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The MUSE

summer edition



ST. MARY'S JUNIOR COLLEGE

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The MUSE is issued twice a year, a winter and a summer edition. Students are requested to submit stories, poems, essays, research papers or term papers to the editor of the MUSE.

The Creative Spirit

First, an idea. Then the embodiment of that idea into some tangible form, and—creation! Something has come from the womb of the human mind to be tested in man's world. It may be a painting, a dance, a new recipe—anything—but it is new. It has been created.

Most people think that "creative ability" is concerned only with the arts of beauty, such as sculpture, painting, writing, dancing, and music. It is not only so concerned. Any person capable of conceiving any new idea, or of expressing an old idea in a new way, is creative. However, a literary publication is naturally concerned with the art of writing.

Writing is an old art. As soon as man began to communicate with his fellow, he began trying to express himself in a more lasting manner. Then, as now, the spoken word would be forgotten, but the written word could be recorded and referred to. The thoughts and feelings of a great man will go only as far as his generation unless they are recorded. If they are recorded, and if they are interesting, he will never really be gone as long as anyone can read and comprehend his words. As it is with one man, so it is with an era. The immortality of an age lies in the gifts of that age to posterity.

The record of the facts of any given age is "mortised" in the history textbook; the record of the people's thoughts and feelings of that time is in their artistic creations. For example, the Civil War can be mapped out completely from a text. But have you read the Gettysburg Address? In it is true creation—the expression of a heart's conviction in a time of strife.

Now we come to an important point. Anyone who can think is creative. Of course, every human being can think—according to Descartes, *Cogito, ergo sum*—but most people are horrified at the suggestion that they try to express themselves. The universal reply is, "The words don't come out right!" Of course, not everyone has ability to put words together so that they are beautiful in themselves—that is called craftsmanship, talent, genius. Not all of us are geniuses, but anyone can write what he feels, if he forgets beauty of words and concentrates on clarity of thought. Look again at our friend Lincoln. He strove not to create an undying literary gem in his Gettysburg Address. He merely thought to tell the people what was in his heart. Try that sometime. Pick any subject that appeals to you—an outbreak in the Middle East, maybe the third World War; integration in the South. How do you feel about these things? To write, you don't have to discuss Love, Death, or Nature. Try your hand at describing a sewage dump, an airplane, a person you know. After you have captured your feelings you can polish up the wording.

And remember: If there are to be writers, there must be readers. Appreciation is an art in itself. If one is capable of recreating in himself a sentiment which another has expressed, that one has creative ability—or at least, re-creative ability!

—SYLVIA CRUMPLER, *Editor, 1957*

The Three Handkerchiefs

Amanda, whose prototype was the faithful freed slave, and her two daughters waited to clear the table on that spring night in 1890. But the diners were talking in that easy comfortable manner customary to those whose appetites have been pleasantly sated.

The two men seated at the table were smoking pipes and indulging in small talk, centered at the moment on the difficulty of raising pigeons domestically, a recently acquired hobby of Mr. Outerbridge. Less than a year ago Amanda's crippled son, Herbert, had found a pigeon with a broken wing and had nursed him back to health. Herbert had so interested Mr. Outerbridge in the enterprise that he'd purchased a pigeon coop and had entrusted the coop and the care of its occupants to Herbert.

The four women seated at the table were attired modestly in their often-laundered and very clear cotton dresses. Mittie, the eldest of three daughters, was enjoying herself thoroughly. All afternoon she had preened herself before William Randall, from whom, three months previously, she had accepted a betrothal ring. In honor of his visit she had been allowed to wear a pearl necklace, the only piece of her grandmother's jewelry that was still in the family, and Martha's blue dress, the newest garment in the joint wardrobe of the two older sisters. As she sat in the circle of mellow light cast by the oil lamps, she made a very pretty picture with her fair skin, her neatly arranged hair, her blue eyes emphasized by the color of her costume.

Martha regarded her a little enviously. Martha was only a year younger than Mittie. She had an olive complexion and dark brown hair and eyes. She resembled her father's side of the family.

"That Martha is a true Outerbridge," her Outerbridge relatives were fond of saying.

"That Martha," thought Martha, "is also going to be a true old maid, I'm afraid." Then she remembered with a little shamed excitement the plans for tonight.

Susan Arista, the youngest daughter, (she was only fourteen, three years younger than Martha), regarded her eldest sister with a little awe.

"What would it be like to be pretty, to have a beau, and to be able to wear my hair up?" she wondered, as, with a grimace of displeasure, she touched her long blonde ringlets. Susan Arista, like Mittie, had fair skin and blonde hair, but like Martha, brown eyes. People were fond of saying that she promised to be the real beauty of the family.

"Well, tonight I'll know whom I am to marry," she said unintentionally. Immediately she clapped her hand over her mouth as if to imprison the tell-tale sentence. But the gesture was too late. Everyone had turned to look at her.

Her mother said, with an inquiring look, "What did you say, Susan Arista?"

Her father regarded her inquisitively and continued smoking his pipe.

William Randall, the tall, amiable guest of honor, who was reputed to be "going places" by all who knew him, said in an amused tone, "Oh, you will? Really? How?"

Martha blushed and then began to giggle as she regarded poor Susan Arista's consternation. However, there was no amusement in the look Mittie turned upon Susan Arista. It was a warning look, foreboding disaster if she were to enlarge upon her unintentional remark.

"Why—why, I was just—ah—thinking about—about a story Amanda told me one day," Susan Arista said, with a very red face.

"It must have been interesting. Do tell it to us," William teased her, amused by her embarrassment.

"No—it's really—very long," Susan Arista said, casting beseeching eyes on

Mittie.

Mittie forced a little laugh and said, "Don't tease the child, William. Goodness knows what fancies are in her head."

Susan Arista bristled at the word "child" and said, throwing a defiant glance at Mittie, "Well, Mr. Randall, the story was about three sisters who hung their handkerchiefs on a rose-bush to find out whom they were going to marry."

"Well, little Miss Outerbridge, why are you so embarrassed? Does this story apply to any three sisters that I might know?" William said, glancing at the three sisters with a suspicious twinkle in his eyes.

At these words Mittie flushed deeply and said, "What nonsense this child talks. Mother, you'll simply have to tell Amanda to stop filling Susan Arista's head with her tales."

"Why, Mittie, what's the matter with that? That handkerchief story is one everyone knows. Why," Mrs. Outerbridge said with a little laugh, "I must admit that I even tested the story myself when I was Susan Arista's age. However, I got no results."

"I think I remember my mother's telling me of the custom, but I'd almost forgotten it," William said. "Isn't it that a girl washes her handkerchief in rain water, hangs it out to dry on a rose-bush in the light of a full moon and that her husband-to-be will carry it away?"

"That's right," said Mrs. Outerbridge, laughing, "However there are other possible results. If a white bird circles the bush and bears away the handkerchief, the girl will die—one year later if the bird circles the bush one time and so forth. If the handkerchief remains undisturbed until the next morning, the girl will be an old maid."

Mittie had begun to fidget. Turning to William she said, "Now, isn't that silly? I'm surprised at my mother's testing it."

Everyone laughed a little at Mrs. Outerbridge's slight blush. Mrs. Outerbridge, laughing, stood and, as everyone followed suit, said, "Why don't we move into the parlor?" Turning, she went in first to light the lamps.

Mr. Outerbridge ordered Susan Arista to bed and excused himself, saying that he thought he ought to retire.

Martha and Mrs. Outerbridge sat in the parlor and knitted while talking to Mittie and William. After an hour of rather halting conversation they bade William good night and retired.

The two young people, well versed in the etiquette of the era, realized that it was time for William to depart. Picking up a lamp, Mittie went to light William's way to his buggy.

As William settled himself in the equipage, he turned and said to Mittie, with a very knowing twinkle in his eyes, "If ever you decide to test the handkerchief story, do warn me beforehand so that I may be here to reestablish my claim."

Mittie, with a little vexed laugh, said, "You must think me a mighty silly woman to suppose that I'd ever put faith in such a tale."

William laughed, whipped up his horses and departed.

Mittie made her way back through the house, extinguishing the lamps, then upstairs to her room. As she opened her door she saw Martha and Susan Arista sitting on her bed whispering.

"Well, Miss Susan Arista, your behavior tonight was certainly charming," she said sarcastically.

"Oh, Mittie, don't be an old granny. I'm sorry if you were embarrassed. Now—here's your best white handkerchief that you embroidered a blue "M" on. Shall I run get the water?"

"I feel a little too tired for this foolishness tonight. Besides, this is an awfully silly thing to do. I'd be terribly embarrassed if we were ever found out."

"What," wailed Susan Arista, "you can't back out now. We've been planning this for weeks. Now, Mittie, don't be an old spoil-sport."

"Don't you think we're being just too silly, Martha?" Mittie said a little uncertainly.

Martha, who was sitting behind Susan Arista, pointed furtively to the girl and said, "Why, no, Mittie, we've been counting on this. Now don't disappoint us."

Mittie sighed, "Well, what harm can it possibly do? Susan Arista, run to your room and bring us that jug of rain water you've been so carefully hoarding."

As she spoke, she felt a little flash of excitement travel through her, though she was convinced her behavior was silly. Susan Arista excitedly ran from the room.

Martha said, "Susan Arista's been so excited; you know how girls her age are. We just couldn't disappoint her."

Mittie walked over to the bed and picked up two handkerchiefs, one with an "M" worked upon it in blue thread, one with an "M" worked upon it in red thread. Laughing she said to Martha, "Aren't you afraid your destined husband will get confused and carry away my handkerchief instead of yours? That would be tragic; I'd have two husbands and you none."

Martha laughed, "Oh, don't worry; fate will guide my destined husband to the red 'M.'"

Susan Arista tiptoed back into the room and, having plopped the jug of rain water down on the washstand, ran to the bed and picked up her pale blue handkerchief. "Mittie, you first, then Martha, then me," she said.

"All right, little sister," Mittie replied and dipping her handkerchief into the rainwater, she made a few scrubbing motions before pulling it out and saying, "Your turn, Martha."

The three having washed their handkerchiefs, it was decided that Martha and Susan Arista would slip out the side door to the rose-bush and that Mittie would remain in the hall with the lamp. This plan was executed quietly and quickly and the three sisters returned to Mittie's room, which had a window overlooking the rose-bush.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Outerbridge, after retiring, had found her husband still awake. Throwing her knitting bag on a table and yawning, she had settled herself beside him in the bed. "Mr. Outerbridge," she had said, "What troubles you so that you're still awake?"

"I'm planning to make my daughters happy," he said jokingly. "I believe that the little scatter-brains really intend to test that 'old wives' tale.'"

"Oh, my goodness, of course they do," Mrs. Outerbridge laughed. "I realized that, too. Just what do you plan to do?"

"Well, my dear, as soon as that tip-toeing around upstairs has completely quieted down and pure exhaustion has ended the girls' watch, I shall sneak out and remove those handkerchiefs."

"You know, I think perhaps William plans to do something along the same line," Mrs. Outerbridge said, winking at her husband.

"I think perhaps you're right. He seemed very amused about the situation. I'll give him plenty of time to pay a visit before I carry out my plans."

"Well, I won't keep you company in your vigil. I'm afraid I'm much too tired," Mrs. Outerbridge yawned.

"You go on to bed, my dear," Mr. Outerbridge said, "and I'll tell you about the outcome of my plan tomorrow."

Upstairs the three sisters peered out of the window. As their eyes became accustomed to the darkness, the girls saw the rose-bush with its three light patches standing out in shadowy outline against the moonlight bright lawn. For a short while they stood there in silence; then Mittie left the window to get ready for bed.

Suddenly Martha cried out, "Look, a man!" Instantly Mittie rushed to the window. There they saw, stealthily creeping around the corner of the house, the vague shape of a tall man. He emerged from the shadow cast by the house

and Martha whispered, "Why, it's William!"

The man walked over to the rose-bush and, glancing at one handkerchief, he seemed satisfied, plucked it from the bush and turned toward the house triumphantly. He stood there, facing the house; the white of his cravat, and the white of the handkerchief that he dangled from an outstretched arm, stood out against the grey figure.

"That William," Mittie said with a chagrined laugh. "He saw right through us. I'm mortified!"

Martha, however, seemed somewhat perturbed. She noted the position of the one remaining handkerchief and said to Mittie, "I believe your William has made a mistake. I think he got my handkerchief rather than yours."

Just then the man in the yard made a farewell gesture with his white prize and threw a kiss toward the window. He ran back around the house. Almost immediately the three sisters heard the muffled rumbling of moving buggy wheels punctuated by the clip-clop of horses' hooves.

Mittie, peering again at the rose-bush, said, "You're wrong, Martha, that's your handkerchief right there. I'm sure yours was hung in that spot. But I want to be sure—I'm going to check."

At this the other two girls broke into laughter. "Are you worried, Mittie?" Martha laughed.

Susan Arista squealed out, "No, you won't, Mittie, you'll not scare our prospective husbands away, you just stay right here for a while."

Laughing at her silly anxiety, Mittie sat back down. An hour passed; nothing happened. Mittie felt her slumber-heavy lids closing for successively longer periods of time. Surrendering to sleep she dragged herself to her bed and collapsed there. She slept almost as soon as her head touched her pillow. Martha soon afterwards retired, leaving Susan Arista sitting in a large easy chair, as sentry at the window, where she soon fell asleep and slept soundly the rest of the night.

The rays of the early morning sun awakend Susan Arista. She stretched at first, wondering where she was and why she was stiff. Then realization of what they had done returned and she looked out the window. Squealing with excitement, she ran and woke Mittie.

"There're no handkerchiefs. Mine and Martha's are gone, too. Our future husbands came by last night, but I fell asleep and I didn't see them." As she spoke this last sentence, regret quieted her for a moment.

During that moment, Mittie turned over, yawned and said, "Do run tell Martha. She'll be so pleased to hear." She went immediately back to sleep.

In order to avoid ridicule, the girls never mentioned the incident to their parents. Susan Arista often deplored the sleepiness which had caused her to miss seeing her future husband. Martha and Mittie privately decided that William had returned later that night and taken away the other two handkerchiefs. However, when questioned about it, he never revealed anything. No amount of prompting, urging or teasing could get more than a "I only know one thing about that night. I carried away Mittie's handkerchief." Soon Martha and Mittie gave up the inquiry, as for some reason he did not wish to discuss the matter. After a while the three sisters pushed the incident to the back of their minds.

A year passed, the year during which Mittie and William were to have been married. One thing after another had caused them to postpone the wedding. William thought with vexation of the situation as he rode down the lane. His financial worries had resolved themselves at last. He hoped that today he and Mittie would be able to set a date for their wedding.

He pulled up in front of the house and Herbert hobbled out to take charge of the buggy. "Why, Mister William, we wasn't expectin' you today. Miss Mittie ain't hyar."

"Oh, she's not? Where is she, do you know?"

(Continued on page 36)

The Pattern

I've been sitting here all night rocking, thinking, napping, dreaming. I've mentally gone through every room in the house, this great old Southern residence, my own home. I've mulled over the colors in each hallway and chamber, over every painting and portrait, the furniture new and old, over all the little things that ornament a dwelling, giving it a lived-in perfection. I've been remembering the birthday parties, the balls, the dinners, the weddings, the intimate family gatherings—all the laughter and festivity that have made the entire estate light up in exciting beauty. I've been remembering the unhappy moments, the departures of sons and fathers to war, the farewells of daughters and sisters on wedding days, the exodus of lives. I've been remembering too the ancestors who have lived in this house since it was first built 140 years ago, who lived on this, the largest cotton plantation in Virginia in 1810. All those people were fine, proud, custom-loving people, whose single aim was to maintain culture, represented by the Brooking name, its truth and tradition. Those people worked together and individually, publicly and privately, to bear and raise families and to build a common law for the generations to follow.

The moonlight is fading now and as I sit studying the gold-framed portrait of my father I cannot help thinking of his love for his family, his work on his farm in the clean white cotton. I guess I knew him better than any of his other children did, for as the eldest son in a family of eight it has been my intended path to follow his footsteps to the end. The face is still proudly and strangely self-assured on the canvas, just as he was at thirty-eight years. He, too, was the eldest of a large family and he, too, undoubtedly sat here one night in this same room, the master bedroom, looking at the portrait of his father, thinking of virtually the same things I am occupied with at this moment. His short-cropped blond hair, his ever-alert blue eyes, his sharp nose, his great pearl white teeth, his dimpled chin—the features are as clearly alive to me as if I had just spoken to him. I can see him sitting in the worn high-backed desk chair in his office downstairs, his broad shoulders clad in a thin blue work shirt, his tanned muscular arms, his capable hands ever busy, never idle. I can see his grim countenance facing me as he drilled me from adolescence on the importance of heading a plantation as extensive as the one I would someday own and run. I can remember his genuine, warm glow as he greeted a visiting in-law; a dinner guest whom he'd never seen before; a hopeful job-seeker; a daughter, whose first date impatiently awaited her arrival in the library; or his own wife any time she chose to speak to him. I can still sense his serious reverence as he read the Bible verses at bed-time or said the blessing before meals.

I can see and remember and sense these characteristics, these emotions so easily, for I am sure I have never tried to imitate anyone as I have tried to imitate him. I have spent my entire forty years following his ways, obeying him, learning from him. He taught me to mount a horse easily and erectly, to ride slowly and proudly, to gallop at a pace that would shame a gazelle. He taught me to clean a gun until it shone like a new dime, to handle a pistol with ease and care, to shoot a fly off of a tea cup rim. He taught me how to swim, to tie a bow tie, to win a blue ribbon in the dog show, how to add and subtract, to manage the planting, picking and baling of tons of cotton every year—how to live and how to die.

To die—yes, he even taught me how to die, just as his father taught him to die. That sounds strange, I know, for to most people death just arrives, swallowing each individual life. But, as I have said, tradition, that aspect, that feature which is of the utmost importance to all my ancestors, has taught the Brookings to die in a unique way which cannot be avoided, or overlooked.

My father taught me all he knew he could teach me, just as his own father taught him and as each father on back through the generations had taught his

son. And I have tried to teach my own eldest son all I know, for it is he who must carry on the tradition to the next generation. As the summer sun shows its burning forehead on the east fields now, I know my son sleeps in the bed I slept in when I was beginning my eighteenth year. I know by now he has learned all he can learn from me, for, I think there is nothing I have neglected to impress upon him which my father impressed upon me. I can only hope now that someday he will appreciate all I have done and will do and, actually, I have no doubt that he will. Someday—someday, he, too, will spend a sleepless night, though not a lonely one, for he will think of his own family, of his home, of me. Someday—I could almost name the day for you—my son will know that tradition—even more than industrial progress—makes the world continue to grow, for the young who grow with the world cannot do better than to begin with tradition.

But now, I must get up and begin my day. Since I did not bother to undress last night I can kiss my wife and make my way to the stables before she ever wakes. She, dear lady, has done my washing and cooking and mending and nursing and rearing our children to be citizens of a world—not just owners of an estate—though she has never let them forget the Brooking tradition. This room, this hallway, that great grandfather clock striking its six hours now, this office (I must arrange my papers, for the attorney will be here sometime today), this kitchen—all hold so many memories . . . so many memories I can barely remember them all. I think this morning I'll just skip eating. Why, bless her little heart—a birthday card:

“May your Heavenly Father be your guest
Your morning joy, your evening light;
Reveal His spirit of goodness and strength
To keep your Birthday bright;
May His blessed guidance and His love,
With your daily bread impart,
Hope and faith for all your needs
And peace to lift your heart.”

Maybe I neglected to tell you that today is my fortieth birthday. Funny that I should forget. This door still creaks. Guess it'll get oiled someday. The grass is wet with dew, sort of sparkly as if maybe somebody might have eried on it. And the sky's so clear and there's nothing moving except the air—just enough to make the trees smell like flowers and the stable smell clean.

There it is. The barrel's just as clean as a whistle and the stock looks almost new. There's the initial too, all carved out and dated VBC 6/20/'50. It's as much like the older initial as possible.

My family, my father, my wife, my son, my home, my life. . . .

—ANN SHEPHERD, '58.

The Mouse

From out the hole within the wall
There creeps a mouse that's—oh, so small—
To see his world—that is, our hall.

About the middle of the night
I hear him, but he's out of sight.
I wish that I could reach the light!

—PATRICIA HUSKE, '57.

Jewels

If I should see your eyes again,
I know how far their look would go;
Back to a morning in the park
With sapphire shadows on the snow;

On back to oak trees in the spring,
When you unloosed my hair and kissed
The head that lay against your knees
In the leaf-shadows amethyst.

And then one other shining link
Completes the chain of memory.
We pledged eternal faith that day
On topaz sands by turquoise sea.

But I will turn my eyes from you
As women turn to put away
Jewels that they have worn at night
And cannot wear in sober day.

—LAMBETH WALKER, '59.

A Long Long Time Ago

Oh, quite a long, long time ago—
The moon was brighter then—
A girl walked nights beside the sea,
A moonbeam in each hand.

Little she knew of that other world
Of the bustling city street,
But only the way the wild sea smelled,
And warmth of the sand to her feet.

She joyed in the passion of unchecked storm;
She knew when the rains would start;
She heard the language of fish and fowl,
And the beating of Nature's heart.

She was lost in the city at first, of course—
Blank pavement cannot speak.
She longed for the freedom of wind-curved wave,
And the awesome lightning-streak.

But people forget so quickly—God,
Please take me back once more!
Let me know now what I knew then;
Let me run with the wave to the shore!

—SYLVIA CRUMPLER, '57.

The Lincoln-Rutledge Story

The Abraham Lincoln-Ann Rutledge story is the subject of both fiction and non-fiction. It is not only a controversial topic, but one which has been exploited until it is impossible to find a dividing line between fact and hearsay. Even the greatest authorities on Lincoln fail to agree on his relationship with Ann. Almost every phase of the couple's story is a disputable subject. Carl Sandburg who has written six books on Lincoln puts comparatively little emphasis on the love affair. He contends that Ann Rutledge was merely the President's first love.¹ Mr. Sandburg's knowledge and authority are not questioned. William Herndon, who was Lincoln's law partner for several years, takes another viewpoint. He discloses in his book *The Hidden Lincoln* the opinion that Abe was so deeply in love with Ann and so grieved by her death that he never loved anyone else, not even his wife.² Herndon idolized Abe; why then should he lie about him? *The Hidden Lincoln* has been proclaimed an honest search for the truth and a sound factual basis for other biographies.³ Conversely, another author of lesser importance claims that Herndon made up the whole Ann Rutledge story.⁴ Other writers take entirely different attitudes. James Hickey, a great Lincoln admirer and scholar, is thoroughly disgusted with the Ann Rutledge legend. He says "she was a simple girl with whom Lincoln had merely an acquaintance, not a great, gloomy love affair."⁵ J. G. Randall agrees with the latter opinion when he says "informed readers are by this time well advised on the thinness of its (the legend's) historical basis."⁶ In opposition, Wilma Frances Minor tells of her Lincoln collection which includes diaries and passionate letters which allegedly passed between Lincoln and Ann Rutledge.⁷ Sandburg obviously has no knowledge of such letters though, because according to him "Lincoln was to go away (to the state legislature) writing her no letters that she kept and saved, she writing him no letters that he laid by as keepsakes."⁸ Mary Owens, Abe's second girl friend, lived in New Salem, Illinois for two years following Ann's death, and she never heard anyone speak of the deceased.⁹ Encyclopedias which should prove to be the final word on the subject fail in that respect, for Ann Rutledge was not listed separately in any of four volumes and was hardly mentioned in the articles on Lincoln. This fact may prove to be a defense of Mr. Sandburg's argument.

Whether or not a violent love existed between Abe Lincoln and Ann Rutledge is a question that will never be answered. "They were the only two people who could tell what secret they shared, if any."¹⁰ But still one cannot refrain from wondering. What was she like? Did they truly love each other? Did Lincoln love Ann after she died even to the exclusion of his wife? We will never know. All we can do is present both sides of the story and then form our own opinion.¹¹

¹Carl Sandburg, *The Prairie Years And The War Years*, *passim*.

²Gerald W. Johnson, "Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln" in *New Republic*, v. CXXVIII, (February 23, 1953), p. 19.

³Paul H. Buck, "Fiery Furnace," in *Saturday Review of Literature*, v. XVIII (February 12, 1938), p. 3.

⁴Johnson, *loc. cit.*

⁵Robert Wallace, "The Never Ending Search" in *Life*, v. XXXIII, No. 7 (February 14, 1955), p. 110.

⁶J. G. Randall, *Lincoln The Liberal Statesman*, p. 5.

⁷Wilma Frances Minor, "Lincoln The Lover," in the *Atlantic Monthly*, v. CXLII, (December, 1928), p. 838.

⁸Sandburg, *op. cit.*, p. 39.

⁹William E. Barton, "Two Women Lincoln Loved," in *Ladies Home Journal* (October, 1927), p. 119.

¹⁰Sandburg, *op. cit.*, p. 44.

¹¹Since so little is known about Ann Rutledge, the discussion will center around her rather than Lincoln.

Ann Mayes Rutledge's family was highly respected in New Salem, Illinois. Her father, James Rutledge, came originally from South Carolina.¹² He married Mary Ann Miller,¹³ and they had nine children, Ann being the third.¹⁴ She could boast of having a father who was one of the two founders of New Salem,¹⁵ a great-grandfather who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence,¹⁶ and an ancestor who had been chief justice of the Supreme Court.¹⁷ In Ann's youth, her family was fairly well-off as a result of a profitable tavern that her father kept. But as Ann grew older, the Rutledges grew less wealthy, a fact that was made apparent by Ann's having to work on a farm to pay her tuition at the Jackson Female Academy. It is generally agreed that the Rutledges' economic situation was average. The agreement stops here.

No one knows when Ann Rutledge was born. Two birth dates are given—1813¹⁹ and 1816.²⁰ She had blue eyes and a fair face,²¹ but the color of her hair is as controversial a subject as her relationship with Lincoln. Sandburg states that she had auburn hair;²² Minor says that she was red-headed;²³ Nicolay declares that she was a blond;²⁴ and in a single article she is classified both as a blond and a red-head. She was five feet, two inches high, graceful, charming, and very popular with New Salem men.²⁶ John McNamar described her like this: "Miss Ann was gentle and comely withal a blond in complexion with golden hair, 'cherry red lips and a bonny Blue Eye.'"²⁷

Ann's beauty and charm attracted the two most eligible men in New Salem, the first of these being John McNeil, to whom she was engaged for over two years. McNeil was a reputable business man and was well liked by his New Salem neighbors. His business transactions constantly brought him in contact with James Rutledge, and the latter obviously sanctioned the engagement between John and Ann. But McNeil's integrity was soon questioned because of the discovery that his name was not McNeil after all, but McNamar. His excuse for living under an assumed name was that his father had failed in business, and that he wanted to make a new start on his own. McNamar left for New York in 1832 to straighten out some family difficulties. At first he wrote to Ann, but gradually she received mail less often and his letters finally stopped coming altogether. Ann, feeling indebted to McNamar for his giving her family a house at Sand Ridge, acknowledged her engagement to him until she became interested in Lincoln.²⁸ She put off the persistent young man as long as she could, for she knew McNamar to be a "careful and exact man (who) insisted upon clear understandings in all bargains, and a betrothal to him was a bargain between a man and a woman. . . ."²⁹ Two years passed and McNamar's whereabouts were unknown. During this time Ann was sure to become attracted to someone else. Lincoln was the recipient of her attentions.

At what age and under what circumstances Ann Rutledge met Abraham Lincoln are unknown. She was somewhere between the ages of seventeen and nineteen,

¹²Sandburg, *op. cit.*, p. 26.

¹³Minor, *loc. cit.*

¹⁴Sandburg, *loc. cit.*

¹⁵*Ibid.*, p. 38.

¹⁶William Eleroy Curtis, *The True Abraham Lincoln*, p. 37.

¹⁷Ida M. Tarbell, *The Life of Abraham Lincoln*, v. I, p. 116.

¹⁸Sandburg, *op. cit.*, p. 44

¹⁹*Ibid.*, p. 26.

²⁰Ann Rutledge, *Readers' Encyclopedia*, p. 960

²¹Sandburg, *loc. cit.*

²²*Ibid.*

²³Minor, *op. cit.*, in *New Republic*, v. CXLIII (January, 1929), pp. 5-6.

²⁴John G. Nicolay, *Abraham Lincoln*, p. 51.

²⁶Lord Charnwood, *Abraham Lincoln*, p. 78

²⁷Quoted in Sandburg, *op. cit.*, p. 46.

²⁸*Ibid.*, p. 38.

²⁹*Ibid.*, pp. 38-39.

and he was in his early twenties when they first became acquainted. The most romantic account of their meeting is given by Wilma Frances Minor. She says that on an April morning in 1831, a flatboat was stranded on a mud bank in the Sagamon River. A curious crowd including Ann Rutledge gathered around the boat to watch a tall, slender young man try to pry it from the bank. Later in the day, this same stranger and his friends ate dinner at the Rutledge tavern, and Ann was on hand to serve the hungry men. Lincoln was holding Ann's sister Sally in his lap and Ann offered to take the baby from him. Abe said "Let me hold her a little longer. You know, I've a sister Sally myself."

"And do you hold her?" asked the young woman.

"It would not be befitting as she is two years older than me."³⁰

Infatuation must have developed immediately because Sally Calhoun, the daughter of a friend of Abe's, wrote in her diary, "right there (Abe) got stuck much harder on Ann (than he did on the bank!)"³¹

Others say that Ann met the aspiring young lawyer at Mentor Graham's school.³² Another story pictures despondent Ann going hopefully to the post office every day to ask Lincoln, the postmaster, for mail from her absent fiancé.³³ But no matter how they met the majority of authors agree that the couple came to know each other more intimately during the time that Lincoln boarded at the Rutledge tavern. Still another conflict arises, however, over the statement by Sanburg to the effect that McNamar and Lincoln ate at the tavern at the same time.³⁴ How then could Ann have met Abe at the post office when she inquired about her mail? Similarly, another disagreement arises as to the relationship between Ann and Lincoln at the boarding house. One source says they sat beside each other at every meal,³⁵ but Charnwood states that Lincoln stayed away from meals at the tavern because women ate there and he was too shy to sit with them!³⁶

Ann was in a precarious situation. It was obvious to her that McNamar either had died or deserted her; but her attitude toward Lincoln was still restrained because of her unbroken engagement to John. Ann probably wrote to McNamar to ask for a release from her betrothal, but again there is no evidence to support this theory.³⁷ During the two years that Ann's fiancé was gone Lincoln was evidently aware of the strained situation which existed, but both Abe and Ann said nothing about McNamar. "There was some kind of understanding beneath their joined silence."³⁸ Somewhere during McNamar's absence their feelings for each other deepened. Whether or not this love grew out of sympathy or natural attraction is uncertain. At that time Lincoln was so concerned with law and politics that it seems doubtful that he would court a girl merely for physical reasons.³⁹ The change in Ann's attitude toward McNamar is made evident in a letter written to Abe in which she said, "I long nomore for inteligence to com out of New York. You ar all in all to me."^{40, 41} No more is heard of John McNamar until his return to New Salem three weeks after Ann's death, James Rutledge died shortly after his daughter's passing,

(Continued on page 41)

³⁰Minor, *op. cit.*, v. CXLII (December 1928), p. 840.

³¹Minor, *op. cit.*, v. CXLIII (January 1929), p. 6.

³²Tarbell, *op. cit.*, p. 117.

³³Minor, *loc. cit.*

³⁴Sandburg, *op. cit.*, p. 39.

³⁵Curtis, *op. cit.*, p. 37.

³⁶Charnwood, *op. cit.*, p. 78.

³⁷Sandburg, *op. cit.*, p. 44.

³⁸*Ibid.*, p. 39.

³⁹*Ibid.*, p. 40.

⁴⁰Minor, *op. cit.*, v. CXLIII (February 1929) p. 219.

⁴¹None of the grammatical errors in the letters in the Minor collection have been corrected.

Into Oblivion

The sun shone dim; pale gray the sky.
The wind was cold and drear.
The steeple bell, a warrant grim,
Proclaimed the Sabbath near.

The drab, rough stone was without warmth;
Its windows blank and bleak.
The church that stood so lonely there
Received the proud and meek.

Within where glowed the candles bright
Damp air succumbed to heat.
The wraps of children lay about,
As Sunday school did meet.

God's sixty infants gaily dressed
The word of Christ to hear,
Unknowing in their harmless souls
That Death was drawing near.

For Satan with a mighty shriek
Caused all the land to groan,
The heavy walls to split apart,
The winds to howl and moan.

The crust of earth gaped wide and deep,
A chasm dread to see.
A wrathful smile upon its lips,
It gushed its grim decree.

The Devil's laughing could be heard
Above the roar and rumble.
Amid that awful curse from Hell
The belfry down did crumble.

The old, gray rock, the chapel's strength
Cracked wide, did hesitate;
Altar, pews, and crucifix—all
Fulfilled their destined fate.

Within dark walls the worshippers
A fear of Death decry,
Serene and calm, the words they hear
"Thou shalt not fear to die."

God's loving arms received them all
In peace above our strife.
The rich, the poor, the strong, the weak,
No tears they shed for life.

The sun shone dim; pale gray the sky.
No more the land did groan.
Forlorn within that old churchyard
Stand piles of dirt and stone.

—FRANCES PEARSON, '57.

Old Tale

Carol hasn't changed. As we drank our tea and she reminisced about our escapades of a decade ago, she had the same gay lilt in her voice, the same twinkle in her eyes as of old. But as I tried to return with her to follies of our youth, I asked myself if I could ever have been the gay scatterbrain of whom she spoke. But she carefully avoided one experience that is burned for always in my memory. I record it here. Some day it may interest my daughter, my little Lou to know that her mother was not always the sedate, serious person that she is to-day. . . .

"O. K., fellas, let's go to the house and plan this thing!" I heard Jim Wright cry to the other members of the Sigma Theta fraternity of which he was rush chairman. Jim was my guy and my pride swelled when he blew a kiss my way as he and the boys left. Usually he took me back to the sorority house, but the Sigma Thetas were making big plans for tonight, initiation night. I had to hurry back to our house myself, for, since the initiation was to be rather dangerous, the Phi Zeta pledges were being initiated with the Sigma Theta's. We figured that having the boys with us would be much safer than going alone.

My cousin, Lucy Drake, and I had come to the University to major in Commercial Art. Lucy was a year younger than I and was determined to pledge Phi Zeta. She was to be initiated tonight.

The girls had been rather hesitant about initiating the pledges by requiring them to go through the old O'Neil place with light from only three matches. The house was said to be haunted, but of course no one believed the story; so to prove it wasn't, we were going to try it on our pledges. Jim had suggested to me that we have the initiations together and everyone had agreed to the idea.

After arriving at the house, Weezie and Carol, my closest pals, and I heard a knock on the door. It was Bob Timmons, John Crabbs, and Jim.

"Well, you gals about ready for initiation tonight?" Bob yelled as they entered.

"Yeah, I reckon so," I answered, "But I'm still a bit worried about that O'Neil place. I've heard some pretty tall tales about it, and something keeps telling me not to go."

"Holy Cow!" John said, "You girls are just a bunch of chickens—can't even take a few scares; besides, you don't believe those tall tales, do you?"

"Heavens no, stupid! but we'd feel real cute if something happened," Weezie responded.

Then Bob went over to her. "Listen, sweetheart, do you think we'd let anything happen to y'all? Why, we'd kill ourselves first."

"Wow, listen to Sir Galahad! Be darned if I would," laughed Jim.

"Jim!" I said, and laughed with him as he teased me affectionately.

"Listen, y'all," cried John, who had been giving out the sweet words to Carol all this time. "Let's just get one thing in our heads—nothing's gonna happen—there'll be six of us and six pledges out there. Who in tarnation is gonna try anything with that many people?"

"Well, I think we're all pretty safe; especially with these three Herculeses," chimed in Carol, looking longingly at John. They had just been pinned and were still in that lovey-dovey stage.

"O. K., then it's settled. Let's all go over to the house and cut a few rugs to celebrate the decision!" cried Jim as he grabbed my arm and pulled me out of the door.

The rest followed and as we drove up to the fraternity house, Ed James, a pledge, was washing his big brother's Ford convertible.

"Boy, will I ever be glad when this Hell Week's over," he grumbled. "Hi, Lizards," he yelled to us as we approached. "Reckon y'all have been gloating over initiation tonight—right?"

"Well, kinda," I admitted, "No sweat though; we won't be too hard on y'all. By the way, Ed, how's Lucy? Is her arm—better?"

"Yeah, it's O. K. now. She's in the house now if you want to see her."

"Swell! See ya later, alligator!"

Lucy Drake, Ed's girl and my cousin, whom I mentioned before, met us at the door and was looking much better. She had wrenched her arm in an accident she and Ed had had after a big party the Sigma Thetas had thrown, and had just got out of the infirmary.

"Hi, weenies," she cried as she welcomed us. "Come on in and have a squat! Honestly, it's so good to see y'all again."

"Good to see you too, Lucy," we answered and went on inside. Lucy was a short, slim girl—she had always been small, with big, sad, mysterious grey eyes. They seemed to be afraid of something, although people seldom noticed this because of her gay manner. Perhaps this look of subconscious fear was due to the legend associated with her family. It is said that every two generations a member is killed tragically—not necessarily murdered, but brought to death in some terrifying way. Lucy's generation was the one on which death was supposed to fall next and she was an only child. The tale had passed on to a few members of our family, and I had heard my mother speak of it at times. Luckily, Lucy was unaware of her position in the legend, for she always worried about things that never happened. She even imagined that she had narrowly escaped death in the accident in which she and Ed had recently been involved.

Hours passed, and after much laughter and gaiety, Jack Long, the Sigma Theta president, suggested that we all get ready to go out to the O'Neil place. At his suggestion, Weezie and I looked at each other and cringed at the thought of having to take the girls out there.

"I'm still kinda on edge about that initiation, Nan," she whispered as we were about to leave.

"Me too," I answered, "but we'll just have to leave it up to the boys. They know what they're doing . . . I hope!"

"O. K. folks, let's wheel!" Jack called from the car.

The boys took us back to the sorority house to get dressed, and after leaving us for fifteen minutes, they came back in high spirits. Although we pretended to be gay, our hearts were beating with fear mingled with excitement. Our pledges had no idea what was in store for them and they figured that nothing we had in mind would cause them to weaken. All the way out there we sang songs and laughed, forgetting the initiation for the moment.

We arrived around nine o'clock, and believe me, that old house had never looked weirder than it did as we stepped out of the car. It was next to a cemetery, and leafless, half-dead oak trees wagged their crooked fingers at us.

"Yi-i-i," croaked Lucy with astonishment, her grey eyes widening. "What are y'all gonna do?—kill us before we even get a chance to become members?"

"Aw, you gals quit sweatin'," cried Jack. "There's not a soul here but us—hey! We'd better get a move on if we intend to complete this initiation tonight."

"Yeah," exclaimed Jim, and he began the details of the procedure. "First, we'll give you each three matches and a list of objects you're to get. Then we'll send you into the house by couples—a boy and a girl. You'll have six matches to cover the house in, using two for each floor. You'll probably be left in the dark, but you're not to come back down 'til you've got at least ten of the objects that are hidden. They're well hidden, so be conservative with your matches—can't light any torches or anything on that order. Just do as I say. If you find that you can't get out, give a whoop and we'll come 'n' getcha, but I'll advise you not to yell for help, because we have a much worse initiation in store for you if you fail. O. K. Lucy and Ed, you two are first."

"Oh-h," gasped Lucy.

"C'mon, love, we'll go together and stick together. We'll show 'em," cried Ed,

trying to be brave, but not too happy about the situation himself.

The two got their matches and began walking cautiously toward the door of the house. They entered and struck the first match. We could see its glow through each window they passed. No one uttered a sound until after the light passed into another room.

"Reckon they'll be all right?" I asked Jim. I was concerned because the darkness and the place gave me a queer feeling in the pit of my stomach but more because the family expected me to look after Lucy and it was a bad time too get the clan down on me.

"Sure, honey, we've already checked through the whole place when we hid those objects," he assured me as he hugged my shoulder and smiled.

We waited patiently for Ed's and Lucy's return. Suddenly, Ed came bounding out of the house, alone and in a panic.

"Something grabbed us—I got away and tried to get Lucy," he panted, "But couldn't find her—dunno what it was—we've gotta go back and get her!"

"Hurry, gang! Let's go—quick!" yelled Jim. "We've to get her out of there! You stay here, Ed."

"Please be careful, Jim!" I cried, as I tugged Ed toward the car to calm him down.

The boys started in, armed with tools from the cars, while we waited anxiously for their return. After a few minutes, all of them rushed out again, not realizing that Jim wasn't with them.

"Couldn't find her!" they exclaimed.

"Where's Jim?" I asked, almost hysterical.

"Why . . . he was right behind me as we were leaving!" John exclaimed.

Suddenly, we heard a yell and Jim tore out of the house—his arm gushing blood.

"Quick!" he cried, "Crabbs, get the cops—and tell them to bring some first aid equipment!"

John and Carol leaped into Jim's Buick and wheeled away, the horn blasting. While we awaited their return, I dressed Jim's arm as best I could with his torn shirt.

"Something grabbed me and put something over my mouth," he panted. "I was the last one. Can't figure out what it was—had claws like a wildcat!"

"I knew something would happen if you went in there. I just knew it," I blubbered.

"Don't worry, hon, I'm O. K. now. I'm just worried about Lucy. Something tells me she's not O. K."

"I know, I'm so scared, Jim. What if something terrible has happened?"

"There, there, calm down—the cops'll be here soon."

We didn't have to wait long, for right away John and Carol returned with four carloads of policemen. They all hastened quickly into the house and the chief began to place men on each floor. The girls and I waited anxiously at the door. After searching the rooms thoroughly, they began looking for secret panels between the walls. Old man O'Neil had been a strange fellow and had probably had things like that in his house.

As they were about to leave, one of the policemen stumbled and fell down the steps, and as he looked up, he noticed that a secret door in the wall had been knocked ajar. He called the men back, and they crept with cocked guns up the steps and peered in the doorway. Two of the boys almost passed out at the gory sight before them. There, crouched down over Lucy's mangled body, was a man crying.

"At last, at last! I've killed her—the last of the Drake clan." He gnashed his teeth.

At the sight of the boys and the policemen, he stood up, picked up a knife,

and, with a wild maniacal scream that froze the very marrow of our bones, drove it into his heart. At that, the policemen entered and one of them cried with astonishment, "Why, its old man O'Neil—he's supposed to have left town long ago! All the time it has been old O'Neil who has haunted this house.

Back in town after the hearse had taken Lucy's body away, we learned from the newspaper editor that O'Neil was a direct descendant of the Irish O'Neils with whom the Drakes had feuded for two hundred years and more. O'Neil had told the editor that during one of the Irish rebellions—seven generations back—his family had given refuge to five English men who, they thought, were their staunch friends—five Drake brothers. These brothers, who pretended grave danger from the Irish and who were honored guests in his ancestors' home, had treacherously massacred all the O'Neil males except one boy of fourteen. The remaining O'Neil had vowed, as had the O'Neils that followed him, to hunt down and kill Drakes until the descendants of their false friends were obliterated.

Everyone was amazed and astounded upon hearing the story but I remembered the old tale that Mother had mentioned. . . .

Jim and I are happily married now and lead a quiet life, but we still shudder when we think of that night of initiation, and a chill settles on my heart when occasionally I see Lucy's mournful, mysterious eyes looking at me from the face of my little daughter.

—NANCY BLACK, '57.

Serula Lardugan

Serula Lardugan, walk down to the lea;
Serula Lardugan, walk down by the sea.
F'un'ral black waits thy pall; close let thy steps fall.

Serula Lardugan, I call from the deep;
Serula, why fearful? My promise I keep.
Green-black rolls the wave, for I gladly would save

Serula. Serula, oh never me fail;
Thy mantle draped black, and thy scarlet lip frail.
Soft tomb of the sea, from her life-bond will free

Serula. My darling, I cry in despair;
Thy cheek glows pale, as if ill with thee fare.
My arms' swift embrace all thy terrors erase.

Serula, so peaceful, I quiet thy dread;
Serula, how swiftly, all pain now is fled.
Soft-muffled your knell; forever mine dwell.

—FRANCES PEARSON

Prisoner

A lark am I, held fast behind the steel
Of my own self-made cage. How I could sing
If only God, who gave me life and will
Would to my prisoned self sweet freedom bring.
My plea—that someday one will come to me
Who out of love or understanding heart
Or other virtue blest will set me free—

Unuttered dies. From all I am apart.
Free flight the prisoned song-bird never knows.
The power of wings is spent against a cage.
Likewise, my spirit dies, and from the blows
That I inflict. I weep in silent rage.
In torture thus, a captive lark might die;
Yet live he does, and struggle, as do I.

—SYLVIA CRUMPLER, '58

The Listeners Awakening

The tinkling bell of childhood's sweetest sound
Is not unlike that of the morning tune
Warbled by birds that flit around
The sky in freedom, which ends all too soon
For the listener, who like a parent waits in dread
Of the day when children cease their innocent glee,
The time when children into truth are led
By trouble, trial, and fear to face eternity.
The laughter of a child must finally end
As does the lilt of birds at eventide,
And thus the listener, the parent, scans the sky
In search of echoes, of memories, but is denied
His wish. The child departs to take his stand
Among the hopeful listeners of the land.

—BETH MORRISON, '58.

My Day

When I awake down on the farm,
All things are calm and still;
There seems to wind a special charm
Around the house and mill.

A tinkling bird-call I may hear
As I arise today.
It greets the morning with good cheer,
And lures me out to play.

The sun will shine; the birds will sing,
As through the hours I play
Until with time the night will bring
The end of this, my day.

—MARY LOUISE HILL, '57.

Chance

The sun tipped the horizon, hesitated a moment, and sank. The wind rattled the ice-covered tumbleweed and whipped the crude coat around Jed's shoulders. His pale blue eyes looked toward the barn, then toward his sod house, and finally rested on the axe. With deliberate strokes he split a log, paused to cough, and split another. Gathering the wood, he turned again toward his house and went in. Meantime he had effected the plan for his adventure. . . .

"Sam, as I see it, we got to ask Sara what happened. She knows something."
"I tried to talk to her, but she won't say much, sheriff. She's still right grieved."

"Since you're coroner, Sam, it's up to you to do somethin,' 'cause it sho' looks queer to me. Let me know what you find out at the inquest. It sho' looks strange."

The room was cold and lit only by two kerosene lamps. Sam Billings sat at the head of a long pine table. Three U. S. cavalry officers in their long blue coats sat on one side; the farmers sat on the other.

"Now folks you all know why we're here, and all wants to get it over with. Jed Middleton was known to us all, and we want to do right by him; so, Sara, if you feel like it, you'd better start."

A slight, middle-aged woman raised her head, tightened her worn hands around a handkerchief, and then looked at the wall.

"Jed and me. . . we been married nine years. Some was good years and some weren't. Jed—Jed was a good man. Back East he worked in a town. He kep' feelin' bad, so we come out here. He never farmed before. He. . . was a good man."

"Can you remember what happened that night he left?"

"He fed the stock and came into the kitchen. I asked him to cut some wood 'cause it was low, and he did. I remember he said his hand hurt."

Memory burned. There commonplace words flamed.

Sara, do you have some soda? A hornet bit my hand. Seems like it's too cold for them now.

Make a paste out of it. The swellin' should go down. We'll eat in a while.

"I remember that we ate supper, and then he said he was goin' to town."

I've got to see Buck Cox about some seeds. I'll be back.

Tonight? Wait until tomorrow.

I'm goin' tonight, Sara. I'll be back.

The kerosene lamp flickered; Buck Cox turned in his seat.

"Folks, Jed did come by. Me and Liza asked him in and he set a while. He didn't say much, but he acted kinda nervous."

Liza Cox squirmed in her seat.

"That's so. Me and Buck thought he was mighty fidgety."

"Buck, can you remember what he said?"

"Well, he asked for some corn seed I had. I said it was early to plant, but he said the thaw was comin' and he wanted to be ready. He weren't much of a farmer; so I wondered. Then he left."

"Are you sure that was all?"

"Well. . . he said something about the barracks an' soldiers, 'bout passin' thru on his way here. Don't recall what it was."

"Liza do you remember?"

"No, no more'n Buck's said."

A sabre clanked; brass buttons glinted in the fading light.

"Lieutenant Forbes, what do you know 'bout Jed Middleton?"

"I was sitting at my table with some officers. Sergeant Kaplin here came in from picket with a man. He said the man was cold and could he come in for a while. I said he could; so he came in and took off his coat. He went over

where some of the men were talking. I didn't see him for a while. Sgt. Burke talked to him."

"Sergeant, what do you remember?"

"Well, sir, this little guy—man came over to where we was talkin' and sat down. For a long time he said nothing."

The scene, the words rushed from the past into the present.

Do you mind, may I see your sabre?

What . . . sure, of course.

It must be nice to have one, and a uniform. I've always wanted one.

Yeah—it's o.k. They're nice. . . .

"He just sat there and listened while we talked about the Cheyennes. He seemed like a nice chap."

"Did anything else happen, Sergeant?"

"Well, sir, we got to talkin' about the graveyard out at the Johnson place, and Sergeant Kaplin bet me a sabre and cloak that I wouldn't go out there right then and ram my sword in old man Johnson's grave. Now I ain't yellow, but that graveyard—it's queer—'specially with those trees. I wasn't too game, sir. This Jed fellow—we had all been drinking, and I guess he was right liquored up."

Sam searched his own mind. "I don't remember Jed ever drinkin'. 'Scuse me, Sergeant . . . go on."

"Anyway he up and said that he'd do it."

I'll go to that graveyard . . . nothin' there to get a brave man like me. I'll be glad to go.

Good grief, man, you know what you're doin'! That place is ten miles from nowhere. You'd better slow down!

Nope, I'm goin! I'm gonna ram that sword in Johnson's grave and get me a sabre and a cloak. That's what I'm gonna do.

"We tried to talk him out of it, but he was sure, so we let him go. He wore my coat and it trailed on the ground behind him. He took Kaplin's sword. He sure was brave."

"Sergeant Kaplin, have you anything you want to say?"

"No sir, but I wouldn't a done it. That guy sure had guts. I was too scared of Johnson's curse on anyone who'd dare do it to have done it myself. That Johnson was the wickedest man in these parts.

"Sheriff, you found the body. How was it?"

"Sara Middleton called me the next mornin'. She said Jed hadn't been home that night. Since it had snowed, we thought he stayed in town, but he hadn't come back; so I began searchin.' I was on my way to the Alderidge place and I cut through Johnson's cemetery. Over by Trace Johnson's grave lay a man. He was stretched out like he might have been runnin.' The queer thing was that a sword, was stuck in the ground through his coattail. He hadn't been hurt—not hurt at all. God, you should of seen his face! Looked like he'd died looking at the devil.

One of the kerosene lamps sputtered a moment and went out. Nobody spoke as they watched the rising moon.

—CAROLINE COBB, '58.

Little Girl from Rock City

"Just one more, please, Mother. See, this one has a picture of Doris Day on the cover—please."

"Come on, darling. You've bought enough to supply you for the time being."

"Oh please, Mother—please let me just get this one, and I won't ask for any more, ever! I promise."

Laughing to herself, Mrs. Shelton paid for the movie magazines, although she knew these would not be the last. Elizabeth loved movie magazines more than older girls love dances. It had been this way as long as Mrs. Shelton could remember; yet, she allowed her daughter to indulge in them simply because they delighted her so, and after all, Elizabeth was her only little girl.

Elizabeth read the magazines from cover to cover. Oh, to see a movie star—a real one—in person!

One day her dreams came true. The première of Doris Day's latest picture, "On Moonlight Bay," was to be given in Rock City. The actress, herself, was coming, for she had spent some of her childhood there. Elizabeth was beside herself! Could she wait until seven-thirty? Oh, how the day drags when one is anticipating something marvelous, something perfect!

As can be expected Elizabeth was the first person to take her seat—front row, incidentally—at the Roxy Theater. Miss Day was introduced to the audience. Elizabeth sat spellbound. How beautiful she was, how gracious, how natural. That night as Elizabeth said her prayers and crawled into bed, her childlike thoughts strayed to the theater—the wide stage, red velvet curtains and bright lights. The theater casts a spell on all, especially the young. Oh, to be a movie star—to be exactly like Doris Day!

The next morning as Elizabeth told her parents about Doris Day, her eyes sparkled with delight. She amused them with the stories of her ideal and told them how someday she, too, would be the envy of every young movie lover. Would this day ever come? Minutes, hours, days, weeks passed, and Elizabeth still yearned with all her heart to go to Hollywood, to be an actress. Others laughed at her, telling her to forget her childish folly and grow up; yet none of them could persuade her to change her mind. She still clung to her one goal in life. Someday they would not laugh at her, she thought; someday they would be proud of her, the little girl from Rock City!

One morning as Elizabeth crawled out of bed she glanced out the window of her spacious room. There was a strange man standing on the vacant lot next to her house. Elizabeth's heart leaped with joy. This man had a camera and all sorts of movie equipment. Surely he was David Knatt, the celebrated movie producer. Elizabeth felt confident that her day had finally come—now she would see all her dreams materialize—she would be a star! Suddenly she recalled Doris Day, her beauty, her naturalness—but most of all her beautiful clothes. All Elizabeth's clothes had sashes and ruffles; these would not do. She instantly ran to her mother's closet hoping to find just the thing to put on. There were silks, laces, satins, tweeds, wools and cottons—which would she put on? It must be something sophisticated yet beautiful.

After much hustle and bustle she walked out of her house and over to the vacant lot arrayed in a lace evening dress, long kid gloves, high heels, earrings and even lipstick. The shoes pinched her feet, but she could endure any pain to be a star. She paraded in front of the camera smiling and making little gestures with her hands, just like Doris Day, each time she passed the lenses. The stranger stared at the little starlet and even nodded with an approving look; yet, he never spoke a word. Then an idea struck Elizabeth, and she dashed back into the house, back to the closet. A few minutes elapsed and then before the

camera stood the same young girl clad in a bathing suit. She had seen so many stars in bathing suits. She tried to copy their positions. With one hand thrust between her long blond curls and the other on her slender hip, she stood almost motionless. Then she began parading in front of the camera again, smiling as she passed.

Elizabeth made several trips into her house, until she had exhausted her mother's wardrobe. Still not a word from David Knatt; however, the astonished stare grew into an amused smile and then to a grin. Elizabeth felt reassured—she knew that her day had come. Now, she could go to Hollywood; now, she would be a star. Her face took on a new radiance as she thought of the many times she had looked through movie magazines wondering how it would feel to be a famous movie star. Her eyes sparkled as she recalled Doris Day on the stage of the Roxy—so beautiful, so gracious, so natural. Now no one would ever make fun of her "childish folly" again. Now she was a movie star!

Her thoughts were interrupted by a laugh that came from the front porch of her house. She turned. Her mother and father were watching her from the porch. She ran to them shrieking as she ran: "I'm a star, I'm a star—just like Doris Day! I'm a star!" They continued to laugh even harder. Had she not known that the man was only a surveyor, not David Knatt, that the camera was not really a camera but a surveyor's instrument? Her world crumbled; her dreams, hopes and ambitions seemed to dissolve; her smiles gave way to tears. They laughed again, pitying her.

—COLEMAN JENKINS, '57.

An Axiom

"Here is point A," explained the geometry teacher. "From this point we'll draw a line. Now, a line goes to infinity—"

That's how I came into being. I'm the line drawn from point A, and I'm supposed to go to infinity. Since I have never been there before, I hope you will come with me. You'd better follow me closely because I think I'm going fast.

Yes, I'm leaving point A—and the blackboard too. I'm on my way! Do you see the teenagers at their desks? There, in the corner, is a boy asleep, and back of me is the blackboard and my mother, point A. Oh! Look out for that wall! I imagine we'll be going through many walls before we reach infinity.

Now we're outside the school building and extending through the town. I've never seen so many people doing so much! Do you think anyone can see us? Maybe you could ask my cousin, line B. He's below us and parallel to me. I'm sure he can hear what the people say because he's so far below.

We're really traveling fast now. I can see the country but not very plainly. It looks so green and pretty that I wish I could go slower to see it better. Perhaps you can tell me what it looks like when we get to infinity, but I'm really in too much of a hurry to see it for myself.

I'm sure we are crossing an ocean. I can feel the salt spray hitting me as I extend over the water. Don't stop to look back! I feel as though we're already nearing our destination. Can you see how I'm extending in a line right off the earth? My mother would be proud if she could see how straight I am. On and on and on we travel. I'm getting so tired and sleepy! I really do wish we could stop. Infinity seems a long way off and I'm getting tired of all the solar systems we're passing. I didn't know it took this long to get there.

The solar systems are gone so I guess we're out of our galaxy. Suppose you take over and let me rest awhile. I'm worn out from extending so far, and I just can't keep awake any longer.

Huh! Where am I? Is this infinity? I had a very nice nap but why didn't you wake me? You know I wouldn't miss seeing infinity for the—wait a minute!

I'm back on the blackboard—not in infinity, because there's my mother, point A. What is this anyway? Why didn't you wake me up? You say I was going too fast and you didn't have time? Then our trip was wasted; but if you'll wait a second, I'll ask mother if we can start again and this time I promise I won't go to sleep. Are you ready? Why are you waiting? Oh, oh. The teacher picking up the eraser. No! He can't do this! If he erases mother then he'll erase me and I'll die! I'll vanish forever without seeing infinity! Oh! Please don't!

—HELEN BELL JONES, '60.

House of Mystery

There are houses of friendliness, houses of foreboding, houses of gentleness, and houses of mystery. The house whose memory is embedded in my mind definitely falls into the category of mystery. It sits high on a cold windy hill, its western windows overlook our town, its eastern ones, the sea. As one approaches the house he feels that the roaring breakers pounding the forsaken beach far below add to the general atmosphere of uneasiness. The gables of the roof tower against the grey winter sky; the shutters hang dejectedly, unpainted and broken. The windows and doors are boarded up. The house is a deserted old mansion, and the rumors about it are in harmony with its appearance.

On nights when the wintry winds howl and whistle around the battered corners of the rambling house, a small light can be seen moving through the bleak and barren old structure. From room to room it goes. On such nights one finds himself believing the rumors of the history of the house. It is said that in a fit of insanity the owner had decapitated his wife and hid her head in the house. He was discovered. The body was found, but never the head. No one has lived in the house since. Naturally, the more superstitious in our community like to believe that the unexplained light in the house is that of the murdered woman's lantern shining out as she goes looking for her head. Since no one has actually discovered what causes the gleams, the fantasy-believing New Englanders are eager to accept the gabled monstrosity as our town's house of mystery.

I remember first seeing the light on a clear, cold night in early February. I had been unable to sleep, probably because a new-fallen snow had excited me, and rising from my bed, I crept over to the wide open window, and sat down on the broad window seat. I looked out upon the peaceful, snow-covered world. The moon was full, and it cast its stream of silvery light over the still, white fields and over the rolling seas beyond. My gaze lifted, and that dreaded and evil house came into view. I was captivated by it and stared in awe at its bold magnificence. A cloud drifted slowly across the moon, shutting off its cold and unsympathetic beam, and leaving me and the countryside with light from only the snow.

The moon appeared briefly, and then played peek-a-boo from behind the clouds. I watched the game for a moment then suddenly, my eyes widened in horror and amazement, for there in a window of the old place a small light had appeared, and as I watched, it grew fainter and fainter, only to flare back to its first brilliance. I jerked back from my observation post, slid off the cushioned window seat, and tip-toed softly to another window. Cautiously, I peked out and jumped quickly back again. The light was still there. This time it seemed to shine from a different window, and, odd enough, to cast a rosy reflection on the snow beneath the window. I wondered if I only imagined that the light had moved. . . .

The world has many houses of mystery, terrible and awe—inspiring in their various aspects. Surely, some of them are even more weird than the one in our town, but I imagine that very few, if any, are surrounded by a rumor—history as exciting as the tale of the dead woman with her searching lantern.

—ARRINGTON JOHNSTON, '60.

The Devil Himself

The moon peeped out from behind the dark ominous clouds. The air seemed moist in anticipation of rain. The vague shadows cast by the dim moonlight on the desolate landscape would have frightened other people. They were familiar to Marianna. She'd walked this deserted country road many times when she'd missed her ride home from the diner. Her invalid sister worried about her having to walk alone so late at night; but her father merely said, "Pshaw, what'd anybody brother a homely gal like Marianna for? There'd shore not be much sense in kidnappin' her for money, and see as how the Lord chose to make her *harelipped*, nobody'd be likely to get real carried away with her looks. Marianna 'll be all right."

So she'd kept her night job at the diner, and many times she'd been forced to walk home, and just as her father had said, Marianna 'd been all right. She thought somewhat wryly of her harelip as her "blessing-in-disguise."

The moon slid behind a cloud; the threat-charged air crowded close to the earth; thunder growled in the distance. Marianna stopped, fascinated by the weird sky. Sheets of lightning flashed behind the clouds and extended beyond them, washing both their edges and the earth in strange spasms of ghoulish light.

"I'm the only person in the world awake right now," Marianna mused. "I rule the world, and I am beautiful."

Slowly she looked around her, seeing the midnight green, blue, and black shadows of her realm. As she glanced down the road over which she had just traveled, she started. She thought for a moment that she saw the silhouette of a man, a big man, outlined faintly against the dark background of the night.

"Some man saw me in the diner and was so took by my beauty that he's followed me," she mused. "No—this is my king, my fairy-king comin' to join his queen." Swiftly she turned and looked again. There was nothing, only the ribbon of road, the borders of undergrowth, the mottled sky over the bare, level plains, all seen through the black veil of night.

Marianna threw back her head and gave a strangled laugh. "My face even scared my brave fairy-king back to his haunts," she gasped. "The Queen of the world commands her fairy-king to come to her, she shouted, throwing open her arms. As she stood thus a bright flash of lightning illuminated the sky, and a clap of thunder followed her words. Laughing almost hysterically, she turned and walked a little more quickly on her way.

Her laughter died away. The only sound to be heard was the muffled sound of her footsteps. She thought she heard other footsteps faintly; but glancing back over her shoulder, she saw only darkness. She began to sing softly, one of the popular love-ballads frequently played on the juke-box at the diner. Without realizing it she'd begun to walk faster and faster until she was almost running. The faint sound of echoing footsteps had increased in cadence with her own. Marianna stopped and whirled around. Just then a flash of lightning silhouetted distinctly the shape of a man about fifty feet behind her.

Frightened by the figure silhouetted against the sky, Marianna turned, and stifling a desire to scream, ran down the road.

The rain started. At first only a few fat drops fell. Then it seemed as if the whole sky had opened up. The sound of the falling rain drowned even the sound of Marianna's own footsteps. The downpour was so dense that even in the brightest flashes she could see only about twenty feet ahead. Her clothes were soaked through in a matter of minutes. The dirt road, already turning to mire, caused her to stumble and slide. Her fright was almost forgotten in her discomfort and in her desire to get out of the beating rain and flashing lightning.

As the sky lighted-up she glanced around and saw the rutted road which led to the little frame church that her family attended. It was set about one

hundred feet off the road, in one of the infrequent groves of trees.

"Shelter!" she thought, and, stumbling and sliding, ran down the road. Reaching the church, she stumbled up the worn concrete steps into the weather-beaten little building. The wind slammed shut the heavy door behind her, and she leaned, gasping for breath, against it, staring into complete darkness.

When she recovered her breath, she felt along the wall for the light switch. She found it and switched it. Darkness remained.

"Some of the power lines must be down on account of the storm," she thought. She reached into the box of candles which stood beside the door for just such emergencies, found one, felt for a match in the bottom of the box, and lit the candle.

Gazing around the rustic little church in the wavering light of her candle, she slipped into her accustomed seat and sat there, exhausted.

The lashing rain, the buffeting wind, the rumbling thunder lost their fearfulness in the glow of her candle and the peace of the little building. She sat in her wet clothes, sheltered from the fury of the storm.

Suddenly there was a creak as the heavy doors swung on their hinges. A gust of damp air hit the back of Marianna's neck. Startled she jumped up and whirled around. There, in the doorway, black against the lightning-pink sky was the shape.

"Oh dear God," she thought wildly, "what is it?"

Then an unnatural calm descended upon her. As the door slammed to behind the figure and the dim shape advanced toward her, she thought, "no man would bother harelipped Marianna. I'm in God's house; only the devil himself would dare to harm me." Suddenly the dim shadow stood before her, completely revealed in the light of her candle. She stood mesmerized. Then a laugh as full of evil as the blackest regions of hell rang through the little church.

The din of the rain drowned out the sound and the subsequent sound of Marianna's dying scream as she fell in fright at the feet of her adversary.

—MITTIE CRUMPLER, '57.

Devotion

I cannot climb the highest mountain for you.

The mountains are too high.

But I will run to the top of a hill crowned with daisies and weave a chain of blossoms to place around your head. . . .

I cannot swim the ocean for you.

The shore would be too far.

But I will wade into a sparkling mountain stream and catch a tiny silver fish and put it in a crystal bowl for you to see. . . .

I cannot pick a star from out the sky for you.

The stars do not sail that near.

But I will find the purest, whitest shell on the shore and lay it in your hand. . . .

—DOROTHY HULICK, '58.

Legend of the Old Bridge

The light of the white, cold moon of late December gave an eerie cast to the snow-covered fields and bare trees. In the distance someone's hunting dog howled his troubles to the quiet world. The clap-clap of the horse's hooves striking the hard packed earth rang out, echoing in the stillness of the wintry night as David headed for home. Usually he took the well-traveled road which wound through the English countryside in a leisurely way, passing through the sleepy villages and by the taverns, but tonight he was in a hurry. He was excited about his engagement and anxious to get home to tell his mother of his success in London. He decided to take the river road, which was shorter.

It would have been a lovely ride in the daylight with the newly fallen snow, the sun sparkling on the ice, and the children in their gaily-colored outfits skating. However, at night the road was entirely different. He had heard many tales of strange happenings along this lonely stretch. There was no one else on it this late. As he rode along, David thought of the tales he had heard—silly stories about a hand which appeared from nowhere; a low husky voice coming from the darkness, luring wayfarers from their paths; and finally the old bridge supposedly haunted by the ghost of old man Nottingham. Legend had it that if a person came into contact with the water which flowed under this bridge he would forever hate women, just as old man Nottingham had hated his wife. How ridiculous! Of course they were just wild tales told by ignorant peasants! They had probably been started by some frightened plowman who, returning home from a heavy night's drinking at one of the village pubs, had been the victim of hallucinations; and they had undoubtedly been added to throughout the years. He chuckled. A grown man, newly engaged, should not be riding along telling himself ghost stories.

He began whistling. The tune split the air sharply with an unusually wild ring. David shivered. Was that a light over by that tree? No—only the light of the moon casting its reflection on a bit of metal. David, you silly thing! What are you so jumpy about?

Suddenly he felt something on his arm. He glanced down quickly. There was nothing there. It must have been a limb. Then he looked around. There wasn't a tree within twenty feet of him. Before David recovered from his shock, he heard a voice close to his ear saying, "Son, come in; warm yourself and have a cup of ale." He whirled around, peering into the night. The moon sifted through the clouds in silver streaks, lighting small patches here and there, but nothing was visible except bare branches making weird patterns against the silky darkness and a portion of the frozen river, glassy white in the moonlight.

A feeling of uneasiness settled around David. The fleeting thought spun through his mind that he was near the bridge. Too stunned to think, David reined in his horse. Silence hung like a heavy cloud on the night air. He told himself that he had imagined the voice, that his nerves were on edge. The voice came again. "Son, come in and visit John and me and have a cup of ale." Was old man Nottingham's name John? What was the tale about his wife's drowning herself and the note she left, explaining that she had gone to be with her husband in his ghostly abode under the bridge. It was said that she did it because she suspected that the old man might be enjoying himself and she couldn't stand the thought.

David jerked, then stiffened in fright. Something was clutching his arm again. This time he could make out five gnarled fingers. The skin on the hand was wrinkled and thickly veined. What could he do? The hand, no arm, no body, the voice—all the tales were coming alive before David's eyes. Just as he was

considering ways in which he could escape, there was a rustling and a figure clad in what appeared to be a white shroud stood suddenly before him. The figure reached out and clasped the hand, which had released its hold on David. David kicked his horse, urging her forward. She seemed to be held back by some great force. She strained but could not move.

Terrified, David leaped off the horse and began to run. Without realizing it, he was headed straight for the bridge. Now he was on the bridge. One-fourth—one-half—three-fourths of the way across. Only a few more steps and he would be over. Then—he stumbled! Clawing at the rough boards, his hands slipped as if they had been greased. He seemed to be sliding backwards. His cries for help pierced the night. All was silent beyond the scuffle taking place on the bridge. All at once he realized that his feet were wet, then his legs. Slowly the realization of what was happening crept over David. He, David Windsor, newly engaged, was being bathed in the ghost-charmed water. His strength was suddenly gone, and he succumbed to the force which pulled him slowly but surely backward. Drowsily he drifted off. . . .

What was happening? Why was this strange man shaking him? Why was he lying alone in the middle of a bridge? Only a moment since a stranger was with him.

The sun shone brightly down, covering the snowy landscape with an indescribable beauty. Suddenly David remembered that he had been on his way home. He had taken the river road to save time. He was in a hurry, but why? Where was his horse? On foot David continued his way. When he arrived home his mother met him at the door. Her first words were, "Did she accept?" Then David remembered the purpose of his trip. He also remembered that Betty had accepted his proposal. What he couldn't understand was why on earth he had asked her to marry him. He didn't want to get married. He hated women.

Several days later the small village was buzzing about the disappearance of the Windsor boy and about what he could have meant by the note saying that he could never marry.

—MAMIE RUTH PARKS, '57.

My Hill

1928

It's so lovely upon this hill—the white dogwood, the green shrubs trimmed in perfect designs, and the little wild violets that cluster around the marble stones. The stones, how they reflect the exactness of this day. It has never been like this before, so calm and serene. John is here with me now. He has never listened when I spoke of my hill, or even when I spoke; perhaps he has never truly understood me. My ancestors for generations, my own parents—we have all been drawn to this spot; and my children too—yes, they would have loved it, I know. I come each day; I see the seasons come and go—lives come and go.

The town's people laughed at me. Even my friends laughed. They said, "That girl's crazy to worship the guy the way she does. Why he only feels toward her as an older brother would feel toward his little sister."

"Crazy," they said, me sixteen and a half and John,—well, he was much older. Besides, there was Katherine; he loved Katherine, they said. But he's not with her now. Now they can't call me the crazy little kid. No—not now.

Fate hadn't planned it that way. Katherine shouldn't have him. He has come to my hill and now he will never leave it. You see, I loved John but he seemed so utterly indifferent. Sometimes I got so depressed with the way he ignored me that I could have killed him without even a thought, which would have been very childish. Children are forever doing things on the spur of the moment. They never seem to think things out first. Yes, that would have been very foolish.

1953

A quarter of a century spent on the hill! I can still remember in all reality the moment responsible for that one day twenty-five years ago that completed my dream. John no longer showed an interest in Katherine. He was preparing to come to my hill.

Oh, I recall so very well the day I walked down that aisle. The fragrant flowers, there were so many of them, veils of glowing sun flowing through the huge stained windows, and the great long aisle that seemed to stretch on eternally—and John, who waited quietly.

It seemed that there was no one else in the church except me and John, and—well—Katherine, who looked at John with tear-filled eyes and then gazed strangely at me. But I only smiled. It was all so marvelous; not a thing had gone wrong with the plans. Not a thing. It had all appeared so natural; I had not allowed fear to overtake me as most young girls would naturally have done upon encountering such an experience. My gaze left Katherine. Here was John before me. He looked wonderful in his black suit, and there was a queer little smile on his face. The dark velvet framing his body was so pretty; I always liked velvet. And the pure white satin beneath his head showed off his coal black hair with all its luster.

—MARY BETH EVANS, '58.

Tides

Long blue curls topped with white
Cover the beach's face at night.
Then comes a gust of summer wind,
And the sand-white face is seen again.
What a miracle—what a mystery
Is the mighty ocean's history.
Tides come and then they go;
Quietly, swiftly, ebb and flow.
I ask the cause; I ask the reason:
The answer—wind; The answer—season.

—COLEMAN JENKINS, '57.

Last Trial

"He killed my Jackie. I know he did," the old man almost sobbed, pointing his finger at Fiddlin' Bill.

"Objection," declared the attorney for the defense.

"Objection sustained," droned the judge. "Continue with your testimony, Mr. Jones."

The old man stared at the work-worn hands clutching each other nervously in his lap. He continued, "They ain't nobody else could have done it. Jackie, he was the delivery boy for Williams' Store. Well, the other week Fiddlin' Bill came in and ordered a whole mess of groceries. Too much for him to carry home, I reckon. Anyways, he tells Mr. Williams he wants them delivered come Saturday. Saturday's delivering day, you know. I was standing there by the counter when Bill come in. Me and him, we ain't on speaking terms; so I moved over by the window, but I heard him order them groceries to be delivered anyways. I just don't like my boy going in the woods that late in the evening. That's when he makes deliveries, late Saturday evening. I told him I didn't want him going to that isolated place, but you know how boys are. He said he had to go, said it was his job." The old man made a choked sound. "The next time I seen my boy he was dead. Shot through the head. That night he hadn't got home by twelve o'clock, and I was worried. I knew that the delivery to Bill was the only one Jackie had to make, and I knew he should have got home by ten at least. I went and got John; that's him." The old man indicated a man who had just testified.

"We went up there in his old pick-up. We found Jackie's jeep parked down the road about a mile from Bill's cabin. They ain't much of a road from then on; so we got out and walked. We got up to the cabin and found Bill lying in the yard dead drunk. You've already heard John say how we found Jackie."

The old man's voice began to quiver more audibly. "I just don't know why he done it."

One of the attorneys got up to question Mr. Jones, but Fiddlin' Bill had ceased to listen. He knew the rest of the story. He glanced pensively at the cold staring sea of faces around him. Nobody had believed him; he could tell that they still didn't. Even his neighbors thought he had killed that boy, and his neighbors usually stood up for him when he got in trouble. They all liked him. He had been playing for their get-togethers ever since he was fourteen years old.

Bill sighed inwardly, remembering the times he had been in this very court for drunkenness and even once for knifing a man. He, at seventy-seven, had seen much of the mean side of life. But his neighbors had stood up for him then. They were made out of the same stuff he was, and they got in the same sort of trouble. When this had happened though, somehow nobody would believe he was innocent.

He couldn't understand why they thought he would do a thing like that. Why, he didn't have anything against the kid, even if he didn't like the kid's old man. Bill thought over the testimony he had given. He knew all these city people thought he was just another bum who had killed a man, and that he was going to get what he deserved. Even the lawyer the court had appointed for Bill hadn't given him much encouragement. He thought that Bill had committed the murder, and he as much as told him so. He told him that his record wasn't going to help any, either.

Bill himself didn't know what had happened. How could he convince anybody else he was innocent? He relived in his mind the events of that horrible night. He remembered getting down his shotgun and cleaning it. He had put it on the table in the front room along with a box of shells. He had wanted it to

be ready early the next morning for his hunting trip. He cursed himself now for doing it. He had then fixed himself some supper. He remembered that he had had cold cornbread and buttermilk. It hadn't been much of a supper, but it was about all he ever had for supper since his wife had died. Then he had decided to go over to Jasper McKinney's to discuss the hunting trip with him. The sun had been just beginning to set when he reached Jasper's house.

They had sat out on the front step and talked a while, he remembered. Then Jasper had proposed that they go down to the wood shed for some refreshment. Jasper's wife didn't like him drinking, but she wouldn't come down to the wood shed to stop them. Bill knew that he shouldn't have drunk so much as he did, but nobody cared much what he did anymore. Besides, he had been in low spirits, and he felt like drinking that night. It was well past dark when Jasper's wife had called him to come in. "Grouchy old biddy," Bill paused to reflect to himself. "I'm sure glad Mary wasn't like that."

After Jasper had gone in, Bill had remained outside the shed for a while sitting on the old log they used for a bench. Finally he noticed that the moon had risen, and he decided that he had better go home. He had got up and gone down the path about a quarter of a mile when his head had begun to spin. He could feel it now, just going 'round and 'round and 'round. The doc had told him to cut down on whiskey, but he hadn't paid much heed to him. When you were as old as he was, and you couldn't drink, there wasn't much to live for. Anyway, it was too late to start regretting then. Bill recalled that he had leaned against a tree and waited for the dizzy spell to pass. Maybe a half-hour, maybe more time than that passed before he started walking again. He had been about half-way home when he had heard a shotgun blast. The sound had come from the direction of his cabin, but Bill hadn't given it much thought. People were always hunting in the woods around his cabin. He didn't mind, and tonight was a good night for hunting.

Bill knew that he hadn't had enough whiskey to make him drunk. In his younger days, before he had got the heart trouble, he had been able to hold much more liquor than he had that night, and it hadn't bothered him a bit. That's why he knew he hadn't murdered that boy. They all said he was so drunk that he couldn't remember, but he knew he hadn't been that drunk. He could even remember that the shot had reminded him of his hunting trip, and he had been busy planning where the best hunting would be when he reached his clearing. Suddenly he had noticed that the light was on in his cabin. He knew that he hadn't lighted the lamp before he left. Maybe somebody had come by while he was gone. He remembered that the grocery boy was supposed to come. He might have lighted the lamp. Bill reached the door and started to push it open. Then he stopped. He seemed to sense an air of foreboding around the house. The night had become strangely quiet. Somehow the echo of the shot stirred uneasily in the back of his mind. He told himself it was just his imagination. He pushed open the door and stepped into the room. The box of groceries he had ordered was overturned, and cans were all over the floor. The rest of the room was in shambles, but the one sight Bill would never forget was the scene in the middle of the room. He shuddered at the remembrance of it. A boy had been tied to the chair with some of the old cow rope Bill kept around. The boy's head, Jackie's head, Bill now knew, was slumped over so that the face was not visible. The blood had run down in a pool on the worn boards of the floor. Bill had braced himself against the doorframe and stared in horror. Gradually something began to tell him he had to get away from there. He had to run or do something. He turned to the door automatically, but as he did, his foot hit something. He remembered looking down to see his own shotgun. The boy had been shot with his gun. His head had started to reel again. He could remember no more. When he came to, men were forcing him to swallow something and accusing him of murder.

Bill had told these people all he knew, and he had told them the truth, but they didn't believe him. Who would believe him, a ragged, drunken old man? The attorneys had quit talking. "Thank goodness," he thought. Now all he had to do was wait until the jury came back in. He knew what the verdict would be. Probably it would have been the same if the jurors had been his friends. Everybody thought he was guilty. Even Jasper had testified that he had been drinking. He just wished they would hurry. All he wanted was peace and quiet again. He was an old man, and he didn't have anything to live for anyway.

—JOAN DUBOSE, '58.

Change of Heart

"Kathy, I really don't think you'll want the dress any longer," Mrs. Mitchell addressed her daughter standing in front of the long mirror suspended from her closet door.

