they had a radio in their car that would accompany them when they sing to each other.

Biff professes his undying love for Penny. Penny professes her undying love for Biff. Then Biff, Penny, and the radio all combine their talents in a rousing chorus of "It's a Great Big Wide, Wonderful World That we Live In."

The last scene is at the Campus Sweet Shoppe. All the gang is there. Penny is now wearing Biff's pin. Thelma is now carrying Myron's checkerboard. All four are dancing

from table to table, deftly missing the various and sundry plates and glasses. Myron especially amazes the audience because up to this time he has done nothing but play checkers. If they had read the marquee carefully before coming in, they would have seen that Myron is played by Fred Astaire.

The Sweet Shoppe proprietor, played by Lauritz Melchior, begins singing the "Drinking Song" from *The Student Prince*. Everyone joins

in singing and dancing on the tables. A few more adept students are demonstrating their agility by aerial stunts on the revolving ceiling fans. The epic ends as they all stop, face the camera with broad grins and drain their malted milk glasses.

Yes, indeed, *College, U. S. A.* is really a wonderful form of entertainment to miss.

— David H. Buswell, '57

## The Hollow Time

*Convention's wall of stone entombs the voice;  
And echoes of the truth remain in dark deception.  
Pretention rules the days of all who breathe  
And empty laughter rives the soul of mirth.  
Foul fares the land of the hot dog stand  
And the football hero and the marching band.*

*Compulsion eats the heart of dying thought;  
It speeds decay and breaks the noble mind.  
To doubt the lie has come to be the sin  
As politicians paganize the creed.  
Foul fares the land of the St. Louis jazz,  
The gem of the ocean and the raz-ma-taz.*

*Where doubter can not live, save he be bland,  
No truth shall flower nor peace be ever known.  
For freedom dies not at the rebel's hand  
But when a freedom's faith is blown.  
And foul fares a land where this is true;  
The end of the story is up to you.*

— Yossel Naiman, '55

## Voice of Korea's Dilemma

Caught in the middle of cultural and ideological crosscurrents today which are intensified by the real and personal effects of foreign domination and destruction by war, we Koreans are frequently perplexed and confused to the point of paralysis. Yet we hope for "some way out."

Historian Toynbee states in his study of historical causes and effects that four laws operate through every event regardless of how ruthless, cruel and complete the destructive event may have seemed on individuals and whole nations. These laws are really four ancient occidental proverbs, which are worth considering.

*When the night is the darkest, the stars come out to shine.* At times our situation or circumstances seem so dark and gloomy that we feel only the hopelessness of attempting growth and action because of not being able to see beyond the immediate darkness; however, as it is literally true with the darkest nights we have only to look up to discover that there are lights — many more than we ever imagined before — to comfort, guide, and point out new ways to go.

*Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad.* The compulsions, temptations, and lusts which pervert men today into evil monsters are the same forces which have perverted them in the past — the insane drive for power and the willingness to do anything to keep it, the determination for wealth, or the breaking of all principles for temporal sensation, and so on; but in each evil force the seeds of self-destruction are present from the beginning, inevitably causing the destruction of the evil personality or system of which it was the original motivation.

*When the bee steals more honey from the flower, it also causes the flower to be fertilized.* We tend always to think too much about what we have lost through personal or national violation and destruction, but although we might have suffered and still are suffering from it, we cannot afford to dwell on our losses. History is full of individual men and nations who were stripped of apparently everything but who went on to magnificent greatness by using what was left within themselves instead of mourning for the past or shrinking into self-pity.

*The mill of the Gods grinds exceedingly slowly, but it grinds exceedingly fine.* We become frustrated and anxious because we see evil men prosper. We cannot understand why those who follow goodness must remain too often poor, sinned against, and uncared for. Yes, it is true that evil, hypocrisy, injustice, and darkness have their season of full blossom, but it is also true that again if a man or a nation gives itself to any evils, it will perish by those same evils. No man or nation can work against its own best nature forever.

To these truths, as Toynbee sees historical processes, Koreans may add one more: *He that would save his own life must first lose it.* A paradox, perhaps, but we find significance in life through its paradoxes. When we live selfishly, gaining only for self, we really cease to grow in spirit, personality, and character, thereby losing our own true self. Only by giving ourselves to a cause or way greater than self do we gain what our real self is seeking. We were made to lose the petty, self-seeking, narrow soul in order to find the greater soul through sacrifice, love,

service and inclusiveness of all men.

In this respect, we do not have to worry about the permanence of modern communism, dictatorship and autocracies. They are not based on the real nature of man from the beginning; they will therefore perish, whether from internal deterioration or external force.

We have only to do what we must in losing our mean small selves in

the causes greater than ourselves in order to find true realistic maturity, life, and greatness.

Yes, these four ancient proverbs provide the young generation with a hope for tomorrow. They permit us to express it in an arrestingly candid and true voice even while Korea is in dilemma.

— Chai Kyung Soo, '57

## Handicap

*From the day of his birth  
Till he's covered with earth  
To a woman he's only a man.*

*He may be a genius, a student, a fool;  
He may win all honors or none while in school.  
To a woman he's only a man.*

*In the arts or in treasure  
Though ahead by long measure,  
To a woman he's only a man.*

*The world may be mauled by his exporting trade,  
Or pitted completely with bombs that he's made.  
To a woman he's only a man.*

*In science he may have the world at his feet.  
He even may sit in the President's seat.  
To a woman he's only a man.*

*He may have dreams of startling schemes,  
And fill the air with 'lectronic beams  
To a woman he's only a man.*

*He may be a hero, a king or a louse,  
But he'll have the right answers to give to his spouse.  
To his woman he's only her man.*

— John Henaugen, G. '55

## My, How You've Grown

The inevitable growth of humans is a fact hopelessly ignored by those mortals known as "older people." These people, upon viewing a child whom they haven't seen for some time, let out shrieks of astonishment, "My how you've grown!" Included in their repertoire of clever witticisms is, "The last time I saw you, you were only knee-high to a grasshopper." These profound remarks, intended to produce favorable response in said offspring, produce only a feeling of hostility.

If the child had not grown, then, and only then, would the people have some basis for astonishment. This situation would certainly be unusual and deserving of some amazement. Gazing upon such a child, an older person would be justified in saying, "My, you haven't grown an inch." This would indicate to the child that something was amiss and needed looking in to. However, in view of the present situation, we are producing a generation of frustrated individuals. When his growth is thus attacked, the child feels uncomfortable and gangly. Since there is nothing that he can do about his rate of growth, the child becomes emotionally disturbed. At the slightest mention of his growth, he blushes to the very tip of his toes; his heart drops; and his mouth becomes dry. His entire composure is off-balance, and his existence becomes miserable.

After several such reminders of his growth the child's personality begins to warp. He stops thinking of himself as a person and begins to regard himself as only a vegetable.

This reaction is popular among many of these afflicted youth. A farmer takes great pride in his crop, and his friends, wishing to make him feel good, compliment him on the growth of his vegetables. This application carries over in the mind of the child, and he develops a vegetable complex. Imagine your own distaste at being thought of as a head of cabbage or a stalk of celery.

Perhaps the greatest harm is done by these people when they compare the child's size with that of his parents. When a well-meaning relative reminds me of the fact that I am taller than my mother, I can feel only bitterness in my heart for him. When he goes even further and exclaims that I will soon be as tall as my father, my attitude becomes one of outright contempt. My father is six-foot-one, and I have no desire to become a woman Amazon.

Family relations are also injured by these hateful remarks. Imagine how the child's opinion of his parents is lowered because he blames them for his present condition. After a course in elementary biology the child is even more convinced of his parents' guilt. Here he is — the victim of a cruel and hopeless plot.

Considering all the horrible effects of a few careless phrases, let us be more watchful in the future. Remember, "A word to the wise is sufficient," and, "A stitch in time saves nine."

— Lu Ann Vlk, '57

## To a Skeleton

*Sir, hanging there  
With hook-screwed hand,  
What does it feel like  
To be dead?*

*What is your name?  
Where are you from?  
Why is it that  
Your mouth is dumb?*

*But set-clenched teeth  
And naked eye  
Refuse to give me  
A reply.*

*Oh, tell me where  
Your long feet trod,  
Your hands did prayers  
They lift to God?*

*Those were moved  
One day by you,  
And with them, sir,  
What did you do?*

*But set-clenched teeth  
And naked eye  
Refuse to give me  
A reply.*

*And, sir, I still can  
Sense you life  
Of happiness combined  
With strife.*

*Oh, please, who are you?  
Let me know  
How did your life  
On this earth go?*

*But nothing do  
My questions gain—  
The soul is gone;  
The bones remain.*

— Faye Jackson, '57

## Pass the Nut-Cracker, Please

Though my lanky, emaciated appearance seems to deny it, I like to eat — a fact to which all my closest companions will readily testify. I especially like to eat fine (\$4.50 and up) dinners. One of the greatest (most expensive) delicacies in America today is broiled African lobster — delicious! Though I have eaten it several times, I am still faced with a problem with which I am unable to cope. How in the devil do you get the lobster out of its shell? I am not very adept in the use of miners' tools which the finest establishments furnish when serving this delight. Why the nut-cracker and all those cute little dentist picks? And why a delicate little pickle fork for such a difficult proposition? By the way, when I finally do force it out of its shell only to see it go flying across the room, how can I walk up to an utter stranger and say, "Pardon me, madam, but that's my lobster you're holding in your lap."

Probably the greatest reason for my delight in African lobster, in spite of all the difficulties, derives from watching my companion's face turn a lovely shade of green when I order this costly treat. That brings up another pet grievance; why does a gentleman take a lady out to eat at some elegant establishment and expect her to eat the cheapest thing on the menu which invariably turns out to be spaghetti? And if lobster is difficult to eat in public, spaghetti is ten times worse. How can anyone maintain an air of poise and sophistication with a long string of spaghetti

hanging from the corners of her mouth and the sauce running down her chin?

If a fellow wants to test a girl's patience — to see if she'd make a good wife — all he has to do is take her to a banquet. Every banquet features chicken — half a roast young chicken covered with rich, brown gravy. Delicious, if she ever gets to eat any of it. Oh, it's perfectly proper to pick up a small piece of chicken with the fingers. The problem is getting the small piece of chicken detached from the large piece. There is only one way I know of doing this; pick up the whole thing and rip it apart in good old caveman fashion. This solves the problem — provided the person nearest doesn't mind having a little gravy splashed all over him.