Turning again and again in graceful swirls, Katherine critically examined her tiny figure garbed in a mass of pale yellow net and lace. Slowly facing her mother, a strikingly attractive middle-aged woman, she asked hesitatingly, "Mother, I wonder—that is—well, your long white kid gloves would look simply divine with my dress. I promise to take good care of them. Could I please wear them to the dance?"

"Of course, dear," promptly replied Mrs. Mitchell as she looked almost enviously at her pretty seventeen-year-old daughter. Spontaneously she began to think of her own youth—how gloriously carefree and happy she, too, had been in those days. She had been the belle of every ball and the life of every party—and there had been lots of them. Then Katherine's father came along, and they fell completely in love with each other in a very short while. Within two years after they were married Katherine was born, and then a year later Andy came into the world. Never had there been a happier family until—Mrs. Mitchell was snapped back to reality by her daughter's words of gratitude.

"Oh, Mother, you're wonderful!" said Kathy hugging her mother affectionately.

Mrs. Mitchell slowly sank into an easy chair beside the bed, and Katherine slipped off her formal and jumped into her dungarees.

"Mother, is Byron coming for dinner tonight?" inquired Katherine.

As if shocked by something, Mrs. Mitchell jerked herself back to reality. Her thoughts became confused, but above all the words "I must tell her now" repeated themselves within her mind. Rushing from one idea to another—What will she say?—Will she like it?—Will she resent it?—Will she—?

"Katherine, dear sit down. I have some wonderful news to tell you. I—well, Byron and I—"

"Mother, what is it? What has Byron done now?" joked Kathy.

Katherine thought her mother looked strangely troubled. She had never seen her mother in such a mood, and she could not quite detect what was wrong. Uneasily twitching in her chair, Mrs. Mitchell blushed slightly, then turned quite pale. Inhaling deeply to steady herself, she burst forth bluntly, "Katherine, Byron and I are going to be married."

"Mother!" screamed Kathy. Her heart began throbbing, and her face became so fiery that her mother was almost terrified. Kathy opened her mouth to speak, but words just would not come. Suddenly she gulped, "Mother! How could you think of such a thing? What will people say? I won't stand for it! No one else in the world could ever take Daddy's place; not Byron, not anybody. I won't live in this house if you get married! I'll leave home—and I'll—oh, you can't do this to me! I won't—" Kathy flung herself on the bed and sobbed des-

(Continued on page 39)

A Second Chance

Something strange about that man held my attention—his flabby build, those beady eyes. I knew that I had seen the same features somewhere before. But I said to myself, “No, you’re being silly, Katy. Any barker in a shooting gallery could remind you of some gigolo you’ve seen on the streets.” However, my eyes seemed glued to the figure, as he bellowed out in broken English to the casual crowd at the carnival:

“Even if you’ve never shot nothin’ but air before, come on an try your luck.”

Then it started coming back to me—the same voice, the same stocky build, the same sinister eyes, and the guns, the guns. Could this be the same man? I began carefully to retrace that afternoon in May two years ago. . . .

Mother was bringing me back from my weekly riding lesson. The stables were approximately seven miles outside the city limits. We had almost reached the sparsely populated outskirts of Kingston, when we became victims of a blowout. Fortunately, Mother was able to steer the car to the fringe of the highway; but unfortunately we saw no help in sight. Cars zoomed past us in both directions, but no Good Samaritan came along to rescue us two incompetent females. There remained, however, a last means of assistance. About sixty yards off the highway, sitting on a hill of unkept lawn and shrubs, was a large log house. Perhaps the owner might allow us the use of his phone. Like it or not, we had to risk going to this stranger’s house.

On reaching the large, open porch, I was instructed to remain on the steps and keep an alert eye on the car while Mother called Daddy. Cautiously, my parent approached the door, knocked. A large man with small beady eyes answered and bade her come in. With a feeling of ease, I sat down patiently for a few minutes, then a few more. Time began to drag; my mother had not reappeared at the end of twenty minutes. A sound came from within the dwelling. Ten more minutes came and went; finally the door bolted open.

The next thing I knew my mother was frantically tugging at my arm. Then followed a series of short, tensely spoken commands from her.

“Katy, up quick! Don’t run, but walk as fast as possible! Say nothing! By no means look back!”

I began to tremble a little. What did these commands mean? What had happened inside the log house during my half-hour of uncertain waiting? The low, shaky voice of Mother continued.

“We will walk directly to the car and crouch behind it,” she ordered.

I had already started walking as fast as any fourteen-year-old’s legs could carry her. The only sounds were our footsteps crunching in the gravel driveway. I understood nothing, but instinctively obeyed everything. Mother and I were companions in silence, when a shot resounded through the air. A clinging stillness filled the atmosphere; then another crack from the gun sounded. Being a hunting companion of my father’s, I distinctly knew the shot could come only from a pistol.

Pleadingly, my eyes questioned my mother’s as we reached the highway and awaited the nearest opportunity to cross.

“Please, Katy, I can’t now. Only hurry,” she paused, “Only hurry, we’re being shot at.”

My head pounded; tears welled in my eyes; my heart pumped profusely. The clearing came at that moment, and we darted across and stooped behind our car. Tearing off her jacket, Mother frantically waved at the cars whizzing by. She had almost given up hope that someone would stop and help, when a convertible pulled over. A young couple offered their assistance. After explaining our plight, Mother and I piled onto the floor of the auto and were driven back to town.

After that I heard the entire story three times—once told to our rescuers, once told to my Daddy, and once again told to the F. B. I. investigators. As it happened, my Mother had used the phone in the stranger's bedroom. Both of my father's office numbers had been busy; she had continued to dial. The strange-looking man began an unknown search. Finally he had affronted Mother and demanded to know if she had taken his gun. Answering that she certainly had not, she continued dialing; he continued his search and at last found the gun. Meanwhile, the phones were still busy. Again the man began searching through drawers and under rugs. Again he asked Mother if she had seen his bullets. She repeated she had not. Finally, he reached between his bed mattresses and came upon the objects. Terrified, Mother dialed and redialed! The fat man loaded his pistol, one bullet at a time. He began talking freely of his love of guns and shooting. At last Mother heard my father's voice and urgently told him of our car trouble. She quickly uttered a "thank you" to the stranger and received a queer answer. "You'd better hurry out to your kid and car, lady, before it's too late."

That was the story. The F. B. I. came in when it was suspected that this man was an escaped lunatic-convict, who, before his crack-up, had been a carnival man . . . in a shooting gallery! . . .

My thoughts reeled in my head. Could this be the same man or was my imagination running wild? No, this man in front of me was the same man who had shot at my mother and me. At this instant he noticed my glassy stare in his direction; he vanished!

Alarmed, I shoved through the mob at the fair and somehow found a phone booth.

"Sergeant Bickerstaff speaking," came the voice.

"Sergeant, this is Katy Stone. I'm at the fair; he's here!"

I replaced the phone with a trembling hand and left the phone booth.

—SHIRLEY SMITH, '58

Not Guilty, Your Honor

The court room was crowded. My nose was assaulted by the pungent odor of Negroes who had been hauled in from jail where they had dwelt for some months. My heart was keeping time with the grandfather clock that loomed over the judge's head, its hands on 9:20. As I sat waiting, the headlights flashed across my mind, and I heard Dick. "Honey, put on the brakes, HARD!!",

That was one hour I will never forget. When I finally stopped the car, I was shaking. I was not able to cry, only to sob. Dick jumped out of the car to see what damage I had done. Of course, one car was not enough for me; I had had to hit two cars. I could hear Dick talking. He seemed to be miles away. "I think we had better call the police." I turned and saw a scared boy of about nineteen protesting. Well, Dick did call the police; that's why I was sitting in here, now.

On the tick of 9:30 the policeman came down the aisle with that self assured smile. He was coming toward me. "Well, Miss Miller, would you like thirty or sixty days?"

"Oh, I'll take just enough time to last until school's out." He was a courteous policeman. That night he had made me feel as though wrecks were normal, everyday occurrences.

I could remember his words as Dick and I sat in his squad car with the moon shining on me like a spotlight. "Now, if you had been drunk or driving careless, like so many other people, I'd just shove you this ticket and leave. But, you're a nice kid, inexperienced and all; so I'll give you a little tip. It's not that I'm trying to get you out of anything. I have to eat, you know. But, when you go to court, plead 'not guilty;' and don't say anything about driving on

the wrong side of the street. I feel sure you can get off. See you Thursday morning at 9:30." I felt that I had won one-half of the battle.

Mom, Dad and Beth had had to come this morning. You know, it's really funny how parents can bawl you out sometimes, but they'll always stand behind you. When Dick and I walked in the house, Mom knew something was wrong. After I finished my feeble explanation, she and Dad really "let me have it with both barrels." I remember Dick saying, I don't want to hear you talk to Lorraine like that again." That shocked Mom into silence.

"Miss Lorraine Miller, please come forward."

I didn't know if I could get up and walk: my stomach was in my throat. I walked, and I pleaded "not guilty." Then the fun began. The scared boy of nineteen got on the stand with a wad of chewing gum in his mouth. "Well, sir, I was coming down this street. What was the name of that street?"

"Hazelwood." I had blurted it out without thinking.

"Yeh, Hazelwood. All of a sudden, I saw this car swerve around the corner. It was so far on the left-hand side of the street that she almost hit the curb. I threw the car into reverse and started backing, but she still hit my left front."

I was really angry by this time. If I had been that far on the wrong side of the street, I would have hit him head-on. The attorney was asking through my anger: "Do you want to ask the boy any questions?"

"No." I figured it would be safer to act innocent and dumb than to act smart. Now, it was the policeman's turn. "Sir, the accident happened as the boy stated. The street involved was very narrow, and the other car involved was parked too close to the corner. Miss Miller was driving on a permit, and I think she just found herself in a tight situation and due to her inexperience didn't know what to do. There wasn't very much damage done to any of the vehicles."

He was really pulling for me. Why, I saw him put down three hundred and seventy-five dollars as a damage estimate.

"Miss Miller, do you have anything to say?"

"Yes sir. I'd like to tell my side of the story."

I walked to the stand, and as I sat down, the judge leaned toward me. "Are you a Miss or a Mrs.?"

"Miss." What an odd question!

He smiled. "Continue."

I called on my courage. "I was traveling on Anderson Drive, and I made a right turn into Hazelwood. I had to make a wide turn to avoid hitting the car parked about one car's length from the corner. I didn't see the car coming towards me until I had completed my turn. When I saw him I put on the brakes, but I didn't stop fast enough. I hit the left front of the moving car, swerved over and hit the left front of the parked car, and stopped."

The judge smiled during the whole testimony. It seemed an eternity before he said, "In other words, you were in a new situation and didn't know how to handle it."

"That's right, sir."

"Well, let's not have any more wrecks. We'll let you off this time."

—SUE MINICH, '58.

THREE HANDKERCHIEFS

(Continued from page 7)

"Well, she left hyar 'round 'bout noon wid Mister Tom Hunt. Dey's our new neighbors. I guess you heerd tell of 'em?"

"Yes, I have," William replied shortly. His brow wrinkled in concern. He turned and walked toward the house.

"The Hunts? A showy but definitely *nouveau-riche* family. No background at all, my dear," William had overheard Mrs. James say in gossiping with his mother. "I've heard, my dear, that William's Miss Outerbridge spends a lot of time with them. They say she's been very neighborly."

When William had overheard this last remark, he had almost stormed into the room to tell the old busybody to mind her own business, but he had refrained. The thought of how often Mittie had referred to the Hunts, Mr. Tom Hunt in particular, had bothered him.

Martha met him at the front door and expressed surprise and delight in seeing him.

The two seated themselves on the front porch to wait for Mittie. Soon they were joined by Mrs. Outerbridge, who greeted William delightedly. She fulfilled her conversational obligations; then before she started back into the house to supervise the preparation of supper, she said "William, you are staying for supper."

"Thank you, Mrs. Outerbridge, I really can't. I'll have to leave shortly."

"I'm leaving Martha to make you change your mind," she said, and returned into the house.

William gazed somewhat pensively at the road. A silence descended. Martha watched him furtively. She had deep affection and respect for this man and feared that Mittie was going to hurt him. Martha had talked to her older sister several times about spending so much time with Tom Hunt. Mittie scoffed at her and said, "What possible harm is there in my seeing Tom Hunt? He is a gentleman; he realizes that I am engaged. We're very good friends. Don't be an old worry-wart, Martha."

Martha saw the lines of concern deepening in William's forehead. "A penny for your thoughts," she blurted out.

William turned and looked at her for a long moment. He noticed for the first time the quiet, womanly beauty of her face. The sensitive brown eyes met his and held for a brief moment before they dropped to the ground. William forced a casual laugh and said, "Well, right at this moment, Miss Martha, I'm thinking that you certainly have bloomed lately."

Martha flushed and said, "Mr. Randall, must you always be the gallant?"

As she laughed, Martha thought fleetingly of the handkerchief episode of the past year.

Just then a buggy turned a bend in the road and the two watched as it drew near the house. They saw more and more clearly the figures of Mittie and Tom Hunt, who had not as yet seen them. The buggy drew closer and Martha realized that William, as well as she, must be noticing the earnest conversation between the two.

Martha saw Tom lean over and quickly kiss Mittie, who only laughed in response. Martha gasped as if someone had hit her. She reached out for William's hand as if to support him. Just then the buggy drew almost opposite them. Tom saw them first, and laughed an embarrassed laugh. Mittie turned toward them and her mouth fell open.

The two couples said nothing for a moment; they simply stared at each other. Then William bowed with great dignity toward the couple in the buggy. Mittie and Tom remained spellbound. Martha watched him depart then suddenly was

impelled to run after him. Anger like a bright sword flashed from his eyes which stared straight ahead as she fell into step with him.

"I don't know what's come over Mittie, William; surely there's some explan—"

"Excuse me, Miss Martha, but if I say anything right now it will be something I'd regret later. I'll bid you good-day if you'll allow me."

"William," she grabbed his hand and stayed him for a moment, "I'll admit this seems scandalous, and I don't know what Mittie can possibly say in explanation, but whatever happens, I want to tell you that you're worth fifty Tom Hunts."

"Thank you, Miss Martha, I appreciate your regard," he said, looking full at her with an appreciative gaze. Then he climbed into his buggy and drove off. He passed Tom and Mittie without ever glancing at them.

That night Mittie sent to William his ring, with a note explaining that she and Tom had fallen in love.

Two more years passed. Martha tossed on her sickbed. She was convalescing from diphtheria. She had thought a lot in the past month of idleness. She often cried when she thought of the events of the past two years. Mittie, who had been shamefully and publicly jilted by Tom Hunt, had been so singed by gossip that she had turned almost into a recluse. She had become terribly bitter toward all men and refused the friendship of any of them. At the age of twenty-two, she was a confirmed spinster. Dear, sweet Susan Arista in her beautiful young womanhood had fallen ill with diphtheria and had died only a month before.

Tears came to Martha's eyes as she thought of her beautiful and tender little sister. In nursing her, Martha had fallen victim to the disease. The night that Susan Arista had died she had said to Martha, "Dearest sister Martha, I'm going to die, but don't waste your time being too sorry for me. Spend it on Mittie. She needs your help." Now Martha felt her face wet with the tears of sweet relief.

Just then Amanda entered the room. "Hyar's a letter for you, Miss Marthie, but fo' I give it to you, dar's a story I must tell yo.' "

"Why, Amanda,—what?"

"Wal, Miss Marthie, do yo' 'member de night yawl hung out yo' handkerchiefs?"

"Why—yes, I do."

"Wal, a few days later my Herbert found a handkerchief in the pigeon coop. I bring it to the house and yo' Ma saw it and turned mighty pale. I asked her wonder how dat handkerchief done got in de' pigeon coop. 'De pigeon coop!' She say. Den after a while she say, 'Amanda, don't you never mention dis thing to de' girls nor anyone; now you throw dat handkerchief away!' She soun' so mean 'bout it dat I couldn't help asking why. Finally de' po' lady jist wanted to talk to somebody, I think. She say, 'Amanda, the girls tried out dat ol' handkerchief story last night. Mr. Outerbridge planned to sneak out and get the three handkerchiefs. He watched that ol' rose-bush all night. First Mr. Randall come and got yo' handkerchief instead of Miss Mittie's. Mr. Outerbridge went to get the other two handkerchiefs and between the time he left the window and got to the yard—only Miss Mittie's was left. One disappeared. Den she say, "and you say Herbert found that in the pigeon coop? Well, it must have been carried there by a bird!" Yo' Ma and I jest sorta looked at each other funny-like and I agree dat I won't neber say nothin'. But I did save de' handkerchief. Hyar it is." She took from her pocket a handkerchief. Martha took poor Susan Arista's bedraggled, ill-fated blue handkerchief and sat looking at it stunned.

"Wal, hyar, Miss Marthie, now I gibe yo' dis letter," Amanda said and pushed the letter into her hands.

After a few moments more she put the handkerchief down and opened the letter disinterestedly. She started. "How very, very strange! It's from William Randall," she said.

The letter was short:

Dear Miss Outerbridge:

I am writing you from my sickbed. I have had a very severe case of diphtheria and am still convalescing. I have heard of your late sorrow and wish to express my sympathy for you and your family.

I would also like to say that I have thought of you and your tender understanding often during the past three years. I hope that we will have the opportunity of meeting again sometime soon and that I will be able to see how the past three years have served to ripen your true womanliness. On our last meeting, I saw in you great potential. I am interested in seeing what time and grief have done toward developing this potential. Once again expressing my deepest sympathy, I am

Yours truly,

WILLIAM RANDALL

Martha held the letter for a moment; then revelation broke like sun through a cloud. She knew that she and William Randall would meet again soon, and would find in each other a lifetime of happiness.

"Amanda," she said in an awe-struck voice, "it prophesied truly! It was all true; I know my destiny."

—MITTIE CRUMPLER, '57.

CHANGE OF HEART

(Continued from page 32)

perately, as if her very heart had been crushed.

Coming over to the bed, Mrs. Mitchell tried to comfort her daughter, but her words seemed empty and useless now. "But, Kathy, Byron and I love each other, and I've been so lonely these past three years."

Tears rolled down her cheeks. Her voice became a quiet echo. "He needs someone just as I do. You and Andy both seem to be very fond of Byron. He's been mighty good to you, and he's meant so much to me."

Jerking herself up with both elbows, Katherine defiantly said, "Mother, Byron is fine as a friend of the family, but he will be an intruder in our lives if you marry him. We've gotten along fine until now. Why can't things stay that way?"

Mrs. Mitchell pleaded, "But Kathy, it's what we both want. We love and need each other. Andy needs a father, and he wants us to be married."

"You've already told him? Well, he's younger and he's a boy; he can not possibly realize what this means. What will my friends think? What about me? Mother, can't you think of anyone but yourself?"

"But, dear, I thought you'd understand and even be happy for us."

"How can I possibly be happy about such a ridiculous thing as this?"

Mrs. Mitchell was silent. Rising from beside Kathy she sighed, "I'm sorry you feel that way, dear. If it upsets you that much I won't go through with it. You know I wouldn't hurt you for the world."

When her mother left the room Kathy was alone with a heavy heart and a confused mind. Recovering from her outburst, she began to think of all that had happened in the last few years. She remembered her father and his lingering illness. She vividly recalled the night she had been summoned home from a friend's house. Going up to her father's room, she had found her mother pale as a ghost. It was a horrid experience for a girl of thirteen. Then, the funeral. Her mother had been brave and strong throughout the ordeal.

As for Byron, he had always been a close friend. Mrs. Randall, his own wife, had died when Kathy was a small girl. She remembered hearing her mother tell how Mr. and Mrs. Randall and Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell and gone on their honeymoons together. Byron had been a close friend of the family, and when her father was dying, he was the first one there. Ever since, Byron had come to see the family often. Every Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter they had spent together—Byron, her mother, Andy, and herself. Yes, he had been sweet

to them, and she and Andy both loved him dearly. But for her mother to marry him! She didn't want to think of anyone else as her father. Her father's memory was still there, and no one had a right to interrupt a dear and precious part of her life.

For weeks after the previous incident Katherine was not the same toward either her mother or Byron. She stayed home as little as possible, always trying to avoid Mrs. Mitchell. When Byron called she was cold toward him. She adopted an attitude of resentment and dislike. Her mother tried to talk with her, but as a result there were only more arguments. Here were two desperate persons, each longing to be understood. Katherine had always been close to her mother; now they seemed to be total strangers.

Mrs. Mitchell finally approached Byron on the subject one evening, "Byron, Kathy resents our thinking of getting married so much that I fear I have lost even her love."

"Elizabeth, I wish I could do something or say something that would help her to understand how we both feel. You know that I could never attempt to win her approval. She must realize the rightness of our wish for herself, with your help."

"Yes, she's my own flesh and blood; I know that her attitude is part of me. I can't hurt her; yet I can't bear this terrible uneasiness when we're together. Byron, am I being selfish?"

He put his hand over hers; "Elizabeth, if you're being selfish, then I'm doubly guilty myself."

Even Barbara, Kathy's best friend, tactfully tried to convince Kathy that she was acting foolishly. Kathy became quite irritated when Barbara brought up the subject; yet she knew that Barbara did understand because her own father had remarried. Mrs. Styler seemed to be wonderful to Barbara, and Kathy hadn't realized for a long time that she wasn't Barbara's real mother.

Nothing more was said about Byron until one day when Kathy arrived home from school and found the house empty. "Mother! Andy! Where is everyone?" Looking out the kitchen window she saw Andy sprawled on the ground beside the garage. "Hi there! Home early today?"

Andy remained silent. Idly he picked up his football and tossed it into the air.

"Hey, what gives? No football practice today? I thought they were selecting the midget team at school today?"

Quite mechanically he replied, "They are." He was silent for a moment.

"Dick Marvel's father came home from work early today and went with him over to the field. Golly, Kathy, you should have seen that helmet Mr. Marvel bought for him. Boy, it was a beauty! Mr. Turner has been working with Joe for about three weeks now," Andy informed his sister.

Suddenly Kathy inserted, "Stop it, Andy."

"Aw, Sis, I didn't mean it that way." He bent his head to the ground and scuffed up the loose dirt with the toe of his shoe. "You know, Sis, Byron was an all-star player when he went to Tech." Then building up excitement by his own words, "You ought to hear him tell about all those college games! Boy, he must have been great. He sure did help me a lot when he used to—"

"Andy!"

Kathy turned her back to her brother, and then she faced him again. She saw his expression of loneliness and insecurity. She remembered how her own father had given him a football for his twelfth birthday. They had spent hours together in the back yard, tossing to each other, running, laughing—both of them always tracking dirt through the kitchen when they had finished.

Then Katherine spoke, almost shocked at what she was saying. "Maybe Byron could come over and take you to the field for try-outs."

"Kathy, do you really think he would? I mean—well, you know, he has not been here in a long time since—I mean—after you and—"

Katherine turned and walked into the house. She went to the phone, lifted the receiver from its cradle, and replaced it after a few minutes.

Within half an hour the figure of a tall, heavy, middle-aged man got out of a black sedan in front of the Mitchell home. A young boy ran out to meet him, and together they got into the car and drove off.

An hour later Mrs. Mitchell came home from her bridge club. When she walked into the living room she found Katherine sitting on the sofa staring into space. The young girl rose as her mother entered. For the first time in weeks they looked at each other without any glances of resentment. Katherine spoke quietly, "Mother, I found a lovely dress down town that I can wear for your wedding."

Mrs. Mitchell didn't say a word. Walking over to Katherine she put her arms around her, and they embraced for what seemed a long time. Through her tears all she could say was: "Thank you, Kathy. Thank you so much."

—CAROLYN CHARLES, '57.

Class Poem, 1957

Life's volume lies open; the mark designates
The end of one chapter whose content relates
Every occurrence, decisive and small—
A host of memories for future recall.

One episode finished; and with a brief sigh
I ponder—how quickly time passes by.
As in a moment a gale rushes through
And shuffles the pages, then bids us adieu.

Inscribed on the record will always remain
The moments of rapture, the moments of pain,
The achievements sought, the task well done,
A tinge of regret for the unfinished one.

A roommate's presence and countenance bright,
A lamp's steady beam 'til long past midnight,
A letter from home with joy received,
The beauty of truth in which we believed.

A friend who was needed our burdens to share,
The soul's inner peace from a low-whispered prayer,
The knowledge gained from the wise ones deceased,
The pride in our school that daily increased.

The guidance received when our feet went astray,
The greeting of sunlight when rain went away,
A class bound together by one common goal—
All seeking the vows, "to have and to hold."

But the tale is not finished; further it goes.
What will be written only God knows.
May the future reveal that we've learned from the past,
And our cherished ideals remain 'til the last.

—CAROLYN CHARLES, '57.

THE LINCOLN-RUTLEDGE STORY

(Continued from page 13)

and as a result of his family's inability to pay the rent, McNamar turned the remaining Rutledges out of their Sand Ridge home.⁴² McNamar's contribution to the story should never be underestimated because his testimony is the basis for William Herndon's book.⁴³

The courtship began, although slowly at first due to Lincoln's determination to pass the Illinois bar examination. Being encouraged by Lincoln to do so, Ann tried to further her education by attending an academy at Jackson.⁴⁴ Because of the distance between them, the couple saw little of each other, but there is only one reference of any correspondence during their separation. This evidence is contained in the Minor collection. In one of the letters from Abe to Ann, the writer is discouraged over Ann's having to work, and in the context, Lincoln discussed their problem. He ended the letter optimistically like this: "With you my beloved all things are possible."⁴⁵ Matilda Cameron, Ann's closest friend, wrote in her diary on July 10, 1833: "Abe and Ann are awful in love he rites her letters. I am to keep them for Ann. . . ."⁴⁶ One of the lovers' meetings is described in a letter in the same collection from Ann to Matilda. The letter read: "I just cannot help teling you about yestidy afternoon when Abe and I walked down to the river to gether vilets. They are not many left but we felt that a good exkuse . . . he sed vilets smeled just like my hair. He handels my hair and kisses it he sez I was borned of flours on account of my red hair and that I am danty and have such wonderful color. He taulks to me just like poetry . . . (signed) Ann."⁴⁷ According to the letter from Ann to Abe, she was deeply in love with him, "My hart runs over with hapyness when I think yore name . . . I dream of you . . . all my hart is ever thine," she wrote.⁴⁸ Abe's letters to Ann were not quite so romantic. Besides encouraging her to study and work hard—especially on her spelling—he simply added, "I could write to you forever . . . With great affection, Abe."^{49, 50}

Over the authenticity of their engagement, there is violent disagreement. Some authors claim that Ann hesitated a while before she would ever consider Lincoln's proposal, but that she finally gave in, consenting to be his wife after he passed the Illinois bar examination.⁵¹ In Robert Sherwood's play, he fails to mention anything about a betrothal,⁵² but one of Abe's lines is, "I loved her more than anything else that I've ever known."⁵³ Sandburg regards their relationship as an "understanding . . . with no pledges."⁵⁴ Herndon contradicts the latter opinion by contending that Ann was engaged to Lincoln and McNamar at the same time.⁵⁵ Whether they were engaged or not, the situation between them seemed static. A foreshadow of the tragedy is made evident in a letter in the Minor collection that was sent from Ann to Abe. "My beloved Abe," it read, "Pleas do not cum to-nite I am ailing with a cole . . . think of me as I think of you for I am thine forever and ever."⁵⁶ Unfortunately, the letter was not dated.

⁴²Sandburg, *op. cit.*, p. 46.

⁴³Benjamin P. Thomas, *Abraham Lincoln*, p. 50.

⁴⁴Tarbell, *op. cit.*, p. 119.

⁴⁵Minor, *op. cit.*, v. CXLIII (January, 1929), p. 7.

⁴⁶*Ibid.*

⁴⁷*Ibid.*, p. 11.

⁴⁸*Ibid.*, p. 8.

⁴⁹*Ibid.*

⁵⁰It is amusing and ironic to note here that McNamar claimed to have corrected Lincoln's spelling in the first draft of one of his campaign speeches.

⁵¹Curtis, *op. cit.*, p. 57.

⁵²Robert Sherwood, "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" in *Best Plays of 1938-39, passim*.

⁵³*Ibid.*, p. 44.

⁵⁴Sandburg, *op. cit.*, p. 44.

⁵⁵Randall, *op. cit.*, p. 6.

⁵⁶Minor, *op. cit.*, v. CXLIII (February, 1929), p. 218.

Sometime in August of 1835 Ann Rutledge became critically ill. She died on the twenty-fifth of that month. As for the cause of her death, Carl Sandburg said that it was a fever.⁵⁷ The people of the New Salem community thought that she died of a broken heart in spite of the fact that the local doctors declared the disease brain fever.⁵⁸ Herndon states that her anxiety before her illness over her double engagement to Lincoln and McNamar kept Ann from eating and sleeping and was responsible for her eventual death.⁵⁹ Two other diseases are supposed to have taken her life, those being typhoid fever and malarial fever.⁶¹ We do not know if Lincoln did or did not see Ann on the day she died. There are again negative and positive views.

It is generally agreed, though, that the young man visited his sweetheart after she became ill. It must have been a tragic scene. "The meeting was quite as much as either could bear, and more than Lincoln, with all his coolness and philosophy, could endure. The voice, the face, the features of her; the love, sympathy, and interview fastened themselves on his heart and soul forever.⁶² Ann was buried at the Concord Cemetery.⁶³ There is no information denying or confirming Lincoln's attendance at her funeral.

If there has been any disagreement about the Ann Rutledge-Abraham Lincoln story up to this point, the real controversy starts with the effect Ann's death had on Lincoln. It is conceded that her death meant a great loss to Abe, but the extreme to which his grief was carried is the point of contention. There are as many opinions as there are authors. As usual, Sandburg takes the passive attitude by admitting that Ann's death was a great blow to Lincoln; but he emphasizes the fact that Lincoln finished a survey job on September 24, 1835 and therefore could not have been completely incapacitated by the loss of his beloved.⁶⁴ Charnwood agrees with this viewpoint and states that the tragedy had its effects on the man just as it would have on any other lover.⁶⁵ However, during the Civil War the inhabitants of New Salem spoke freely of Lincoln's emotional collapse and insanity. They went so far as to say that he "had to be locked up" . . . Ann's closest friend, Matilda Cameron, wrote this in her diary: "Abe (is) going through the veil of despond . . . the kin ses Abe is lunny."⁶⁷ Others of the more extreme accounts of his condition say that Ann's death was "threatening to destroy his ambitions and blast his life."⁶⁸ Another writer claims that Lincoln's sorrow was so intense that his friends feared suicide.⁶⁹ Two famous quotations that Lincoln allegedly made have caused a great deal of discussion. One such statement, "my heart lies buried there," was supposedly made to a friend of Ann's.⁷⁰ The most debatable quotation, "I really loved that girl and often think of her now, and I have loved the name Rutledge to this day," was made after Lincoln became president. It is the basis for many speculations that the Chief-executive never loved his wife.⁷¹ But in regard to the latter quotation, Randall says, "Careful scholars do not accept it as a verified statement. . . ."⁷²

⁵⁷Sandburg, *op. cit.*, p. 45.

⁵⁸Curtis, *op. cit.*, p. 38.

⁵⁹Thomas, *loc. cit.*

⁶⁰*Ibid.*, p. 49.

⁶¹Encyclopedia, *loc. cit.*

⁶²Quoted in Thomas, *op. cit.*, p. 50.

⁶³Tarbell, *op. cit.*, p. 120.

⁶⁴Sandburg, *loc. cit.*

⁶⁵Charnwood, *op. cit.*, p. 79.

⁶⁶Sandburg, *loc. cit.*

⁶⁷Minor, *op. cit.*, v. CXLIII (February, 1929), p. 223.

⁶⁸Tarbell, *op. cit.*, p. 121.

⁶⁹Curtis, *loc. cit.*

⁷⁰Charnwood, *loc. cit.*

⁷¹Curtis, *loc. cit.*

⁷²Randall, *op. cit.*, p. 6.

"But while the beautiful memory lasted, it did not prevent Lincoln's thought of marriage to some other woman . . . nor did it, so far as any man can prove, or has a right to assert, prevent his loving his wife as a husband ought."⁷³ However, Herndon's book was based on the theory that Lincoln loved Ann Rutledge, never recovered from her death, and wed Mary Todd only because of the latter's determination to marry Lincoln.⁷⁴ He also asserts that memories of Ann Rutledge motivated his failure to appear at the altar on his and Mary Todd's wedding day.⁷⁵ A letter in the Minor collection from Lincoln to John Calhoun written in 1848 supports the preceding theories to a considerable degree. "John, when I landed in New Salem I was only a stick of driftwood . . . swirled before the whims of wind and tide . . . then like a ray of sunshine and as brief—she flooded my life, and at times . . . I see this picture before me—fever burning the light from her dear eyes, urging me to fight for the right as I had so often impressed on her mind . . . sometimes I feel that in heaven she is pleading for my furtherance. My beloved and efficient wife, my blessed boys and my so greatly esteemed friends are all responsible . . . for my achievements to a marked degree; but you and she lifted the stick of driftwood from the stream before it waterlogged and sank. Abe"⁷⁶

The story has been presented; the arguments on both sides have been stated. As a result of there being so many conflicting opinions, the historical basis of the love affair is naturally questioned. It is quite evident that a good many authors are making a tremendous effort to credit Lincoln with a passionate love affair in order to depict him as the "average young man." The American public is partially responsible for this because it demands a certain degree of mediocrity in its leaders. Furthermore, if these writers work on the theory that there is a great woman behind every great man, we should take into consideration the definite possibility that Mary Todd was not Lincoln's inspiration. Therefore, it appears that these authors found in Ann Rutledge a convenient substitute for such a woman.⁷⁷ Let us assume that the Ann Rutledge story has been purposefully exaggerated and that Lincoln has been intentionally classed as the "average American male." Has not this campaign been useless from the beginning? Is there a necessity for making one of our greatest presidents a man of the "common herd?" Should Lincoln have been stronger than to let the death of a young girl impair not only his sanity but his ambition? Let us hope that he was more stable and mature than that.

But our romantic tendencies must be satisfied also. Is it credible that a twenty-five-year-old man, no matter how austere, be unaffected by the death of his sweetheart? Lincoln has always been known for his kind and sympathetic nature. Would not a person of such warmth be more susceptible to grief and sorrow than one who is less understanding? There must be a happy medium in the midst of all the disagreement. Let us simply conclude that it is much nicer to picture Abraham Lincoln's having an exciting adventure with young love at the beginning of his political career. Furthermore, it is more appealing to the romanticist to think of the President's looking back over his youth, remembering fair Ann with whom he spent so many but too few blissful hours. Not only does it seem right for him to remember, but perfect for him never to forget, for what man has ever been born who forgets his first love?

—CHEE DAVIS, '58.

⁷³Barton, *op. cit.*, p. 112.

⁷⁴William H. Herndon, *The Hidden Lincoln*, *passim*.

⁷⁵Gamaliel Bradford, "Mrs. Abraham Lincoln" in *Wires*, p. 33.

⁷⁶Minor, *op. cit.*, v. CXLIII (February 1929), p. 221.

⁷⁷Defending Lincoln's love for Mary Todd in *Love Is Eternal*, Irving Stone leaned over backwards to prove that the President was happy with his wife. This book is the other extreme of the attempt by authors to make Lincoln a great lover.

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Editor — CHEE DAVIS

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Literary Art

The writer's pen — ah, what a magnificent object! How many beautiful and significant words have been transmitted to man by this infinitesimal magic stick. It is Bach's piano and Pavlova's toe shoes; it is the artist's brush and the sculptor's clay.

Man's imagination — there's the power behind the — pen! The imagination is a composer's emotion, the dancer's spirit, the artist's sensitiveness, and the sculptor's touch. But does the imagination inspire emotion or does the emotion inspire imagination? Who knows? Regardless of the answer, the imagination and emotion above all are the author's greatest gifts. Take away the writer's feeling and ability to imagine, and you have deprived him of his most valuable resources.

But the pen, sensitiveness, and imagination alone will not suffice. One more magic ingredient goes into the makeup of the successful writer. This ingredient is intelligence which is the foundation for the other three. All four are essential and react on each other interdependently. These ingredients — the pen, the imagination, the emotion, and the intelligence — literary art, a source of endless joy. Whether they are used to express fear, love, beauty, hate, anger, or even to state facts, these tools are means by which the writer can express himself without fear of censorship. What a delightful pleasure it is to have this power and freedom.

— CHEE DAVIS, '58

Not A Student's Poem

We regret to say that the poem "JEWELS" on page 10 of the 1957 Summer issue of *The Muse* is not the work of the student who handed the poem to her English teacher as original work. With the exception of the third stanza the poem is SARA TEASDALE'S.

S.E.J.

The Other Men

They're dead, three of them. The sad news was hanging over the crew as the half a dozen crippled planes were landing on-board ship. The mission was over; it had been a successful one; the target bombed, with hundreds of the enemy blown to shreds. (The air was a melancholy, yet joyful one at the same time.)

It was difficult to realize that the young lieutenant had been shot to death by those filthy Japs . . . how could they? War was cruel, but more so were the Japs! What of his wife? She was still very young; it would be so hard. Then there was his little girl, the one who had the big dimples when she smiled. How was she going to smile now? No longer could she run and jump on Daddy's lap, to beg for just one more piece of candy.

The other two men were bachelors maybe waiting to go home and marry their childhood sweethearts. How dreadful to have to tell their parents. The tears would probably make a permanent scar on their mothers faces.

Those were the thoughts of the crew. All but one — me. Something was wrong somewhere; yet I couldn't put my finger on it. Since the planes had returned from the mission, everything was in such a state of turmoil that I hadn't had time to think; though I could tell that something in my head was trying to get through to me. For some reason I could not feel as the rest of the crew did. What was the matter?

Back in my room, I sat down and reached for a cigarette. Lying down on my bed, the deep inhaling making me instantaneously dizzy, I began to think. What in the hell was wrong with me? Never before had I experienced such an emotional feeling. I couldn't figure myself out. Lying on my bunk wasn't making me feel any better: so I got up and began pacing the floor.

By now most of the commotion had settled down; things were getting a little quieter. Too quiet. When my buddy came into the room, I nearly jumped ten feet. He told me the heat was terrific, which was probably causing me to act like a scared rabbit. That wasn't my trouble, but I nodded anyway. He went on talking about the heat and the war and how he wished he were back in the States. I was only half way listening and nodding occasionally, but still thinking.

He left. I was alone again. I was reaching for another cigarette when it hit me!

I wish to God it hadn't. Like an atomic explosion it came to me. Now I realized why I couldn't get so upset about those three guys who were killed. Sure, they were on our side, and we were all fighting together for the same cause. That didn't matter. Three of our men were dead, but over two hundred Japs were lying spread over the fields like dead flies. Didn't they have families too? Sure, they were the enemy, the enemy, the enemy - - - suddenly I hated the word, what it stood for, and the whole damn set up. Those Japs had mothers and wives and little girls and even sweethearts. They were just humans like we all are.

Why was it that no one was thinking about the other men?

— SALLY BARNES, '58

Winter Art

Nature
Etched in white
Under a frosted cover
God's handiwork
Snow.

— BARBARA HAUSER, '58.

Dickens' Use of Fire In Great Expectations

By the use of fire, Dickens reflects all phases of the personality of his main character in *Great Expectations*. The outward expressions of Pip's personality are found in the place which fire occupied in the everyday life of 1860. The typical Englishman could be satisfied in any public-house as long as there was a good fire in the kitchen by which he might comfort himself after a meal. Fire could be the worst of all terrors in domestic rural England as was proved by Mrs. Joe's question, "Is the house a-fire?" Pip was naturally influenced by these contemporary concepts of fire. Fire was a vital part of his life and feeling partially because he learned in the friendly atmosphere of the hearth.

Dickens uses fire to impress his reader with the character of Pip's associates. Joe's careful preparation for the entrance of Mrs. Joe by making the fire reflects the stern, demanding character of the woman who raised Pip "by hand." A similar dominating character is revealed in Jaggers as he stands constantly before his fire. Fire was such an integral part of Pip's life that he became instantly aware of the strangeness of Jaggers as he stood before so familiar an object as a fire. Likewise, when Pip's convict steps into his household and occupies a place before Pip's fire, uneasiness permeates the person of Pip as well as his home. Yet, the convict himself had formerly felt the insecurity in the lack of a fire when the tinker took the fire with him upon his departure and left the convict cold.

Fire was a symbol of security for all men. Mr. Wemmick shared with Pip the friendship of his fireside circle as did Herbert and Pip's benefactor. The friendly flame knew all the secrets of every character. One sees the convict thoughtful before the fire in the hut, Miss Havisham contemplating an opportunity to do one virtuous deed, and Herbert pondering before the fire the plight of his friend. When an element influences so extensively one's environment, he cannot help finding in it an outward expression of his own personality.

Pip's innermost personality frequently found expression in fire through the stimulus of outside forces. A frightened Pip was reminded of his mission in the cemetery when marsh winds made the fire before him glow. The murky shadows of soldiers cast by the forge fire terrified him even more. The atmosphere of Miss Havisham's house froze Pip's soul when he noticed her ghostly reflection cast by a flickering fire on the ceiling of her weird room. As Jagger's fire played on the monstrous casts, and the flare from a flint unmasked Orlick, the reader sees Pip an older and yet still a disquieted personality. Another phase of Pip's personality is revealed in his fond remembrances of home and the marsh mist likened unto the smoldering fire in the damp grate in the bridal party room.

Still deeper portions of Pip's personality were revealed in his own feelings and desires as he discovered them in fire. Pip watched his beloved Joe rearrange the coals with the poker and meditate on the fire, and found himself gazing in the same direction when doubts and debates filled his mind. In the mind of Pip, it was imperative that he confess his childish exaggeration of the truth to Joe before the forge fire went out; it would be of some consolation in such a miserable moment. Pumblechook, Miss Havisham, Herbert, and Estella, similar to Pip, took counsel with the fire in trying moments of standing interrogation, taking criticism, kindly correcting, and revealing the secrets of the heart, respectively. To Pip, his fire formed the circle of his thoughts; and the reader, being drawn into the circle, sees the very depths of Pip. One sees Pip's loves reflected in the image of Estella in the forge fire; one feels the warmth of a platonic relationship with Herbert in Pip's circle of thought.

Sadness permeates the circle and Pip's heart on the eve of his departure from home. Often the reader finds Pip brooding before the fire, and once Dickens communicated the freedom in Pip's heart on the burning of his indentures. But it is an emotion far from freedom by which Pip's heart is torn when in her presence he cannot escape the association of Estella's face with the forge fire. As Pip grows he returns once again to the realization, though, that there is no fire like the forge fire or the kitchen fire at home. This feeling is climaxed in his observation of "little Pip" before the home kitchen fire. Pip is seen in the raw pale flame of his early morning fire and he corresponds physically to his fire, the symbol of life. A more dynamic emotion burns in Pip as he argues with Drummle before the tavern fire and is agitated to the point of wanting to throw Drummle into it.

Pip passes through life and even as he nears the end of his days, fire remains a symbol — now a symbol of destruction and of dying. He reflects on Estella whom he saw walking over extinguished fires at their first meeting, and who through life he had hoped would not tread on the ashes of his very life. When the convict burned Pip's reimbursement to him, Pip could not foresee the convict's ultimate consumption of his fortune. Most potent is the image of Miss Havisham seated before her ashy fire, soon destined to be a part of it. Pip was a part of this ruin also for he was burned physically, and mentally worn by the memory of the terrible fire. In this weakened condition he ventured once more to the marshes and made his way among the stifling lime fires, unaware of the attack which awaited him to stifle the vigor of his life.

— NANCY COMPTON, '59

So Shall He Reap

I ambled along the barren field
Baked by that eternal light above
I breathed the early autumn warmth,
And gloried in the peacefulness.

The sweet ground offered itself to me,
And I could not refuse it bid.
I grasped and held above my head
A handful of the fragrant earth.

And as I held the fertile mass,
I knew I had life in my hands.
Into the dirt is placed a seed;
Life giving food for man is born.

Clean mother earth is not just life
But also like life. For whatever
We plant that same amount shall be
The harvest of our energy.

— CHEE DAVIS, '58

The Atheist

He has no God;
He is his own omnipotent.
His nature has no maker.
He stands alone.

— BARBARA HAUSER, '58.

Depression

And then, depression
A duty to be fulfilled, a lost love,
Or, perhaps, a hard personal knock. . . .
Which one sowed the seed of despair?
Which one contributed to this overwhelming weight?
To this literal ton that weakens, sickens, and finally destroys
For, when once sowed, its growth is fatal and its culmination to subdue the heart
and to rot the soul, the cores of existence.
But, fight! Struggle never to allow it the least victory.
Neither deem it trivial, as it has wrenched the soul of the strongest nor deem it
master . . . tragic if this were so.
Only preserve your mind, fill it with the true values and occupy it with worthwhile
objects.
Feel success and you will succeed. Pray it be so.
For so very pitiful is the man who sinks into the depths of Depression

— MEMRIE MOSIER, '59.

Mother's Solution

Pattie stormed into the house, threw her books on the table, and ran up the stairs. She flung her bulky form on the bed and cried as though her heart would break. "I can't stand it; I just can't stand it anymore," she screamed as she frantically beat her fists on the bed.

Her middle-aged mother appeared at the door and rushed to her teen-age daughter. "What's the matter, darling?" she inquired. "There, there don't cry baby. Mama is here now." She tried to straighten the adolescent's hair, but she pulled away. "Honey, now don't do that, Mama doesn't like to see you this way. Just you tell Mama what's happened; I'll fix it right up."

"Oh you wouldn't understand. Parents just don't understand things like this."

"Of course I'll understand. Have I ever failed to help you in any way I can? I just bought you two new dresses yesterday — with full skirts, too. You know how hard it is to find full skirted dresses these days. You surely realize how much I do for you. Now come on. Out with it."

"Oh Mother they all make fun of me!"

"They, who is they?"

"All the kids at school — you know."

"Why on earth do they make fun of you, sweetie?"

"They called me a terrible name today. I just can't stand it any longer."

"Well what on earth did they call you?"

"It was terrible, simply horrible. It kills me to say it — it's, it's Fattie Pattie — that's what they said."

"Well — well surely you don't pay any attention to that. It's sour grapes — they're jealous, yes that's it — jealousy. They can't stand the thought of your having a lot of pretty clothes, and a big house, and coming from a good family. They're just jealous. That's all."

"Mother answer me truthfully," the daughter pleaded. "For once in your life tell me the truth. Am I that fat? Am I that ugly? Won't boys ever like me?"

"My word, Pattie, what ever gave you that idea? Of course boys will like you. Maybe you are a little plump — but you'll grow out of that."

"I'll never grow out of it — never. That's why I didn't get asked to the party. Boys won't dance with me. The girls were giggling today in a corner and I overheard them making plans for a party. Someone asked if they were going to ask me. Another girl answered, "Are you kidding? A boy couldn't get close enough to her to dance with her! Fattie Pattie — not her. She's a real looser. — a real looser."

"Well you don't need to go to a stupid old party anyway. I'll tell you what. Your father and I will take you out to dinner to that new night club in town. I'll bet none of your catty little girl friends have ever been to a real night club before. That will be a lot more fun than an old party with just a record player and pop corn. Childish affairs like that aren't important."

At this Pattie began to look more cheerful. "You think so? Do you really think so?"

"Of course so," said the over-indulgent woman. "Now listen. You go in there and wash your face."

After a few minutes Pattie returned, her plump round face swollen from tears. Her mother turned to her and said, "Now there don't you feel better? Everything alright now?"

"I guess so," the girl replied.

The Mother, pulling out a box from under the beside table, said, "Here honey have some candy. That's all you need. Some good old candy."

— CHEE DAVIS, '58

Father's Love

The old car rattled to a stop in front of the ABC store. The driver evidently vexed, slammed on the brakes. His little daughter was plunged against the dash board and began screaming, "Daddy, I bumped my head! It hurts. Kiss it Daddy so it will get well," said the little girl.

The man shoved her away. "Oh, stop crying, you're nine years old. Act your age."

She continued crying, the tears streaming down her innocent face. Her father turned off the ignition, the lights, and pulled up the emergency brake. "If you don't stop squakin' by the time I get back, I'll give ya somethin' to cry about." He shot out of the car and slammed the door.

The poorly clothed child, shivering in the unheated car looked at her Daddy as he went in the store. She rolled down the window, and called to him, "Daddy bring me some candy. I'm hungry." Her puzzled face and pleading eyes followed his every move.

He paid no attention to her request. "Kids," he grumbled. "Always wantin' somethin'." His face was drawn tight and the wrinkles under his red eyes made him look old for his years. He impatiently asked the clerk for his whiskey, slammed the money on the counter, and walked out the door.

He opened the car door. "Did you bring me any candy, Daddy?" he heard the child ask.

The fury and hate flashed in his eyes. He looked as though he would strangle the poor thing to death. "Candy?" he answered, "what do you think I am? A gold mine or somethin'?" You and your mother are just alike. Nag, nag, nag. If it's not one thing, it's another." His words shot forth at her, and she began to whimper again.

He slapped her hard on the mouth. "Shut up," he said, "Hold this, and don't you dare drop it." He shoved the bottle toward the young impressionable child.

— CHEE DAVIS, '58.

Chaucer's Convenient and Effective Use of Courtly Love in Troilus and Criseyde

Chaucer uses the code of courtly love as foundation for his metrical romance *Troilus and Criseyde* as long as the code is of value and convenience to him and to his story. After the plot has been unraveled and Criseyde's climactic betrayal of Troilus has been reached in the poem, Chaucer conveniently sheds the conventional framework, for it is no longer needed as a skeletal structure. By discarding the code, Chaucer emphasizes Criseyde's consistent behavior, limits his material, and avoids complications, such as the immorality of Troilus and Criseyde's sensual affairs.

The code of courtly love, which Chaucer uses as his framework is known by certain characteristics. The most important trait is that love is sought outside of marriage. During the time in which courtly love was popular, it was not considered immoral for a woman to yield to a man, because extra-marital relationships were a basic part of the pattern of courtly love. Although the code was unchristian, it was influenced by the reverence of the Virgin Mary. Because of this reverence women were given much more respect; they were honored at the tournaments and feasts, which were typical events in the metrical romance. The social position of a woman was important, for courtly love existed only among the people of high rank.

According to the code of courtly love a knight who falls in love with a fair damsel finds that he suffers great emotional distress. He is "forever dying, yet never fully dead." An infatuated knight suffers from sleeplessness, loss of appetite, and tremblings. He breaks into a deluge of tears at the slightest sign of disfavor from his lady. But from his attachment to his sweetheart, the knight is inspired to protect his lady's honor and person. Through adventurous deeds he develops, strengthens, and enriches his character - - - his bravery, humility, loyalty, and generosity.

Chaucer uses the conventional framework of courtly love to great advantage in *Troilus and Criseyde*. He enriches and ennobles the characters by having them follow the customary pattern. Love is considered a fine art, and those who seek it are esteemed as noble persons. Troilus becomes a more heroic figure after he falls in love with Criseyde than he was before because he increases and strengthens his knightly virtues through his attachment to his lady. Troilus becomes a renowned warrior in the Trojan War and is overshadowed by only Hector in merit on the battlefield. In the poem Troilus is the epitome of masculinity. Even though he is quite manly, Troilus is meek and dedicated to the woman who has almost complete dominion over him. He is inspired by his love to do outstanding deeds so that he may win favor from Criseyde. By using Criseyde as Troilus' inspiration, Chaucer demonstrates his genius in using the code to instigate action.

Chaucer enriches the character of Criseyde by using the conventional framework. Criseyde's complex personality, consistent behavior, and delicate appearance exhibit Chaucer's technical use of the code. Criseyde is the epitome of femininity. Her tenderness, beauty, playfulness, and timidity emphasize her dignity as a noble lady. Criseyde's consistent behavior before and after her betrayal of Troilus is convincingly one of Chaucer's primary purposes in using the code. Criseyde's affairs are carried along by the authoritative people around her. Because she is a widow, she feels that she needs someone to champion her cause; and she takes advantage of available opportunities to make herself secure. Chaucer understood her nature, but he did not disclose all his knowledge to his readers. He knew that there was something intriguing about the "word left unsaid." In one instance Chaucer says that he will not reveal all that is in Criseyde's mind because "you (the reader) are wise."

Chaucer fits the complex, human characters of Troilus and Criseyde into the

magical mystical world of the medieval romance. He combines the pageantry of the banquet, the ardor of the Trojan battlefield, the sentimentality of the warm, fragrant night in the garden, and the solitude and simplicity of two people's union to show that the supreme interest of the metrical romance is love. Chaucer avoids discussing the immorality of the affair because the code of the courtly love governs the actions of the characters. Chaucer shows that even though Troilus and Criseyde's love, guided by the statutes of courtly love, is illicit, sensual, and unchristian, love has been ordained by God. And, basically, it is through the love of men for one another that God is known.

Nature's Toll

Green leaf
Stays on the tree
And holds with all its might
I wish that I could have its strength
So firm.

Red leaf
Shines bright and bold
Illumines all the scene
I wish I had your brilliance too
So great.

Brown leaf
Falls down from high
And floats through airy blue
To rest now at my waiting feet
So still.

Death comes
To all that lives
We shine but once, then die
Hold firm until your time is here
So short.

— BARBARA HAUSER, '58.

Sans Musique

I have cried so long a time, thru' the lonely, dark hours
I have cried 'till no tears fall, and still I cry on.
My breast is wracked with the swells of anguish that
 would seem to have it burst.
The sad, sad song I can still hear, tho' the music ceased long ago.
My brow aches with its strains, and I cry . . . "Out! Away!
 I can hear no more."
My soul is deafened by the answering roar . . .
 Fool! You would have love's music silenced,
 Never can it be so
Love is eternal; its searing notes must continue to burn
 the poor, torn heart it reaches.
Love is its own justification — it was ever so.

— MEMRIE MOSIER, '59

NORMAL PEOPLE

It was just the last straw Sam — the last straw. I came in from work at the usual time — five forty-five. As I opened the door, I found my wife, Virginia, at her favorite occupation — talkin' on the telephone. She really gripes me off; all she does is talk on that confounded phone. This time she was discussin' with Gertrude the evils of them movie stars as they tell it in the nasty magazine — *Scandal* I think they call it. Boy, she eats that stuff up. Gossip, gossip, gossip. She eats that stuff up. She was discussin' that pretty gal, Rita Gardner. The magazine tells about her last scandal and the divorce procedures that are goin' on in Hollywood. She don't know nothin' about those people out there in California, but boy you'd think she knew every one of them personal the way she runs her mouth. She believes that magazine word for word just like it was the Bible or somethin'. Now I know I ain't got much education — neither has she — she didn't even graduate from high school. But I do know you just can't believe everything you read in that trashy magazine. I really think she gits pleasure in thinking that people carry on that way. She loves to believe it. I guess it's just jealousy on her part. She's just a plain old housewife — don't do nothin' excitin' ever. Suppose she dreams about doin' the same things them stars do. Poor gal, I reckon she's more to be pitied than censured as they always say.

Then boy let me tell you what! I interrupted her manificent conversation to ask her when supper would be ready. She says, "go down to the corner grill and get a sammich; I ain't cookin supper tonight." Well it wouldn't have made me so mad if it han't happen three times before this week. Boy that burned me up I told her stern like to put down that telephone — which she did — and asked me what in the hell I wanted. I told her if she'd get off the phone long enough, she could cook my supper sometimes. She told me she'd talk on the telephone whenever she pleased. I told her I had put up with her good-for-nothin' ways for twenty-six years and I was fed up. I told her I was leavin' her. She told me that I wouldn't dare.

Hub! I've been waitin' for the chance for a long time. So I started for the door. Seenin' that I really meant what I said, she called out, "You can't do that. That's the way movie stars carry on — not normal people."

I told her I'd go for my things tomorrow and I left. Here I am Sam. Can I put up here for the night . . . you don't blame me do you??

— CHEE DAVIS, '58.

WAR

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. The enemy;
 Jap,
 German,
 Russian,
 Blood, bone, flesh.
 living men,
 Dead.</p> <p>2. Our men and boys;
 Jew,
 White,
 Negro,
 Faith, truth, live,
 living spirit,
 Dead</p> <p>3. The weapons;
 Gun,
 Bomb,
 Gas,</p> | <p style="text-align: right;">Steel, atom, CL-2
 Living strength,
 Dead</p> <p>4. The Battleground;
 Farm,
 Village,
 City,
 Home, school, store
 Living work,
 Dead</p> <p>5. The victory;
 Truce,
 Pact,
 Spoils,
 Laws, debts, filth
 Living faith,
 Dead</p> <p style="text-align: right;">— JUDY EDGERTON, '59</p> |
|---|---|

Living Seasons

I walk beneath the leaves of red ;
I go on ground that's n'er been tread ;
I am by love all garlanded.
It's autumn.

I trample on the leaves so browned ;
I see so much of life ungowned ;
I know that God has just uncrowned
the winter.

I watch the buds of pale green hue ;
I joy to see their life renew ;
I, like them, have struggled too.
It's springtime.

I scan the glorious brilliant green ;
I notice nature seem to preen ;
I feel a peace that's so serene.
It's summer.

I walk and trample, watch and scan,
I note the marvels of the span ;
I know that I am in God's plan.
I'm living.

— BARBARA HAUSER '58

Solitude

I watch
The crowd go by
I see the people laughing
A shame their joy should hurt me so
I'm lonely.

I feel
Their hated grief
At my so lonely state
Sometimes I wish on them this curse
So lonely.

My eyes
Are clouded now
I cannot see the smiles
Perhaps I will forget in time
I'm lonely

— BARBARA HAUSER, '58.

Loneliness

loneliness often
slips up and wraps itself about
like a blanket
it smothers life
suffocating and stifling
emotions as it surrounds - - -
creating distortion of thoughts
a struggle to free
free from within the clutches
a desire to escape
escape all sense of reality,
and flee - - - -
flee from living
in a state of complete loneliness.

— SALLY BARNES, '58

To Own The World

Plague me with endless pain.
Take from me all my worldly possessions.
Take my sight, my hearing, and my pleasures.
Cut down every tree, flower, and blade of grass.
Take the stars from the sky and dim the light of the moon.
If you must, plague me with all these.
But, give me one friend, and I own the world,
for then I will be spared the worst curse of all — loneliness.

— CHEE DAVIS, '58.

People, Drifter, Time

People,
Rushing, milling.
Loving, hating, laughing, crying.
Each to himself; all to oneself,
New York

Drifter,
Wanders alone,
Travels by day and night.
Never tiring of the ordinary
Always reveling in the strange.
Wonders of life; secrets of death.
He knows God's world.
He is not lonely

Time
Always there,
Never caught
Echoes of the past! secrets of the future.
Eternal

— JUDY EDGERTON, '59

The Four Faces of Criseyde

Chaucer treats the character of Criseyde as complex and not merely shallow in his psychological novel *Troilus and Criseyde*. Criseyde's moods, attitudes, and frailties are subjects for unending controversy, but I shall attempt to develop her four characteristics: egotism, opportunism, love, and infidelity.

The key to Criseyde's character lies in her pensiveness. When she considers the love affairs that Pandar propose between her and Troilus, she "casts her eyes down," a habit which is typical of her personality. She weighs, considers, and rationalizes every move she makes. During the course of action Criseyde is never motivated by spontaneity. After Pandar leaves her house, she goes off to herself, sits down "still as a stone," and recalls the conversation between herself and Pandar. Not until she has weighed every possible argument does she decide to consider Pandar's proposition. Criseyde tells herself that even if she should enter into this love affair, she really would not have to love him as much as Troilus loves her.

Her thoughts along these lines brings us to her next characteristic. Criseyde is as vain as she is pensive. The first time Troilus sees the widow she is robed in black, but nevertheless "confident in eye and manner." After she hears Pandar's proposal, she begins to get curious. Where did Pandar hear about Troilus' love for her? Who else knows of his devotion? Is he well-versed in the art of love-making? she asks her uncle. When Criseyde sees Troilus riding through the streets, she is impressed by his looks, position, and aristocratic manner. But what "wins her the most" is the fact that so great a farrior as Troilus is desperately in love with her. Realizing that his life lies in her hands, she says to herself, "It were a pity to slay such a one." She rationalizes the situation further. Why shouldn't he love me? She is beautiful, probably one of the fairest women in Troy. "She is not a nun." Her conceit and her utter self-devotion are rather abhorrent, but they make up an integral part of her character.

Equally as large part of the whole Criseyde as her pensiveness and vanity is her calculating and proud nature. She is a supreme opportunist. One of her first considerations when she is confronted with the affair is the good she can derive from her relationship with Troilus. The idea of saving Pandar's and Troilus' life is merely secondary. Criseyde's social position is of utmost importance to her. She is at the mercy of the Trojans. Since Troilus is King Priam's son, she fears that if she refuses his love, her social status may be jeopardized. She says to herself that "it would not do to think of love with one of such high birth, but still 'twould be an honor . . . I know he is a splendid catch." Another example of her careful consideration of Troilus' worthy attributes is her action at the house of Deiphobus. During the dinner while the guests are praising Troilus, Criseyde sits quietly by, soaks in all their comments, and treasures them in her memory.

Criseyde knows that Troilus could mean a great deal to her politically, but the damage that a love affair could do to her reputation is uppermost in her thoughts. Her fear of social condemnation is clearly exhibited when she asks, "What dishonor could it bring to me?" If he should kill himself, what would men think about it? She is confident that women more than men would enjoy gossiping about so noble a figure as Troilus. Criseyde is determined to think of a device to save her good name. She is too proud to be a common topic of conversation on the streets of Troy. But her pride takes on another aspect. She vows that Troilus will never take her for granted. Criseyde must play "hard-to-get" because she realizes the fact that men are inclined to forget a woman after their passion has been satisfied. But no matter how proud she

may appear to be, she is unable to conceal from the reader her forwardness. Pandar is supposedly the instigator of the romance, but Criseyde does as much, if not more, to aid the progress of their love affair as her uncle does. Of course, her approach is more subtle, but nonetheless as effective.

The appeal of an exciting romance, the subconscious realization that she is lonely and fairly old, and her desire to be master of Troilus' destiny all combine to cause Criseyde to succumb to the circumstances. Seeing "naught perilous" in doing so, she finally decides to give her heart to Troilus. She will become his mistress, and she calculates every move she is to make in their future relationship.

Criseyde does not play the role of the devoted lover very effectively. First of all, she uses Troilus as an outlet for cruel sadism. She takes every advantage of his complete fidelity to her. He is a puppet in her hands, subject to any mood or caprice that suits her fancy. At the first meeting of the lovers, she comes well prepared in what she will say to him. Unfortunately, the words slip from her mind. Nevertheless, Criseyde manages to be gracious, causal, and calm and even gives him a kiss. However, her real intentions toward Troilus are not fully developed until their second "coincidental" meeting. When Pandar goes to Criseyde asking her to have dinner with him, she agrees to go knowing full well that Troilus is not out of town. She is perfectly aware of Pandar's scheme, and that fact makes her sadism even more cruel. Pandar goes into her bedroom and pleads with Criseyde to see Troilus. She pretends to be shocked, and she vows to rid herself of her bond to the Trojan. She condescends to see Troilus just to assure him that he has no grounds for his jealousy. She enjoys watching him squirm. She strongly reprimands him and then reverses her course of action completely, pleading with the unconscious Troilus to forgive her. Criseyde cries in self-reproach for her attitude toward him, but she manages to shed only two or three tears! She makes him even more miserable when she says, "O Troilus now be a man." She is cruel and merciless because she knows what the inevitable result of their meeting will be. Her admittance upon his plea that she yield to him gives her away. "Had I not yielded sweetheart dear Before this night, I would not now be here," Criseyde confides. After the consummation of their love and the departure of Troilus, she glories in her power over him. "She longs again to have him in such plight that she alone may bring to him delight."

Criseyde's defection lies in her instability and her submissiveness. First let us consider her potential for deep, true love. She declares that her heart belongs forever to Troilus. But at this point let us remember that she has argued herself into this love affair because it was the most expedient action at the time. With almost convincing sincerity she asks, "What worth is Criseyde if Troilus is gone?" But Chaucer says that if he tries to tell of her distress over leaving Troilus, "t'would make her sorrows seem far less than they should seem, and weakly would I show her high lament." Criseyde probably loves Troilus as far as her capabilities for mature love allow, "but of her heart not all of it she knew."

Secondly, she has no desire for a permanent attachment to a man. From the beginning Criseyde makes it quite clear that she is her own mistress. "He shall have no cause to boast of me," she declares. She makes her own decisions, but she lacks the self-control to carry them out. Criseyde is too self-centered and too concerned with what will benefit her to offer any strong resistance to leaving Troy. When Troilus and Criseyde discuss their situation, the true color of their love is strongly contrasted. Troilus would gladly give his life for Criseyde. She, whether aware or unaware of the fact, would never be willing to sacrifice anything for him. When she faints, or rather pretends to faint, she recovers just in time to save Troilus from suicide and to map out their future course of action. Once again she meekly surrenders to the

circumstances and agrees to go to her father, offering little and unconvincing objection.

Although Criseyde's actual act of betrayal is not committed until she gives in to Diomed's wooing, Chaucer foreshadows the event earlier in the plot. Her feeble protestations against leaving Troilus and her weak promise to return to him after ten days impress neither Troilus nor the reader. Chaucer's subtle remarks, "She couldn't help but catch a word or two" (of Diomed's flattery), makes it quite plain that she will capitulate to Diomed as she had to Troilus. Her consent to talk with Diomed is the final assurance that she will not remain faithful to her Trojan lover. Criseyde cannot; she lacks fortitude. Her incapacity for loyalty to Troilus is comparable to her lack of potential for a deep permanent relationship with him. Again she is too weak, unstable, and submissive an individual to remain faithful to her vows. Criseyde is bored and lonesome in the Greek camp, and she sees Diomed as a means by which to entertain herself. She has no real desire to be loyal; however, she is not proud of herself.

Criseyde realizes full well what she is doing. She admits, "I lacked management in this affair." She bitterly reproaches herself. Chaucer says, "no woman ever did so deep lament for love betrayed as she for Troilus." She attempts to console herself by declaring that she intends to be faithful to Diomed. The most perfidious and merciless gesture that Criseyde makes is her answer to poor Troilus' letter. It is a crucial point in her defection. She continues to give him false hope, apologies for her long delay in responding to his letters, and tells him that she will go to him as soon as she deems it wise. Chaucer adds, "And yet she swore she loved him best of all!" These lies bring the pathetic Criseyde to her final and total collapse of character. She is a pitiful creature, as complex as the human brain, and as interesting and mysterious.

— CHEE DAVIS, '58

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Dilemma

Why can't I tell a lie?
Oh, just a little white one.
Each time I'm told a little fib,
I'm anxious to requite one.

Each time I think of just the thing,
And I'm at the beginning,
Before I finish with the fib,
I always find I'm grinning.

For any other person, this
Would not be quite so vex'n,
But what am I to do?
You see, I am a Texan.

— BARBARA HAUSER, '58.

A Beginning To An End

Dr. John Doe walked out of the United Nations building discouraged and disconsolate. The precarious situation that Russia always caused in the General Assembly left the U. S. representative feeling that the cause for democracy and peace were hopeless. His face was grim and drawn as he got in his limousine and instructed his chauffeur to drive him home. As the car drove down the streets of New York City he sat deathly quiet in the back seat wondering where the solution to the problem lay. What was the first step toward peace in the world? he pondered.

Finally reaching his destination, Dr. Doe got out of the car and entered his beautiful home. His wife greeted him in the hall and both of them suddenly turned toward the living room as their son and daughter came screaming through the door.

"Give me back my doll," the daughter shouted. "It's mine."

"Ha ha, I've got it now," he retorted.

"I hate you brother! I really hate you. Mother, make Johnny give me back my doll. He's so hateful," cried the wet-eyed daughter.

Suddenly Dr. Doe's expression changed. He was speechless. At once the solution — that very first step — came to him.

— CHEE DAVIS, '58

The Miser

Busy man,
Where are you going?
Why do you hurry by the people on the street?
Are you too rushed to nod?
Too lazy to speak?
A coward?

Foolish man,
You waste your time.
Perhaps you have the smile these people need,
Or yet the nod they crave,
The word they'll cherish.
So selfish.

— BARBARA HAUSER, '58.

Vanishing Beauty

Snow
Falls down
Covering the earth
Blanketing all with white
Beauty

Snow
Melts now
Puddles everywhere
Where is the loneliness?
Gone.

— BARBARA HAUSER, '58.

For Both Of Us

A '49 Plymouth jerked to a stop in front of a stately Westchester home.

"Here you are, girls." Danny's strong brown hands loosened on the steering wheel. "Hey, Ginny, your mother must have gotten a new gardener."

A muscular Italian was chasing a black cat across the yard with a rack, yelling "I'll kill you!"

"Hey!" Ginny jumped from the car. "Don't! She's like a part of the family!"

Grumbling the gardener went back to raking the golden leaves into a blazing pile.

"Gosh, he's got a temper. Oh well, I'll pick you up at 7:00, Ginny. That gives you two hours!" Danny's face broke into a smile. "I'll see what I can do for you, Abby." The Plymouth snarled away from the curb.

"Do you think he can get me a date?" Abby's eyes searched the other girl's worried face.

"Abby, why don't you go on a diet? You're a good looking girl, but - - -." Ginny's voice dropped off as she remembered their eleven school years together as best friends. There was a time when Abby was slim, but during those early dating years she had turned to food to compensate for her shyness which deprived her of dates.

"Say, Ginny, could I spend the night at your house? Your parents are going to be at my folks' party and I've got to get that theme written."

"Sure, Abby, you know the system." Ginny pointed to a big geranium pot. "The key will be in its usual spot."

"O.K. I'll come over about 7:30 or 8:00. I'll wait up for you so I can hear all about Anne's party." Abby wandered aimlessly down the flagstone path. "Do you want the cat in or out tonight?"

"Better leave Tarbaby out. Don't forget the key!" Ginny yelled after her friend. "The geranium pot, you know! I'll see you tonight." Ginny turned toward her house.

"Have fun, Ginny, have enough fun for both of us." Abby's quiet words aroused the popular girl's sympathy as she closed the door between them.

Later that night Ginny watched her friends, and Abby's, through the shadow-fromed window. "You know what she said, Danny? She said, 'Have enough fun for both of us'. Can't we go back and get her? These are her friends too, you know."

"No, Ginny. You can't live her life for her! I like her, too, but - - -. Oh, heck! Let's get in there and have some fun! Promise to forget her!" Danny yanked the door open and they joined their laughing friends.

"Hey, Ginny, where's your buddy?" Bags, a boy as fat as Abby, met them at the door.

"She's home." Ginny looked questionly at Danny, then back to Bags. "Want us to go back and get her? You haven't got a date have you?"

"No, Ginny, don't bother. She's a good girl, but she doesn't try to have fun. Thanks anyway!" Bags moved toward a circle of happy friends.

"Danny, I feel as if I'm doing something wrong." Ginny looked at the clock. "Abby should be there by now. I hope she found the key."

"Let's dance! You're going to ruin our fun if you develop a conscience about Abby."

The couple bounced and swayed to Rock 'n Roll Roundup on W. I. N. S. Suddenly everyone stopped. "We interrupt this program to bring you an important announce-

ment. Joseph Capozzi, a ruthless killer, has escaped from the New York State Hos - -."

Get another station, Bags! Danny felt the tension that froze Ginny's muscles. Her eyes questioned him and he answered. "Don't be a worry bird. He won't come here." As she nodded, Danny swung Ginny's tense body to "Get a Job." "Come on Ginny! You promised!"

Ginny's legs relaxed, but her mind was not in that room. She looked quickly toward the door. "- - - for both of us. - - - - for both of us," echoed through her thoughts. She visualized Abby picking at last night's ham or reading a *Real Romance*.

Ginny, have you forgotten your date?" Danny thrust a cream cheese sandwich at her and answered the thought in her mind, "She's used to being alone."

"Sure, Sure." Ginny struck her finger into a coke bottle trying to pull the straw out.

Then Anne's mother came in and turned down the blaring radio. "Joseph Capozzi has been spotted right here in town. If you don't all have rides home, I'll drive you. O.K. That's all. Have fun!" She turned the radio up and left the room.

"Hey, Bags! How's your car? Have you installed the pipes yet?" Danny lit a cigarette.

"Not yet." Bags said, sprawling in a big chair. "How about helping me tomorrow?"

"Sure!" Danny watched Ginny flipping through a *True Experience* magazine.

While the boys talked about cars, Ginny stared at a picture. The girl's dead body slowly took Abby's form. "- - - 'Have enough fun for both of us.'" she thought out loud. Ginny read the account of a girl, alone in the house, a strange man, sudden death.

"Hey! Where's you going?" Danny jumped up, yelling at Ginny.

She didn't answer as she slammed the front door.

Bags and Danny caught up with her at the car.

"O.K. Ginny, wait! Want to come, Bags?" Danny slid behind the wheel, pushing Ginny over.

"Yea!" Bags got in and slammed the other car door.

Danny's fingers gripped the steering wheel; his eyes searched the blackness ahead broken only by the spears of light from his car. "Ginny, I don't know what's gotten into you tonight! This isn't like you."

"I'm sorry." She reached for the cigarette lighter. "I just can't forget those last words; '- - - enough fun for both of us.'" Danny, what did she mean? Or didn't she really mean anything: Was something bigger than both of us trying to tell me something? I don't know, Danny. I just can't help being scared — and that Joseph Capozzi being loose! Oh, Danny! Please hurry!"

"Ginny, for Pete's sake! Bags, you're smart no getting mixed up with females! They have some pretty crazy ideas!" Danny swung the car on to Old Army Road, the street where Ginny lived.

"Stop!" Bags braced himself against the panel of the car with his hands. "It's a road block!"

"This is all we need." Ginny groaned.

"It's O.K., son. You can go on through now. Oh! Danny! I didn't recognize you!" The policeman leaned up against the car.

"What's up, sir?" Danny pulled on the hand brake.

"Danny, not now! There's no time!" Ginny turned to him.

"What's the matter? Have a fight? You should know better, Danny." The patrolman smiled at Ginny. "Seriously, you kids shouldn't be out like this tonight. You must have hear about Joseph Capozzi. Everything's under control now, though. He's sitting pretty over there." He glanced at a new white car, the pride of the force. "Well, go on. You better stay out of this quarrel, Bags, if you know what's good for you! Bye now."

Bags squirmed. "Sure. That's what I'm trying to do," he said as the policeman turned to leave.

"Well! There you are, Ginny. Now don't you feel foolish?" Danny pulled off the hand brake and started on down the road.

Ginny was silent. Her home was two miles further down the road. "Everything has to be all right," she thought, but - - -.

"Hey, Ginny, let's go on back to the party now!" Danny looked at her, "It's still early — only 9:00."

"Wait a minute, Danny!" Bags said. Ginny's not going to be happy unless she's sure. Let's go on back and get Abby. I felt kind of out of it without a date anyhow."

"O.K! That's a great idea!" Danny smiled. "How's that with you, Ginny?"

"Fine," she said, twisting her school ring around her finger. "- - - for both of us." Ginny thought. She couldn't forget that phrase, not yet.

A couple minutes later they were walking up the shadowy path to Ginny's home. A light in the back of the house haloed its frame.

"Hey! That gardner's not very smart." Danny stamped on some smoldering limbs that had been hacked from the crabapple tree.

"I hope we're not too late!" Ginny flung the door open and snapped on the light.

"Abby!" She ran into the kitchen. Tarbaby looked up from a few bits of ham on the kitchen table. "I told her to leave the cat outside! Abby!"

"Don't get excited, Ginny! Danny looked quickly at Bags. "Upstairs! Quick!"

They followed Ginny's slender shadow up the stairs. She burst through her door. The light was on. Dry leaves were scattered around the room.

"Have enough fun for both of us," whispered Ginny, looking at Abby's mangled body on the floor. She turned to Danny. "Now I'll have to live her life for her!"

JUDY EDGERTON, '59

The MUSE



ST. MARY'S JUNIOR COLLEGE

BULLETIN

1958

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Summer and Fall

Raleigh, North Carolina

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Editor 1957-58 CHEE DAVIS, 1958-59 MEMRIE MOSIER
Faculty Adviser SARA ESTHER JONES

Tradition

There are many words in the English language that are abused daily by everyone. In the process of this abuse they lose their true meaning and convey to people a connotation which in no way resembles their original meaning. For example the word "love" not only implies a deep heart-felt feeling or affection as it should, but it includes lesser feelings, such as "like" or "having a fancy for." One often hears "I love french fries to death." In actuality the person most probably means that he or she likes french fried potatoes very much. Surely one does not love his Mother in the same way that he loves french fries! Another one of these misused words is "Jew." One can no longer hear the word "Jew" without having simultaneous flashes of thought such as "mercenary" and "materialistic."

The words "love" and "jew" are maltreated daily, but the most injured of all words is "tradition." At St. Mary's, tradition is the key to all problems — the answer to every question. There are two groups of people here at school who deprecate this otherwise meaningful word. The first of these groups uses tradition as an insurance policy against change. If an innovation is suggested, this group condemns it, answering that the change would interfere with the tradition. During May Day rehearsal out on the lawn, for example, the stake that divided the dancing area was not situated in the middle. Instead it was placed far from the center causing the "stage" to be off balance. At first when moving the stake to the middle was proposed in order to ameliorate the situation, the proposal was denied on the grounds that the placement of the stake in an off-center position was traditional! Was this purposeful tradition or an excuse to avoid work? This group at St. Mary's seems to have an aversion toward change tantamount to the South's stubborn attitude towards abolition of slavery. It is of no importance whether the tradition is utilitarian for the school or not. This group must frantically cling to old orders so it will not have to accept variation. It is pitiable that this is so because the progress of humanity has taken place as a result of change.

Diametrically opposed to this use of the word "tradition" is the manner in which it is handled by group two. This group wildly screams for change — any kind of change, no matter whether it is worthwhile or not. Some of its members plead to do away with some of St. Mary's traditions, such as the Old-girl New-girl Party. They brand this function as a troublesome, silly bore. Upon answering new-girl questions such as "Do we have to go?" They sigh painfully and giggle sarcastically replying, "Sure, sure it's tradition!" Meanwhile this group overlooks the fact that the Old-girl New-girl party could be a delightful, helpful occasion if its members would not be so narrowly averse to this tradition. Another flagrant cry of this group is to change rules. They ask for unlimited week-ends, class cuts, and more dating privileges. If this group would stop and seriously try to imagine the chaos that would result from alterations in the present rule system, the majority of the cries would subside. The damage to scholastic averages and the extra burden it would place on the administration should be considered. While some change is good, other is not at all beneficial. Hitler instigated a change in the government of Germany—Nazism. The destruction of millions of lives resulted.

At the root of the problem lies one word—discrimination. A combination of two qualities should be employed by these groups; broad-mindedness and prudence. If we at St. Mary's can select the old good from the past and endorse the new worthwhile from the present and future, the word "tradition" will fill its original useful function and cease to be a lazy dodge and sarcastic joke.

CHEE DAVIS, '58

To The New Girls

This is a new life—a world somewhat apart from any you have known. There will be choices to make which may affect your life from this point on. To a thoughtful person, to anyone looking beyond one tomorrow, this idea stimulates a careful consideration of every step *before* it is taken. A small and simple action becomes important merely because once it has been done it cannot be recalled. Unfortunate, yes, that often there is less time than is needed to make a decision. So seldom is there a chance to make amends for something regrettable. Actually it might be considered a matter of thought before action. Still, one who is over-cautious is safe but rarely satisfied.