Many a professional hockey player probably got his start as a child by chasing the last two peas around on his plate. Oh, why weren't peas made square instead of round? And how does one keep from blowing up when, after the elusive little morsels are finally cornered, at an unguarded moment they slide off, and, consequently, she takes a great big bite of — nothing.

Speaking of blowing, how does one keep calm and put out the flame on the baked Alaska without blowing? Oh well, anyone care for a hamburger?

— Sally S. Meaders, '57

## Assurance

*Sometimes, dear God, the road is  
rough,  
The voice of circumstance so gruff  
I grope but weakly for Thy way.*

*But, Father, if I keep my soul  
Intent on Thee, this cloud will roll;  
As time goes on, life will be whole  
With Thee.*

— Neva Kelsey, '58

## My Faith

*How my old childhood faith has slipped away.  
And how I strive to grasp it back again.  
The sweetness and the sureness of youth's day  
Have taken all content and leave me pain.  
Give back the darkened glass that I may see  
None but the fanciful and factless dreams  
Which now I brush away as frailty;  
For face to face I see but useless schemes.  
Or give full understanding, not this doubt  
Of science unfulfilled and life unknown.  
Or smash the little learning, drive it out,  
And let me hold a creed that can be shown.  
What little use I am when this is true —  
I know myself but not what I must do.*

— Roberta Simone, '56

## The Quiet Hour

The quiet hour is my favorite hour. It has come to me in many different places. It has come to me in many different ways.

The quiet hour is the time each day in which I can get away from the pressure of life. It is the time in which I can get away from people and noise. It is the time in which I can take stock of the day.

Tonight the quiet hour is apt to be at three o'clock in the morning. When I return from work, the house will be still. Hot tea, a cigarette, and solitude help to make the quiet hour. In peace and stillness I will separate the muddled collection of thoughts gathered in the day.

The time span of the quiet hour is

not always the same. It has come to me in a moment of stillness at the rail of a ship. The moon dancing on the blue of the Pacific has given a moment of peace. It came to me one night in a little chapel in California. It has accompanied me for days in the deep stillness of the woods. It came to me when I stood on the bank of a rock-tormented river and watched a herd of deer swim to the safety of an island in that river. It has often come as I stand over the crib of my sleeping daughter and take her tiny hand in mine.

The quiet hour is my hour of faith. It is my hour of renewing hope. It is my hour of life.

— Douglas W. Johnson, '58

## Humility

*Humility is a hidden quality.*

*It is like a particle of dust —  
barely visible to the naked eye,  
and like a tiny white snowflake  
whose finite beauty goes unobserved.*

*Only by deep penetration is it revealed.*

*Because it is imbedded in a very  
definite part of man's soul — his heart,  
it finds happiness in what God grants  
and is encompassed by a love of all mankind.*

*Humility is truly the ultimate of simplicity.*

— Barbara Kaczmarek, '56

## Some Call It Spring . . .

Some call it spring when a young man would rather stare at a pretty miss on the other side of the class room than delve into his book on higher economics. Some call it spring when the pretty miss is perfectly aware of the young man's adoration of her and yet pays no attention.

The professor may drone on for hours. He knows that few people are listening to him, but this is the only way he knows to collect his pay check. He is not dull-witted, however. A disapproving look crosses his face. He sees that the young man is trying to attract the attention of the pretty miss. In his mind he begins to form some sarcastic comment, but it is too much effort. He forgives the young man. After all, it's spring.

A lonely fly wanders through the open classroom window. He takes a few turns around the room before he picks out someone to bother. On a hot day like this he wants to see how annoyed he can make some poor unfortunate. He picks out the young man who is so badly stricken with love. He lands on the young man's nose. He receives no response. He makes an attack on the young man's hands, his ears, his neck, and even his eyes. Still there is no response. With a buzz of disappointment the

fly wanders out the window. It's the first time that he ever failed to bring a response. But after all, it's spring.

The end of the class is near; the professor is finishing his lecture. The young man stares wretchedly at the pretty miss. She still pays no attention to him. Suddenly, the young man coughs out of sheer desperation. The pretty miss looks his way and sees him staring at her. They both blush, and suddenly the professor has their rapt attention. The professor has noted this and smothers a chuckle. After all, it's spring.

When the class has ended, the young man tries to make his way over to the pretty miss. Suddenly he swells with rage. Someone has gotten there first; the pretty miss walks out the door with someone else. He is about to swear off women for life when he notices a girl talking to the professor. The young man wonders if perhaps he was being a little hasty to think of swearing off women. He sits down on a desk to wait for the girl. The professor notes this and is somewhat bewildered. Then he shrugs his bewilderment off; after all, it's spring.

— Jacky Gerhardt, '57

## The Toad

*I saw a toad  
In the road;  
And from afar  
I saw a car.*

*The toad hopped not  
But stood his ground;  
The car stopped not  
But bore right down.*

*And as I watched  
(Quite indiscreetly),  
The toad was squashed  
(And very neatly).*

— Robert Franke, '56

## The Short Night

*'Twas April 14, and all through the house  
The only one stirring was a man, not a mouse;  
The rest of the family were snug in their bed,  
While Pa, at the table, was scratchin' his head.  
Papers were scattered without too much care,  
In another minute he would pull out his hair.  
He would multiply, divide, subtract and add,  
But it turned out all wrong — he looked so sad.  
He tried it again, and again it did fail!  
Oh why! Oh why! was he made a male?  
As dawn was approaching he found his success,  
If only his figures were not such a mess.  
Then what to his wondering eyes did he see  
But the tax collector, wanting his fee.*

— Ruth Alice LeDain, '58

## The Clay Pipe

The snow, bitterly taut and shining under a boasting moon, gave full warning to the banshee and the little men to stay inside. In the house Malachi and Mary sat snug against the cold. His felt boots warmed near the kitchen stove next to the low box of wood, hidden in the dark shadows. The single oil lamp, turned low to rest old eyes, cast a yellow glow, which was caught and held by the varnished pine wainscoating, the cupboards, and door frames. The fire in the stove gave off some heat but not enough to make the old man remove his coat or the old woman her shawl. Her blue eyes sparkled brightly even in the dim glow. She fingered her well-worn rosary, moving her lips to the soft Irish words and dreaming of her childhood days in the old country. This was a long time ago — a happy time until the blight on the potatoes and the mouldy stirabout, which made even the professional keeners sad, caused Mary's family to seek relief in the new country.

Malachi sat in silence, his chair tilted, smoking his clay pipe, blackened by age and use. He, too, with eyes half closed beneath shaggy brows, was again in the days of his youth, before the famine forced a hurried removal to the thick, tall-grassd Illinois prairie.

There was a sound of footsteps on the snow of the unshoveled walk at the side of the house and then on the steps and the porch.

"Mary! Who's there?"

She opened the door before a knock was necessary to admit a middle-aged woman and a boy of ten.

"Hello, folks. We thought we'd

drop over for a while."

"Come in. I was thinking of ye. I said to Lac we'd be seeing you between Christmas and New Year's. Put more wood in, Lac. Sit by the stove, ye little gossoon, where ye'll be warm."

The blue smoke of the pipe, set in motion by the jostling cold air, swirled crazily and then settled again overhead in a sweet smelling haze.

"The priest got a good collection Christmas, he did. That should be enough for him until Easter," continued the hospitable Mary. "Mind ye, I'm not saying he's not a good man, but he always needs money. Of course, he's called out in the night and in all kinds of weather to get them ready for the next world. Didn't Bridgit's old man get him up in the middle of the night to oil her shins? The Lord have mercy on her. She didn't make a die of it yet."

The boy sat on his straight chair, squirming. Malachi puffed at his pipe, knowing he had little chance to talk as the women went over the happenings in the lives of the people they knew. To break the monotony, he occasionally lifted the stove lid and spat in the fire.

"Ye little spalpeen, would ye like an apple now?" Mary offered.

"He doesn't need anything ot eat," said the boy's mother. "He just had a big supper."

Mary, her mind set, rose from her rocker, brought a red and shrunken apple from the cold front parlor. She polished it shakily with a corner of her large, blue-and-white checked,

gingham apron before giving it to the boy.

"Thank you, Aunt Mary," said the boy. He remembered the firm, fresh apples he had taken from the tree last summer when Lac and Mary were at the other end of the potato patch from where the tree stood.

As the boy munched the apple and his great Uncle Lac eyed him silently, the women continued their conversation. The talk veered suddenly to reminiscences of Christmas and New Years in the land of the sham-rock.

"We cleaned the house," Mary explained, "stacked dry turf near the fire, put a jug of potheen handy so the little men and ourselves could have a drop to warm the body against the chill."

"Ye're forgetting," interrupted Lac, "that we cleaned the barn."

"Did ye have a barn?" questioned

Mary, not liking the interruption and remembering Lac's way of bragging of his family's possessions.

"We did have a barn!" he replied heatedly.

"And what did ye have in it?" taunted Mary.

"We had a bull and a jackass."

Everyone laughed but Lac. He spat in the fire and returned to his pipe.

Soon the visitors rose to go. "We'll be to see you again shortly," said the woman going down the porch steps with the boy.

"God bless ye and frost to yer heels," called Mary.

"Good night," said Lac, closing the door, meanwhile picking up a piece of harness to mend.

— John Henaughan, G '55

## Memory

*The wind on the harp of winter  
Is plucking a savage din;  
Though all is cold outside,  
How warm it is within!*

*The fire on the hearth laughs loudly  
And takes a wooden bride.  
Though all the flesh is warm,  
How cold it is inside!*

— Glenn Erickson, '57

## A Beautiful Feeling

When one begins to understand  
the innermost parts of a beautiful  
feeling and ceases to wonder at its  
strangeness and everlasting newness,  
the feeling shrivels and becomes as  
a broken toy in the hands of an in-  
ept child; the potential of greatness,  
once present, fades to an insipid sense  
of loss.