You will agree that there are many incentives to accomplishment, but there is no substitute. Ideally success is the ultimate goal, but often it is relatively unimportant in view of how much is gained in the attempt. Be satisfied with this gain if you cannot have success. The dread of failure is very painful, but being content with failure is critical. St. Mary's is seldom apt to condemn your first attempt; she will encourage many more tries than one. Our school welcomes those who attain every goal, but it also takes to its heart those who have given their best, no matter what the outcome. This first period of adjustment certainly differs in difficulty according to the individual. And yet, this attitude of endeavor is one that should be readily adopted. Equally important is to have a distinct idea in mind on recognizing and controlling fears which may often be present. To realize that the repressed fears are the only ones which interfere with adjustment is essential to adjustment. To honestly admit a fear or uncertainty is never degrading, but wishing to be considered always in-the-know is a matter of false pride.

Just as this world is new to you, you are also new to it. Past honors are meaningless since you must once again prove yourself worthy of recognition. Accept this life gladly for to belittle the new and bemoan the old is to insure unhappiness. Consider how much richer the ensuing struggles, friendships, and obligations will make you as an individual. The principles which you accept and the pattern of life which you maintain will remain basically the same for many years to come. St. Mary's is a storehouse of values from which you are free to pick and choose. Be discrete, but live fully. Knowing what you would be and upholding that standard is a full preparation for a replete maturity. In this as in everything, place your faith in yourself—there is no other safe depository. Be true to this faith. It will never fail for you are its only means of expression.

MEMRIE MOSIER, '59

The Hated Sixth

It was awful, Mother. I kept trying to explain it to him. I had told John a million times before about our family. He seemed to believe me then. He seemed to understand. But early that night he didn't take me seriously. I guess it's pretty hard for an outsider to grasp. I thought a couple of times he believed me. Then again he'd laugh. I honestly think that he did believe; he just didn't want to. After I took him away from the others out to the porch overlooking the lake—you remember how the Lane cabin is built don't you? I said, "John no matter what happens tonight, just remember that I love you and I always will." He looked at me kind of funny and asked me what I was talking about. I told him that we wouldn't be married. He laughed nervously, not knowing the reason why. I explained that I knew one of us, or possibly

both, were going to die on the way home. He said, "Oh honey, there you go again." I reminded him that all my prophecies had come true, but he shrugged them away as happenstance. His reaction was the same as it had been a year before. Remember, Mother, when we were planning that beach party? I told him I didn't want to go because I knew someone in the party was going to die. I was afraid it was going to be John so I tried to persuade him not to go. He told me I was being foolish. I told him about the thing that runs in our family, and he answered back that I should write a mystery story. He made me so mad. When Pete Saxon was drowned I hated to say "I told you so," but I did.

That night out on the Lane's porch his face was puzzled exactly as it was when they brought Pete's body on the beach. I can see it now. I suggested that we go back in and dance. He seemed relieved to drop the subject, but I knew that it was still haunting him. When we got ready to leave, John became dreadfully quiet. We got in the car and I couldn't hold back any longer. I grabbed his arm frantically and begged him to listen to me. "John," I screamed at him, "please believe me. I know—I feel it. We're going to have a wreck tonight. Please, please listen to me."

"Honey," he replied, "I'll drive carefully, I promise you."

"You can't run away from it, John. There's no way to shake it. I've tried. My whole family has tried. You learn to live with it after a while. You can't change the inevitable."

His fearful eyes suddenly became believing eyes. He knew too, Mother. At last he knew. "Okay, honey. This is going to have to last a long time," he said smiling as he leaned over to kiss me. We looked at each other knowingly and lovingly. He started the car and pulled out into the road. He slipped his arm around me, clutching my shoulder tight. We didn't look at each other again. Both of us stared at the road in front—the road that led to his death.

I wish I had died with him, Mother. I loved him so much. I still do. It won't be long though. Leave me now. I'm tired—so tired. Tomorrow when you come bring me some paper, lots of paper. I'll need some ink, too, for my pen.

The paper and ink were brought to me and is being used for your benefit, my dear readers. You will most probably think I am insane, but I assure you I am not. The events which I am about to relate to you are true.

It all started some years ago when I was twelve. My brother was leaving to go to a Key Club Convention in Chicago. Mother and I took Mike to the airport. Just as he was about to get on the plane, Mother's face suddenly became distraught. She called Mike back. "Mike, I wish you wouldn't go on this trip. You understand."

Mike answered, "Sure, Mother. Wait a minute. Let me see if I can get my bags off. If I can't I'll just let them go on to Chicago."

I was amazed. Mike had been looking forward to this convention since the first of school. I asked Mother why on earth she suggested that Mike not go. Ha, I thought I knew Mike better than that. If he had been himself, he would have thrown a fit. Mother promised to explain later. I kept after her all that day and the next, but she kept putting me off. Two days later she came to me with the morning paper in her hand. She pointed out an article that gave an account of a fire—a fire that burned down The Ashley, a Chicago hotel. Two hundred people had died in the fire. Five of them were Mike's classmates.

"I knew something was going to happen. That's why I didn't let Mike go."

I laughed too, dear readers. Yes, I laughed. Mother didn't become impatient

like I did when John laughed. She just replied that I'd probably understand when I got older. Mike understood. That's why he didn't ask any questions. I wondered now why he didn't feel it. Oh well, sometimes you do; sometimes you don't.

Four years later after I had gotten my driver's license, I called up Sue Beck, one of my best friends. I told her I would come after her and we'd go get a Coke. I went out of the house and started to open the door of the car. All at once I had the strangest feeling. I knew I shouldn't get in that car, but I didn't know why. I argued with myself for several minutes, but something inside me insisted that I shouldn't go. I went back inside and called Sue, telling her that I would be late. I promised I'd be there in an hour. I loafed listlessly around the house and then got perfectly furious with myself. I got in the car and found myself driving towards Sue's house—against my better judgment. Before I knew it, a car that was passing an oncoming car was headed straight for me. I came out of the wreck without a scratch. I was terribly sore though. I guess it was a miracle. As I lay in bed that night, Mother and Mike came in the room to ask if there was anything they could do for me. Not being able to hold back my fears any longer, I explained to them that I had felt before I got in the car that I was going to have a wreck. Mother started crying. Mike put his arm around her and said, "Mother, you knew it was bound to happen to Cindy too."

"I kept hoping she would be spared," Mother replied.

"What on earth are you talking about?" I inquired.

Then Mother and Mike began to explain about the thing that ran in our family. I asked her if this was the same thing that had told her to prevent Mike from going to Chicago four years before. Her reply was affirmative. Mike said I was lucky. It came on him when he was thirteen. It hadn't caught up with me until then and I have had to live with it ever since.

Dear readers, I could name numerous other events exactly like the last two. When I was seventeen my maternal grandmother was at the house having dinner with us. (You see, it never hit my father—only my mother's side of the family.) Grandmother was setting the table. She turned to Mother and said, "Lauren, I think I should tell you I am going to die. I don't know exactly when. Within the next three months I'm sure."

Mother took it very well as she always did. She knew it was bound to happen. Grandmother explained that she had gotten her will straight. All the necessary arrangements had been made. A summer night two months later, Grandmother called and asked to speak to Mike. She told him that she would be dead by morning and she asked him to go to her house the next day. She requested that he not tell Mother. We buried my Grandmother three days later.

It's a funny thing how this jinx affects different members of the family. In Mother's and Mike's case, they can shake it . . . just like the trip to Chicago. But I can't. The same was true about my Grandmother. I have had five wrecks in my twenty-two years. I've known in every case that I was going to have a collision. I have put off driving the car for hours, days, and weeks at the time, but the very minute that I get in the car after a delay, it happens.

One of the most tragic things that has ever affected our family was the tragedy that came to my first cousins. One night I was sitting in the living room and I suddenly felt that my cousins were in some sort of danger. I told Mother. She got on the phone immediately and called her Sister in Sacramento, asking her if the children were all right. Mother's sister Helen answered that all was well—that they couldn't

be better. Mother explained my premonition to her. Helen had had them at times herself, but she didn't feel that anything was going to happen to the children. However, she promised to watch them carefully. Thirty-six hours later, Helen called Mother. The children were in the hospital. They had been stricken with polio.

My dear readers, I said that this is for your benefit. I am going to die soon—very soon. My life has been utter Hell since that day when I was sixteen. It's a horrible thing to live with. You know something dreadful is going to happen. You are absolutely helpless. You can't prevent it. In some cases it's a good thing. I can prepare Mother and Mike for my death. They won't grieve. They will accept it. All three of us—my whole family for that matter—have learned to accept what we can't change. I wonder when it will hit my cousins. I wonder whom it will hit next. Now you see why I am writing this. I am telling you—warning you—that if it hits you, don't try to run away from it. There is no escape. You could spend the rest of your life running. Learn to accept it. Don't try to dodge the "hated sixth."

CHEE DAVIS, '58

A Purple Cow

Brent Williams' low-slung Ferrari, sleek and black, declared his fast-pace attitude towards life. To Sam Tarkington, the agent of this internationally acclaimed actor, the car was "poison"; but then Sam was a worrier. A familiar thrill surged through the smoothly-tanned actor as, his yellow-checked hat anchored securely, he watched the red needle quiver and climb—85 . . . 90 . . . 95 . . . 110.

* * *

Sam Tarkington surveyed his reflection intently: fair hair, pale blue eyes, sharp thin nose, and slightly receding chin. His slender fingers fumbled slightly with the knot of a dark blue tie. He was taking Rose to dinner. Rose was his girl. And now that things were so secure (Brent's extravaganza near completion) he would ask her to marry him. He flipped off the radio, crossed the living room, and set the safety catch on the door and left the house. Carefully avoiding a large puddle which lolled on the steaming pavement, he climbed into his car.

For a moment his thoughts drifted backwards. Finding Brent Williams had been the luckiest thing of his life. He was a sell-out from the word go. Sam hadn't really done much—secured invitations to a couple of the right parties, bargained for a plug from one or two of the top columnists; Brent had taken care of the rest. Riding down the smooth highway, he whistled softly. The sporadic slap of the small Studebaker's tires on the wet surface brought an anxious thought intruding the warm feeling of satisfaction which enveloped him—Perhaps he ought to warn Brent about that right front tire of his. It looked a little slick—

Sam liked this road. The new thoroughfare had transferred the traffic. The road was longer, but it would give him time to organize himself. He rounded a curve. What was that on the side? He pulled over to the right shoulder and got out. Cautiously he crossed the highway. A yellow-checked hat screamed at him from the crumpled metal.

* * *

Sam hated hospitals! The cool aseptic odor penetrated his nostrils and choked him. The endless whispers rung in his ears. The last two weeks had been long ones. He slumped down in the red leather chair, unconscious of the wrinkled light-weight jacket which slid over its arm to the floor. What did that doctor mean? Nothing they could do—Why the studio had hired the best men in the country. How was it

possible for a man's senses to be reversed? That just doesn't happen. Exactly backwards!

* * *

Followed by the German specialist, Sam Tarkington made his way down the corridor of the private hospital wing. In three months he had become accustomed to the unusual manner in which Brent must be treated. He banged on the door to keep from disturbing him if he were asleep. The private nurse shouted, "Come in." Sam slammed the door behind him. "Hello, Mr. Tarkington," The nurse began in a stentorian tone.

"Good afternoon, Miss Whitehall."

"You know, Mr. Tarkington," her voice dropped when she noticed Brent Williams awake, "you know, the papers sure don't miss a thing. I was reading a few minutes ago—well, here it is—(There's my name) 'Miss Martha Sue Whitehall, the famed actor's nurse, makes sure of his comfort. She keeps him supplied with cold soup, hot lemonade, sour deserts, loud music and bright lights for sleeping, extra blankets and heating pads during the hot spells—'" Sam felt the necessary pleasantries had been satisfied and with a terse acknowledgment of the article turned his attention to the actor. Miss Whitehall folded the paper, tucked it under her arm, and left the room.

"Brent, this is Dr. Klutz, a specialist from Germany." Sam indicated a small, dark-haired man who had the quality of losing himself in the background.

"How do you do, Mr. Williams." The German seemed at ease and replied in a dignified tone.

"Dr. Klutz has read about your case in his newspapers. He thinks he may be able to help."

"For many years, Mr. Williams, I have studied the senses. Your condition, naturally, interests me greatly. I should like to attempt an operation (for a small fee of course—) Sam broke in.

"There's one thing though, Brent. Only one showing. Dr. Klutz says you couldn't stand another overhaul." Brent Williams made a single comment.

"How soon can we get started?"

* * *

The anesthetic was wearing off. Sam pushed his way through the crowd of reporters at the door. "I wonder," he laughed shakily to himself, "if I should tiptoe or stamp into the room." He entered silently and moved to the bed, around which was assembled every hospital staff member with a feasible excuse. As one, they leaned forward alertly as Brent's eyes fluttered and opened. There was a suffocating stillness. Brent glanced around the room. Sam's voice cracked as he tried to get the question out. "How, how do you feel, Brent boy?" Brent looked again, obviously ignoring Sam's question. He sniffed.

"WHAT SMELLS PURPLE?" he demanded.

GAIL GOODWIN, '60

The Tire Swing

Many years ago when I was young,
An old tire swing in a tree was hung.
And many a happy hour was spent
And many a pair of pants were rent,

In that old tire swing.

I returned home the other day,
It hadn't changed since I went away.
The swing was there, a little worn,
But nevertheless I could have sworn,
That I was a boy again, and free
Of all the troubles that bother me.
And as I sat and swung for a while
I forgot my troubles and began to smile.
In that old tire swing.

And now when my troubles begin to press,
I return home and I find rest,
As once again I sway to and fro
As I did when a boy so long ago
In that old tire swing.

TONI LONNING, '59

Behold, This Dreamer Cometh

I will close my heart to ugliness
My eyes to petty deed
My life will be a lovely place
Devoid of hate and greed
Should I feel in need of fresher things
A rainbow shall be near
A Sparkling brook with a voice that sings
No doubt for me to hear.

God's world was made for me to hold
My faith will not be frail
My joy will be an indignant heart
Which rejects the piercing nail
No power can reach a soul that knows
Its ultimate must be
To live to the utmost what fate sows
No matter what the fee.

MEMRIE MOSIER, '59

My Brothers And I

A disguised blessing it is to me—
The only sister of a loyal three
To have a snaggle-toothed army to fight
Those who would give their sister a slight.

For, separately, my brothers can offer to me
Fun, or an ear as my mood may be,
Though their pranks are often hard to bear,
If my need is true, they'll be there.

Perhaps the Eldest with one good thought
From a mind which has reaped what the years have taught
Or the Second tells me with a glance
Of help he'd give should he have the chance.
Or the Third whose heart and soul are bound
By the childhood dreams which he has found.

Would that I have the heart to imbue
A love in their hearts for all deeds true.
Light dreams, young love that a summer brings;
Understanding for all lovely things.
I'd let no dreams of theirs be daunted
No ideals crushed, nor even taunted.

Perhaps I can, 'least I'll be trying
To make them hate cheating and lying.
And, at the end, may they say of me,
We're what she made us — that sister of three.

MEMRIE MOSIER, '59

A House Built On Sand

I picked up the paper and glanced through the list of divorces that had been granted during the last week in Nash County. One of the names, Robert Edward Lee of Newport News, Virginia, stood out in particular, and I tried hard to remember where I had seen that name before. Suddenly I remembered an August afternoon three years ago when I was playing bridge with the girls at Sylvia's house. Sylvia lived beside the justice of the peace and when the phone rang we were not surprised to learn that two people were needed to witness a marriage. Because I was dummy, I was one of the necessary two; and I (dressed in shorts) accompanied Sylvia's mother to the neighbor's house.

As soon as we arrived, Mr. Fulton, the Justice of the Peace, proceeded with the ceremony. There was only one other person present, Mr. Fulton's mother; there were no members of the couple's families, no friends, no one but us strangers. The bride nervously adjusted the skirt to her old dark blue suit, which (surprisingly) was lacking a corsage. She did not smile once, did not even look at her fiance. The groom fumbled for the gold band and when the ceremony ended, he looked at his wife with an uncomfortable expression on his face as if he was not sure they were doing the right thing. She, obviously uneasy, returned the gaze. The whole atmosphere was strained and unhappy, not like the usual church wedding one is accustomed to attending. They signed the papers, and it was all over.

It all came back to me. I'd never forget that name—Robert E. Lee. I smiled to myself, shook my head and was not surprised that Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Lee's names were there on the divorce list.

CHEE DAVIS, '58

Home

The hot sun glared down on the St. Mary's campus last June 2—my graduation day. Excitement filled the air, and almost stifled me! I wasn't excited. I was in tears.

I remember how I felt that last morning when I got out of bed. This was going to be the last time I'd ever go through the routine of hopping to the floor at seven thirty, fumbling into my clothes, and tramping to the dining hall. I glanced around the green campus on my way to breakfast. It looked strange as though I had never seen it before. I stared into space at the table; I said hardly a word. It felt like only a minute before we were marching into the Chapel to get our diplomas. The scene flashed; the handkerchief dropped, and it was all over.

Life was over as far as I was concerned. I was leaving St. Mary's. "This is the saddest day of my life," I cried to my mother. I felt lost. No more sitting in the dining hall drinking that third cup of coffee in the morning; no more charging down the hall to grab the phone; no more conversations with my suite mates until three in the morning; no more May Days; no more friendly chatting with professors. I had been to my last class, to my last Easter service, to my last Christmas banquet, and to my last hilarious hall meeting. I knew I would miss all the flicks and five hour dates—and probably even miss those bag suppers. But most of all I knew I'd miss the peace and security I had found at St. Mary's. I used to breathe in the spring air out on front campus—you could almost smell the spirit of the school. How I loved it!

I still do. That day I thought I was leaving St. Mary's, but I didn't. I could never leave it. For this school will follow me until I die—not the good times and the parties—they will fade from my memory. But the spirit of St. Mary's, that certain intangible feeling of home, will never die.

CHEE DAVIS, '58

Carpe Diem

Let down your hair, Matilda, dear,
Your sun is sinking fast;
The western glow is weaker now,
Your "future" almost past.

Throw off your solitude for now,
Come out and see the world;
Give notice to all life—you live,
And hold your flag unfurled.

Come on, Matilda, timid one,
There's something more than strife;
Don't waste your few remaining years,
You only live one life.

BARBARA HAUSER, '58

Silent Faith

I went to see a man who'd left his wife;
He'd separated from him half his life.
"I told her she was breaking the last straw."
"Too bad," was all the phrase that I could draw.

I went to see a man who'd lost his child,
So great his grief his very voice seemed wild;
"Why was she taken?" cried the man out loud,
This time I sat with folded hands—head bowed.

I went to see a man who nearing death
Gasped out to me through ever-failing breath,
"Perhaps I will improve some other day,"
I did not know exactly what to say.

And as I wondered just what was at fault,
My former sure faith turned a somersault;
Then came a surge of HOPE from deep inside,
My lips were quiet— my heart was opened wide.

BARBARA HAUSER, '58

Shallowness at Supper

Oh yes! Of all the places you could dine
You would come here where I have come to rest
From seeing all your automatic smiles
And hearing all your words of no import.
Have ever in your dreary life you thought
That just by chance this life transcends your dreams
Of ease and luxury and absence of
Perplexing thoughts which never reach your mind?
And how you lean together close as if
Your frenzied words could e'er affect the world.
And how behind your vacant eyes one sees
A space—a nebulous oblivion
Wherein is found mere surface thoughts and these
So dull that one would gasp to think you call
Yourselves true members of an active world.
You say you've had an entertaining trip?
Keep searching, though I fear you'll never find
Not only that state which you feel will give
A restful bliss, but you, insipid fool,
Will never know the satisfaction which
A penetrating thought of life can give.
Oh yes; it is a shame that such a place
As this establishment does not serve here
That grandest meal (as anybody knows)
Of hamburger. You think you'd better go?
Oh stay a while; in time I may enjoy
Your petty show of airs. You look at me—
Perhaps you feel disdain from where I sit?
I smile a sympathetic smile. You think
That I agree with your display of wrath?
Oh no, your superficial life just serves
To make me smile (AT you of course) then sigh—
This time a breath of thankfulness for me,
And then compassion slips into my thoughts.
And though I know that never could my stare
Be used to shock your lifeless brain to work,
(You cannot know when you should be ashamed)
I feel inside a pain of sorrow which

I analyze as one which cries for you —
Because I know that never while you live
Will you be warmed by satisfying thoughts.
I look at you and I am glad I'm me.

BARBARA HAUSER, '58

Hands

Hands . . . pink and white fists waving . . . a wrist of lettered beads
. . . no strength except the power to move a mother's heart when they close
around her finger.

Hands . . . tanned fingers drumming restlessly on his school desk . . .
eager to hold a frog, marbles, baseball . . . scratched by briars . . . pinched
by his pigtailed playmate . . . washed by mother . . . shaken by grand-
father . . . in ten years they will do a man's work.

Hands . . . sofe—white . . . Slender . . . transparent skin that
glows . . . long fingers toying, curling, grasping . . . lightly tearing men's
hearts between them . . . sensitive—yet unfeeling . . . clawing at love
with painted nails.

Hands . . . old . . . gnarled . . . wrinkled skin over thick blue veins
. . . strong as an oak's twisted roots . . . calloused palms . . . toughen-
ed yet tender . . . unconquered by life . . . unafraid of death.

PEPPY CURRIE, '58

Smiles

We see a bright smile given
When all is gay and glad.
Smiles veil our melancholy moods,
And smiles hide hearts so sad.

We see shy smiles of wonderment
When awe fills up our eyes,
And sneering smiles of burning hate,
False ones that cloak our lies.

We love a baby's smile of trust
When he feels his mother near,
A young girl's blushing smile at love,
An old man's smile at fear.

I've given a smile to wonderment,
A short quick one to fear,
And smiles of longing, love, and hate
Will fade and reappear.

But someday I'll be tossing
On a bed of pain
And reaching for the hand of health
I cannot grasp again.

Then I will hear a trumpet
A summons strong and true
Then I will turn and smile
Oh, Death, a welcome smile for you!

PEPPY CURRIE, '58

Prayer For Deliverance From Indifference

God save me from indifference,
Dull apathetic state.
Oh let me feel the surge of love
Or the mad sting of hate.

God never let me just exist,
That is not living life.
Oh, let me lie in a meadow green
Or suffer from war's keen strife.

God save me from the routine day;
Soon days become a year.
Fill me with courage for honor's sake
Or make me a craven of fear.

God never let me plod life's road
With ambling steps walk by.
Oh, let me leap and laugh and give
Or fall and weep and sigh.

PEPPY CURRIE, '58

Feelings Inspired By True Friendship

Your thoughts, your mind, your very soul
Are treasures, friend, to me
As when my silent soul alone
Thinks on eternity

PEPPY CURRIE, '58

Death

Death is not the final ending;
Death is life and love renewing.
Death brings peace, content and quiet;
Death is happiness enduring.

Suddenly your soul is lighter;
Cleansed of mortal lust and sin.
As a bird released it soars;
And at the gate of heav'n goes in.

Death is not an evil happening;
Hell, for me, does not exist.

How could God in all His mercy,
Fiendish powers like Hell enlist?

God created man from dust,
And to that dust man must return.
But man's soul will live forever;
All Hell-fires that soul can't burn.

So why should we fear death and tremble?
Weep and wail when loved ones die?
We should instead give thanks to heav'n,
Praising God's great love on high.

TONI LONNING, '59

Progression

Life begins, love's
creation.
 Children growing:
innocence.
 Youth's passions:
turbulence.
 Young people's love:
togetherness.
 Old peoples rest:
solitude.
 Final sleep:
eternity.

TONI LONNING, '59

My Lover Is Like The Ocean

My lover is like the mighty ocean,
Rolling over my aching heart.
Sweeping, surging, swelling, urging
He can tear my soul apart.

Many times the sea is peaceful;
Bright and dancing as a child.
Other times the sea is restless,
Thrashing, tossing, free and wild.

Many times the sea is quiet,
Gentle in its soft caress.
Then the beach holds out her arms
And clasps it loving to her breast.

Then again the sea seems angry;
Beating, tearing at the shore.
Then it overpowers and hurts her,
And the quiet is no more.

When the storm and wind are over,

Once again the beach is calm.
Then the ocean is repentant,
Soothes the wounded beach with balm.

Softly then the waves caress her,
Gently sighing of her charms.
Then the beach consoled, forgiving,
Stretches forth again her arms.

Once again she holds the sea,
Pressing it to her aching heart.
Once again the sea is silent
For they know they'll never part.

TONI LONNING, '59

I'll Never Walk Alone

As I look out over the audience, twelve years of high school pass through my mind. At last I'm going to graduate! — escape from this town, from these people who mean nothing to me!

The auditorium is packed with faces — too familiar faces. Yes, I'm glad tonight has come, the night of my freedom. Five hundred pairs of eyes are watching us escape, pass into a world of responsibility. We'll run our own lives now.

Look at Johnny Harris. To think that I liked him once. I wonder why he still comes back here to this little town with no name. Johnnie caught my eye for a minute and winked. I thought back to when I was a Freshman — he was a Senior. He's studying to be a minister now. That's what he wanted to be then too. Even now I still cling to some of his ideas. Oh, I believed then too, but not as deeply — but that's natural, I was younger then.

Oh. And Mrs. Wilson. There she is fluttering her fan and smiling to herself three rows behind Johnny. She taught more than half of our graduating class in the third grade. But tonight means the end of all those people — to me anyway. We'll go on to college now. We'll have new teachers, new friends, new challenges, and nobody to pester, pamper, and worry us.

There's Ace Pringle leaning against the auditorium door. He's quite a cop in that handsome uniform. He was the town play-boy several years ago, but look at him now. He's a fool to stay here. "I'll never pick you up for anything." He said that to me once. He has never had a chance to, though, and now he never will. I'm leaving —.

And there's Mom sitting beside the Wallaces. Yes, I'll miss her. I know I will, but she's part of this town too. And I'm leaving!

All those people, looking, waiting like vultures to see us go off and make a name for this town which they can profit from. Well, don't look at me! You'll never hear of me again, but I'll be happy.

Look at all those faces. I thought I'd always live here — love those people and this town. What a fool! I'll never belong to this town again!

Never? That's an awful word.

Looking again at Johnny, at Mrs. Wilson, at Ace, and then at Mom, I

realize that my whole life is symbolized in the friendship of these people. They're more than just faces; they're spirit and wholesomeness. This is my home, and, in a way, I belong to these people. Yes, I'll walk out of this auditorium, out of this school, maybe out of this town — but I won't be alone. When I march out with my class, I'll march out with the ideas, faith, respect, and love of these people, people who'll always be with me in spirit. I'm what I am because of them, and what I'll be years from now will be what they made me, not what I made myself.

Whoops! Guess it's my turn.

"Miss Alice Jane Hopkins."

Listen to that applause. I've got my diploma — now I guess I'm really part of this town — And I'm proud of it!

JUDY EDGERTON, '59

Mighty Ocean

You are there,
Oh, Mighty Ocean!
Hidden beneath your laughing foam.
You are there,
Oh, Great Depths!
Murmuring and plunging beneath the light.
You are there for those who look
To find your gems
Of love and life—
Of truth and death.
Oh, Eternal Ocean,
Raise to me just once
Your towering waves
Of long-hidden thoughts!

JUDY EDGERTON, '59

These Laughing Faces

Do others want the same as I —
These laughing faces around me?
Do they conceal the same desires —
These laughing faces?
I want the wind in my face
As I run toward a distant place.
I want to point and say, "What's that?"
Running toward that distant spot,
Then fall and say, "What's that?"
I want to turn up a mossy rock
And look at creepy things.
I want to look up and see above me
Knots of green and brown and blue.
I want a frog to pock his head from
Beneath a water-lily as if to say, "Who are you?"
I want nature face to face.
I want love; I want God.

Do others want as much as I —
These laughing faces?

I want a friendly smile;
A sincere "Hello."
I want a joyful tear,
A laughing cry.
I want to hear their voices,
Their deepest thoughts.
I want their trust, their understanding.
I want their love,
Do others want this and more —
These laughing faces?

I want accomplishment,
Not words of praise,
Just satisfaction within myself.
It's a job well-done,
A cherished dream,
Now a reality.
Do others want all these things —
These laughing faces?

JUDY EDGERTON, '59

God's Promise

What's that?
A light —
The night is black,
But there's a light.
Now two —
Oh! I see!
It's a car.
Who's in it?
Where are they going?
Are they like me —
The same as I?
Are they thinking:
"Who's above?"
I am.
We are God's people.
Where do we go from here?
What's the after-world?
Is there Heaven?
Is there Hell?
Or are they both the world
of one's deeds,
of one's sins?
Do we live in the thoughts
Of those who knew us?
Is it they who are we?
You don't know,
Nor do I.
That is God's secret,
God's promise to us.

JUDY EDGERTON, '59

Transition

An empty Chair —
Eternal Light —
The Path divides.
Flight upward — Pain gone.

Flesh to Dust — returns —
Dry eyed — We stand
On that undiscovered Mountain
Nearer the Laurel.

Contentment — found
Our rough Path — illumined.
A smile from the Sky —
A Ladder to the Star.

JUDY EDGERTON, '59

Death Lives

Death lives.
It always will.
The little child's kitten,
Struck by a car.
The young bird's life,
Snapped by a cat.
Death lives.
The man next door,
Drawn by disease.
A good friend,
Drowned in the depths.
Death lives.
Death robs the lives of all;
Yet, a baby's cry
Promises — Life shall never die.

JUDY EDGERTON, '59

Little One

You are blind, Little One.
No. Don't try to see!
You can't. You are blind.
Don't cry, Sweet One.
Yes! That's a parade.
I know,
You can't see the horses,
The clowns, the band.
But don't cry, Lonely One.
For you can see ! . . .
You can see through love —
Look! There's happiness,

Kindness, sadness.
It's all there.
It's in your own love,
Your own soul.

Look hard, Precious One.
And don't forget!
He is there
In your heart!

That's right, Little One.
Be happy!
Smile!

JUDY EDGERTON, '59

Jeannie's Star

"Look, Mommy!" Jeannie pressed her nose against the window. "Look!"

"Yes, Darling. That's a star. It's going to watch over you tonight. Get in bed now and go to sleep." Mrs. Jenkins kissed her daughter good-night and flipped off the light as she left the room.

Jeannie slipped quietly out of bed and pressed her nose against the window again. Only one star shown on the snow below; yet, her life was reflected there. Two straight pines stood tall against the sky. A road wound into the distance and then was lost around a curve. Jeannie watched one car drive slowly up that road, but she soon grew tired and crawled back into bed.

That was fifteen years ago. Jeannie again stood by that window.

"Have a good time?" Mrs. Jenkins walked over and stood beside her daughter.

"Look, Mother!" Jeannie stretched her hand toward Mrs. Jenkins. "Look!"

"Oh, Darling, it's beautiful!" Mrs. Jenkins kissed Jeannie's cheek. "You won't be needing that star to watch over you any more."

"It's not there tonight, Mother." Jeannie looked out on the familiar scene. The pines were bent with heavy snow. Two cars traversed the beckoning road. "I've got a new star now."

JUDY EDGERTON, '59

Destined To Die

He limped. I followed his awkward body to the car, pitying this boy who would never grow old.

"Hop in, Judy!" Buddie held the door for me.

We drove north to the Friday night stock-car races. It was getting dark, but I didn't notice. I watched Buddie's hands on the steering wheel, firm and sure. "Crazy idiot!" His hands gripped harder, then loosened as a car sped by. "Fool driver!"

A minute later a cop pulled us off the road. "Just checking," he said, reaching for

Buddie's license. "Everything's O.K. here. Just can't trust these crazy teenagers." He got in his car and tooted good-bye as he pulled away.

Buddie's face frowned bitterly. "Why do some fool kids make it rough on the rest of us? Why can't they let others live? My sons won't own a car 'till they're capable of driving!"

During the silence that followed, I wondered about Buddie, married and a father. He had the mind of an adult; yet, the heart of a child. He loved life, people, fun; an eternal sort of love that only a teenager knows. Buddie, an adult! He loved youth too much to outgrow it; yet he admired sense too much to give in to wild whims. What was this boy destined to be?

"What are you thinking about?" Buddie laughed at me. "Deep thoughts, I bet."

"Oh, nothing. How much farther to the races? I'm getting excited!" I glanced at him quickly.

"Not much." His eyes searched the darkness ahead.

Buddie walked up to the ticket booth. What's it like to limp all your life? — Not to be able to go out for sports, or dance, or run? It didn't bother him. Nothing did, except senseless kids, or even more, senseless adults.

"O.K. Let's go!" He grabbed my hand and led me through the milling people.

We watched the races with anticipation — of what I never knew, but my eyes were drawn around the track with every passing car. The cars crashed and splintered; yet, no one was hurt.

"Look at them go!" Buddie was transfixed by the racing cars, but when "Sputnik" jumped the rail and burst into flame, his thrilled expression changed to grief. The driver leapt from his blazing car. A smile cracked Buddie's face; his body loosened.

Funny, I thought, that this boy should feel so much for others; that he should live others' anguish so completely; yet enjoy the same records, cokes, and sports events as the rest of the kids.

We drove home, talking about the races, school, and the Junior Prom to which he was taking me next weekend.

We walked quietly to the door. "I'll pick you up Sunday for church. Same time. O.K.?"

"Fine!" I said. "Don't forget now!"

"I'll be there." He winked.

I closed the door behind him.

* * *

The sun felt warm Sunday as I sat on our front step, wondering if Buddie would be on time for church. Dan, my next-door neighbor, scuffed by.

"Hey, Dan! What's the matter? Got troubles with your girl?"

"No." His eyes avoided mine as he walked on by.

"Well, what's so earth-shattering?"

He turned and started toward me. "Buddie died last night. Car accident. I didn't want to be the one to tell you."

I heard Dan's voice vaguely through a haze of Buddie's words. A cop. Crazy idiot. A chase. Fool driver. Shattered glass. Bent metal. Mangled bodies.

"Oh," was all I could say, but Dan had left. "It's right. Buddie would never have grown up to reality. It's good." — But there was a deafening silence in my heart.

JUDY EDGERTON, '59

The Storm

I walked slowly, as though restrained by a magnet. I listened and trembled; a squall was coming, a wild tempestous squall. The waters under the docks no longer peacefully murmured and gurgled but squished in an undertone of threat and preparation. A small cardboard box, tossed from a ship anchored in the bay, spun in tiny, tight circles as though ruled by a secret current. Clouds of cold gray mist hung above the harbor; the water had turned green, gray, and white-capped blue in streaks and whirled designs. The gulls came in circled flight, tipping their wings—now rigid, floating in the quickly rising wind; dirty, wet—gray, feathery, pure white, one-eyed and lame, delicate and young—shrieking and screaming—over the docks and the city houses beyond. They came with a rush of wildness and a hint of the untamable, invading the civilized world because shelter was needed. For a moment they shared the city with humans who went inside and closed their windows and doors against the storm.

A wild excitement filled me, causing me to run. My scarf blew off and tumbled along the wharf in a gust of wind. The rain began, a drop at a time, slow and methodical, gaining speed and strength, tapping and clattering on a nearby corrugated tin roof. The wind, rain and sea rose and fell in a fierce attempt to restore the city of iron and brick to nature. I clung to a piling and watched in fascination as wires fell and loose boards were ripped from buildings. I gasped as the wind seemed to hit me from all sides.

Nature's forces were loosed in one gigantic surge, loosed to do as they willed. The rushing of the wind called to my mind an image of a human being, a woman shrieking and flinging herself about—a woman with long, scraggly hair and clawlike limbs, beating the sea to a froth, shaking and thrashing from side to side as though pained and tortured by a tearing disease. The rain, her tears of distress and desperation, filled gutters and turned holes into muddy puddles.

The powers beat savagely against me. I stood wet and cold, yet thrilled by the primitive combatant; and my senses caught and embraced each new crescendo. The woman of the wind unleashed her fury completely, flinging her arms faster and faster—then her heart suddenly burst and she was still.

The sea's face smoothed and gentled as the rain stopped and the newly-washed sky shone with a quiet spring gray. Towering behind the retreating storm stood the defiant city of steel and stone; the silhouetted gulls flew back to their accustomed resting places in the coves. Silence followed; the emotions of nature had been satisfied.

ARRINGTON JOHNSTON, '60

The Folly Of Children

As I sat in my den one lovely spring day, I was suddenly awakened to the fact that I, Elizabeth Winslow, was a very fortunate person. There I sat in a nice home, with two adorable children and a loving husband. The children, Beth and Sammy, and I had been planning their seventh birthday party which was to be next Saturday. This party suddenly made me think of another party long ago when I was in the fourth grade. I could see the scene clearly. We were all coming in from play period and I was walking alone, as usual, up the stone stairs of the old school. I admired my classmates so much, but I was too shy to try and make them admire and like me too. It seems that I was always watching and listening instead of taking part in their fun. As we were settling ourselves in class, I noticed a small group of my classmates gathered in the coat closet where we kept our coats, books, and lunches. I thought they were perhaps having a quick nibble before the teacher returned to the room. Being an observant child, I overheard their conversation, a conversation that almost ruined my life. I heard Jimmy, the idol of the class, say, "No, Sally, we can't invite Beth to the party. She's no fun and I don't like her." This last statement caused a quick reaction from the girls. Sally, Frances, and Ellen answered almost in unison, "But Jimmy, we feel sorry for her. She's not pretty, but she's very sweet." Jimmy answered them violently. "Who wants a sweet girl at the party? She won't talk or laugh or play jump frog or anything. She's just no fun!" "Oh, all right, I guess you're right," responded Ellen, who seemed to be the spokesman for the girls. "But don't let her find out about the party. Let's keep it a secret."

I was so shocked that my whole body began to tremble. I just couldn't believe what I'd heard. Why, I'd never been mean to them and I saw no reason for them to be mean to me.

From that day on, my world crashed around me. I sank into a shell from which I never ventured. The efforts of my parents to overcome my feeling of inferiority were to no avail. The trips they took me on, the parties they gave for me, all made me regress into my dream world. I was untouched by reality and lived only in the recesses of my mind. I had convinced myself that because I was unattractive and lacked effervescence, no one wanted me to interfere with them.

From that day in the fourth grade until I was twenty-one, I remained apart from people and found happiness only in my dreams. I realize now that I was suffering from a severe complex that was bordering on insanity. That day in the fourth grade room was disastrous to me and to my family. They suffered the mortification of having a daughter who was a social misfit.

I occupied myself with books and dreams. I took part in circuses, piano recitals, and things most normal little girls enjoy, vicariously through my books. As I grew older, this habit continued, and I read love stories and dreamed of trips to Europe. For thirteen years, day in and day out, my pattern of life hardly varied. I was merely existing. I had not planned ahead or even thought of my future. The things that most girls look forward to like meeting someone who loves and needs you, falling in love, marriage, children, I never thought of and never expected for myself. Then the day came that proved to be the climax of my lifetime. It was the brightest spot of my life, a ray of sunshine in a world of darkness. As usual I made my daily excursion to the library and was preparing to sit down and read when I clumsily knocked a stack of books and sent them crashing to the floor. The broken silence of the library caused me to stand helplessly by, staring at the floor. A young man came up and smiled shyly and asked if I was hurt. When I made no reply he stooped to pick up

the books and replaced them on the table. He then sat down across from me and repeated his question. I managed to stammer out a quick "no." He asked if I came there often and I managed to stammer "Yes." His attempt at conversation embarrassed me and I answered his friendly questions in monosyllables with my eyes down cast. When I left the library that day, I was for once thinking about a real person, but I could not seem to organize my thoughts. Someone had actually spoken to me, talked to me and had seemed interested in me; I was dazed. The realization did not actually strike me until I was in bed that night. I began to tremble with excitement and new feeling. I slept fitfully and awoke the next morning feeling as if the day before had been just another of my dreams.

That afternoon I again walked to the library, not even thinking about the boy I had met. Upon my arrival at the library, there he sat at my table. The same sort of conversation ensued as the day before, and I slept fitfully again that night. In the next month on every occasion that I frequented the library, he was there. By the end of the month I was beginning to notice the beautiful spring weather. The snow had melted and buds were beginning to appear all around me. The air smelled sweet, and the melodic songs of the birds floated in the spring breeze. I had learned that his name was Thornton Winslow and he was in the armed service. He was working for his degree in psychology, doing his research in the library. He was a tall young man with a small, solid build. His heavily lashed black eyes were penetrating and serious. After several months of talking in the library, he would walk me home and sometimes we would go to a movie. My whole life was changing. By patience and understanding Thorn was slowly bringing me back to life. I knew Thorn for two years before he left. I grew to love him more than anything or anybody in my life, and his love had changed my outlook on the entire world.

Then one day I didn't hear from him, but this was not unusual. He did not call regularly, but I usually heard from him twice a week. When a week went by and I had heard nothing, I was frantic with worry. I hunted everywhere, but there was no trace of him. He had left his apartment, and there was no forwarding address. I felt sure that I would hear from him soon, but two, then three weeks went by, then a month passed and there was still no word. I lived only for the mail and ate my meals mechanically. This abstemious behavior soon made me weak and sickly, and I sunk into a mental hideout. I had thought he loved me, and I had trusted him. Now for no reason he had left. I couldn't understand, and because I was basically a weak person, I became progressively worse.

I spent the next ten years in a small sanitarium in town and at the end of that time was showing a little improvement. I was a melancholic, often returning for days to my deep moods of depression.

On one of my good days I received a letter written in a familiar hand. I opened it and found the story of Thorn's disappearance inside. He was in the secret service and had been sent on a special mission to Europe. He had been imprisoned and was able to get no word of his whereabouts into the states. Finally he had been released, and he wrote the letter that I was reading. The next week Thorn arrived, and I left with him. I still wasn't well, but I knew that I soon would be. The happiness that I felt is hard to relate. The joy felt by the two of us cannot be expressed in words.

A month after my release from the hospital we were married. The wedding was beautiful, and I've never had as much fun being the center of attention. Soon after that we bought our beautiful house and soon after that the twins were born.

I was so contented and secure that I don't recollect thinking about my past life until that day in my den. I was so completely secure that I never thought of myself in the

terms of the past. Then planning the children's birthday party had brought it flooding back. I wondered what my life would have been if I had not heard the unthinking words of my classmates back in the fourth grade.

I had been sitting in my den thinking for about an hour and had neglected to start my husband's dinner. I got up from my chair and started toward the door. I noticed Beth and Sammy were sitting in the closet playing with some blocks. As I passed them I overheard their conversation and stopped suddenly. I stood in stunned silence, knocked into a state of disbelief for I had heard my own little child say, "No, Beth, we are not going to invite Ann. She's no fun."

JULIA OLIVER, '59

Adele

"Let's sit this one out. I'm pooped," Keith suggested as someone put a bop record on the hi-fi.

"Suits me," I said.

Keith and I sauntered over to the plush red leather couch next to the fireplace and sank down into the soft cushions.

The blazing fire was projecting a violent red glow that gave the room and all the teen-agers an eerie appearance. As I gazed about Kathy's spacious playroom, I noticed that Adele Neal and her steady, Mark Hagna, were sitting on the couch next to ours. The glow of the fire reflecting on Adele's face and her red dress made her look almost like a little devil. Adele was facing me, sitting sideways on the couch with her legs folded under her. As I looked at her, I saw her tossing her blonde curls as she always does when she is angry. I thought that she and Mark must be having one of their usual arguments. I could not seem to take my eyes off Adele. What was it about her eyes? There seemed to be something secretive about them. Her blue eyes were pleading now. Was that a tear? Mark just shook his head at her, turning away now and then as though he could not stand her pleading any longer. I was beginning to think that my imagination was playing tricks on me when all of a sudden I saw Adele jump up.

Glaring at Mark and almost shaking with anger she cried with a defiant tone in her voice, "Mark Hagna, I'll show you that you can't treat me like . . . like dirt!"

She turned and ran out the door with her head high. I noticed, however, that there was more than one tear on her lovely face now. Adele looked like a streak of fire as she swished out of the playroom. Mark looked dumfounded. I wondered why he did not go after her. Instead he just sat there with his head in his hands.

"I wonder what's wrong with Adele and Mark," I whispered to Keith.

"I don't know. What happened?" Keith asked.

He had been so absorbed in his conversation with Terry Lane, who had joined us, that he had not noticed Adele's fiery exit.

"Adele just ran out of the room," I explained. "I guess she and Mark must have had a fight. It seems as though they are always fussing about something. I've noticed it for a couple of weeks. Wonder what's wrong?"

"Oh, it's probably nothing serious. Just a lover's quarrel," he said as he shrugged his shoulders. "I guess Mark is used to Adele's temper by now. He says that her

temper can flare up in a minute and that she's threatening to do something drastic, but she never does anything but pout a while. Then they kiss and make up and everything's all right. Don't worry—she'll come back," he said as he slipped his hand into mine.

"Oh, I'm not worrying. I was just curious. That's all," I mumbled as I glanced at Mark again.

Keith and Terry resumed their talk, and I watched Mark intently. It was obvious that he was extremely disturbed about something. His trouble looked a little deeper than merely the fact that Adele had left him. By now I was beside myself with curiosity. I started to speak to Mark, but as he raised his head, his eyes had a far-away look, so I decided against it.

The party went on, but Adele did not return. Mark had gone over to a dark corner and was just sitting there alone gazing at the door. All of a sudden I heard the phone ringing upstairs and saw Kathy run up to answer it.

In a few minutes she came back down to the playroom and announced, "There's been a wreck out at the mill. One of Daddy's employees called. The wrecked car is a black and white Buick. He said it looked like ours, but that's silly. Mother and Daddy are at the club, but they took the Olds. The Buick is in the garage. Wonder whose it is?"

One of the boys jumped up and said, "Well, let's go see. There might be some excitement. Come on, gang."

Everybody agreed to go except Mark. He said that he had better stay and wait for Adele. We told him that we would only stay a minute. He finally said that he would go.

As we approached the mill, we noticed a brilliant glow in the sky. As we drew nearer, we realized that the wrecked car was on fire. The boys stopped the cars and got out. I stayed in the car and waited with the other girls. I was sitting in the car looking at the flames when I saw Mark dash toward the burning car. I jumped out of the car and rushed to Keith.

"What's wrong Keith?" I asked as I frantically grabbed his arm. At that moment I saw Mark kneeling and sobbing beside a red form a few feet from the car.

"Oh no!" I cried as I looked at Keith. "Is it . . . is it?" I stammered.

Keith put his arms around me and hid my face in his coat. "Yes honey. I'm afraid so," he whispered softly. "Thank heavens she's still alive."

The next morning at school some of us gathered on the front steps. The wreck was the topic of conversation.

Kathy Marshburn was bubbling with information about the wreck. "Daddy went to see about the wreck. One of the men at the mill saw it happen. Oh y'all, it was just terrible! You know Mr. Jones, the nightwatchman—well, he saw it all. He had just been up the hill to his house for a cup of coffee. He had started back toward the mill when he saw the car speeding down that steep hill by his house. Well anyway, he saw her at the wheel and then he didn't see her. He said it looked as though she just lay down in the seat and let the car go. The car went across the highway and crashed right through that steel fence above the parking lot. The car burst into flames when it hit the pavement. She was lucky to have been thrown out. Oh y'all, I just don't see how she could have done such a thing!"

As Kathy finished her story, the girls and boys began flooding her with questions.

"Gosh Kathy, I bet your daddy was really sore about the car," Tommy said.

"Boy, if somebody wrecked my car, I'd be pretty mad," Jim added.

Kathy evaded the remarks about the car, looking at the boys as though she could not understand how they could possibly think of the car when Adele's life was in danger. I was sitting there thinking how tactless these boys were. As I went over all Kathy's words about the accident, I wondered what in the world made people do such drastic things.

I went to the hospital that afternoon after school. As I walked down the corridor, I encountered a stocky little nurse.

"Which room is Adele Neal in? Is she alone?" I asked her.

"Room 203. Yes, she's alone, but please don't stay long. She's had a pretty bad time," the nurse requested quietly.

"All right. I'll just stay a minute. I have some flowers for her."

I slipped into the room. Adele was lying there placidly with her eyes closed. Her bandaged head and arms were visible above the crisp white sheets. Thinking that she was asleep, I put the beautiful roses on the little table by her bed and turned back toward the door. As I opened the door, she whispered painfully, "Please stay."

I turned and walked over to the bed. "The girls thought you might like these," I said as I pointed to the roses.

As she glanced toward the flowers, a painful expression appeared on her face. She turned her head and covering her face with trembling hands, moaned, "Oh no, not red."

After a few moments she looked at me and began apologizing. "Oh, oh I'm so sorry. You girls were so sweet to think of me, and then I had to act like that. Please forgive me. When I looked at them, all I could see was fire—fire," she said as she lowered her eyes.

I was lost for words as I stood beside her. Red had always been Adele's favorite color. That is why I had picked the red roses. As I put my hand on hers, she grasped mine tightly. Looking up at me with tear-filled eyes she began talking.

"Oh I'm so glad you came. I needed someone to talk to. Mother and Daddy have been here all day, but I just couldn't tell them," she sighed.

"Tell them what, Adele?" I asked.

She sighed and told me the story. "I guess it will get out anyway, and I'd rather you know first. You see, I was in trouble. Mark wouldn't believe me when I told him. He just laughed at me and said it couldn't possibly have happened. I pleaded with him, but it was no use. He kept saying the doctor surely must have made a mistake. I was panicked. I didn't know what to do. At Kathy's party last night Mark and I had a terrible quarrel. It was then that I decided that something had to be done. I left the house through the garage. The Buick was there, and the keys were in it. I thought I would just ride around a little while and think everything over. I guess Kathy's daddy is pretty mad about the car. I hope I can pay them back some day. Well anyway, I was near the mill when I decided how I could solve my problems. Oh, I was terrified. I can't remember exactly what I did. It all happened so fast. I just remember pressing my foot on the accelerator."

As her voice faded, I looked very closely at her expressive eyes. I could tell that she

was trying to remember. Her eyes glistened with sad and remorseful tears. I looked at my unfortunate friend with compassion and pity. I wanted to console her, but I did not know what to say. As I looked into those sad blue eyes, I knew that I would never tell.

JEANNETTE CROSS, '59

The Fate Of Twins

Through the windows I could see the snow falling on the court where the midshipmen had lined up for even formation not two hours earlier. It was cold and dreary out there now. The snow had only been falling for an hour, but to look outside one would think that it had been snowing for hours. Everything was almost white. As I sat there next to Jim watching all of the couples dancing, I thought to myself how nice and warm the atmosphere was in this large ballroom. Everyone was so friendly. All of the girls looked so lovely in their long formals dancing with the middies in their uniforms.

The ballroom itself was magnificent. It needed and had no extra decorations. The beautiful gold drapes that hung from the doubled door were decoration in themselves. Of course the boys had set up special lights. The band played almost without any light at all. Jim told me that the Academy band played for all of the dances. Jim was a nice boy, but I was not having a very good time. I saw so many boys that were so much better looking. I dreaded the thought of dancing with him. He just had no rhythm at all.

Jim had gotten Anne, my twin sister, a date for this weekend. George was a precious boy, but his and Anne's personalities clashed. I had not seen her all evening. We had come to the dance together, but she and George had disappeared soon after we had arrived.

"I wonder where Anne and George are?" I asked Jim.

"I think I saw them go downstairs. Would you like to go down and get some punch?" he answered.

"Yes, I would love to. It will give my feet a rest. These shoes are about to kill me."

As we walked out of the door I heard one of the girls say to her date, "There is another girl in the same dress I saw that blonde have on. I wonder if she has seen that blonde? Their dresses are even the same color."

I laughed and said to Jim, "If she only knew. Lots of twins wear the same dresses."

His only comment was, "Yes, they do, but most twins look something alike too. You and Anne don't even look like sisters, much less twins."

As we got up to leave our table downstairs one of Jim's friends stopped us. "Have you seen Joan, Jim?"

"No, not since we were upstairs. Have you met Dottie?" The boy shook his head, "This is Dottie Yeamans. She is from way down South in Fuquay Springs, N. C."

"Hi" I said very weakly, for he was just about the cutest boy I had ever seen. I don't remember ever seeing anyone as tall as he.

Very warmly he said, "Hi, Dottie. How do you like it up here almost in Yankee land?"

"Fine, I love it." I replied.

"Where did Jim say you were from in North Carolina?" he asked.

"Fuquay Springs — It is a small town south of Raleigh."

"That is what I thought he said. Believe it or not I have been through Fuquay on my way to South Carolina." While we talked Jim took our cups back to the refreshment table. I was very embarrassed because I did not know his name. I do not know whether Jim just forgot to tell me his name or I just forgot it when I was introduced. I was the one who forgot it as usual. When Jim got back we said goodbye and went back upstairs to the dance. As we walked back into the ballroom, I saw the girl who had commented on my dress. She looked at me so I smiled at her. Then she turned to her date to say something. I was in a daze for the remainder of the evening, thinking about the boy I had met downstairs.

When the band played the Star-Spangled Banner, the boys stood at attention and saluted the flag. It was all over now. I did not see the boy again and probably never would because the next day by ten Anne and I would be on our way home.

As Jim walked me back to the drag house I did not notice that it had stopped snowing. The ground was covered with snow and ice, and I nearly froze. That night after Anne and I were in bed I asked her if she had seen the boy I had met. I described him to her. She had met him, but all she knew was that his last name was McManes. She had been as much impressed as I was, if not a little more, but I do not think that was possible. She hadn't had a very good time either. She had ruined her new shoes in all of the snow and ice. We said good-night without much talk of the weekend, because we had to get up early and pack.

About six weeks later Anne received a letter from Spence McManes. She could hardly believe her eyes when she opened the letter. He had found out who she was from a friend and wanted to know if she would come up for a weekend. Of course she wrote back and said that she would love to come up when the weather got a little better. I was happy for her, but I was a little jealous.

Anne and I had done a few things in our short lives alike, but when we liked the same thing or boy we usually got mad at each other. I knew that we were a little old to act like that so I tried my best not to let her know that I still liked him. I think that she felt bad about that too so we did not speak of it very often.

It was a beautiful spring day in April when Anne received her invitation to June Week at Annapolis. Jim had asked me to come up too. I was not as excited as she was, but we both accepted. Mommie said that we could have new dresses so Anne and I decided that no matter what, we were going to have different dresses this time. Right then we decided to go to different cities to get them. This way we would have no chance of getting the same dress because we would not know what the other one was getting. The first week in May Anne took off for Richmond, but I stayed in Raleigh to buy mine. I looked all day and then finally found the dress I wanted. It did not have to have anything done to it so I took it home. Anne came in on the train on Sunday night. While Mommie fixed dinner I went into Raleigh to get her. She had had a successful trip too. We decided not to tell each other about our dresses until we got home. Then we would just put them on and show each other what we had gotten. We were the two most surprised girls in the world when we got home and found out that even though we had gone to different cities so that we would not get the same dress we had come home with identical dresses. They were even the

same color. We laughed about what had happened and decided that since we had gone to so much trouble not to get the same dress and still came home with dresses just alike that we would go ahead and wear them.

The time for us to go was near, but I had not heard from Jim in over a week. I almost wished that I was not going. The long awaited day finally came, and Anne and I headed for Raleigh to catch the train for Washington. We took the bus from Washington to Annapolis where Spence met us. Jim was not there when we got off of the bus, but that did not bother me because I did not care if he was there or not. Spence took us to the draghouse where we were to spend the next week. He carried our bags upstairs and then waited downstairs for us while we unpacked a few things. When we got downstairs, he called to me, "Come over here for a minute, Dottie, I want to talk to you."

I went over to the sofa and sat down next to him. "Dottie, Jim is in the hospital with the measles."

For a moment I could not say a word. Then just as Spence started to say something I broke in with—"Oh, that's just fine—now what am I supposed to do? He could have at least called me so I would not have come all of the way up here for nothing."

"He was going to call you, but I told him not to. You see, I have a friend who does not have a date, and I thought that you could date him. Is that okay with you?"

"Well, I guess it has to be since you have already arranged it. But let me tell you one thing—I don't like it," I said. I cannot remember when I have ever been as mad as I was at that moment. Anne and I went upstairs and changed into bermudas while Spence called his friend.

A few minutes later I came downstairs. "What did he say, Spence?" I asked.

"I'm not Spence. Don't you remember me?" the boy asked.

"Oh, heavens this couldn't be happening to me," I said.

"Dottie this is Ken, my twin brother. You met him when you were up here this fall."

DOTTIE YEAMANS, '59

To War

Weep not, my love, for I'll return
Again to your loving side.
Weep not, my love, my life, my own
Let all your grief subside.

To war has gone my Johnny,
Oh, and I am left alone
To watch and pray and keep his trust
Until he comes back home.

He did not want to go to war
To fight, to kill, to die,
For men should not each other wound
Nor God's law to defy.

He went to save his country dear,
His wife, his home, his child.
He had to stop the enemy—
Their lands and homes defile.

He crossed the bloody fields
From St. Lo to Cologne,
And saw his friends shot down
With metal in their bones.

Told he of men shrouded in blood
And heard their awful cries.
Saw he the sun-blackened bodies
In muddy ditches lie.

Away across the frothing sea
Lies my Johnny there,
And he is ever far away
In a grave I know not where.

JUDY SCOTT, '58

The Mountain

It is strange for me to talk about that night four years ago even though it is constantly on my mind. There are only a few nights when I do not wake up screaming after the nightmare that I have dreamed over and over. I have relived that night so many times—the darkness, the cold, and, most terrifying of all, the falling.

The mountain had been my home ever since I could remember. I had loved every thing about it especially the cool summers and the brisk autumns. There were four of us who had roamed and explored the mountain together—Jane, Freddy, Bob, and me. We grew up together, and until that night we had been almost inseparable. When we were little, we used to think of ourselves as great mountain climbers. We spent all our Saturdays finding new caves and new walls to climb and investigate.

Four years ago—yes, it was on my eighteenth birthday—Jane, Freddy, Bob, and I were coming back up the mountain after my birthday dinner in town. Mother and Daddy had left before us because Mother had just recovered from the flu, and she still felt very weak. Daddy warned us to get an early start up the mountain, for the rain had turned to sleet. We knew that the roads would be icy, but that was nothing new to us after having lived so long on the mountain. There was only one really dangerous part of the road. It was narrow there with only just enough room for two cars. On one side the mountain went straight up in sheer wall. On the other side there was a ledge about thirty feet below the road, and except for that there was a long drop into the river below. The ledge had been our favorite spot for picnics because it afforded such a beautiful view of the valley and the river.

Bob was very cautious driving up the mountain and it was no wonder. The car had no chains, and the ice was forming fast on the road. As we approached the dangerous bend, I automatically closed my eyes and tensed up. Bob laughed and called me a silly idiot. He and Freddy and Jane were so much at ease that I began to calm down. Bob had such strength and power in his voice that I remember thinking that some day he would make a fine minister. He had already made plans to go to the seminary.

I opened my eyes. A car was coming sideways at us down the mountain. I remember Jane screamed as our car swung to the edge, teetered for a moment, and fell. I remember falling, and that's all.

I guess that I must have been knocked out, but for how long I don't know. When I came to, I couldn't remember. I couldn't think. All I was aware of was the

terrible throbbing in my head and the deafening ringing in my ears. My eyes were blinded by the thick red blood which was pouring profusely from a cut on my forehead. I began to cry not because I was hurt but because I was scared. I couldn't see; I couldn't think; I couldn't feel anything.

The car lay on its side like a mangled accordion. I tried to crawl through the broken windshield but discovered that my leg was caught under the seat, I think. There was an agonizing moan from the back seat or what was left of the back seat. That was the first that I realized that there were three others still in the car. I called out, but no one answered. Someone was still alive. I had to get out of there! I had to get to the road for help! What if what if they were dying?

To this day I'll never know what power enabled me to free my leg. I crawled out through the window and onto the rocky ledge. The hot steam from the radiator and the falling sleet met me simultaneously, and for a moment I was stunned. I dared not stand up. I was sure that my leg was broken, and I was beginning to feel a sickening pain in my stomach. The slimy blood kept flowing into my eyes.

It was thirty feet straight up to the road, but it could have been thirty miles as far as I was concerned. I had climbed it before. All of us had. I had to make it now. I had to. I didn't know if the driver of the other car had gone for help. If he had not, it was up to me to get to the top for help.

The side of the mountain offered the most insurmountable obstacle that I had ever met. I began the climb. Hell, it was pure, agonizing Hell! The ice prevented my getting a firm hold on the broken roots and sharp rocks. My leg had absolutely no feeling in it and it hung like a dead weight from my hip. I could not get a foothold, I had to rely on every bit of strength in my arms. Slowly, slowly inch by inch I strained, I pulled, I grasped. The same force which had enabled me to pull myself through the windshield allowed me to work my body up the side of the mountain.

The wind lashed over the ledge and up the face of the wall. The blood dried and almost froze on my forehead, in my eye-lashes, and on my hands. A sickening dizzy sea was rising and falling in my head. For a moment I was amused because I didn't know if I were going to faint or be nauseated. I stopped to catch my breath in order to stop the dizziness. Nothing moved below me on the ledge so far as I could tell in the dark.

Up above me the reflection of car lights swept over the road. God! Please let that be help, I thought. The lights continued on up the mountain. I reached high for the rock above me.

My hand slid off the icy object, but I did manage to drag my weary, useless body a few more inches upward toward the all important road. Again and again I grasped and clawed at the rocks. My fingers were numb and I felt so defeated. I fell backwards to the ledge. An overpowering, nauseating sickness swept over me.

I woke up in the hospital. My leg was gone. My leg was gone! It would take time for me to recover from my brain concussion, but it would take plastic surgery to recover my face. The others? Bob was blinded permanently and had also lost the use of his right arm. The seminary would have to find another willing young man to fill his vacant place. Freddy was almost completely paralyzed. Someone else would have to take his athletic scholarship to the university. Jane was dead. Who would take her place in her parents' heart?

I hate the mountain; I hate the snow; I hate the dark. It has been four years, but I remember. It is sleeting now as it was then. The bars on my window are white with my awful white enemy. They think I'm crazy now. You believe me, don't you?

JUDY SCOTT, '58

First Love

On lilac air I ride
By spider net suspended
Ambrosia is my fare
By angels sweet attended.

To think mere transient flesh
Surrounding chocolate eyes
Could fill my heart with red
In cotton-clouded skies.

BARBARA HAUSER, '58

A New Location

This modern art oppresses me
With purple, red, and green;
Why must we be in turmoil
To visualize its scene?

This poetry is full of pain
With twist and writhing wrought;
Why must we be in anguish
To understand its thought?

This music is so full of hurt
With grief the mind can see;
Why must we be in discord
To hear its harmony?

The gentleness is gone from art
O could it come again;
The beauty has all left the heart
And throbs the head with pain.

BARBARA HAUSER, '58

Summum Bonum

Roll in, tumultuous sea,
Surge in and bathe my soul;
Today I am a hermit crab,
Tonight perhaps a mole.

Shine on, all-warming sun,
Come penetrate my soul;
Today I ride a blade of grass,
Tonight a bamboo pole.

Fill all the earth, pure air,
Surround and cleanse my soul;
Today I am a dandelion,
To change A mystic's goal.

BARBARA HAUSER, '58

On Hearing A Pious Man

How pious is our minister,
So very pure and wise;
The very light of sinlessness
He forces from his eyes.

His sermons are devoid of hope
Which makes us stop to think,
Why should we try to help ourselves
If we're all on the brink?

He speaks of sin and poverty,
There's a suffering everywhere;
The strongest Christian that there is
Would very soon despair.

Though none of us may speak out loud,
It surely makes us wonder,
If just by chance he's hiding sin
Behind his "hopeless" thunder.

On those who wail and gnash their teeth
Our perfect preacher dotes;
Someday he'll have the aisle divide
The sheep from all us goats.

BARBARA HAUSER, '58

Recognition

"Awake lethargic mind,
Too long you've slept in peace;
To action now," I cry,
"Hard work has bought your lease."

"Get up, you lazy thoughts,
Why have you slept so long?
Another speaks your mind
To wait — so very wrong."

To books and nature go
Your labors they will purge;
The books present another's thoughts
Your own will nature urge.

BARBARA HAUSER, '58

The Paradox

I always like to hear a bird
That sings so gay and bright;
His song to me is heaven
His melody is light.

I love to have him near my room,
But patience has its height;
He can't just sing the whole day long
He has to sing all night.

BARBARA HAUSER, '58

The Extrouert

Impulsive Soul !
Once again you have broken through my restrictions ;
Try as I may I can no more hide you than keep
 the sun from shining.
What people heard was what they ought to learn ;
I should be wiser than to try to withhold the real me
(As if I ever could).
Each time you speak you justify yourself to me.
Eager for this knowledge yet frightened by your means,
Impulsive Soul! I give you an apprehensive welcome.

BARBARA HAUSER, '58

The Intrauert

Cowering Soul!
I cry to think of you crouched in some trembling
 part of me ;
How I long to draw you out, to force you to reveal your-
 self to others.
The people have forgotten you exist ;
Perhaps I should accept your state of passiveness
(But no divinity should be afraid).
I wonder just exactly what you are.
Waiting to learn this, wishing to rush you,
Cowering Soul! I call aloud for your appearance.

BARBARA HAUSER, '58

The Ballad of Tickle Toes

My ballad is a mournful tale,
I'll tell it if I can ;
Because I did an awful deed
I'm ostracized from Ann.

One night we three did watch TV,
Her mother, Ann, and I ;
They on the love-seat small did sit,
In Father's chair sat I.

O woe is me! her sire returned,
I rose to give him room ;
I moved onto the love-seat edge
O grave impending doom!

Beneath them both, their feet were tucked,
And how was I to know
That when I tickled Annie's feet
Her mom would start to crow?

And though she cackled, still did I
Her tiny feet squeeze hard;
At last she gasped, "Look down, my boy!
You've caught me off my guard."

A thousand shades of red turned I;
Explain? I never could.
I rose and grasped my swimming head
While beating it on wood.

They laughed and laughed and laughed again.
O worst night of my life!
Of all the people it could have been
She was our preacher's wife.

And now each time I enter there
Her dad recalls my woes;
"You'd better find your shoes, my wife
For here comes Tickle-Toes."

BARBARA HAUSER, '58

On Modern Music

I used to cry from pain of loveliness;
Almost to bursting oft my heart did swell
Why should its beauty seem to me the less?
My heart can't feel it, but my head can tell.
The throbbings of sensations I know well,
But to my soul it cannot find the key
It strikes my mind's deep chambers like a bell
Engulfing them so like a surging sea—
Why must we be discordant to hear its harmony?

BARBARA HAUSER, '58

Our Experience At The Haunted House

The house has stood in Faison, North Carolina, for many years. Once in the old days of Southern nobility, it was flanked by beautiful grounds, was painted and well-kept, and was called the most beautiful house in its district. Now, in comparison with its former beauty and splendor, it was grotesque. For many years no one had lived there to take care of it. Window panes were broken, the paint was scratched and peeling, and the house itself was old and decrepit.

As we stood there that night, the light of the moon made the house appear as it must have appeared in the old days. Imagining that it must have been just such a night as this when the disaster struck, we thought of the story we had heard for many years. Long ago a rich bachelor and his three spinster sisters had lived there. The old man was a peculiar sort of person. He had a horror that his sisters would die and leave him alone. Consequently, he gave many beautiful parties, trying to gain many friends

that would be kind to him in case death claimed his sisters. The people who came enjoyed the parties, but they were never very friendly to the old man. Because of this, his fear grew. When one of his doctors told him that he was dying, he did a drastic thing. He killed his sisters and stuck their heads up a stovepipe. Then he killed himself. The servant who found the bodies the next morning told this story to the townspeople. As the story circulated, it became known that the house was haunted.

We, three boys and three girls, had been dared to go into the house at night, one at a time, each given special instructions. As we stood there, the shadows playing havoc with our imaginations, our courage faltered. We girls admitted defeat, but the boys did not give up so easily. They drew straws to see which one would be first. Tom was the unlucky one. His instructions were as follows: take three matches light one to see your way upstairs, light the second to see the heads in the stovepipe, get some object from the upstairs room where the heads are, and finally, light the third match to see your way downstairs. After he went inside, we saw the first match light and go out. We saw the second light and go out. Eagerly and apprehensively we waited to see the third. Seconds passed and became minutes. Minutes passed. Many opinions were given as to what Tom was doing; some said he was exploring, he could not find his way out, or he had lost the third match. The passing minutes became a half hour.

By this time we were really frightened. Joe and Frank, the other two boys, told us girls to wait in the car while they went in to look for Tom. Armed with flashlights, lanterns, and knives, they entered the house and began their search. After a very few minutes we watched in horror as they carried Tom out of the house. He was frozen in a stooping position. One of the girls screamed and fainted. Another, too stunned to speak, pointed to Tom's left hand. The cigarette he had been holding had burned down, and his first two fingers were charred. We put him in the back seat of the car, and the girl who had not fainted and I held him. With horn blasting and lights blinking, we rushed him to a nearby hospital where he was given immediate medical attention. Doctors, nurses, and townspeople were amazed when we told our story. They stared at us, eyes wide and mouths hanging open, disbelief written on their faces.

Days passed, and Tom did not regain consciousness. The story spread rapidly, and we were pressed with questions from everyone we saw. The ones who had dared us came to us many times, begging for forgiveness and begging us not to reveal their identity. The house was burned by the local firemen. A week later, a friend and I were staying with Tom's little sister while his mother and father were at the hospital. At approximately a quarter past nine, they came in and told us that Tom had died an hour before. The doctors, famous specialists in varied fields, did not know what had killed him. The only conclusions they could draw were that it was one of two things. He had seen something that scared him so badly that his brain and body were paralyzed, or some kind of stroke, unknown to modern science had stricken him. We never knew the answer.

STARKEY CHERRY, '59

An Explanation of Death

It was seven o'clock in the evening and the Martin family sat around the dining room table with their heads bowed. Dr. Martin returned thanks, and they began the evening meal. This was the one time in the day that the entire family was together. Mrs. Martin glanced down to the other end of the table where her husband was sitting. He was a dark-skinned man with black hair and blue eyes. She thought about now

distinguished he looked in his blue suit and white shirt. He seemed to look as one would expect a doctor to look.

"Can't we go down to the cottage this weekend?" piped Jimmy. "We ain't been in a long time."

"We what?" said Dr. Martin in a stern voice.

"We haven't been in a long time," returned Jimmy. Dr. Martin was always correcting the children's grammar.

Jimmy and his twin brother Joey were in the first grade. They were identical twins and with their freckled faces and impish smiles one never knew what mischief they had been up to.

Little William who was two years old, had been sitting quietly in his high chair chewing on a bone. His droopy curls and dimpled cheeks reminded Mrs. Martin of her husband's baby pictures. All of a sudden he went into a rage and wanted to get down from his chair. In the process of swinging his arms and screaming to attract attention, he turned over his milk. Mrs. Martin jumped from the chair and started getting the milk up before it ruined the thick carpet. She took William out of his chair and scolded him harshly.

Dr. Martin stared at his wife. It seemed to him that she had not been herself lately. She was frequently having dizzy spells and seemed to lose her temper so quickly.

After dinner when the baby had been put to bed and the other boys were doing their homework, Mrs. Martin went in her husband's study and collapsed in a chair.

"I just don't know what's wrong with me lately," she declared. "I just don't seem to be my old self."

"Old age creeping up on you," joked Dr. Martin.

"No, seriously," replied Mrs. Martin, "I always feel so drab now."

Dr. Martin took off his glasses and walked over to his wife's chair. "You know, Julia, I've been noticing your moods lately, and as a doctor and not as your husband I think you should have a visit with Jim Hester."

Dr. Hester was a good friend of the family, and when something serious occurred in the Martin household he was the one they turned to. Dr. Martin had always made it a practice not to diagnose cases for his own family.

"I doubt that it's anything serious, but you should be sure," cautioned Dr. Martin.

"I guess you're right as always," said Mrs. Martin. "I'll go to see him first thing in the morning, but now I think I'll lock up the house and go to bed." Rising from her chair she kissed her husband and walked out of the room.

Dr. Martin returned to his desk and tried to work, but he could not. He thought about his wife and their wonderful years together. Mrs. Martin, a strikingly beautiful woman in her early thirties, was the envy of all who knew her. Her gleaming blonde hair was always pulled neatly back in a bun. Her pale blue eyes had a mystic sparkle that intrigued everyone who knew her. They seemed to be telling the world how happy and content she was with her four boys and devoted husband.

Dr. Martin's thoughts came back to the desk where he was sitting. He knew something was wrong with his wife, but what could it be?

The following day as Mrs. Martin walked in her house she heard the phone ring. Putting her hat on the bed she picked up the receiver of the telephone on the night table.

"Dr. Martin's residence. Mrs. Martin speaking."

"Hello, Julia. What did Dr. Hester have to say?" responded Dr. Martin's deep concerned voice.

"Well, he wouldn't say too much right now. But he wants to see us both in his office next Wednesday. He is sending some tests into the State Health Clinic, and he wants to make sure before he says anything definite," replied his wife.

"Doesn't sound too good. Well, I'll be home as soon as possible. You try to get some rest."

A few weeks later after their visit to Dr. Hester and to many specialists who confirmed his diagnosis, Dr. and Mrs. Martin sat in the study talking. This was the first time they had dared talk of Mrs. Martin's illness.

"It's still so hard to believe," said Mrs. Martin who was still in a slight shock. "You read about these things happening all around you, but you never think of it happening to you."

"Yes, I know," consoled Dr. Martin. "Cancer is a terrible disease, and you never know exactly how it will affect you, especially when it's in the brain."

Mrs. Martin's eyes filled with tears, but she brushed them away quickly. "We'll just have to be strong and trust that God will help us," she stated softly. "What should we tell the children? They must know."

"Do you think you should stay here or go to your mother's? If you went there it would be easier on you and the children. You'll need a lot of rest and I can come see you every week-end," said Dr. Martin.

"Yes, I guess that would be best. I've been thinking an awful lot about the children lately, and I think I should try to explain as best I can."

"Maybe that would be best, but are you sure you can?" asked Dr. Martin worriedly.

"Yes, I'll think of something, but now it's getting late and you have a big day tomorrow."

"You go on and I'll be up in a few minutes," said Dr. Martin.

Mrs. Martin left the room, and her husband walked over to the window. It was a warm night, but Dr. Martin seemed not to notice the heat. He was thinking of his wife. They had had ten years of complete happiness. It would not be right without her. What would the boys do without a mother? They were so young, and needed a mother's love.

"There must be something to cure her, there has to be," the frantic husband said aloud. But as a doctor he knew there was no cure.

Some weeks later Mrs. Martin told her husband that she had found a way to tell the children about her approaching death. As she explained her plan to him, he accepted it. One by one she took the three oldest boys down to the basement recreation room. She turned out the lights, leaving the room in total darkness. Then she explained as well as she could that she was going to leave them.

"This is how it will be after I am gone," she said. "You will not be able to see me, but I'll always be with you."

In their own childlike manner the children understood what she was telling them.

After the boys were in bed, Dr. Martin went into their room and sat in the chair beside the open window. The boys came over and sat down at his feet as he began to talk to them. He told them that their mother would be with them for a few more weeks, and he wanted them to be extra good, to mind her, and not to worry her.

Joey asked, "Daddy, why has Mommie got to leave us? I want her to stay."

Dr. Martin explained to them, "God wants Mommie to come live with Him. I know you are too young to understand now, but when you are older you will realize the strange ways in which God works."

Then Dr. Martin tucked the boys in bed and left the room. Standing outside the door, he silently prayed to God for strength to do what was best for his wife in her few remaining weeks, and for his children.

The weeks passed quickly and on the day she was to leave for her mother's home, Mrs. Martin slowly walked through her beautiful house for the last time. She was now very weak and could not look after herself half as well as she used to. She walked through the living room and stopped at the big antique table in front of the picture window. She picked up the bronze baby shoes, and as she turned them over in her hand, she remembered the day Dean took his first step in these shoes. Then she glanced at the piano where she saw her wedding picture which brought back many wonderful memories. For the first time since her illness she broke down and wept

hysterically, for now she had to leave everything behind. Her husband came in and put his arms around her and held her tightly. Drawing strength from his presence, she pulled herself together, and they left the room. The car that was to take her to her mother's home arrived. As the car pulled out of the driveway, she turned and with tear-filled eyes looked for the last time on her home . . . her life.

JOAN WILLIAMS, '59

The Glitter In The Night

As I sat rocking on the porch of Grandmomma's, I stared at the yellowed paper in my hand.

Could this possibly be true? I wondered. A buried treasure—maybe gold. The thought sparkled before me and caught my fancy. I can't understand why someone hadn't discovered that hidden panel before now. That old desk had been in Grandmomma's parlor ever since I can remember. I just can't understand it. When I was dusting it, I hit against that panel and it sprang open. As simple as that. My mind wandered back to the thoughts of the treasure.

How on earth could I find out where the treasure is buried? The note only says, "The treasure is hidden ten steps west from the holly tree and ten steps south." But what holly tree. Where? What kind of treasure, if there is any? Where could that old desk have come from? That's it! If I only knew—

Suddenly a big bass voice from behind the big screen door interrupted my thoughts.

"Would yo like some o'des lemonade?" It was Nickodemus, the "butler."

"Oh, I'd love some Nickodemus. It's so hot today."

The screen door opened, and out from the darkness of the entrance stepped a tall, lean darky, stooped with age. His bald head, surrounded by a band of white fuzz, shone like freshly polished mahogany.

"Here yo is," he said.

"Oh, thanks. This tastes mighty good."

As he turned to go back into the house, I remembered my problem and said, "Wait a second, Nickodemus."

"Yo want somtin else?"

"No, this is fine, but do you remember where Grandmomma bought that old desk in the parlor?"

"Yeh, dat wid de book case on top?"

"That's right, Grandmomma says she can't remember where she bought it. That was such a long time ago."

"Now, I ain't jes rightly sho, but you might tries down at de auction place, down dah a' de end of Main Street. Dat's old Masser Fergeeson's. He sells all kinds of dem things. Your grandmomma done been dah lots a times."

"Now why hadn't I thought of that? Nickodemus, you're a genius!"

The old Negro grinned, proud of his ingenuity, too, and went inside.

Later in the afternoon, with the yellowed paper in my hand, I walked up the creaky steps to a dilapidated building. A sign above the door said "Ferguson and Bros., Auctioneers" in faded and peeling yellow paint. Opening the squeaking screen door, I stepped into a small musty office. A frail electric fan in the window only circulated the hot air.

From an open door to the back room shuffled old Mr. Ferguson. His stooped shoulders and protruding stomach almost gave him the appearance of a ball. With his head thrown back, he peered at me through a pair of gold-rimmed glasses which had almost slipped down his nose.

"Well, well, little lady," he quivered, "what may I do for you today?" He put his thumbs under his red suspenders and continued to eye me.

"I have a favor to ask you sir," I said. "My grandmother, Mrs. White, the little white haired lady who lives on Popular Street—you know her, I'm sure."

"Certainly, certainly, we grew up together."

"She has an old desk that she might have gotten from you a long time ago. This morning I accidentally discovered a hidden panel with this note in it. It's about some sort of buried treasure."

To verify my story I handed him the yellowed paper. He pushed up his glasses and with a shaky hand, took the paper to the window, and examined it in the light, pointing a trembling finger at each word. Finally he handed it back.

"That's some note, little lady. Now, what do you want me to do?"

"Well, sir, I thought if you could possibly tell me where the desk came from, I might be able to go on a little treasure hunt. I might even find something valuable—gold, you know."

"Well," he drawled, "I don't rightly know if I can help, but I'll go look in my old files and see what turns up." He slowly shuffled into the gloom of the back room.

After what seemed to me hours in the stuffy little office, he reappeared with a crumpled yellow receipt in his hand. "I think I found just what you need. 'Sold to Mrs. R. A. White' he read, 'one mahogany secretary from the estate of Mr. Wilson Butler.' Is that what you wanted?"

"Oh, that's just what I needed. Thank you so much!"

"Oh, no trouble t'all." I was just thinking 'bout poor ole man Butler, a fine gentleman he was. Had money, too. Pity that family had to lose everything when the old man died. That plantation couldn't be beat anywhere in the South. Now it's just sittin there rotting. What a pity! Don't know what's become of a single one of 'em. It's kinda sad. Well, good luck to you, little lady."

I left him standing in the middle of the floor, thinking about the Butler misfortunes and went out into the golden sunlight of the late afternoon.

My next plan was to find a way to the plantation. Finally I decided to ask Nickodemus to drive me out there sometime after dark. However, persuading old Nickodemus wasn't so easy as I had thought.

"Law, you don't thinks you can go out dah, does you? T'ain't nobody gwinna go dah for hundreds miles 'round here."

"Please, Nickodemus," I pleaded.

"Naw, suh! I ain't gwinna go."

"Aw, come on, just this once."

"Now you knows dat yo Grandmammy ain't gwinna want you runnin round dat spooky place in de middle of de night!"

"Sh-h-h, not so loud, she might hear us. She doesn't have to know at all. This will be our secret." Realizing that I was getting nowhere, I decided to try another angle. "I'll tell you what, Nickodemus, I'll split everything in the treasure with you. It's just waiting out there for us to find it. Come on!"

"All rght," he consented, "but you better not lets yo Grandmammy know 'cause she sho would be mad."

As we rattled down the weedy driveway in the darkness toward the plantation, I felt excitement bubbling inside me. We were almost there. Ahead in the darkness I could faintly see the decaying white columns of the porch. Finally we stopped with a jolt under an old oak tree dripping with Spanish moss.

After getting out of the car, I waited while Nickodemus fumbled around in the back seat getting the pick and shovel. The cool mist from the river brushed against my cheeks and made me feel sticky in the hot night. All was silent except for the croaking of a few distant frogs. A sudden shriek of an owl sent a thousand creeping chills up my back.

"Come on, Nickodemus," I said, "we've got to hurry!"

Finally we made our way through the weeds to the back lawn which ran down hill

to the water. The reflection of the rising moon made a golden bridge across the river of darkness. We stood silent on the hill searching into the shadowy gloom.

"Nickodemus," I whispered afraid to break the silence, "don't you think that must be the holly tree?" I pointed to a dark bush half way down the hill. "Come on, let's go down there." However, the old Negro made no sign of budging.

"Nickodemus, come on! We haven't got all night."

"I's sca-sca-scared o dis place!" he chattered.

"Scared." I tried to reply boldly. "There's nobody here but us. You're not scared of a silly old owl are you?"

"I d-d-declare I hears somtin movin in da-da- bush!" he rolled his big black eyes to heaven and said, "Lord. Lord—"

"Nickodemus, let's go! We'll never find anything at this rate. See. There isn't anything down there." I flashed the flashlight all over the yard.

Distrustfully he began to follow me. We tramped down through the damp weeds to the holly bush and began to count off the steps, ten to the west and ten south. "One, two three," I whispered, "four, five." Suddenly something bright in front of me glittered in the light from the flashlight. My heart pounded. "Our treasure! We've found our treasure!" I wanted to scream but caught my breath as I leaned closer to the ground and from a freshly dug hole picked up a pair of gold rimmed glasses.

MARY DALE, '59

The Dark Room

What a great day it was—New Year's Day. The bright cold January sun shone down on the Massachusetts snow. Anthony Russell came out of his law office, got in his car, and drove to the Jamesville County Hospital. This was one of the greatest days in his life. He had recently become a full partner in the Thompson-Brown law firm, which entitled him to a considerable raise, and he had just become the father of a six-pound seven-ounce son, the first child born in Jamesville County in 1940. What a new year this was going to be! New raise, new son, new year—what more could a guy ask for?

He drove slowly over the slushy road, turned into the driveway, and parked the car. He hopped out, struggled up the slippery path, and entered into the ether filled corridor. The elevator carried Russell to the second floor. He knocked at Room 216 and heard a warm "come in" from his wife Lorie.

"Hi there beautiful! How's the most gorgeous woman in the world today?"

"Tony thank goodness you're here," was the reply. "I thought lunch hour would never come."

Russell leaned over and kissed his pretty young wife sitting pertly up in bed. Her big brown eyes sparkled gaily as they met his.

"I hurried as fast as I could, sweetheart. The roads are pretty bad, you know. Say, there's someone missing. Where's my strapping young son? Why isn't he around?" Anthony asked.

"The nurse will be here any minute with him," Lorie answered. "Oh Tony he is so beautiful. Looks just like you."

"Listen here now we'll have none of this beautiful stuff about my boy. He's going to be a football player like his old man. Harvard, All American, Class of '62. That's what he'll be—not most beautiful boy of '62!"

The young couple laughed together as the nurse entered carrying young Anthony J. Russell, Junior in her arms.

"Well here he is at last. It's about time," the father remarked. "Let me hold him."

"O. K. Mr. Russell, he's all yours," Nurse Cartwright answered as she made her exit.

"Lorie," he said gazing at his son, "he doesn't look like he did last night. He's changed."

"Silly he's not supposed to. He's older now. He was only an hour old when you saw him last night." The patient wife gazed lovingly at her two men. "What are you staring at?" she asked.

"His eyes, darling. He has the most beautiful eyes I've ever seen. They're so big and so blue."

"They won't be blue for long, Tony. They're bound to change to brown."

"Maybe not. Maybe they'll stay blue."

"It's not likely, Tony, since both of us have brown eyes," Lorie added.

"Oh well. Doesn't matter. I really don't care. Sure has got pretty eyes though."

"All the better to stare at his old man with! Let his mother hold him for a while."

Russell handed over his son to Lorie and sat down on the side of the bed. The three of them together made a very handsome family. Tony Junior's fingers and toes were counted in the usual manner and plans for his whole life were outlined in short order. A half hour later Miss Cartwright came in and took the little man back to his bed. Russell got up saying, "Have to go back to the office, honey. I have a client coming in at 1:30. I hate to work on New Year's Day, but some cases just won't wait. I'll come back tonight after I get supper. That's a fine looking boy you've got there. Couldn't have done better myself!"

"Go on silly. See you tonight."

The young lawyer left the room and closed the door. Lorie shut her eyes and smiled contentedly. At that instant her husband popped his head in the door and said, "By the way I love you, Mrs. Russell."

"I love you, too—daddy!"

The door closed again and Lorie squealed with happiness. Everything was perfect—just perfect.

Six weeks later the three Russells were settled in their home in Creedmore, Massachusetts. Lorie's mother who had been there helping her with the new baby had left, and Tony and his wife were becoming adjusted to the new situation. Tony was not too fond of three o'clock feedings, but he finally accepted them with good grace. Lorie was happier than she had ever been. This was the kind of life she had always dreamed of. Tony left for the office at nine in the morning, came home for lunch at 12:30. He got off work at 5:00 in the afternoon, glad to get home to his wife and son.

"How did everything go today at the office, Tony?" Lorie greeted him at the door with a kiss and a smile, pulling him into the kitchen where supper was cooking.

"O. K. Nothing too exciting. I go to court with the Winfred case Monday. I surely hope the prosecution isn't too hard on him. He won't stand a chance under cross examination. Is supper ready? I'm starving."

"Almost, honey. Oh before I forget it. I drew a check for five dollars over our weekly quota today. I hated to do it, but I can't let Tony starve. I had no idea baby food was so expensive. Hand me the salt, will you?"

"Is Tony asleep?"

"I don't know. Run upstairs and see. If he's not, bring him down here. He's been awful quiet today."

Russell returned shortly with the baby in his arms. "Announcing Anthony J. Russell, Junior, greatest athlete of his age, accompanied by his old decrepid father!"

Lorie giggled as she put the food on the table. She went into the den and rolled in the baby carriage, stopping it beside the table.

"In you go young fellow. Let's eat." Tony said the blessing and began his usual "pass me the . . . honey."

"Tony, I want to ask you something. Does it seem strange to you that a six-week-old baby doesn't grab for your finger or a rattle when you put it in front of him? Most babies do, don't they?"

"Pass me the rolls, Lorie."

"Did you hear what I said, Tony?" she anxiously asked.

"I don't know, Lorie, I guess not. Put a football in front of him and he'll grab for it!"

"Tony, be serious."

"I don't know what you're getting at."

"Well I don't know exactly. Tony doesn't seem to reach out for anything though. Not even for his bottle. It just doesn't seem normal."

"Lorie, I wouldn't worry about it. He's just six weeks old."

"It does seem as though he would recognize me. After all I'm his mother. He just looks at me."

"Lorie, you're talking nonsense. In a couple of weeks you'll be asking why he isn't talking."

"You don't think there's anything wrong?" Lorie asked.

"Heavens no," was her husband's reply. "He's as healthy as a horse."

Lorie got up to put the coffee on the stove to heat. Tony gazed down curiously at his son who was staring straight at him. Russell passed his hand in front of the child's face. His eyes did not blink. "Lorie," he cried, "Lorie come here."

The next afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Russell sat silently in Dr. Brent's office. They looked at each other fearing to say a word. The old doctor finally arrived, put his records on the desk and sat down.

"Cigarette?" he asked.

No thanks, Doc," Tony replied. He paused. "Well . . . ah . . . there's nothing wrong with our son, is there Doc?" Tony grasped his wife's hand and clinched it tight in his.

"Yes, Tony, there is. I don't know how to tell you two this, but you must know and learn to accept it. He's blind—totally blind in both eyes."

Lorie sat stunned. Tears slowly dripped down her face.

"Oh God no," Tony said under his breath. "No, God, no."

"How did it happen, Doctor Brent? What caused it?" Lorie's words were choked with tears.

"The muscles in the eyes just didn't develop properly, Lorie. I think that's it. I'd like to put the baby in the hospital for a couple of days for a complete examination. Then I can tell you more. My advice to you is to go home and have something to eat. Your child will be well taken care of."

"All right, Doc, anything you say. Come on, Lorie, let's go home huh?"

"Can't I see him once more before I leave? I know where they're keeping him," begged Lorie.

"Sure," Doctor Brent answered.

"Go on down there, honey. I want to talk to the Doc. I'll be there in a minute.

Lorie walked mechanically out the door and closed it behind her.

"Look, Doc," Tony frantically asked grabbing Brent by the arm, "Isn't there something that can be done? With all these miraculous operations you guys are doing today, surely there's something that can be done."

"I'm sorry, Tony, there's no need in my giving you any hope because there's not any. It's hopeless. Underdeveloped muscles won't develop after birth, you know."

"Doc, I don't think Lorie is going to be able to take it. She loves that kid to death. Tony stopped and looked down at the floor and choked out, "I can't take it either."

"Tony listen to me. I've known you all your life. I brought you into this world. I know what kind of a man you are. You're twenty-nine years old. You have to act like a man. You've actually never had to before. You've never had to fight

for anything. Life's been pretty easy—your college education, your job—all of it. It's about time you realized that life doesn't ask you what you can take and what you can't take." The doctor paused and looked sympathetically at Tony. "You'll have a lot to go through these next few years. Just remember one thing. Lorie needs you sure, but that kid of yours needs you more than she does. It's going to take twice the wisdom ordinary child rearing requires to raise Tony. You can do it because you've got to do it. And don't forget another important item. You've got a pretty big Helper up above who won't let you down."

Tony stretched out his hand to the kind old gentleman. "Thanks, Doc. Call us when you know more about it."

"Sure, sure Tony. By the way, it would probably be best if Lorie didn't visit the child while he's in the hospital. She's got to get used to the idea of not seeing him, you know. The break has to come sooner or later."

"Yea, I guess you're right. Bye, Doc, and thanks."

The drive from the doctor's office home was a painful one for Anthony Russell. Lorie sat quietly glaring out the window with a steady flow of tears dripping down her child-like face. The couple walked into the empty house. As Lorie went into the kitchen she found the empty baby carriage where it had been left the night before. She burst into a fit of tears screaming at the top of her voice. "Not us, Tony. Not us. Everything was so perfect, so perfect." She fell on her knees clinging desperately to the little pillow that she had picked up from the carriage. Tony ran to her, pulled her off the floor and held her tight.

"Lorie baby, Lorie, please stop crying. I can't stand to see you cry like this."

"Tony what are we going to do? What are we to do?" she pleaded.

"Well the first thing is to find out from Doc Brent what he thinks. He couldn't find out everything in two hours." Tony stroked his wife's hair. Then if the thing is completely hopeless we'll have to send him to a school for . . . for blind children."

"No! No! Lorie stared madly into her husband's eyes. They will not take my child from me. Never. Are you crazy? I'll never give him up."

"You'll have to, dear. WE'LL have to."

"No, damn it, no. Didn't you hear me? she screamed beating her fists against Tony's chest. "I said no."

"Lorie you've got to stop this. Please Lorie." He caught her wrists and held them firm. "Look at me. Look at me, I said." Suddenly she stopped crying as her eyes met his. He took her tear stained face between his hands and said, "Lorie, it's not going to be easy—for either of us. But we'll lick this thing—together." she fell exhausted in his arms.

It was a windy night in the middle of March. Tony Russell dreading to go in walked slowly up the path to his house. He hung his coat in the hall closet and called for his wife. There was no answer. He knew where she was. It was needless to look. He went into the kitchen and turned on the light. He reached up to the wall cabinet, pulled down a can of soup, and began fixing his supper. While the soup was heating, he trudged up the stairs and opened the nursery door. The room was dark. He saw the figure of his wife silhouetted against the street light. She was leaning against the baby's bassinet.

"Lorie, don't you want something to eat?" he asked exasperated as he turned on the light.

She flinched, then looked at her husband almost as though she didn't recognize him. "No . . . ah . . . Tony . . . not now. Go on down and fix yourself something. I'll be there in a minute."

"Lorie—"

"Please Tony," she interrupted.

"O. K." He closed the door behind him and went down stairs completely disgusted.

Lorie joined him shortly in the kitchen. Her sunken brown eyes followed him in

desperation. "Tony, forgive me. I didn't know what I was doing. I'm crazy I guess. I can't explain it. All of a sudden it seemed that killing him was the only way out. You've got to understand." she cried.

"Understand, Lorie? Understand a mother killing her son?"

"I didn't kill him."

"What damned difference does that make? You tried. Do you realize, Lorie, that you tried to kill your son—our son?" he screamed at her.

"Please don't shout. I have a terrible headache."

"Don't shout. Somebody had better shout loud enough to drill some sense in your head! I've tried to figure out for two days now. Why? Why? I asked myself over and over again. I've never heard of such an insane thing. If I hadn't walked in the room . . . Oh God, if I hadn't walked in the room . . . he would have suffocated under that blanket. He would be dead. Dead." The words froze on his lips.

"Don't you see, Tony? I wanted him to die. Yes, certainly I wanted him dead. Don't look so amazed. Hadn't you rather be dead than blind? Well hadn't you?"

"Lorie, I don't know. Maybe I think I had rather die than be blind now, but I'm not blind so I can't answer that. I do know that it is not for you to decide. Lorie you put yourself in God's place. Don't you realize that?"

"Think about the kind of life he'll have, Tony. He'll never see anything. He'll always live in a dark room."

He'll be living though. He'll be alive."

Lorie paused a moment and thought. Then she added, "But he will never be like other normal people. He'll never really live."

"Had you ever stopped to think that it is probably a blessing that he was *born* blind?"

"A blessing! What in the name of Almighty . . ."

"Listen, Lorie and shut up a minute. What if he could see and had an accident or something, and he lost his vision suddenly. The adjustment would be twice as difficult. What I am trying to tell you is that things could be much worse. As he is now he's in a home where he will be taught to live in that dark room you speak of. At Hillcrest he'll learn to talk and read, and he will get all the care that the instructors can give him. It's our job to see that he gets all the love and support he needs from his parents. We brought him into this world. It is our responsibility to do all we can for him—not to kill him! He's a human being Lorie—not a horse you can shoot when he breaks his leg!" Tony glared fiercely at his wife.

Lorie lowered her head. "You're right, Tony. You're right," she mumbled.

"I was crazy. I admit I was wrong. Please forgive me. Please?" Her brown eyes pleaded with him.

"Oh, Lorie," he said taking her in his arms, "what has happened to us? The thing that should have brought us closer together has made strangers of us. Who am I to judge you? I should be asking you to forgive me." Both of them were silent.

"Are you hungry?" she asked smiling. "That darn soup has boiled over. How about taking me out to dinner? It's been a long time, hasn't it?"

"Too long. Let's go, Mrs. Russell."

The New Year of 1944 brought very little change to Creedmore, Massachusetts. A new drug store had been built; an addition was made to the Presbyterian Church. The town was not as busy as it had been. The war had changed that if nothing else had. The four years since the birth of Anthony Russell, Junior had passed unbelievably fast. As Lorie and her mother drove toward Boston on New Year's Day, Lorie thought about all that had happened to her since that day four years ago. Tony had been drafted in April of 1941. Her father had died shortly thereafter and her mother had come to live with her. It was like a dream. Lorie was filled with excitement over seeing Tony Junior again. It had been only a week since their last visit to Hillcrest Home of the Blind when they had spent a very happy Christmas Day with the boy. Now the car was loaded with birthday presents for him.

"It would have been a lot more convenient if Tony had been born at least two weeks after Christmas. Paying for all these presents is breaking his old mother up!"

"O shut up," her mother laughed. "What if he'd been born on Christmas day?"

"Then he'd be at Hillcrest and we'd be in the county home!" her daughter jokingly replied.

When they finally reached Hillcrest, they became quiet. They looked at each other sadly.

"Well Mama, let's go." Lorie forced a smile and clung to her mother's arm. They entered into the hall where Mrs. Gainer, the supervisor, greeted them.

"Happy New Year, folks!"

"Happy New Year to you. Where's our boy?"

"This way," she answered, "He's all ready to see you! They walked down the long hall and crossed into the right wing. "We put Tony in a room by himself today," said Mrs. Gainer. "It's pretty bad on the other children not having their parents come to see them. Tony is a very fortunate young fellow." The supervisor opened the door and the two women entered. "I'll leave you three alone. Dr. Jackson will be here shortly."

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Gainer," the young woman replied as the door closed.

Young Tony was sitting on a small stool playing with some blocks on a table. He was facing the window and turned his head at the sound of voices. Lorie walked over to her son and held out her arms picking him up. "Happy birthday, Tony Russell," she said holding the four year old tight in her arms. He did not move. She held him slightly away from her and looked at him. His tiny hand reached for his mother's face and found it. "Do you know who this is Tony?" she asked fearfully and hopefully as she had asked in vain so many times before.

The child was silent, passing his hand across her soft face just as he had done the week before. Lorie's face dropped with disappointment at her son's failure to recognize her.

The door opened and Dr. Jackson came in and stopped suddenly. No one moved. The little boy curiously fingered his mother's hair. "Mommie, Mommie," were the faint words the child uttered.

"Did you hear that, Mother? Did you hear that? Thank God he knows who I am. After four long years he knows," wept Lorie clinging desperately to young Tony.

A single tear dripped from the grandmother's eye. Doctor Jackson put out his hand to her. "Happy New Year, Mrs. Capps."

"Yes, a very happy new year, Doctor."

The years passed and young Tony Russell's progress seemed incredible. When Captain Russell finally came home in the fall of 1946, he was pleasantly surprised at his son's accomplishments and beamed proudly when he began to recognize him. By forty-seven Tony was once again settled in his law office. Mr. Thompson, the senior partner in the firm, had been killed in Germany and Tony replaced him. Russell's law practice grew by leaps and bounds. He and Lorie bought a new house and car, and a fourth addition to the Russell family came in November of 1947, Elizabeth Ann Russell, a beautiful blonde girl with her mother's sparkling brown eyes and her father's jovial disposition. Beth Ann was a great delight to Lorie, keeping her busy day and night. Tony was disappointed at first that Beth Ann wasn't a boy, but one loving kiss and a delightful "Dadee" from his blonde doll, and he gladly consented to replace footballs with baby dolls.

Tony and Lorie visited Hillcrest every month. By 1950 young Tony was reading, writing, and talking with great efficiency. He was a handsome boy with brown hair and strong brown eyes. Dr. Jackson and all the instructors were delighted with his progress. The doctor informed the Russells that Tony had quite a talent for music and he began to take piano lessons. Each spring Tony and Lorie, would go to Hillcrest for the school music recitals. Tony was a brilliant child and advanced so rapidly

in his work that he was allowed to take a double load in the seventh grade so he could skip the eighth. He was allowed to go home in the summer for a week at the time and visit with the family.

As the years rolled by the time for his graduation from Hillcrest came. In May of 1957 Tony and Lorie drove to Boston for his piano recital and graduation exercises.

On Friday night May 31, the Hillcrest auditorium was filled with parents and friends of the blind children. Tony and Lorie sat on the front row. Mr. Russell was nervously twisting the program of their son's first solo concert. "What time do you have?" he asked.

"It's almost eight o'clock now, honey. I think you're as nervous as Tony. After all he's the one who's playing you know," his wife added trying to console him.

"Aren't you nervous?"

"Yes . . . yes I am. Here we go. The lights are dimming."

Anthony Russell clenched his wife's hand and closed his eyes. "Please God, please," he said under his breath.

The young boy walked slowly and deliberately out on the stage. The audience broke out in applause (with a good part of the noise coming from his parents). He stopped in front of the piano and bowed gracefully. He held the edge of the piano and made his way to the stool and hesitated before sitting. His father held his breath. The son sat squarely down on the bench. Russell released the grip on his wife's hand as their son began to play a Bach Variation. The young man played brilliantly. Finally the last number came and the auditorium rang with enthusiastic applause. Tony Junior stood tall in front of the stage and raised his hands to quite the audience.

"Thank you. Thank you very much. As an encore I would like to play a favorite of mine for two of the greatest people in the world—my mother and father, and for all the teachers here at Hillcrest to whom I will always remain indebted. Bless you for the strength, love, and support you have given me all these years."

"Tony sat down and began to play "You'll Never Walk Alone." Chill bumps appeared on Lorie's arm and her husband's tear filled eyes met hers lovingly. He took out his handkerchief and wiped the tears off her cheeks.

"Well, honey," he whispered, "he's not an All-American quarterback but who knows? We might have a concert pianist on our hands."

CHEE DAVIS, '58



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ST. MARY'S JUNIOR COLLEGE
BULLETIN

1959-60

A NEW DIMENSION

You are standing in the chemistry laboratory with a Bunsen burner in one hand, a test tube in the other. It is one of those soft green afternoons in May when you feel that test tubes and Bunsen burners are, after all, quite pointless contraptions, that the odor of the wild onions outside the window would somehow be much preferable to the manufactured fumes coiling about your head in the laboratory. Putting aside the annoying apparatus, you stroll to the window and lean out as far as you can, envying the girl sitting under one of those oak trees there across the lawn. Ah—you say to yourself— that girl is lucky. There she sits writing a letter to her boy friend: exactly what I wish I were doing on such a beautiful afternoon. And then you are told that the girl is not writing to her boy friend, is not writing a letter at all. You are told that she is writing a . . . poem! Does the discovery startle you?

Probably you have a right to be surprised at the sight, but only because of its rarity. The creative spirit is not often seen at work among St. Mary's students; it is sadly wasted at the very time when it should be beginning to flourish.

But, you reply, we have no Edna Millay's at St. Mary's; there is no sense in wasting time on something at which we are no good. The girl is probably only writing doggerel.

"No good" is often a rather meaningless phrase, and doggerel is perfectly acceptable as long as it is recognized for what it is. Whatever the object of our attention is writing, the important thing is that she is creating *something*, she is experiencing

the thrill of producing something of herself where nothing was before. In her own way she is making use of that bit of creativity possessed by all of us. For though we may not realize it, we are all capable of creating something, be it a novel or a dress pattern. And no matter what the amount of creative ability we have, we owe it to ourselves to add a new, enriching dimension to our lives by developing this capacity to its fullest extent. The girl under the oak tree realizes this fact. She may be the first to admit that she will never be a great poet; but she is also the first to encourage others to take up writing because of the genuine satisfaction it brings her, regardless of the presence or absence of "literary" qualities in her own work.

Again you protest: Maybe others could write, but not I. I could never think of anything to write about.

You draw a blank, and yet you can easily enough feel the disparity between the atmosphere of the laboratory and that outside the window, between the odors of nature and the unbottled fumes in the room. The mere consciousness of such things is a vital source of subject matter. And never let it be said that a St. Mary's girl has never had an experience or feeling, has never known a person or a place worth writing about! Certainly nothing stands in the way of an *attempt* at creative writing. You may not be another Edna St. Vincent Millay, you may not even find that writing is your best medium of self-expression. But how will you know until you try?

BECKY BULLOCK, '60

FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION

We are living in an unexpurgated age; all the divers phases of life permeate the art forms of our time. *West Side Story* catches the beat of New York slum rhythm; Williams boldly dramatizes the decadent aristocracy; and Hemingway draws political pathos with a free hand. A contrast of basic realities seems to be the key phrase to the best-seller list. And yet amid this contrast lies the essence of good literature— universality of theme and character. But how does the question of universality apply to college writing, we ask? Adult

writing is not so foreign to us— we read it; we study it; why not try to write it? We must search for themes common to all men: moral issues, shifting values, new concepts of life and death, and love. But these themes must be handled with individuality. To be trite is to plagerize! Therefore let us study our busy lives for a moment, catch situations familiar to us all, and write of our experiences in original and personal terms.

MARY ANNE CARTER, '61



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ASCENSION

Florence Nash, '60

"Are you going to have another drink, mister, or are you just taking up room?"

"What? oh . . . oh, no thank you. I was just . . . leaving." Blake swam out of his empty reverie and moved on the stool, feeling the dampness of a spilled drink through his overcoat as he slid his elbow along the bar and stood up. He put two dollar bills on the smooth surface and walked slowly across the room, past little round tables where couples and lonely people were blending into a noisy dinner crowd, to the large window in front. He stood for a moment, rubbing his chin to feel the beard which was already roughening his hard jaw, and looked silently out the window into the street. I should have shaved again at the office, he thought. People shave twice on special days like this when they tell each other how happy they are, and what a lovely dress, my dear.

On the other side of the glass people hurried along the sidewalks, bent slightly against the freezing wind and occasional damp snowflakes, looking, Blake decided, like grotesquely misshapen monsters with their awkward loads of packages sticking out at odd angles from their blurred bodies. Poor people, he thought. Poor little misguided sheep. They laugh and sing and feel magnanimous, they hug one another and are terribly excited about Christmas Eve having arrived once again, and they don't even notice that it's just as cold and rainy and depressing as every other stinking day. Poor people.

As for little ol' Blake, he was going to step down the street a bit and have just one more little drink where the inkeeper was more hospitable, and then maybe he could walk into his ridiculously expensive apartment without crying inside. Maybe he could even greet his wife with a smile that didn't hurt from the effort. It will take many, many more drinks, ol' Blakie boy, he smiled to himself, to tell her that you love her on this your ninth Christmas Eve Anniversary.

With a heaving sigh that made him a little dizzy, Blake Wilson pulled open the door and stepped out onto the street. The shock of cold hit him like a brick wall and he reeled slightly, then wondered if anyone passing by had seen him and thought he was drunk. Pulling his coat closer around his neck and adjusting his hat on his newly-graying hair, he turned into the wind and moved into the stream of late Christmas shoppers who were rushing from downtown New York to thousands of warm, celebrating homes. It had turned completely dark, and New York had put on its garish night lights, which blinked commercial good cheer and prosperity from every direction. Christmas Eve, the annual Happiest Night of the Year, the ninth wedding anniversary of Blake Foster Wilson and lovely Catherine.

As Blake walked along, his legs pumping automatically on the icy sidewalks, his coat flapping against him in the wind, studded with glistening drops of rain and snow, he reflected bitterly on the farcical quality which this annual celebration had taken on for him in the last two or three years. Why? Why? What had happened to the lifetime contract between him and the girl he had married? The alcohol had broken down the forbidding wall in Blake's mind which kept him from ever, ever asking himself such a dangerous question. He was tight, not quite drunk, but tight. His mind kept returning to Catherine and himself tonight. . . he had stopped trying to avoid it. He stared stonily ahead and walked, brushing unfeelingly into bundled shoulders, wavering here and there to avoid a collision.

In the stark brilliance and blackness of the streets, Blake kept seeing Catherine's face. He thought of the day they were married. . . Catherine's sudden tremble at the altar, which Blake could feel even though he wasn't touching her, so great was their oneness. Blake had caught her eye and she whispered with her look that it was a tremble of love. Blake remembered

how he had felt that day; he was certain that if he attained heaven, he would feel exactly the same: he was without weight, without earthly feeling. . . . he was a disembodied soul floating in a warm, sweet liquid of light and happiness. But deep inside him there was a hard core of awareness, the nucleus of his nebulous soul which kept him on the ground long enough to last through the ceremonies. There had been a blur of champagne, dancing, laughing and talking with the happy mob of friends and families, tears and hugs. . . . Catherine's mother had been wavering in quiet hysteria between sobs and laughter; Blake's parents were happy, doubtful, proud, sentimental.

The two of them had spent an expensive and beautiful two weeks in Nassau, where they were wrapped in an intensively precious seclusion of love and discovery. Upon returning to the states, they had come immediately to New York, where Blake was holding down a good job with an advertising agency. Their first home together had been a small but nice apartment in the west 40's. That apartment was identical to a thousand others around it, but love had transformed it into a castle for them. . . . the two of them, so nearly one, so happy and contented. . . .

Blake was a good worker, with a quick mind and assets invaluable to his career: tremendous charm, flashing eyes, a disarming smile, the build of a college athlete, which, in fact, he had once been to a great extent. Promotions came to him rapidly, with little effort on his part. Perhaps it was because he had never felt the necessity for advancement which loomed urgently over the heads of his fellow workers. They wanted so much, and for such empty reasons! They ate their hearts out, they killed themselves, for an exclusive return address on their letters. They trampled the heads of bloody innocents to reach the front gates of expensive clubs. They were machines set irrevocably on an uphill course of self-destruction, and Blake was not like them.

Blake, even in the treadmill race of Madison Avenue, was at perfect peace with a beautiful and loving wife and a roof over his head. The rigors of his career were left at his office, and they never touched his heart. What, then, had happened to Catherine? When did that subtle finger of unhappiness reach her and mark her

for its own? She had been so much in love with life, Blake knew, but the plague of New York had crept into her and was rotting her away. . . . The first time she had asked to move, Blake had agreed, because they had a chance at a nice apartment much more convenient to his office, and it seemed a practical thing to do. Catherine had been ecstatic when they moved, but Blake had not really noticed the depths of her excitement before it gave way to a thin edge of dissatisfaction. In the larger apartment, her closets bulged with clothes which she rarely wore; she became obsessed with entertaining at every occasion.

There was that one party. . . . about two dozen people milled around the rooms, drinking continuously, picking at elaborate hors-d'oeuvres, chatting self-consciously, glittering with self-satisfaction. Blake, glass in hand and well-known smile on his face, had followed the proper cocktail party formula: mixing with the guests, seeing that the glasses stayed full, murmuring the right thing to everybody. He began to look at the faces around him, and he noticed that there were several he had never seen before. He had long since reached the point where he left the guest lists up to Catherine, so he wasn't sure who had been invited, but he knew that these were not friends or even business associates. He watched Catherine playing hostess gracefully and expertly among the crowd, laughing prettily, throwing her beautiful head back provocatively. Blake's wife was tight, and she looked it to Blake, although he knew it was apparent to no one but himself. She approached people strange to Blake as if they were her closest friends, talking earnestly, always remembering to laugh delightedly at the right time. Blake sat on the edge of a table, withdrawn, and watched her bemusedly as the party went on and thinned out, until finally the two of them were alone in the smoky, suddenly quiet, room.

She walked over to a picture window overlooking the river and stood there a long time, a smile on her face and a glint of fierce determination in her eyes which was almost frightening to Blake, who was still watching her slightly.

"Blake," she said slowly and carefully, "We've made it. Mr. and Mrs. Blake Foster Wilson are going to move to Park Avenue. Mr. Wilson

has a magnificent new executive position awaiting him at Doyle-Parkman, and Mrs. Wilson has just been invited to a luncheon by Mrs. Francis Kellogg Doyle herself!"

Blake stared at her in paralyzed disbelief. "Catherine, I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh, but darling," she threw him her most brilliant smile, and it was tight around the edges, "I did it all for you. It's a wonderful surprise just for you because I love you." She hurried over to him, put her arms around his neck and smiled at him. "This party was just to make sure everything was all right. I told Mr. Doyle not to say anything to you about it until you went down to discuss the contract because I wanted to surprise you. I told him how anxious you were to earn promotions, and how you had always wanted to work for his firm. He was so impressed with your progress at G. T. Akers, and he's very happy that you want to work for him."

Catherine was talking very fast, with a strain of desperation in her voice. She swallowed, and Blake saw the muscles in her lovely throat tense with anxiety. He still had not moved from the table.

"Catherine. . . Catherine, you know I haven't the slightest desire to work for Doyle-Parkman, that I hate everything he stands for. What in the hell are you trying to do to us?" Blake's voice sounded very tired. He spoke with effort and his knuckles were white where he gripped the edge of the table. Catherine just stood and looked at him without moving. Suddenly Blake saw deeply into Catherine's eyes, the deep core of steel that he had never seen before.

". . . For richer for poorer. . . till death do us part!" Blake's eyes moved over her face as he whispered half to himself, then he slowly and painfully closed his eyes.

That night was the first night he had ever walked out on Catherine. He walked for hours, and when he woke up the next morning he was sitting in Central Park in his dinner jacket, with the smell of whiskey strong upon him and his face still wet with tears. He had realized a lot of things about himself during that long night.

They had moved, and he had taken his new job with Doyle-Parkman as third vice-president in line for yet another promotion. He hated it, but Catherine was still lovely and desirable, and she had never been happier. They were in a cavernous apartment on Park Avenue, entertaining prominent artists, industrialists and politicians. Catherine had almost been named one of New York's ten best-dressed women that fall, and she was having their names checked through for the Social Register. Blake had begun to notice items in the papers about suicides, to read them and to think. . . .

The lights of mid-town New York flashed on and off, beamed out into the night, promoted Christmas spirit packaged and bottled, and illuminated the tragic face of Blake Wilson. Blake Foster Wilson, third vice-president of Doyle-Parkman, handsome young socialite of Manhattan, picture of success, stood at the intersection waiting for the light to change so he could cross to another bar and have another drink. The light changed, and the prominent Mr. Wilson started to cross the street. . . he fell for some reason, and a young boy in a red convertible was unable to stop until it was too late.

On Christmas Day the TIMES carried a small article concerning the sudden death of a young man highly respected in the business world, and there was a picture of the lovely young widow in her Park Avenue apartment, crying hysterically on the comforting shoulder of her close friend, Mrs. Francis Kellogg Doyle.



Afternoon Rain

Mary Anne Carter, '61

The woman lay in the same position all during the siesta hour, lengthwise across the bed, bathed in ochre thought. At one moment she reverted to her childhood and was playing with a cloth doll on the patio of their town house. Her sharpest image, however, was of the yellowish-green stains along the base of the back wall; a favorite game in the dry, fragrant spring had been tossing over-ripe avocados from their tree.

Her reverie shifted sharply to a later date, to a dull, rain-drenched day that only the late Guatemalan summer could bring; and she was waving to a dark youth boarding a plane. Where had Ramòn come in, she mused idly; at some pinānta, perhaps, where at seven or eight they had crushed clay clowns. Together they had grown older and watched the city change, the arrival of the gringas, the automobiles, paved roads, the modern buildings. Together they had sadly regarded the death of her avocado tree. Alone, however, she had seen Ramòn leave Guatemala City and alone she had waited for six years while the influence of the United States had enveloped him like a pall, first with its language and later with its philosophy; Democracy had become a living thing within him.

She remembered him as her new husband standing beneath the Reforma tower, earnestly planting the seeds of the P. R., the radical revolutionary party. In her mind's eye, she saw the clearly outlined red and black posters which appeared as fast as the opposing Communist forces destroyed them.

Some time later Ramòn had returned home one evening, bloody and torn from an argument, and she had nursed him, not only his wounds, but also the pride and spirit of this man who was her husband. Only then had she known love in its true sense. The memory of it engulfed her and then departed, leaving only a pain so intense that tears were impossible. Vainly fighting her agony she fell asleep.

She dreamt that snipers were picking the fruit of her young trees with random shots and awoke, startled. In the street the sporadic gunfire was a reality, causing a gray haze to drift lazily over the wall. "Viva il partido Revolucionario" echoed in the distance ". . .Castillo Armas. . ."

Castillo Armas, the beloved leader, shot down by one of his own fanatic band, and Ramòn with him, still clutching his dream of democracy. Perhaps later there would be a statue in the central square: Ramòn Lopez leading the horse of the famed General Armas. Why was tribute never given to the living?

The woman roused herself with great effort and walked to the window; a summer shower had begun. The moisture permeated the screen and the dust of the revolution was slowly rinsed from her soul.



Emily Anderson

LOVE SONG TO A PROUD AGING SPIRIT

Florence Nash, '60

*This little land is what I call and claim my home,
This little land within a larger land within the whole,
Apart and yet a part, a living limb
To that great sprawling torso named America.*

*Let me now uncover softly for you,
With eyes and tongue and mind full of slow and thoughtful care,
The quick darting little pictures, fleet impressions,
Twinkling mind-images, shreds of thoughts,
That flow in little rivulets about my mind
Depositing in their paths a silt which builds
A portrait of this old but pulsing land,
A rich mosaic portrait of my home.*

*Here is first the hide of my land,
The old worn skin that stubbornly defends its soul against time's attacks.
You see the flat hard land
Patchworked of drying rattling corn a little,
Heavy white dirty scatters of old proud aristocratic cotton
rustling bravely,
Peanut stacks low beside a narrow dissecting tan road
Like moles.
But there low and gold is the strength and sinew of the hide,
Broad and bold the golden-leaf tobacco.
Mile on mile in the flat dirt fields
In grey dusty sleds and wagons and barns
Pouring out from hands white and black working together quickly
to hurry it*

*Down roads and roads and highways
Into towns and big towns with broad clanging smoking plants,
The red pulsing veins and beating organs
Throbbing loud and red with trucks and trains
And big sweating men with dirty white shirts, laughing mouths,
tanned faces.*

*This is the hide.
And what of the beauty?
And what about the elusive soul within?*

*They are the people, individuals, youths, old women, the people.
They are soul and beauty of the whole,
They are families on a porch on Sunday afternoon eating peach
ice cream,*

*They are thin and heavy women pinching tomatoes in a market
and gossiping happily,
They are hard creased men squinting up in hope of rain,
They are black and white jostling hot and tired on a Saturday
All along an old spattered sidewalk under awnings and a few trees.*

*Solid and significant there are tombstones.
Grey stones carved with rain and moss
Saying much silently
Holding richness of memory and promise
For those who know their worn stone message;
The tired still stones rolled softly in lichen
Speak tomes of history in silence.
They are deep sunk roots in my land,
They are soul and beauty.*

*I find in my mind a piece of crumbling lace,
A brown cracked tintype of a shadowed delicate face.
An old blue china teapot with a dreary crack,
A house proud in front unashamed of dirt and a broken step,
A letter wrapped in careful dark felt
Yellow with cracks and a thin spider tracery of a dead pen,
A musket in the corner rusty and sad,
A very old flag shredded and spotted with time. . . with disappearing
blue and red and bars and a few stars and bloody, beautiful glory.
They are soul and beauty.*

*The land is tired
But it tends its own wounds with a sad proud hope.
The land is scarred and old
But it stretches out in a strange new eager rebirth.*

*This little land, mighty land,
This very precious ground
Is my home.*

A Mountain

Mary Neal Bolch, '60

*Majestic facade of strength and certainty
Playground of youth
Resting place of age
Portrait of tranquility
Bulwark of faith
Altar of Nature's cathedral—
How magnificent and diverse
Are the roles of
A mountain*

Audition

Edith Alston, '61

In a resounding finale the music of the orchestra rose simultaneously to meet the heavily descending curtain of the stage. Against its green velvet folds the footlights cast a momentary scallop of brilliance before fading in the glare of the house lights. The audience blinked and stirred, still under the spell cast by the performance, and began to move gradually into the aisles, leaving Anne seated, conscious only of her hands still stinging from clapping and of the beauty of the ballet she had just seen.

Trying to forget the dazzling effect of the costumes and the music, she considered the actual dancing performance. She didn't understand why this one had made such an impression on her. She had certainly seen better dancing. Compared to Markova and Dolin—but then, no one should be compared to those two. Perhaps it was because this company was so young and enthusiastic. She knew several of the members were only a little older than she, and it excited her to know she could dance as well as they did if she really tried. Mr. Jones had told her in her ballet class that she had the talent to do anything she wanted.

Turning to Mr. Jones, she saw that he was waiting for her. He had promised to introduce her to one of the dancers who was a former pupil of his. They made their way against the straggling crowd toward the orchestra pit and through the stage door to the back stage area. Anne stood and watched as the workmen pulled efficiently at the scenery, reducing a misty garden to a bundlesome roll of canvas and rope. Wardrobe women hurried between the dressing rooms and a pile of wicker baskets, packing away the flowing white costumes and matching headdresses.

Before she realized that he was gone, Mr.

Jones returned with a willowy girl in her early twenties dressed in practice tights. Her face was fresh and youthful, scrubbed clean of heavy stage make-up, and her hair was smoothed neatly behind a ribbon.

"Anne, Sally says she will show you around for a little while," said Mr. Jones. I told her you were considering dancing as a career and she thinks you should see what a professional's life is like." And leaving them together, he went into the audience to talk to the company director.

Sally led Anne into the dressing room, where two girls leaned over the long cluttered dressing table putting finishing touches on their freshly made faces. At the far end of the room a girl wrapped in a bathrobe played with a two year-old boy.

"Is she his mother?" asked Anne in surprise, recognizing Tanya Collins, one of the soloists.

"Yes, and isn't he adorable? Tanya is married to Eric Johnston, her partner this afternoon in the *pas de deux*. Her mother keeps the baby while they are on tour and she brought him here to be with them while we are in Atlanta."

"How terrible that she is separated from her baby at his age!"

"She really does miss him. But Tanya hasn't reconciled herself yet to giving up her career at the time she is beginning to get recognition. Fortunately our tour is over soon and Tanya and Eric will have the baby for the summer while she decides if she will return to the show next season."

A red light flickered over the dressing room door, indicating a rehearsal on stage. Anne followed Sally into the wings and watched a young boy go expertly through an intricate routine. "That boy first took ballet lessons to strengthen his weakened legs after a bout with polio," Sally whispered. "He became so interested in dancing he has made a profession of it. He's a good technician but he hasn't the talent to be a great dancer."

How discouraging, thought Anne. But Sally seemed to interpret her thoughts.

"He doesn't mind because he loves what he is doing and he couldn't be happy doing anything else. Sometimes in this profession devotion to the work is more important than innate talent.

"I'm a little bit like that boy. I'm too tall for most of my partners when I'm in toe shoes and consequently I usually end up on the back row of the corps. I do as well as I possibly can and in return I get to be on the stage side of the footlights. Of course, some people don't understand this. They find the sacrifices too great and quit, or they never try professional work and spend their lives in the audience imagining what their careers might have been."

A change in the music signalled Sally's turn

on stage. After a hasty good-bye she left Anne at the edge of the stage to join the group before the lights. From the wings Anne watched the dancers, envying them every step, longing to stretch and turn with them to the music. A momentary sting crept up from beneath her eyelids as she recalled the sensation of the perfectly accomplished step, the thrill of the applauding crowd. Then she turned away from the stage and rejoined Mr. Jones in the audience where she could imagine what she might have been.

This Equal Business

Mary Anne Carter '61

*How strange, that she should ask you there
Before the altar of our God
About this equal business.*

*Her sad but earnest ebon eyes
Against the Nordic blue of yours—
The omnipresent contrast.*

*To tell the truth and hurt her so
Or be a hypocrite of sorts—
That ever-dreaded question. . .*

*Yet what is truth before the cross
That melts all barriers of race
And gives the simple answer:*

*An outstretched hand, a harboring heart,
A smile ascending to the eyes
About this equal business!*

This Transient Life

Mary Neal Bolch, '60

*What is this transient life to me?
A welter of ambiguity
Created by God, yet subjected to Fate,
Where love prevails, or is it hate
That reigns supreme
In the human heart?*

*What does one mean by eternity?
Are we enslaved, forever to be
Bound by ignorance and doubt,
Never to know what life is about?
Must these vain probings
Never cease?*

*I do not demand that all be revealed,
For some things are destined to be concealed;
But that one must ever grope in this life
'Midst chaos, confusion, and worldly strife
Is quite beyond
Comprehension.*

The Rejected One

Barbara Watson, '61

That Friday morning began as all others had during my first three months of attending the high school. When I entered the front door that day the familiar feeling of depression and hatred swept over me. As I walked down the hall the students deliberately turned their backs. However, I lifted my head high and planted a frozen smile upon my face until I entered the locker room.

There in the seclusion of my corner locker I blinked to clear my eyes of the tears that clouded them. I hung my coat in the locker and pretended to be looking for some obscured object until several snickering girls had left. Then, clutching my books I walked defiantly into my homeroom.

I sat at my desk and stared intently at an open book before me. Although my eyes scanned several pages, my mind was far from the material before me. Disgustedly I listened to the groups of boys and girls talking near my chair. Not once in the three months that I had been here had anyone of them spoken to me or even smiled. I was an isolated figure who always walked and sat several feet from every-

one else. I wanted to mar the pretty face of the cheerleader. I yearned to scratch out the cold eyes of the majorette who always stared at me with repulsion. But most of all I wanted to repay the group of boys who dared one another to ask me for dates whenever I was close enough to hear their snide remarks.

At that moment my thoughts were interrupted by the bell that signified the minute of silent prayer and the beginning of another day's classes. I bowed my head and prayed my sorrowful prayer, asking why I could not be like the other students. This was the only minute during the long day that I was able to relax my rigid face and let pride dissolve.

The teacher came into homeroom ten minutes late that day. The moment he entered I could sense that something was wrong. When he commanded that we be quiet immediately, I felt the tension mounting within me, and my hands began to tremble. He then told us to line up and file into the auditorium without speaking a word. I slowly took my place at the back of the line, knowing all the while that this had something to do with me.

As soon as I had taken my seat in the auditorium I noticed that patrol cars were pulling up outside and a policeman was stationed at every entrance. The students looked suspiciously around the room, and as each person scanned the interior all eyes came finally to rest on me. My head lifted unconsciously and the rigid smile settled on my mouth. Once again hatred mounted inside me. I could taste it as if it were a rotten apple.

After walking onto the stage, the principal stood silently for a moment before he began his explanation. He stated that a bomb was believed to be planted in one of the school buildings and that in order to search the campus the entire student body would be excused for the day.

I uttered a small cry and lapsed into tears. Everyone who filed past glared down at me scornfully. I cried out to them as they passed, for I wanted their forgiveness. All this was not entirely my fault. I was only an instrument of Fate. She had made me the sole basis for the bomb scare. She had delegated me to be the one Negro student in an all-white school of 1900 pupils.

What sudden
Blot
on my lovely
stained-glass window?
The blot is sometimes Six
sometimes it sidles and weaves:
six calypso dancers

They do not like me I think:
they leer in my very eye
The leader is Disdain
and hooks a mocking finger
and jerks the slender scarlet wing
it downward falls
and
dangles

The others follow suit
the yellow shows: I do not like the yellow
My lovely window all awry, I think. . .
I think I will climb through this hole in the wall
and step on him and
squash them

Spiders in my Kaledoscope

Becky Bullock, '60



Foy Roberson

Time

Lii Lii Ridenhour, '61

*Time is a place
Where children play, unheeding
Where men drudge, without hope
And death waits
With beckoning fingers outstretched.*

*A Road is time
Where tracks are years
And ruts are centuries
And a footprint is an enigma.*

*The time is Now
And men are fools
Who vainly run.
The winners always lose.*

Now

Barbara Hauser, '58

*A seer? Prophetically inclined?
As if perchance you might
Reveal the many-chambered mind
Of furtive time aright.*

*Dream on; inhale the poppy well.
Recorded time, our school,
Repeats that "only time will tell."
And you can sleep? You fool!*

*Whence came the words you preach to earth?
"Complacence is a gem."
In naught but deeds we have our worth—
For rest a requiem.*

*Who gave you hours to dissipate?
Who said, "Abide for time?"
Your prodigality unstate—
This day alone is prime.*

Courier

Becky Bullock, '60

*Long and long ago, it crept in softly once
And seemed to hover very low around my mother's bed,
And seemed to whisper softly from its perch above her head
Strange words I could not understand, though she knew what was said. . .
It beckoned quietly then, and just as quietly she was dead.*

*Long and long ago, it crept in softly once
Impassively it meted out that penalty severe,
And now it hovers 'round my head and now it seems to sneer
At one who knows not whence it came nor why it must appear,
But understands at last the words: Your day is ended here.*

The Game

Becky Bullock, '60

At the fifth dull bong from the stern grandfather clock behind his head, the boy on the sagging red sofa, as if acting upon a signal, pressed down the corner of page 108 in the heavy blue encyclopedia, shut the book, and laid it carefully on the window sill beside him. Shifting his too-long legs from under him, he dangled them limply over the edge of the worn sofa and thoughtfully scraped the bits of gray mud from his right shoe on the rung of a ladder-back chair. The dried particles fell to the floor with little clacking noises, but the sound went unnoticed as the perturbed boy frowned and pursed his lips, wondering why Ellen had lied to him.

Characterized by persistent coughing it had said right there on page 108 in volume *T* of their encyclopedia. "Persistent," he repeated aloud with a deliberate whistling noise. Persistent coughing. Which was exactly what he had thought, for in all the books people with tuberculosis — consumptives, they were called — were always coughing at every breath. So Ellen must have lied to him. It certainly was a funny thing to do. He wondered why he hadn't noticed before, but he guessed that was probably because he wasn't used to being tricked. Only he knew his mother wouldn't do him that way even if Ellen would. His mother wouldn't trick him. It was probably a game just for fun like the other one, the one they played sometimes when he went up to her room. Or maybe they were both part of the same game, he didn't know. But why would anyone stay in bed if they weren't sick? What was fun about that? He never would understand grown people. Anyway today he would tell them that he knew it was only a game. He would act like he had known all along, and they would all laugh and his mother would come back downstairs where she belonged so he wouldn't be alone any longer. The jig is up, he would say like they did in the books, the jig is up, for I know people with tuberculosis al-

ways cough. Fidgeting with anticipation the boy eagerly turned his eyes to the door at the head of the narrow stairway at his left. It was time for Ellen. And then . . . yes, and then his mother. But the door remained shut.

Peering restlessly through the fly-specked windowpane the boy could detect behind the deceptive greenish glow floating through the glass that the day was already beginning to slip away and leave him behind alone. He didn't like to be alone in the room with the high ceiling and the hollow walls where flying squirrels would get caught and flail about and finally die. The room had been different before his mother became sick, when the two of them would sit sideways on the old sofa or, in summer, cross-legged on the floor, while she read aloud to him in her rich, somehow melancholy voice. His mother made a story live, for she could be Jim Hawkins or David Balfour or any one of his favorite characters at will. And sometimes on very rare occasions she would play Lady Macbeth for him while he watched in awed silence, marvelling but not quite understanding. He almost wished she wouldn't do Lady Macbeth, because then she became strange and distant and her face was no longer happiness. Like she understood how Lady Macbeth felt not being able to wash the spot off her hand. But these times were only now and then, for the brightness would return bringing the warmth back to her marvellous voice and reminding him that she was only acting. Then last month she had gotten sick — tuberculosis, so Ellen said — and she had departed to the small room at the head of the stairs, where she would stay until she was better. But he would tell them today that the jig was up, though, yes he would tell them so he wouldn't have to be alone any more in the old house. He wouldn't have to wait like this until five o'clock in the afternoon to be allowed to see his own mother. They would be together again like before. The boy waited for the happy

feeling to come, held his breath waiting for it

Ellen's voice startled him as she called "All right, Stephen" from the doorway at the head of the stairs, but he almost laughed with the relief it brought. Surprised at not hearing the turn of the knob, he scrambled from the sofa and began to climb the steep stairs, bracing himself along the wall until he reached the top.

"Don't wear your mother down, now," Ellen frowned at Stephen as she brushed by him through the doorway and clattered down the steps. He had wanted to say he knew it was only a game so she could stop frowning at him; he had wanted to say 'All right Ellen, you can stop lording it over me now, for I know it is all just for fun.' And he found himself wanting to ask why, *why*, but she was gone before the words materialized. Well he would talk to his mother about it first. He would tell her that games were supposed to be fun for everybody. But then maybe it would be fun if he just understood it. He would find out all about it.

As Stephen turned back into the room and neared the bed, the familiar lavender aroma floated toward him like a strange aura reaching out its delicate tendrils to include him in its exclusive sphere. Indeed, the face that gazed up at him from the deep pillow might almost have been his own with its large, thickly fringed dark eyes and the sensitive mouth with the fine lips that knew to tremble for strange beauty.

The fine lips parted as his mother began to speak, though they were not trembling, but smiling slightly. "You are just in time, Stephen . . . quite the right time for you to come, for I have just been telling Ellen— but wait, bring me my backrest. I'm not a thorough invalid, you know, though Ellen would have everyone think so. Over there," she pointed. Stephen obediently lifted the flowered backrest and helped his mother prop it behind her against the scarred mahogany headboard.

"You were just telling Ellen . . . ?" prompted Stephen, settling himself on the end of the bed with his gangly legs drawn up under him. Maybe it would be about the game. Maybe he could find out about it without even having to ask. He thought that would be much better since maybe if he asked she would think he was slow in catching on to things.

"Yes, about the summer," she was saying though, "the things we do in summer, you and I. I was telling Ellen about the times in summer when we leave this dry old . . . old cocoon of a house and go on those grand long treks through the woods. Oh, the air is so deliciously fluffy and the leaves on the bushes and vines like dark green satin, all shiney and smooth. And every time I take along my little wildflower book, thinking I'll root around and collect some plants that would grow well in our rock garden. But of course you always manage to find one of those delightful little streams with the white rocks in the middle big enough to sit on. The rocks are always so warm from the sun, and while you wade around hunting for tadpoles or something I sit there groggily daydreaming so my little forgotten book gets all splashed and ruffled on the edge of the rock. You always try to make me wade, too, but those sharp brown and pink pebbles are too much for me. My feet aren't brown and tough like yours, you know. I don't go around without shoes six months of the year like some people I know." She chuckled and her eyes came back from faraway, twinkling almost mischievously at Stephen.

Stephen laughed happily, remembering too and almost tasting the memory of this bright fun past. "But ha!" he rejoined loudly, jiggling the bed in his enthusiasm. "You did wade too one time— 'member that time? When we decided we'd follow this stream till we got to the place it came from. Don't you remember, Mother?"

"Yes, the origin, we were searching for its origin," she mused.

"That's right, we said maybe it came from clear up in the Rocky Mountains but we wouldn't stop till we found it. And we would have found it too if you hadn't fallen flat in the stream. You got your dress wet."

"Yes, the same dress I wore . . . the other time."

"What other time? It was that light blue dress with the big floppy sailor's collar. Ho, you couldn't have gotten much wetter. I laughed so hard I thought I'd fall down myself. We came right home, but you still got a cold."

"And we never found the origin," his mother sighed. Her eyes lost their laughter and went faraway again. She drew the heavy comfort up tight under her chin.

Why she really does look sort of bad, not like she feels good at all, thought Stephen, anxiously watching his mother's pale face. But of course that was because he had brought up the time she fell down. He had stuck his big foot in his mouth and embarrassed her, and now she was in a bad mood. She was unhappy because he had spoiled her game. He must cheer her up so she would be bright and happy once more.

"Next summer," began Stephen hopefully, "next summer we will go to the big stream over behind Mister Carlton's property. That's where we ought to go because Ellen told me Joey Carlton found a gold nugget in that stream. I bet you could find a lot of wild flowers around there too."

"Yes, Stephen," his mother responded, her face suddenly all light again. "Perhaps we will go there next summer. Yes." Propping herself higher on the sagging backrest, she continued a little breathlessly, "The flowers there *are* beautiful. Your father and I used to go there, you know, when you were a baby. Ellen would keep you while we'd take long walks together. We went to that stream often, your father and I. It wasn't too far to walk and it was quite cool in the shade along the bank. And the flowers, the

brilliant orange ones on the other bank that last time. . . ." She was leaning forward now, straining toward the edge of the bed and peering at something through the window. "The lovely orange flowers. Your father tried, but he never quite. . . but see, Stephen, just see there," she interrupted herself in a different voice, with the little bone in her elbow making a popping noise as she anxiously propelled a wavering finger toward the window.

That other game again, thought the boy, and she always got in a bad mood after it was over. "Mother, your lungs," he said automatically, unthinkingly. "Lie back and rest your lungs." It was not at all what he had intended to say, but somehow it didn't seem to matter really. Things were a little confusing so that he never quite knew what he should say anymore. But his mother was very happy now and he thought maybe she would stay that way this time. He thought it was funny that people couldn't always be in a good mood. It was really funny though that now with his mother smiling there was not even a happiness in him, but only a vague emptiness: a sort of nothing feeling, an expectant blankness waiting to be occupied.

"My lungs?" his mother echoed, her trembling lips shaping the wrongness of the words. "Look through the window son, there where I am pointing. Aren't they lovely today? Your father so wanted me to have some. Do go down and gather them before dinner, Stephen. Some of the larger ones there by the hedge. They're such a brilliant orange, aren't they?"

The boy obediently clambered on his knees so he could get nearer to the window. This time his limbs felt strangely light, and he had the sucked-in feeling in his stomach that came when something grand was about to happen. Or when he was on the brink of something. And then it came, convulsively yet almost inaudibly it came, fluttering like an inane murmur from strange hollow caverns, insinuating its unwanted significance into his waiting ears, telling them its secret. Progressively louder then it came as though to vaunt its horrible mishapeness, slashing at him with its jagged ends, delivering, however brokenly, the irrefutable proclamation, *crying in this room at this moment the tale was told, and you will remember, for though the moment is broken and gone, the memory is forever.*



Bonnie Brinker

The laugh ceased as suddenly as it had begun, but the stillness that followed was electric with its meaning. Stephen hadn't understood either of the games, but the laugh was for the first time and he understood it and he knew at last that the games had been one, had meant one thing all along. The laugh turned his muscles into puddles, and his ears grew hot and sick with the sound and told him not to look through the pane. He looked instead at his mother, but her face became gauzy and seemed to melt and mingle with the lavender so that it floated uncertainly before his fear-filmed eyes. Then she seemed to recede from him, and he felt strangely disassociated as though everything were non-

existent except for his mind. It was almost bursting with awareness. But his senses were dumb and unknowing and they made him look where the finger was pointing, for they knew how to play the game.

Flattening his nose against the cool window-pane until he could not breath for the hurting, the boy saw that the stark silhouette of the hedge was beginning to relax and decompose, with the greenish glow melting into violet-gray as the essence went out of the day. A voice from somewhere was saying, "Yes, Mother, they are awfully pretty." The voice was not his and the words were wrong, but his mind was his and it knew.



Mythology

Patricia Armstrong, '62

*Though I use mentality,
I can't learn mythology;
It's confusing to the brain
And often leads to mental pain,
Gods of which there are not few
Have not one name; all have two;
Myths themselves, fantastic sure,
Are enjoyed if one endure.
Every time I think I've got it,
I forget which realm is whose;
When I turn the page to spot it,
I find all is under Zeus.
All the names are similar,
But none of them familiar;
Vulcan's wife was Aphrodite,
But maybe it was Amphitrite.
Jason killed his Dad one thinks;
Or was that Oedipus of the Sphinx?
Since I'm getting more upset,
I must stop instead of fret;
Taking Bacon's words of fate,
I will study and get it straight.*

The Alloy

Mary Anne Carter, '61

Evie Donât had constantly lived in two worlds during the period that I had known her. There was the verdant green of her marriage plain and the high, arid plateau of opposing evil, and between the two, a steep path lined with tear-stained bramble bushes and sharp stones of indecision. To an outsider her desert existence remained an enigma, a fool's choice. But Evie had found and had clutched the particle of value that dwelled there; for that I respected her.

Evie had suffered the pangs of a too perfect life with her devoted pianist husband and had sought the only escape she knew, a paramour. Her choice had been strange but in logical contrast to her husband. Thomas Powers was a lawyer with little to offer the tight arty circle in which we moved, and yet I caught the vision to which Evie had clung. The vanity of this man was coupled with a vitality that was overpowering. Evie had dismissed the vanity as merely an outgrowth of his extreme masculinity, but she had been truly stimulated by the vitality, cruder than she was used to but nevertheless an undisguised love of life.

The woman had languished in the idolatry of two men for a year, but the climax was at hand. By an ironic twist of fate Arthur Donât had met the lawyer in a restaurant and, like his wife, had immediately discovered the latter's forceful personality. An invitation had been issued to tonight's gathering, and now the question of Evie arose.

As a consequence my study appeared as a butterfly, seized and crushed between the harsh backboard of a display case and the shimmering glass which held her in position. Her beauty was unmarred, but if misused she would shatter and leave the collectors with only bloodless dust.

Evie drew near and began a discussion of literary form.

"Art exists in limitation," she quoted, but her eyes screamed that art was unimportant in the face of her life's destruction.

"I understand."

The woman trembled but dropped the rôle of dilettante at once.

"What am I going to do?"

As I studied the eyes etched with unshed tears, my heart constricted. Here was a creature trapped by opposing forces. In the lesser man she had found the trace of carnality which is the soul's supplement, while her husband was the source of her true spiritual nourishment. Where was the median?

Evie's love for her husband was nurtured by his sensitivity, and yet he seemed to her to lack the core of brute force that distinguishes a man from a woman. Thomas's strength, on the other hand, was devoid of tender control. It was a question of reconciling pig iron and vaporous carbon. Where was the tempered steel?

"They are talking," Evie said simply.

I glanced across the room. How few people in the crowded party knew the intensity of the conversation between the two men: the artist with sensitive fingers around a now empty glass and, in startling contrast, his companion with shortened stubs flicking a cigarette.

Three friends inquired about my new book. I released Evie's arm but dismissed them with a nod, a smile, a word. The larger man glanced at Evie and left, dunking his cigarette in a silver ash tray.

My host approached the piano and announced *Polonaise*. The room reverberated with the notes; power flowed from the fingers of the pianist. I wondered if Evie realized that the decision had been made for her— for better or for worse.

As I passed my friend I complimented him on his choice. An étude would not have done.

see here, hermes

becky bullock, '60



Joanna Dayvault

*how now my fine praxiteles
what skill was yours
why you must have had
more verve in your little finger
than all these others lumped:
my just look at your hermes there is that
the way you pronounce him so beautiful
isn't he (but is a man
supposed to be) with those
curly locks and that
downy cheek and that
fantastic*

Nose

*what high thinking what celestial ruminating
behind that facade quite as scintillating
as hard blue chisel gently titillating
newborn nerves of young white shining stone
could make it—what an organism grown
from what dead coldness just to stand alone*

*on pedestals and things
and coveted by kings
who worship you
as others do*

since you're above

them even

but wait a minute hermes do you have

to gaze so serenely from those

sightless eyes because they are

that way o yes you don't have

pupils—ha even if you do look like

say a greek god or

something you can't ever see

without pupils and by the way hermes don't think

that touch of arrogance is lost

on me i don't miss a trick

i see all and so forth i do

you know and what i see

this time i don't know

if i like

or not

*and so i think i'll leave your company
since after all hermes your manly charm
while heavenly to some is lost on me
which shouldn't do your ego any harm*

*because you're quite as lovely as you think
up there all wrapped in cool serenity
though not much else—which might cause one to blink
who thought you might perhaps need drapery*

*which you do by the way because
you must have seen hermes except
that's right you don't have
pupils that you just don't go around that way
these days and aren't you a touch
chilly but what's the use i can see my words
fall on deaf ears and anyway i did say
i was going*

*didn't i (but there's a cloak
right there on your own arm just
hanging there why
don't you but o well)*

*my parting words to you concern your might
don't squeeze young dionysus there too tight
o yes if that position makes you sore
do hand the poor lad what he's reaching for*

*and now farewell to you my hermes proud and cold
o why must you insist on watching me so smugly
it makes me shiver so i really think i'll go
where i can see things nice and warm. . . just a little ugly*

~

The Correspondence And Relationship Between Ellen Terry And George Bernard Shaw

Florence Nash, '60

From an inconspicuous birth in Dublin, Ireland, in the year 1856, George Bernard Shaw grew to gigantic dimensions to become hailed the world over as an immortal playwright, a molding force in social history, and a "character." Few personalities have aroused more fascination and controversy in the public than that bearded, eccentric, ingenious vegetarian, Bernard Shaw. Eight years before Shaw another name had its beginning: Ellen Terry, adored star of the English, and infrequently the American, stage. Miss Terry was also an acknowledged "character." Though aloof before her public, she was of warm temperament, passionate attachments, and in the course of her career married five men, the first when she was only fifteen. As Shaw once said of her, "If the man of her choice was free, she married him. If the marriage was not a success, she left him. She had many enduring friendships, some transient fancies, and five domestic partnerships of which two were not legalized." Of course these two personalities had a connection between them for the very fact that they were both deeply involved in England's dramatic and literary world; but a stronger association, one that enhanced the enchantment and individuality surrounding them, was the correspondence which they shared for twenty-six years. These hundreds of letters which poured between them are invaluable not only because they provide intimate insight into the lives of two great people, but also because they stand as record of one of the world's strangest love affairs: passionate, platonic, enduring, and entirely on paper!

In the years before Shaw reached his literary prime, he worked as a music critic, a job at which he was very adept and successful. He was a very vital man, with tremendous physical appeal for women; and he delighted in his appeal. Adoring women threw themselves shamelessly at him; he toyed with their affection with a never-ending stream of daring, intimate "small-talk;" and then, scorning their helpless emotion, he promptly forgot them. He left a wake of lifetime frustrations in his path, and he gloried in it. A typical affair of the heart for Shaw was his courtship of Miss Alice Lockett, his "first love." He wrote dangerously personal letters to her and startled and excited her by his violent, passionate words. Very deliberately he calculated so that his letters conveyed the near-incoherence of a young man hopelessly in love. When he had succeeded in his conquest, he stopped abruptly, leaving the unfortunate Miss Lockett puzzled, wounded, and forgotten.

Then one day in June, 1892, the famous Miss Terry wrote Shaw, asking him in his capacity as a music critic to give help to a young protégée of hers. The letter was short and formal, and Shaw's reply (negative) was equally formal, but the letters could not entirely hide the wit and intellect of the writers. Shaw, who was extremely fond of letter writing, saw the enticing possibilities of a correspondence with the fascinating Miss Terry, and wrote her again. She also had been attracted to the magnetism which shone in Shaw's words, and replied eagerly and immediately. At first, however, the cor-

respondents used business as a rather transparent excuse for writing. They discussed the possibilities of Miss Gambogi, the young singer for whom Ellen Terry had been so anxious to acquire Shaw's help. In spite of the obvious mutual delight in the exchange, Shaw began to feel that he was merely self-indulging, a preoccupation which the pressures of his work made awkward. For this reason he terminated the correspondence in July of that year until 1895.

During this first severing of the acquaintance, the positions of Shaw and Miss Terry changed. Shaw broke into the theatrical world with quite an *éclat*, publishing a play based on housing reforms which left London aghast and buzzing. He wrote two or three other plays, also, and was already well on the way to greatness. Ellen Terry changed only insofar as actresses must change, as her years increased and the age of dramatic heroines remained perennially young and fresh. She was still a shining pillar of English drama, however, and her work never slackened off.

Naturally, they were aware of each other's progress during this time, for they were in the same business; but in all the three years of working in and for the same theaters, they never met. Finally Shaw, having followed Miss Terry's plays avidly on the stage, taking in every detail of the slender graceful lady, decided that the time had come to begin the correspondence again.

Immediately they became fast friends through letters, finding in each other a sympathetic listener, advisor, coquettish flatterer, and friend. Their common absorption in the theater brought about long, detailed, profound letters interpreting minutely the acting or wording of a play. Shaw, who was a master of stage direction, wrote careful instructions to Miss Terry concerning a certain scene or passage, and some of these instructions have given us an unequalled insight into the psychology of these plays, especially those which Shaw himself wrote. Aside from pages of discussion about their work and ideas, the letters also contained a singular amount of loving, personal chatter, startling to the reader.

Early in their correspondence the celebrated two devised pet names for each other and wrote like impassioned lovers. This practice seems alien to the social code of the times, which it

certainly is, and highly improbable, which it is not. Ellen Terry was of the theater world, a world apart; and, in that isolated code of behavior, complete self-expression and lack of restraint was the norm. Rather than repressing emotions, actors hastened to play to the fullest every impulsive thought and feeling. Shaw, who delighted so in intimate exchange with women, responded heartily to this unusual recipient for his skillful and powerful flattery. "It was a classic controversy, waged with every weapon of wit and blarney, of skill and seductiveness, of baffled pride and wounded honor."

So it was that their "love affair" on paper began. Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw, both laden by work and longing for intellectual companionship, unburdened their hearts to one another and drew closer and more loving as time went by. And yet they did not meet! They lived within twenty minutes of each other and even passed each other's house once in a while; they glimpsed each other in boxes at theaters, or hurrying down the street, but they never exchanged words. They were building such a glamorous intellectual unity through the mail that they felt a physical meeting would send it crashing to the ground. More truthfully, Ellen, who was nearing fifty, was very much afraid of Shaw's disillusionment if he should see her devoid of the magic and music and make-up of the stage. Her youthful, vibrant personality which was revealed on paper belied the tired, pale face of an aging woman; and though her feeling for Shaw was deeply sincere, she was not certain that the perfect relationship could stand the strain of confronting Shaw face to face. As for Shaw, he evidently had the same thought, for he wrote, "But I . . . fear to break the spell: remorse, sentiments, all sorts of tendernesses wring my heart at the thought of materializing this beautiful friendship of ours by a meeting." And so they continued their strange affair, a correspondence which "was entirely platonic, a delightful exhibition of paper passion, carried on by two brilliant people who wrote to each other purely for pleasure, and quite deliberately did not meet lest their romance should be spoiled by reality."

In the height of the correspondents' closeness, Shaw was a rather lonely unmarried man, and Ellen was periodically shedding husbands and paramours, so that one cannot help wondering

why they did not fall in love completely as well as intellectually. Indeed, their affair was compared to the classic love of Dante and Beatrice, and was called an "intercommunication of dissociate spirits, a miracle of fastidious denial" between two people of life and desire. But Ellen's seniority by eight years, Shaw's independent stand against marriage and home life, and this already satisfactory arrangement which neither one would have the heart to discontinue, prevented any such move. Shaw's day was to come, however, as was indicated in his letters. He casually wrote to Ellen in August, 1896: "We have been joined by an Irish millionairess who has. . .cleverness and character. . .and whom we have incorporated into our Fabian family. . . I am going to fall in love with her. I love falling in love — but, mind, — someone else must marry her if she can stand him after me." His mention of this "green-eyed millionairess" increased with every letter, and eventually he made plans to marry her. He wrote to Ellen about his plans and asked her advice. Ellen expressed a desire to meet his fiancée, which frightened Shaw a little, for all his quixotic suavity, but meet they did. Shaw's soul-mate and confidant and Shaw's wife-to-be met in order to take careful measure of one another, in spite of anything Shaw could do. All went well, however, and they became fairly good friends.

On June 1, 1898, George Bernard Shaw and Charlotte Payne-Townshend were married, and Ellen sent the following note: "How splendid! What intrepidity to make such a courageous bid for happiness. Into it you both go! Eyes wide open! An example to the world, and may all the gods have you in their keeping." In spite of the gay platonic enthusiasm, there must have been a feeling of possession in Ellen's heart for the irresistible man, because she later wrote to Shaw: "Oh, I see you, you two, walking in the damp and lovely mist, a trail of light from your footsteps, and— I don't think it's envy, but I know my eyes are quite wet, and I long to be one of you, and I don't care which. — Why you dear precious thing, if you are not as happy as she, you are wasting precious time. But you are happy, aren't you? Tell me."

Yes, even after the marriage of Shaw and Miss Townshend, the correspondence continued, although at first in a somewhat more subdued

manner. In spite of that, and in spite of Mrs. Shaw's inevitable jealousy of Ellen Terry and other correspondents, Bernard Shaw remained happily married to Charlotte for forty-five years, although the marriage was completely without physical union. This ascetic marriage on the part of such a man as Shaw has been a controversial answer as to why he created this half sincere, half "courtly love" romance with Ellen, or at least why he continued it with undiminished fervor (after a brief spell of conservatism) after he was married. As one commentary on Shaw quoted,

"Think you if Laura had been Petrarch's wife, He would have written sonnets all his life?"

Regardless of his fame, or notoriety, as a speller of magnificently insincere lines, Shaw truly loved his dear Ellen. He wrote this, in a manner which the reader can only believe to be completely sincere: "I hereby testify that I, G.B.S., having this day inspected a photograph of Miss E.T., have felt all my nerves spring and my heart glow with the strongest impulse to have that lady in my arms, proving that my regard for her is a complete one, spiritual, intellectual, and physical, on all planes, at all times, under all circumstances, and forever."

The physical meeting between Shaw and Ellen had to come, eventually, inevitably, and it did. When Ellen became a grandmother, she defied Shaw to write a popular play with her as the heroine, which he had been intending to do for years and had done in a half-way fashion several times. The result was "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," in which, naturally, she played the featured role. After the first performance of this play, December 16, 1900, at the Strand Theater, author and star were presented to each other behind stage, in what must have been a frightfully tense moment. He gently kissed her hand—the only physical contact between these two devoted and passionate personalities. "When Ellen saw him for the first time. . . she was surprised to find the real Shaw a 'good, kind, gentle creature,' quite unlike the man of violent 'brainstorms' revealed by the letters." There is no record of Shaw's immediate reaction.

Immediately after the meeting, Shaw and Ellen broke off the correspondence for a long while; they did not write again until April 3,

1902. This evidently was because the meeting was a climax to the strange literary love affair, and the usual exchange of letters seemed grossly inadequate and inappropriate after the suspenseful event. When the correspondence was resumed it lacked a great deal of warmth and enthusiasm on both sides. "The heart is less apparent in that smaller part of the correspondence which belongs to the time following their meeting." Certainly the letters were fewer in number. The average from that time on was a scant three letters a year, and for a period of three years of the following twenty, there was no exchange at all. Some authorities surmise because of this information that Ellen's fears of Shaw's disenchantment came true, but no one knows.

Years passed, they both grew older, and Ellen Terry turned into a feeble, semi-blind old lady. At a lecture which Shaw happened to be giving

in London shortly before her death, Ellen managed to be present to hear his once precious voice. After the lecture, when Shaw was talking to a friend, Ellen groped her way toward him. Shaw turned, and a "look of great and tender kindness. . . came into his eyes when he saw the old lady, one of the darlinest women that ever adorned the stage." This was the last time that Bernard Shaw and Ellen Terry ever saw each other, for she finally died, old and peaceful, July 21, 1928, at the age of eighty.

She left a host of friends, of whom the most persistently devoted was Shaw. Of the strange and beautiful relationship, Shaw tenderly wrote,

"Let those who may complain that it was all on paper remember that only on paper has humanity achieved glory, beauty, truth, knowledge, virtue, and abiding love."

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Sunrise' Guest

Marietta Northrop, 60

*The morn is new, the air is sweet,
The sand, a carpet 'neath my feet;*

*The sea, a shimmering mirror, blends
With new-born sunbeams heaven sends;*

*A seagull soars through cloudless skies,
Knowing sure the place he flies;*

*At only this one time of day
The beach is seen this lovely way. . .*

*Those who think at noon it's best
Should be with me as sunrise' guest.*

The Trial

Mary Anne Carter, '61

"Will John Lee Corbett please take the stand."

Johnnie got up, stiffly favoring his right leg, his dark expressive eyes down-cast, and entered the small wooden section with the hard-backed chair where he was to tell these people and all the local world the agonies that were pent up inside his eighteen-year-old soul. He would not speak out of preference, but because this was a courtroom and he was raising his right hand in the face of Almighty God and swearing to tell the truth, the horrible, unforgettable truth.

To the company gathered in the sultry courtroom, his words would be facts, grim startling facts; but to the tortured boy they were the story of his world, his life. They would be torn from his heart, rushed past the permanent tightness in his throat, out from his dry lips, and would finally break the silence of the room in the strange, high-pitched tone that was no longer foreign to him.

Johnnie looked up in a moment and glanced at the gallery. It was filled with his friends, people he had grown up with, loved, or maybe even hated at one time or another. Yesterday he had been a fine boy in their eyes, honest, hard working at his service station job, worthy of his parents' love. But now he was a delinquent whose evil ways had finally overtaken him. Imagine taking that sweet young girl out and killing her, in that fast new car of his!

He looked over at his own and then at Janet's parents. Mrs. Youngstown was in a state of complete shock. What was she doing here anyway, he wondered, to hear the details of her daughter's death, straight from the lips of her assassin?

His own mother was calm on the outside, but he knew that inside she was probably repeating fervent prayers, prayers for him, for herself, for her place in the tight social world, for heaven knows what all. His father was the same as he had been since the accident, angry and cold.

All the people who made up the mob and waited impatiently for his testimony— or rather confession— ignored or did not know, perhaps,

the prime factor in his mind and in the whole situation. No one seemed to recognize the element that kept it from being a killing, a slaughter, and made it an accident, purely and simply. The crowd could not see the one thing that held his mind above the psycho-neurotic stage, that made him able to say in his despair, "Oh, God, forgive me for this thing I have allowed to happen," the simple feature that kept him apart from the angry thoughts of the people gathered there.

For he had loved Janet Youngstown, not in the child-like way his mother had suspected nor in the sensuous manner his father had so often hinted at but rather in a sweet, tender, unexplainable fashion that he had never experienced before.

Janet too had loved him. The thought of her now. . . . "Don't pay them any mind, sweetheart, any of them. I love you so very much; remember that always." And then she had died and so had a part of him, the most essential part of a man, the aesthetic qualities which most men keep deeply hidden beneath a brusque shell of masculinity.