*I considered a violet by a tiny  
stream.  
I pondered and wandered all about  
it.  
Then, like a sage, I understood,  
and picked it.*

*I carried it but a minute,  
it seemed to be.  
And when again I looked to see  
my violet, shriveled and dead,  
in my hand it lay.*

*You see, I understood it;  
it refused to understand me.*

— Patt Van Dyke, '58

## On Hearing La Chanson de la Fleur

*Come, soar with me beyond the mountain's crest,  
Rise high on frosted wings to where the sea  
Impassioned troubles not the seaman's breast.  
Sail across the wind-whipped entity.  
Scanning space, the air will fill our souls  
And swell the spirit of forgetfulness.  
The molten rock from smoking crater rolls;  
Away, from all the world's feverishness.  
Somewhere our destination will be found  
In azure isolation with nothing  
To steal the torturing thrill; nor any sound  
But Angel choirs hallowing the King.  
Play on, pour forth music's unfolding bliss;  
Myself suspended hangs aloft of this.*

— Roberta Simone, '56

## The Beach and the Carnival

Walking . . . walking . . . walking, I make my way along the Atlantic beach. The waves of the ocean come in, churning the sand around my feet, and then slip back, leaving the soft, moist sand for me to walk in. The waves come in, and they go out, slowly but with a definite rhythm. The little sandpiper does the same, in and out, in and out, while searching for his supper. Down into the wet sand he goes as the waves go out, and he scurries back with the waves coming close behind him. "Oh, watch out! You won't make it!" But he manages to escape the oncoming breakers each time, for the water never seems to touch his little peg legs as he scurries out of its reach.

The sea gulls scream above trying to sound important as they search for food. The sun changes into a fiery ball in the west, turning the shore to a coppery gold. The brilliant light illuminates the driftwood and waves for just a few minutes. As suddenly as twilight comes, it disappears; and slowly everything turns grey and misty. The driftwood melts into the growing darkness, and the sea turns a murky grey with only the white caps showing where the waves break. The calm is unbroken except for the cry of the gull and the crashing of the waves as they meet the giant boulders along the sandy beach. The only movements are the waves coming in, the sea gulls soaring overhead, and the sandpipers darting in and out. Then as darkness slowly comes in,

even the little birds gradually leave and go home. Stillness reigns except for the eternal waves.

Walking . . . walking slowly I go back towards the life of Ocean Grove. I pass the Marinette boat docks, where the trim fishing boats stand row after row silhouetted against the evening sky. In the darkness only an occasional indistinct light glimmers in the obscure hulks floating side by side. The only sounds are the occasional creaking of a mast and the slapping of the waves against the sides of the boats.

Walking on the boardwalk, I hear the carousel music of Silverbeach carnival in the distance. As I come closer, the music drowns out the sounds of the waves, and the garish lights blind my eyes. A girl's high pierced laughter echoes through the night, and the monotonous shout of the barker rings in my ears. The pungent odor of salt water taffy and popcorn replaces the pleasant freshness of the Atlantic.

Slowly I look back. The beach is very dark; it almost looks forbidding. The gay lights of the carnival seem warm and friendly. For a moment the beach and the carnival seem like life — the carnival gay, carefree and meaningless, but the beach is dark, silent, and yet, it seems secure.

— Judith Johnson, '58

## Fear

*Sobbing, I run through misty rain  
Seeking an unknown comforter.  
The darkness calls with a lure  
That fills my heart with fear and pain.*

*Behind me is a tear-drenched lane  
In which I now, in horror, hear  
Pursuing footsteps, slow and drear,  
Which pound like hammers in my brain*

*With steady pace the footsteps gain.  
I seek escape, but find no place  
To hide from my aggressor's face.  
My hurried steps are all in vain.*

*Suddenly, the sky is filled with light,  
Clouds roll away the giant stone  
And I am left, once more alone  
To tremble breathless in the night.*

*All is still in the void of space.  
Darkness gone, I sense I'm free.  
I square my shoulders and turn to see  
Only my own familiar face.*

— Roberta Foulis, '56

## Escape

*I lift my head to rhythm's vibrant call,  
Induced to free my soul from heaviness.  
Arise, the tempo cries, across my hall  
Seeking a being lost in weariness.  
As if held in a magic siren's spell,  
I try interpreting the tune by dance.  
With tour jetes and ballonnes I tell  
All my emotions while the hours advance.  
Exhausted, I collapse, my head swirling.  
I'm lulled as an infant by the tempo  
Into a dream of bright dancers whirling  
To primitive rituals of long ago.  
Escape from life's confusion is complete,  
With the aid of notes and loud drum beat.*

— Charles Hoenes, '56

## College Bound

Just before I got into the car, Dad slipped me five dollars. "You might need some gas or something," he said.

"Be sure to write," Mom said as I stepped into my shining 1939 Plymouth. She was covering up well, but Mom doubtless cried after I drove out of the yard. She always cries. She cries when she is sad; she cries when she is happy; she cries when she is tired; and sometimes she cries for practically no reason at all. Funny thing though, she hardly ever cries when she is hurt or sick.

"Sometime if you get a chance," Dad said, "drive over to Sycamore and look up Johnny Mack's Radio Shop. Tell him who you are — he'll fix it up for you." I had placed an old Philco radio in my car; for some reason I could not get enough volume. I could not figure out what the trouble was, and nobody that I asked seemed to know any more than I did.

"Good-bye, everyone," I shouted as I revved-up the motor. "See you in two weeks. I'll write and tell you what my address is." With that I drove out of the yard and headed for Hursh's.

Ron was going with me this time; he would drive down on the next trip. "I hope I haven't forgotten anything," I said to myself as I turned north on the Poplar Grove Road.

It was not long before I could see his house. As I drove up the hill, I could see his little sister, Cheryl, standing in the doorway. Ron came out the door as I turned into the driveway.

I could see anxiety written across his face. His whole family came out.

They all showed an expression of excitement as we loaded his clothes into the back seat. We said good-bye and drove down the dusty road to the busy highway.

Neither of us said very much. We were both thinking. This was all new to us.

I had known I was going to go to college from the time I had been in sixth grade. I did not know what school I was going to attend or what I was going to study to be, but I knew I was going to go to college.

Last year I started to worry. I was a senior in high school, but I still did not know what I was going to do after graduation. I had thought that law, commercial art, architecture, and possibly medicine would be interesting fields to enter. I considered each one very carefully and weighed the pros and cons. Then, in late November, it struck me — I wanted to be a high school teacher. Still, I did not know what I would like to teach, or where I would like to go to school. Feverishly, I started writing for college catalogs, looking up scholarship information, and deciding on my major and minor. But I could not decide where I wanted to go — that is, until I visited the campus at NISTC. Then I knew — Northern was the place for me.

During the first part of the summer I had worked for the "Jolly Green Giant," a pea-vinery five miles north of my home, as a timekeeper. Later in the summer I had worked at the canning factory in Belvidere as a sanitation inspector. (That was their name for a "floor-flusher and sludge-scooper.") I was always planning what I was going to take to

college, and what I needed to buy.

Now the eventful day had arrived. I had changed the oil in my car. I had washed, polished, and vacuumed it. I had spent a whole day just getting the old Plymouth ready to go to Northern. Ron and I were on our way.

As the tires sang a near-monotone on the hot blacktop, my thoughts drifted back to my high school days. I thought of my classmates — a swell bunch of kids. I probably would not see some of them very often now. Roger and Pat were working in Chicago; Lynn was going to college in the East (Radcliffe, I think); Betty was enrolling at "Normal"; Art was studying at Luther College in Decorah, Iowa; several of the girls were living and working in Rockford; and Jim and Bernice were going to college in Wisconsin. I had already lost

track of some of the gang. I thought of freshman initiation (such fun!); the sophomore class trip to Chicago; the football and basketball games and the track meets; *Seventeenth Summer*, our junior class play — I was the great lover; the homecoming dance during my junior year, the Junior-Senior Prom, our senior class play, *State Fair* — I was an old farmer in that one, our senior class trip, and finally, Graduation.

But now I was on my way to DeKalb. What did Northern Illinois State Teachers College have in store for me? I would meet people and make new friends. I would have a new roommate. I was making the first step in moving out away from my family. Would this life be as good as the one I had lived thus far? I wondered — could it ever be?

— John Bullard, '58

## Departure

*The "L" platform was deserted, as I  
Stood tired and lonely waiting for my train.  
The fog erased the line between the sky  
And the buildings with a misty grey stain.  
A few wet evening papers clinging sadly  
Across a bench were the only remains  
To remind me of the people gladly  
Rushing for their crowded afternoon trains.  
A noise faintly pierced through the dreary night,  
And then a light pushed softly down the track.  
The dull shaped "L" crawled slowly into sight.  
Soon I would leave not wishing to come back.  
Alone in the city — always alone,  
A cold, unfriendly life, always your own.*

— Charles Hoenes, '56

## Big Red

He was a large horse, red except for two white stockings and a broad strip of white down his face. He was standing on a knoll overlooking a green valley in which his band of mares and their foals grazed contentedly. The late afternoon sun glinting on his red coat made it shine like burnished gold. Suddenly he stiffened at the scent brought to him on the breeze. With arched neck and tail erect, he swiftly trotted down the incline into the valley, then bunched his mares and drove them into a far corner. Whirling about he turned to meet the intruder.

With his muscles flowing smoothly under his satin coat, the big black horse majestically paced forward. The two met about one-hundred yards apart. Screaming his challenge, the black hurtled forward.

At the same moment the red drove to meet him, and both stopped short about twenty feet apart. They charged simultaneously, each with bared teeth, trying to reach the other's throat.

The black drew first blood when his hoof struck the other horse's withers. The red stain oozed slowly down the shoulder.

Each whirled and reared to strike with his front hoofs. Blows to the body resounded like the striking of great bass drums. Constant squeals of rage punctuated the blows. Big Red reared high to pommel the other's back, scraping flesh from the bones and trying to land a blow on the kidneys.

They parted for a moment, each striving to get his breath and his balance for a second charge. Again they plunged toward each other.

The black horse was tiring, as the unnatural expansion of his nostrils showed. His body was laced with jagged streams of red.

With sinuous grace they rose, met, swerved, with no wasted motion, each trying to seize the foreleg to cripple the other one. Suddenly, like a darting rattler, the red one thrust his muzzle under and seized the lower leg of the black before he could withdraw it and crunched it in his jaws, thus rendering it useless.