As he remembered these things, the lump in Johnnie's throat grew until it seemed to possess his whole body. He could not speak, he could not face the explanation from himself to an alien mass. He felt the unshed tears well up in his eyes. "Oh, God, give me strength," he prayed and glanced about the room a final time before giving his testimony.

There, standing by the door, was the young minister. "Tell them," he seemed to say; "tell them what is in your heart, John; perhaps they will be more understanding than you think." The man smiled.

And so Johnnie told them. He told them with his tears and eyes and hands the story of the accident from beginning to end. Suddenly, it took on a new face; it became a tragedy. And to the crowd Johnnie became a man, a man in boy's clothing whom they took to their hearts and held there warmly and kindly.

L'Artiste

Becky Bullock, '60

M. LeBlanc is quite the thing
With his black beret cocked aslant in such taste
So carelessly dressed in his new grey smock
With its splotches of paint so carefully placed.

His face assumes a sage expression
When mention is made of Matisse or Monet,
For he knows all their failings and flaws,
Though how he deduced them one couldn't quite say.

The impressionists make no impression on him,
Nor the Cubists—he scorns the lot;
And one might almost question why
One painter of worth he knows not.

Yes, one might ask if it weren't quite clear
That to him these flagrant upstarts rank
Far below the phenomenal master of art
Whose name, of course, is M. LeBlanc.

He prates of commissions he daily rejects
From the beau monde and others of note;
It seems he would rather receive no acclaim
Than to such shallow subjects his genius devote.

Winking his eye with a knowing look
Whenever he's asked what his pictures portray,
He whispers, "You'll see!" with a hesitant air,
For so modest is he, he prefers not to say.

Whatever the project he undertakes,
This unique artist would never care
To unveil his work for mundane me—
Thus his studio is really quite bare.

But whatever the paintings he'll finally produce,
His fame may easily be foreseen. . .
(Before I leave, I must really ask
Just how he can keep his brushes so clean.)



Sharon Cate.

The Chapel

Nancy Siegling, '60

*As I walk in
I feel that I belong here;
There is no other person near,
Yet I am warmly greeted.*

*The room is oddly shaped,
But this seems right;
The walls are scarcely lit,
Yet there is light. . .*

*This is no ordinary house,
For something sacred seems to swell
The silence, so that music fills
The ceiling high above.*

*Some unseen force of goodness wills
That beauty in this house should move;
What is this wondrous thing that thrills?
I think it is God's love.*

Sonnet I

Lila Wolff, '61

*The world is dark and cold with wars and fears
And filled with those who curse this mortal life;
'Tis overflowing bitter, moaning tears
From those entrapped in webs of pain and strife.
I wonder as I gaze into the sky,
Is God so blind as not to see distress?
Does he not hear his children as they cry?
Oh God, why are you deaf to those oppressed?
And then God gives the answer unto me,
And for my blind despair I bow in shame,
" 'Tis faith and love that I do ask from thee,
For these two things are the essential frame
For release from trials and tribulations,
From heartache, blows, and battles between nations!"*

The Bus

Becky Bullock, '60

It was just that awful wart she couldn't stand to look at, else Allie thought maybe it might be a good thing to ride with Mister Hennessy. Really it might because it was cold out. But there it was and she couldn't not look at it because something about it made her eyes want to see, and they wouldn't budge when she tried to look away at pleasant things. No, she could not put up with that wart. Anyway Aunt Myra had said no.

"Ride, Allie?" the round white face was asking again, raising bald eyebrows into question marks.

"No sir, thank you just the same," she said as firmly as she knew how.

"Sure, Al?" went the nasal monosyllables again.

"Yes sir, I got a way." Allie tried hard not to look. But this time the face went away from the window, and Mister Hennessy hummed off down the street in his big two-colored car that looked like brand new except it was really second hand, so said Aunt Myra, who always knew about such things.

If you call riding the bus a "way," Allie grumped when the swooping clusters of crumpled leaves pricking her legs and the jagged fingers of wind snatching at the tightly clutched sheets of music made her remember how it didn't

always do to be too persnickerty. But then Aunt Myra had said not to do any such thing in the first place. Those were her exact instructions: do not accept the offer of a ride from anyone at all, Allie dear, for awful o terrible things happen more often than not, things such as you might never dream of and o you have to be extremely careful. Which was just like Aunt Myra. What would her aunt say if she had ridden with old wart-face. She would probably say why Allie how dare you call him such a thing since he owns half the town though not many people know it but he does and that makes all the difference. Which did not make sense. But Aunt Myra was awfully funny that way.

Suppose right now at this very minute somebody real important whisked up to the curb and asked her to ride. Suppose somebody real respected like for instance the preacher or somebody like that asked her. But maybe that was not a very good example really, since the terrible thing that would happen would be that the preacher would ask Allie why they hadn't been in church lately, and goodness she could not tell him how it was because he yelled so loud in his sermons that it started off Aunt Myra's headache all over again. That must have been the kind of thing her aunt was talking about. Anyway she had promised to do like she was told. She would ride the bus straight to her music teacher's house; she would be extremely careful of all the strangers on the bus and not under any circumstances whatsoever let them trick her into going somewhere else. Such weird ideas. But she had better do exactly right else it would be found out. Aunt Myra always found out everything.

Allie thought that if she bunched her bulky coat around her tighter it would shut out the wind, but she decided that no you can never shut out November because November is gray and brittle and cuts through anything at all. But of course it was just like her aunt to pick the coldest day of the year to be sick. And today of all days not to be able to take her to music. They were going to practice Christmas music today, and Allie wanted to learn "White Christmas." That was her favorite one of all. But the bus would be late and she would miss part of her lesson. Peering toward the end of the street Allie decided when she couldn't see the

bus coming that the thing was most likely going to be behind schedule.

Allie unrolled the sheets of music and fingered through them carefully, enjoying the bright pictures on the front of each one. There was "Good King W." whose name she could not pronounce, and "Silent Night," and "White Christmas" and . . . oh. Allie hadn't meant to bring "Deck the Halls." It went too fast and her short fingers couldn't keep up with the tempo. The metronome would be going clickelickelick and her teacher would be mad when she could not keep up. No, she should not have brought "Deck the Halls." Allie slipped the sheet from the pile, folded it once, leaned over and carefully slid it under the clump of wet leaves by the bus stop sign.

Straightening up, Allie wiped off the damp particles clinging to her mitten and looked up the street once more for the bus. It was not there, but she stood staring at the blank bit of space which would pretty soon be occupied by its bright yellow bigness. They have a green stripe around them too, Allie remembered when she was not wondering vaguely if when you cut off a wart would it ever come back. Like those painted turtles at the hobby shop only the colors were backwards. But inside, what are they like inside. Very ugly said Aunt Myra as she was not easy to please. Aunt Myra would be horrified if she knew about "Deck the Halls." Forty whole cents. So would her music teacher be horrified. What if she could not reach the cord when it came time to pull the bell and the bus went right on by her music teacher's house. And where did that quarter go. She better have it right ready.

Fumbling in the pocket, Allie's hand closed around the quarter. It's cold even through my red mitten she thought. It was time to get the quarter out because of the dark. The dark was coming over the top of the house across the street and pretty soon it would be over here. Allie wondered could you really tell by the shadows what time it was if you did not have a watch. But there it was coming over the hump of the hill! There all of a sudden was the squaling sound and pretty soon the yellowness, though not so bright as before because of the dark. But just as grand all the same.

Allie stopped her ears against the high squeel-

ing noise as the bus rolled up to the curb and the doors flew open. She thought how good that it finally came since she was awfully tired of standing. But then her eyes found the sign. Martin Street it said on the front of the bus. Martin Street. And her music teacher lived on Hawthorne Road. Maybe the next one she thought, backing away from the curb. Make this one go away. But the driver was peering out at her.

"You gonner get on, little girl?"

"No, I'm going to Hawthorne Road," said Allie. "My music teacher lives there."

"Well you just scoot up in here then and we'll take you to Hawthorne. We go lotsa places, y'know." The driver was laughing at her.

"But. . .the sign. . ." Allie faltered. Why was that man laughing at her.

"Never mind the sign. It don't mean a thing to you anyhow, because after Martin Street we're on to Hawthorne and lotsa other places. Now you climb in and don't hold us up any longer."

"No." Allie backed away. Aunt Myra had said go straight there. Not one word about Martin Street, wherever that was. This man was trying to trick her just like Aunt Myra said might happen. She must not let him trick her.

"Please, no?" Allie tried again. She wished for Aunt Myra to be there and make him go away.

"Well awright kid, but next time I roll around this way don't 'speak me to stop for you." The doors slammed shut, and the bus moved sluggishly down the street.

Allie let out her breath slowly and blotted with a mitten the single tear that had found its way to her eye. No. It didn't matter whether she was late or not. She was not going to be tricked after Aunt Myra had warned her. There had been no mention of any Martin Street. Who ever heard of trying to do a person that way. Pushing the quarter deep into her left-hand pocket, Allie furled the sheets of music into a slim role and clutched them tightly.

Proibly, she thought as she strained her eyes past the bus stop sign toward the fuzzy gray end of the street, *proibly the very next bus will be mine.*

Rime of the Sunburned Bather

Ann Hauser, '60

*Freckles, freckles everywhere,
With plenty of spots to burn;
I lay in the sun for three full hours,
But I forgot to turn.*

*My body was red from head to toe;
I know I shouldn't complain,
But third degree burns in every bare spot. . .
I've never felt such pain!*

*I couldn't bend; I couldn't sleep;
For Noxema I did cry,
But a million, million freckles
Burned on and so did I.*

*I learned my lesson the hard way,
And ne'er will I forget:
Apollo's sun burns one and all—
There is no special pet.*

A Perfect Doll

Becky Bullock, '60

*Miss Pratt, they say, is very fair,
With complexion of milky hue
And golden ringlets for her hair
And such wide eyes of such pale blue.*

*The pert Miss Pratt they all declare
A perfect doll — no doubt a clue
To what's behind that vacant stare:
Perhaps her head is wooden too?*

Big-Name Baby

Becky Bullock, '60

Just see Mary Marguerite Parkinson Slator

*peering brightly out
while propelled about*

in her latest-model perambulator,

*as poor plebeians plod along
and constitute a weary throng.*

Mary Marguerite seems quite a bit self-satisfied

(no doubt thinking that due to that classy name she gets to ride)

FREE

MARY NEAL BOLCH, '60

*They came to him on a cold dark night
And severed the bonds which bound him tight.
"You are free," they said, "enslaved no more,
Go climb the hills, go roam the shore;
Blot from your memory all trace
Of desperation's feverish face;
You are whole again, again you belong
To this busy world. Rejoin the throng!"
These words they spoke were all in vain.
He was not free; it was inane
To think that merely by breaking a chain
A man is able to live again.
A broken chain is not so dear,
For he was still bound by ignorance and fear;
Many days must pass, and years also,
Before a man who once was enslaved can know
The way to the freedom he longed for so.*



Emily Anderson

The Greenhouse

Florence Nash, '60

The rain began in heavy drops which brought hope of cooler air, then dashed the hope down into the dusty streets. Even the rain was hot. As the big drops fell harder from the muffling clouds low overhead, the drains began to trickle, and ran and gushed as if trying to purge away the desperate heat and dryness. Around the big porch, Emma's linden trees quivered and bent, the leaves rustling stiffly against the drops. Next door two windows slammed shut violently; the dust was settling—thank goodness for that.

The porch swing creaked as Will put down the newspaper and shifted his bulk with a soft grunt.

"Emma!"

"Yes, Will?" A thin pale face with large dark eyes appeared at the front bedroom window, then disappeared in the shadow of the room.

"My, this rain certainly is a sight, isn't it, Will?" Emma said brightly, opening the screen door and stepping out onto the porch. She wiped her hands automatically on her apron as she stood looking uncertainly at Will.

"Where's May? Go tell her to come out here and smell this rain, all this soil gettin' wet. Go get her out here to sit by me for a while." Will continued to look out over the yard as he talked, pulling gently on his ear.

"Yes, Will." Emma smiled good naturedly, then turned and went into the house, shutting the door carefully behind her. She reached to turn on the hall lights, because it was dark even in the early afternoon, then she went upstairs to find May.

May looked up from her magazine when she heard Emma's knock, ran her fingers through her short blond hair, and sighed, "Come in, Emma."

"May, Will says come out on the porch with him and smell the rain; he's been sitting there looking at the rain. It sure does smell nice. . . May, have you been eating chocolates again?

You know they're bad for you. You're going to get fat. Will wouldn't like a fat wife, would he?"

May rolled over on the bed and looked up at Emma, laughing so that her perfect little teeth showed, stretching her arms languorously over her head. "Emma, you foolish old maid, Will likes as much of me as he can get. It won't bother him if I get a little round."

Emma stared at her sister vaguely, then turned around so that May wouldn't see the sudden quiver of her lips. "Well, anyway, May, Will wants you out on the porch. I'm going out back to the greenhouse." She started out, then turned once more toward May.

"Do you think Mr. Sweeney will be held up by this rain? He'll be here this afternoon, won't he? My, I can't imagine what it will be like to have a strange man in the house. I do hope he's nice."

"Don't get so excited, Emma. He's not coming here looking for a wife." May lowered her eyelids and looked at Emma with innocent cruelty.

"Oh, May, don't say such a thing! You know I'm not thinking about that. Good gracious, what a thing to say!" With a slight pause to wipe her hands on her apron, Emma turned once again and left the room hurriedly.

The front room downstairs was all ready for Mr. Sweeney. Emma wondered as she passed his door if he would like a few yellow jonquils on the little table by the window. They would do some thing to liven up the old room, which had been empty for so long. Now there was going to be a man in it, living in it, sleeping in it. Emma suddenly changed her mind about going to her greenhouse and decided to go upstairs to her bedroom. It was time for the new man to arrive, and she wanted to hear him come in.

The window in her little room faced the backyard where the small greenhouse stood dripping in the rain, and she couldn't see the boarder ap-

proach. But if she left her door cracked, she would be able to hear him talking to Will and May. She put a chair by her door and sat down to listen.

May looked through the rusty screen door and saw the man walking up the muddy path to the porch. Will was getting out of the swing to greet him, and May noted with pride that Will's huge frame outsized Mr. Sweeney by a good six inches. Mr. Sweeney looked about forty-five, with a stocky build and iron gray hair. He was good looking, May decided, if you liked older men. She thought he probably knew his way around with girls, too. This might turn out to be a good idea after all, she mused. She wouldn't mind fixing two extra meals a day, considering the money they would be getting. She went out on the porch to join the men.

"Well, here you are. Mr. Sweeney, this is my wife May." Will put his arm around May and beamed, speaking louder than usual, mistaking volume for warmth.

"How d'you do, Mr. Sweeney. We are mighty pleased to have you come here; I hope you'll like everything here." May ran her hand over her hair to make sure it was in place, and smiled slowly, "We want you to make yourself right at home."

The man stood looking at her silently for an instant, then smiled politely and spoke, "Thank you very much. I think I'll find everything quite satisfactory. Are you two the only ones here?"

"Oh, no. I have a sister, an older sister, who lives with us. She's around somewhere."

"Oh, yes. Emma. She's here."

Mr. Sweeney looked from one to the other, then flashed his smile once more and said, "Well, if you'll show me to my room. . . ."

"Right this way, Mr. Sweeney. Yes, sir. Here it is right in front." Will stooped to pick up the suitcase and led the new boarder into the front room. May sat on the swing, pushed it idly with her toe, looked out at the steady hot rain and hummed softly.

Emma, upstairs, was carefully moving the chair back in place so it wouldn't scrape. It would be so embarrassing if anyone should think that she had been listening at her door. She looked at herself in the mirror that hung over her old, scarred bureau. She saw a vaguely

startled expression of dark eyes and thin lips in a thin face. Her shape was rather angular and long, so different from May's, and her dress didn't fit. She sighed and went downstairs.

"Emma, is that you? Will you start supper tonight? I'm tired, and Will wants me to go to the movies tonight," May called from the porch swing where she and Will were swinging and laughing. "We're going to eat supper earlier now that Mr. Sweeney's with us. He works nights sometimes at his office in the plant."

"Yes, May, certainly . . . May! You and Will aren't going to be at supper tonight? Are you going to leave Mr. Sweeney alone for his first meal with us?"

"Why, Emma. You'll be here to keep him company, won't you? You just entertain him tonight," said May with a little laugh. "You two won't need us."

Emma was standing in the hall by the stairs; she held onto the banisters with both hands and stared at Mr. Sweeney's closed door. She looked like a badly proportioned statue, like part of the stairs, and she remained still, her eyes glued to the door, her hands trembling slightly.

* * * *

Emma realized she had to go start cooking supper; she had put it off as long as possible. May and Will had gone to the movies a while ago, and supper was to be at six. Mr. Sweeney had not come out from behind that closed door since he had entered his room, and Emma still had not seen him. She had sat in her room, staring at her hands, and combing her hair furiously. She very rarely used make-up, but she toyed with the idea of putting on just a little lipstick. It made her look so much nicer, she thought, but how embarrassing if Will and May should return and see her wearing it. They would make funny remarks about her "man-hunting".

Probably Mr. Sweeney had a wife and children somewhere, or even a mistress! Perhaps he was a complete blackguard who had run out on a loving family, or beat his children. . . . Emma quickly took a tube of lipstick from its semi-hiding place in her drawer and applied it before she could change her mind. She studied the total effect in the mirror, smiled an uncertain smile at herself, and walked out of her room, down the stairs to the kitchen.

Sooner than she had expected, Emma had the meal ready, and she had no choice but to put it on the table. She went out into the hall and peered at the door, as if sheer will could make the man come out of his room. Then she realized she was going to have to go get him.

She wiped her hands, took a deep breath and knocked on his door softly; she heard nothing. Knocking harder, she heard the bedsprings creak.

"Come in, won't you?"

"Mr. Sweeney, supper is on the table. I thought you'd want it before it got cold." Emma's breath was coming faster with the effort of calling out to Mr. Sweeney, and, annoyed at herself, she fought to control it.

"Why, certainly. I'll be there immediately."

He sounds like such a nice man after all, thought Emma, and she returned to the dining room and sat thoughtfully, her hands clasped tightly in her lap.

* * * *

Later, Emma thought back many times to that night when she and Mr. Sweeney had first eaten together. She had planned in her room so carefully: she would be gay and charming with Mr. Sweeney, something she couldn't have done if Will and May had been there. Mr. Sweeney would smile and chat, and he would look at her the way men looked at May. She was afraid something had gone wrong with her plans. Mr. Sweeney was very nice, as she had suspected, and he answered her very quickly and politely, but there seemed to be something missing.

After supper Emma methodically washed the dishes and cleaned up, then she took off her apron and hurried out to her greenhouse.

Emma's greenhouse sat squarely behind the house, taking up most of the back yard. Through the dirty glass in white frames, a green flame of vegetation gleamed out at the neighbors, who stared at the building often, even though it had been sitting there almost two years. It was Emma's own: she had had it built with her own money. Of course, it was on Will's property, but Emma didn't dwell on that. She only thought about the green growing things rising out of the pungent earth, smelling rich and exciting as she walked among them. She reached here

and there to snip off a leaf or to tamp the dirt more firmly around a cutting.

It was dark outside, so Emma turned on the light in the greenhouse and shut out the night. She felt different in the greenhouse: warm and comfortable and sort of powerful. The rain had stopped a while ago, leaving the glass still streaked and running with raindrops, down the roof and off the edge with an occasional "plip" as they hit the ground. Emma looked closely at the collection of growing things and smiled with satisfaction. She saw a watering can out of place, and she hurried to put it right. She picked her gardening tools out of their box by the watering can, looked at them with pride, then returned them to their places with solicitous care. Emma walked slowly the length of the building, in a roomy walkway between the two rows of tables and wired-in sections along each wall. Greenhouses, thought Emma, have the most completely wonderful smell. She heard a sudden gust of sound against the glass walls and realized that the rain had come swooping back unexpectedly, pounding as hard as before.

"Well! Is this yours?"

Emma's heart stopped at the startling sound of someone's voice in her greenhouse, and she whirled toward the door, her eyes wide and fluttering. No one ever came to her greenhouse, but there stood Mr. Sweeney in the threshold. He smiled, shook his head slightly to get rid of the raindrops, and looked at Emma. "May I come in out of the rain? Am I trespassing terribly?" He was laughing at Emma with his eyes, and she felt her knees grow weak all over again. She looked at him and saw the interest in his face. His eyes flickered around the warm, green glass room appreciatively, then rested again on her. "Well, are you going to let me join you, or are you going to make me stay out here in this weather? I'm really not snooping: I was just getting some fresh air before bed when this downpour caught me."

Emma's throat ached, and for a moment she was afraid she had lost her voice, but she spoke finally, detached as if she were in a dream, "Why, please come in, Mr. Sweeney. Yes, this is mine, and I'd be delighted for you to see it. Do you work with plants, too, Mr. Sweeney?"

"Oh, I used to enjoy playing around with green things a bit. I haven't in a long time,

though. . . . This is a very nice greenhouse; did you do it yourself, Miss - - ah. . . ."

"Please call me Emma!" She bit her lip, sorry she had said it as soon as she uttered the words. She was being too forward. She hadn't meant to, but the man's presence in her private green world made her so nervous! She tried again:

"Thank you, Mr. Sweeney—ah, for your compliment—about the greenhouse. Yes, I did plant it myself. Had it built about two years ago. I - I do like to work with growing things, don't you?"

"It's a good thing to do, Emma. Plants can be almost like children, when you nurse them and groom them to be healthy and beautiful. You are responsible for their lives and well-being . . . it can be a substitute for other things, sometimes."

"Oh, Mr. Sweeney! I feel that way! All these plants are my children—" Emma closed her eyes and stopped herself, flushing red all over, sick with embarrassment. She hadn't meant to say that. She had slipped and said something to this strange man that she was embarrassed even to tell May. She made herself look at Mr. Sweeney, fighting tears of distress which were stinging behind her eyes. She saw him looking at her strangely, his eyes looking inside her, and an expression on his face as if he had just found the answer to something that had puzzled him.

"Emma," said Mr. Sweeney, "I wonder if you'd let me come out and work with you here sometimes. You could probably teach me a lot of things I've forgotten. It's been a long time . . ."

* * * * *

Two days after the evening Emma met Mr. Sweeney, he came out to the greenhouse to watch her work among her plants, walking beside her and offering only an occasional comment or question. He saw the spots of high red in Emma's cheeks as he moved near her, and the slightest tremble of her shoulders as he brushed her arm, and the sureness of her slim hands among the flowers. Mr. Sweeney saw a great deal, but he said nothing.

The next week, he and Emma spent an evening in the greenhouse again.

"How did you happen to build this place any-

way, Emma? Why not just a garden or something? Nobody has greenhouses around here."

"I - - I don't know, really. I think . . . Well, for one thing, I like to have it here whenever I feel like working, and not have to wait for daylight, or good weather. Mr. Sweeney, I appreciate your interest so much. . . ."

"Now, listen, Emma. Don't you think it's about time you started calling me George?" Emma looked up, startled, but Mr. Sweeney was smiling lightly and playing with a ladybug he had found on a leaf. "After all," he continued, straightening up and looking at her, "I'm going to take you out to supper, Emma, and it would be rather stand-offish of you to address me so formally when I buy you a good meal. I am not, you know, all that old."

Emma and George spent many hours together from then on. Emma tried not to think of the change that had come over her since George had moved into the house with them; she was afraid she would wake up one morning to find her life dull gray and motionless as before. She put on a little lipstick every day, and her cheeks took on a natural, shy pink. Her eyes were no longer large and startled: they were large and glowing. The slow subtle poison of her feelings and thoughts bottled within her for so many years was coming out gradually through contact with George, leaving a fresh, younger Emma. With a little conversation, looks and smiles, Emma laid in George's hands her most precious guarded self, almost involuntarily, and she prayed every night that his hands could be trusted to treat his gift gently.

Will and May spoke about it often:

"Will? You awake? Look down there. . . . Emma and Mr. Sweeney still tinkering around in that greenhouse. What do you reckon they're doing out there this late?"

"Well, if it was anybody but Emma, I could guess anyway, but I suppose they're just talking like they always do, or messing with those flowers. What would you think if he married Emma, May? Ha ha! Old Emma'd never live through it!"

"Will, you don't know. Emma might make somebody a real good wife, especially if he was sort of old, like Mr. Sweeney. He hasn't ever kissed her, though, so I don't guess he's planning to marry her."

"How do you know?"

"Know what?"

"That he's never kissed her."

"Oh," May thought a minute, "Well, I'm sort of around most of the time they're together, and I can see in the greenhouse, and I never saw him try when he had plenty of chances you never would have missed. Maybe he has once or twice, though. . . . I don't know."

"Well, let 'em mind their own business. It's funny, though, isn't it, May?"

"Yeah, Will. Goodnight, honey."

* * * *

After George's first eight weeks at the plant, the manager called him in and asked him to go to St. Louis for two days to attend some meetings on personnel management, with the possibility of a good promotion in mind. He was to leave on Monday and be back Wednesday afternoon. George was sitting on a box in the greenhouse, smiling at Emma, relating the whole conversation to her proudly. Emma, leaning over a shrub, laughed with shared pleasure, and turned

around so that George could see the pride in her eyes.

"Oh, George. That is wonderful. I'm so happy for you! What a marvelous opportunity!"

George was silent for a moment, and no longer smiling. "Emma," he began, and Emma saw he was not sure of himself for the first time since she had known him. "Emma, if I should be promoted . . . I'm not getting any younger . . . Emma, I would like to marry you!" He stood up suddenly, too nervous to remain seated. Emma felt her face drain of blood, and she began trembling with the old familiar nervousness.

"George . . ."

He put his hands on her shoulders very gently, leaned over and kissed her softly.

George left on the 10:20 train Monday morning for St. Louis, and Emma sat at the table in the kitchen with a cup of coffee, listening for the whistle as the train crossed the river, thinking about long-closed doors slowly swinging open.

Monday passed with interminable slowness.

Of Things Past

*A scrap of silk, a fine old fan
That once belonged to good queen Anne,
A sabre with its share of rust
Which made ten Yankees bite the dust,
Cobweb script on yellowed page
Proclaiming an upstart nation's rage,
All are icons of a creed
Whose god is age, whose Bible need
Only be an ancient book,
With a smug, sagacious look.
Heaven help you, one and all
If in antiquity's snare you fall,
Doomed to wander all your days
Through history's enigmatic maze.*

Elizabeth Mathieson, '62

After lunch Emma went out to her greenhouse, her comfortable refuge whenever her mind raced with confusion as it did now. She expected her plants to absorb her as before, but George had left his mark on the greenhouse so that it was no longer sufficient without him. She handled the faithful tools, but when she thought of George's hands on them, her mind wandered far from her work. There was so much to think about! George had said very little else to her after that night in the greenhouse, and she knew nothing. She thought about a house, or maybe just a room somewhere, such as George occupied now. She wondered if they would live near Will and May, so that she and May could visit often, comparing household duties, pleasures, and little problems. She would wait every day for George to come home from his office, and they could sit together and talk about their day. They wouldn't have a greenhouse, of course, but together they could raise little plants around the house and have a garden. Maybe they would have children. . . . Emma was a little afraid to explore that possibility too well. She knew so little; but she wasn't really afraid of anything when she remembered that George Sweeney had asked her to become his wife.

She went to bed early as possible, hoping that sleep would make the time pass more quickly. As soon as she was settled in bed, Emma realized she couldn't possibly go to sleep. Now that George was out of town, the reality of what had happened seemed untrue, and she spent more time thinking about it. She had not yet told Will and May, and she was torn between an unreasonable desire to yell it at them and laugh, and a lingering self-consciousness and doubt about their reaction. She thought about telling May in the morning at breakfast, but then she decided to wait until George was with her, so they could break the news together. When Emma finally fell asleep, she dreamed about the greenhouse with George in it, full of light, the door open, filled with fragrant, brilliant flowers of a strange and unknown origin.

Tuesday was brilliant and hot, with a deep blue sky. Emma helped May clean the house most of the day, then they sat on the porch and watched people walk by. Emma fanned herself occasionally with a newspaper and looked at the sun going down; May sat in the swing, humming

to herself in the rhythm of the swing's motion.

"Emma, do you know what time George Sweeney's getting back tomorrow? I don't know about fixing supper for him."

"He's coming back on the 4:30 train, so he'll be here in plenty of time."

"Know right much about his doings, don't you? What's he gone for?"

"Oh, he's gone to some important meetings in St. Louis, that may get him a promotion at the plant."

"Well, well! You can't ever tell, he might propose to you now! How'd you like to marry Mr. Sweeney, huh?"

Emma kept rocking and fanning, smiling secretly at the red glow in the sky.

How Wednesday passed Emma couldn't remember, but it was an endless day. She had made up her mind to tell her sister and brother-in-law at supper Wednesday night, when George would be there. At four-thirty sharp, she began looking out the window for the familiar stride down the street. At five-thirty she told herself that the train must have been late. Across from his empty place at the supper table, at six o'clock, she could hardly see for the tears which kept unexpectedly filling her eyes.

Washing dishes after supper, Emma broke a plate on the floor. The sound of shattering china made Emma cry out involuntarily, her nerves on end. She looked at the plate, then whirled and ran out of the kitchen up to her room, where she could release the heaving sobs that she felt coming on like nausea. She lay on her bed, shaking until the springs creaked. The ceiling blurred and wavered through her tears, and she felt like a rag being torn in two.

What has happened to me, she thought. What has happened? How did I get here, crying on this bed? I want to die, I want to die, I want to die. She moaned and turned over, burying her face in the pillow, wondering if she would smother. I don't really know anything about him, she thought, he never told me anything about himself, really. He took everything from me, all my thoughts, and left me nothing in their place. Where has he gone?

Emma heard in her mind the whistle of George's train as it had crossed the river Monday morning. From the horizon she heard a low rumble of thunder in the night heat. It's going

to rain tomorrow, she thought automatically. She lay still finally, her body motionless, her mind numb, her eyes staring into the pillow.

Emma thought the sun was late coming up; she had gazed through the window, waiting for light, then she realized it was raining. She tried to focus her senses, and she heard the steady, oppressive drum of hard rain. Rain, rain, the same rain that was falling the day their new boarder came to town.

Emma rose stiffly, still in her dress, and went into the bathroom at the end of the hall. She looked in the cabinet for the sleeping pills she used when she had her headaches. She looked out on the rain pouring noisily down on her greenhouse in back, making little rivulets in the dirt around the building. With a sigh that shook her whole frame, Emma reached for a glass and slowly filled it with water for her pills, toying with the idea of going out to the greenhouse to do it.

Downstairs the doorbell rang, and May open-

ed it to see a dripping wet young boy on the porch with a yellow envelope in his hand.

"Telegram for Miss Emma Harrell."

"Oh, I'll take it, thank you. I'm her sister."

"Yes, ma'am. You'll have to sign for it here."

May walked quickly into the living room and opened the telegram with careful fingers. She hated to pry, but Emma was still asleep and wouldn't mind what she didn't know. Her eyes widened, her lips moved as she read the message to herself:

"Emma, dearest lady. So sorry to be away from you an extra day, but necessary. Have got promotion, raise, and papers for marvelous little house in St. Louis. Bonus: even tiny greenhouse in back. I love you."

May took only a second to get herself together again. She laughed first, with the sheer shock of realization. Then, happiness for Emma filling her heart, she turned and ran hurriedly up the stairs to wake her up.





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St. Mary's Junior College

BULLETIN . . . 1961



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A FAREWELL MESSAGE

MARY ANNE CARTER '61

If I were to select one main error in my own writing and that with which I have had contact while I have been at St. Mary's, I would automatically choose lack of objectivity. It is far too easy for young college and pre-college writers to limit themselves to realms of their own experience for any exciting originality to evolve. Depression is the most frequent theme — usually stemming from post — love affair melancholia. Or for the dreamer there may emerge an unrealistic ideal situation of love and life. Long languid words are used to create trite images of over emotionalism.

Why does the average student at St. Mary's and other schools of the same general type — with a real flair for writing — create an extremely creditable exposition on Hamlet's tragic flaw and then in the next breath emit an over-done illogical expression of personal pressures. When the Graveyard school emerged from the neoclassical stocks of Pope and Dryden, they did not initiate subjectivity carried to an extreme; the 'egotistical sublime' accredited to the Later Words worth is surely even more applicable to modern writers.

Let us not limit ourselves to adolescent areas of thought! Read with daring; think with daring; write with daring. The worlds of unexplored experience are too thrilling to be overlooked. But lest I be accused of advocating too precocious a literary attempt for the St. Mary's girl, let me conclude this message with a suggestion that we all work up to areas of real imaginative writing by slow degrees. Rome was not built in a day — but neither was it built by eclectic and lazy artisans.

WRITING: A Measure of Tranquility

MARY JANE DEADWYLER '62

Tranquility, the measure of calmness of mind, is sought by many and attained by few. Tranquility, stressed as the truest virtue of womanhood, (so stressed,) seems so difficult for many of us to attain. When is there a moment in our converging universe for us to find peace or to enjoy beauty? Many of us, however, find this peace through self-expression. Through creativeness here at St. Mary's we may find a new freedom and a new sense of value. Our modes of expression may differ and whether these are represented by music, art, dance, dramatics, or by hard work, we find a new portion of ourselves. Creativity belongs not only to the dreamer. Is there one of us here who can say that she has never felt the desire to dance, to draw, to act, or to write? The latter seems the most unlimited form of self-expression. The desire to write is neither a blinding flash of genius nor a compelling mood. Writing is simply an appraisal, whether of self or surroundings, of dreams, hopes, or fancies. It may be the most honest and yet the most fanciful form of self-expression. And it is the freest! To capture a day, a belief, a rainbow, a mood, a fond image or an ideal takes only three simple ingredients: a pencil (some) paper, and an idea. Through the method of self-expression comes tranquility, a sense of calmness, and a sense of peace.

We at St. Mary's are given unlimited opportunities of self-expression. We all have the opportunity and the talent with which to develop into women who will shape the future, not only of our children, but of the world. Our high ideals are important, but our personal fortitude and peace of spirit are also necessary factors to the attainment of our individual goals. Through creativity may come our tranquility and I sincerely hope that our *Muse* of St. Mary's will be, in the coming years, both an instrument of pleasure and advancement to those who seek to express themselves through creative writing.

To An Ancient City

KAY VALE '63

*Hasten, hard feet,
You know too well
These stones that gnarled and roughened you,
The bonds that bound you broken lie,
As you make your way from the city.*

*Wander, feet,
In nonchalance and apathy.
The blood, the wine,
The chalice, the shield
Have sunk beneath the ruins.
The shock of screaming soundlessness
Crumbles what is left.*

*Flee, sandaled feet,
On stones you never touched before,
As you were litter-borne along the streets.
Some irony will keep you here, the rat and you,
When others have fled beyond the gate
Into the Campagna.*

*Push on feet.
Barbaric and destructive, you thunder on the catacombs.
Bruise the stones.
The chalice will rust; the shield will shine;
The age will cry beneath you.*

*Rest, dancing feet.
The bacchanale was ended while you dizzied 'round the room.
Flames replace the lute, blood replaces the wine,
Ruined is the marble where you danced.*

Election Day

Mary Anne Carter '61

The convention was held that year in a large grove of Elm trees in the Midwest. The birds had gathered there from all points of the kingdom. They were fairly evenly divided as to swans and geese, with an equal percentage from each section — save the South with its preponderance of swans. Scattered among the plump, well-filled forms of the swans and the sleek leanness of the geese were a few crows. These were largely distinguishable by their harsh caws — and of course their color.

A particularly pompous looking swan flew to the center tree and perched near the top.

"Welcome friends", he slowly honked, "welcome to this 26th annual convention. This year we hope to elect a new and capable leader from among our flocks to fill the coveted position of the head of birdland."

There was a general flapping of wings.

"We have representatives here from all sections of the kingdom. This year I am particularly honored to welcome two Penguin delegates."

More flapping and an inaudible 'thank you' from the base of a far tree.

"I would like to hear a few words from delegates of each section if possible, so that this election may be considered fair and square. The age of grovism and nest pressures is past. . ."

Sudden flapping interspersed with caws was heard.

"It no longer matters in this day and age where a bird was hatched, whether he be swan or goose, whether he eats sunflower seeds on Fridays, or which leg he stands on to roost." — Immediate assent at these profundities — "With these ideas in mind, let us weigh and consider the attributes of our swan and goose candidates and cast our feathers with the fate of the whole of birdland in mind."

Another bird flew to the center Elm and perched beside the first hisser. He honked monotonously for an extended time out of one side of his bill only. He quoted truisms; but many of the birds, particularly the old guard Southern swans, sensed idle platitudes. At length his position was yielded to a young goose from the Midwest whose abundant feathers enhanced his appearance and his fiery speech was a worthy herald to the incoming candidate.

"The last bird leader", he warned, "blandly, but falsely, hissed of the prosperity of birdland. Birds cannot fly on wax wings — idle promises

will not fill empty stomachs, renovate slums, increase classroom capacities! Swans and geese alike must strive to face reality and make birdland the best of all possible worlds, as they exist or have existed in the past in bird dreams across the sea."

There was wild flapping and rustling of branches. The supporters of the lame duck nursed their bruises and eagerly awaited the next flock leader. A swan with a sadly pitted face flew to the center tree. He referred to the dead period of 100 years before when a lanky goose from the west had ruled during the grave split in birdland. This goose had warned against a nest divided; the present hisses applied the analogy to the entire world.

A few trees over a swan and a goose hissed and honked at the flock leader's reference to the split.

"The nest was not permanently divided", the southern swan reminded his limb mate, "but it was jumping from the hawk's claws into the vulture's. An oligarchy of the most odious geese legally usurped the swan power and by due process of claws, wings, etcetera nullified the swan rule. There was brief control by the most loathsome and uncultured geese imaginable, but this was followed by a reasendence of the swans, thank heavens."

"Yes" his northern companion honked sardonically, "and you swans have been content to paddle listlessly in your now muddied ponds ever since — wishing for the return of the blackbirds to tidy your lily plants."

"Perhaps", the swan answered, "But our consciences are free from the stain of exploitation of geese — many of whom came from across the sea — to run elaborate machinery."

"Hah" his companion was piqued by the blow below his wing. "How can you, a southern swan, dare to accuse us of exploitation? What about your enforced servitude of the blackbirds? Besides, we needed the birds to run and manufacture our machines for processing oil for swan feathers, emptying the swan ponds, and cleaning the kernals from the grain. Besides, didn't we improve the condition of the poor birds?"

The noise of the two birds caused several bystanders to stare at their rudeness. The main speaker had progressed to the benefits dropped upon birdland by the lame duck and his colleagues.

"He was chosen for his battle experiences. . ."

"And that was all," Threw in an opponent from the rear.

"And he used this knowledge to stop the foreign threat of the yellow-bellied sap suckers with whom his predecessor had gotten us involved. He also kept us out of divers other foreign involvements."

A goose in a tree behind the swan flew up from his perch in great agitation.

"What about the incident over the narrow channel linking two seas? Rather unnerving, wasn't it? To the extent that the leader withdrew to a country estate for some private swimming."

The main speaker diplomatically ignored the comment. He proceeded to the subject of the generous cuts the friends of the lame duck had made in the grain allotment paid to the bird leaders for general improvements in the bird kingdom. He also hissed about the price of the defense from foreign threats such as had occurred some years before with the invasion of the bird kingdom — an outlying district — by the hawks and mockingbirds. The need of this defense had lessened after the conclusion of hostilities. Even though the main extent of this war was fought in foreign groves, it had involved many birds and much material from the swans and geese.

"We have moved into an era of prosperity under our last leader. . ." he continued citing examples to prove his point.

"Aura, not era," corrected a goose on the back limb of the same tree to a companion. "We are flying for a fall now, just as we were before the great famine."

"Heaven forbid", echoed a greying swan beside him who remembered the decade before the second great war, when there was scarcely a kernel of grain for swan or goose. "In a way that was the great leveler", he hissed frankly to his companion. "We were all in it together . . . just one big starving flock."

"Yes." The goose was not offended. "The famine and the war . . . that was when you realized that we geese made as good generals as you swans."

The swan laughed. "And then we even condescended to elect one of you for our leader. Aside from the normal post-war graft, he and his flock flew a straight path."

"The problems that bird had," the goose honked pensively. "We were plagued with drought and low prices in our grain business and the sparrows and others wept from across the sea fleeing the hawk-induced desolation of their lands."

"He settled the problems well by burying tons

of grain, but it certainly hurt the poor consumer like me," noted the swan.

"Yes, but no solution is perfect. I'm sure the leader's Secretary of the kingdom scarcely realized he was sowing the wind with his relining of the nests overseas."

"You mean the scarcity of specie here at present?" hissed the swan.

"That's right . . . and then this daffy plan of the lame duck to keep bird families apart. My fledgling-in-law flew over to the land of the Mockingbirds and my girl fledging can't join him. How am I expected to have any grand-fledglings?" Both the birds laughed.

The swan in the center Elm tree was apparently satisfied that he had presented every laurel of the lame duck's stay in office for he flew down to a lower branch. Now came the lengthy honks and hisses about the qualifications of the candidates. The first nominated was enigmatic and disguised; anyone but a zoologist would call him a hybrid. With the manicured feathers and assured carriage of a swan, he outlined extensive panaceas for the plight of the geese. There were honks of a new day for the blackbird, especially if flying with friends of the proposed leader. The aging swans would be considered in the light of greater nest aid programs.

"A veritable robin-red-brest", commented a bystander, "Robbing the rich to feed the poor."

"We must press on to new frontiers" hissed the advocates of the young Northern swan. One enthusiast brought in the candidates family. "Some critics honk over our candidate's sire as an opportunist but I say that it is birds of this calibre who keep birdland flying."

"Opportunist and then some", honked an old goose nearby. "He speculated on the end of the ban on suet and then cornered the franchise for overseas imports . . . claimed it was for medicine. And that is not to mention the purchase of the midwestern market place which is now managed by his fledgling-in-law and brings in more yearly than its purchase price."

"Don't be bitter, dear," his wife chided, "remember the spirit of free enterprise."

"There are those who whip with their wings the foreign heritage of our candidate but I claim that the one who reaches the top from under the handicap of not being native hatched is to be commended," stated a supporter.

"Bah", was heard, "the golden bird's grandfather was a conniving flock boss."

At length the squaking shifted to the goose who was to oppose the first-named candidate. Here was flying evidence of the poor-geese-

made-good ideal . . . an honest duck who had flown side by side with the lame duck.

"Experience counts", his friends honked, "the right leg stance of our candidate is essential in keeping birdland flying straight."

"Peace, peace, peace" other advocates stated, "and the extension of the policies of birdland."

The first candidate's helpmate was a *parvenu* goose with a loud quack and fancy feathers. His supporters liked the contrast of goose and swan, south and north, right and left leg stances, hard-core sun flower seed eater and Friday abstainer. The second candidate's helpmate was his foil also. From his North eastern mahogany tree he was in great contrast to the proposed Western leader.

The convention was split fairly evenly over the two candidates but the final vote put the swan at the head of the flock-family of birdland. Would the kingdom be split or unified after such a close flight? Would the signs of a possible second famine become realities? Would the Eastern foreign vultures engulf birdland with their ideologies? These would be answered only by posterity and then perhaps, for the young swan, posthumously.

SOMEWHERE

Suzanne Miller '64

Somewhere in my small world there is an unusual tree. A tree with branches sweeping up, reaching for some unknown beauty, and with branches swooping down, giving their shade and freshness to the parched summer earth. The trunk is gnarled and twisted with many a season's weight, and is bent down by the load of its limbs. This tree has a lovely quality: the way that it reaches its topmost branches upward. I think it is looking for life. Though the years and nature's forces have bent its trunk and burdened its limbs, the tree still reaches up, even as the darkness of life tries to drag it down, away from great deeds and little thoughts.

In the fall this tree's leaves turn brilliantly scarlet, full of the epitome of all man. It stands out above all the other trees and lives, not because its leaves are so bright or painted with such an *epos* of color, but because the scarlet is different. It is not a vivid red but a color of depth and dignity. It seems that nature has bestowed upon this tree solemnity yet true understanding, beauty yet humility, and joyfulness yet moderation.

In winter the leaves are gone, but it stands proudly, with its branches still reaching upward to heights unknown to me. With its green beauty gone, the tree is even mightier. The strength of its black limbs has a will all its own. Its powerful majesty is overwhelming and it is headstrong and beautiful.

In spring my tree bursts forth unequalled happiness. Green leaves come again to dress it in unparalleled grace. As the days go by and my tree becomes greener and fuller it brings a spirit of questioning.

It is summer now and standing below the tree, I look up through its leaves and branches to the deep aquamarine sky and try to see beyond the clouds, a vain attempt.

A WAX FLOWER
JUST SITS THERE WITH
NO FRAGRANCE AT ALL
AND SAYS VAIN WORDS
TO ALL THE WORLD.
SO IT IS WITH WHITE
WAX MEN.

SUZANNE MILLER '64

TRIAL

Kaye Vale '64

The old black limousine of the sheriff of Bright's Corner was making its way slowly through the unfamiliar territory. The sheriff's clothes were wet with perspiration. He was hunched over the steering wheel, watching the dirt road carefully and trying to avoid the deepest ruts. They were going so slowly that the dust of the dry road billowed in through the open windows of the car.

The face of the Negro who had come in this morning haunted the sheriff. His name was Jim, and he was well known around Bright's Corner. The old man would come into town on Saturdays with a big collie, obviously well-cared-for, trailing behind him. Children of both races would gather around him, pet his dog, and listen wide-eyed to his ghost stories.

One day a little girl had darted out in front of a car, trying to keep up with the dog and the other children. Jim had been quick. In leaping out to get the child, he was almost hit himself. He had taken the child back to her mother in his frail old arms, gently setting her down and brushing off her dress. The sheriff remembered it vividly. But this morning Jim had come in almost wild-eyed. There was something funny about the whole business.

The coroner, Guy Blake, who sat beside the sheriff, coughed and sneezed as the dust came in. "Don't you think we ought to roll up the windows, Ralph?"

"Good Lord, no," was the sheriff's irate reply. "We'd suffocate."

"I didn't know that Cartwright lived out so far. It's mighty lonesome out here.

"If the road weren't so bad. . ." The oppressive heat magnified even small irritations.

"Well, it can't be too much farther.

"Ten miles from the highway.

"You don't say!" the coroner answered. He mopped his round face with his handkerchief. "That's a lousy life, being stuck off up here fifteen miles from town, and a cripple too."

"The nigger came into town every Saturday to get food and stuff, him and his dog," the sheriff explained.

"You mean that old nigger and collie that hung around town on Saturday lived out here with Cartwright?"

"Yeah."

The coroner seemed puzzled. "I thought he had a wife."

"Who, Cartwright? His wife died a couple of years before you got to be coroner. She used to come into town with the nigger. She was mighty pathetic looking. They say Cartwright mistreated her bad before she died."

"Unh," the coroner shook his head sadly, then looked questioningly at Ralph. "Wait a minute! If he was a cripple. . ."

Ralph interrupted, "He was a devil. He exercised his arms until he could do almost anything. Thank the Lord we finally got here."

Ralph swung the car around into the drive, cut off the motor, and sat staring at the house. It wasn't much more than a deserted shack. No grass relieved the intense bareness of the yard. A dead twisted tree was beside the pump.

Ralph spoke, "I remember now, I came out here once about some property. He was sitting in his wheelchair over by the pump. He was killing chickens, wringing their necks."

"Yeah?" the coroner queried.

"Oh, I don't know, there was something about the way he did it. . ."

"Well, let's get on with this business. The sooner we get back into town the better."

The two men got out of the car and started toward the house.

"Tell me again what the nigger said," Guy demanded. "He must have said something about the gun."

"He did, I told you," Ralph answered a little impatiently. He came in early this morning. He was real upset, I could tell. He said he'd been out in the shed working on the truck when he heard a shot. He ran in the house and found Cartwright dead in the chair. The gun was on the floor. He said he was so scared he didn't know what he'd done with the gun, but that he'd left the body just like it was."

"Well, it's a clear-cut murder as far as I can see," Guy said knowingly.

"That nigger wouldn't kill anything, Guy. Look at how he loves that dog."

"Still, shut up out here with Cartwright all these years. And if Cartwright was as bad as you say. . ."

"Well, let's look for the gun now. The trial

will be later. The undertaker'll be here to get the body in a little while."

An unpleasant aura of poverty and death covered all the rooms of the house like fine dust. When they stepped from the porch into the living room, a board creaked loudly.

"Where's the bedroom?" Guy asked.

"I guess it's over here."

They stepped through a low doorway. The body of the dead man was by the window, slumped in the wheelchair. Conquering the distaste he always felt in the presence of the dead, Ralph stepped forward. Guy hesitantly followed him. The gun was not on the floor by the body. The two men ransacked the room and searched the other rooms thoroughly, but the gun was nowhere to be found.

Finally Ralph said, "This looks pretty hopeless. You look up in the attic where the nigger stayed. I'm going out to the yard."

As Ralph walked out the back door, he heard Guy call, "It's not up here, but I'll look one more time."

Shaking his head, he walked on out into the yard. There were great black clouds in the sky now. The road would be a mess getting back if it rained.

Suddenly he noticed the patch of ground between the tree and the pump. It looked as if it had been freshly dug, and a spade stood against the tree. Quickly he grabbed the spade and began to dig. The horrible order of decay struck his nostrils. There it lay, the body of a dead collie dog. It couldn't have been buried more than two days. From the twisted position of the head, it looked as if its neck had been broken. Ralph, almost sick, turned away from the horrible sight. And there, on the base of the pump, lay the gun.

The sheriff stood still for a minute. Doubt and indecision flickered across his face. He thought of the collie, always brushed and shining, lovingly tended by the Negro's gentle hands. He thought of Cartwright's bulky arms, and the chickens, squawking as they died. He thought of the frail, stooped wife, older than her years. He thought of the little girl, saved by a quick, decisive action.

He threw the gun down beside the body of the dog, and then swiftly began to pack the dirt in again, pausing only to wipe the dust and perspiration from his face with the back of his hand. When he had finished, he looked at the grave, soon to be concealed by the rain.

Blake came out, looking up at the dark sky. They could hear the hearse coming. Blake shook his head. "I guess you'll have to let the nigger go. I wonder . . . That road'll be a mess getting back."

Exam Week

LILA WOLFF '61

*I could not dream, as thought gripped then my
mind,*

Nor futures see in each perspective kind;

Engulfed with shadows of the pressing day

Realities of preponderance ridden gray,

I held my temples,

And mankind I cursed.

From the Depth of Homer's Method

MARY JANE DEADWYLER '62

My clammy hands a pencil grip,

My bulging temples swell.

My tongue, it licks the pencil's tip,

Things just aren't going well.

My head around with figures spins,

And 'round and 'round it goes.

This graph will not come out a'right,

It bends where it should bow.

It bends where is should bow, my friends,

That's not the only thing —

Those little dots begin to look

Like vultures on the wing.

They're coming at me thick and fast

But I will play it cool,

And come the sixth month of this year,

Carolina summer school.

SUMMER SUN

Mary Anne Carter '61

The heat rose in waves from the peanut fields and gave a distorted effect to the plants. One couldn't see the peanuts but everyone knew they were there, under the dry leaves and even drier soil, just as everyone knew the pickers were there. This was Georgia; these were peanuts; and nearby were the Negro pickers.

"You suppose he picks at his age?" The woman in the red car asked.

"Most likely. Those look like good goobers. Look, Maud, at the little one!"

"Can't see him . . . wish you wouldn't drive so fast."

The little one watched the car go past and waved a dirty hand; he rarely saw cars here. Once they had gone to the city and he'd seen lots of cars but none of them were red.

"Suppose they're city folks, Gan'pa?"

"Mor'en likely. . . looked right kindly . . . most folks are good in this world . . . if they go to church. Look at that toad, Rufus . . . you'd think it'd most be too hot out here for them; never can tell about frogs, though."

Effie saw the old man and the boy and wondered what they were looking at in the field. The field meant money to her but she'd never found anything out there to look at, especially in the hot summer sun. Once she had gone out there one night with James and for a moment had forgotten the heat, and even the peanuts. And then soon after she'd taken up with him in his house: she and Baby Rufus and Gran'pa. But now that was long past and Rufus was most too old to hang on Gan'pa so . . . too old not to be picking and sorting the boss man's goobers.

"Rufus . . . Gran'pa . . . Dinners most ready, so come and wash up."

"Gran'pa", the young face looked up, you reckon we're having ham biscuits?"

"Don't know". The old man smiled because he'd smelled them cooking earlier and knew the pleasure they would bring. Effie was a good woman . . . fine cook but she didn't love enough or maybe the wrong things. It'd been a week since she'd last kissed Rufus; been too busy, he guessed. And James . . . a good looking nigger but always looking for the rainbow: more money, nice clothes . . . wanted a television now . . . never had time for the things of a good life, like ham biscuits.

They were sitting around the orange crate eating when the pain came the first time.

"Gran'pa", Rufus cried and ran to the old man. "Are you ailing?"

"No, I aint sick". He longed to hold the child close but didn't dare as James felt he made too much of him as it was.

"Papa?" Effie said.

"Hush and eat your food which the Lord hast provided. "The pain was better now.

"Heard a man talk in town today," James spoke, "talked about voting. Didn't understand much of what he said but folks sho did clap and holler."

"Preachers say good things", Gran'pa added, "but they don't talk out in the town heat . . . got sense enough to stay inside."

"Gran'pa", Effie chided.

"Did you see that red car today, Papa?" Rufus asked.

"Yes sir, that was pretty . . . sure would like one."

The old man didn't know whether the pain came from inside or out the second time. His leg hurt him but his heart was bad too. . . almost like from what James had said about wanting that new car. . . putting sech ideas into the baby's mind. He got up and went over to his bed. As he lay down his fingers felt the quilt that his wife had made for their wedding. She had been a good woman, always loving and laughing. . . cooing over the babies as she nursed them, telling them about Jesus. She always said He was so kind and they must be too and if they were hungry, Jesus knew and wept. And when Effie came, Ruby died. Jesus wept then too; he was sure of it.

Effie covered the old man and felt real tenderness when she saw that he'd been holding on to the quilt like he was afraid he'd lose it.

"That all he's got", she thought, "that and Rufus."

James was still talking about the red car when Effie cleared the table.

"Red cars and speeches and not a minute for Gran'pa", she worried and for the first time almost felt anger toward her husband. She washed the dishes and knew the tiredness she had lately felt after dinner. How she wished for a

new little one. . . another baby before Gran'pa left them. If she could only pray hard enough!

The old man took Rufus with him to town in the wagon the next day.

"Son, there is three type of folk: good, bad, and halfway. Mos' of us is halfway and we got to be careful not to slip into badness. Never want nothing too much. . . always love everyone . . . even your dog, And everytime you see that field out in back of the house . . . remember that God gave us that land to work. Do you thank God every night for all you got?"

"Mos' every night", Rufus said truthfully.

"Do it every night, you hear me!"

"Yes sir, Gran'pa."

Effie was glad that everyone had gone. She swept the house and the tiny yard and thought about things. If she could remember rightly, she was sick 'most every day afore Rufus came. She smiled and cried at the same time and pressed against the broom.

"Dear God, I thanks you."

When the man and the boy got home, it was almost dark. The Grandfather leaned on the boy as if to gain the strength to reach the house. He lay down when they were inside.

"Rufus", Effie wailed, "sit with your Gran'pa 'til supper."

The old man held tight to the boy's hand for almost an hour.

"Gran'pa's asleep", Rufus called, "can I get up now?"

The young woman was crying but called "yes" from over the collard pot. Rufus came in and ate a piece of bread from the table.

"Gran'pa says to love everybody, even dogs," he said, "do you love everybody, Mama?"

"Yes, Rufus". She was thinking of the child within her that Gran'pa would never see.

"I must teach him myself to love", she thought.

"Mama, don't cry". Rufus put his arms around her knees. "I love you the most of anybody."

When the red car came back from Atlanta the following week, the scene was almost unchanged.

"They got the young one working now, Paul", she noticed.

*Snowflake,
So delicately wrought
For a life so small,
So unique*

*Drifts
Through a sky
Of grey desolence
To cleanse the earth,*

*Yet
Almost unnoticed*

*Alone.
Snowflake,*

*Life is so fleeting,
From the grey skies
To the whitened plain,*

*Smallness
So quiet, so giving,
So unappreciated*

*Then gone, and
Only a part of the massive
Whiteness.*

JOANNA DAYVAULT '61

*This thought has often bothered me
And occupied my mind —
That sleep and death walk hand in hand -
Pale fingers intertwined.
Afraid to close my eyes at night —
Unpardoned for my sin —
I know not when sleep may leave off
And silent death begin.*

SALLY UPTON '61

*He will arrive tonight
In robes of victory—
A guest, an hour, a year,
And all eternity.
I met him only yesterday
Within a secret lee—
I felt him with my soul
As though I could not see.
Tonight we shall be one
Through him at last I'll see
"A stone — a leaf — a door"
To immortality.*

ELOISE HORNER '61

*The preceding poems were written for a class assignment following a study of Emily Dickenson.

Language of the Years

HOLLY LUMPKIN '64

*Spoken thoughts are fleeting things
That speak only for the time at hand,
Then fleeing as wind-scattered clouds
Beyond the reach of memory;
Scattered sunlight falling lightly
On the breeze —
Never tarrying in one place
Long enough to warm the heart.
Written words are living things,
Deepening in beauty as ages succeed,
As though a brook — always flowing,
But always there,
They seem to sense a quiet, deeper need,
And linger on the yellowed pages of Time.*

Window Scene

MARY ANNE CARTER '61

*Why does the scent of memory
Ride on the air of March?
Loves,
Lying Dormant
Through the cold dawns of winter,
Arise and spawn anew
Sweet aches and introspections.
With frost's first dissolution
Comes the remembrance
And vivid recollection
Of meadow
meadows,
Flowering
pear,
And
universal
laughter.
Blind to the passage of a year
I stand, with sweet recall
And watch once more
Each budding leaf
Etched with new hope
Or old — now resurrected,
Bear witness to the season.
But soon the wind returns
To warn the pregnant limbs and cry
'Too early Spring'*

Hurricane

SALLY HOLMES STEVENS '63

*Approaching anxiously the awful spectacle,
I watched in wonder as my world seemed to crumble.
The hand of a brute — heartless, some giant —
Had irreverently hewn the immense creation.
By the wildness of strength, by wind, the destroyer,
Havoc had been bought. Happiness was the price.
The landscape, once lovely, was loneliness now.
The solitude of destruction was stillness undisturbed.
No call of anguish, no cry of desperation,
Stirred the survivors — silence prevailed.
Fate came as it went, finding room for all.
No one was spared. Nothing escaped.*

BLUE GINGHAM

MARY JANE DEADWYLER '62

Everyone in Blackhole knew Tamsy Land's fondness for blue gingham. And everyone in Blackhole knew that things weren't going too well out at the Land Place. It was a sin and a holy shame, people said, that with all those kids Sid Land had to have a run of bad luck like the one that had hit this winter. There was even talk of putting the Land children out to board with some of the wealthier townspeople. At this turn of conversation the oldsters of Blackhole would shift their feet on the rungs of their chairs and mumble sagely.

"But you cain't tell about any of that Land clan." Here Josh Regan, the eldest of the group in the usual gossip session, would feel called upon to recount the details of the Land family tree. Silas Land and his wife Julia and their three sons, the youngest Sid and the older boys both of whom had been killed in the war, had kept to themselves pretty much. Silas, himself, had grown old trying to farm land that had given out many years before. Silas had become old and mean. Some said he worked too hard. Others said that it was Julia who drove him to drink with her constant nagging. In any case, Silas was dead and young Sid had brought his new wife home a short three weeks after his father's death.

No one in Blackhole knew anything about Tamsy Land. But as soon as a decent interval had elapsed after Silas' death, they hastened to find out. There wasn't much to see out at the Land place. With Silas' death the land seemed to have breathed its last. Tamsy herself seemed to have grown to the earth of her new home. There was that same defeated look of terror in her eyes and bearing that the farm wore. Julia Land had obviously intimidated her daughter-in-law; Julia and the farm itself

"It's a mighty dreary place to bring a young bride home to," the townspeople said. "And Julia, with that tongue of hers isn't going to make things any easier on Sid's new missus."

Then there was the blue gingham. That story came to be a favorite among the people at Blackhole. Tamsy Land's blue gingham. Not that it started any run on Martin's general store. Some people said she wore it just to spite Julia Land in her black morning. Others said that that blue gingham was the only speck of color on the whole farm.

Several months after Silas' death the remaining Lands came into town. Julia had both the "children" in strict tow and Tamsy was obviously pregnant. People wondered. John was the first child to be born to Sid and Tamsy. Mark, Ella, Sue, Cy, and Janie followed in quick succession but somehow none of them managed to lose that hunted look and Julia ruled them all from her large chair in front of the fireplace.

Then came that awful winter. By that time everyone in Blackhole knew the details of the situation out at the Lands; and Josh Regan, still holding the fort in Martin's general store, was always glad to tell anyone who wasn't fully acquainted with the story. That next spring, after the trial, he added the final chapter.

"Seems," he'd say, rocking onto the back legs of his chair, "that the Lands had a rough winter." The populace of Blackhole would nod in agreement. "They might coulda taken not having enough to eat," he'd continue, "if it had been Sid and Tamsy and the kids. What really made things rough was ol' Julia. Seems she never forgave Sid for having to marry Tamsy; and all those kids running around didn't help matters none at all. Then, of course, there was this winter. Must have been pretty hard on Tamsy to have to listen to Julia all day with Sid out in the fields. Must have been plenty rough on her to see her kids running around hungry and still have to listen to ol' Julia cussin' her out for marryin' Sid and telling about how much better Silas had been at runnin' the farm, better than Sid ever would be. It must have been tough to have to feed Julia too, and practically have to take the food out of her own children's mouths to do it. And ol' Julia had a sharp tongue all right. It was pretty funny that day they found Julia Land hanged by a noose of braided blue gingham. Too bad about the Land place. Hear tell that there was a fire in the chimney when Tamsy was being held for trial and the whole west half burned to the ground along with Sid and the kids. Course Tamsy was acquitted. We don't persecute none of our own around here. And you know," (here Josh would shift his feet on the stove and send several smoke rings toward his listeners,) "Tamsy Land is still livin' out there in that burned-out house. They say she sits in ol' Julia's chair in front of the fireplace and braids together the pieces of blue gingham."

The Christmas Tree Man

BRENDA MURPH '62

Mr. Cadisky lives on a hill overlooking the village. From the yard in front of his unpainted two room shack you can see the business section of Hillsboro, the library and City Hall, the Mayor's house and and most of the other homes surrounding the town. When I was smaller it seemed to me that the whole world was painted on a screen and laid before Mr. Cadisky, and that everything that happened was visible to him. Indeed, he always knew everything that went on before anyone else, even gossipy old Mrs. Cook.

Life in a small American town is often difficult for an immigrant, especially one who has no legs and is middle aged when he reaches the United States. Mr. Cadisky arrived in Hillsboro when I was seven years old, and I was one of his first friends. All of us children followed him around like puppies that first month and plied him with curious questions. The novelty didn't wear off, either, and Mr. Cadisky became a very big part of our young lives. He was the friend we want to with all our problems, the peace maker in all our fights, and a hero supreme in all respects. He used to tell us stories that made our blood tingle, or left not a dry eye in the crowd, or made us roar with laughter. Most of our education in history, geography, and world affairs came from these stories.

Eleven months out of the year Mr. Cadisky makes a living by doing odd jobs around town and baby sitting. He can get around very well in his little chair with a motor. This vehicle was a gift of our class when we graduated from high school. He is so agile and competent that you hardly notice his lack of legs. The townspeople like to hire him because of his pleasant manner and he never lacks jobs.

His real day of glory, however, is the month of December. Right after Thanksgiving Mr. Cadisky goes to the woods with a big horse drawn wagon and a sharp axe. He cuts the cedar and spruce trees to become Christmas trees. He is always kind and cuts just the ones that want to go in homes. I know, because I used to tag along with him and ask questions. He also gets holly and mistletoe and great cedar branches. Then his yard looks like a miniature forest of evergreens. The trees are lined along fences he built to hold them up, and the branches of greenery are suspended from wires across the yard. Everyone in Hillsboro buys his Christmas tree from Mr. Cadisky. If you want a certain

kind he will get it just for you. Our trees always seemed sort of personal because of this special delivery care.

Mr. Cadisky did more than sell trees for Christmas, though. He was a big part of the spirit of the season. He played Santa Claus at our parties and told stories that even the grown-ups stayed quiet to hear. He would sit on his porch and watch the people rushing about in the town below to get ready for Christmas. He always seemed happiest at this time, but when I was older I sometimes noticed a sad glint in his eyes. It was never very obvious, though, and I had been taught not to ask personal questions.

We young people decorated a tree for Mr. Cadisky's house, and put it on the porch. From my house in the town below I could look up at night and see the friendly tree twinkling with the stars. We sang carols for him on Christmas Eve, and then he would tell his special version of the Christmas Story. There are no words to describe the glow in our hearts as we walked home to wait for Santa after those beautiful Christmas Eves. For me, the best part of the holiday was hearing my old immigrant friend tell the Christmas Story.

This is Christmas too. I have been away at College and have just come home for the vacation. All during the long train trip I thought of Mr. Cadisky and how I would go with him to cut trees just as I did when I was younger. When the train finally came to Hillsboro I was so excited I wanted to go straight to my friend's house. But I went home first, and was so caught up in the rush of homecoming that I couldn't even think of Mr. Cadisky again 'til morning.

It was a cold December day when I climbed the hill to the old immigrant's shack. I guess I knew when mother told me the hardware store was selling trees this year that something was wrong. It became more obvious when I saw there were no trees against the fences on the hill. I almost ran into the little house, calling for my friend. Mr. Cadisky sat by the window, with a big smile of welcome for me on his face but no sparkle in his weathered ol' eyes. His right arm was in a sling, and for the first time I realized what an old man he was.

"Oh Mr. Cadisky," I choked, "what happened?"

"My chair collapsed and broke my arm," he

answered simply. "I couldn't get the trees this Christmas."

I was numb with fear for this dear old man. He seemed ill with age and disappointment, but he didn't complain a second. After we had talked for awhile, I rushed down the hill to town. I found several of the boys from my class and told them the story. Together we got the horse and wagon and axe and went to the woods. I had been with Mr. Cadisky and knew what kind of trees and branches to cut. We filled the wagon and went back to the little house on the hill. Mr. Cadisky came out on the porch and called to us. He directed as we stacked the beautiful green trees along the fences, but he could not come down off the porch. When we had finished, the place looked just as my fond memories recalled, and everyone was happier. It had been a busy day, but we weren't through yet. A crowd of children had gathered, and we had to decorate Mr. Cadisky's tree. It was a masterpiece, decked with love by us who had grown up associating Mr. Cadisky and Christmas. When I finally went home that night, the tree on the hill looked down on me to say that Christmas was right again.

The next day was December 23, and a crowd of people climbed the hill to Mr. Cadisky's. They all wanted a Christmas tree. Even those who had bought them at the hardware store came to buy the fresh ones. Our old class was kept busy bringing in special trees to order, and the day flew by. That night after the crowd of buyers and story listeners had gone, I sat on the porch with Mr. Cadisky.

"Look at the town, Sadie," he said softly, "all lit up for Christmas. Some people are still rushing around shopping down there. Those are good people in this town. For eleven years I have lived here and watched them grow. They understand what Christmas is and keep it holy. These people could never be conquered and ruled by a cold machine. They believe in their individualism and God; they have democracy and religion. No people who have faith such as yours, Sadie, or can love Christmas as you do can ever be broken down. You people welcomed me, a stranger, into your town and gave me a place in your lives. I have always been happy here, but especially at Christmas time."

"Mr. Cadisky," I asked cautiously, "Where are you from?"

His white head rose a little higher from his powerful shoulders. "I wanted never to think of or mention it again," he said in a clear voice, "but I tell you now. I am Russian, of one of the oldest aristocratic families. We lived on a great estate and had many people working for our lands. But my father was never cruel, and his people loved him. I had been to the University and studied a year in London and returned home

to help my father when the revolution started. I left my new wife and baby girl and joined the army. You know most of the rest from my stories. I saw my family butchered and my home desecrated. I fought at home, then joined Poland's fight. Always I fought the Bolshevi and Reds. I could never be a Communist. In hiding places I worked with the free world against Stalin. For many years I fought the regime that had taken everything from me and the hate in my heart. Then I became too old to fight more and came to America. Here in Hillsboro I could live with no danger and maybe rid myself of this hate that tormented me so long. You children helped. I wanted only to die, but you were so insistent. I told you stories to teach you the advantages of your free life. There were many things I could teach you without revealing my identity. I watched your lovely town and decided it was made for a beautiful Christmas. Christmas is the season of love, and even I could not hate then. I learned to love your people and cured myself of some of the evil of my life. I am 80 years old now, and have seen many things. Christmas is the nearest to heaven the earth can come. If people could keep the kind spirit of Christmas all year long there would be no hate or war. That is why I have devoted this last chapter of my life to the preservation of this heavenly season. I shall miss nothing else of this earth."

I went home in a daze. Mr. Cadisky, the old man who did odd jobs and told fabulous stories, was a real hero. I had known that all along, but I never guessed at the exciting life he had led. He seemed to me then even bigger than he did when I was a child watching him cut Christmas trees.

Today is Christmas and I am telling the story of the man who made it so meaningful to us of Hillsboro. Last night a huge crowd gathered to sing carols for Mr. Cadisky. Grownups came as well as children, for everyone wanted to hear him tell the story. I sat on the porch and felt the spirit of "peace, good will to men" all around me. Mr. Cadisky told the beautiful story in a voice so strong even those at the back of the crowd could hear. There was no sound but his voice, no light but those of the stars and Christmas trees. When the story was over someone started singing *Silent Night, Holy Night*. Everyone sang and went back to their homes. It was a strange thing. An atmosphere of complete love and peace was everywhere. The music was soothing to busy minds, and the warmth in our hearts kept the cold night air away from us. I felt the living presence of heavenly hosts, and turned to tell Mr. Cadisky how much his story had meant. But even as I opened my mouth to speak I knew that he was gone. I am sure that there was no hate in his heart then, and I know there is only love in mine.

La Mere Est Morte, Vive La Mere

Mary Anne Carter '61

*Goodbye to cups of willow-ware
And steaming chocolate,
And Sunday morning's herald
Of small brother.
To talks and tears and sometimes
Quiet spells —of understanding.
Farewell to urgent shouts
That dinner's ready
And milk's soon to be poured —
With dishes afterwards
Cluttered with squash
Of which we never really did
Partake;
To answered prayers
For trivia and the like,
Or else a substitute
Of something needed
And more lasting,
I say goodbye.*

*But with my sad adieu
Comes knowledge
Of a new and broader life;
A quick hello
After a week apart,
A sudden kiss
Behind the ancient swing,
All building to the climax
When Mother is no more
And neither is the world I've left behind.*

*But in it's stead
Are mornings bright with waffles
Fixed before Church.
And with them
Lingered coffee, conversation
And the alchemist at work
Upon my life.*

*Then next,
I start to think upon it,
Come laughing faces
Etched with sun, which beg
In child-like tones
Their all to busy mother
To stop and play a while
To fix a broken train
And answer when their daddy
Will be home.*

*I hold this selfishly
As if I were
The only one that knew
The catching of a heart
At young son's call.
O, no, I tell myself
For Gram-Mere comes tomorrow
And she too
Has known it all.*

Comparison of Milton's and Dante's Conception of the Universe

MARIE STUART AUSTIN '61

Both Dante in his *Divine Comedy* and Milton in his *Paradise Lost* employ the Ptolemaic system of the universe, and yet the two universes are in many ways different. The first way in which they differ is in the general placement of the localities of the universe. Although they both place the earth in the center of their cosmologies, their placements of all the other localities are different. Milton situates Paradise in Mesopotamia while Dante puts his on the top of Purgatorial Mountain. This mountain is on the opposite side of the earth from Jerusalem and does not have its counterpart in Milton. Surrounding the earth are subspheres and spheres. Dante has a hemisphere of land, a hemisphere of water, a sphere of air, and a sphere of fire. Then he has the nine spheres of the moon, Mercury, Venus, sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Fixed Stars, and Primum Mobile. Milton employs the theory of the subspheres of the earth, water, and air but does not include the subsphere of fire in his universe. Surrounding these concentric subspheres he places ten concentric spheres. These are the same as Dante's with the addition of the Crystalline sphere between that of the Fixed Stars and that of Primum Mobile. Dante actually explains what happens on the concentric spheres where the souls are advancing towards perfection and God, but Milton only has Satan query as to whether there is any life on the planets.

Dante places the Empyrean, the dwelling place of God, around the Primum Mobile, whereas Milton places it above the spheres instead of around them. Milton says that the earth is connected to the Empyrean by a golden chain, and he has a flight of stairs extending from heaven to a crack in the Primum Mobile and from there a wide passage to Paradise. After the travelers in Dante's universe have gained more spirituality, they become light and can rise by simply looking up. The placements of hell are also divergent. Dante puts his Hell in the very center of the earth, the farthest point from his Empyrean. Milton's Hell is also the farthest point from Empyrean. Since his Empyrean is above the cosmos, his Hell is far below it.

The locality which occurs in Dante but not in Milton has already been mentioned. Milton did not believe in Purgatory and, therefore, did not use it in his universe. He did use Chaos which Dante omitted. He surrounded the cosmos

with it and made it extend up to heaven and down to Hell. Milton set it without bound or dimension. In chaos are the four principles hot, cold, moist, and dry. Combinations of these produce great noise and tumult. God the Son created the cosmos from these principles, and they are useless unless He decides to create other worlds from them. Sin and Death used what ever they could find "solid or slimy" (John Milton, *Paradise Lost*, pp. 238.) in it to build the causeway from Hell to the outside of Primum Mobile where it met the steps from Heaven.

In considering the specific localities instead of their general placement, we note that Milton conceived of Paradise with the Garden of Eden in its eastern part whereas Dante conceived of only the Garden of Eden. They both believed the Garden was near Jerusalem or Mesopotamia when Adam and Eve dwelt in it. Dante places it on the top of Purgatorial Mountain in his book because the time is after the fall of man. He believed that God made the Garden rise nearer Heaven to free it from the atmospheric changes which took place on the earth after the fall. Milton also believed that atmospheric changes occurred after the fall of man, but he did not move the Garden in order to free it from changes. The only change in climate in Dante's Garden is the soft breeze caused by the rotation of the spheres. The rotation also gives forth a sound which permeates the Garden. Both of the Gardens experience night and day as the sphere of the sun revolves around the earth.

Dante's Garden contains forests, growing plants, the Tree of Knowledge, birds, and two streams, but animals are not mentioned. Perhaps he did not include animals in his Garden because he did not believe that animals have souls which would allow them to be as close to God as Paradise was. Obviously he believed that birds could live that close to God. Dante said that the seeds of all plants were in the Garden and that they fall from there to a suitable place on the earth. Milton's Paradise contains all kinds of living things, animals included. He says that the roses are without thorns, the animals are without fear of ferociousness, there is a Tree of Life and one of Knowledge and the weather is pleasant. Both men say that Adam and Eve were the first human inhabitants of Paradise, but only Dante says who will inherit it next. Milton placed guardian angels on

the outside of Paradise, but Dante placed Matelda, the symbol of innocence, inside Paradise.

Both of the authors place streams in their Gardens, but they do not use the same ones. Dante says that the Lethe, the river of forgetfulness, and the Eunoé, the river which restores remembrance of good happenings, are in the Garden, Milton says that there are four streams, but he only mentions the Tigris by name when he said that it went underground outside of Paradise and rose inside by the Tree of Life. The other three rivers traditionally are the Euphrates, the Nile, and the Indus.

The Empyreans of the two authors are also similar in some ways and dissimilar in others. As has already been mentioned, Dante's surrounds the cosmos while Milton's is above it with a floor but no ceiling. Milton's Heaven is an enlargement and perfection of earth, or rather earth is an imperfect copy of Heaven. There are mountains, trees, streams, plains, and other things of Nature in his Heaven. In addition, opal towers and battlements with living sapphire are present. There is a feeling of great vastness in Milton's Heaven, many times the size of the earth. There is also a sensation of great light. God the Father, God the Son, and all the angels seem to emanate light. Although there is a form of day and night in heaven, the night does not bring darkness. It only brings a dimming of the light. There is an overall predominance of light. The light appeared to Dante as a river between two green banks, and he had to drink of the river before he saw that it was actually the court of Heaven. Those who obtained this height in the spheres were arranged in tiers like those of a rose. The angels, who seemed sparks, flew from God to the souls on the tiers bringing them God's grace and peace.

Milton and Dante both conceived of God as a form of light. Milton said that God was a "fountain of light, thyself invisible amidst the glorious brightness where thou sittest." (*Ibid.*, pp. 69) He said that the Son had a "conspicuous countenance, without cloud made visible." (*loc. cit.*) Milton mentioned that the Holy Ghost or Conscience would soon be present to guide man, but he did not describe the Holy Ghost in the epic. Milton believed in the Trinity, but he showed by having the Father delegate powers to the Son that he did not believe in the equality of its components. Dante saw the Trinity in the form of a light of three rings of the same dimension. The three rings are God the Father, God the Son, and the Holy Spirit. The identical size of the rings shows that Dante believed them to be equal. The only ring which seemed to have shape was that of the Son, and it had a human resemblance. The three rings were of three colors but the colors were not mentioned.

The conceptions of the angels are also differ-

ent. Milton's angels are militant angels, and the reader receives the impression that they have hands and feet in order to manipulate their weapons. They also have wings, and Raphael even has three pairs of them. Milton seems to believe that Heaven was divided into sections under the viceroyship of certain angels. Lucifer had control of the north part of Heaven, and Uriel was regent of one of the spheres, the sun. Milton's angels are arranged in ranks of Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones, Dominions, Virtues, Powers, Principalities, Archangels, and Angels. Dante also gives the angels or, as he calls them, the intelligences, regency over different parts of God's Heavens. He places the Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones, Dominions, Virtues, Powers, Principalities, Archangels, and Angels in control of Primum Mobile, Fixed Stars, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Sun, Venus, Mercury, and the Moon respectively. Dante's angels do not seem to have human form. Rather, they have "faces of living flames and golden wings" (Dante Alighieri, *Divine Comedy*, pp. 468.) and the other parts of their substance are whiter than snow. They never shift their eyes from gazing on God.

The greatest amount of comparison of any specific part of Dante's and Milton's universes can be made concerning their conceptions of Hell. They both give an overwhelming description of torment and hopelessness. Dante's inscription over the Gate of Hell which says "Through Me You Go Into The City of Grief, Through Me You Go Into The Pain That Is Eternal, Through Me You Go Among People Lost" (*Ibid.*, pp. 17) can be compared with Milton's saying that hell is a place "where peace and rest can never dwell, hope never comes that comes to all, but torture without end." (Milton, pp. 7.) Although this general feeling concerning Hell is the same, the particulars are different. The general shape of hell is the most obvious way in which they differ. Dante's hell is conical with the vertex at the center of the earth. It has nine circular rings which become smaller and smaller as they approach the tip of the cone. Milton's Hell is shaped somewhat like a cave, and it has a floor and a ceiling. Although at first glance they seem entirely different, the entrances to the hells are somewhat similar. Dante enters Hell through gates which allow all to pass through. This entrance seems to be somewhere near Jerusalem. Milton says that hell is below the earth and beyond Chaos and that the gates are guarded by Sin and Death. He later says, however, that Sin opened the gates and could not shut them and that an entrance to Hell is found west of Paradise. If Milton placed Paradise in Mesopotamia, as his mention of the Tigris River leads up to believe, a westward direction would place him in the vicinity of the Holy Land of Jerusalem.

Proceeding past the gate of Dante's Hell we find Limbo. Here he places those who had lived moral lives but had not been baptized because they lived before the life of Christ. Milton's counterpart of this Limbo is the Limbo of Fools or of Vanities. He placed his Limbo on the outer rim of the Primum Mobile instead of in Hell, and his Limbo was for hypocrites who thought they deserved a Christian afterlife because they had lived an externally Christian life. Dante's Limbo is for those who lived Christian lives internally but who had not received the saving sacrament of baptism. There seems to be no punishment for those in Dante's Limbo or for those who will inhabit Milton's except for a feeling of unfulfillment.

Past Limbo Dante has rings which offer places of punishment for the people who have sinned on earth. Milton has no counterpart for these rings because his Hell does not yet contain anyone but fallen angels. There is, however, some relationship between the punishment of human beings and of the angels. The angels are submitted to whirlwinds of fire just as the lustful are submitted to storm winds; they are submitted to burning sulphur as the heretics are to burning tombs, as those who do violence to God are to burning and a rain of fire, and as evil counselors are to enveloping flames; and they are submitted to freezing ice just as the fraudulent are. The angels are not, however, submitted to many of the torments such as being stung by insects, being whipped by devils, and having to perform useless labor that the sufferers in Dante's Hell have to endure. In Milton's Hell this region of fire is one large plain of burning sulphur while in Dante's the regions of torment by fire are scattered throughout hell. In both of the hells there seems to be a single region of ice. One further important point should be noted. In both hells pain is experienced. The fallen angels are not immune to physical suffering. There are only two remaining similarities between the two hells. Both contain the same five rivers — the Styx, Acheron, Cocytus, Phlegeton, and Lethe. Milton does not say from what source the rivers come, but Dante gives them a rather interesting origin. He says that the first four are formed by the tears which a statute on Mount Ida sheds for the sins of man and that the fifth come to Hell from Purgatory. It has already been noted that the Lethe was one of the two rivers in Dante's Garden of Eden. The other similarity is in the matter of light. This time it is Dante who does not give a source. He says that when he first entered hell he had trouble seeing, but he does not give any later complaint about the light. We might deduce, then, that there is light present from some source. Milton accounts for the light by the paradox of making the darkness visible.

One of the most interesting descriptions given of a part of the hells is that concerning the thrones of the Satans. Dante places Satan, chest deep in ice, at the very center of the earth. His immediate surroundings are ice and coldness. On the other hand Milton places his Satan's throne in magnificent Pandemonium. In building this place amidst the burning plain, Mulciber used the riches of Hell. The main material seems to have been gold. The whole building was lighted with lamps and probably shone. After the fall of man a grove of trees grew up outside Pandemonium. The throne of Satan in Dante seems to be one of coldness and voidness as compared with the heat and material matter of Milton's.

Inside the ice and inside Pandemonium, the Satans themselves differ. Both of them are described as being of magnificent size and ugly, or becoming ugly, but the resemblance is carried no farther. Milton's Satan still seems to appear somewhat in the form of a human with arms and legs, and he still resembles an angel in that he can put on wings and fly. He has the power of transformation and therefore, does not stay in the same form. His natural form, as I mentioned, however, does seem somewhat human. Dante's Satan is anything but human. He has three heads of yellow, black, and red in which he crunches the archtraitors — Judas, Brutus, and Cassius, three pairs of wings which stir up the freezing winds of the center of hell, and six eyes which cry bloody foam. Milton's Satan constitutes a part of a trinity which rivals that of God, Christ, and the Holy Ghost in Heaven. His Satan joins with his offspring Sin and Death to form the trinity. In Dante's Hell Satan's three heads form the trinity. The yellow head of impotence, the black head of ignorance, and the red head of hate rival the trinity of divine power, wisdom, and love in Heaven.

Although it seems improbable that two men could write epics using the same system of the universe and have their individual universes so divergent, by examining both of the universes we see that the paradox is true.

*The only sources used for this paper, written for English 32, were Dante's *Divine Comedy* and Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

The Concepts of Divine Love

ANNE LOWNDES CHALGREN '62

The zenith of human experience is the revelation of the love of God. The unveiling of this omnipotent power to man overshadows all other forms of human experience. Upon encounterance of it, man is able to conceive a profound understanding of life. He grasps the ability to delve into more complete knowledge and love of his fellow man. He discovers the glorious mystery of life eternal.

The experience of coming in contact with God's love is indefinable. For some it results in inspiration, a potent drug awaking the senses. For others it symbolizes happiness, an intoxicating force inducing contentment. For still others it represents peace, a soothing balm assuaging all insecurities. It can give the weak man courage, the cruel man compassion, the unfortunate man hope, the cynical man faith, the humble man reward, the disturbed man peace, and the wandering man a straight and sure path to follow.

Mankind needs God. Without Him there is a vast void in existence which cannot be supplemented by any other power. Without Him corruptions of the soul and mind would quickly occur. Decay in the moral fibers of society would quickly result. The aesthetic qualities of the cultural aspects of life would be unappreciated. Learning would be minus its very cornerstone and become meaningless. Feeling for the more profound qualities of life would not exist. Without God, the very foundation of civilization would be wrenched away from under it and it would instantaneously crumble into an insignificant mass.

Man cannot exist without God's love; however he must truly deserve it to be a partaker of it. He must not expect to summon it every time tribulation besets him and he desires an escape. He must not expect to purchase it through material things. He must not expect it merely because he feels indisputably entitled to it. No, he must desire it, strive for it, earn it, and cherish it because it is the most precious treasure he can discover in all of his lifetime experiences.

In order to acquire a complete understanding of all the facets of the love of God, human beings must experience love for one another. They must have experienced the blind faith of childhood, the ardour of youth, understanding of maturity, and the peace of old age before they can completely be aware of the many facilities of God's love. If they try to comprehend the depth and meaning of their relationships with others, if

they sow and harvest the seed of love, if they strive to see only the virtue in their fellow man, then they will truly know God. God manifests His love through man, and it is through this medium that man can truly perceive and know God.

The desire to conceive the true image of God is the ultimate goal of mankind, the unconquerable peak of learning which they endeavor with all their hearts to attain. Innumerable people who want a concrete image to call to consciousness create in their mind's eye a magnificent bearded figure, robed in white and immured by a blinding brilliance superseding any other in existence. This concept is constituted through lack of maturity and depth on the part of its upholder. To accurately expound upon a *description* of God would be absolutely impossible. He is infinitely abstract and is therefore above any insufficient specification that an insignificant man would place on Him. He is the divine representation of all virtues. His incalculable encompassment of all things both material and spiritual is completely incomprehensible for the human mind. Each individual must have his own concepts of God. In this way the bond between him and God will be much stronger because he will have a deeper insight into the personal contact than if he were trying to conceive another's version. If this relationship could be attained by all individuals, people would be able to live in much closer harmony because all individual requirements would be filled. The most important factor in trying to comprehend God is the knowledge that He is ever present and ever loving and will be a great source of strength to all who call upon Him.

The lost soul struggles desperately in the turbulent sea of uncertainty. He has nowhere to turn, nothing to cling to, no one to give him aid, except God. As the lashing waves begin to swallow him up in their bosoms, he lifts his eyes toward heaven. He utters a desperate cry, an undulation of fear. A seemingly eternal moment passes. Then, from the far reaches of eternity, a light appears and bathes the soul with its brilliance and warmth. A hand reaches down into the depths of darkness and gently lifts the soul into the light. A great voice echoes over the boundless reaches of space, "Follow Me." At that time an indelible mark is made on destiny. A lost soul is found through the great love of God. The climax of human experience has been reached, and peace ensues.

Me Go Back T' School?

SUZANNE MILLER '64

Me go back t' school?

I'd rather roam.

On de little dirt roads

Of my land so deep.

Me go back t' school?

Why no'am!

I'd rather be near laughin' river

Where I can stop and' sleep.

I doan like t' be thinkin',

An' I doan wanna sit

An' listen all day.

I wanna stop near a stream

An' rest ma weary bones

An' watch de world afloatin' by.

I wanna dream

(Little dreams t' fit ma mind.)

Me go back t' school?

I'd's soon be illiterate!

I wanna see dis world alone.

I'd like t' look up in de'sky

An' know dat God is near.

I doan wanna bother with fool man.

I jus' wanna rest by de river

An' watch de s'roundin' land.

I doan wanna be at school.

I jus' wanna sit an' take it lazy.

I doan wanna be at school

On dis' day all warm an' hazy.

Me go back t' that white school?

Why d'ya think I quit?

Have dem callin' me "niger boy"?

Oh no, t' heck with it!

TO SEEK — TO FIND

MARY JANE DEADWYLER '62

*“ . . . here's a letter from our Pete, . . .
here's a letter from my dear son. . .
And come to the entry Mother, . . .
Fast as she can she hurries,
Something ominous, trembling, . . .
Open the envelope quickly . . .
O' stricken Mother's soul!
. . . she catches only the main words,
. . . gunshot wound . . .,
By day her meals untouched, at night
fitfully sleeping, often waking . . .
with one deep longing. . .
To seek*

“Come Up From the Field, Father.”

WHITMAN

The small woman in her dull grey bonnet peered into the general's face from the dampness and mist that surround the camp in the early morning. The sun, rising behind a distant hill, lent a faint glow to her garments and seemed to strengthen her quiet determination. The lines etched deeply in her face were placed there by smiles as she rocked her children and by cares which had laid their hands almost gently on her brow. Her dress, bespattered 'round the hem with mud, and covered by a serviceable cloak bespoke a long journey of clay roads. Her gaze was direct. Her bearing was proud; her request was simple. She wanted to see her son — Her son. Pete. During the two years following his enlistment he had served honorably — Antietam, Fredericksburg, Vicksburg, Gettysburg. Gettysburg: the Mother's gentle eyes hardened; her son was wounded, she explained, and she was here to see her Pete before he died.

There was compassion in the general's heart and pity on his face. He did not question how one lone small woman had managed to inch her way through well-guarded lines. His troops were tired. Their supplies were low; and many had found their final resting places in the hills behind. Some had turned and run in the face of merciless enemy barrage. Was her Pete one of these? He hoped not.

Images of his men rose before him. Behind each was a woman like this one determinedly patient form, waiting before him for his decision. Women, at home washing, cooking, hoping, waiting, praying. Always praying — Not knowing — Always hoping.

The faint grey of dawn had deepened into rose. The night watch resigned its vigilance to a new group and still she waited!

Only a moment — Only a moment with my son, she said.

The general's eyes clouded. Before him were the hospital tents and the men who lay outside wounded or dying. Their moans filled his ears; and their sighs, his heart.

Still she stood — waiting, hoping.

The sun cast its full golden beams over the hill. The general stood alone. Before his eyes was the din of battle. But his heart was behind him, where a mother hoped and searched and prayed. His eyes followed hers over the seemingly endless lines of shrouded figures covered by uniforms and beards and bespattered with blood. Through these lines she walked. Through these lines she searched, stopping often to ease a wounded head or murmur a few gentle words. To the hospital tents — to the hospital tents where the screams of men filled the ears of all and terror in the eyes of boys no older than her Pete chilled the mother's heart. Through the tents — where the wounded lay, some with covered faces. She moved down the long line searching, looking, praying for each, and trying to keep the joy from her heart at the sight of a dark head or a whispered, “Mother.”

It was evening. Throughout the camp fires marked the coming of night and faint smells of cooking food trailed to the general's tent.

A small grey figure approached and stood before him. Her shoulders were bowed. Her dress was bespotted with the blood of boys whose last moments had been more pleasant because of a gentle hand on their forehead. They were all her sons. Her Pete was dead. Her search was ended. And in her eyes was peace.

THE ORANGE DRESS

MARY ANNE CARTER '61

There were at least twenty flies around the red candy. They completely covered it, driven to the sweet by instinct, refusing to move even for the wasp. He stung a few flies, picked up some of the candy, and flew away through the heat waves. The two men on the porch in front of the store resumed their conversation.

"Ole Mose sure died quieter the second time," John, the storekeeper, stated.

"What do you mean, the second time?" His farmer companion spat.

"Well, most of us die inside first, then outside. Uncle Mose was never the same after May left."

"May?"

"His second wife. Lordy, I'll never forget when she took off. You could hear Mose screaming clear down to the court house. I thought he was shot. When I got there he was clutching one of her silk stockings and rocking on the floor like a baby. I near cry to tell of it. He got over her, though, would'nt even send her the money she wanted."

"I think I remember Rhetta speaking of her once or twice. Was she real pretty — blond headed?" The younger man bit into his tobacco.

"Dear god, yes. . . I'll never forget her little shiny black high heels. She could trip right past filth like she never saw it. Her fancy clothes were an escape from the farm life she hated."

"Did she ever bear the old man any kids?"

"No. and I don't think he ever got over it. That was the main reason he married her, since she was only seventeen. She gave him his fill, though; he acted just like a pup when she was there." He looked down and smiled.

"And after she left?" The tenant farmer was hungry for details.

"There was a real change in old Mose . . . lost all his hair . . . that thatch he'd always had . . . and sort of dragged around. But then a week before he died he began acting real perky and took to going off after supper. None of us knew where he went but it was the first time in five years I'd heard him laugh. And then he up and died . . . real sudden-like."

A thin, stooped man and a woman approached and unnoticingly passed by the flies that were still clustered around the candy remnants.

"Howdy, Obey; Sara." The two men got up and took off their hats.

"Here for the funeral?"

"Yep, drove down from Memphis for the day.

It broke my heart to hear the old man had passed." He patted his wife who was weeping openly. She was very fat.

John looked straight at the newcomer. "You haven't been home in about four years near about, have you? Mose said only this spring he was hoping you'd get down to help with the stacking."

"We left peanuts when we left this town." Sara's tears stopped.

"Besides, hit's a goodly ways to come by car."

The storekeeper laughed. "No need to take on so. I never did like stacking much neither, nasty job."

"Good to have seen you, John," Obey said, and led his wife back towards the car.

"That was Mose's oldest boy," John told his friend. "Not worth a damn. . . lived off the old man until he was nigh on grown. Never seen a man live on a farm twenty-five years and still not know how to dig goobers. And that woman, Lord preserve us; if women have got to be, let them at least be small and built right."

"Like May?"

"Well, hell yes . . . like May." He looked intently at the trace of red in the street and its fly disciples.

"Were there any other children?"

John spat and bit another corner off his wad. "Yes, Justine and Rufus. She was a sweet little thing. . . ran away with the preacher's son and came back a year later with two twin boys and no husband — Claimed he'd gone to Korea. She didn't stay here long though; in six months time she'd taken up with an insurance salesman and they had moved north. Oh, and then Rufus was the youngest — always sickly, the pain of Mose's heart. Uncle Mose was a funny man. . . one minute he'd be yelling at Obey and the next he'd be comforting a lame hound — real sensitive like."

"John," A small woman came up. "Are we too late for the funeral? This was the only train we could get." She panted.

"No." He embraced the woman and patted the children. "It's been a long time, Justine. How are you making out?"

She smiled. "We do pretty good. I'm very happy." She introduced the children to the two men and inquired as to the time of the service.

"In an hour . . . Lord 'a mercy . . . and me with all these children to wash." She disengaged her

brood from the fly-candy scene and they hurried off, leaving the dust waist-high behind them.

"She seemed nice," John's companion noted, "Not like she was just out for the money."

John was silent for a moment. "We all want something. . .and there's never enough to go around. Life's like that; there's never really enough of anything." He got up from his rocker without looking at his friend. "Well, I guess I'd better go change my shirt to go to the church. See you tomorrow probably."

The Church was packed to overflowing. Heat rose from the company in waves; the fans were very much in use.

"There's Justine," said an old woman on the fifth row, "and Obey."

"My Lord," John was not praying; his eyes followed the figure up the aisle. She hasn't changed a bit, he thought, the same yellow hair, and that walk; I'd know it anywhere. He tried to look at her shoes.

"So she came back," Justine whispered to no one in particular. "No, I mustn't wonder why."

"I declare, Obey, an orange dress. . .and for a burying."

"Shut up, Sara," Obey replied.

"Why do you suppose she's here?" his wife continued.

"O hell, honey!"

At that moment Justine's children marched down to the coffin, each carrying a bunch of field flowers.

"How sweet," said the young girl behind John, but he did not think so. He was remembering his own words and wondering how many other people Justine was fooling with her affected sentimentality.

"You know, Lord, the secrets of our hearts. . .", the preacher intoned later at the graveyard, ". . .back to dust we give Brother Mosely. Lord, hear us; Lord spare us."

The crowd left the grave in chattering groups but May walked alone stepping gingerly on the tough ground. Her earrings caught the afternoon sun and sent out tiny shafts of light.

"Why are you here?" The lanky Obey stepped in front of her.

She answered by looking full into his face, just close enough for the "Scent of Roses" to reach him; she hated her aging stepson. "To get what is rightly mine."

"You'll never get a cent . . . you're a fool to come back here . . ." He shouted as she spiritedly walked away.

The reading of the will was back at John's store in the center of town. The smell of the

embalming fluid still filled the backroom and mixed strangely with Obey's cigarette smoke. Justine sat in the big chair and held her youngest on her lap. She was talking incessantly to Sara sitting beside her, twitching on the horse-hair ottoman; Obey took quick puffs on his cigarette; John was tracing circles with his finger on the doily that covered his chair arm. Only May was calm.

The will was simple and very short.

"To my hired hand, Josiah, I leave my two horses and all the plowing gear. And to my beloved wife, May, my house, my savings in the Dare County bank and my insurance policy."

May hummed a little as she walked up to ask about the deeds and her money. As she came back, John stopped her.

"When did you come?"

"A week ago Friday," she answered as she continued toward the door.

Once outside, she sidestepped the wasp which had returned for the rest of the candy.

And So, As Will Be Always

SUZANNE MILLER '64

A river rushes past me at dusk and I stand here looking at the patterns that the rushing water makes and wonder that a force so mighty can be so beautiful. The torrent comes from atop the mountains where the river was born from a tiny bubbling spring, spouting from the depths of the earth its crystal drops. Those small sprinkles joined one another and they moved downward, around the tiny mounds of earth and became a rivulet of water twisting and quickly turning. Other water followed and more flowed into it until the little rivulet became a brook, rushing its way around the rocks and grasses with laughter.

And the laughter echoed through the hillsides, cool with mist, and more water joined this little band as it moved joyfully on into the valley. The stream became a river, bucking and turning and raging through the valleys with such a fierce devotion and such a haughty pride, that it was no more a laughing brook.

This now mighty river was once a lazy stream but the waters could not be content to rest upon the mountain and to ramble through sunlight speckled groves. And so, as will be always, the river plows ahead to meet the sea.

Gifts To Man

SUZANNE MILLER '64

*God gave me three gifts
Most divine and holy;
And with these I will fly on golden wings,
The breadth of my heart
To meet Him.*

*God gave life to me.
And with this gift I will always know,
That no matter the burden, the grief and woe,
I need never despair.
God gave me life!
He has blessed me with more
Than my small heart can hold.
This life that stretches from shore to shore,
From forest to forest, from greatest to smallest,
From mind to mind.
He has touched my hand
And has given me a gift so unbelievable
That I can hardly comprehend His love.
I cannot breathe with the joy of it!
And my hand trembles.*

*God gave me love
And I can never lose my joy
That He should honor me with such a gift.
He has died
Yet He gave me love.
He has suffered
With compassion inconceivable
So that man might live with Him forever.
I am as small as a small pebble
Yet He gave me love.
He is so far-reaching
And knows how base and hateful I am.
He knows, and yet His third gift
As high and filled with wonder as the others,
He gives to me.
This gift so precious
I need most of all.
For I'm always turning from Him in my anger.
And this third He will always give me.*

. Forgiveness.

COMPARISON OF GAIETY AND HAPPINESS

BETSY NICHOLS '62

The two words gaiety and happiness are often thought of together, but actually they denote different aspects of a person's state of mind. Although these two moods, as they may be called, are both usually promoted by good fortune or success, the outward signs of each are different in many respects.

Gaiety, or merriment, is customarily a short-lived, spontaneous emotion, which requires no deep-rooted peace of mind as does happiness. This vivacity may even be a shield for a person who is actually discontent or ill at ease with people or in his surroundings. A person may appear gay and vivacious with very little effect, and still not be truly happy.

On the other hand, happiness, in the true sense of the word, is a state of general mental, and even physical, well-being. Ordinarily a happy person is one who is satisfied in most respects with his life and has found a place in society for which he is suited. Of course this mood is not always so long-reaching and may be simply a reaction to good fortune.

A happy person is very often gay, but at other times the only outward sign may be a quietness or serenity due to the peace within himself. On the contrary, a gay person is not always likely to be a happy one. These two words are incorrectly used interchangeably because although they are, in some cases, very closely connected, they do not have the same precise meaning. Basically, gaiety is only an outward expression or characteristic, while happiness is an inward feeling.

Interregnum

HARRIETT ROGERS '62

*Stay, moment
The future is far
The past dim
Stay, moment
Let me hold you
Just a little longer
Soon nothing will be the same.*

Alone

LANE NORMAN '64

*My love wraps his arms about me,
And a cloak of warmth covers us,
Protecting us from the cold blasts of
jealousy and scorn;
From the storm of harsh words and
reproaches that rain upon us;
From the looks in the eyes of those
shut out of our lives,
And my love and I stand — alone.*

*My love wraps his arms about me,
But a cloak of warmth no longer covers us.
The cold blasts of jealousy and
scorn rush upon us;
The storm of harsh words and reproaches
rains as hail upon us;
The looks in the eyes of those shut out
of our lives frightened us,
And my love and I stand — each — alone.*

*My love no longer wraps his arms about me,
And no cloak of warmth covers me.
The cold blasts of jealousy and scorn are
gone from me;
The storm of harsh words and reproaches
is calm about me;
The look in the eyes of those once
shut out my life warms me,
And I no longer stand — alone.*

Le Printemps

MARY JANE DEADWYLER '62

I want to put on a gaily flowered dress and a foolish hat and run out into the sunlight and breeze —

I want to wear a casual skirt and be taken on a picnic in an open car —

I want to want to shut my eyes to all this sunshine, and flower smells.

I want to go walking, just the two of us, alone, on the beach.

I want to hear the waves and the ocean and feel the cool water on bare feet.

I don't want to want to shut my windows to this mischievous breeze that scatters my papers, my hair, my thoughts and makes study impossible.

But wanting, dreaming, hoping are not the sum of my feeling. There is something inside — Something new and happy and wonderful — Something that makes my heart sing and dance out the window into the bright, new sunshine.

Spring

SUZANNE MILLER '64

*A rush of sunlight
Comes*

Sprinkling over the shadow-swept spring.

A rush of sunlight

Speckled

*Into lacy patterns by the thoughtful leaves
As they weave, and toss, and wave.*

A little girl comes running

Over

The dew swept hill.

A little girl comes running

Out of

The winter's chill

And into the bright new spring.

A little girl comes running

Over

The breast of the hill.

A little girl comes running

Into

*The speckled sunlight,
Into the lacy patterns of a young new spring.*

Lull

KAYE VALE '63

*At times in autumn
Just before the leaves turn
When mist is in the mornings
Before the pigeons start to call
And everything is still
The
 painted
 trees
The
 well-mown
 grass
The
 blackened
 bricks
Without the eager life and overgrowth of summer
Suspended
Without the touch of death.
The things as they used to be:
The hush of time is over all.*

Summer Night

KAYE VALE '63

The lopsided pear sits serenely on blue velvet.
As diamond stars vie for favor,
Venus sighs. She stirs a fragrant blossom
 with her breath,
Putting off decision 'til tomorrow.

NOCTURNE

DOLLY LINKER '62

One of the most beautiful, eerie, and unearthly scenes of winter is the full moon on a cold, clear night. The cool air and the moonlight lend a certain depth of dimension to every object, as if it were seen through some transparent, intensifying medium. Everything on earth is straining — reaching heavenward. The trees stand stark and naked against the sky, their pleading fingers grasping at the unknown. Every-

thing is hushed — waiting, praying, hoping for that which never happens. It is a time of unfulfilled and unattainable desire. And over this scene of silent passion reigns the moon: serene, distant, and lovely. Her cold, silver-gold face surveys the earth, perhaps now and again hiding in gray wisps like uncreated matter from another world, another time.

A Long Winter's Day

HOLLY LUMPKIN '64

The wheels sang to her as they sped along the metal rails taking her farther and farther away.

"Away", thought Anna, "Away from that horrible Chicago."

Anna was making this trip with her husband, Jim, because her doctor had said that she needed to get away for awhile. At least that is what he had told her.

"I wish Jim would come back," she mumbled to herself as she anxiously looked at her watch. "I might as well go to the observation car." She slid the door noiselessly open and moved out into the aisle of the swiftly moving train. She stood there for a moment listening for Jim's footsteps, but when she heard none. . . .

Voices! She didn't intend to eavesdrop, but they were loud enough for her to hear without really listening. They were coming from room twenty-seven just two rooms away from hers and Jim's. The voices stopped. She moved up to the wall and put her ear against it.

"She doesn't have to know." Anna heard a woman say in a soft, slow voice.

"She'll find out sooner or later, one way or the other. She always does." Anna put her hand to her mouth to silence her breathing. It was Jim's voice! She bent closer to the door.

"I need you so much." Anna heard Jim whisper to this strange woman as he had to her many times before. Anna felt her knees give way as she sank to the carpeted floor. The last thing she remembered as the whistle blew and the conductor sang out "White Peaks" was Jim's saying, "Laura, I had better go now. Anna will try to look for me." Laura, Laura, no, it couldn't be. . . .

As the dim light swirled around her the first thing Anna saw when she opened her eyes was Jim's anxious face bending over her. The next things — the face of the colored porter and that of the doctor — came in quick succession before she blacked out again.

The next time she didn't open her eyes, but just lay there and listened. There was silence in the room except for the clattering of the wheels, which in themselves seemed far away as though respecting Anna's mood, and the soft pad of Jim's feet as he paced the floor.

She opened first one eye and then the other. Almost instantly Jim was at her side calling her name softly.

Anna gave him a cold look and turned her face to the wall.

"I found you lying in the aisle and I . . ." Jim saw that it was no use.

"You heard?" Anna kept her face to the wall. "Anna listen to me. I can explain."

"Explanations, explanations, always explanations. Why should there be any explaining to do? Why do you always do things that will need explaining? Why? Why? Always doing something behind my back, trying not to let me know, but I always find out one way or the other. Oh, Jim, haven't you learned by now that I always find you out? No, I don't suppose you have. Even if you had, you would have kept right on — sneaking, hiding, pretending it was nothing."

Anna turned her head back to the wall and tried to stifle the sobs that were beginning to wrack her body. She hardly felt the prick of the needle and the doctor saying, "I've given you a sedative, Mrs. Nichol森. Try to calm down."

After the porter and the doctor left, Jim sat down on the edge of the opposite seat.

"Anna, do you realize what you've been like these last three months? You've been almost like a mad woman, screaming at me and anyone else who happened to cross you. You won't go to parties or even on main street because you think people will stare at you. You insist on sleeping in the guest room because you think I'll laugh at you."

Jim nervously lit a cigarette.

"Do you think it's been easy for me? Do you? Well, don't think that any more because I'll tell you. It's been hell! I suggested that you go to a psychiatrist, but oh no! You wouldn't think of it! So I went. Every morning for two solid months. I told him every reason I could think of as to why you might be acting this way. It's on his advice that I'm taking you to this institution."

"Institution!" Anna sat up quickly. Too quickly — the train started rolling and she had to lie back down.

The sedative had begun to take hold and she felt herself slipping away. The things Jim had said began to weave into her thoughts. Dimly, as though from another world, she heard him say, "It's a nice place, very exclusive and pretty. The grass is green all year round and the buildings are clean and new-looking." His voice gradually diminished into nothingness.

She vaguely remembered being picked up by a multitude of hands — strong hands, gentle — and being laid on a stretcher. She must have blacked out again for when she awoke she was

riding in an ambulance. Turning her head to look out the window, she saw the countryside passing slowly on the other side of the glass. Although not so swiftly as the scenes flashed by on a train, the world was passing. Anna felt an urgent need to reach out and grasp life, feeling if she missed it now, it would never come again.

She sighed deeply and turned to face whoever might be beside her. Startled, she found a strange man smiling at her.

Seeing her obvious fright and puzzlement, he said, "Don't be frightened. I'm Dr. Norton on the staff at *Green Lawns*. Are you feeling better?"

Opening her mouth to answer, Anna found that her voice had momentarily left her and she nodded her head instead.

She wanted to ask about Jim, but before she could find her voice he said, "Your husband is in the car behind us."

Through the back window of the ambulance she saw a car with two people in it. Not recognizing Jim, she dropped her head back onto the pillows, too tired to question the doctor.

Anna began thinking, the beginning of a long period of thinking — and reasoning — she was to do in the time to come.

Later in the lobby of *Green Lawns* the nurse silently opened the door and set down a clean ash tray. Picking up the already filled one, she glanced momentarily with pity at Jim and then disappeared through the door from whence she had come.

"Pity," Jim snorted, "Why should they all pity me?" He had noticed it in the doctor's eyes as well as in the nurses'. "Anna should be the object of their pity, not me."

This line of thinking made him travel at an even more furious pace across the waiting room floor.

Suddenly, as though someone opened the curtains and light came flooding in, the realization came over him. Realization of Anna's love for him, of his love for her, their marriage, their closeness in all the years of being together came over him as though a dam had been broken somewhere inside.

Something within him exploded, "You love Anna and she loves you." He looked at his gold band and the words came effortlessly back to him, "For better or for worse, till death do us part."

Like a slow dawn, the way brightened and Jim began to pick up his feet as if to avoid the obscure bumps in a road. . . .

Dreams

MARY JANE DEADWYLER '62

Rest my distorted, tired mind

In the cover of dark

Til the fantasies of night

Have gone. But mark

The dreams that may betray

Your innocence in

The course of day.

Love is gone, but memories stay,

To haunt your ever restless dreams.

For love so strong there is no end —

So they say or so it seems

To one who fell as you.

The soul-searing pain of aloneness

has plunged its dagger deep into my mind —

and, withdrawn, has left my soul

to suffer the oneness of the uncared for.

From an abyss of self-pity

I shout, but none hears; or,

in hearing, cares not.

What is mankind that it distains

with such a haughty countenance

the cries of the needy?

Is there no one who will

stretch forth a hand to help?

NIGHT

KAY VALE '63

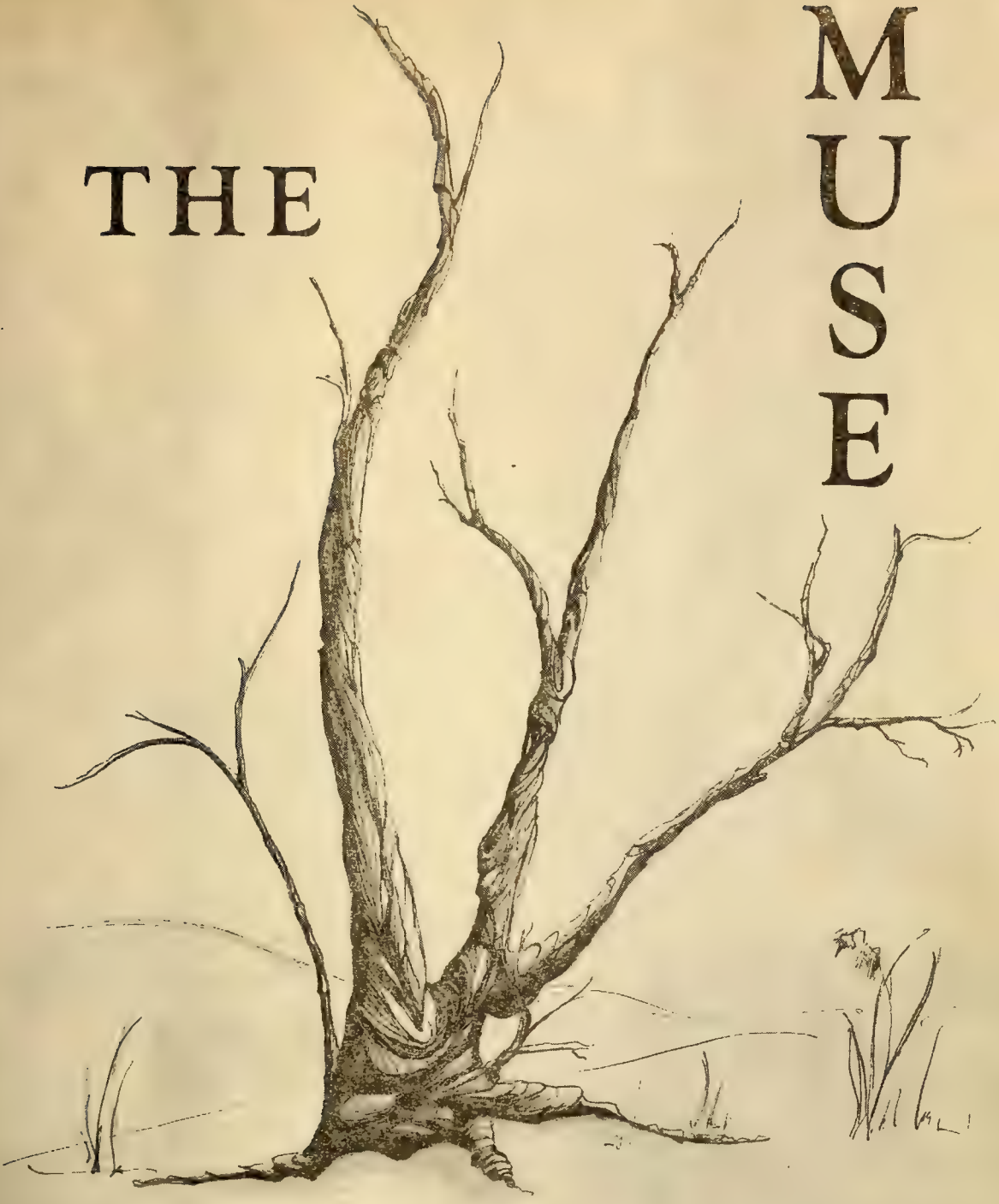
*We sit behind the yellow-lighted jewel
Windowpanes of summer night
And hear the buses monotonously stir and sway and slow
The hushing roll of power
Down a blue-lit street.
The neon greens of spring
That tremble bravely on a few black limbs,
Too sparse to shade the pulsing pavement or the dusty door-yard
In the heat of day,*

*Are bathed in tranquil deepness,
Replaced by neon green and red of night signs,
Pulsing over street and door-yard
Lighting up the dew-chilled pavement
In the cool of night.*

*Gentle fingers lift the cooking smells,
And brush aside impatiently the car fumes,
Making room for flavors of wisteria and breath-of-spring
And now and then a faint damp sea breeze.
Some boy's brown spotted mongrel,
Chained here, smells the sea breeze, dreams the far-off whistle of
a vagabond,
Cries, and yearns to follow.*

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EDITORIAL

To Learn — To Understand

MARY JANE DEADWYLER '62

T H E M U S E

With her breath visible as clouds of vapor in the greyness of a mid-winter day, the *Muse* steps from the warm retreat which has been her resting place since spring. Slender from her long repose she gazes favoringly on the frosted world. With her she brings the fanciful thoughts, dreams, and impressions of those who have called her from her slumber. Our *Muse* greets us and, as we receive her into our midst, we discern in her our own reflections. Our *Muse* mirrors us. She portrays the depths of our personal consciousness, similarly, the profundities of others. Through her we communicate with each other by a depth of feeling which is only brought about by understanding.

Each of us seeks a better way to understand and to be understood. But the individual's comprehension of an idea, a fact, or a personality, whether expressed by himself or by another, has become a luxury in which few indulge. Many would rather leave the total understanding of themselves and others, the world, and the universe to the "thinkers" of our society. The former, fugitives from knowledge, timorous, individuals, hide behind the guise of conformity and clothe themselves with indifference. They barely skim the surface of thought and seldom, if ever, seek any comprehension of anything outside their own narrow minds.

Conversely, there also exist the few to whom an understanding of themselves and their world has become their ultimate goal. By expressing their individual ideals, they realize their own beliefs. A realization of personal faiths provides a basis for understanding the ideas of others. Those who seek are those around whom the world revolves.

Each of us has a choice between these two methods of existence. If we chose the former we are lost. If we chose the latter, we must find the method of self-expression with which we will build the foundation of an understanding of ourselves and of others. For many of us, creative writing provides that method. Written words state clearly our feelings on any given ideal. The writings of others present to us the thoughts of the rest of the world. Here at St. Mary's our *Muse* satisfies both of these demands. Through her we may express our own ideals. Through her we may understand the thoughts of others.

So let us welcome our slender *Muse* again, with the realization that she represents the beginnings of thought and the foundation for understanding.

Silent Moments

JESS MACFARLAND '63

*Amid the laughter and the tears,
Amid the sounds of everyday,
A silent moment tiptoes in
And lets my mind roam free.*

*And turning from my present tasks,
My thoughts trip over — lovely hands,
And looks of love, and almost-springs —
In silent moments such as these.*



Fall

JESS MACFARLAND '63

*From sluggish morning and sultry noon
The world bursts free —
And from the smell of bright blue air
I sense the fall.*

Christmas Bells

JESS MACFARLAND '63

*Listen — there —
And then again —
The sound of faintly tinkling bells —
The laughter tone
Of Christmas bells
Ringing in my heart.*

*My every word
And every thought
Are set to music by the song
Of joy and love
That I can hear
Ringing in my heart.*

The Melancholy Bell of Christmas

ELIZABETH LACKEY '63

On a busy city street there rings a bell frosted with the chill of a December day. It rings steadily and monotonously, although muffled by the noises of streetworkers and Christmas shoppers and by the pealing of its gayer counterparts.

The hand which holds this bell is red and shaking and smells faintly of cheap whiskey for, just as it rings a bell on a street corner by day, so does it hold a glass in a dim-lighted bar by night. It seems almost impossible to imagine the owner of these hands in any activity requiring dexterity and skill, yet only a year ago he was performing delicate brain surgery in a major New York hospital. But he held himself responsible for an unavoidable accident during an operation and gradually drifted into the stubble-bearded, swearing, foul-smelling horde which haunts the streets of New York's Bowery. So now, because he lost faith in himself and in God, his hands are cuffed in the dingy fur of a Santa Claus suit instead of in the immaculate white of a surgeon's uniform.

Althought this bell rings for a worthy cause, its timid clanging is more often ignored than noticed and more often laughed at than appreciated. Its purpose is pure and noble, yet it lends an air of sadness, despair, and even hypocrisy because it is held by a faithless soul.

Thus rings the soliciting bell of Christmas. As it sings out its call for pennies to make the unfortunate a little happier, it reverberates with the despondency of all those to whom Christmas means nothing.

HIDDEN BY THE SNOW

SUZANNE MILLER '64

It surely was a beautiful Christmas Eve. It had been snowing all day and now, at night, the snow covered everything except the road which had been cleared. It was the kind of snow that never seemed to get dirty except on the curbs where the cars had splattered it. The street lights made dark shadows and bright places in the snow and it sparkled under the Christmas lights hung here and there. The stores were closing and people were going home. It was getting close to midnight. I just stood there, though, after everybody had gone. I was thinking about how beautiful the snow was except on the curbs where it was piled up all dirty. I saw the bicycle bell half hidden by the snow. I didn't want to pick it up, but I did. I guess I was just trying to cheer myself up when I said — You can put this on the new bicycle you get him when he is better. — God, things can be so perfect and then in one moment your whole world dies. I don't know how it happened. One minute he was just a boy riding down the street and in a second there he was lying in the snow. They said the bike had wobbled and he'd fallen in front of the car. They said it wasn't my fault but it'll be my fault for the rest of my life. And if he dies. . .

MIDNIGHT

HOLLY LUMPKIN '64

*Navy Blue is the night that covers the town,
And the fires burn quite low;
The moon and her courtly stars sparkle down
And reflect on the mirror of snow.*

*The lighted lamps gleam in circles of light;
Beneath them the carollers stand.
Little bells, big bells, chimes of the night
Sing out to a penitent land.*

*The lamplighter treads in the deep-crusting snow;
The houses darken inside.
Those with the spirit of Christmas know
The uselessness of pride.*

The Bomb

SUZANNE MILLER '64

*I'll never know the touch of age
Upon my young, cold brow.
I'll never know my child's sweet kiss
For I am dying now.*

*I'll never feel the ocean's breeze
Whipping through my hair.
I'll never see Rome's dying sun
For I shall not go there.*

*I'll never have a wedding day
Or walk into a church.
I'll never find my rainbow's end
And I can never search.*

*I'll never share a friend's small joke,
Or run along the wind.
And only minutes shall I live
And never see my friend.*

*I'll never cheer my nation's gains
Or sing my country's song.
But I shall know this bomb's dead touch —
Oh God, it takes so long.*

The Necessity of Thought

ROSA BECKWITH '63

The seething world is inhabited by a causeless generation which is vainly groping its way through the bewildering mazes of life. Influenced by the moral laxity, sophistication, materialism, and superficiality of today's society, the present generation has lost all perspective. Blasé cynicism reigns supreme. The individual strives for a time, but, unable to define his objectives, soon resigns himself to perpetual confusion.

However, this situation is not without remedy. If even one person realizes that he is lost, if even one person is not afraid to think and to face the conclusions he will reach, then this generation is not doomed to interminable turmoil.

A time is approaching that is appropriate for the contemplation of the essential meaning of life. However, the essence of Christmas is as easily obliterated as is a church bell by a loudspeaker harshly blaring that there are four shopping days left 'til Christmas. One must transcend the material in order to attain spiritual satisfaction. This faith is that for which the present generation is searching and that which it must attain if its members are to derive contentment, productivity, and stability from life.

THE SAPIENT

MARY JANE DEADWYLER '62

Outside the window the small, old man, dressed in green, and sitting on the oversized toadstool made a strange figure. He sat and gazed into the woods, his dark green clothes blending with the colors about him. In his hands he held a wooden pipe from which strange notes, echoing, had served to call me to the window. His very presence seemed to draw me out of the comparative warmth of our cottage into the gathering dusk and chill of the late summer evening. As I neared him he slowly turned and his gaze fixed my eyes to his. Emerald were his eyes with green fire within their depths and the strength of his gaze forced my retreat. He had reached into the depth of my conscious being and removed my soul which he observed with a bemused smile from

those emerald wells before returning it to me. Then he turned again to the forest.

I stood, welcoming my soul back to its native resting place. Then, once again, those magic notes began. But this time it was not my soul which he sought but my thoughts. Slowly they arranged themselves in a procession to parade in tattered finery before those green flames. Then, as each one passed and was ruled upon, he returned it to me, guided with a note from his pipe and scorched by a green spark.

My thoughts returned, but regretfully it seemed, to their berths within my brain. Then, more slowly than the world turns, the mushroom turned toward me, and once more I faced the bottomless green pools. Taking up his pipe he smiled a gentle smile and played my melody. My soul, my thoughts, all were in that tune. But the notes ignored these. They sought my heart and pulled at it. And my heart rushed toward the flaming green wells. It hid itself in the fathomless green depths and did not return to me.

Jam Today

HARRIETT ROGERS '62

*And the White Queen
Told Alice, "The rule is
Jam yesterday,
And jam tomorrow,
But never jam today."*

*But yesterday is far away;
And tomorrow might not come;
So I'll take jam today
And be happy.*

Fall Leaves

JESS MACFARLAND '63

*Blow leaves —
And from our hearts
Sweep out the evil.
Leave in our minds
Clean autumn air.*

*And may we, too,
Before we dry and wither,
Display our splendor
Brightly to the skies.*

And Then It Was He

HARRIETT ROGERS '62

SCENE: A DEN. *The room is nicely furnished but has a much-used air. Slightly left of center, in a prominent position, are a small table and a chair. On the table, there is a telephone. Other than these, the furnishings are of minor importance.*

TIME: EARLY SEPTEMBER.

When the curtain rises, the telephone is ringing. A girl, sixteen years old, pretty, dressed in school clothes, with books in her arms, rushes in to the room, drops books on floor and reaches for the phone on its fifth ring.

Hello. *(Breathlessly)*. Oh. *(Voice drops disappointedly)*. Hi, Betty. *(She listens for a moment)*. Betty, I can't talk now. *(Pauses. Frowns)*. Mother won't let me, that's why. I'll call you back later. Okay? Bye. *(Hangs up. Sinks on the chair)*.

You might know! A girl. *(Looks at phone as if hoping it will ring again)*. Gosh! I know I just got home, but I do wish Joe would call — now. After not hearing from him all summer, today, the very first day of school, he says he'd like to talk to me. I can't believe . . . *Maybe* he still . . . Oh! I'm so excited — and scared. What if he just wants to be friends! That'd be horrible; he'd probably want me to get him dates or something. *(Leans head on hand, elbow propped on table. Then moves it to lap)*. I think I'd rather we didn't even speak. *(Phone rings. She puts hand on receiver immediately but lets it ring three times before answering)*.

Hello. *(Pause. Disappointment in face)*. No, Cathy, He hasn't called yet. You should have known that; I'll call you the minute he hangs up. Lemme go now. Keep your fingers crossed for me. Okay? Bye *(Hangs up)*.

(Disconsolately). I wish he'd call. *(Phone rings. She lets it ring twice before answering)*.

Hello. *(Brightly. Long pause. Disappointment. Looks around the room and at door through which she entered at the beginning. Seems to be listening for someone)*. No, Mrs. Brown, *(Looks guilty)* Mother isn't home. *(Pause)*. No, uh, I don't know where she is, but, it uh, will be late before she comes back. Shall I have her call you? *(Pause)*. All right. I'll tell her. Good-bye. *(Hangs*

up. Practically runs to the door. Looks out and listens. Slowly walks back to table).

Oh! If Mother ever finds out I said she wasn't here, she'll kill me. But she talks for hours! And anyhow, I've just got to keep the lines free so Joe can call. *(Pause, while she looks hopefully at the phone)*. I guess I could begin to study. It might make the time go a little faster. *(Picks up a book. Stares at it. Phone rings. She grabs it)*.

H'lo. *(Long pause. She grimaces)*. No, sir. No one by that name lives here. *(Pause. Then, rather rudely)*. No, I don't know where she lives. *(Pause)*. That's all right. Bye. *(Hangs up. Phone rings immediately)*.

Hello. *(Slight pause)*. Cathy! *(Voice raised angrily)*. I said I'd call! What if he's trying to call me now? I'll call you back, but lemme go. Bye. *(Hangs up, slamming the receiver down. Stands up)*.

Why don't you just face it. He isn't going to call. He's playing you for a fool. *(Walks slowly down stage, back to the telephone)*. Well, if that's the way he's going to be, I just hate him. *(Looks out toward the audience. Chin lifted. Angry and hurt)*. And anyway, if he wanted to make up with me, he wouldn't have dated all those other girls. I haven't dated anybody, and it's just not fair. *(Stands staring straight ahead, deep in thought. Phone rings once, then again before she turns to look at it disgustedly)*. Go ahead! Ring! I'm not going to answer you. *(Phone rings for third time)*. There's no need to. *(Fourth ring. Walks towards it)*. I know it's not Joe. *(Rings for fifth time. Slowly picks up receiver)*.

H'lo. *(Dull tone of voice)*. Oh! *(Eyes light up. Stands straighter. Grins delightedly)*. Hi, Greg. No, I'm not doing anything that night. I'd love to go to the Senior Prom with you. *(Listens)*. No, Joe and I have broken up for good. *(Listens and grins)*. Well, I'm glad that you're glad. *(Listens)*. No, I'm not doing anything Friday night, and I'd like to go to the show with you. Well, I'll see you tomorrow. Okay? Bye-bye. *(Hangs up)*.

Just think! Greg Donaldson! Gosh! How 'bout that! He's so good looking. Cathy will just die when I tell her. *(Phone rings)*.

Hello. Oh, hi, Joe. *(Grins delightedly)*. Fine. And how have you been? *(Listens)*. Gosh, Joe, I'm awfully sorry, but I already have a date Friday. *(Bites lower lip. Then grins)*. Saturday is

fine. I'd love to date you then. (*Listens seriously. Catches phone cord and twists it while she listens. Very intent*). Well, Joe, I like you an awful lot, but I don't think I want to go steady again. (*Pause. She smiles*). Well, we'll see how things work out. Okay? I'll see you Saturday. Bye-bye.

(*Hangs up. Stands up and grins*).

Mmmph! Serves him right. I bet he thought I worshipped the ground he walked on. I bet he thought I'd jump at the chance to date him again. Why, I bet he *even* thought I'd stay home all afternoon *waiting* for him to call. Well! I guess I showed him. (*Walks around table, smiling to herself. Picks up receiver. Puts one knee on the chair as she begins to dial a number. Sits down on edge of table when she finishes. Curtain slowly begins to fall as she says. . .*).

H'lo. (*Pause*). Cathy? Guess what!!

ILLUSIONS OF CHILDHOOD

FRANCES PEGUES '63

When I was a child of six or seven, I spent much of my time with a friend, Joanne. With her pretty blonde hair and blue eyes, Joanne was what I had always wanted to be. Unlike many friends, she and I never had fights or disagreements because we thought alike. I, being three months older than Joanne, was pleased to find myself the leader in our play. We could often be found under the porch calling out the doodlebugs, or perhaps we were in my room only talking. What we talked about concerned such subjects as why my doll is sick or what happens to candle-flies during the day: all the things that a child wonders about.

Once we decided to build a horse. For a whole day, Joanne and I figured and planned, and the next day we spent with hammer and nails. This horse would be just like a real one with mane, tail, and even horseshoes. After much work we finished and fully expected the horse to get up and to go. To our wonder, it just stood there. However, the fun that we had planning and building made up for the disappointment of its not working. In our hearts it was a real horse.

Now as I think back over Joanne and me, I realize that people must have thought that our relationship was unusual. To me Joanne was very real, but actually she existed only in my imagination. A child is composed of many things, and imagination is fifty percent of the mixture. Can it be so surprising that this imagination is the means of most of childhood happiness?

The Debut

MARY RUTH McCUTCHEON '62

*The world will soon receive me,
Indifferently,
Into its intricate web
Of cold reality,
Confusion,
Disillusionment —
It will calmly destroy
My dreams
Of fantastic tomorrows
And whirl me
Into oblivion.*

Suppressed Fears

MARY RUTH McCUTCHEON '62

*The sun rises
casting a dim light
on the sleeping city.
A silent figure
hovers
at the window,
scarcely breathing,
listening
for the footsteps
of the
Unknown
which will inevitably
approach,
pause. . .
then fade —
but never completely.*

The Harvest

CAROL COMBS '64

Ponderously, the combine that I controlled advanced, clipping with its shining silver teeth the amber waving wheat. The whirr of its motor, the harsh clank of its huge metal body, and the dry rustling sound of its blades cutting the stalks blended into a symphony of power. The sun, glaring upon the metal, made me squint; it beat down upon my back, almost unbearably. I had long before become drenched with sweat. The hot wind whirled the wheat chaff and the dry dust from the field into my eyes and mouth and against my bare arms and legs. This mixture clung to my wet body, making it difficult to see, to breathe, or even to feel anything except the painful itchiness that it caused. Before me, the glittering shafts of grain stood tall, almost defiant for one brief moment in their golden glory and then vanished into the gaping jaws of the iron monster; thence to be transformed into bread for the millions.

Depressed

HARRIETT ROGERS '62

*I feel
like
a little black dot
on a big sheet
of dirty-white paper
or
a hole
stuck by the point
of a compass
in an old piece of paper
either one of which
is going
to be
thrown out
tomorrow.*

Youth at Rest

MARY JANE DEADWYLER '62

*Youth hath raised his untried head
From his chaste and narrow bed;
And gazing from the sagging springs
Seeks the truth that age can bring.*

*Youth might touch his foot on floor
And innocence would be no more.
No more a pure song could he sing
While seeking truth that age may bring.*

*Youth might stand and look around
At narrow minds and narrow bounds
Listening for a bell to ring
To show the truth that age may bring.*

*But youth does not get out of bed
He pulls the sheets up over head
And scorning just to walk with kings,
Sleeps through the truth that age does bring.*

The Area Between Right and Wrong

JESS MACFARLAND '63

With a hasty look around us to make sure no adults were near, we piled out of the car. Since the boys had brought tools, it was not difficult to detach the stop sign from the post. Smiling with satisfaction, we gently placed our prize in the back seat and roared away. Jean would certainly be delighted to get this new decoration for her room.

Taking the sign seemed to us to be a harmless prank. After all, we told ourselves, it did not really belong to anyone, and since the street it had marked was a dead end, no one would fail to stop.

What had happened, however, to the small voices that we had heard inside us when we were children? Where was the sense of guilt, so carefully cultivated by our watchful parents, that had caused pricking sensations in our souls if we picked up so much as a piece of bubble gum at the grocery store? Where was the memory of a patient Sunday school teacher explaining the importance of the eighth commandment? The answer to these questions lies in the changes of philosophy that occurred during our adolescence.

We young people ponder the deeply instilled convictions of childhood and gradually form our own basic standards. We find, for example, that a literal interpretation of the Bible does not have a place in our lives, and we search for symbolic meanings behind religious teachings. There is a period, however, when the sharp demarcation fades, and right and wrong merge into a murky gray in which boundaries and limits are often obscured. Our old aversion to alcohol, for instance, is modified by such terms as "social drinking" and "drinking like a lady." Situations and public opinion often color our adolescent decisions more than law or good advice. We are often so eager to attend a party which will give us a social foothold that we do not make sure that it will be orderly and well chaperoned. As long as an act is fun and as long as no one is hurt, we consider it permissible. Although this attitude is neither good nor admirable, it is, nevertheless, generally accepted among teen-agers.

Adults offer us many opinions as to how we should change our outlook. Parents, counselors, and juvenile authorities give us rigid definitions of right and wrong, some of which are out of date and some of which can be learned only by ex-

perience. As Robert Louis Stevenson says in his essay "Pulvis et Umbra," "The canting moralist tells us of right and wrong; and we look abroad, even on the face of our small earth, and find them change with every climate." Nowhere is this more true than in the world of the adolescent. The change occurs especially in our moral code where we find that the "good girls" of our early teens are now called "prudes" by many of our respected leaders.

We listen attentively to those who give advice, and most of us determine that we do nothing absolutely wrong. As for our border-line offenses, these adults can give us no definite solution. We see in our mothers' "white lies" to get out of unwanted invitations and in our fathers' careful watching for police as he speeds down the highway, traces of an attitude that was formed in the days when our parents, too, were confused about the murky gray area between right and wrong. It is probable, then, that our much bemoaned generation will continue to steal stop signs, attend unchaperoned parties, and dance the twist until we, too, are old enough to know all the answers and to give advice from our mistakes.

Standstill

HARRIETT ROGERS '62

Stopped.

My world is at a standstill.

There's nothing to be happy about

Or sad about;

Nothing to wish for

Or dream for.

This is not living,

Only existing.

My world is at a standstill.

Stoppea.

Wavering Boundaries

MARY JANE DEADWYLER '62

*I speak of heat —
The boundless intensity of a sultry day,
The heavings of an airless day,
The boundaries of a humid time.*

*I speak of heat
With words drawn with heavy breath:
With faint gasps,
With a closeness hanging over all.*

*Air swims with forms distorted
By heat rising from waving surfaces.
All is quiet for none can sound
Any noise to break the silence.*

*There is a dampness on all things
That closeness crushes all together.
The band grows tighter,
And then. . .*

Question Unanswered

HOLLY LUMPKIN '64

*Who is he
That I should weep and mourn and cry
Unto a dark night's starless sky?*

*Who is he
That I should fall
Out of living into love-all
For his sake?*

*What is he
That, loving him, to dark should turn my sky?
Does he remember? Why should I?*

Even Temporary

HOLLY LUMPKIN '64

*Selfish little words, actions
That lead away from world to self
Slip out from even the most concealed of black
hearts,
Betraying some unconscious thought,
Some deep desire hidden.*

*Sweet natures follow the self same road;
But the difference lies in knowing when to smile
And cast an upward glance;
Lack of this knowledge is playing hopscotch with
God,
Knowing from the start who will win.*

Paradox

HOLLY LUMPKIN '64

*Waiting is such agony,
Such torment for my soul to bear;
But were there naught to wait upon,
I could not live from year to year.*

The Short Interval

MARY RUTH McCUTCHEON '62

*An old man stands
In the
Shadows,
Contemplating
Your youthful vigor —
Knowing
That all too soon
Death
Will replace
That vigor
With
Eternal
Unconsciousness.*

Ad Terram

HOLLY LUMPKIN '64

*I threw away my past tonight —
A cold, inanimate bit of earth
Fell to its beginning —
Where? My mind cannot conceive,
Nor does it care.*

THE DARK

SUZANNE MILLER '64

"Go away. You're not wanted here."

"That's true, but I *am* here."

"Why are you here?"

"You know perfectly well why I'm here."

"Yes, I do. But couldn't you have stayed away just a little longer?"

"Now don't be ridiculous. I had that doctor give you three month's warning and that is quite against my principles. I think I'm very kind."

"Yes, I guess you are. Why is it so dark?"

"We must be going."

"Well, wait just a minute. I've got to say good-bye."

"Look, I've given you three months to say good-bye. We're late already and I hate it when you people disrupt my schedule. I've got five more of you to take away and if they're all as slow as you are, I'll never get back. And besides, it's cold here."

"Oh please! It won't take a second. And while you're waiting you can turn the lights back on."

"You know I can't turn the lights back on. Just because you're dying you seem to think that you're special, but you aren't. *I* consider you just one of the group."

"But I *hate* the dark."

"Go say good-bye before I hit you. And be content that I'm letting you say good-bye. Of course there's really nothing else I can do. Some of you people are so afraid of death and just hang on to life with all your strength which makes it very hard for me. And after all these years of forcing people to go with me this job is becoming rather boring. You might be a little more considerate."

"Just a minute, I'll be right back."

"Well, that was quick."

"Oh, I just said a few sentimental things and it wouldn't have looked too good if I'd stayed any longer."

"You ready?"

"Yes, but tell me one thing, will it always be dark from now on?"

"I'd knew you'd ask that sooner or later. Everyone does. And the only answer I can give you is that you'll probably be in the dark for a long time. But then, that's life."

Loved by Many a Man Before

MARION PURCELL '64

*And when the damp of dusk is come,
Do you walk among the pines,
Gazing through the softest boughs
At diamond-crustèd ebony,
Which sheds such kind reflected rays?
Do you honor the empress of night,
Who, softly clothed in raiment bright,
Gently gives her palest light
To heaven and earth, delighting sight?
And do you joy to give Him thanks,
Who through His handiwork reveals
His wondrous visage to mere men?
Love you the God of nature,
Loved by many a man before?*

*Then join me, friend! Come out of doors
And run the verdant hillsides fair;
Laugh with me in the fox's lair.
Crown your head with bright green leaves;
With flowers adorn your long, free hair.
Swift our heels for bliss of speed,
Strong and firm our limbs in flight,
Our joy is in the laughing streams;
The gurgling brooks are rich respite.*

The Brink

JESS MACFARLAND '63

*Standing on the brink of knowledge —
Edge of future, start of life—
I look down in expectation
And see only empty space.*

The Gifts of the Master Craftsman

MARION PURCELL '64

*Oh, does your spirit delight in life,
As fauns who frolic through forests green?
Know your limbs the joy of speed,
Your hair the wind of running?
Does your face know the singe of sun,
And your throat the surge of song?
Love your eyes the waterfall,
And your nose the scent of the pine?
Do you delight in the somber woods,
And the moist sod of earth beneath your feet?
Do you dance with the wind and laugh with the
sun,
Thus joining the forest in prayer and praise
Of Him who fashioned ferns and flowers?
And do you share the rush of mirth
With which the leaves of Autumn fire
The hills so red, so flaming gold?
Do you with the mountains cry,
And sing with the little hills?
Reply your songs to every song
Of frantically dancing scarlet leaves
And blissfully halcyon warmth of sun?
Does the crisp air sting your cheeks
And swell your throbbing lungs?
Love you so the joys of nature,
Then come, my friend, oh come with me;
The hart we'll chase with racing feet.
Ascend with me the tallest tree,
And know with me the fresh air sweet.
Delight in that which shows you God;
Stand straight and free on rich, green sod.*

Manifestation

MARION PURCELL '64

*The beauty of His work fortells
The glory of His face;
His overwhelming love brings forth
In us the fruits of grace.*



Prayers

Written by Students for St. Mary's

Dear Lord, in the twilight wind and the breaking dawn, in the midday sun and the dark cool night, we ask Thy blessing on St. Mary's that we may become purer and more sincere in the giving of ourselves to the tasks set before us by Jesus Christ, Our Lord.

—Amen.
'64

O Father, who hast given us wisdom that we may gain knowledge, and knowledge that we gain wisdom; grant us to learn what it pleaseth Thee to teach us, that being blessed by Thee at St. Mary's, we may be made a blessing to all mankind, through Jesus Christ, Our Lord.

—Amen
'64



THE MUSE

St. Mary's Junior College

SPRING - - - 1962



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EDITORIALS

ONE LEAF

Each of us represents a tangible manifestation of a basic emotion. Each of us is a heart, a soul, a mind, and a body. We are products of our heredity and environment, of books we have read, reflections of people we have known and of circumstances which have served to mould us into what each of us considers himself to be. These are factors which distinguish a person from others.

But what spark maintains this difference? When in the process of never-ending growth does man cease to exist without the necessity of being nurtured by others? Individuality originates with the first word echoed from a mother's lips, that first word that a child gives to the world, and from that moment he begins to exist as a free-willed person. Nor is this existence limited by the first word. From that time on words pour forth — unquenchable words. As man ponders the questions of God and himself, and as he experiences emotions — love, hate, or despair, he breathes these into the world as words, his constant representation and gift of himself to others.

By expressions of his own consciousness man develops as does a vine, from a bud into a leaf on that "vine of humanity" which encircles the world. The state of a vine is determined by the soundness of each leaf. The strength of each leaf is measured by its ability to aid in the continuance of the life of the vine. But, in order to grow, the vine must have an inner connective system. Men, in forming their leaves on the vine of humanity, must have a similar connecting system and it is by words that man maintains his connection. The total expression of the individual, formulated by every phrase that he utters, is his contribution to the nourishment of the plant.

But man is not and cannot be intrinsically entangled in this vine. His mind, soul, and imagination must remain free to learn by drawing from written and spoken words gathered from the free minds of others. From the great minds of philosophy, from the rhythmical splendor of poetry, he gleans thoughts; and, by his own writings he shapes these thoughts into the complete evaluation of himself to be used by others in the formation of their personal creeds. But, even as the life of the plant depends upon its inner system and its ability to draw nourishment from the outside, so the vine of humanity depends ultimately on both man's ability to absorb knowledge and his desire to communicate with his fellow man.

The *Muse* is a basis for the communication of ideals and beliefs and the beginning of our contribution to the "vine of humanity".

MARY JANE DEADWYLER '62
Editor

EXCELLENCE

What is the criterion of excellence? Unfortunately, there is no set rule that can be followed in order to achieve excellence. The spark of excellence is as impossible to capture and explain as is the spark of life. One cannot isolate and define life; he can only recognize its presence and absence. This elusive and almost indefinable quality may time and again slip away at the precise moment when one believes it is firmly in his grasp. However, one should not be permanently disillusioned if excellence appears to be just beyond his reach. More importantly, one should never be lackadaisically content with the mediocre. One must continuously and arduously exercise his powers to their greatest extent and consequently realize his full potential, thus achieving excellence in one manner or another.

Excellence falls into no set pattern. For example, both Michaelangelo and Slivka are noted for the superiority of their sculpture. However, nothing could be further removed from Michaelangelo's realistic and powerful *David* than is Slivka's *Avant-garde Reclining Woman*. Similarly, both Rembrandt and Kline are revered for their artistic experiments concerning the effect of light and darkness. Nevertheless, Rembrandt's realistic *Self-Portrait*, primarily composed of contrasting illumination and shadow, and Kline's abstract *Laureline*, consisting of irregular black and white areas, are completely dissimilar. Nevertheless, each contains that elusive, but recognizable spark of excellence.

Sculptors and artists create from essentially the same basic materials. However, their individual products are poles apart. The ability of the artist to convey his impressions and thoughts in their truest sense in his individual style is what distinguishes the truly great from the merely good. Similarly, all writers have at their finger tips the same basic materials — words. Only the really remarkable writer can choose and arrange his words so skillfully that each shade of meaning, each inflection, and each allusion is perfectly and forcefully conveyed. Such an author's work is unmistakably graced with that intangible, but obvious spark of excellence.

ROSA BECKWITH '63

Haiku

Haiku is a form of Japanese poetry which gives a complete thought in three lines. The lines have five, seven, and five syllables respectively. On the surface each poem appears to be a nature picture, but closer inspection shows that the thought applies to life in general.

*Full moon cloudy dimmed—
Underneath the world a sigh:
Young love soon grows old.*

*Cool of soft spring dusk—
And through my open window
Glide shadows of life.*

*Hope-stretched trees search spring
And dark limbs yearn in silence—
Gray sky meets gray earth.*

JESS MACFARLAND '63

The Populace

*People—have looked,
And having looked, move on
To somewhere else,
Their private worlds.
Behind the masks,
Those bovine expressions,
Lurk hidden thoughts
Waiting for their moment to rise.*

*People—have judged,
And having judged, move on
To something else.
Behind the blankness,
Those contemptuous expressions,
Lurk fears
Waiting for their moment
To spring.*

*People—have loved,
And having loved, remain.
In that place, there,
Behind the face,
That calm expression,
Is peace.*

MARY JANE DEADWYLER '62



Good-Bye, Summer!

At about eight o'clock Sunday morning, August 23, 1959, I packed the last souvenir, said my last good-byes, and left Old East Dorm, Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Junior Playmaker Session, Summer '59, was over.

It was about the same as any other Sunday morning had been that August — scorching and dripping as only July and August in the “flat-lands” can be. There was the same brave blue sky that had mysteriously produced rain clouds every afternoon at three since my arrival, looking as innocent, clear, and beautiful as ever. The same unseen birds and half-shy squirrels added their songs and playful chatter to the stillness of the campus. It was quite a change from the usual Monday-through-Saturday-morning routine which always began very early with a resounding crash as the daily garbage was collected. I had been thankful for that, though; those garbage cans had been my alarm clock for five weeks.

I stood on the second floor, staring out the large, dusty, slightly ivy-covered window at the familiar campus below and smelling the hot pavement smells mixed with ever-present stale cigarette smoke from the third floor. The brick walks looked just as red, slippery smooth, and worn; the green grass, only slightly wilted, seemed very much the same. Only our car looked unfamiliar in the parking lot, and the cars that should have been there were gone.

As I walked through the empty, echoing halls and said a silent farewell to room 29, it seemed to me that a very important part of my life was over. I felt almost caught between two worlds, too much a part of each one to be in the other. I could hardly remember my life before, acting, stagecraft, and rehearsal after rehearsal had taken over. I had created a world all my own here; for five weeks I'd been almost completely on my own. I wanted to stay with the people I'd learned to know so quickly and so well — I couldn't leave! But I had to; Junior Playmakers, '59, was past history now, over and finished.

As I signed out and walked down the steps for the last time, feeling almost deserted and alone, my littlest brother Jody ran up to meet me, clutching the orange dog I'd bought for him the day before. “I'm hot!” he said, in the special accent reserved for three-year-olds. “Let's go back where it's cool!”

I could remember then — my cool, green mountains; early, misty mornings in the valley; all the special people I'd been too busy to miss; and all the million other things we overlook every day because we're too close to them to see how wonderful they are. “Come on, Jody,” I smiled. “We're going home!”

KAREN VOM LEHN '63

Le Contraire

*The rain-cooled wind wandered through the room
Searching for the struggling soul
Whose spirit, long departed from this gloom,
Seemed to linger with the shadows
Which inhabited the corner.*

*The sun-warmed breeze tiptoed 'cross the sill.
Smiling at the shadows fleet with dawn,
And gently took the hand of the spirit of the soul
And led it back to light.*

HOLLY LUMPKIN '64

From This Earth

*From the tiny seed in the dirty earth
Tall the strong oak grows,
Reaching, stretching into the clouds.
Small was the beginning. . .
And the end?
Not even the tree knows. . .*

HOLLY LUMPKIN '64

The Eternal Gardener

*The loveliest bud in the whole garden
Will die without tenderest care
Of a loving hand;
And yet,
When one rose dies,
Another springs to take its place,
To be gentled by the gardener into beauty—
As when the loving hand dies,
Another comes to give
Even better care
Than before.*

HOLLY LUMPKIN '64

Shattered

*My thoughts like tiny crystals all
Lie sparkling in the night,
A handful of eternity,
Like starfire shimm'ring bright.
But, see. One lies all broken there
One shattered, darkly rimmed.
Why is it still the brightest one?
Why must the rest be dimmed?
Precious crystal shining still
Though fallen, crushed in scorn,
Shine back through all that trackless time
And reach the love I mourn.*

KAREN VOM LEHN '63

PUNISHED

I was five; Fred three. And we were horrible — most of the time anyway. That day we had been particularly bad; we'd mixed the salt and pepper, shot the hose through the back bedroom window, cooked mud pies in the oven. Fred had ripped the hair off of my best doll, poked her eyes back into her head with a stick, and appeased me by showing me how to bury her. I had taken all of the sand out of the sand box and arranged it around the sides so it would look like a lake with a beach. Mother's patience wore a little thinner at each occurrence. (In fact, for the water through the window, we were rather soundly spanked.) Our nap was spent with the top sheets stretched across to the top of the bed and tied to the bed post and the two of us pretending we were bears. Mother managed to bear up under the growls and roars that went along with our bear act. But when, after we had risen, we took the baby out of the crib and into the back yard so that we could teach her how to climb a tree, the patience collapsed.

"Come here!" she snapped. "And get in the car." Slowly we dragged ourselves over to the car and got in.

We arrived in front of a fairly small, two story, white concrete house. Mother opened the door, got out, came around the car, opened our door, and helped us out. We walked to the door. The policeman who answered our knock was very tall, very big, and very rough looking. Mother looked at him, and then at us.

"May we come in?" she asked. "In" was the jail. After a guided tour (of unspeakable horror to Fred and me), Mother thanked the man and took us back to the car.

"How did you like it?" she asked.

Complete silence.

"I see. Well," she said, rather grimly, "that's where bad people are put. And if you two keep on being such bad children, you'll grow up to be bad grown ups. And that's where you'll be put, too."

The ride home and the rest of the afternoon was spent in subdued silence.

HARRIETT ROGERS '62

Of Fog and Silence

A dense fog covered the city, and the fluorescent lights that bordered the street gave the mist a strange, blue cast. It was an uncomfortable night for the policeman who was walking his beat — a soggy night when the cold damp air seeped inside his slicker and crawled along his spine. As he was finishing his rounds, the officer noticed the child who was standing in the middle of the road, staring into the mist. "Hey, little girl," he called as he approached her. "Hey, get out of the street and go on home." But the child stood still, her back toward the man, and said nothing. "What's your name, kid?" His voice cut sharply through the fog.

Silence.

"Look here," said the cop gruffly, "you can't stand out here in the street. Anyway, you should be at home on a night like this. Come on. I'll take you home."

The child made no answer and did not move. "Come on, I say." He laid a hand on her shoulder.

Slowly, reluctantly she turned and her gaze met his. So pale were her eyes that they appeared to be bits of the blue mist — deep and unfathomable. But as the policeman searched for their pale secret, he suddenly understood. He saw the bottom of their nothingness.

JESS MACFARLAND '63

Life Without Hope

*The rain keeps falling on the ground
While gloom is calling in its sound.
I try to stay alert and calm,
But I can find no soothing balm.
Is there no way to fight it off—
To maintain life without death's cough?
I've tried in any of various ways,
Tried to tie together the days,
But no longer do I seek happiness;
It's an empty word, meaningless.
And I give up the soul and care.
Life without hope-spirit's ill fare.*

HARRIETT ROGERS '62

Kaleidoscope

*Blue is a dream;
it soothes and relaxes.*

*Red is excitement of the violent;
it's warm and wonderful and bright—
it's jazz and summertime and laughter all
rolled into one.*

*Brown is the earth, stretching endlessly;
it's a new empty grave with its mouth open
for its meal.*

*Yellow is laughter, gay and happy;
it's spring and flowers—
it's warmth and tenderness for the lonely.*

*Green is the lake in summer,
cool and inviting,
waiting to draw you under to its murky
depths.*

*Gold is the harvest moon, cold and proud;
it's the mercenary and their vain hopes for
wealth—
it's appearance is soft and living—
it's touch cold and hard.*

*Black is a combination—
... the blues
... the night
... sophistication
a crying saxophone wailing for something
gone;
the night full of fear without hope;
a woman pretending to be what she isn't.
Black is eternity, empty and ugly.*

Caprice

*When my thoughts go roaming free,
Out the window, in front of me—
I find them almost anywhere,
Tying sea shells in their hair
Or swinging wildly by their knees
From knarled limbs of tall oak trees.
And when I try to call them back
Along the old familiar track,
They try to hide in chimney smoke,
And make believe I never spoke.*

JESS MACFARLAND '63

Life

*Little children living in the sand
Day
to
day
play
and
play
They'll never know what life's about
until
They outgrow their box of sand
And move on to a larger space of land.*

HARRIETT ROGERS '62

NANCY BAUM '63

ALMOST

It happened in biology lab— just as I was gathering up my books and shoving my microscope onto the shelf. Call it a tiny voice in my brain or a sudden light or a silent awakening—but there it was—curiosity—*intellectual curiosity*. And it was telling me to stay in the lab until dinner time—to skip my afternoon chat in the dorm and to sit with books and slides until I understood the secret of the evolution of plant life. As I stood there, startled, while all my friends pushed past me, more new ideas oozed into my stagnant mind—like admitting that rock-and-roll jangles my nerves and that beer doesn't really taste good and that fraternity boys bore me.

For one moment these new thoughts nearly engulfed me; I put my books down and actually reached for my microscope. Then, fortunately, I forced myself to think practically—to remember all the “brains” and the “squares” and the “out-of-it” girls at whom my group laughed. My hands grew clammy when I pictured myself classified with those lonely creatures. So, carefully, and very quickly, I squeaked my new curiosity with thoughts of pleated skirts and weejuns; I concentrated on the proper motions of the U. T. and speculated on the possibilities of dating at the SAE house this weekend. And very painlessly my strange new ideas receded and disappeared.

With a sigh of relief I adjusted the collar of my Villager dress and hurried toward the dorm for a cigarette. At least, I thought happily, no one will ever call *me* different.

JESS MACFARLAND '63

Life-Giving Flame

There is in my room a candle which, when it is lit, exhibits at the bottom of its pool of melted wax many small golden sequins and a charred scrap of paper. The beautiful sequins and the ugly paper form a striking contrast. When the candle is blown out, however, they all disappear in the hardening wax. To see them again, one must relight the candle or dig into the wax with a knife. But while the flame shows all of the secret contents of the candle as they are, the knife cannot possibly find all of the little sequins, nor can it remove the charred paper without crumbling it. Moreover, if the candle is disfigured by the knife, the flame can melt the wax, making it whole and beautiful again. Could this be because the Candle Maker intended the glory of a flame for His creation?

MARION PURCELL, '64

DREAM

The road ran smoothly before us. The late afternoon sun beamed down on the fields. I laughed aloud. It was good to be young and alive. My friends laughed with me. They knew how I felt, though no word had been spoken. Suddenly I shivered. The road was familiar. I knew every house, every tree. That was impossible. I had never been on this road. Yet, I must have! Up ahead loomed a curve. There was something about it. It was bad. We shouldn't go around it. I tried to scream but no words came. The curve came nearer and nearer.

I woke up crying. What had I been dreaming? My mind was completely blank. I forgot about it and went back to sleep.

The next night, as soon as I had fallen asleep, I was back in the car. The curve was closer now. We were going around it, but something was happening. We weren't making it. The field came out to meet us. Then came blackness. It was so peaceful, so very, very quiet and still.

The third night I dreamed the same dream, but this time there was no blackness, but an end. I felt the car lurch, heard the glass crash and fall around me. For a second everything was black. Then I was standing in the road. Blood was pouring out of Cecilia's head. It stood out brilliantly against her white blouse and pale blue skirt. My neck hurt and I was crying. Becky stood helplessly by. Then I was in a car; it must have been the ambulance, and the man driving kept saying, “It's all right, Bonnie. Everything's all right now.” I kept trying to tell him that I wasn't Bonnie Eggleston, but he wouldn't listen.

Suddenly it was morning and once again my dream was forgotten. That afternoon I walked uptown to get a new notebook. I wasn't going to stay long because I wanted to get my lessons done early, so that I could watch a favorite television program. Then I saw Cecilia. She was by herself and had her car all afternoon. “Hop in,” she invited. “Let's go pick up Becky and go to ride.” “Sounds fine,” I agreed.

Now we are riding down the old Darlington Highway. I've never been on this road, but I must have. Everything's so familiar, every house, every tree, even that curve ahead.

HARRIETT ROGERS '62

An Awakening

A sharp curve rudely jolted her awake. Through her half-closed eyes, she saw the soldier slouched in the seat opposite her, his gangling, folded-up frame overflowing into the aisle, one size eleven foot propped on the arm of the seat ahead. His chin was firm and his jaw square, but the effect of virile durability was tempered by a perhaps too loose mouth, soft and pink and wet as if he had just licked it. She hurriedly lowered her lashes when she realized his pale blue eyes, faintly rimmed in red, were staring intently back at her.

As the regular clicking of the wheels lulled her to sleep, hazy thoughts fled through the girl's mind.

Know he's awfully mixed up—going off to war like this. . . Wonder if he knows why he's goin' . . . I wouldn't. . . He can't be that calm, must be scared. . . He's got to face what all men want to hide from. . .

Opening her eyes and frowning in the glare of the setting sun, the girl casually glanced across the aisle. Only a crumpled newspaper, one sheet having been folded into a paper plane, remained. Her eyes smarting from the acrid smoke of the stifling car, the girl lurched down the aisle, passing a sweating group of soldiers, gleefully shooting craps and amiably cursing in the corner. Shoving the door to the platform open, she stumbled out into the clearer air. Slouched against the wall, cigarette in hand, was the soldier. Disconcerted by his silent appraisal, the girl giggled inanely. "Didn't see ya. . ." and stopped, licking her lips nervously. He said nothing, and she, picking at the dangling sleeve of her sweater, rattled on, "Been in long? Ever been wounded? Say, were you in any of the big one—Guadalcanal or any of 'em?"