The black gave no sign. When Big Red loosened his hold, the black rose to his full height. His left leg dangled uselessly as he prepared to strike with a powerful right hoof.

The red one saw the blow coming, dropped his head, and whirled, striking the other as he came down with a killing blow. The lashing heels caught the black full in the face, ripping both cheeks.

Thrown off balance because of the failure to land his blow and the terrible kick received, the black sank to his knees, his good leg giving out. Immediately the red form whirled, and with one powerful pawing motion crushed the bony structure of the head of the other animal.

With blood spouting from the fatal wound, the large animal slowly sank into the earth. Once more Big

Red rose high into the air, and this time the blow severed the skull. The black form gave a convulsive shudder and then lay still.

A mighty scream of triumph resounded from the mountain sides as the conqueror bugled his victory.

The mares and their foals went back to grazing, and the red one to the knoll to resume his watchful protection of his herd. A full moon illuminated the scene in the valley below making the horses black splotches in a sea of silver.

— Jacqueline Beardsley, '57

## Along The Street

*I have watched the people walk  
along the street — houses are no longer there —  
peering into piles of stone,  
dreaming —  
or just remembering  
what has stood, and now is bare.*

*I have heard the people talk  
in little groups around a glass of wine or beer —  
making suggestions,  
blaming —  
or just accepting  
what now lies, and once was here.*

*I have seen the people work  
in steady rhythm to the hammer's pounding beat —  
taking desolation,  
building —  
or just repairing  
what now stands, along the street.*

— James P. Leahy, '56

## Thirty Torturous Minutes

"Why! Why did I do it!" I exclaimed hysterically to myself as I paced nervously to and fro in the room.

Unconsciously, I stared at my watch — 5:30; thirty more minutes and I wouldn't have to worry about my life any more. (I knew that if a repetition of the incident occurred, I would refuse.) Suddenly the room appeared to be rather stuffy and dry. Putting my fingers to my neck, I loosened my collar and then staggered over to the sink for a glass of water. Filling the glass, I began to drink, but spilled most of the water on my shirt.

"Oh, why isn't it all over?" I asked myself as my hand nervously withdrew a cigarette from my pocket. Finding a match, I attempted to light the cigarette, but found it useless because my hands were shaking like branches in the wind. Throwing the cigarette aside, I began pacing the floor. "Why does it have to be me?" I questioned myself.

My life as Bob Stone had begun in a large mansion located inland, off the coast of Miami, Florida. During my childhood, I was sent to the best school that money could obtain. At the age of eighteen, I attended Florida Normal and Industrial College in Tallahassee. Why, I'll never know.

After completing the four years in college, I enlisted in the Navy, though it caused much disagreement between my family and me. I received my discharge three years later and became a Miami playboy. I purchased a swanky car and associated with many dashing young men and women.

The trouble started when I began

escorting a certain young lady, Darlene Naveil, around town. I met her in a drugstore one Saturday night. I offered to drive her home and she hesitantly accepted. From then on, she and I went out six nights every week; the seventh I reserved to recuperate.

"She's very alluring!" I commented to myself one night while waiting for her to finish dressing. Later we went to a movie and afterwards to the drugstore where we so fortunately met. Then the unfortunate incident occurred. While we were sipping several sodas, an old boyfriend of hers came in. They talked and talked. I began to wonder whether I had any place in her life.

"Wouldn't you like to go for a ride?" I ventured, praying she would say yes.

"Certainly," she gently replied, knowing that I had become frustrated because she was devoting most of her time to her old boyfriend.

During the drive the incident took place; there was no other logical escape.

Taking another cigarette from my pocket, I glanced down at my watch, 5:45; fifteen more minutes and then . . . . I didn't want to think of what would happen at six. I lit my cigarette with less difficulty and attempted to discover an escape though I knew such an attempt would prove useless and tiring.

Suddenly the door opened, and a tall, elderly gentleman entered the room. He was clothed in a black

suit and wore a white shirt with a stiff white collar.

"I presume you are the chaplain," I muttered as he approached the wooden table and chair.

"Yes," he replied, as he sat down and crossed his legs.

"Is there any possible way for me to escape?"

"No, my son," he answered solemnly. I came to inquire if you are prepared physically, as well as spiritually, for the task you are about to undertake. I offer no suggestions or routes for an escape."

"I'm ready," I replied, as though my last hope had smothered.

Just then a nearby clock began to toll. One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! I counted them with my heart rapidly entering my mouth.

"Come, my son," beckoned the chaplain as he grasped my arm, "the time has come!"

Slowly I got up from my chair and awkwardly moved toward the door. In the long corridor, darkness and loneliness dwelt. Gradually, at the end of the hallway we came to an immense door. I hesitated for an instant and then proceeded into the dimly lit room.

Photographers and newsmen stood on the right while some other people were seated on the left. A young lady stood at the far end of the room with tears in her eyes. I didn't know whether she was happy or sad. My best boyfriend stood by my side while an elderly man, presumably the lady's father, stood by her side.

Suddenly the little band in the background commenced to play "Lohengrin" and the young lady, Darlene, and I walked rhythmically down the aisle.

While I was standing with her by the chaplain, the thought of my becoming a husband did not seem so terrible.

— Allan Knueppel, '58

## Confession

*As I exist today, I am an insignificant  
Member of humanity; equal like the rest.  
As an individual, I am different.  
In my own right, I am a king.  
I am powerful, wise, and strong.  
I can be the epitome of success.  
I can be whatever I choose to be.  
I possess the finest qualities  
Any human being can possess.  
These are the things I must prove  
To the world. But first . . . .  
I must prove them to myself.*

— Marianne Kapovich, '55

## To a Disappearing Lake

*I thought I knew in May; I sensed a change  
When I stood helpless here, and in distress  
I watched the ice squeeze tightly, like a strange  
Rapacious beast enjoying your duress.  
I thought I knew in August: As before,  
I stood, and watched the bulrush and rife weed  
Invade and violate your soul: A corps  
Of conquering men in some despotic deed.  
Now I am sure: A lonely gallinule  
With trailing wings, swimming from stem to stem,  
Rocks with the undulations of a pool,  
And softly sings a lulling requiem.  
Soon you will be dry, and grass will overgrow;  
All will be gone, save thoughts of long ago.*

— Robert Franke, '56

## The Turbulent Ocean

*The night was stilled;  
the sea shells on the sandy shore were sleeping.  
The sky was filled;  
its far-flung field in fantasy was sparkling.  
The silenced wave  
withdrew, revealing at the water's edge a whitened width;  
And moonlight gave  
a grandeur to the million minute crystals as its gift.  
The quiet pines  
stood as ancient pillars, guarding their appointed post;  
Their needles fine  
reflected moonglow from the midnight's solar ghost.  
Surrender, Soul,  
to this moment that the Maker here hast blest;  
Receive your goal  
when life, a turbulent ocean, stills to give you rest.*

— James P. Leahy, '56

## Woodrow "Woody" Richeson

"Telephone, Chuck. It's Huber calling."

"Thanks, Jean. Hello, Mr. Huber."

I guess that doesn't sound like much of a beginning, but it was my introduction to one of the oldest persons anywhere. I had been in training as a credit manager for just two months and was already assigned to a store. I was to report to Leath's La Crosse store on the following Monday; the present credit manager there had taken sick and they didn't know when he would be back. Mr. Huber had briefed me on Woodrow "Woody" Richeson.

"He's a character, Chuck. You just have to remember one thing. He runs the merchandise end. You run the credit side."

\*\*\*

I pulled into La Crosse at about noon and reported to the store. As I walked back to the office, I noticed a short, white-haired man, drooped over the cash drawer.

"I'm Chuck Stadler from Aurora. Mr. Huber sent me up." I was met by one of the most stony-eyed glares in the whole world.

"Well, it's about time. Didn't Huber tell you *Monday morning*?"

"In Aurora we are closed on Monday morning."

"Does this look like Aurora?"

"Now that you've asked, it doesn't. The people in Aurora are friendly. By the way what are you doing in the cash drawer?"

"The girls are out to lunch, and I'm still trying to balance Saturday's cash report. What in the hell am I making explanations to you for? I run this store."

"You might run this store, but I run this office. Now just what seems to be the trouble?" We went on like that for hours, but at closing time Woody offered to buy a drink and I took him up on it.

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"It'll take awhile Chuck, but when you get to know him you'll worship the ground he walks on." This sage remark came from Jim Simpson, one of Woody's problem child salesmen, but an all around good one at that.

"Well, *Junior*, how are you today? You'd better be keeping that gal from the credit bureau out of the store. We've got a blonde setting up housekeeping here now, and she's more than I can handle."

"She's okay, *Grumpy*. Where did you find out about her?"

"You never mind about that. Come on into the office. I've a few things to talk over with you. This Schultz account. Why did you send her a statement?"

"Hold on a minute. Oh that one. She owes us five hundred dollars, and at the rate she's paying, it'll take ten years to pay out."

"Didn't you know she was sick?"

"No, I didn't know she was sick. There is nothing on the account card about her being sick."

"Let me see the card — Hmm. I guess I forgot to tell you. She'll be in this afternoon to see you, and no matter what she says, you take it."

Afternoon rolled around and in marched Mrs. Schultz. I never in my life saw such an irate woman. I've been this and I've been that, but never have I been what that dear old lady called me. I just couldn't satisfy her. Finally in exasperation, I turned her over to Woody. After another hour or so of steam-letting, she calmed down and Woody started her toward the door, but she never got there. That damned old fool sold her another piece of furniture and back to the window they came. Woody called for Joyce.

"I'll take this, Joyce," I said. "Okay, Woody, what can I do for you?"

"Mrs. Schultz wants to add this to her account."

"I'm sorry, Woody, but until her account is brought up to date, I just can't do it." Some people thought it was the hydrogen bomb. I didn't. I knew it was Woody.

"Hello, Huber. Woody calling. I want you to fire this *loony* right away. He's ruining my business. Here, take the phone." After a detailed explanation Mr. Huber asked for Woody, and all you could hear were muffled grunts of assent.

"Say, Woody, why don't you loan Mrs. Schultz the money for this?"

"Yes, Woody, we've been friends for so long." He was trapped like a rat.

\*\*\*

That night we made a sort of

peace. Woody grumbled now and then about my being out of the office so much and accused me of playing golf and going fishing on company time. So I decided to take him along on a particularly tough collection.

It was forty miles to Trembalean, and on the way I explained the matter to him. It seemed that the husband had told his wife he had paid for the stove. He hadn't. The wife didn't care — and we could have it only over her dead body.

"Mrs. Becker, I'm Mr. Richeson, manager of our La Crosse store. I'm here about the payments on your stove." I watched for the dog.

"I don't owe you nothing. The stove is mine. Now you get out of here before I sic the dog on you." The ensuing action was a delight to watch: stones flew; the dog was sicked; and as Woody scrambled into the car, a milk can bounced off the side of the door. I was laughing so hard that I had a hard time getting out of the yard. About five miles down the road Woody spoke.

"For god's sake, Chuck, why didn't you warn me?"

"Wait till we get back to the store; will the boys laugh at this. You shouldn't feel bad; she chased Healy with a butcher knife."

\*\*\*

I heard no more complaints about golf or fishing, and Woody swore he'd never go on another collection. He wasn't to get off that easy. A month later he was trapped but good. It happened this way.

I got a directive to check on a skip, with orders to take Woody along to evaluate the merchandise. The fellow

was a steel worker, and we had reason to believe that he had returned to his home town of Blue River. We located his home and the merchandise, but the neighbors told us he had left two days before. He was still looking for a job. We had his mother's address; so we drove to her place, and I went to the door.

"Hello, Mrs. Kearney, I'm a hiring agent for Brown's construction, and I've a job for Jim. Would you know where I could locate him?" She could and proceeded to tell me.

"I'm Mr. Richeson and we're from

Leath's . . . ."

"Why you lying . . . ." and she proceeded to take out after Woody. Around and around the house they went, once again accompanied by my roars of laughter.

Shortly after this episode, Woody suggested that I go to college and make something out of myself, so here I am.

Say, do you suppose he wanted to get rid of me?

— Chuck Stadler, '58

## Spring

*Often in months of Winter's greyish cold,  
When towns are muffled by the ermined King,  
Besieged by threatening baleful clouds, made bold  
By anxious winds, I dream of subtle Spring.  
Unfelt at first, her throbbing form quite soon  
Invades my soul and sets my head to spin,  
Sweeps forward — bold, predestinate — to ruin  
And rouse my slumbering world with vernal din.  
Soon, flushed and fevered, denied dreams embrace  
My brain, set on by sweetly glowing days:  
The present King with fierce and frigid face  
Is now lost deep in Spring's ozonic haze.  
If I dream not of Spring's regality,  
O! Winter's reign, how endless it would be!*

— Robert Franke, '56

## Amateur Romeo

I was once a practical joker. I say *was* because I am now a changed man. I have seen the errors of my ways and have reformed. This is how it all happened.

There's a fellow here at Collins High named David Carson. Every day he screeches up to the school door with his fire-engine red, fishtail Schwinn and vaults up the steps into the building. Now any observer would think that he is late and is trying to make his first class. However, all this occurs every day — a good forty-five minutes before the rest of the students arrive. But this isn't the only strange thing about David Carson.

He looks like the result of pickles and syrup at bed-time. His huge eyes, peering through horn-rimmed, prism-like glasses, give his face a remarkable owl-like appearance. He's about five and half feet and must weigh at least a hundred pounds. The most peculiar thing about him is his attire. He is never seen in anything except a black broadcloth suit of antique cut, a white shirt, and a black string tie. He looks like a miniature of an old-fashioned journey-man preacher.

Needless to say, David Carson is an unusual member of our big, happy family at Collins High. Although he's only thirteen, he's already a sophomore. Rushing from class to class, he shows speed equaled only by Ty Cobb stealing home. David is in every low, uncouth, and obnoxious sense of the word a grind. He gets straight A's. He's always studying. He knows all the answers. The teachers adore him. In short, he's a jerk.

The Carsons can never do enough for their pride and joy. Papa Carson buys David a new, souped-up bicycle every year! He also keeps him in textbooks, paper, pencils; and he beams with infinite pride at his son's accomplishments. Mama Carson clucks over David like a mother hen and carefully presses his suit every night.

Despite all this (or was it because of it?), David wasn't very popular with the rest of us, who had the normal, healthy All-American hatred for a *teachers's pet*. We were always playing innocent little jokes on him like deflating his bicycle tires or bashing his spokes in or pouring ink on his notebooks. He was a good sport though, and he never complained.

As I said at the beginning of my story, I was a practical joker. In fact, my prime interest in life was to entertain myself and a few choice companions at the expense of one David Carson. One day in study hall, a big, bright light-bulb of an idea popped into my little skull. I grabbed a pencil and paper and wrote:

Dear David,

I know that you don't care for girls, but I've admired you for weeks. You're so masculine and devil-may-care that I thrill whenever I see you go by on your bicycle. I can't keep my admiration a secret any longer.

Love,  
Jean Miller

I was really getting a buzz out of this! Jean Miller was the prettiest and most popular girl in the senior

class. Every boy in the school would have given his right arm for a date with her. Every boy, that is, except our hero, David Carson. With a fiendish gleam glimmering in my eyes, I wrote another note.

Dear Jean,

You probably think that I don't notice girls, but you're so lovely that I cannot restrain my feelings any longer. I am mad about you. You are the most perfect woman I have ever seen.

Love,  
David Carson

I could tell (I thought) when I had a "good thing" going. I kept up the correspondence between Jean and David for almost a week. All things considered, though, the experiment was pretty much of a flop because Jean and David didn't seem to be particularly bothered by the affectionate notes. Finally, I gave up in despair.

Gradually, we noticed a change in David. He didn't seem to be quite so flighty rushing between classes. He seemed (if possible) to have a more angelic smile on his face when we played tricks on him.

Time passed and Prom season rolled around. I (and I wasn't alone) made tracks for Miss Jean Miller. "Jean," said I, "I would be highly honored if you would grant me the pleasure of your company to the Prom."

"Thank you for the compliment," said Jean, "but I'm going with someone else."

Naturally I was rather startled by this unexpected turn of events; I thought that I was getting my application in early. I wished to delve deeper into the identity of this lucky individual. "Who's the fellow?"

"David Carson," sighed Jean lovingly. "He's simply divine!"

"That sawed-off, undernourished, pop-eyed, little runt? Why he's . . ."

"Don't you dare talk about Davie that way!"

"Davie?" This was really ridiculous.

"But that guy never goes out with girls!"

"He started writing me notes in school, and when I answered them, he began coming over to my house every night. He's simply wonderful!"

"But he's two years younger than you, and a couple of inches shorter. How are you going to the Prom — on his bicycle?"

"Davie says that he likes older women whom he can look up to, and Daddy says that I can take our car for the Prom. Now, if you don't mind, I've got to get home and make some fudge. Davie just *loves* my fudge!"

After that, we have looked upon David with more respect. He seems to have some sort of raw, virile charm which attracts the female of the species.

— Omer D. Tolley, '58

## To J. G.

*The skeins are tangled, but the warp  
And woof of time is woven yet  
Into a varied tapestry; we can forget  
To worry, scheme and plan designs.  
Somewhere, sometime, we know not how  
The buried patterns of the heart  
Will find completion if we but lift  
Our hands, and let the loom of life  
Weave on. My dearest friend,  
I did not know, the day you came —  
Stood knocking at my open door, you brought  
The answer to my unfeelt need; the comb  
To straighten threads that lay unsought,  
To bring the gold of splendor to my design unwrought.*

— Irma G. Howell, G. '55

## Dark Reunion

*This place is shelter where conglomerate truth  
Is verified by soldiers gaunt as their dreams.  
Some will go again, will throw their youth  
Like sticks upon the upleaping flame.  
They tell their cautious tales by the smoky blaze  
Above the buzz of water against the tent  
Like those of other soldiers, much the same.  
But what they think lying against the earth  
No one will repeat when the night is spent.  
Sometimes they gloat of shaking hands with Death  
(But rap on splintered wood for coming times);  
Condemn the luck of others that is not theirs—  
This makes a common coin each listener saves.  
They know its worth and move like men in clubs;  
This is a dark reunion where no flags wave.*

— Glenn Erickson, '57

## Laundry Daze

I first became acquainted with the room during my first week at Northern. I did not give it much thought at the time, never having been bothered by it before. The student guide showed me in. A nervous twinge made my back shudder as I looked around in the seemingly innocent, white-walled enclosure. The student—a square-jawed, close-cropped brute—laughed as he cracked some joke I could not hear. He wore an imposing black football letter on his muscular chest. He seemed perfectly at home as I inspected the washers and driers. Everything appeared normal until I looked over my shoulder and saw a little side room. I walked toward the entrance while my guide's face became suddenly sober.

"That's the place where you iron," he muttered, watching me closely for the first sign of a nervous disorder. Coming over and taking my hand, he gently led me out the door, all the time mumbling, "If he's healthy, he's got a chance."

His composure was now completely gone, but I attributed it to the strange, musty odor in the room, from whose door the word "Laundry" could be seen. Strangely enough, I have never regained my easy-going attitude towards life since then; I seem to be always tense, always waiting for something to happen.

I will never forget that fateful day when I carried my bag of dirty clothes into the laundry, whistling and confident that my first try was to be a success. As I set the bag down and looked for an empty washer, my troubles started; there were no empty washers. While I was waiting for one of the buzzers to signal to me that a washing was completed, I saw

on the wall a chart of instructions. I read them. I re-read them. The third time my brain lumbered into action, slowly and rustily, and the gray mists of my mind retreated long enough for me to grasp the fundamentals.

The buzzer sounded off then. I piled all of the clothes into an unused drier, but forgot to turn it on. Opening my bag gingerly, afraid of doing something wrong, I placed my clothes in the washer. I turned it on. Nothing happened. For the first time I saw the sign "Insert quarter here." I ran upstairs for a quarter. Getting it, I inserted it in the slot and pushed a little lever. Again I sensed something was amiss; I realized that I had forgotten soap. I rushed upstairs again. After acquiring the soap, I came back down again and covered the clothes quite well with the chunky white granules. Now I was ready for the big step. Reverently I set the dial on "fill" and pushed it down. To my satisfaction, the noise of water sloshing on clothes soon reached my ears. I smiled, breathed a little easier, and settled down on a chair to await results.