He took a deliberate drag on his cigarette, grasped between thumb and forefinger, the disdain on his face unmistakably revealed in its glow. Then in one fluid movement he pitched away the butt and grasped her wrist so tightly that his wiry hand showed purplish-white beneath its tan. "Shut-up, sister," he snarled. Then shoving her contemptuously away, he looked down at her through half-closed lids, his body tensely controlled, fists taut at his side. "Really had you fooled, didn't I, sister? Just like those brave soldier boys in there. Won every cent off'em—like I always do—all dressed up in this here glorious uniform from the Army Surplus!"

ROSA BECKWITH '63

THE CRISIS

The first crisis in an individual's life usually occurs during the ages from thirteen to twenty, sometimes even later. The crisis involves the discovery of the self, a task which is to be accomplished by the individual himself. Others may help but it is impossible for them to tell him what he is. Before the crisis, the blissful world of a child—doting parents, congenial friends, dry dirt roads under the summer sun, dolls, baseball mits, and views of green fields and budding trees through the bedroom window on a spring morning—is obliterated by adolescence which is marked by a nagging self-consciousness, the beginning of the crisis. It is difficult to say what initiates this self-consciousness. Perhaps instinct tells the child that he must forget his happy world and face responsibility. The individual's first concern is himself. He recognizes in himself individuality, intelligence, and power; hence, there is a desire for recognition. He becomes aware that high grades, student government offices, chairmanships, popularity, and a striking physical appearance enhance recognition and compose a pattern to which he forces himself to adhere and, consequently, creates an ideal self-image. Whether or not this ideal is in keeping with his individual interests does not matter to him. He who sets up an ideal that is not in keeping with his interests and capabilities fails to reach his goals regardless of endless struggle and high intelligence. What is to help such an individual know who he is? Sometimes, a failure solves this problem cruelly but effectively. Here is a fictitious illustration.

Gertrude's childhood interest was art. One should call her interest an obsession. Gertrude drew before school in the morning, during classes and recess, in the afternoons, and in the evenings. She did enough work to pass. Her obsession persisted until her parents sent her to boarding school for decent college preparation. At the same time, the nagging self-consciousness possessed Gertrude and, consequently, she invented an ideal self-image. Because she wanted high grades above all, Gertrude occupied all her spare time with study. Nevertheless, she continued to get poor grades because she lacked the efficient

study habits which should have been acquired long before. In addition, Gertrude worked against herself. Her frantic attempts prevented her from thinking clearly. She was unable to plan a schedule for more concentrated study which would allow her more time to relax, to make friends, and to paint. She was drained mentally and emotionally. Her very attempt to attain the qualities of her ideal self-image stood in her way so that she could not even accomplish that which she would have without striving to be her self-image. In her senior year, the pressure of securing acceptance from college, extra work given by the teachers for the sake of college preparation, and difficulty of the work caused Gertrude's average to drop from "C" to "C-". Upon returning from Christmas vacation, she suddenly felt that she had nothing to lose. She had none of the assets she wanted and was sure she was not going to be accepted by a college. Disgusted, she threw away her panic, exchanging it for slackness. She spent much time getting to know her classmates, saying to them anything that entered her mind. Sometimes, what she said turned out to be humorous. Her friends commented about how they liked their "new classmate" who could make any one of them laugh and forget their problems. Gertrude was astounded at the discovery of her individuality. Meanwhile, she attained a "C" average for the semester which was better than she had expected. She resolved to live for the moment and to take everything "in her stride." It will be interesting to see what happens to me, was Gertrude's attitude. In the weeks that followed, Gertrude attended to her physical appearance, enjoyed herself on dates regardless of whom she was out with, and did some art-work. Relaxed and able to concentrate fully upon her studies, she had kindled some interest in her school work which she had never had before in her life. One morning in May, Gertrude, with her "C" average, was accepted by a college.

Gertrude's soul, which had been screaming for freedom, wrenched itself free from the crumbling barriers which were built by her attempt to grow into her false self-image. Gertrude's natural self needed no confinement by Gertrude; in fact; she was more likeable without unnecessary self-confinements. She was free to attend to her individual interests and to those of her friends. Gertrude's first crisis had ended.

MARIAN TROTTER '63

N A P T I M E

I

*At certain times I seem to see
That hour of days gone by,
Called from play in grassy fields
Which rustle with a sigh.*

II

*I hear again the golden clock
Chime the hour of two,
And Nanny calls me in to nap
As she used to do.*

III

*And here again that tiny room
And here my own small bed,
Covered over with two quilts,
Blue calico, and red.*

IV

*And, oh, what shapes these quilts would take
What castles they could be!
What many-oared Viking ships
To sail across the sea.*

V

*What pastel tinted dreams they wove.
What visions blue and red.
And I would sink deep, deep down
And pull them overhead.*

VI

*What magic things would then unfold,
What wonders to see there
For a boy of only four
In a magic lair.*

VII

*And there of forest warm and green,
And here a mossy stone.
Where the Queen of Fairies posed
To have her dresses sewn.*

VIII

*And here upon a mountain peak
Midst swirling clouds of blue
A golden-armoured warrior chief
Stands looking on the view.*

IX

*Midst rising clouds of misty pink
A sparkling image stands,
To grant three wishes of a child
Passing through fairyland.*

X

*Then, to a dimmer secret place
Where magic mushrooms grow,
And spiders weave their finest lace,
And dancing gnomes will go.*

XI

*Down flowery hills, past sparkling streams
That through hidden caves will flow,
And into many a far off place,
That only children know.*

XII

*And when the magic hour was through,
A small boy with no care
Snuggles back 'neath quilts of blue and red
With a well-worn teddy bear.*

XIII

*And then again that golden clock,
Ticking the moments away,
Would chime the end of a fleeting hour
And call me back to play.*

MARY JANE DEADWYLER '62

Realization and Regret

*Off'times alone and in a pensive mood
Seaward I turn in search of solitude.
'Tis by the surging surf that I recall
Past years when time itself appeared to crawl,
Sweet years spent basking in the sun of youth,
Ignoring stark reality, harsh truth,
Lazy years and happy too—but such a waste
For too much life yet remains for me to taste.
As a gull o'er the horizon does descend
Come thoughts of my life fleeting to its end.
When I am gone will memories of me
Last no longer than my footprints by the sea,
Prints the floodtide is soon to obliterate?
To be forgotten—that must not be my fate.*

ROSA BECKWITH '63

Cry of Adolescence

*Oh, what does life
Mean?
Why exist?
Banish your theology!
The deadly language of reality means more.
We must know;
For ignorance kills life.
Ask;
Seek out the theories of times past:
Yet not enough;
Meaningless syllables.
Out on our own,
Exploring,
Searching;
See,
Adventure gives life to words in books!
Written knowledge understood at last,
For life has taught the lesson.*

MARION PURCELL '64

Just Faces

I felt that everything was against me. I resented this and rebelled.

When I was young, my father left us. Mom told me he did it to get money for us, but later I knew that that was not the truth. If he had not been tired of being tied down, he would have come back, I think. Mom and I worked hard in the grocery store, making barely enough money to support ourselves and my little brother, Johnnie. Working for Johnnie's sake didn't bother me, though. In fact, I loved him more than I loved anyone. His childish games and laughter made me forget our poverty. With other people, he had just as much fun. I wondered how. For I still resented people's hoarding riches selfishly while they gleefully looked down on us. They seemed to me to be nothing but faces — faces of those whom I hated because they shunned us — gloating faces of those I feared.

As I drove home one evening at dusk, I thought of Johnnie scampering across the field, always frantic with enthusiasm about something. With sparkling eyes, he might tell me about an exciting event—capturing a squirrel or swimming in the stream. We would laugh heartily. A swerving bicyclist ahead on the road interrupted my thoughts. Instead of moving when he heard me approach, he kept swerving. I had to slow down. My anger welled up inside me. The bicyclist suddenly represented all those detested faces. As people clutched their money, he greedily clutched the handle bars as he indulged himself his selfish diversion—swerving his bicycle. Did he expect me to move in his own time? He didn't care if his dawdling meant that I'd less time with Johnnie. I slammed my foot against the accelerator. The bicyclist did not have time to move out of my way. As I shut my eyes, the front fender of my car thudded and scraped against him.

When I opened my eyes, I sped homeward. I could tell no one about this. No one would ever know. The more I tried to console myself, the more horrifying my deed became. The steering wheel felt as though it had been submerged in water and my stomach as if pierced by a twisting knife. I stopped the car on the side of the road and cried. I cried for a long time, maybe two or three hours; I can't remember. It was late when I started home.

I reached our driveway. Mom stood in the doorway. A police car was nearby. As I walked toward Mom, I saw tears in her eyes. Johnnie had been killed by a hit-and-run driver.

MARIAN TROTTER '63

PALE HORSE, PALE RIDER

In dreams he would see it all again. From nightmares he would awaken chilled and wet. Always it was the same. The same day. The same numbing terror would grip him again with icy fingers and he would hear the notes of the calliope and see the figures on the merry-go-round. It was always the same. The sunny warmth of the spring day enfolding him once more in its clutching grasp.

• • •

Two children, freed from the all observing eyes of supervision, entered the park. From their booths blared the voices of the barkers announcing the wonders to be seen behind the curtains. People, gaily dressed, laughing, held sticks of cotton candy and kewpie dolls sparsely clad in aqua and pink feathers and dangling from the strings of poles like hooked fish. Two wide-eyed children wandered through the maze of the fair, the boy pausing before the shooting galleries to test his skill with darts or guns as the little girl watched with bright-eyed admiration. People, holding sticky candied apples, thronged about the booths. The two small ones made their way slowly through the myriad of legs and bamboo walking sticks. Holding tightly to each other's hands they explored the wonders of the gay clowns of the laugh house and their own grotesquely distorted reflections in the magic mirrors. Slowly they inched their way down the midway to the middle of the fair ground. The notes of the calliope sounded piercingly through the deepening twilight. The gaily colored carousel sparkled as a brilliant gem surrounded by sawdust. Slowly it revolved around its mirrored axis. The saddle horses moved up and down, their eyes widely set as though hypnotized by the music which set them in motion. The children moved slowly through the laughing crowd as though drawn by some irresistible force to the gaily colored horses.

The small girl moved around the motionless carousel. Only one horse would do, one from all the empty ones. Only one. There! There he was, large, white. His freshly enameled sides sparkled under the lights. His harness glowed and his eyes rolled heavenward. This one was right. She patted his white nose and ran her hands over the shining saddle. She held tightly to the pole, her feet in the stirrups and her face set in strained anticipation as the carousel began to move. In the mirrors of the center post the boy could see her eyes bright with the delight of the music and her own imagination. He could feel his own animal raised and lowered to the same notes of the calliope. Again he felt the exuberancy of the motion as the fair ground spun into a bright blur

of lights reflected in the mirrors. It whirled, faster and faster, faster yet until there was nothing, nothing to be seen except the other empty horses going up and down on their poles.

He turned to shout to her. But even as he turned he saw the pale, shrouded figure who sat behind her on the horse, and, as the figure enveloped her with his cloak and, as she fell, he saw the grim pale face of Death peering from the folds of the cloak. Death sat the pale horse, alone.

The boy whirled, faster and faster. Each time he circled he saw the twisted figure on the ground, and his eyes, glued to the mirrors, could not shut out the image of the Pale Rider. There was noise. Sounds, screams mingled with the notes of the calliope. Still he whirled. There was no stopping. No stopping, ever.

• • •

Sometimes he would feel the horse beneath him again. Sometimes he would feel the reins in his hands. But always, always came the notes of the calliope, always the bright lights and colors spinning around him, always the white horse and its Pale Rider in his dark cloak. Always! Never would he awaken without seeing that mirrored image riding behind. Never would the icy terror of that day fail to grip him. In his wet chill the cold fingers of Death would brush his neck and he would awaken screaming.

MARY JANE DEADWYLER '62

Shame

*I hate. . .
With bitter passion born
Or unremembered nights
And aching, lonely days
Of silent unknown frights
That haunt the whirling maze.
A prisoner in the cage
Of my own foolish lack,
Detesting my black sin.
The hours I'd call back. . .
The things that might have been. . .
Had I been truer, wise
Beyond my years, or strong
To see temptation's snare. . .
But I was blind and wrong.
I saw not evil there.
I must now make my choice,
Go on and face the days,
Accept the damning fact,
And stumble down dark ways
Because of what I lacked.
I stand beneath the brooding sky
And curse the tears I cannot cry.*

KAREN VOM LEHN '63

Flight



*Over the years my eyes have dimmed,
I'm lame and my hair is white.
I think of wishes unfulfilled,
My life was empty, naught but flight.*

*Had I my life to live again,
I'd live and love, not be afraid.
Could I have known that petty fear
Would quell my soul and leave it dead.*

MARIAN TROTTER '63

Romeo and Juliet

Written in 1594 or 1595¹, *Romeo and Juliet* is one of Shakespeare's early tragedies. Dates are often important when comparing one Shakespearean play with another, as we can almost watch Shakespeare develop artistic maturity by reading the plays chronologically². It is understandable, as we shall see, that *Romeo and Juliet* should lack the depth of Shakespeare's later tragedies such as *Julius Caesar*.

Romeo and Juliet is a tragedy of circumstance³. Shakespeare's basic conflict here is between the Montagues and the Capulets. The fact that Romeo and Juliet are members of families who are enemies is a circumstance which they cannot avoid. This one circumstance also prompts the climax of the play when Romeo slays Tybalt and is subsequently banished from Verona. The family situation, again, is directly the cause of the downfall and death of both lovers for they cannot publically proclaim their marriage and must resort to trickery which tragically fails. Shakespeare knew this problem of fate would interest his Elizabethan audience who felt tragedy should be based on love and an identifiable conflict⁴. Thus, Shakespeare can shift the blame of the death of the lovers on the feud which moves fate and avoid censure by his audience.

The tragedy of *Julius Caesar*, on the other hand, is a later Shakespearean play written in 1599⁵. It is significant to note that Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet* during this period. Shakespeare had developed his art to the extent of probing into motives which prompt action and in making the action of secondary importance to the action of the mind. *Romeo and Juliet* is a play of action; *Julius Caesar* is a play of motive. *Romeo and Juliet* builds gradually up to the climatic deaths of hero and heroine while *Julius Caesar* theoretically begins with death and murder⁶, and builds up to Brutus' self-recognition.

It becomes evident in *Romeo and Juliet* that by placing the emphasis on fate, Shakespeare has almost completely eliminated the tragic hero. "Momentous crises that try men's souls are the subjects of tragedy."⁷ This is how one critic defines tragedy which would apply to Romeo. However, the fact that Romeo has no control over his fate eliminates Romeo as a true tragic hero by another critic's definition⁸. Most critics agree that a tragic hero must be forced into a dilemma, an ambiguous situation, in which he is compelled to act and, so doing, bring about his own catastrophe. Romeo, however, is not directly responsible for his downfall. It is true, Romeo could have avoided his tragedy by not falling in love; this solution, of course, would deny basic human nature

and be reminiscent of Oedipus. In either case there is no solution. Consequently, Romeo has a conflict he can neither deny nor control.

The tragic hero is fully developed in *Julius Caesar*. The tragic hero is Brutus. Elizabethans loved to exalt ancient heroes and Shakespeare must have been prompted by his influential audience to determine whether man makes history or history makes man⁹. Brutus' tragic conflict was drawn between his political idealism and his moral conscience. Here is Brutus' "momentous crisis" that tries his soul. He knows his own character's power and weakness; unfortunately Cassius also can see into Brutus, and being a clever politician, manipulates the idealist to his own purposes. Brutus' fear of Caesar is not a personal fear but rather fear for the general good, showing that he is an idealist who feels duty bound to rid Rome of Caesar. This motive in no way excuses Brutus of murder. Brutus himself realizes that he is not blameless. Nevertheless, after agreeing to murder, he remains the politician by suggesting that the crowd be forced to see them as purgers, not murderers. No, we see that Brutus has had to make a choice — murder and political honour or shame and morality. The real tragedy is that with either road Brutus leads himself toward self-destruction.

Romeo and Juliet does contain several basic elements necessary for a tragedy. The play has evil. It is evil but not in the person of a villain. Rather, it is the evil of unjustified hatred between families forbidding Romeo and Juliet their love for each other. The evil in a tragedy is never confined to the play. The tragic evil becomes a general view of man's destiny in which evil is ever threatening¹⁰. In relation to *Romeo and Juliet* — is not the lovers' tragic destiny identifiable with every man's so-called inescapable fate? Secondly, the play has suffering. Romeo and Juliet love and die because they love. Why? Perhaps this is the core of the tragedy — their suffering is without justification. Lastly, *Romeo and Juliet* retain values. Sewall means by values that suffering may lose some of its mystery by applying that suffering to a tragic hero. He affirms that suffering creates and brings to the surface values otherwise undetected. Romeo in his last speech before death seems to have approached just such a new maturity.

Oh, here will I set up my everlasting rest
and shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
from this world-weared flesh. (Act V, Sc. III, 1.
109-112)

However, Romeo lacks much of the development found in later Shakespearean heroes; consequent-

ly, his character tends to escape our close observation.

As in *Romeo and Juliet*, evil is an ever present agent in *Julius Caesar*. The evil in the play is Cassius' and Brutus' misconception of Antony. At first glance, Cassius is the evil because Cassius never pretends to hold lofty political ideals; however, their underestimation of the statesman, Antony, brings about their ultimate downfall. Antony possesses a clever insight into the mind of the crowd. Unlike Brutus he knows how to sway a crowd to his own advantage. His constant repetition that Brutus is honourable and his tempting the crowd with Caesar's will seals Brutus' fate, for Brutus is wholly dependent upon the masses for his position now that Caesar is dead. Secondly, Brutus suffers throughout the play because he knows that he must act to eliminate the tyrant Caesar; and, also because he knows his inevitable doom —

Fates, we will know your pleasures,
That we shall die we know . . . (Act III,
Sc. I 1. 98-100)

Moreover, Brutus suffers deep loneliness. Cassius reveals himself to be a villainous hypocrite; Brutus' public rejects him; Portia dies and he is left with only the ghost of Caesar and his honourable pride which even Antony commends after Brutus dies. Thus, Shakespeare has left Brutus the values with which he began. The play is essentially a play of conflicting values; moreover, values triumph in the tragedy. Brutus was a murderer but he was certainly not completely evil. His good qualities remain dominant — honesty, idealism, sympathy.

If it be true that *Romeo and Juliet* lacks so much as a tragedy, the play must have something which makes it loved by practically every audience. This quality is poetic exuberance¹¹. The famous balcony scene is an example of Shakespeare displaying his finest poetical imagination. The imagery is clear, precise and lyrical. Romeo compares his Juliet to the sun, the moon and the stars. Juliet's declaration of love can hardly be made more expressive —

The more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are
infinite.

(Act II, Sec. II, 1. 134-135).

Juliet's love is ideal. Though it may be impulsive, their love is what every man perhaps can personally experience and with which he wishes to be identified.

Julius Caesar, like *Romeo and Juliet* contains some of Shakespeare's finest poetic achievements. Unlike *Romeo and Juliet*, the poetry in *Julius Caesar* advances the plot while being lyrical. All the speeches in *Julius Caesar* give an insight into character, reveal information or prompt action. We have seen how Antony's famous speech decided the fate of Brutus, but it is also beautifully written. The words *honourable* and *ambitious* are used almost as a pattern throughout the play. Each speech follows logically out of a previous one, and each action is prompted by a past action. The play is, therefore, constructed closely and contains most tragic characteristics.

Romeo and Juliet and *Julius Caesar* are both good tragedies when measured with the yardstick of enjoyment, but by 1599 Shakespeare has become the master playwright capable of creating *Julius Caesar*. Both plays leave us with a deep feeling of impending and inevitable doom mingled with a renewed confirmation in the goodness of human nature.

SANDRA TAPP '62

1. G. B. Harrison, *Shakespeare*. (N. Y., 1952), p. 468.
2. Written within *A Midsummer Night's Period*
3. H. B. Charlton, *Shakespearean Tragedy*. (Cambridge, 1949), p. 49.
4. *Ibid.*
5. G. B. Harrison, p. 809.
6. Ashley H. Thorndike, *Tragedy*. (Boston, 1908), p. 191.
7. *Ibid.*
8. Richard Sewell, *The Vision of Tragedy*, (London, 1959), p. 13.
9. Charlton, p. 72.
10. Sewell, p. 46.
11. Thorndike, p. 131.

Prayers

O God, our Heavenly Father, whose guiding light is more radiant than the sun; grant, we beseech Thee, that through Thy love we may be candles to lead some souls through darkness to Thee and to Thy light. We ask through Jesus Christ Thy Son. Amen.

A LENTEN PRAYER

O God, Whose strength and might have now
decreed
A life more difficult for me to lead;
Whose awful eye beholds my every deed,
Whose loving hand yet fills my every need;
To me now grant the vision of Thy face,
That I may tread this road with daily pace,
And feed on Him by faith and thankful grace;
Through Jesus Christ, who runs with me this race.

Written by St. Mary's Students

The page is framed by a repeating pattern of black floral wreaths on a light background. The wreaths are arranged in a grid, with larger ones and smaller ones alternating. In the center, a large rectangular box with a double-line border contains the title.

THE MUSE

Winter Edition
1962-1963

St. Mary's Junior College

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THE MUSE

Volume 54

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|||

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Raleigh, North Carolina

|||

*To wake the soul by tender strokes of art;
To raise the genius and mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene and be what they behold—
For this the . . . Muse first trod the stage.*

—ALEXANDER POPE

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The Value of Self-Expression

The immense value of self-expression cannot be over-estimated, especially in the world of today, for upon self-expression depends communication. Lack of communication is continually widening the almost unbreachable gulf of misunderstanding which separates the two armed camps into which the world is now divided. Communication between powers, the only means of reconciling conflicting interests, is never to be achieved without communication between individuals. The individual can never properly convey his own ideas and desires without first understanding himself. One can safely say that self-expression is one of the primary means of analyzing oneself and one's motives.

The attainment of true self-knowledge is a painful and often thwarted process. One often finds that analyzing his muddled thoughts is an exceedingly confusing task and consequently discovers that the formulation of basic ideals and standards is a virtual impossibility. However, self expression lends clarity and a degree of objectivity to this process of self-investigation, allowing one to enjoy the long-range view. For example, in transposing his thoughts into the written word, one finds he has eliminated the vague and the superfluous. Only the basic remains, the critical analysis of which can yield vast insight into oneself. When one has succeeded in achieving self-knowledge, he can then intelligently establish goals and devise proper means toward worthwhile ends. Moreover, one is rendered capable of communicating his ideas and desires in a logical and attractive manner, thus establishing bonds of understanding.

As a means of self-expression, which is in itself a means toward self-knowledge and communication, the written word can be said to be one of the most powerful forces at work in the world today. As such, can it not be said to be one of the cures of the world's ills? If so, *The Muse*, a vehicle for self-expression by means of the written word, is a step in the right direction.

ROSA BECKWITH '63



*Sing out my soul thy songs of joy
such as a happy bird would sing
Beneath a rainbow's lovely arch
in early spring.*

—W. H. DAVIES

HAPPINESS

Always desired and always elusive is Dame Happiness. She taunts Mankind with her inexplicability. Yet when she is finally won, she is often unrecognized and unappreciated. Nevertheless, a few fortunate individuals find themselves almost constantly in Dame Happiness' favor, in a state of satisfaction and contentment. However, happiness is not the gift of the chosen few whom Fortune has deigned to favor. Happiness is the well-deserved reward of the perceptive and the practical.

In order to achieve happiness, one must discern the value of conscientiously limiting his desires in order to avoid dissatisfaction and frustration. Of course, one must exercise his potential to its utmost degree, but he must also recognize his limitations and neither vainly yearn for the impossible nor hopelessly strive to attain it. Indeed, Erasmus has said, "It is the chief point of happiness that a man is willing to be what he is."

ROSA BECKWITH '63

HAPPINESS

Happiness is sometimes thought to be acquired when one attains a goal and looks back upon his accomplishments with gleeful satisfaction. For example, parents of a high school freshman may have told him that they cannot finance his college education. At first, he is bewildered, fully aware of its necessity in such a competitive society as this one. Aspiration to set a goal supplants his bewilderment; the goal he sets is to win a four year scholarship. The student begins to work methodically and persistently, eventually beginning to enjoy his efforts because they are fruitful. During the course of his senior year, he is accepted by the college of his choice and is presented with a scholarship. Momentarily, he is in ecstasy. Presently, he wonders why he feels as though someone has removed the ground from beneath him. He wonders, "What now?"

The reason for the student's anticlimatic despondency is that he no longer feels the necessity to apply a major portion of his life-works to the attaining of a goal. He must start over. What is life, then, but a series of beginnings and endings unceasing and unsatisfying? Joy from life comes from the striving itself rather than from the final attainment. Beginnings and endings are the only dividers. Satisfaction and, likewise, happiness is derived from whatever is done between the dividers.

MARIAN TROTTER '63

Life of Death Date

"Oh, I hate me," I said as I sat and pouted amid the rush of girls getting ready for dates. "I hate Dick! I hate me! I hate everybody!" With that I jumped up and ran into the hall. "Why am I so repulsive?" I screamed. "Why does everyone hate me, why? WHY?" I ran back into the room and, throwing myself across the bed, began to cry hysterically.

It was about eight p.m. of the third day at the beach, and all the other girls on the house party had dates, so it seemed. I had had a date, but Dick and I had a fight and he broke it.

"I'm going to ruin myself for life! I'm going to shave my head—or cut my ears off!" I sat on the bed in a Yogi-like position and yelled threats for all to hear.

Gayle, one of my roommates, didn't have a date, because one boy she was going steady with had left that morning, and her other steady was in Connecticut. She had been terribly gloomy, but my frantic antics had exploded her into a giggle-box.

Ginny, our other roommate, was ready to leave on her date. "Good-bye, Darling," I said with tears streaming down my face and falling into the cavity of my grin. "I know you'll have a purr-fectly grand evening, just grand. Now get out of here—and don't come back! You're a traitor! A TRAITOR! My best friend, going out and leaving me all alone. 'Alone, alone, all all alone'—oh go way." With my final comment I picked up Lambet, my stuffed lion, and threw him at her. "Git! Git! Git!" She quickly scrambled out the doorway.

"Come on and go with me to the phone booth. I want to call Duane," Gayle said, in referring to her steady in Connecticut.

"Okay," I replied, and we sneaked out the back door. The weather on the beach fitted my mood perfectly, for it was cold, and the sand that the wind blew hit our legs with a burning sting. The night was pitch black: no moon, no stars, no nothing; just the roar of the waves drumming on the shore affected our senses.

We walked the two blocks to the Top Hat without a word, for it was all that we could do to stand in the abominable wind. I placed the call to Stonehenge, Connecticut with some difficulty, and finally when I could hear Duane's voice faintly, I handed the receiver to Gayle and stepped outside.

Despite my general gloom, I was suddenly overcome with fear as I noticed two sailors eyeing me ominously. Then I did something which I had not done for at least five years. I stuck out my tongue at them. I simply KNOW that I was crazy that

night. However, this decidedly adult move served its purpose, as they laughed and turned away to eye some bleached blonde hussy.

Gayle finished her call and came out. "Oh, I want to die," she said, the copy cat. "He wouldn't talk to me. He said he didn't have time. I could just die!"

Suddenly I was very cold and didn't even feel sarcastically funny anymore, just miserable. We started our two block walk, but this time we chose to go on the catwalk, a wooden board about a foot wide. On one side it dropped about three feet and was overgrown with briars. On the other side was a ten to fifteen foot drop onto cement, rocks, and a cold, black Atlantic Ocean. So sure were we that our lives should end then and there that we dared each other to walk with closed eyes. The wind was blowing out to sea and seemed to want very badly to take us with it, but we walked the whole way, and made it back safely, minus our sight.

We came in the back door of the cottage and tiptoed up the steps. I was so blue; I did not bother to scream anything at anyone. I flopped on the bed and Gayle began to rummage around in her drawers until she found a pill bottle. "Have a dozen or so," she said sadly. "Guaranteed for a good sound sleep."

"Thanks," I said. With a glass of water in one hand and six pills in my mouth, I mumbled, "Adios, cruel world. Hasta leugo."

Then a shout came from the door. "Hey, Jeanne, Dick's waiting for you. He says he's sorry." I dropped the glass on the floor, spit the pills out as I ran, and raced for the steps. "Bye, Gayle," I yelled back. "See you later!"

CLARE LOYD '64

Gossip

*Busy buzz, whisper buzz,
Did you know? Have you heard?
Here's the latest! Get this word!
Did you hear that what's her name . . .
Doesn't matter; it's the same
Thing: whisper buzz, busy buzz!
Gossip, gossip, all day long!
It's the same old endless song!
Terry, Susan, Mary, Jack,
They all whisper 'hind her back!
Busy buzz! Whisper buzz!
Ding, dong! Sing, song!
Monotone all day long!*

CLARE LOYD '64

Hurrah for the Haiku

I try to write verse.
English teacher say, "this bad;
Your thoughts too choppy."

So I look for verse
That's supposed to be choppy.
Hurrah for haiku.

Japanese are smart.
They have solved problem for me;
Now I have excuse.

Verses still choppy
But syllables right number
To pass for haiku.

So sitting on bed
I try to think of haiku.
Alas, no ideas.

Think of pretty things.
But seventeen syllables
Not enough for me.

I just sit and think.
But soon I get tired of this—
Yawn—I fall asleep.

English teacher say
"Choppy verse better than none."
Back where I started.

SUSAN DIXEY '64

Gently

Gently—
Like a soft breeze carressing velvet petals—
Two hands reach out and finally touch.
The tempest of Man's confusion calms,
And across the still sea of understanding,
Once foreign souls intimately speak,
Saying nothing.

ROSA BECKWITH '63

Sudden Silence

The birds have chatted furiously,
But noisely they wing their way
As the sleepy cat stretches,
And opens one eye.

CLARE LOYD '64

What Is Life?

Children playing tag in the grass;
Warm sunshine and rosy cheeks;
Laughter, gaily;
A Hopeless despair?
Young girl strolling down a woodland path;
Leaves, red and gold flutter in the breeze
and crackle under-foot;
Calm, serenity;
An endless trek?
Lovers gazing at the stars;
Cool summer night and tender words;
Sweetness, bliss;
A fleeting moment?
Family gathering under Christmas tree;
Little girl sitting on daddy's knee and gifts
from Santa Claus;
Trust, security;
A lonely solitude?
Grandmother rocking by the fire;
Warm glow and knitting neeales;
Peace, contentment;
A withered existence?
Church bells ringing on a Sunday morning;
People smiling and going to worship;
Brotherhood, Godliness;
A vast nothingness?

BETTY O'BRIAN '64

Those Who Know Best

Grim faces, low hushed chatter,
Well heeled feet tap, pitter, patter;
Tin voice from the radio;
After the news, on the go.
Grim faces, low hushed chatter,
World-wide stress on Red, grey matter.
Weary, work-worn, adult faces
Look for help to summit places,
Security Council, U.N. head.
Will a war leave us all dead?
But—
Easy, breezy, sing a song,
Children laughing all day long.
Coming, going, as they please;
Whistling wind and whispering breeze.
Easy, breezy, sing a song,
In all the world there's nothing wrong.
Silly, smiley, sunshine faces
Look for friends in funny places.
Oh, Little Wise Ones, never fret!
They will find their world peace yet.

CLARE LOYD '64



*There's a kindly mood of melancholy
That wings the soul and points her to the skies.*

—JOHN DYER

Yesterday and Tomorrow

The light, pre-dawn mist muffled the brilliance of the eastward rising, red sun. The dew-bathed rushes swayed in a graceful dance and infant ripples, caused by the occasional drift of wind, silently sped across the mirrored creek to the waiting shore. The tall pines whispered their waking song as if the noisy, flapping water-fowl had jarred them from a peaceful sleep. Even the flapping of the waves against the flat-bottomed skiff spoke of the approaching day.

At the water's edge stood a lone observer of this private awakening of nature. Clad in worn levis, a tar-stained and faded, plaid shirt, and moth-eaten maroon sweater, the old fisherman stood witnessing this familiar scene. His hair was the color of the foamy white capes of waves, and under the bushy white brows were clear blue eyes, set in a weather-beaten, leathery face. Between his teeth he clenched a much-used pipe. His hands were shoved far into his pockets and his feet were planted wide apart, as if he were braced against a raging tide.

His blue eyes scanned the horizon, reflecting a reminiscent light. The sights, sounds, smells—all these sharply brought back cherished memories.

His memory took him back, over the years, to the time when he was a young man. He had come then, as now, to the secluded boat landing before dawn to mend the crab-chewed nets of the previous night's fishing jaunt. As his twine-filled needle moved back and forth, closing the gapping holes, he remembered the splash of a jumping fish or scurrying otter had made—the friendly sounds keeping him company. He recalled how the acrid smell of decaying rushes and tarry boards had assailed his nose and how the reflection of the first light of dawn on the smooth water had delighted his eyes.

The old man remembered how, after mending his nets, he had stepped into the skiff and paddled up the creek, his departure accompanied by the music of the wind whispering through the tall pines on either side of the water-road, and the rhythmic splash as the paddles dipped into the murky water. Here and there were the throaty croak of a frog, the shrill soprano of a water bug, and the flapping of wings as a mallard took flight. All these composed the unique melody of a peaceful paradise—a paradise known only to those few who inherently have the feeling and love for it.

All this is what the old fisherman remembers. Now one gnarled and scaly hand clutches the pipe and the leathery face softens into an aching, longing sadness. It is that sadness that comes from the realization that age has won the timely battle, and no longer will the silent creek be left before dawn to meet the day's adventure on the open water. . . .

The clear blue eyes cloud with a haunted look and the strong mouth droops. . . .

. . . Then the old fisherman sighs and straightens, beats his pipe against the palm of his hand to rid it of the cold ashes, and slowly turns away. Step by step, he trudges up the well-beaten path and heads for home. But tomorrow—tomorrow—he'll be back, and again he'll dream of by-gone days in his peaceful and welcoming world.

DONNIE ANN SLADE '64

Emptiness

*Monotone voice,
Not thinking as it rings
Around the room;
Write quickly, careful
Not to forget or miss;
Raised hands, questions,
Answers, echoes;
Deaf ears, never hearing
Nor understanding;
Vague thoughts, ideas
In mind;
Boredom, outward gazes,
Emptiness;
Knowledge pouring over all,
Reaching only few.*

ANNE CHAPMAN '64

DESOLATION

Look across the plains of this bleak and desolate day. Listen to the wind as it shouts its presence to bare-limbed trees, sweeping skyward the snow which covers their roots. Up and up the biting bits of ice soar, carried on the breast of the winds, carried back home to the clouds. Apollo has lost his reins, so quickly does the sun chariot race across the roof of the sky. The great wind rushes down the avenue over which trees hover, as if in prayers for peace.

Then, as suddenly as it came, the big wind goes, howling to another avenue. As it passes away, a little breeze escapes with a sigh and pauses a moment to flutter among the ivy leaves, rifling through them like a maestro on the piano keys. Tripping along its merry way, the breeze is welcomed by the sun, which now devours every space between the leaves. Children are spilling out of the yellowed school on the corner and the breeze prancing gaily around their feet, holds the leaves they kick into the air. The drip, drip, drip of the melting snow sounds like a thousand marching soldiers all around.

Still, a sense of dread prevails, as all anxiously await the moment when once again the winds will come rushing through the bell tower of the church.

CLARE LOYD '64

Depression

Have you ever felt like crying?
Has there been a vacuum cleaner over your head,
Sucking the world down on you?
Do you sometimes want to sink into oblivion
Down
Down
Down?
Do you wish to turn yourself inside out and
Twist yourself around and around
Until you are NOTHING?
Have you ever felt like drowning inside yourself
and floating away?
So
Have

I.

CLARE LOYD '64

Who am I?

Who am I?
One face in a crowd,
Not distinguished from the others,
No individual but the mass,
Conforming to the ways of all.
What is this life where man
Cannot rebel against his destiny?
Darkness comes and I remain
But one of many in the tomb
For whom they cry.
Why live? Why die?

ANNE CHAPMAN '64

Desperation

In this world of threats and sorrows
When there's no use to count tomorrows,
No sense in going to the past,
Wondering if each day will last,
All is in question, Mother Earth,
In an age when men are weaned at birth
From your warm breast, comforting ground.
And still the world spins 'round and 'round.
Men are diving deep, soaring the breeze,
Dear God, Almighty, hear our pleas!
When will it end?
And where . . .
And how . . .

CLARE LOYD '64

Alone

Alone
But surrounded
Life's cruel sea
Filled with blank faces
Hearts that will not open
Souls that pass in the night
Touch not lest ye be touched
Love not lest ye lose
What you don't have
None to care
And you,
Alone
But surrounded
Walls built high
No thief can enter
To steal away a heart
None know the secret combination
The spirit will never be free
The gate will stay shut
Who dares to knock?
A soul imprisoned
And — so
Alone.

LILY ROSS '64

Inevitability

Soon I will go out to sea where
all the crabs are;
they will welcome me with
wide open claws
as did the world at birth.
And I will be
eaten alive again and will
become a crab.

ANNE PALMER '64

A Narrow Section of Life

Today is bad;
Yesterday was good.
Perhaps tomorrow will be happy or sad.
I know not which nor do I care,
For today is today and that's all that matters.
Life is different in an ordinary sort of way.
We go in and out and up and down like a
Chinaman on the quay.
We laugh and work and love and cry.
But beneath it all there's nothingness.

ELIZABETH PONTON '64

INSIGHT

*The sadness of it all:
For a fleeting moment
I see into another's soul.
Then suddenly, sickeningly,
That split-second understanding is gone.
And there is nothing left but silence.
And the two of us recede into our inner shells,
Leaving outward faces and bleak, empty
Nothingness.
That feeling once there
Is lost from our grasp and slips away.
Were we made to think and feel and understand?
Yet, we live together as men and never understand,
Never know another man,
Never feel but for a fleeting moment
Which passes soon with a tearing, ripping of
our hearts,
And there only remains dank, morbid
Nothingness.*

CLARE LOYD '64

TO 1962

Recently a baby crab moved to a new hole, for he hoped to learn a variety of ways to live. Instead he found that all the other crabs gurgled alike, used the same camouflage, and caught their prey in one way.

Maybe the other crabs are afraid to try different ways, fearing detection or possible hunger, mused the baby. But I shall lead them.

Later, rather than face their angry claws, the little crab decided that the way of the other crabs was best. . . .

ANNE PALMER '64

TIME

*Marching, marching, always marching;
Never bending, never ending rush.
Flying, fleeting, rarely creeping,
Often seeping, never sleeping,
Since the first he's coming onward,
Drumming onward, never stopping.*

CLARE LOYD '64

EXIT

The alley was dirty and smelled of garbage, but the old man, oblivious to the familiar scent, reached into a cranny between the bricks and took out a key. After fumbling with the lock he stepped into the musty gloom of the old theater. His steps were cautious but those of one who has tread a place a thousand times before. Out of habit he groped for the switch and flipped the lights on. The expressive hands ran swiftly over the frayed velvet curtain as he deftly stepped onto the stage, flung out his arms, and began to deliver Hamlet's soliloquy expertly. In his mind he saw a sea of faces in the empty seats, and though he spoke only to the rats that scurried beneath the seats, his voice vibrated with excitement.

Then suddenly he stopped. The tired face retook its lines of despair and once-proud shoulders sagged in defeat. His last try had failed. It was no longer acting, only pretending. He shuffled back to the door, turned off the lights, and after locking the door, replaced the key. The broken soul slowly left the alley with only the tap, tap, tap of his cane resounding in the utter, utter darkness.

CLARE LOYD '64

WHY TRY?

*What do YOU do all day long?
Do you try, really try?
Or do you just pretend to try?
If you say you try, you lose;
For if you REALLY try, you cannot choose.
Listen to the strands of the lonely guitar.
The righteous go to church;
The drunks, to the bar.
We sit here day after day accomplishing nothing.*

ELIZABETH PONTON '64

CARE

*We say we care,
but do we?
Arms outstretched—
"Help me!"
We ignore;
they die.
We are sorry,
ashamed.
Now we care.*

KATE SMOOT '64

Too Late

You gently touch the fragile wineglass, scarcely daring to breathe, lest it should topple from its resting place. You watch it as it catches the warm beams of sunlight, and smile as it is transformed into a many-colored prism. Sighing, you carefully remove your hand and, from another shelf, remove the plain, sturdy tumblers, invincible to clumsy hands and careless movements, from which you will drink at dinner tonight.

Look! An angry gust of wind has just come through the open window and is wrapping the fragile glass in its reckless graps. You thrust out your hands in an effort to stop its fall, but you are too late. You cry softly as you lean over the small incongruent fragments which once composed your most treasured possession.

I have no pity for you. Why did you not give it the pleasure of being filled with rich liquids and lifted by appreciative hands? Why did you deny its desire to stand tall among the glittering silver and lace-trimmed linen? Now it is gone, and for what has it existed? Only for the possessive gaze of your selfish eyes.

ELIZABETH LACKEY '64

The Fruitful Conduct of Life

Death is one path we cannot escape; it stares us all in the eyes. Knowing this, should we lead an unprofitable life just because it will be taken from us sooner or later? To do so would be wrong, in as much as this would mean sorrow when we could have happiness by living a beneficial life. By doing the latter, we learn to accept death gracefully. As Hazlitt expressed himself, "There are a few superior, happy beings, who are born with a temper exempt from every trifling annoyance . . . a divine harmony . . . plays around them. This is to be at peace. To such persons it makes little difference whether they are young or old; and they die as they have lived, with graceful resignation."

However, in order to be able to die with graceful resignation, we should go out into the world and occupy our time as soon as possible. The satisfaction gained from doing so is what we live on when our bodies decline with age. Knowledge grows with living, but animation withers. Thus, to worry about retaining physical qualities would be useless; for we make ourselves less able sooner by thinking about how to make ourselves more able longer. "The Preservation of Life should be only a secondary concern, and the Direction of it our Principal," is stated so well by Addison.

ILSE LIEBSCHER '63

Christmas Work

As fog gravely engulfs the little village, only one modest shop remains lighted after the sounding curfew. The opened door of the potbellied stove radiates the work spot of the old man. Alternately, his shadow on the wall becomes smaller and larger as he weaves to and fro on his bench. His long wrinkled fingers move rhythmically like a cobbler sewing stitches. Slowly his spectacles slide down his nose, causing him to put them in place repeatedly. Occasionally locks of his dusty white hair fall to his forehead and eyes as he hastens to finish the doll's face. Bending his back, the old man paints first some green eyes, then a little nose and lastly a rosebud mouth. Holding his finished work in outstretched hands, he smiles and looks over it. As he lovingly places the miniature ballerina in a worn red stocking, a single tear begins rolling down his cheek. With a little hesitation, he hangs the stocking at the mantel's edge. Then he closes the door of the stove and noiselessly ascends the wooden staircase.

KATE SMOOT '64

Preserver-Destroyer

Work

*It's a creature of many faces;
It's a Christmas package of delight;
It's a Pandora's box of sorrow.*

Work

*It seems a child with a happy laugh;
It tastes of those forbidden sweets;
It brings comfort with dreams of fantasy.*

Work

*It seems a monster with an ever increasing
hunger;
It eats lives as if they were penny candy;
It consumes time with the careless abandon of
an idiot.*

Work

*It's the thundering scream of a fast approaching
train;
It's the enticing call of the wind;
It's the sound of broken waves crashing on the
rocks.*

Work

*It can be the preserver of sanity;
It can be the destroyer of happiness.
It is man's way of finding himself—
or losing himself.*

FRANCES PEGUES '63

The Cat and the Big Light

Somewhere there's a Big Light. The Cat who lived in the freezer locker knew this and had beautiful dreams of stretching herself under the Light and basking in its warmth until her fur tingled and prickled against her skin. How she would love to lie there, immersed in heat and brightness, and be free of all doubts and fears and pangs of conscience. In this land of light, she would form her own little world and know a peace which her present work-a-day existence held from her. Playing with bits of string and chasing mice (which are a real plague in a freezer locker) were not her idea of living. Even if she had enjoyed these diversions, she would have still been unhappy because of the extreme cold. Her teeth were always chattering, and her fur, which was actually gray, had a bluish tinge, the skin underneath being so cold. One day, when she could stand this way of life no longer, she told her parents goodby and gave the Mistress's legs a farewell rub and set out in search of the Light.

After leaving her own neighborhood, the Cat wandered along wide, busy streets and tall buildings of glass and steel until she was utterly exhausted. Hearing music and laughter coming from a small basement room, she pounced in the open window. When her eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, she saw a dozen or so cats clicking their claws and twitching their tails to the accompaniment of the weirdest music she'd ever heard. They were so engrossed in this music and in the soft, poetic purrings of a beautiful black girl-cat standing on a table that they failed to notice her. Finally, as she stood shivering from the dampness of the tiny room, one cat with long whiskers and half-closed eyes slinked up to her and invited her to join the group. She replied that she couldn't because she was looking for the Big Light and asked him if it were anywhere near. He said, "What big light, kitten? But surely you must be putting me on. There's no light and no dark, only the very cool in-between."

The Cat turned away, realizing that she could not possibly find the Light in this cold, damp place with its cool, indifferent cats. Out on the street once more, she wandered until she came to a shady street bordered on both sides by big, beautiful houses. Perhaps here, in this magnificent setting, she could end her search. As she timidly padded onto one of the carefully tended lawns, she stopped and stared in amazement. Seated under the slender branches of a weeping willow were three cats, one Siamese and two Persians. They were sitting on velvet cushions, lapping milk from frosty crystal saucers. The Siamese looked up, and seeing the Cat, mewed something to her friends. All three of them glared at the Cat with their cold, haughty stares which chilled her to the very marrow of her

bones. This was most certainly not the right direction!

Dejected and desolate, the Cat roamed away from the residential section and back into town. Would she ever find the Light? So far her search had yielded nothing but the chilliness from which she was trying to escape. The sun was beginning to set and she was colder than ever. But just as she turned down a side street, she felt a warm flow of air. It was the exhaust from a shabby cafe, emitting along with the welcome heat the grease-laden odor of frying food. Pressed against the dirty cafe window were several scrawny, diseased alley cats, evidently hoping to have some scraps tossed to them. Stationed at corners along the street were plump, perfumed pussycats, who purred in their very lowest voices as they coyly beckoned to the Tom-cats passing by. Suddenly the Cat found herself surrounded by a crowd of starving little kittens who were pretending to think she was their mother.

Although she felt rather sickened at all this, she was beginning to grow warmer because of the warm little bodies pressing around her and the shelter provided by the brightly-lit tenement houses which towered on either side of her. The Big Light must not be far away. She detached herself from the kittens and began walking hurriedly. Perhaps it was her imagination, but the street seemed to be sloping lower and lower and to be getting narrower and narrower. Almost at the end of the last block, a large but dilapidated church loomed above her. She started to enter it, out of curiosity, but it seemed bleak and austere and cold, so she kept walking until she came to the curb. As she stepped down from the sidewalk, she saw the bright glare of a car's headlights and heard the screeching of wheels. At first she felt herself being slung high into the air, and then she felt nothing.

When the Cat awoke it was before her—the Big Light. It seemed to be beckoning her closer and closer, and she obeyed until she was lying directly under it. It felt so wonderful, just as she had dreamed it would be. She yawned and stretched and, for the first time, felt a sense of utter peace. But after the numbness of this complete ecstasy began to die away, she realized that she was growing hotter by the minute. Her skin itched and began to swell, and her nostrils twitched with the acrid smell of singed fur. No matter how she turned and twisted, she couldn't escape the searing heat or the brightness of the ever-increasing light. She heard the howl of a thousand cats and covered her ears with her paws, not realizing that these agonized screams came from her own parched throat. She felt herself being drawn up and up and up, to become a part of the Big Light.

ELIZABETH LACKEY '63



*Memory, images and precious thoughts
... shall not die and cannot be destroyed.*

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

REFLECTIONS

I met a man in Rome named Egbert. He was an attractive man—fortyish, I'd say. We had met in the market place when he was buying bananas, and I, some sort of trinkets. Since we were the only obvious tourists there at the time, we were forced together. After he had easily and quietly straightened out a noisy, confused situation between a fat Italian peasant and me, he offered me a banana; I accepted it with dignity and quickly hid my typically-tourist souvenirs.

We walked down the street. As we walked, his soft eyes and easy manner gradually became an outstanding feature. I asked him the usual questions expecting the usual answers. He did say that he was from Britain and that his parents were dear to him and that he loved horses and hunting. But then he began to ask about me, and when I glanced at my watch, I realized that we had been just walking and conversing for over two hours. I was rather embarrassed—rather flustered and confused. I told him I really had to get back to my hotel, for it was getting dark. As we reached the square, he asked me out for dinner. I said "yes" automatically; he said he would be by at eight. He came the next day, too, and the day after and the day after until the trip was almost over. As we had toured Rome together, it seemed to me as if we were in love. Looking at the far-off mountains, the quaint Italian peasants, and the remains of Roman glory, I could feel that Egbert really loved me. But sometimes his actions were strange, especially for Rome. Egbert had shown me the Vatican from all different angles; he had talked about the Pope, about religion. I passed off this strangeness, which consisted of brief but intense reflections on very deep subjects, as a mere quirk which served to flavor his British personality.

Egbert would talk for hours of his parents and of his horses and farms, saying how much he wanted to show them to me. I was elated—so sure that he was in love, so sure that someday I would meet his parents and ride his horses. The night before he was to sail to Britain, and I, to the States, Egbert became serious and pensive. I was all prepared to say "yes." Egbert said, "I wanted you to be the first to know: I've decided to become a priest."

ELIZABETH PONTON '64

PORTRAIT

His gangling frame jerkily left its seat as if its sections were loosely connected by a string and forced to follow one another. His gait was as unsteady as that of a newborn colt when it first experiments on wobbly legs.

Though he had come to a halt, his ungainly feet, encased in well-worn shoes, were never still, left heel rubbing right instep and vice versa. The unfashionably high tops of his shoes were left naked by the too short cuffs of his shiny black trousers, which were not at all suited to the job of covering the long and narrow expanse from belt to ankle. Protruding from frayed cuffs, two gnarled hands clasped and unclasped, revealing their powerfully muscular nature, and occasionally wiped themselves against a thigh as if to rid themselves of perspiration. The worn black coat was unbuttoned, revealing a wrinkled supposedly white shirt upon which was prominently displayed a large grease spot.

The uneven tie was askew, and over it an angular Adams apple bobbed spasmodically. His tongue flicked out of his large irregular mouth and licked it in one fluid motion. He grasped one end of his craggy nose between thumb and forefinger; and with an upward sweep of the calloused heel of his hand, he rubbed his furrowed brow. As he did so, his tiny deep-set eyes blinked shut for an instant. Deliberately he opened his mouth to speak, but his voice wavered and cracked. Then, resolutely squaring his shoulders, his feet wide apart and knees locked, he began in resonant tones:

Four score and seven years ago—

ROSA BECKWITH '64

CHILDHOOD

*Up in the attic
There is a doll,
A wooden doll, with faded dress of blue.
With her stiff arms dangling by her sides,
She sits,
Discarded.*

CLARE LOYD '64

THE FIGHT

The cheers died as Clyde gained the top hold on his opponent, rolled him over in the dirt, and sat on his chest. "Had enough?" Clyde panted.

The boy gave one last, futile struggle, then he went limp in Clyde's grip. "Enough," he whispered.

Clyde relaxed his grip, got to his feet, and ran his hand back through his tight, curly black hair. Turning his back on the group of silent boys, he let his feet carry him away from them and toward the only haven he had ever known.

He turned into the street where he lived, and walked past houses with sagging front porches, unpainted picket fences, and beds of flowers straggling in the dust. He looked at his own house, and in the fading light, it seemed even shabbier to him than it had on the morning of that same day.

That morning, Clyde had risen early and milked the cow for his mother. Buttoning himself into clean, but mended clothes, he had had a quick breakfast with his mother in the kitchen. As she set his lunch bag before him, she warned him, "Better hurry, son. You don't want to be late the first day at your new school."

"Yes, Ma," Clyde picked up his lunch and made for the door.

"You be a good boy, Clyde. I don't want you gettin' in no trouble, you hear me?"

"Yes, Ma." Clyde left the house abruptly.

A fifteen-minute walk brought him to the front door of the imposing brick building that was to be his new school—Zebulon B. Vance Junior High. Gathering his courage, Clyde walked into the building and found his way to the principal's office.

He paused before the glass door with its official gold lettering. He knocked on it timidly. No response. He peeped in. Two secretaries were typing, and one of them looked up at him. Her face assumed a mask of amused contempt.

"Oh, yes, you're to be the new pupil, aren't you? Do come in and wait while I call Mr. Randolph."

Clyde edged through the doorway and the secretary disappeared through a door leading to a room beyond the office. In a few moments she reappeared, followed by a stout, graying man.

"This is Mr. Randolph," she said.

"What's your name, son?" asked Mr. Randolph.

"Clyde Grant Gentry, sir."

"I see. And how old are you, Clyde?"

"Fourteen, sir."

"Yes. You will be in Miss Burton's class."

Clyde was introduced to Miss Burton, a stern, sallowfaced individual. She led him along the hall and into her classroom. She indicated several empty

seats and said, "You may take any of these." She did not introduce him to the class.

Clyde took a seat at the back of the room. He looked down at his desk. He could feel the eyes of the other children staring at him.

When the lunch bell rang, the rest of the class headed outside for the playground. After they had gone, Miss Burton rose from her desk. "You may eat here, if you like," she said, and then she disappeared down the hall.

Clyde took out his sack of lunch and ate. When he had finished, he walked over to the window and looked out. The rest of the class was engaged in a softball game. He went outside, and approached one boy who seemed to be a captain. "Mind if I play?" Clyde asked.

The boy faced him with a sneer. "We don't want you," he spat. Clyde spent the rest of recess sitting under a tree, watching the game.

The afternoon classes passed slowly. When the three o'clock bell rang, Clyde picked up his books and left the classroom. As he walked out of the building, the afternoon sun was making long shadows on the playground.

When he was about halfway across the school yard, he spied a group of boys in his path. He turned to avoid them, only to face another group. When he walked between the two groups, one boy stuck out his foot and tripped him. Clyde scrambled to his feet, angrily doubling his fists. Then, remembering his mother's warning, he choked back his rage and started on his way again.

"Chicken!" came the taunting cry.

Clyde whirled. "You take that back."

"I won't take it back, 'cause that's what you are. Chicken!"

Then the fight was on.

Clyde walked into the kitchen where his mother was ironing, and sat down at the kitchen table.

"School's out. Why don't you run on out and play, son?"

Clyde looked wearily up at his mother. "Nobody wants to play with a black boy, Ma."

Alice Calhoun '63

Dead or Alive?

Today is sunny.

Yesterday was funny.

It's strange to be alive.

Would it be stranger to be dead?

Elizabeth Ponton '64

"And A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

Tickety-blip! Tickety-blip! Tickety-blip! Xchichipoo's antennae tickety-blipped faster and faster with excitement! The red and blue lights blinked so fast there was just a blur of purple. "Oh dear goodness, dear goodness, dear goodness!" sighed Xchichipoo. "Only two more light years and I'll be there!"

Xchichipoo was a very special person. He was the first man from the planet Xerses to ever go to planet Earth. He was chosen for the journey because he had just been made Supreme Commander of the Order of Purple Stars. Of course, he was also the son-in-law of the most-high, most-potent, all-powerful King Xerses, but that really had nothing to do with it.

"Almost there, almost there, almost there!" he whispered, (Xchichipoo was very quiet for a Xerse-sian). He scurried across the spaceship and turned the switch to the Space-O-Vision set. As the set began to focus he noticed something which puzzled him greatly. There seemed to be some sort of celebration going on! He flipped through the pages until he found Latero Chart #72 which told him that he was focused on Friendly, Virginia, U.S.A. He had watched Friendly before and it had never looked like this. There were funny, colored lights and odd-looking men in red suits. Suddenly a wave hit his left thought lobe, "Maybe it's the king's birthday!" That was a very logical wave, as Xerse-sians always decorated for King Xerses' birthday. "Well, well, well," Xchichipoo thought. "I'll have to see about this!"

Xchichipoo was busy setting dials and writing reports, so the remainder of the trip passed quickly. He landed outside town and slid his Jet-O-Cycle down the ramp. He zoomed into town, as he was very anxious to solve this mystery. Xchichipoo parked carefully and put a nickel into the meter, (glad he'd brought some of those). He strolled down the street looking for some likely person whom he could question.

A skinny grey-haired lady was peering over her spectacles at a shop window. Xchichipoo rushed up and tugged on her skirt. She looked way down at him, (Xchichipoo stood only two feet, two inches with his feet off), frowned and said, "What do you want, Sonny?"

"Oh please, please, please lady, is this celebration for the king's birthday?" he asked.

"Harrumph!" she muttered, "This is the foolish business called Christmas," and she walked briskly away.

"But what is Christmas?" Xchichipoo thought and ran after her. "Please, please, please lady, what is Christmas?" he asked.

"Silly fool, Christmas is when spoiled children like you get presents which they don't deserve," and once again she turned away.

"Well," thought Xchichipoo, "that doesn't sound like a very apt description to me! I'll ask someone else." He walked along until he saw a store that had high swinging doors. He started to walk under them, but just about that time a big man with a hanging stomach barged out and knocked Xchichipoo to the ground. He pulled himself up and was about to ask about Christmas when the big man pointed a fat finger at him.

"Haw, haw, haw," he laughed. "You looks like you is left over from Halloween!" and he brushed past, knocking Xchichipoo down again as he went.

That was just too much. Xchichipoo crossed the sidewalk and sat on the curb. "Oh dear goodness, dear goodness, dear goodness. What shall I do? I can't go back without finding out about Christmas. Xchichipoo's ears began to quiver and a huge pink tear rolled down his frontal nose plate and slipped off the end of his proboscis. Then something tapped his second arm joint.

"Here's a hankie," said a voice as soft as a lullaby. "I'm Susie," said the voice, "What's the matter?" Xchichipoo turned to look into the gentlest blue eyes. "Mummy says nice girls always carry hankies," she said as she handed hers to him.

"Oh dear, dear, dear," said Xchichipoo as he put the hankie first to one ear and then to the other and blew hard. "I must find out what Christmas is. Do you know about it? Is it the king's birthday?"

"That's an easy question," answered Susie. "Christmas is the Baby Jesus' birthday. The Baby Jesus came and went to sleep in the stable on some straw. He came to make everybody good and the bad people that wanted to stay bad can't go to Heaven. He did a lot of good for such a little baby."

Xchichipoo's antennae, which had stopped blinking altogether, began to blink again. Tickety-blip, tickety-blip, tickety-blip. And in not much longer than a comet flash he was on his way home again.

Tickety-blip, tickety-blip, faster and faster! "Only two more light years," said Xchichipoo, "then I can report to King Xerses all about King Baby Jesus' birthday, but the most curious thing is the Earth people themselves. He will know why they get smaller as they become older and wiser. This may be the discovery of this light year. I'll be a hero!" Tickety-blip, tickety-blip, tickety-blip.

CLARE LOYD '64

Marriage Question As Viewed by Spenser and Milton

The question of the proper relationship between husband and wife has been discussed throughout literature. Edmund Spenser in *Amoretti* and *Epithalamion* and John Milton in his treatment of Eve in *Paradise Lost* hold opposing ideas on the marriage question.

One may account for the author's differing opinions on the basis of personal experience with marriage. Spenser's courtship of Elizabeth Boyle is recorded in *Amoretti* and *Epithalamion*.¹ Although the suit was long and difficult, it ended happily for the lover. Moreover, there is no indication that the marriage was anything but satisfactory. The reader surmises that a man whose own marital experience was pleasant would hold a high opinion of woman's role in marriage.

John Milton, on the other hand, was thoroughly disillusioned by his marriage to Mary Powell.² The two were completely incompatible: she was from a confirmed royalist family, and he had strong Puritan convictions; she was sixteen, and he was twice her age; she was accustomed to a social whirl, while he enjoyed a quiet life of study.³ The situation was further aggravated when, with the Civil War approaching, Mary's parents took her home. Perhaps Milton's anger would have subsided had he never seen his wife again. However, when the royalist cause had been lost, Mary returned to her husband, bringing her whole family with her. In a letter to Carlo Dati, Milton remarked that the in-laws "stun me with their noise and wear out my temper."⁴ It is little wonder that the relationship with Mary Powell aroused feeling in Milton that colored his treatment of Eve.

The great contrast in the lines of the two poets is reflected first in the motif into which women are placed. Spenser, whose courtship ended in happy marriage, chose a courtly love framework for the sonnets of *Amoretti*. The chivalric code exalts womanhood. It places the proud, beautiful lady in a position much superior to her anguished, groveling lover. Her complete command of the situation is exemplified in Sonnet XX:

In vain I seek and sue to her for grace,
And do mine humbled heart before her pour,
The whiles her foot she in my neck doth place
And tread my life down in the lowly flowers.⁵

Although Spenser uses a courtly love framework to his best advantage, he does not allow himself to be limited by it. He makes two important deviations from the tradition—revealing the girl's personality and allowing the suit to end in marriage. These unusual features provide a second reflection of his personal experience, for they present his portrait of the ideal woman. Instead of being the arrogant and cold-hearted mistress of tradition, Elizabeth Boyle has an independent spirit and is an "amused and ironic critic of the poet's extravagant love-making."⁶ Spenser's appreciation of a girl with the ability to decide important questions for herself is apparent in Sonnet LXVII, when he describes her long awaited submission. Not his mastery, but her decision to comply is the key to their eventual marriage.

Nothing would have seemed more disgusting or unnatural to Milton than an independently spirited woman such as Spenser portrays. Since Milton's desertion by his wife, he had been opposed to equality of women. His "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," written shortly after Mary left him, was presented entirely from a man's view point. In fact, according to Masson, it was "full of those notions of the inferiority of women which Milton had held all his life."⁷ His strong feelings on the marriage question are reflected in his choice of motif for *Paradise Lost*. Nowhere but in the Garden of Eden has feminine assertion of independence proved more disastrous.

The character of Eve is an excellent study of woman's ideal place in marriage, for through her Milton is able to express his ideal of womanhood and, after the temptation, to show his bitterness toward those who do not conform to his standard. Eve, before her sin, answers perfectly the paradoxical demands that Milton places on woman. Muir feels that Milton's ideal must recognize her inferiority and at the same time must provide companionship that depends on equality.⁸ Thus, from her first appearance, Eve is the clinging vine type, a creature formed "for softness . . . and sweet attractive grace."⁹ Moreover, she exalts in her domination by her husband:

"God is thy law, thou mine: To know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her
praise."¹⁰

(Continued on page 20)

¹ H. S. V. Jones, *A Spenser Handbook* (New York, 1940), p. 336.

² James Holy Hanford, *John Milton, Englishman* (New York, 1949), p. 117.

³ Kenneth Muir, *John Milton* (New York, 1955), p. 65.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 77.

⁵ Edmund Spenser, *The Shepherd's Calendar and Other Poems*, ed. (London, 1956), p. 288.

⁶ H. S. V. Jones, p. 344.

⁷ L. V. Masson, *Life of Milton* (New York, 1859), p. 53.

⁸ Muir, p. 71.

⁹ John Milton, *Paradise Lost and Selected Poetry and Prose*, ed. Northrop Fry (New York, 1958), p. 87.

¹⁰ *Ibid.* p. 97.

Yet, in spite of her acknowledged inferiority, she must play the double role of subordinate and help-mate which Milton assigns to woman. According to Milton, in the hierarchy of creation man serves God, and woman serves man. When this balance is upset, disaster occurs.

In another example of Milton's paradoxical nature, the author carefully states Eve's intellectual inferiority through the words of Raphael, but he allows Adam to condemn her for being unable to combat Satan's subtle reasoning. A parallel may be drawn between Adam's attitude and Milton's disgust with his first wife's intellectual dullness which, though natural, was unsatisfying to the author. After the temptation, the treacherous side of woman's nature emerges. Eve considers keeping the secret of the fruit from Adam to render herself superior, and her decision to share rests on the motive of jealousy. Her careful consideration of personal benefit possibly corresponds to Mary Powell's decision to return to her husband after her family had been ruined.

Personal reflections are found not only in treatment of characters, but also in the opinion of love presented in Spenser's and Milton's verse. Spenser's "Epithalamion" perfectly exemplifies the author's views on physical love. The groom in the poem is frankly impatient for the coming of night and the gratification of his desires. Yet, always the poem is in good taste, for sensual love of the flesh and Platonic love of the spirit are in perfect balance.¹¹ Although "Epithalamion" is obviously written from a man's view point, it is never crude. The lover is always mindful of "the homage due to the mild modesty and comely womanhood."¹² of the bride. His passion is tempered with the exquisite tenderness, shown in his demand that nymphs

Let the ground whereas her foot shall tread
For fear the stones her tender foot should
wrong
Be strewn with fragrant flowers all along.¹³

Milton's view of physical love, quite different from Spenser's, is pervaded by his Puritan heritage. During his college days, Milton had been nicknamed "the Lady" because of his high ideal of chastity.¹⁴ His stress on the necessity of purity in a physical relationship carries over into *Paradise Lost*. The love of Adam and Eve is so pure that to the modern reader even physical emotions seem sterile. None of the passionate ardor of Spenser's "Epithalamion" is found here.

In addition to his Puritan background, Milton's first marriage is an influence on his opinion of sensual love. One of those paradoxical features in Milton's life is that "he was intensely susceptible to feminine beauty, and yet believed that the passions should be governed by reason."¹⁵ If two people

were intellectually incompatible, as were he and Mary Powell, the physical side of their association could not hold them together. In *Paradise Lost* we find that when Eve has upset the intellectual hierarchy of marriage, love is no longer satisfactory.¹⁶ The relationship becomes merely sensual: "He on Eve began to cast lascivious eyes."¹⁷

In spite of Milton's harsh judgment of women, one must remember that unlike Milton's unfortunate first marriage which is strongly mirrored in *Paradise Lost*, his second marriage was deeply rewarding. His sonnet, "On His Deceased Wife," reflects his inwardly satisfying relationship with Katharine Woodcock.¹⁸ One might suppose that some of the tender passages describing Eve are reflections of this marriage.

The marriage question has puzzled writers of all times. Spenser and Milton offer opposing ideas on the subject in their works. Because of personal influences, Spenser, born almost fifty years before Milton, offers the more modern of the two views of woman's proper place in marriage.

JESS MACFARLAND '63

¹⁶ Roland Mushat Frye, *God, Man, and Satan* (Princeton, N. J., 1960), p. 54.

¹⁷ John Milton, p. 225.

¹⁸ L. V. Masson, p. 74.

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¹¹ Albert C. Baugh, p. 491.


¹² H. S. V. Jones, p. 385.

¹³ Edmund Spenser, p. 318.

¹⁴ Kenneth Muir, p. 12.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 17.





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The Creative Man

Creativity is one of the chief means of differentiating between Man and the lower animals. Man is born with an imaginative instinct which necessitates his constantly striving to create. Thus, through the creative process, he is enabled to realize the goals which give meaning and purpose to his life as a member of a well-functioning society.

Creativity finds expression and is translated into tangible form in numerous ways. The painter, the musician, and the writer are commonly considered the most creative of all individuals. Through the manipulation of paint, musical notes, or words, life can be variously interpreted and complex moods evoked. Creativity is necessary to all other aspects of life also, whether one is building a bridge, experimenting with a needed drug, or devising a safer means of space travel.

Through observation, one realizes that the happy person is the creative person, satisfied with the constructive activity necessary to his sense of well-being. Similarly, one discovers that the well-known, successful individual is the creative individual, being admired for the obvious, tangible results of his creativity, whether it be in the arts or in other facets of life. Through creativity one realizes his full potential and his destiny as a man.

ROSA BECKWITH '63

The Intellectual Man

What is the intellectual man? Is he a quality or a quantity, the product or the producer, the thinker or the thought? Is the intellectual man a part of each or is he a special breed all his own? Is intellectuality an inborn ability to perceive or is it the capacity of intelligence he can grasp?

To use an exaggerated, obvious example, Einstein was an intellectual man. If his basic intelligence made him intellectual, then the world cannot judge that there are men in our society who have even greater basic intelligence than Einstein. Was not Einstein the intellectual man because he *used* his intelligence to his best advantage?

The intellectual man is a quality and a quantity. There is a spark of his quality in each human being and the total of the human race makes the quantity of him. He is the product of progress and progress is his product. He is the man who thinks for himself and the thought that becomes facts and figures. The intellectual man is the evolution of mankind since creation. He is the ability of each to think, to resolve, and to express himself.

The intellectual man is the man who asks "why?" The intellectual man is *The Question*.

CLARE LOYD '64



'Tis wise to learn; 'tis godlike to create!

—J. G. SAXE

ONE MORE SUMMER

The mere rut of a road, gouged at right angles to the patched highway, was barely distinguishable from the gully-washed red Georgia clay which served as both yard and garbage dump for the several shanties strewn along it. After about a hundred yards, the twin ruts disintegrated into a blurred path which snaked around the last shack into the tangled mat of brush and scrub pine beyond.

This shanty was no different from its fellows, being equally dilapidated, equally grimy, and equally flimsy as they. Its foundation could hardly be called such, consisting of four wobbly piles of what appeared to be mere debris since the gaps in the stone had been stuffed with beer cans, tires, cartons, and even remnants of furniture. The contrast of the horizontal greyness of weather-worn planks on one side with the vertical blackness of tarpaper strips on the other revealed a one room addition. The one lopsided door was off-center as was the paneless window, the whole effect suggesting a one-eyed drunken derelict.

Amid the rubbish behind the shack was a bathtub, the absence of enamel in places lending it a splotched appearance. Lying upside down, its ornate legs skyward, it looked very much like a dead dog bloated in the sun. Hunched over on the stomach of the tub was a scarecrow of a man. His feet, which were encased in dusty cracked boots from which the laces had long since disappeared, extended from faded blue overalls which literally hung on the gaunt frame, their shapelessness disguising some of the frailty of the figure within. Grizzled kinky hair contrasted sharply with the ebony of the sinewy face and neck which were obscured in shadow since the figure was bent over in much the same manner as "The Thinker." If Old Tom had heard of this statue, perhaps he might have smiled since he was so old, so sick, and so discouraged that even thinking required too much effort.

The fierce hammering of the pulse at Tom's temples accentuated the sense of angry frustration and underlying despair which whelled up inside him, blocking any thoughts of the future. However, the familiar sensation of warm sweat trickling tantalizingly down his back and the ponderous drove of flies in the muggy heat suggested similar days when he had squinted in the dusty glare of the sun as he did now. The feeble gasps of tepid air did little more than faintly rustle the shriveling yellowed leaves which emerged year after year only to have the life driven from them each time by the fierce onslaught of the sun. Tom had watched them annually turn from a hopeful green to a withered yellow even during his boyhood. It was almost as if these dry leaves were the same he and his brother

had sailed in the splintery rain barrel over seventy years ago.

Tom and his brother Mose, who had squirmed their way under the house to escape the glaring July sun and stinging bite of the horse flies, were building forts with bits of broken glass and flattened tin cans. Inevitably Mose grabbed the largest pieces of glass and the flattest cans and built the biggest fort. "Sometimes," said Mose between clenched teeth as he squinted out into the brightness, "I'm gonna go off to a big city, and when I git there I'm gonna fix it so I can live in a fancy house like those folks in town what lets us split kindling for 'em."

Several years later, Mose did leave. One day Tom received a letter at the General Delivery window at the post office in town, postmarked Chattanooga. "Dear Tom," it read. "I am doing fine. How have you been since Ma died? Hope your wife is O.K. I'm selling used cars and working steady now. Since I am making ten times more than when we used to hoe cotton, just holla if ever I can help you out. Your brother, Mose."

Mose was not the only one to desert the arid flatlands of Georgia. Tom's daughter Nadine left, taking with her one shoddy suitcase and leaving behind one almost illegible note. One July day years later when it was so hot that even the old 'coon dog could not be coaxed from under the house, Nadine came home. Rounding the bend from town with a striped cardboard box in her arms, she looked just the same. However, as she tottered up the lane, her spike-heeled plastic shoes sinking into the clay, Old Tom noted that her black hair was orange now in places and rivulets of perspiration streaked her pancake make-up. Her bright red dress clung much too closely in its wrinkled dampness. Old Tom frowned at the exposed knees but opened his arms to his daughter. She stopped then and carefully put down the battered box. Her weary eyes stared defiantly at Tom as in a rush she rasped, "Pa, I brought you my boy. He's at the bus station with a big orange. I told 'im you'd fetch him after I toted his things out. If you'd take him with Ma dying and all." Her eyes dropped but, clearing her throat, she continued, "There's a bus leavin' at 5:15 that I can catch. And Pa, he's a good boy."

Old Tom was glad to have the chattering youngster around to keep him company and more than glad to have someone else draw water from the well, one of the many tasks against which his arthritic hands rebelled, and serve up the scanty portions of cornpone and collards cooked in fatback each night. Early one evening when the lightning bugs were just coming out, Old Tom was sitting on the rickety steps of the shanty, listening to the bob-

whites and whippoorwills while the boy sloshed tin plates and cups in the dishpan inside. Muffled voices from a nearby cabin drifted to Old Tom's ears, increasing in intensity until whole sentences could be heard.

"I don't care what any highfalutin health inspector says—they can't make me go! Why did they pick on us?"

A deeper voice broke in. "It ain't jus' us, Honey. We've all got to go—they jus' told us first off. All these houses are condemned, he says."

Tom's shoulders sank. They shook spasmodically but no sound could be heard save the sloshing water inside. A whippoorwill cried in the distance, but Tom found no pleasure in its call.

A piping voice summoned Old Tom back to glaring reality. "Hey, grandpa, he's here. Mose is

here! Get on up off'n that tub 'fore he thinks we's all gone. I see'd him coming along slow-like and knowed from the looks of the fancy car, it was him."

Tom shambled around the corner of the house, afraid to hurry lest he betray his eagerness, hardly daring to allow himself to hope. The boy peered under the shack and in the narrow rectangle of light of the other side distinguished a pair of dusty, cracked boots confronting a pair of slick, pointed loafers. After a time the loafers disappeared, and a car door slammed.

"What'd Mose give you, Grandpa? You said he'd help us out. Lemme see! What'd he give you?"

Almost inaudibly the reply came. "A cigar—cost two whole bucks, so Mose says."

ROSA BECKWITH '63

"MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY
HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?"

*We are flowers of the South
In deep, old soil our seed
In row on row, our plot secure,
We heed the unvoiced creed.*

*We nod in time, poor little flowers
And spread our petals here
We smile alike and one by one
We cling to patterns dear.*

*We grow so tall, can't lag or soar
We shield each in the row
What matter if her roots be weak?
She's one of us, you know.*

*Her color's right, her smile our smile
Her thoughts, if thoughts there be
Are hidden well, yes, quite concealed,
If they should disagree.*

*We nod in time, we smile just so
We feel ourselves quite gay
We'll find out what it's all about
Oh yes - - "Another day"*

". . . And little maids all in a row. . ."

ANONYMOUS

scene

. . . The harsh glare of street lights steadily beats down through the hazy city fog on deserted avenues. Tared pavement glistens with the moisture of this heavy mist. Traffic lights blink "stop" and "go" to non-existent travelers. Neon signs flick on and off, on and off. Dark interiors of stores give the appearance of cavities along the façade of main street. Mannequins in department store windows seem exhausted by their posing, and puppies have finally stopped wagging their tails and settled to sleep in the pet shop. . . .

. . . In the air hangs the pungent odor of car exhaust. Rank odors drift from third-class cafés. . . . Only the lonely echo of a policeman's rhythmic step as he makes his nightly rounds breaks the unaccustomed silence and now and then a car swishes down the deserted street. . . .

. . . At the far end of the block a juke box blares forth and boisterous laughter peals from an all-night diner. . . .

. . . An old drunk weaves his way toward home. . . . It's after dark . . . the city is asleep. . . .

DONNIE ANN SLADE '64

LIBERATION

A hush penetrated the classroom. Jimmy watched the angry, flushed teacher point to a large jar of white paint which had been streaked with red and pink. "Td . . . Id," she sputtered. Her shaking voice trailed off as she hurried to the table and lifted the jar of ruined paint. "I," she started again, "was going to ask who put red paint in the white. That would be silly. I know who did it. Jimmy, come to my desk when school's over this afternoon." The class snickered. Of course it was Jimmy; he was never out of trouble. Yesterday, he'd claimed a watch that wasn't his. After many hours, the three o'clock bell rang and school was over. All but Jimmy rushed outside like a herd of stampeding cattle.

"Jimmy, did you mix the paint?" the teacher asked.

Bewildered, Jimmy trembled on the verge of crying. His father told him one time that men don't cry, but Jimmy knew that if he talked he'd cry anyway. So, he didn't say anything and just kept standing in front of the teacher's desk.

"I knew it," snapped the teacher. "Take this note to your parents. That's all from you."

All he had to say was "No, I didn't mix the

paint." Well, he didn't want to hear any more from the teacher. He went out into the hall, leaned with his face against the wall where the coats hung, and cried. All he had to say was no. She wouldn't have believed him. More thoughts ran through his mind even though he wished he could turn off his mind and think of nothing. He thought of the wrist watch. He'd found it next to the sandbox. It was a beautiful watch, shining silver and round with a brown leather band. He wore it around some and was proud. But, if anyone had said it was his, he would have given it back to him but nobody did. So he kept it. One day in class, he took it off and looked at it as it lay on the desk. "Recess for lunch," said the teacher. It seemed that the "recess for lunch" words were always louder than the rest of her words. Anyway, he *always* heard them.

Jimmy stood up, ran out of the room with the rest, went away to sit alone in his favorite place on the side of the hill, and began to eat his lunch. He looked at his wrist. No watch. He quickly ran to his desk where he remembered he left it and saw that it was gone. He looked on the shelves, in desks, and everywhere. Still, there was no watch. Finally, when lunch was over, the rest of the class dribbled

in and sat in their desks, laughing and chattering. Jimmy heard a shrill voice exclaim, "Look, someone's watch." A girl was pointing to the lost watch on the floor and, immediately and silently, Jimmy walked over and put the watch on his wrist. He didn't think he'd mind the rest of the day now. The sun was shining and a brisk breeze seemed to call him outdoors to run with it through the fields.

The teacher's voice began, "Here's a note on my desk saying that one of the fourth graders, Bobby Surrey, has lost his watch and wants to know if any of you has seen it." Eyes were on Jimmy. He remembered thinking that if anyone had seen it on him, he'd give it back. He guessed he'd better do it now. He hadn't stolen . . . as his fingers reached his wrist, he heard whispers and giggles.

"Thief," someone said, "you're a real thief."

"Jimmy," called the teacher, "aren't you ashamed?" She'd been looking at him since he'd put the watch on. Jimmy was frightened. The teacher ordered him to give her the watch and stand out in the hall for the remainder of the day. He did as he was told.

* * *

Jimmy rode on the bus every day on the way to school and on the way back. It took about an hour because the bus always stopped to let others out. When he rode home the day of the white-paint-jar trouble, he wondered why he could never say that he was right when he *was* right though someone had said he was wrong about something. Well, he couldn't say he was right when he was wrong either. It was the best when no one said anything, he guessed, especially when he was wrong. . . . He looked out of the bus window. Clouds passed between him and the sun as if they were trying to say something to him. The lady who was sitting next to him got up and began walking up to the bus driver. She left her pocketbook in her seat. While no one looked, Jimmy stealthily reached in, grabbed for some dollar bills which he stuffed into his pocket, closed the purse, and placed it as the lady had left it.