After a while I noticed the machine behaving queerly. It would rinse the clothes, then fill, then rinse, then fill again. Now maybe this was supposed to happen, but was it to continue for six or seven times? Apparently the machine was just a little restless; after it received a few slaps and nudges, it settled right down.

Hastily shutting the washer off when my buzzer sounded, I pulled the damp clothes from the maw of the machine and stuck them into the drier. This operation was free, so I turned it up full steam and sat back

to await results. As I remember, this was the only part of the operation that was comparatively successful.

When the time was ripe for ironing, I jerked my shirts from the drier and piled them on a table. I should have been more careful; they fell off. Now adamant, I took the first shirt, a long-sleeved job that Satan had designed, and smote it with the hot iron. It was really hot, for it left a brown band. Inwardly seething, and realizing why so many freshmen go home on weekends, I plied my iron with vigor—if not with proficiency.

Creases appeared magically upon the sleeves, the back, and the collar. In fact, creases appeared upon the whole shirt. Finally, when all my shirts had a look of sullen resentment against the world, I carried them tenderly to my room, burnt offerings to some forgotten god.

Here I was, a college freshman, on the threshold of my future, and I could not even wash my clothes properly. It was enough to disillusion any aspiring college boy.

— Doug Wadsworth, '58

## Koobie

*One day while bound for Xanadu,  
I met my own, my Kubla Khan.  
I bowed to him as was his due —  
Became his slave from that time on:  
He's sometimes haughty, and sometimes bold,  
And literary with pencils and pens —  
I find them strewn all about with the gold  
Of candy wrappings and cigarette ends.  
He's very disdainful with people around,  
But when we're alone here at night,  
We rub noses together and make deep sounds,  
Orientals do that — so it's right.  
But Koobie I call him, he'll answer to that  
Until he learns dignity — my Persian cat.*

— Irma G. Howell, G. '55

## Faster Karolina

Sprightly, vivacious, energetic, and wonderful — all these adjectives describe my Swedish great-aunt, Faster Karolina. ..

Faster is seventy-eight years young and has spent her entire life in Malmo, located at the southern tip of Sweden. She is the widowed mother of six sons, five of whom are married. Faster lives with her unmarried son, Arthur, whom she calls "my little boy." Faster and Arthur live in an apartment that is furnished with many beautiful antiques that Faster has collected during her lifetime. She has lived in her apartment for over fifty years, and she raised all her sons there. Arthur is never allowed to make his own bed because Faster would rather do it for him. No matter what time of the night he comes home, Faster has some coffee and cookies for him. She scolds him when he drinks or plays cards, but she admits that she actually knows that he is a good boy.

Every Saturday afternoon, rain or shine, hot or cold, Faster Karolina goes to the horse races and always places bets with her household money on her favorite horses. In twenty

years Faster has never missed a Saturday afternoon at the race track. She in her dignified black dress has almost become a legend there, and several years ago her picture was in the newspaper because of her interest in the races.

One evening last summer, Faster's youngest son celebrated his fortieth birthday with a gala party. When the party ended at 2:30 in the morning, Faster Karolina was still having a wonderful time. She, not her son, had been the center of attraction all night, shining like a star among her sons and their wives, her grandchildren, and even her great-grandchildren. The next morning at seven, Faster began preparing a delicious Sunday dinner for six. In the afternoon she went to a swimming meet and cheered her grandson to victory in a swimming race. Faster was invited to a son's home for the evening, and she did not return to her own home until eleven.

Faster Karolina during her life has endeared herself to all who have known her, perhaps especially to me.

— Wilma Miller, '58

## Attempted Steal

Man, you can have your Babe Dahlgrens, your Babe Hermans, and your Babe Ruths. For me there was only one Babe — Babe Koski. And, believe me, I'm not the only guy that went down swinging while looking at her assortment of curves.

Let me tell you about her. I was a freshman in college then. One Sunday my roommate, Binky Doyle, asked me to go to a baseball game with him. Now I was never any great "shakes" when it came to baseball, and I was even less of a fan; so Binky's offer held little appeal to me. But, just to oblige Binky, I agreed to go.

The day was unbearably hot. The game was played on the diamond behind the old vinegar works at the edge of town. It wasn't much of a game either. One team was pulverizing the other. What did impress me was the pitcher for the winning team. It was Miss Koski. She was treating her opponents as though they were a pack of pygmies armed with rubber bands. I wasn't concerned, however, with her exploits on the mound. This chick had all the physical attributes anyone could ever want in a girl, excluding her fast ball. When we left the park, I confided to Binky that, by hook or by crook, that girl was to be mine. Binky tried to discourage me by telling me that Babe was hopelessly infatuated with baseball and going regular with George Davis, who was going regular with the left field spot on the college team. These obstacles seemed anything but insurmountable; I giggled with anticipation.

I finally met Babe. I asked her to autograph a baseball for me. Then I walked her home from school. I was hopelessly lost in chatting with

her. The talk drifted endlessly from batting averages to stolen bases to earned run averages. I was only able to nod mutely at the facts Babe presented me, trying to look reasonably intelligent as I did so. My task appeared hopeless, but I was smitten with her beauty and cleverness and was determined to win her.

I became an avid sports fan. Daily I scanned the sports page. But prospects grew darker and darker. Meanwhile, I became a walking baseball Britannica. I'll bet that you didn't know that the Pirates' Steve Reed refuses to use a resin bag because it turns his fingers green, or that the Cardinals' Dan O'Leary is allergic to the vines at Wrigley Field, or the Cal Evans of the White Sox is the only first baseman ever to play triple-A ball without a glove. I know lots more. Occasionally I would pass Babe on the way to classes.

"Higgins got three for four yesterday," I would call to her.

"Two doubles and a triple," she would call back in passing.

But that was all. George Davis seemingly had the situation all sewed up; I'd never get to first base with her. There was only one thing left to do. To win Babe Koski, I would have to go out for baseball.

The coach looked as if he had just swallowed a raw egg when I first reported to him. But the team was desperately lacking in talent, and I was awarded a place on the roster. George Davis accepted me as some sort of a monstrous joke. I didn't care what he thought. Babe, however, was impressed by my perseverance. Every day she would trot along beside me

and make small talk while I chased the balls that went through my legs in practice.

The Varsity Ramble, the biggest dance of the year, was fast approaching. Everybody that was anybody went to the Varsity Ramble. Life would be unbearable if I could not take Babe. George Davis was beginning to look like the immovable object. Then, a flicker of hope appeared on the horizon. A make-up game had been rescheduled on the very night of the dance. It was to be played in Oakton, some ninety miles distant. It would be impossible for George Davis to attend the dance. I would probably make the trip to Oakton, but I knew that I'd never play. My only service to the coach was carrying the bats to and from the field each day. This was going to be a cinch. All I'd have to do was feign sickness, get excused by the coach, hop on the nearest bus, and hurry home to dance until dawn with Babe. The thought of it sent a chill of ecstasy racing along my spinal column.

When the big day arrived, I was quivering with excitement. I had sent Binky Doyle, unsuspecting little Binky, over to Babe's house. Binky was majoring in botany. Binky was supposed to take Babe out in the country to gather wild flowers. In this way she'd be far removed from any zealous wooers who might possess intentions similar to mine. This was too easy. It was with light heart that I embarked on the journey to Oakton.

Upon reaching Oakton, the team enjoyed a light supper and then went immediately to the ball park. In the clubhouse, when I was sure that no one was watching me, I stole quietly over to the soft drink cooler. Quickly

I raised the lid, dipped my hand into the icy water, secured a reasonably large chunk of ice, lowered the lid, and then, still unnoticed, deftly slipped the piece of ice under my shirt. Hastily, I sought the coach. When I found him, I had blanched considerably and my body was twitching noticeably in a series of spasmodic movements. The coach shot an incredulous glance at me and surveyed me critically.

"What in blazes is the matter with you?" he gasped.

"I-I'm sick," I chattered.

"You want me to get the doctor?" he asked nervously.

"N-No. Just let me go home. Mother. She's the only one that can help me when I get these spells. I get them all the time. She's got some medicine in the medicine chest that fixes me up in no time."

The coach continued to study me skeptically. "Sure you haven't got a date for that dance?" he asked suddenly.

I stiffened patriotically. "My place is here," I answered dutifully, "with my team."

"Okay then. Get home to that medicine chest as fast as you can. Wait. Before you go, give me a hand with these bats."

All the way home on the bus, I could hardly contain myself. My wildest dreams and anticipations were about to be realized. I suppose that you might consider my actions thoughtless and selfish. Had you but seen Babe Koski, you would have realized, as I did, that the thought of her at the dance with anyone else

would have been unbearable. I arrived home shortly after eight. Quickly I hurried to the telephone and, with trembling fingers, dialed Babe's number. When she answered, her voice fairly rippled like a mountain stream. I bubbled, as I told her to get ready, that we were going to the Varsity Ramble. She didn't answer immediately.

"But, Joe," she tinkled, "I already have a date." There was a pause. "Why didn't you tell me that Binky

Doyle's uncle is manager of Duck-pond in the Class D Pinetree League?"

I've decided to hang up my spikes. Put out by Binky Doyle! Every time I think about it, I have to chuckle. One thing for sure, though, Babe had erased George Davis and me in what must surely be the neatest double play in baseball history.

— Joe Little, '57

## An Evening

*We had a chocolate chat  
And sat and sat.*

*We sat with one lamp on  
And read till you said, "John."*

*We dreamed aloud; you yawned,  
Smoke-filled; day dawned.*

*We held to what we'd read,  
Our souls soaring, our feet lead.*

*Tomorrow another day  
Enriched by yesterday.*

*"You must go. Good night, John."  
I put my coat and rubbers on.*

— John Henaughan, G, '55

## Brilliance Unnoticed

Whifs of steam escaped from my mouth as I tried to shake back a shock of hair that insisted on falling over my forehead and itching my eyebrows. My side was beginning to ache a little — the way it always did when I walked too fast.

"Hi, Terry. Congratulations."

"Thanks." I turned and smiled. I was walking even more quickly now! my feet were making a crunching sound on the hardened snow. The air was brisk and cold, but the wind that had accompanied the snowstorm had ceased. Ordinarily Pat and I would slowly shuffle along, but today was different. Today belonged to me.

I was almost home — there was Butch Stewart's house — the one with the big snowman in the front yard.

"Hi, Terry. Isn't Mike going to be out? I've got a new sled and —"

"I don't know, Butch," I called. "It depends on whether his cold is better or not."

Butch was yelling something else, but I didn't hear. I had already started up the front walk of our old frame house which was practically like all the other houses on Keystone Street. I entered through the kitchen where Mother was pouring some batter into a pan on the stove. Without looking up, she said briefly: "Will you feed the baby, Irene? I've got a million things to do —"

"It's me."

"Oh!" Mother turned around. Her delicate face seemed a bit strained and

weary, but she was still smiling. "Well, you'll do it, won't you? I still have to put the frosting on your father's birthday cake."

I smiled. I had almost forgotten.

"I've been busy all day, and I must look a fright." She put her hand to her head, which was wrapped in a bright paisley scarf, except for a small hole which revealed a few protruding bobby pins.

"Sure, I'll do it." I made the tone of my voice slightly reluctant.

"If you're busy —"

"No, no, I'll do it."

"Fine, I don't know what is the matter with her. She's been cranky all day. I have everything ready here. Oh! On your way up you might as well give Mike his medicine."

"Is he in bed?" I was very much concerned.

"Oh, his cold isn't worse, but I made him take a nap. Honestly that little man!" And Mother went back to the stove absorbed in her cooking. I took what was needed and hurried up the stairs to the room which Mike shared with the baby.

"Hi!" It was Mike.

"I've brought you your medicine."

"Aw, do I have to?"

"You want to get well, don't you?"

After I had completed feeding the baby, I hurried to my room, care-

lessly hung up my gray jacket with the plaid woolen scarf tucked into the sleeve, plopped my books on the desk and carefully brought my prize possession into view. It was really there after all, and not just another dream. I read the words over and over again trying to relive my experience. "Saint Anthony High School awards Terence Dunne first place in the annual Art, Literature, and Drama Festival in this year 1955." It was difficult to believe that such wonderful things could happen in such a short amount of time. First, there was the tension as the principal prepared to read the winner's name — the general surprise as he said "Terence Dunne" — and then the applause — my excitement as I accepted it in front of the whole student body. It was me, Terence Dunne, and my painting, over which I had spent so many painstaking hours —

"How come you're home so early?" Irene unwittingly broke my day dream.

I looked up at first startled, then replied, "Because I'm home early; that's all."

Irene went over to my desk and browsed through a few of my books. "Terry, is algebra hard?"

"I guess it depends," I answered rather absent-mindedly.

Just then the call for dinner came. I hurriedly ran a comb through my hair, straightened my shirt collar, and pulled a loose thread hanging from one of my sleeves. I hurried downstairs trying to think of the way I would break the happy news, visualizing their expressions of awe

and pride. Imagine an artist in the family!

"Hi, Dad. Happy Birthday." I slapped him on the back. Dad smiled and accepted the gift Irene was holding out. "It's not a bunch of comic books this year."

"Oh, Dad," I said anxiously, "You'll never guess what happened in school today . . ."

"Open it! open it!" cried Mike waving a spoon.

Supper went along as usual. Dad kept praising his gifts — especially the new pipe from the "Kids." He asked Mike how his cold was and Mike complained about the medicine. Mother believed the baby was cutting another tooth which would account for her being cranky. Irene mentioned the grammar school play to which her parents were invited. She also made it clear that she had a part in it, a small one, but a part.

Finally the cake was served and again comments were made. Mike asked if he might have two pieces, and everyone exchanged amused glances. I was getting a little uneasy.

"Guess what?"

"Terry, aren't you hungry? You have barely nibbled at your food." Mother was speaking. "If you don't feel well —"

"He looks O K to me," Irene piped up. "Dad, will you pass the milk?"

I hurried up to my room. Perhaps I could have told them, but they weren't really interested in me. Finally I jumped on the bed and punched

the pillow ferociously like a prize-fighter in the process of finishing off his opponent. I soon gave that up and just sat and brooded like a child when a favorite toy has been broken.

About an hour later, as I was attempting to attack some homework, I heard a small voice.

"Can I come in?" The door opened and in popped Mike clutching a piece of paper.

"I'm büsy, Mike. Go away."

"But Terry, I —"

"I said go away!" My tone was harsh. I looked at him for the first time.

Mike just stood there, two tears welling up in each eye, producing the effect that only a four-year-old can achieve.

"But," he stammered, "I just drew this picture today — and — well, I thought maybe you'd like to see it

or somethin'."

Without warning and against my will I suddenly melted. Who wouldn't under the influence of Mike, whose cold made his tiny nose red and affected his voice? I took the sheet of paper from his hand. On it was a conglomeration of lines and circles, something like the modernistic painting with which I had won the contest.

"It's a circus," said Mike enthusiastically, climbing up beside my cheek. I felt strangely happy — the way you feel when you find something you thought you had lost.

"Mike, may I have it, please?"

"Sure!" Mike's blue eyes lighted. "I've got lots more. Want to see them?"

In a flash he was out of the room while I toyed with the edges of his "circus."

— Joseph Alengo, '56

## Oh fer th' Lass wi' th' Feather in Her Hat

*Her face was so pure, so sweet, so kind.  
I thought I longed to ha' her afore I lost me mind.  
Wi' delicate manner tossed her head wi' an air  
An' th' breeze blowin' gently blew her long flaxen hair.*

*Oh fer th' lass wi' th' feather in her hat,  
I longed to be wi' her an' sit where she sat.*

*She was a fine lassie, a rather timid one;  
So timid was this lass, she blushed at th' sun.  
But I longed fer th' lass wi' th' long flaxen hair  
An' longed to keep an' love her wi' all me love an' care.*

*Oh fer th' lass wi' th' feather in her hat,  
I longed to be wi' her an' sit where she sat.*

*Then I spoke wi' th' lass an' asked her how she be.  
She said she was fine, and did not blush at me.  
I asked her wi' me heart, "Do ye love me, me fair lass?"  
She answered, "Aye, 'tis so an' I want it no' to pass."*

*Oh fer th' lass wi' th' feather in her hat,  
I longed to be wi' her an' sit where she sat.*

*I married me fair lass in th' kirk next day,  
Then we wandered to our new home through th' heather all th' way.  
I love me fair wife an' know she loves me.  
An' we look fer th' day when we shall be three.*

*Oh I love th' lass wi' th' feather in her hat,  
An' am happy all th' day when we sit where she sat.*

— Janice Ferris, '57

## The Statue

*High above the Rock River he stands,  
A symbol of what used to be.  
High he stands, proud and grand.  
Tell me, Chief Blackhawk, I've heard it said  
That this is not the true image of you.  
Is this true?  
I do not doubt that you have been brave  
In your day.  
But others have been just as brave.  
That is to say . . . . .  
Many Chief Blackhawks have lived in our land  
Whose Glory does not show.  
Not even a symbol to mark their place.  
Of these we never will know.  
So stand high, Chief Blackhawk; you are the last of a race.  
Stand high for you will crumble into sand.  
Stand high for as long as you can.*

— Marianne Kapovich, '55

## Down To Earth

(This story was inspired by the poem "Psicopatia" by Jose' Asuncion Silva.)

Old Bob Mayer understood the insensitivity with which young farmer Frank placed his tractor-calloused haunches upon the long, hard, dark-green park bench. Bob had been a farmer once himself, before old age and the economies of youth had enabled him to move into this small suburban town, whose business district surrounded the park in which he was now sitting. Consequently, he could sympathize with Frank's unconscious rubbing of his eyes to remove the ever-present particles of dirt that leap from the treads of tractor tires into those ever-ready receptacles. He could also sympathize with him for blowing his nose to remove the nauseatingly sweet smell of fresh manure, which no amount of scrubbing can ever completely remove from a farmer's clothes.

Bob was past suffering those annoyances now; still, he got a sympathetic pleasure from watching Frank each Saturday morning in the park. It was like seeing a reflection of his own youth. It was an agreeable way to await the opening of the billiard parlor across the street.

Since Bob's daughter belonged to the same club as Frank's wife, Marie, he knew who Frank was and how he felt about farming. Bob also knew that Frank was pleased with Marie's inability to drive a car — how else could he sit each Saturday morning in the park while Marie bought the groceries for the week, enjoying from a safe distance the very Nature that persecuted his person the remainder of the week? Here Frank could

think; here he could contemplate Nature at her very best.

Frank's tilted head and partially closed eyes revealed to old Bob his pensive mood, which was broken only by his occasional reflecting puff on a cigarette. He was watching the park in its full awakening, in its singing and laughing in the morning freshness. He was contemplating the upper rungs of the multi-colored ladder created by the warm sunlight and the vaporous frills which arose from the great bronze fountain before him. It was different here, he thought, from what it was in the fields with their skin-soaking dews, their insects so eager to comply with Nature's laws that they fly into one's mouth, nose, and eyes, and the murderous, cutting edges of the growing leaves of corn. Old Bob knew he was right, for at that moment, Frank was rubbing his scratched face.

Old Bob chuckled to himself as he saw this admiration and envy shine through Frank's pensive mood.

Rollie's appearance reflected Frank's preoccupations. Rollie was pale, drowsy, unsmiling, and careless of the tender grass which his dragging feet uprooted. He was dressed in black. Paying no heed to the light and the smells of spring, he merely continued his task, thinking, stimulated from the inside and oblivious to what was going on around him.

The branches of several flowery shrubs brushed against him, and their blossoms released their fragrant breath to the air. Several birds called to him from their nests, and the smiling notes trembled pleasantly through the foliage, but he continued

on his way, still sad, still serious, paying no attention to the beauty that surrounded him everywhere.

Frank's gaze followed Rollie until he disappeared behind the bushes that bordered the far side of the park. It seemed to old Bob that Frank had returned with greater intensity to his pensive mood. He was now listening without hearing; he was now watching without seeing, for the curious bee which buzzed around his head investigating the odor of his clothes was unmolested in its flight. Bob could not help moving his own head as if he himself were the target of the bee's curiosity.

"Grandfather," said Doctor Manning's grandson, "what's wrong with that man who just went by?" Frank suddenly swatted at the bee. He could see again; he could hear again. The boy continued the question, "Why is he so sad? I've seen him come to our house several times and go into the library to talk with you. What's the matter with him?"

Doctor Manning looked tenderly at his shiny-eyed companion, looked out over the park, looked at the path Rollie had taken, listened to a soloist in the orchestra above, lit a cigarette, and answered, "Son, that young man suffers from a very unusual illness."

Frank took out a cigarette and a pack of matches. He held the cigarette in one hand and the matches in the other without using either as the doctor went on.

"He suffers from this illness. He thinks too much!"

The doctor paused to puff on his cigarette. Frank dropped his unlit smoke to the moss-bordered bricks

and ground it out with his heel. The doctor proceeded calmly.

"In ancient times, competent authorities cured such a sickness with hemlock, by imprisoning the patient, or by burning him at the stake. I think they had the right idea. Those were decisive and absolute treatments, which would stop the illness and cure the patient. Today, the sickness assumes so many serious forms, the germs spread through the body frighteningly, neither wonder drugs nor surgery can cure it, and instead of preventing it, schools and governments encourage it. Thick volumes, reviews, and magazines propagate this murderous seed."

Frank squirmed uncomfortably upon the long, hard, dark-green park bench.

"The sickness," resumed the doctor after another puff on his cigarette, "is not contagious, thank God, and few people get it. But I have been able to cure only one of the many who have come to me because of this malady. This I did by telling him to go to work in a steel plant where the heat from the furnaces and ingots could burn out any thoughts save those of preserving himself from the swinging ladles, the molten, splashing steel, and the bubbling slag pots. I told him to eat, sleep, move, shout, struggle, and sweat; to swing hot ingot chains and shovel alloys until his hands were calloused; and to cleanse his mind of ideas. This he did. Afterwards, he returned to tell me that he was well, that he was happy again."

Frank watched the park with unseeing eyes. He lit another cigarette.

"But that young man," said the

doctor to his grandson, pointing vaguely in the direction which Rollie had taken, "that young man is a serious case, a more serious case than I have ever seen before. He thinks too much. He will not be cured until he sleeps comfortably in his grave. He will not be cured until he sleeps comfortably upon a hard wooden bier with a shovelful of dirt in his face."

Frank rubbed his eyes to remove the ever-present particles of dirt which leap from the treads of tractor tires into those seemingly ever-ready receptacles. This motion did not surprise old Bob, nor was he surprised the following week when his daughter told him that Marie was learning to drive.

— Don Harrington, '56

## Children's Questions

*Children are busy from morning till night  
Asking us questions with all of their might.*

*Some of them silly — some of them sane.  
We try to answer them — sometimes in vain.*

*Some like, "How much do you love me, Mother?"  
Others like, "Why am I different from brother?"*

*Then there are those like, "How big is big?"  
And, "If going to China, which way do I dig?"*

*"How far is up?" "How much is many?"  
And, "Mother, how many dimes is a penny?"*

*"Mommy, just what day is today?"  
"If it is nice out can I go play?"*

*The much asked one, "What time is it?"  
An end to questions? They never quit.*

*In answering their questions we help them grow.  
Just how did we learn the things that we know?*

— Janis Ferris, '57

## On First Looking Into English 400

*What though my conscience shivers in dismay  
Because I am eluding every chore  
That wails accusingly from door to door —  
Specifics in a general disarray?  
What though the ironing piles up day by day  
And rolls of fluffy dust romp on the floor?  
Conscience is an unprofitable bore  
When mote-like words pattern a sunlit way.  
There may be duties I should let impede  
The glinting phrases that forever climb  
From some deep glory or some fearful need.  
They could, though, make a rhythm with class time,  
And Conscience, too, may someday have agreed  
That power to work renews itself in rime.*

— Katherine Hitt Beatty, G. '55

## On the Death of a Sonnet

*“A sonnet should die proudly” and the pride  
Is not a new thing hastily assumed  
To cover meagerness that now is doomed,  
To be remembered only that it died,  
But a familiar habit, billowing wide,  
Of richly figured speech and meter loomed,  
Befitting virtue not to be entombed;  
And when the poem is done, that will abide.  
A sonnet is conceived in some deep grief —  
Or love — or awe. No timid feelings share  
Intent developed in a form so brief,  
Compact and whole, presented with a flair.  
The living poem pulsates with belief.  
Pride in its native robe, not alms to wear.*

— Katherine Hitt Beatty, G. '55

## Just Another Day

Reveille ! Reveille ! The bosun's pipe boomed and blared; another day aboard the "Mighty O" began. I swung my feet down from my bunk onto the cold, steel deck and fumbled into my clothes. Ohhhhhh, that 6 A.M. was torture. As usual, instead of breakfast, I gulped down a cup of coffee and a roll and proceeded up toward the flight deck of the big, gray carrier for my daily ration of air. Nothing like fresh, sweet air off the sea in the morning to wake one up, according to the old salts.

As I climbed the steel ladders that led four decks up, I met the Chief-of-The-Watch who was just coming off duty.

"Better not go up there now! There's a Corsair coming in with an unexploded bomb hanging from one wing."

"How'd that happen?"

"Well . . . you can't tell about those things. I suppose the Ordnance crew must have overlooked the safety-check on that plane before it left for Naktong."

"Okay, thanks for the warning," but I knew this was an event I just couldn't overlook. After forty monotonous days at sea, the boring routine was beginning to tell on everyone. Even this was worth risking!

I raced up two more ladders to the 0-7 level where I could get a good view. It was a sort of cat-walk affair that surrounded the island structure and overhung the flight deck. Apparently the news had traveled fast as there were a number of fellows already there — some with their cameras, ready for action, and others, like

myself, who were just plain curious.

The Flight - Deck - Officer's voice boomed out over the PA system — "Clear the deck and prepare to receive aircraft"—then a somber warning—"All men not actually concerned with the impending business stay clear of the deck in the emergency!"

No one moved!

All eyes strained through the opaque morning mist trying to pick out the crippled plane. The crowd of onlookers murmured, and a few pointed to the end of the flight deck as we turned into the wind. The sea was unusually rough, and the deck was doing a very macabre dance tossed about by the choppy waves. This was going to be a tough landing no matter how you looked at it, and that bomb hanging on the wing didn't help a bit.

We waited . . . .

Down in one of the pits alongside of the flight deck, the men stood by their hydraulic equipment, tense and anxious. The barriers were up and the arresting wires were strung as taut as bow strings waiting for the tail-hook of that plane to engage one of them and begin the titan-like tug of war that would pull that eight tons of hurtling mass to a stop.

Ernie Thomas was down in the pit directly below us, clad from head to toe in his white suit of asbestos resembling a man from outer space. Ernie took a lot of ribbing about that suit, but he was sure an important man to have around and most welcome when pulling you out of the cockpit of a burning plane.

Kelly, the duty camera man, was on hand to record any mishaps that might occur when the plane landed. Then there was a marine, clad in oily cover-alls, standing just below us near one of the hatch-like doors that led down to the hangar deck. He was a young lad, about eighteen or nineteen I'd say, with his brown hair clipped crew-cut style, looking as if he had just taken the weekend off from college to come out for a little cruise.

"There she is!" I looked in the direction of the pointed finger. The Corsair was just entering the pattern for an approach to the flight deck. The Landing Officer meticulously checked the plane's status — flaps down, wheels down, hook down — everything seemed to be in very good shape. Close to the water it flew in a big, circling arc, then leveled out and started in toward the aft end of the ship following the wake.

An eternity passed; then the shape was suddenly upon us past the point of no return. The LSO brought the red, striped flag across his chest in a cutting motion and the pilot cut off the power to the engine; the huge form floated in mid-air for a second; then was pulled down to the deck by one of the wires.

The sudden stop was too fast; the potential inertia manifested itself, the bomb being thrust forward and down to the deck squirmed its way toward the barriers. It was fantastic to view; we watched it coming our way and yet were powerless to move. Then it hit something, nobody knows what, and the deck was engulfed in a bright phosphorescent flash.

My ears felt as though someone had suddenly clapped their cupped hands over them, and a ringing sound

was all I could perceive. Our nostrils were clogged by the sulphurous odor of a thousand burning matches emanating from the thick, black smoke. I was sure this was the closest any mortal had been to hell.

The ominous, foreboding silence following the blast was broken by the shrill cry of the emergency signal calling the corpsmen and damage-control men to the disaster area.

I looked in the direction of where I thought the explosion to be and could see a big, round hole about halfway down the flight deck. A section of the steel beams immediately beneath the deck were twisted up like lead strips, and a series of small fires had started in the splintered wood. The activity down on the deck below, in the hangar spaces, must have been frantic. There were many planes down there and all of them just full of aviation gasoline.

Someone nudged me; I looked down to where the young marine had been standing. He was just being lowered into a stretcher; his right arm hung limply over the edge onto the deck, with probably just a few shreds of skin between his shoulder and the lower arm holding the two together.

Kelly had made a good shot, perfect angle and everything, but he wouldn't be around to see the prints. A piece of shrapnel had caught him in the chest; and where the shirt was torn, you could see the bloody air bubbles escaping. The chaplain had already been called.

The rest of the men seemed to be okay. The word was passed to secure all stations and resume work. I went below and started the day's work in the office. Later on we re-

ceived word that the ship would put into port for repairs and take on supplies. With that prospect in mind I felt very much relieved; the rest of the day passed uneventfully.

That night everyone seemed to be a little more attentive to writing those letters that they had been putting off

for a couple of days. The pinochle games were resumed with new zest, and that cup of coffee — well, it was just about the best ever. Tomorrow port, rest and recreation, but never — Just Another Day — we were too busy living.

— Roy Howarth, '57

## Compleynt

*Oh could those lines all spring full-armed  
Minerva-like from head of Jove;  
And could all images well-up as charmed  
And sort themselves in ranks and rows;  
If noble statements could be made  
By every fool who lifts a pen,  
Fools such as I who wish to tread  
In footsteps of much mightier men;  
And could one make those marks behave  
That well be-sprinkle every page;  
And could function words some order crave  
And not like virus through noses rage:  
Then every man would be a poet  
And none but critics left to know it.*

— Irma G. Howell, G. '55