"Rockford," yelled the driver. The bus stopped in front of Jimmy's home. Out Jimmy climbed. The sun was again shining and the familiar breeze whipped his face, beckoning him to run with it up the dirt driveway to his small farm home which welcomed him as he stood at the bus stop.

No one ever said anything about the money, not even the lady on the bus who lost it even though she rode on the bus again sometimes.

Days of classes passed—dull Mondays that began a hateful and unending week and Fridays that rebelliously cut the week short and replaced it with a fun and peaceful week end on the farm. On Friday afternoon, the bell rang as usual; and Jimmy waited while everyone left the room. Just like the lady on the bus, the teacher left her pocketbook when she left the room. Jimmy knew she'd be back and he'd better leave that pocketbook alone. The teacher was gone for a long time and Jimmy, in spite of his decision not to take money from the purse, remained in his desk. Something inside him was wrong. It had been like this ever since he'd taken the money on the bus. Why did he feel like this when he knew no one would say anything about it? He felt better than this after the trouble about the watch and the stupid old jar of paint. He guessed that the only way to feel better was to keep telling himself that no one would find out. After all, didn't he get into trouble even when he didn't do something wrong and someone said he did? Jimmy walked up to the desk and opened the purse. Successfully he took the money and left the room.

Two weeks passed. The teacher said nothing. Jimmy thought to himself that he should feel great, but he did not. Another three o'clock bell rang and dismissed the class. Again Jimmy remained in his desk. After the teacher had gathered some books in her arms, she started for the door.

"Mrs. Price," Jimmy said, "I took your money. . ."

MARIAN TROTTER '63

To H. C.

*How you would have laughed to
hear that
sentence only we could understand.
But you didn't.
And to share it later made it sad,
a lonely laugh.*

ANNE PALMER '64

To Be Alone

"Joey, don't bother me now, I'm busy," Joey's mother spoke crossly. Joey stopped tugging on her apron and she bustled across the kitchen busily fixing supper. He heaved a sigh, dropped his shoulders and the corners of his mouth and planted his feet firmly apart. "Go play?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," said Mother, dismissing him with a flip of her hand. "Go outside and play until time for supper."

Joey stomped out the kitchen door with his brow furrowed and his mouth pouty. He pushed the screen door back in an act of retaliation and it banged most satisfactorily. Having evened the score with the rest of the world, Joey grinned, jammed his hands in his pockets, and sauntered off to the garden.

When he reached the big sticker bush at the far corner of the garden he stopped. He whistled nonchalantly, as best he knew how, and glanced casually around, just to be sure that nobody was looking. Having reassured himself, he eagerly squatted on his haunches and began to scratch at the loose dirt under the sticker bush. Joey's fingernails made a tiny clank as they hit metal and with a sort of I've-Got-A-Secret smile, he lifted his find from the shallow hole. It was heavy, but it was well worth the trouble. Joey rubbed the back of a dirty fist against his cheek and leaning back, sat with a pop on the grass. His chubby fingers clutched his treasure, but with a careful respect which showed that he knew its danger.

"Joey, Joey," his mother called from the edge of the garden. "Are you there? Come to supper if you are and hurry. I've already called you three times." She started walking to his corner beside the sticker bush and he quickly put his treasure back in the hole. He did not have time to cover it, but left it in the hole under the bush and ran toward his mother.

"There you are, you bad boy! Why don't you come when I call you?" she said. Mother was not really angry though, and Joey reached to take her hand. He half-ran, half-skipped to the house, con-

sciously working to keep up with his mother's long stride.

Joey sat in his chair at the breakfast table in the corner of the kitchen. Mother put his plate and her own on the table and then sat in her chair. "God-is-great-God-is-good-and-we-thank-Him-for-this-food Amen," monotoned Joey quickly, and he picked up his fork as he mouthed the amen. They ate silently, and Joey dangled his legs back and forth, as though he would jump and run any minute.

"Scuse me," he mumbled as he wiped his mouth, pushed himself from the chair and headed for the door.

"Joey," his mother admonished wearily. He stopped with his hands on the screen door and turned. "You didn't finish your milk." Disgustedly, he returned to the table, gulped his milk in three swallows, and raced back to the door.

Back in the garden, he sat on the cool grass again. Joey fondled his treasure and lay down on his stomach with his feet in the air, wiggling back and forth. He propped his chin on his elbows and just looked and smelled and listened. He saw an ant on a blade of grass, and he smelled the berries that were fun to squish, and he heard all the backyard, summer-night noises. He closed one eye and stared at the ant. The ant stared back, or so Joey thought. He was so intent upon the ant that he did not hear his mother walking behind him.

"Joey!" she said in surprise. "Where did you get that gun? Give it to me!" She leaned over and picked up his treasured pistol by the barrel.

"Don't, don't!" said Joey. "It's mine! I found it! Give it back to me!" Joey grabbed the gun by the handle and pulled it out of his mother's hands. The pistol resounded with a bank and the force threw Joey to the ground. His mother emitted a little sigh and slumped to the grass.

"Mama!" he cried. "Mama!" He shook her. But Mama did not answer. Mama never answered.

CLARE LOYD '64

A WALK

*Footprints in the sand
mean life
carelessly going to and fro,
away.
Soon the ocean will come
to erase
and there will be no more footprints
in the sand.*

ANNE PALMER '64

THE FOLD

*Sheep, sheep
One after the other
Stay in a crowd, follow one another
In a flock
All the same—
Cast of one mold
Product of one dye—
Never change, always the same.*

ANONYMOUS

TO MOTHER AND DADDY

*Today skies are blue but the ocean is
angry at someone.
Though gulls fly freely the water
pounds out fury.
And the gulls and the skies don't
understand.*

ANNE PALMER '64

AGAIN

*Black clouds lifted for a while, and
I spent
a moment under blue skies
and sun
and I was warm, alive, away
from all;
but just when I stretched out
to let
the hot rays pierce all of me,
it rained.*

ANNE PALMER '64

WINDY

*Don't bother with the trifling, little breezes;
Forget the whirlwinds with their passenger leaves;
Don't just tickle blossoms or bare limbs;
Blow ye freely! Blow the bark from limbs to eaves!*

*Will ye whistle to the gutters and the shutters?
Will ye whisper to pine needles on the bough?
Will ye pause as little birdies tip their wings?
Blow ye freely! Blow ye hard, but blow ye now!*

*Blow the rivers; shove them 'til they flow upstream;
Blow everything ye see! Ye are the foe!
Break brick! Split steel! Warp wood until it falls!
Blow ye freely! Just blow, ye cursed wind, blow!*

CLARE LOYD '64

VICTORY

*Encumbered by the toll of time,
Man's body withers and he grows feeble.
Enclosed by walls from which he dare not venture,
He is but a hint of all he used to be.*

*New sights and sounds can never be his lot;
Only precious memories can serve him now.
His spirit will roam the wide world over
'Til in a larger land 'tis free to range.*

ROSA BECKWITH '63

REMINISCENCE

*There was a gentle breeze
... and a pink sunset ...
... the lapping of waves ...
I hear them yet ...
We shared a smile ... we
shared a kiss ...
... our fingers touched ...
... oh, fleeting bliss ...*

*A roaring wind ... a harsh
red sky ... the
rush of waves ... A
mournful cry ...
... We shared a smile ...
... We shared a kiss ...
... Our fingers touched ...
... Oh, fleeting bliss ... you're gone!*

DONNIE ANN SLADE '64

AN ATTIC TREASURE

*Sweet, little, china doll
Come talk to me and
Tell me of times before
I was even an idea.*

*Your cheek curls give away your age.
It wouldn't take a wise, old sage
To know the lively twenties were your day.
Come talk to me,
I'll listen.*

*Your knowing smile, your teasing eyes
Tell me there are secrets behind your wise
But cherub face.*

*Some little girl of years ago
Shared a surprise
In an embrace with you,
Silent, china one.*

*I guess I'm too old to talk to.
My mother wasn't, as a girl,
You china doll with your cheek curl.
I'll trudge up to the attic
And put you in your basket.*

*Maybe some day
You'll tell your secrets
To my children,*

*But now I'll put you away,
Close the lid and leave you to stay
Until another girl of a future year
Finds you here.*

Goodbye, sweet, china doll.

CLARE LOYD '64

FEAR HAS A SOUND

"Oh, God! What am I going to do!" Kay's pulse was drumming in her ears as she frantically circled and groped at nothing. "The babies!" she shouted, and for the first time in five full minutes a thought took hold and she headed in a specific direction. She bounded through the front door and the screen banged behind her with a final sound.

The sirens, whistles, and whirl-wind roars which had been somewhat muffled in the house blared forth with uncanny force and shrillness. Several sirens shrieked, alternating high and low; two or three steam whistles chorused in a shrill three-short blasts, one-long blast. There was a general roaring drone which was louder than the rest. It was rather like a tornado at its center, yet it was a mechanical sound, as were the other noises. In addition, the roar of jets was heard overhead although they could not be seen for the glare of the mid-sky sun.

When Kay reached the sandbox, Billie and Lisa were standing in the sand with their mouths drawn in tight lines, their eyes wide open like sprung traps, and their faces looking to the sky in awe-struck fear. Their arms hung limply by their sides and they looked like beautiful statues, "dead statues," thought Kay in the five seconds it took her to reach them. At the touch of her arms, the two children sprang to life. With a small gasp they each clasped her around her neck so tightly that Kay found it difficult to breathe.

"Go into the house and wait for me," Kay told them sternly. For once there were no questions, no arguments, only the mechanical shrieks and the slapping of small feet on the hard ground. Kay's look followed them and she stood in a trance, still unable to comprehend, until the baby's whimper from the nearby play pen awakened her. Once again she acted with an animalistic instinct, some maternal intuition.

The plump little boy sat in the middle of the play pen and whimpered pathetically. Kay grabbed at his rib cage, but he fell on his back and let out a howl in the midst of all the sirens and whistles. She lifted him and automatically patted his back as she ran toward the house with the baby's cries muffled in her shoulder.

Four clenched fists and two button noses were pressed hard against the window panes beside the door as Kay approached the house. When she opened the door, the two children grabbed her bare knees. She pushed them away gently and the solemn little group moved into the living room. She sat down and tried to think what she was supposed to do next.

"I want my Daddy," whined Lisa.

"Daddy!" thought Kay. "Oh, my God! O . . . my . . . God . . ." Kay fell to her knees, rested her head on the sofa edge and began to pray in a jumble of nonsense words. Any other time the children would be crying now, but they also had instincts and somehow they knew that their mother had enough trouble at the moment.

"Children," Kay said as she raised her head, "Daddy has gone across the state to Falls Church on a business trip, so we will just have to get along without him." But to herself she thought, "It's me alone now. Bob is gone and it is up to me to protect the children." She put her palm to her temples and tried to think what should come next.

"The radio. Conelrad," she whispered. She rushed across the room and flipped the knob on the radio set. The set sputtered and let out a piercing whistle. "What station, what station?" she muttered. She searched frantically until she hit 640 and the shrill note gave way to a harried man's voice. She took the radio from the table and crouched over it on the floor, clutching it to her as though it were her last contact to the rest of the world. The mechanical voice advised everyone to seek shelter from the radiation, not to panic, not to leave home or try to contact anyone. Kay's head nodded vigorously, acknowledging the instructions. She turned the radio up full volume and began to gather from all corners of the house the things that she thought she would need, in spite of the fact that provisions were already stored in waiting.

She carried everything to the bomb shelter in the basement that Bob had built on weekends. "And now he can't even use it," she thought. She took the babies and the radio, locked all the doors and windows and went down to the shelter. She barred and locked the door from the inside and sat on the double bed with the three children and the radio. The children napped and Kay listened to the radio until she had memorized the speeches which were repeated often.

The hours wore on and she realized suddenly that the afternoon was gone and it was evening. "What will happen now," she wondered, and she listened and could faintly hear sirens and whistles and a dull roar. Maybe she could not hear them. Maybe it was only her imagination.

CLARE LOYD '64

LOVE,

*There are only X days
'til death —
Shop!*

ANNE PALMER '64



The mind that follows intellect can achieve.

—MICHAELANGELO

The Homeric Wisdom in "The Iliad" Related to Life

One of the characteristics of Homer's writing is his insertion of seemingly unconnected bits of wisdom into a passage. The truths that Homer was fond of dropping into his *Iliad* narrative pertained not only to the men fighting the Trojan War, but to all men for all time fighting the greater war of life. Homer had some very definite ideas about the role of a man in this war. He stated truths about man's relationship with his god, with his fellow-men, and with himself.

Homer sees man as a unique creature. "For of all creatures that breathe and creep about on Mother Earth there is none so miserable as man."¹ Man is miserable because he alone of all the inhabitants of the earth has the power to reason. He does not act blindly from instinct, but from the dictates of his own mind. Therefore, unlike other animals, man has to accept responsibility for his actions; and he is unhappy because he looks back with regret on past mistakes and forward with fear of future errors. Nevertheless, man's burden of responsibility is an integral part of his life. "... Weeping is cold comfort and does little good. We men are wretched things, and the gods who have no cares themselves, have woven sorrow into the very pattern of our lives."¹ Sorrow is caused by responsibility. If man was responsible for nothing, he would care for nothing and, therefore, have no sorrow. Sorrow comes only through caring. Thus responsibility has been "woven into the very pattern of our lives." Man cannot escape sorrow because he cannot escape the responsibility of being a man.

This heavy responsibility is a gift. Man is not a puppet manipulated by his Maker, but a reasoning personality able to control his own actions. As Homer says, "the precious gifts that the gods lavish on a man unasked are not to be despised, even though he might not choose them if he had the chance." Freedom of choice is a precious gift, indeed, but sometimes very difficult to appreciate because of the weight of responsibility and pain that comes with it.

Man receives, however, other gifts which are more palatable; "but the gods do not grant us all their favours at a single time."¹ If man possessed the gifts of love, truth, and beauty every moment of every day, they would cease to be important to him. The presence of gifts of life can fully be appreciated only when compared to their absence. Therefore, man receives these gifts at different times throughout his life. Nothing is more monotonous and uninspiring than an endless plain. Life is exciting and challenging because it is made up of mountains and valleys.

In the *Iliad* the relationship shown between man and the gods is not one-sided. The gods do not do all the giving. Man has to make sacrifices to them and obey their will. "The man who listens to the gods is listened to by them." Thus man gets the aid of God by listening, not by asking. If man is forever calling on God for help, he can not hear God's reply. Therefore, to receive assistance, man must listen to the will of God instead of demanding his own will.

All men do not receive the same gifts from "the gods," and the realization that "people differ in their gifts" is one of the cornerstones of man's relationship with man. Every man has his own particular gift or talent, and only when he discovers and accepts it, can he fit into his place in society. Only a few men receive gifts that enable them to be kings and generals in the battle of life. Resigning himself to being a foot soldier is one of the most difficult things for a man to do, but as Homer says, "We cannot all be kings here; and mob rule is a bad thing." Leaders are necessary if society is to move forward. However, if every man tried to be a general even if he lacked the ability to lead, then society would fall into hopeless confusion. For every man who led society forward there would be at least one man calling for society to follow him backward. Progress would be impossible.

A leader must realize, though, that an army has to have men in the ranks as well as generals. A general cannot storm the citadel alone. To conquer, he must have his troops behind him. Thus the foot soldier is just as important and just as necessary as the king. The leader's having a different gift does not mean he has a special right to oppress and offend his followers. Basically they are equals, and, therefore, "It is no disgrace for a king, when he has given offence, to come forward and repair the breach."

As the Greeks of the *Iliad* suffered defeats when their ranks were divided and their king would not "repair the breach," so the army of mankind will be defeated if it cannot unite in a harmonious relationship. Only when all men join together in the fight for their country, the country of the spirit, can victory be obtained. "Even the poorest fighters turn into brave men when they stand side by side." Company, the assurance that they are not alone in the fight, gives courage to all men.

Thus friendship is essential to the battle of life. Every man needs another to stand by him in the thick of the fight, not only for companionship, but

¹ All quotations in this theme are from *The Iliad* translated by E. V. Rieu.

for his protection as well. No man can see all sides at once, but if he has a friend beside him, then he has another pair of eyes and ears to warn him of the enemy's approach, another pair of hands to protect him against a sneak attack. "A friend's advice is often most effective." Friends can clearly see each other's enemies, foes of the character and the spirit. Each can, therefore, warn the other and help him to repulse the foe's assault.

The good opinion of a friend is always important to a man. The loss of a friend's respect is one of the bitterest blows a man can receive. When a man loses the good opinion of his fellow men, he feels as if he has lost everything. No man can live without some kind of respect. Man is a proud creature and dishonor eats away at his soul. "When soldiers fear disgrace, then more are saved than killed. Neither honour nor salvation is to be found in flight."¹ Men fight harder when their honor is at stake. They do not flee the enemy because to lose their honor would be to lose their dignity as men.

For a man to keep another's respect, he must first respect him. ". . . You cannot steal or buy back a man's life, when once the breath has left his lips,"² Homer warns. There are more ways to kill a man than just physical ones. The damage done to the spirit of a person is just as important as the damage done to his body. When a man shows disrespect for another, he is killing his spirit which requires honor to survive. "When a man stands up to speak, it is only courteous to give him a hearing and not interrupt." By speaking, men tell each other their thoughts; and men's thoughts are their most personal possessions. When they bring them forth from the depths of their minds and present them to their fellow men, they expect a courteous and respectful hearing. If a man shows contempt for the thoughts of another, then he is showing contempt for that person's existence. Respect is thus a reciprocal quantity; it has to be given to be received.

Self-respect is the hardest of all to obtain. A man may disguise his true nature from the world, but never from himself. If he cannot live with himself, the respect of the world is worth nothing. A man finds peace of mind from within, from the knowledge that he is giving his utmost to the battle of life and doing the best with what he has. "It is skill, rather than brawn, that makes the best lumberman." It is not enough merely to be strong and brave; a man must be skilled to be useful. There are many different skills, from inventing a space craft to inventing a kind phrase; and until a man develops his own personal skill, he is of no value to society. A man must use all his ability in the battle of life, but at the same time he must recognize the limits of his ability or he will never achieve peace of mind. "What a man cannot do, however keen, is to fight beyond his powers." To do so only brings frustration, failure, and bitterness.

A man must, therefore, recognize disaster when it approaches and try to avoid it. "There is nothing to be ashamed of in running from disaster, even by night." When an insurmountable object or a grave danger lies in his path, only the fool plods grimly on. The wise man finds another way to his destination. "It is the height of folly to be wise too late," Homer keeps insisting. The foolish man recognizes defeat only after he is conquered, but the wise man recognizes it in time to prevent it.

No man can avoid all failures and disappointments, however. Since man is not perfect, he does not have the ability to reason infallibly and to see the results of all his actions. He can not escape making mistakes, and if he is ever to learn to live with himself, he must learn to accept his failures. Homer agreed that "Fate is a thing that no man born of woman can escape," and that "one never knows one's luck. . . ." It is useless and frustrating for man to demand perfection of himself. He can only give his best and that should be enough for self respect.

Man should also remember that "People tire of everything, even of sleep and love, sweet music and the perfect dance, things that take far longer than a battle to make a man cry out 'Enough!'" No man can endure the hardship of battle without some relief. Therefore, he must at times lift his eyes from the fray and learn to see the less serious side of life, the small humorous incidents that take place each day. "Every little respite is valuable in war," says Homer. The relief of laughter is the most valuable of all respites. Only when a man can laugh at life and his own folly, can he find peace of mind.

The fear of death causes men much mental anguish. Homer said "Death has a thousand pitfalls for our feet; and nobody can save himself and cheat him." Death is inevitable; where there is life there must be death. Brooding on death destroys the joy of living. When it is accepted as merely a part of life, death loses its hold on the mind. A man has to face the fact that he has an appointment with death which cannot be avoided. If death finds him in the middle of the fight, sword in hand with one ear turned toward Heaven and one eye on the soldier at his side, then he has nothing to fear. "He will have fallen for his country and that is no dishonourable death," in 850 B. C. or in A. D. 1963.

LILY ROSS '64

REFLECTIONS

From one class to another: from English to history, to math, to science, to gym and on and on, I drag my feet. Overwhelmed by the burden of assignment piled on assignment, I wonder, "What's the use? . . . There's no way . . . no possible way to finish even half of what I have to do. What are they trying to do to me? . . . I might as well give up right now. . . ." I walk through the cold stone corridor lined with blackboards covered by announcements. The hard stone walls seem to crowd in on me with an unbearable oppressiveness. The unending lists of meetings and announcements make me want to scream. Finally I reach the door and shove it open in a burst of released tension. For a few brief moments I escape into the fresh air and open spaces before I must again shut myself among walls of books inside the library to pore over volumes in search of information which does not interest me. As I walk slowly along, the song of a

bird enters my consciousness. My drooped head lifts momentarily. As my glance falls on a dogwood in full bloom, my mind pictures the budding trees and flowers at home. In spite of my depression, I find myself thinking, "This can't last so much longer. Summer can't be too far away." As I begin to count the days, my wintry despair gradually slips away. The budding leaves remind me that time is passing. "Okay, snap out of it! Your exams are coming up, and you haven't started studying." My step quickens, and it slowly dawns on me that someone has said recently that each hour of class costs four dollars. "Whew! I must have wasted a lot of money. I had better get busy doing everything I need to do." I climb the steps with renewed energy, and I enter the library still weighed down by my load of assignments, but with a revived spirit with which to accept the challenge.

PANTHEA TWITTY '64



SELF DISCIPLINE

Work is the output of energy. Many of us thus consider ourselves working when we merely expend energy that could be put to more profitable use.

Most students consider their assignments complete when they have read a chapter in a textbook. But the good students use their books as the name implies—as a text. After reading, they refer to magazines or other library material to answer questions or expand on the incident covered in the text. After all, no one book can completely exhaust a subject. Some details must be sacrificed in order to emphasize others. So we should think about these details also. Why would they even be mentioned if they were of no importance?

We must learn now to discipline ourselves to

diligent study habits. We were supposed to have done this in high school to prepare ourselves for more efficient college work. Yet some of us still drag along, doing only required work in order to pull through with a C. It is not the grade that matters. It is how hard we have worked for it. And an A signifies more work than a C. Those of us who have applied ourselves diligently and earned A's will profit in the future, not necessarily by the facts learned in a biology manual, but by self-discipline.

We have procrastinated long enough. We should think about this word "work" and strive to uphold its true meaning by disciplining ourselves now.

SUSAN DIXEY '64

Why Does Hamlet Procrastinate?

Almost every critic of Hamlet tries to answer the question of Hamlet's procrastination. Almost every critic forms his own interpretation. The purpose of this paper is to examine various commentaries on the causes of Hamlet's delay and to show that these commentaries are not equally valid. During the eighteenth century Thomas Hanmer expressed the obvious answer to the question of Hamlet's hesitation. Hanmer said that if Hamlet had killed Claudius without delay, the play would have come to an end immediately.¹ Hanmer's solution is true, but superficial. We will, therefore, pass over this solution and go on to deeper theories. The deeper theories can be divided into external theories, theories dealing with the nature of the work, and internal theories, theories dealing with the character of Hamlet.

Many commentators believe that the main cause of Hamlet's procrastination is external difficulties. Among these commentators are Ziegler, Klein, and Werder. Henry Norman Hudson's summary of Ziegler's theory says that if Hamlet had killed the King at first, Hamlet would either have been killed by the royal bodyguards or condemned by the Danish court and people.² Hamlet would have been condemned not only by the Danes, but also by his mother. As a result, Claudius would have become a martyr.³ Hudson's quotation from L. Klein's *Berliner Modenspiegel* accredits Hamlet's hesitation to his lack of definite proof that Claudius killed King Hamlet.⁴ Klein, as quoted by Bernard Grebanier, says, "Vengeance is impossible, . . . it lacks what alone can justify it before God and the world, material proof." The basis of Klein's theory is an interpretation of the Ghost's words to Hamlet:

But howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind

(I, v, 84-85).

This command is interpreted "be sure that your deed be an act of justice, not of murder."⁵ How could Hamlet kill Claudius and justify the deed without any proof? If Hamlet were forced to appear before a court, the only evidence he could present would be the testimony "of Horatio and Marcellus that they had seen a Ghost."⁶ And not even Horatio

and Marcellus had heard the revelations of the Ghost.⁷

Karl Werder elaborates on Klein's theory. Werder, as quoted by Henry Hudson, states that Hamlet delays because he realizes that his duty is not only to kill Claudius, but also to prove Claudius' guilt publicly. Killing Claudius would be "killing the proof."⁸ Werder's theory is supported by the definition of tragic representation. According to true tragic representation, criminals must never be punished until their crimes are made known to the world, and their guilt is proved.⁹

There are many other external factors which are thought to be the cause of Hamlet's hesitation. An external factor which is often overlooked is the fact that killing Claudius would not merely be an act of murder, but one of regicide. In Hamlet's day regicide was almost a sacrilege.¹⁰ "In the final scene, even after Laertes has revealed to the whole court that Claudius is to blame for" the deaths of Gertrude, Hamlet, and Laertes himself, the court's reaction when Hamlet kills Claudius is to shout "Treason! Treason!" (V, ii, 320).¹¹ Another criticism is that Hamlet is prevented from acting because he cannot kill Claudius without harming Gertrude, and, by harming Gertrude, he would violate the Ghost's command.¹²

Hamlet probably thinks of how he can perform his act of vengeance without losing his life or good name.¹³ However, the theories based on external difficulties as the main cause of Hamlet's procrastination must be rejected because they neglect the actual text. Hamlet never once refers to external difficulties as the cause of his delay.¹⁴ In fact, the text of the play shows that Hamlet need not fear condemnation by the Danes, for they love Hamlet. The Clown in the Grave Digging Scene, who says, "Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that; it was the very day that young Hamlet was born" (V, ii, 141), shows that the Danes think of Hamlet as almost a national hero. Claudius also expresses the love of the Danish people for Hamlet when he says:

Yet must we not put the strong law on him;
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude.

and

(IV, iii, 3)

Why to a public count I might not go

¹ Louis B. Wright, ed. "The Hamlet 'Problem'," *The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark* by William Shakespeare (New York, 1961), p. lx.

² Henry Norman Hudson, ed. "Introduction," *The Tragedy of Hamlet* by William Shakespeare (Boston, 1909), p. li.

³ William J. Rolfe, "Appendix," *Shakespeare's Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark* by William Shakespeare (New York, 1906), pp. 334-335.

⁴ Hudson, *op. cit.*, pp. li-llii.

⁵ Bernard Grebanier, *The Heart of Hamlet, The Play Shakespeare Wrote* (New York, 1960), p. 111.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 108.

⁷ A. C. Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy* (London, 1950), p. 94.

⁸ Hudson, *op. cit.*, pp. lii-llii.

⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. lix-lxi.

¹⁰ Grebanier, *op. cit.*, pp. 109-110.

¹¹ Grebanier, *op. cit.*, p. 110.

¹² J. Douer Wilson, *What Happens in Hamlet* (London, 1937), p. 93.

¹³ Bradley, *op. cit.*, p. 96.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 95.

Is the great love the general gender bear him.¹⁵
(IV, vii, 19)

Shakespeare also shows Laertes easily winning the sympathy of the Danish people and "raising the people against the King." Surely Hamlet, the beloved heir apparent to the Danish throne, could easily do the same.¹⁶ The fact that Hamlet does not plan the mousetrap play to be an instrument for making Claudius reveal his guilt publicly to the court substantiates further opposition to the external theory of lack of proof.¹⁷ In fact, Hamlet never plans public confession or punishment for Claudius; rather, "he always talks of using his 'sword' or his 'arm'."¹⁸

Having proved that the external theories are not valid, we shall pass on to various internal theories—theories finding the cause of Hamlet's hesitation to be flaws within his nature. Goethe's sentimental theory is such a criticism. As Hardin Craig says, "Goethe thought (thinks) of *Hamlet* as the tragedy of an over-refined nature in a rude generation."¹⁹ In other words, Hamlet procrastinates because he is too sentimental, too gentle, and too delicate to perform the act of vengeance which his surroundings demand of him. Goethe supports his theory with the words of Hamlet:

The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!²⁰

(I, v, 215)

Goethe's sentimental theory has many faults. First, if Hamlet were such a man as Goethe pictures him to be, the Ghost would never even have suggested that Hamlet perform such a deed of violence.²¹ Secondly, the sentimental theory is too kind to Hamlet. The reader cannot picture the Hamlet of the sentimental theory addressing the corpse of Polonius or Ophelia as the Hamlet of the play does. Nor can the reader picture the delicate sentimental Hamlet sending his childhood friends, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, to their death.²² Thirdly, Goethe's theory is unjust to Hamlet. There is no similarity between the Hamlet of Goethe's theory and the Hamlet of the play, who is quick to attack Claudius with words saying, "I am too much i' the sun." (I, ii, 71),²³ quick to insult Polonius, quick to attack his mother and Ophelia with words,²⁴ and quick to kill Polonius. Also when Ophelia says that Hamlet is a "soldier," and when, at Hamlet's death,

Fortinbras orders a "soldier's burial," the reader knows Hamlet was a courageous and experienced soldier,²⁵ not a delicate creature.

Another internal theory is Ulrici's conscience theory. According to this theory, Hamlet's delay is caused by a moral repulsion of the deed. Henry Norman Hudson says that in *Shakespeare's dramatische Kunst* Ulrici states Hamlet, as a Christian, knows that killing any man is a sin, even if the man is bad. Therefore, Hamlet hesitates, trying, all the while, to justify the act of murder in his own eyes²⁶ and to keep himself above evil by maintaining his high moral standards based on Christianity.²⁷ Hamlet's own words are used to substantiate the conscience theory. After calling himself a "coward" (II, ii, 598), Hamlet says, "conscience doth make cowards of us all" (III, i, 83).²⁸ Then during a conversation with Horatio, Hamlet asks:

is not perfect conscience
To quit him with this arm?²⁹

(V, ii, 67-68)

There are many variations of Ulrici's view. One elaboration is that Hamlet procrastinates not only because he firmly believes in Christian morals, but also because he knows that there is a life after death and that his actions on earth will determine his "eternal destiny."³⁰ In other words, he delays because he fears life after death.³¹ On the other hand, Hardin Craig, as quoted by Bernard Grebanier, believes Hamlet hesitates because he is struggling spiritually and must purge his soul before committing an act such as murder.³² Some critics go to extremes in interpreting the conscience theory. A few, for instance, say that Hamlet feels his duty is to cleanse Denmark of its corruption by killing the wicked king. Therefore, when Hamlet realizes that he cannot cleanse Denmark by this act of murder, he does nothing.³³

Negligence of the text of the play is the principal fault of the conscience theory.³⁴ According to this theory, Hamlet's duty is not to kill Claudius,³⁵ but to attain eternal salvation.³⁶ However, according to the play, Hamlet's "sacred duty" is "to kill Claudius, and do it quickly"³⁷ so that his father may have eternal rest. Hamlet himself never doubts that his

¹⁵ Adams, *op. cit.*, pp. 188-189.

¹⁶ Hudson, *op. cit.*, p. L.

¹⁷ Simon Augustine Blackmore, "The Riddles of Hamlet and the Newest Answers, 1917," *Readings on the Character of Hamlet* edited by Claude C. H. Williamson (London, 1950), p. 370.

¹⁸ G. R. Elliott, "Introduction," *Scourge and Minister A Study of Hamlet* (Durham, N. C., 1951), p. xxiii.

¹⁹ Bradley, *op. cit.*, p. 98.

²⁰ Blackmore, *op. cit.*, pp. 371-372.

²¹ Grebanier, *op. cit.*, p. 102.

²² *Ibid.*, p. 92.

²³ Grebanier, *op. cit.*, pp. 92-93.

²⁴ Bradley, *op. cit.*, p. 97.

²⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 100.

²⁶ Blackmore, *op. cit.*, pp. 372, 374.

²⁷ Adams, *op. cit.*, p. 247.

¹⁵ Joseph Quincy Adams, "commentary," *Hamlet Prince of Denmark* by William Shakespeare (Boston, 1929), p. 293.

¹⁶ Bradley, *op. cit.*, p. 95.

¹⁷ Bradley, *op. cit.*, pp. 95-96.

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 96.

¹⁹ Hardin Craig, *An Interpretation of Shakespeare* (New York, 1948), p. 182.

²⁰ Grebanier, *op. cit.*, p. 81.

²¹ Bradley, *op. cit.*, p. 101.

²² *Ibid.*, p. 103.

²³ Adams, *op. cit.*, pp. 189-190.

²⁴ Bradley, *op. cit.*, p. 102.

duty is to avenge his father's murder.³⁶ A. C. Bradley says that Hamlet's references to his conscience are probably meaningless coincidences.³⁹ Other commentaries interpret the word *conscience* to mean self-knowledge, not a moral conscience.⁴⁰ Thus, these commentaries completely disregard Hamlet's words as a substantiation of the conscience theory. Another objection to Ulrici's theory is said to be the fact that Hamlet does not kill the King while praying because the Prince wishes to kill the King at a time when he will be sure that he will send Claudius' soul directly to hell. If Hamlet thinks of killing Claudius with that outlook, Hamlet is not bothered by any moral scruple.⁴¹ One other fault of the conscience theory is the fact that Hamlet is not bothered by morals when he sends his schoolmates, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, to their death.

Another internal theory is the weakness of will theory supported by Coleridge, Schlegel, Dowden and other critics. Coleridge, as quoted by Hardin Craig and Bernard Grebanier, believes that Hamlet delays because he exists in an imaginary world of his own thoughts, rather than in a realistic world of action.⁴² Thus, Hamlet, "loses the power of action in the energy of resolve."⁴³ Henry Norman Hudson quotes a portion of Schlegel's *Ueber dramatische Kunst und Litteratur*. In this excerpt, Schlegel supports the weakness of will theory by saying that Hamlet hesitates because he doesn't believe in anything or anybody, including himself. Consequently, Hamlet is easily swayed from one opinion to another.⁴⁴ Dowden even goes so far as to explain the cause of Hamlet's weakness of will and subsequent hesitation. Dowden says that Hamlet, brought up at court, the only son of a "strong-willed" father, "has received culture of every kind except the culture of active life." Hamlet has never had to act on his own convictions. In fact, he has never had to form his own convictions.⁴⁵

Various means can be employed to prove the weakness of will theory. Hamlet's soliloquies on "the native hue of resolution" and "the craven scruple of thinking too precisely on the event" confirm Coleridge's theory. Comparisons between Hamlet and Fortinbras and between Hamlet and Laertes also support this theory.⁴⁶ Hamlet and Fortinbras are princes named after their own fathers. Each has lost his throne to his uncle.⁴⁷ Laertes and Hamlet are alike in that their duty is to avenge their father's

murders.⁴⁸ However, only Fortinbras and Laertes make an effort to remedy their situations. Hamlet merely thinks and procrastinates. The contrast between Hamlet and Laertes is especially evident when Laertes tells Claudius that he would cut Polonius' murderer's throat in the church. This statement reminds the reader of Hamlet's refusal to kill the praying Claudius.⁴⁹

There are numerous modifications of Coleridge's theory. For instance, some critics say Hamlet procrastinates because he is a fatalist, convinced that everything is in the hands of Fate. There is, therefore, no need for action on his part. Other critics say Hamlet delays because he is an idealist and hates the realistic world.⁵⁰

The major flaw of the weakness of will theories is the fact that these theories make Hamlet seem one-sided. To warn the reader against concluding that Hamlet is a one dimensional character—always thinking, never acting—Shakespeare shows Hamlet to be quick to act at times. Hamlet is quick to break from his friends to talk to the Ghost. He is quick to plan and execute the plan for making Claudius reveal his guilt. He is quick in his actions on the ship to reverse the King's plot against him and to send Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to their death.⁵¹

Sigmund Freud gives a rather different answer to the question of Hamlet's delay. Freud believes that Hamlet shrinks from killing Claudius because the Prince "unconsciously identifies himself" with Claudius on account of his similar incestuous desire to sleep with Gertrude.⁵² Dr. Jones, Dr. Stekel, and Mr. Walley, quoted by Bernard Grebanier, are among the many critics who have delved further into Freud's theory and interpreted it. Dr. Jones, in accordance with the basic principles of Freud's theory, concludes that Hamlet procrastinates because he identifies himself with Claudius to such a degree that by killing Claudius, he would kill a part of himself. According to Doctor Stekel, Hamlet puts off killing Claudius because Hamlet knows his mother had immoral relations with Claudius before King Hamlet's death. Hamlet, therefore, fears Claudius is his father, not his uncle.⁵³ Mr. Walley believes that Hamlet hates his mother more than he hates Claudius and wants to commit matricide rather than regicide. However, since Hamlet has been told by the Ghost only to kill the King, he takes no action.⁵⁴ Freud's theory and its variations must be rejected because they have absolutely no connection with the text. The Hamlet of the play hates Claudius and loves his mother.

³⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 211.

³⁹ Bradley, *op. cit.*, pp. 98-99.

⁴⁰ Harley Granville-Barker, *Prefaces to Shakespeare* (Princeton, New Jersey, 1947), p. 251.

⁴¹ Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*, p. 100.

⁴² Grebanier, *op. cit.*, pp. 85-86.

⁴³ Craig, *op. cit.*, p. 182.

⁴⁴ Hudson, *op. cit.*, pp. xviii-xlix.

⁴⁵ Bradley, *op. cit.*, p. 105.

⁴⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 106.

⁴⁷ Adams, *op. cit.*, p. 295.

⁴⁸ Bradley, *op. cit.*, p. 90.

⁴⁹ Wilson, *op. cit.*, p. 263.

⁵⁰ Grebanier, *op. cit.*, p. 87.

⁵¹ Hudson, *op. cit.*, p. lix.

⁵² Grebanier, *op. cit.*, pp. 95-96.

⁵³ Grebanier, *op. cit.*, p. 97.

⁵⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 96.

Having shown that the previously discussed internal theories are not valid, we shall pass on to the theory that Hamlet procrastinates because he is melancholic. As J. Dover Wilson says, "The procrastination and the melancholy are all of a piece."⁵⁵ There is no doubt that Hamlet is melancholic. He has all the symptoms of melancholia—"weariness of life," "the suicidal impulse," "desire for solitude," "irritability", and "gloomy brooding."⁵⁶ Hamlet's melancholia is caused by his "idealism regarding human nature." Brought up the only child of loving parents, Hamlet's world was filled with good. He knew nothing of sin. He idealized both his mother and his father.⁵⁷ Hence, when Hamlet discovers his mother's sinful actions, his world is destroyed. His faith in everyone and everything is diseased.⁵⁸ His will is paralyzed.⁵⁹ Hamlet definitely suffers from melancholia caused by disillusionment.

Gertrude's conduct is the principal cause of Hamlet's melancholy and consequent delay,⁶⁰ but many lesser causes exist. Hamlet is also disillusioned by the revelations of the Ghost that Claudius killed King Hamlet and that Gertrude slept with Claudius before King Hamlet's death.⁶¹ At this point in the play, Hamlet even concludes that his mother helped Claudius murder King Hamlet.⁶² Furthermore, as Hamlet idealized his mother, he also idealizes Ophelia.⁶³ His worship of Ophelia is shown in his letter to her in which he says, "To the Celestial, and my Soul's Idol" (II, ii, 116).⁶⁴ When Ophelia fails to support Hamlet in his hour of need, his disillusionment grows.⁶⁵ However, when Ophelia openly lies to Hamlet in the Nunnery Scene, he completely loses faith in her.⁶⁶ Hamlet is also disillusioned by the actions of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Although they have been Hamlet's life-long friends, he finds out that they are not true, but insincere friends.⁶⁷

Given Gertrude's actions as the main cause of Hamlet's melancholy and subsequent hesitation, the validity of the melancholia theory can be proved

by the text of the play. After Gertrude repents, the mother-son relationship between Hamlet and Gertrude resumes. Hamlet's condition begins to improve, and eventually this condition almost disappears.⁶⁸ Hamlet's procrastination also ceases, and he acts.

The melancholia theory is more substantial than either the external theories or the other internal theories. The external difficulties hinder Hamlet only because he is melancholic. If he were not melancholic, he could summon energy and will power to overcome his external difficulties.⁶⁹ The other internal theories degrade Hamlet, for they are not based on the text. However, the melancholia theory is reasonable. The melancholia theory is a solution based on the text of the actual play, a solution which does not degrade Hamlet.

KATHERINE CANNON '64

⁵⁵ Adams, *op. cit.*, p. 288.

⁵⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 227.

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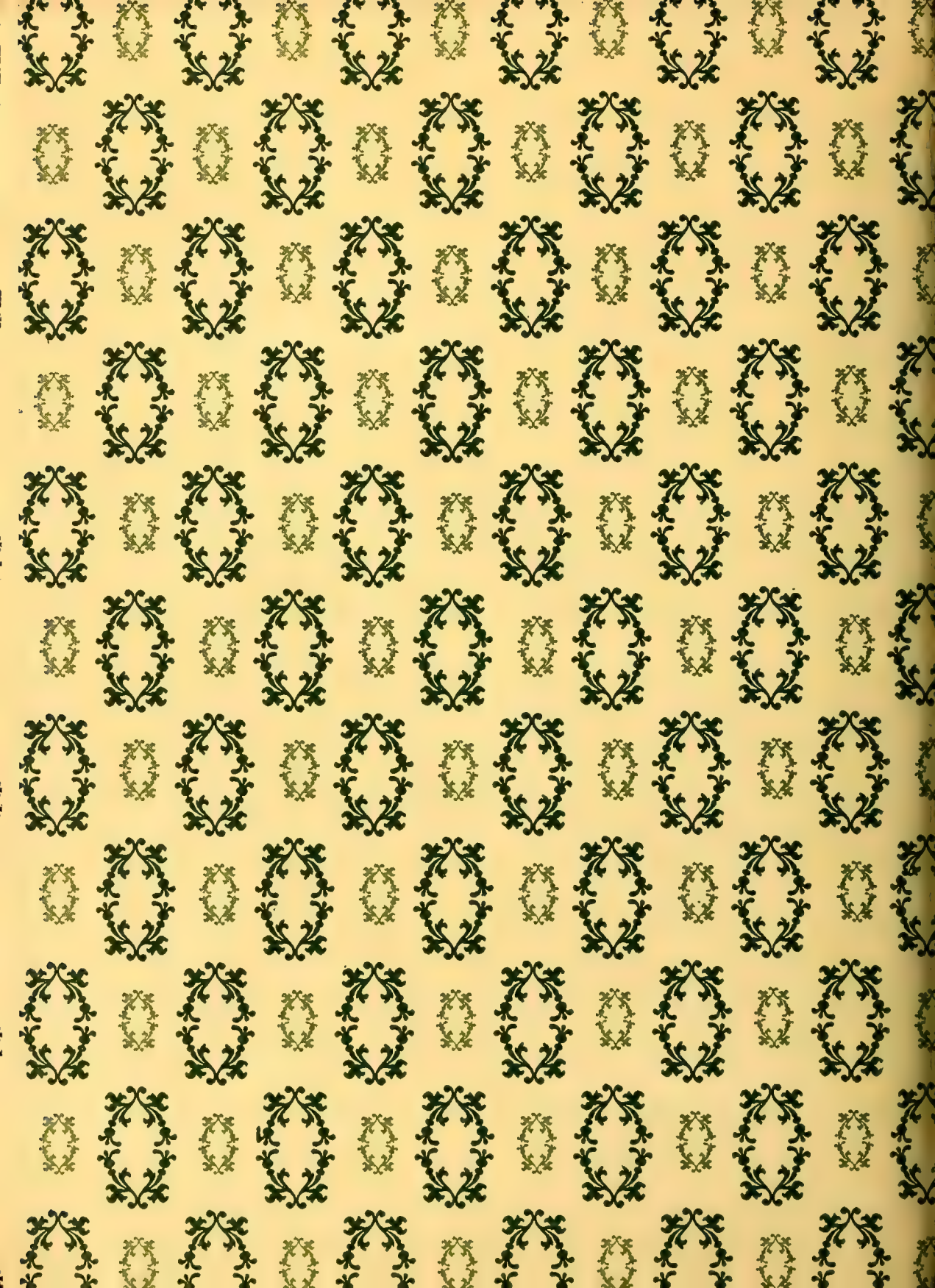
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1963

ST. MARY'S JUNIOR COLLEGE
1842

1964

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

THE MUSE

1963-1964

THE MUSE

Volume 56

St. Mary's Junior College

Raleigh, North Carolina

Come Muse and migrate from Greece and Ionia . . .

Placard "removed" and "to let" on the rocks of

your snowy parnassus . . .

For now a better, fresher, busier sphere, a wide

untried domain awaits you.

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YOUR LITERARY MAGAZINE

Here at St. Mary's there are many "things" which belong to all of us. As material "things" they are of little value but as symbols of St. Mary's and the friends we have had here they are worth a fortune. The kicking post reminds us of the day a special letter came. The circle stone on back campus reminds us of white robes and candles. *The Muse* is one of these cherished possessions with several differences. First we may take it with us when we leave. Secondly, it really belongs to us. Every student at St. Mary's has the privilege and an open invitation to submit her creative writing to a staff member or to join the staff herself. Thirdly, *The Muse* cannot exist without the students. Without the year-long support of a student staff by means of actual writing, art work, criticism and mechanical work, *The Muse* cannot go to press. It is the only publication at St. Mary's which is entirely composed of the students expression of themselves. It is only through your co-operation that *The Muse* can remain as a symbol of St. Mary's.

CLARE LOYD, '64

THE GIFT

There is no greater gift to a friend or stranger than a written expression of one's thoughts or convictions. No matter how great or small, poetry or prose, this gift to mankind will be retained by at least one person. In our recognized world, one often feels that he cannot express himself because of a lack of time, talent, or a sincere interest in literature and writing. It is a God-given talent to express oneself well and *The Muse* is a collection of the students' soul-searching.

As this gift is so often ignored by students, faculty, and parents, it is the intention of *The Muse* for 1964-1965 to make this publication a real and vital part of St. Mary's life. As a part of this revitalization of interest in the students' efforts, *The Muse* will introduce creative writing workshops with faculty and other critics present, to provide assembly programs, and to create a continual, active interest in all phases of literature. *The Muse* will select only the very best work that has been done and make the date of its first publication an exciting one for the students of St. Mary's.

A precious gift of material value is never ignored by the owner, and neither should a spiritual gift be ignored. Literature as self-expression is the key to an understanding of the past, the present, the future and ourselves. With your help and interest, *The 1964-1965 Muse* should be and will be the key that gently cracks the door to our own hearts' understanding, giving the courage to face tomorrow.

LUCY T. BROWN, '66



THE BROOK

An early morning breeze rustled the curtains and specks of sunlight danced across the ceiling. The patient drone of an alarm clock was silenced by a fumbling hand, and a yawn emerged from beneath a sheet. Louise blinked her eyes and opened them wide to let the sunlight work its magic. She lay there staring drowsily at the ceiling, and thought—thought about all the different people that must be staring at *their* ceilings and watching *their* specks of sunlight dance around *their* rooms. Even Mrs. Brooks might be watching sunlight right now. Yes, Mrs. Brooks, the old librarian who scowled at everyone that came into the library and seemed to get quite flustered if caught off guard, without her scowl. Yes, she would like to ask Mrs. Brooks sometime—about the sunlight.

Louise, beckoned by the smell of sausage, shuffled into the kitchen in that semi-conscious state that plagues all heavy sleepers and finally wears off about lunch time.

"Mornin', Louise." Mrs. Adams bent, once again, over her frying pan.

"Mornin', Mom." Louise watched her mother frying sausage and smiled. Here was Mother, in her blue apron with the white flowers splashed all over it. Louise was glad she wore that apron. The Morning Picture wouldn't be complete without it. Horrors! What if she ever started wearing an orange one or —

"Where are you going today?" Her mother set the plate of sausage on the table and scurried across the kitchen to get the eggs and toast.

"Oh, I don't know. I guess I might go over to Anne's and see if she wants to do something."

"What's this *something*?" asked her mother, flashing her good-natured smile across the table.

"Maybe bicycle riding, movies — just something." Louise tried to make a little smile so as not to dampen her mother's good spirits, even though it was too early in the morning to smile. She had a feeling that the corners of her mouth twitched a little as she boosted them up.

"Well, if you decide to eat lunch here, there's a plate full of sandwiches in the refrigerator."

"Thanks, Mom. I'm not sure what I'm going to do yet." Salvaging the last drop of jam from her plate and patting it onto her toast, she leisurely finished her breakfast.

The sunlight hurt her eyes, and she shaded them with her hand as she climbed onto her bicycle. After peddling quickly down the driveway and out into the street, she stood up and peddled faster, bending at the waist, her chin almost touching the handlebars. Zoom! Zoom! The Monster of the Deep, the telephone pole, stood far behind her now. As if they understood their mission, her bicycle tires skimmed swiftly over the pavement. She must reach

her people in time to warn them about the Monster. Faster! Faster!

Exhausted by her game, Louise peddled slowly up Anne's driveway. It really had been pretty silly, playing Monster like she did when she was six years old. What if she were still playing Monster when she was fifty? Maybe some people did. She wondered.

"Hey, Louise!" Anne came running down the front steps. "Do you want to go downtown with me? I've got to buy a hat to go with that, you know, the blue dress. I'm sorry; I forgot about it when I told you I'd go bicycle riding today." Anne seemed to be vibrating as she talked, as if she were trying to hold back some of her eagerness to get downtown. "I'm really sorry. I just forgot. I want to wear the hat to church Sunday, if I can find one."

"I don't think I want to go today; it's such a nice day. That's okay about the bicycle riding — we can go some other time. I think I'll just ride around a little and get some exercise." Louise put on a fake smile — her second one for the day. Making fake smiles was almost as bad as receiving them. You never knew whether you were smiling or frowning; it was hard to tell when you didn't want to do either one.

"Call me this afternoon, okay? I'll let you know whether I found a hat or not."

"Okay. I hope you find one. Good luck." Louise hopped on her bicycle and skimmed down the driveway. Standing up, peddling slowly this time, she got the full benefit of the breeze. This was really a beautiful day. Even the Monster was beautiful, heaving his dark brown carcass towards the blue sky, his many arms reaching up, up, perhaps to snatch a cloud.

Glancing at her driveway, Louise coasted on. She didn't want to go home just now. Slowly she peddled down the street towards The Brook.

The Brook was just like always. Sitting under her oak tree, Louise watched an ant, carrying a little white pack on his back, weave in and out of a thick grass jungle, till he reached his mound. Yes, this was The Brook — an isolated field in the middle of blocks of houses. "The Brook" was really a funny name for it. Perhaps she called it that because when she sat there, she thought about a babbling brook running through a flowery meadow — something you would read about in a book. Really, it was only a block of tall grass with an irrigation line "babbling" through it. Somebody would build a house here pretty soon; but, until then, it would be The Brook.

The wind brushed across the grass like a giant broom, sweeping the blades to and fro. The blades bowed to the earth, then strained towards the sky, like so many dancers doing a minuet. And the sky

smiled, content with the proceedings of the day. A few butterflies darting and weaving between the Blades tried to interrupt their dance. Even the droning bees in their frantic search for clover blossoms could not stop the Blades. On and on the Blades danced, and always would, for that matter. On and on the Blades danced, danced and danced and danced—

Louise started. A chilling breeze shook her awake. She blinked her eyes and opened them wide, thinking there was still more light to let in. She was wrong. The clear blue sky had been coated with a dusky purple and streaked with gold from that huge orb melting on the horizon. It was late.

Not fully awake yet, Louise peddled up her driveway. Was she ever fully awake? She wondered.

"Louise, where have you been? It's eight o'clock! Did you eat supper at Anne's house? Why didn't you tell me you were eating at Anne's?" Louise wouldn't have blamed her mother for being angry, but her mother wasn't angry; she was never angry, only worried.

"Anne and I went bicycle riding and ate supper at Jane's house." Wincing a little, she witnessed the eruption of another of her mother's smiles. Her mother used smiles for everything, even for getting up in the morning. This was a smile of relief. It was better this way; her mother could never understand The Brook—not the way she did.

"Did you have a good time? You look tired? You must have ridden a long way today."

"Yes, yes, I did. I think I'll go to bed now. I guess I am a little tired. Goodnight." Louise kissed her mother on the cheek, received her mother's smile of content, and answered it with a fake smile of her own—her third one for the day—and clambered up the stairs.

The smooth sheets felt good. They always felt cool at night. Louise wriggled her feet to get the coolest "cool" out of them. Then she lay thinking—a whole new day ahead of her, full of thoughts for her to think. Yes, she had ridden a long way today.

On and on the Blades danced, and always would, for that matter—and she fell asleep. This time there was a real smile on her face.

SHIRLEY McCASKILL, '67

JUST A HOUSEWIFE

*Life creeps by from day to day
"Awfully boring" so some say.
Men don't know what we go through.
Housewives put in hard work, too!*

*Wash those dishes, iron his shirts,
Listen to Tweety-Pie as he chirps.
Pick up clothes, dust, and mop . . .
Same routine without a stop.*

*Johnny's turtle must be fed
"Flies and beetles . . . Anything dead!"
Rover's steak bone in my chair.
It's enough to make saints swear!*

*Time for a break; take a bath.
For your sake, forget all wrath.
Telephone rings "Sorry Honey,
Got to work late and make some money."*

*Disappointments come and go,
But mine just seem to pile up so.
I'm not complaining, you understand;
I want a little merit that we all demand.*

*Yet I'll not trade this band of gold—
Not even when I'm wrinkled and old.
I'll stick with this dear family life
And be forever known as "just a housewife."*

KATE SMOOT, '64

"CAN'T NEVER COULD DO ANYTHING"

*I am a poet of no literary merit
But I resolutely hear it
And continue on my way.*

*I find my mind most given
To the readiness of rhythm
And I rime most of the time
Though I have nothing much to say.*

*I like alliteration as it helps my new vocation
But persistent punctuation
Is a game I cannot play.*

*As for onomatopoeia
It is sadly lacking here
But the scratching of my style
Has come in to save my day.*

*With a metaphor or simile
I travail rather terribly
And find I'm like a bumble bee
Buzzing all astray.*

*So you may not like my lyric
As it is a bit satiric
But it's written in good spirit
Your challenge to dismay.*

BEVERLY BAILEY, '64

WHAT IS A HOME ?

A home, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. To some people a home is a house, modern or traditional, with a two-car garage—a sort of super-hotel where you stop to change clothes, eat a meal, and say "hello" to the other guests there.

To me a home is not a house; instead, a home is a feeling. It is a place where warmth, interest, fun and laughter, tears and sorrow, work and pleasure are shared by those who live there.

Home is a place of smells—fresh flowers, cut grass, waxed floors, clean clothes, bread and cookies baking, soup cooking, and bubble baths in the tub.

The cool clean sheets on a hot night, the brief touch of Mother's lips making a "hurt" place well, the fuzzy warmth of a blanket pulled close on a cold night, the bristly feel of Grandpapa's moustache when he tells a bedtime story—these sensations mean that home is a place of touch.

Home is a place of sounds, too—of television too loud, of the early-rising woodpecker banging away at the gutter at daybreak, of the grandmother clock's

constant ticking, of familiar music listened to lovingly, and of repeated phrases, "Go to bed," and "Hang up the 'phone."

Bubbly toast covered with new peach preserves, cooling drinks in summer and hot chocolate in winter, milk toast for bedtime snacks, popcorn bursting away in the popper, and broiled juicy steaks no restaurant can imitate—all these make home a place of taste.

Home is a place of sights—the proud happy smiles of parents, the surprises in your breakfast chair on birthdays, the splendid glitter of a room-high tree at Christmas, the loving faces seen around the over-loaded Thanksgiving table, and the lamp post shining in the dark after a long trip.

Home is not a HOUSE; Home is a feeling. It is a warm cozy, comfortable, "huggy" feeling found nowhere except with those you love, who have helped build it—not with their hands, but with their hearts.

DAVID WILBORN, '64

OCCUPATION: HOUSEWIFE

"Who am I?" is the definition of the nameless problem which confronts the majority of American women today. In her book, *The Feminine Mystique*, Betty Friedan puts into words for the first time the previously undefined frustration of the female sex in the United States, which has been caused in the last fifteen years by the feminine mystique.

The term, feminine mystique, is applied to the popular concept which has arisen since World War II that women must seek to fulfill their biological role, that of wife and mother; and that if they place their whole concentration of energy, time, and intellect on this role, they will be satisfied, happy, and will have a completely fulfilled life. Otherwise, under the rule of feminine mystique, if a woman chooses not to marry, not to have children, or if she marries and has children, but pursues a professional career, she is doomed as an outcast, a disgrace to her sex, and a peculiar individual who is more male than female.

Mrs. Friedan vigorously attacks this Victorian concept throughout her book. In the chapter titled "The Passionate Journey" she defines the evolution of the feminist movement. Prior to the middle of the nineteenth century women had no rights to own property, to have any private income, to vote, to hold office or to enter any profession other than teaching and they were, for the most part, resigned to their fate. The breakthrough was made by Lucy Stone, the wife of a New York State emancipation worker, when she called the first Women's Rights Convention in 1848 at Seneca Falls, New York. This historical event marked the beginning of the feminist movement, which, after many defeats and much scorn from the general population, finally resulted in the woman suffrage amendment in 1920. Julia Ward Howe, Susan B. Anthony, Ernestine Rose and Elizabeth Lady Stanton were some of the prime feminists of their day.

As the Roaring Twenties was launched with the symbolic freeing of women, females throughout the country asserted their rights to be educated, to hold office, to vote, to enter the professions, and to manage their own incomes and property. The assertion of these rights continued until World War II, when it gradually disappeared and the feminine mystique quietly took over.

There are many reasons for the birth of the feminine mystique and many more reasons for its continuance. Mrs. Friedan says that Freud created the idea of feminine mystique. He was firmly convinced that the woman's place is at home. Gradually, the word of Freud became law to psychiatrists, psychologists, and housewives, who scurried home as he had advised, where they have remained until

this day. If Freud created feminine mystique, then Margaret Mead "laid the cornerstone" for it in her book *Male and Female*. She was caught in the midst of Freudian principles. A new wave of sentiment swept the country through the pen and travels of Margaret Mead which did little else than revamp Freud. The notable point concerning Margaret Mead is that women should do as she does, not as she says do. She warns against "women who seek fulfillment beyond their biological role," yet she has faced and mastered a life of challenge and conquered much age-old prejudice. However, it is clear that she has been taken too literally, and frequently out of context.

The third important influence on the feminine mystique is the sex sell. "In all the talk of femininity and woman's role, one forgets that the real business of America is business." The reasoning behind the high-pressure propaganda advertising is the seventy-five per cent purchasing power which women control in the United States. "The really important role that women serve as housewives is to buy more things for the house." Therefore, say the advertising executives, the closer a woman is to the home, the more she buys, so we will keep her at home at all costs. The price has indeed been great at the waste of close to fifty per cent of the brain power of the United States.

Through these three groups, Freud, Margaret Mead and the sex sell, the functionalist movement has gained pace. If an occasional woman questions their theories, the functionalists merely reply that she may be working only in the home, but that she serves as nurse, accountant, mediator, cook, cleaning woman and perhaps a dozen other glorified non-professional positions. The woman then retreats behind her suburban picture window and takes the easy way out: to live through her husband and children. She develops the housewife's syndrome, a feeling of inadequacy, and the housewife's fatigue, which results from being always busy doing little or nothing.

When in college, the housewife's main concern was to get married and have children and her concept of marriage was perfect sexual fulfillment and lovely maternal relationships. These two immature ideals have alone resulted in major problems. Because she expected so much, she is now bored with sex life and because she is affected by present day literature, nothing in sex can shock her. Her children are overpampered with love as she attempts to mold them to her youthful dreams of what she would have been.

So strong is the influence of marriage on college girls that one well known women's college replaced a course in college chemistry with a course in ad-

vanced cooking. In spite of the opposing statistics reported by the 1948 and 1953 Kinsey reports, popular belief holds that the less educated a woman is, the more likely she is to be fulfilled in sexual relations. The American woman, according to Mrs. Friedan, is lost in popular opinion.

"The problem for women today is not sexual, but a problem of identity—a stunting or evasion of growth that is perpetuated by the feminine mystique." American women are quite similar to prisoners in concentration camps during World War II in that they have lost their identity as individuals and as people and have it replaced by a mass ideal of the American woman. She is a product of "Kinder, Küche, Kirche," which is a Nazi slogan concerning women which means "one passion, one role, one occupation." She is ashamed of her feelings of failure as an individual because she is supposed to be

the perfect woman, a true ideal, but she still wants to know, "Who am I?"

Betty Friedan has presented an excellent, if somewhat one sided, answer to the feminine mystique. Her statistical research and illustrative material have not only backed up her theories but also have made her book an interesting, refreshing one to read. At times her obsession on the subject of feminine mystique became repetitious but her accusation directed to men and women is a new idea and she needed her near-fanaticism to make herself thoroughly understood. Her main merit is that even if the reader disagrees, *The Feminine Mystique* is awakening and one cannot help but see something of oneself in it. This book should be read by every American woman.

CLARE LOYD, '64

ONE ALONE

He wasn't afraid. He didn't have time to be afraid. He hadn't questioned his situation because it had been a part of his life — but this time the outcome was different.

Today had started out like all the rest. He could still smell the reaking odor of his father's breath as he'd sat in the house drinking. The boy tried to forget crawling under the house to avoid his father while he was in this condition. He hated the memories of the many times he had hidden there and listened to his father's raving. It was a good place to hide because it was dark and he couldn't be spotted. The damp earth was cool, and the boy had soon fallen asleep there. When he wasn't asleep he had played with the hard shelled bugs which ran from his threatening grasp.

He didn't hate his father, but he hadn't known what to do. He stuck his dirty hands into his deep overall's pockets and frowned as he remembered watching the familiar worn shoes stumble into the yard. It was his birthday and he had hoped they could have a cake and laugh. He remembered the other years and the protective arms of his mother as she guarded him against his father's wild fists. And then the warm arms were gone and his father had stayed drunk for days. The well-known

pang dug at his stomach as he recalled those days without food.

If only he hadn't sneezed. The powerful legs had been very close when he'd felt the sneeze coming on. He'd tried to hold his nose and stifle the sound, but the muscular form had jerked in his direction, and then the blurred eyes had stared under the house into the darkness and his own frightened face. It had all happened so quickly. The rough hands had lunged at him and pulled him from his refuge, causing the boy to strike out in self defense.

No, he wasn't afraid to be alone now. His father had looked like the bullfrog down by the river. His eyes had suddenly grown big and grotesquely funny as he'd stared in horror at the boy, and then glassily at the cracked earth. Even the blood running from his father's gaping throat hadn't bothered him. He remembered the black flies that had been swarming around the sticky wound when he left.

He wasn't afraid and he wasn't sorry. He withdrew one hand from his pocket and glanced at the shiny object he was clutching, then carelessly he tossed the jagged glass into a ditch and wiped the hardening blood from his hand.

RUSSELL MADDOX, '64

An Afternoon Undone

Such a delightful afternoon was in progress at the Germaine apartment. Mrs. Germaine, for the first time since her comparatively recent arrival in the city, was entertaining the "ladies of the proper circle" and she was intent upon making a profound impression. Her preparation had been gargantuan; the best crystal was unpacked and washed, silver was polished, furniture rearranged, scones baked, and tea made.

The ladies arrived precisely at the specified hour; at the head of the procession marched old Mrs. van Rathespelte as the acknowledged matron of the militant female society. She considerably upset the order of Mrs. Germaine's intentions by refusing the place of honor by the window and sitting far to one side where she could avoid the "glare." The other ladies seated themselves and began their task of making mental notes of Mrs. Germaine's skill in pouring tea and passing scones while comparing the Italian social degeneration.

Little Lucy had observed the afternoon's events through one of the panes in the glass dining room door. Unable to restrain her curiosity, she opened the door, pushed her head through, and hoarsely whispered "Mummy." Mrs. Germaine thrust her hand behind her chair and furiously waved her back into the dining room. Lucy mistook the rebuff as an invitation, skipped joyously into the midst of the company, and stood staring. Wheeling suddenly and pointing to the black ruffed costume of the guest of honor, she exclaimed "Mummy! Isth dat lady come out in her petticoat?" The ladies tittered. Mrs. van Rathespelte peered at Lucy through her monocle and down her long beaked nose. "Hrrumph," she said. "Darling," quavered Mrs. Germaine, "why don't you go and play downstairs for a while? You know how. Just say first floor, please, to the elevator man and get off at the lobby." The intrusion departed, and the afternoon progressed peacefully. Soon, however, Lucy returned clutching to her chest a wigglesome object of indistinguishable hue. "Mummy! Mummy! look what I thweaked up the elevator under my thweater!" From beneath a soft, clean yellow sweater Lucy displayed a skinny, filthy kitten. "Ithn't he cute? Mummy, feel how cuddlethome he ith. Pleathe can I keep him? Pleathe?" Rushing across the room to display her prize, Lucy tripped over a coffee table leg and sent tea, scones, napkins, and plates cascading onto the immaculate carpet. The indignant kitten ascended to the upper reaches of the living room atmosphere and came down squarely upon Mrs. van Rathespelte. Digging its claws into her costly silk lap, it hurtled itself out of the door of the apartment in one leap. Mrs. van Rathespelte's arthritic limbs carried her to the elevator in amazing haste with her social retinue hard at her heels.

Back at the scene Lucy raised herself out of the welter of broken china, scattered napkins, and crumbled scones and asked, "Mummy, were doth ladieth thcared of my kitty?"

"No, dear," replied Mrs. Germaine from her reclining position on the sofa. "No, I'm quite sure it was my scones."

ANNE McEACHERN, '64

LIFE IS LIKE THIS

Life is like this, I think . . . You walk in a world, held tightly by a firm hold. This warm hold of earth and heaven changes shades always. When you are happy, it's cool and free—blowing you from delicate dawns to somber sunsets. When you are sad, its hot and heavy load pressures you from tight lightness to desolute darkness. When you are loved, it's warm and soft, hugging you with tender care. And when some one dies, it locks, leaving a loop-hole small as a feather — but still there.

SALLY ADAMS, '64

HEART AND SOUL

*Happiness lies
Right under your eyes.
No need to search for it
If you'll just realize
That within yourself
Throbs God's living gift
To us all.
And we are the victors
In this life and hereafter
If our soul we give to Him
Enveloped in simple love.*

KATE SMOOT, '64

JUST ME

*I love cool windy days,
And long hair that'll blow;
I hate to be going somewhere
And have my ears show.*

*I love to see sad movies,
And maybe shed a tear.
I won't sit in a dark room alone
Though I know there's nothing to fear.*

*I love to get presents,
Especially when they're a surprise.
It makes me mad to be so gullible;
I'll believe a pack of lies.*

*I love chocolate candy—
Any kind that's soft and chewy.
I hate Ivory soap—
It melts and gets all gooey.*

*I love big fields of grass,
Where I lie to watch the sky;
I hate the bugs and grasshoppers
That always go whipping by.*

*I love to go on trips
To see new people and places.
I hate to say "good-bye"
To once familiar faces.*

*I'm nervous 'bout borrowing clothes;
I'd much rather lend.
I refuse to finish the book I'm on
If someone reveals the end.*

*I love to sleep on rainy days,
Or run through piles of leaves.
I hate to hear anyone gripe,
Only I should list my peeves.*

RUSSELL MADDOX, '64

PITY

I don't know who they were. She was about sixteen and trying her best to look old. Her hair was white with a grayish cast and her eyebrows were black. She was tall for a girl. He was short for a boy. He was a big college man. He was fat and wore a V-necked camel's hair sweater with a fraternity pin attached to it. His left hand was attached to a paper cup. She wore a sweater just like his and a camel's hair skirt that did not wrap around far enough. Her sweater had no fraternity pin but her eyes were attached to his. I thought she might be

planning to steal it. Her left hand was attached to a cigarette. When they danced to a slow song, she draped herself over his shoulder so that she wouldn't look taller than he. His huge cow eyes stared at the ground with a nothing-can-shock-me look. When they danced fast, he bobbed up and down while his fat shook, and her skirt flapped. They both smiled the whole time. I watched them as though their expressions were glued in place. There was much more to see about them, but I looked away. I felt sorry for them.

CLARE LOYD, '64

ON EDGE

What'll I say when I see him? "Jack, I've missed you so much! I've dreamed of this weekend for months." How corny can you get! He'd probably die of shock. Why am I so nervous? I feel so clammy. My back is ringing wet, and there's no where I can change clothes before we get there. If I only had time to freshen up before he sees me! I'm so excited I feel like I'm going to choke. Just breathe deeply and calm down—this'll never do. I really shouldn't have come; I'll never have time to do my history report Sunday night. What if we don't get along! Wish someone had come with me. What if he isn't at the bus station when I get there. Wish I were back at school. I'm glad I wore my loafers—if I'd worn my heels I'd probably look

down on the top of his head. "Jack, how are you? Let's get my luggage and I'll be ready to go." No, that doesn't sound right either. Wonder if it'll snow this weekend. Good thing I'm carrying my coat; it's already getting cold. Hope I brought enough clothes. Maybe if I sleep time will pass faster. I hate this waiting. Good grief! Okay, go ahead and mess up your hair; nobody cares if it's all plastered against your head. How much longer before we get there? Wonder why he invited me—I've never dated him very much. Oh! Only ten more minutes! Where's my lipstick? Wonder what we'll do tomorrow night.

"Jack! I'm over here! No, the trip was fine."

RUSSELL MADDOX, '64

SEASONS

Spring is over.

The fresh, new days faded,

Careless innocence lost forever.

Oh, where are those first bright moments

When pain was but a scraped knee

And sorrow a broken toy?

Gone now; left behind in the springtime,

Destroyed by searing summer.

Summer is here.

Hot, breathless days on end

Toiling tiredly in glaring sun.

Oh, will these long days decay us,

Dry out the soul in hopelessness

And unending frustration?

Crops grow, tended well in the summer,

Reaped in the cool, sweet harvest of fall.

Fall lies ahead.

Sharp, crackling, tangy days.

Plow put away, storing time has come.

Oh, will our harvest be rotten,

Ugly, worm-eaten poisonous,

And our labor spent in vain?

Sweet fruits, stored carefully in fall

Sustain the weary in the dark winter.

Winter awaits.

Cold, white, and lonely days

Snow-bound, sitting quietly near the fire.

Oh, will our last season be long,

Barren, except for discontent

And unrelenting regrets?

Tranquillity, found in wintertime

Brings peace until the bright, new

Season comes.

LILY F. ROSS, '64

ROOMMATE

I have a pest within my room.

He squeaks about the floor.

And when I chase him with a broom,

He scampers through his door.

He chews my rations sent from home

And gnaws on my favorite sweater.

But if I catch him all alone.

Too late will he know better,

The rat!

KATE SMOOT, '64

OH WOE

I sit in the dark and contemplate

And hope for brilliant thoughts to hit my pate.

The Muse must go to press next week

And our repertoire is smaller than a mouse's squeak.

I'll write a nice long poem, like a martyr, I say

But I thought and I thought and I thought all day

And still no thoughts come — I must write it soon —

And it must waste about a page of room.

I've got it! I'll write it skinny and long.

That's all the less words for me to write wrong.

But "oh woe is me," I have no wit.

I think I shall unthink and just up and quit.

CLARE LOYD, '64

Sir Bertilak: Unwilling Accomplice Of Morgan Le Fay

In *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* the author presents a very interesting problem and never decisively settles it. This problem centers around the role of Sir Bertilak. Was he in partnership with Morgan le Fay in the attempt to begin the disintegration of Arthur's court by the corruption of Sir Gawain, or had he been enchanted by her and therefore induced to act as her tool in this wicked endeavor? Although this question can be reasonably argued from either viewpoint, it seems much more likely that Sir Bertilak was an unwilling accomplice of Morgan le Fay.

Here, it might be a good idea to say, rather than merely to imply, that the idea emerges subtly and only gradually.

In Sir Gawain's first encounter with Sir Bertilak at Arthur's court, there is absolutely no evidence that Sir Bertilak, who has been transformed into the Green Knight, is acting against his will. Although his ferocity is lessened somewhat by his ridiculous appearance and challenge, not one member of Arthur's court has any suspicion that the Green Knight is really their ally and heartily dislikes the role he has been forced to play.

Sir Bertilak also acts his part well in his second meeting with Sir Gawain. As the lord of the castle, he is a very cordial host and is quite warm and friendly towards Sir Gawain; but he is very careful to hide his innermost feelings. On two occasions, however, he slips and shows his deep interest in Sir Gawain's temptations and his hopes that Sir Gawain will not succumb to evil. After Sir Gawain has withstood the tests of the first two days, Sir Bertilak exclaims, "You're the finest fellow I know: Your wealth will have us all whipped/If your trade continues so." Later that night he says, "For twice I have tested you, and twice found you true/ Now may you thrive best the third time." If Sir Bertilak were a willing accomplice of Morgan le Fay's, he would not be so happy that Sir Gawain had resisted the first two temptations. Certainly he would not say that he hoped the third day would have the same results as the preceding ones.

It is Sir Gawain's third and last encounter with Sir Bertilak, however, that provides almost definite proof that Sir Bertilak has been enchanted by Morgan le Fay against his will. In this incident Sir Gawain goes to meet the Green Knight at the time and place appointed during their first meeting. When the Green Knight appears, he pretends twice to strike at Sir Gawain's neck with his sword. With his third blow, he nicks Sir Gawain's neck. Then he reveals his true identity as Sir Bertilak, explains that the three blows symbolize Sir Gawain's three days of temptation, and reveals Morgan le Fay's plan to destroy Arthur's court through the corruption of one of its best knights. In disclosing the in-

tricacies of the plan, Sir Bertilak says, "I was entirely transformed and made terrible of hue/Through the might of Morgan le Fay." Later he describes this enchantress by declaring, "The proudest she can oppress/And to her purpose tame." Although these lines do not definitely state that Sir Bertilak was made to assume the form of the Green Knight against his will, they certainly intimate that his consent did not precede the transformation. In another passage Sir Bertilak shows his extreme disgust with the evil plan by saying:

*"She sent me forth in this form to your famous hall
To put to the proof the great pride of the house,
The reputation for high renown of the Round Table
To rob you of your wits she bewitched me in this weird way,
And to grieve Guinevere and goad her to death
With ghastly fear of that ghost's ghoulish speaking
With his head in his hand before the high table."*

Surely, if Sir Bertilak were a partner with Morgan le Fay in her wicked scheme, he would not have spoken of her and her plot in such a derogatory manner and would not have revealed the spiteful nature and extreme evilness of her plan in such detail. Furthermore, the verb "sent" indicates that Sir Bertilak did not go to Arthur's court of his own accord but was ordered to go there by Morgan le Fay. In addition to these passages, the entire tone of the meeting of the two knights shows that Sir Bertilak was forced by Morgan le Fay to assist her. Sir Bertilak is jubilant that Sir Gawain has not succumbed to temptation and shows great respect and fondness for him. If Sir Bertilak were a willing accomplice of Morgan le Fay and therefore desirous for the success of the plot, he would have been extremely angry with Sir Gawain for resisting temptation and thereby preventing the moral disintegration of Arthur's court. Probably he would not have told Sir Gawain any details of the plot in hopes that it might be more successful with another knight.

If the assumption that Sir Bertilak was an unwilling accomplice of Morgan le Fay is true, the allegorical meaning of the poem is certainly enriched. By resisting the temptations, Sir Gawain destroys the evil power of Morgan le Fay and thereby releases Sir Bertilak from his enchantment. Sir Bertilak's jubilation over the fact that Sir Gawain has not succumbed to temptation is due mainly to his happiness over regaining his freedom. By resisting temptation, Sir Gawain not only saves himself from evil but also releases Sir Bertilak from its influence. This concept of salvation of others from evil reinforces one of the main thematic elements of the poem,

that Sir Gawain is a Christ-like figure.

Thus, after studying these enumerated passages and realizing the allegorical importance of Sir Bertilak's being an unwilling accomplice of Morgan le Fay it is quite difficult to reach any conclusion other than that Sir Bertilak was enchanted by Morgan le Fay against his will.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR, '64

THE SECRET

The pavement of the road was broken and she felt relieved when she reached the sand. Out of habit she climbed the sand dune. Below her she could hear the waves lapping gently on the shore. The cool salty air beckoned her. She half slid down the dune, the sharp grasses scratching her sunburnt ankles. She walked over the path of shells that had been washed in by the tide. They were moist and hard. Her hand reached down and moved slowly over the jagged objects in search of a perfect and smooth shell. As she neared the water's edge, the cold water passed quickly over her feet, and swiftly receded with the out-going wave.

Many times she had gone to the beach. She would sit and listen to the laughter of children. The people would arrive as the day grew warmer and leave as the sun lowered in the sky. She hoped he would come by today.

The people began to arrive, and the sand was tossed by their running feet. As she had hoped, he spoke to her, asking her if she cared to swim. She declined as she had before, but accepted his invitation for lunch.

They talked over the picnic. It seemed to her that hours had passed. Together they walked at the water's edge. It had been a memorable day, but she knew she had to get back to the cottage. It was so peaceful as they sat on the reef, just listening to the sea gulls wheeling and screeching overhead. She felt that it must be nearing sunset, and pointing to the sky, she explained why she must leave. Startled, he said it was only past noon. Suddenly she jumped from the reef, knocking off her dark glasses into the soft sand. In terror she groped for them. He stared into her sunburnt face and grabbed her hand. Tears fell from her sightless eyes as he handed her the glasses. "Thank you," she whispered. "I am sorry," he replied. And he guided her back to her familiar sand dune and she vanished down the road.

MURIEL SEGER, '65

SHE CAN'T MAKE UP HER MIND

2 characters

Janie Host

Andrea King

The curtain rises on a typical dormitory room. The faded green walls are spotted with penants, faded corsages, programmes, etc. Upstage are two beds. Stage right is a bureau and a desk. Stage left is another bureau and a bookcase. Stage center is a rocking chair.

Andrea is seen sitting backwards in the rocking chair. She is about nineteen, and she has streaked hair in a French twist. Her long legs are wrapped around the arms of the chair, and her toes pump the rockers. She is wearing bermudas.

Janie is lying on one of the beds. She is shorter than Andrea and has brown hair. They are both typical college girls. Janie begins the dialogue with a sigh.

Janie. (disgustedly). Well Andy, this is really bad. Here it is Thursday, and I don't have a date yet for Saturday.

Andrea. Me neither. But it doesn't bother me. I've given up boys for Lent. I hate 'em.

Janie. You aren't s'pose to give up somethin' you don't like. Anyhow, it's only October. Lent doesn't start till the end of February.

Andrea. Well, then I'll just give 'em up for good. Boys are such vile creatures.

Janie. D'accord. Oh, 'scuse me. You take Spanish. That was French for 'agreed.' Why'd you ever bring up such a rotten subject as boys anyway?

Andrea. *You* brought it up.

Janie. Oh, Well, even if I don't like boys in general, there is one individual I wouldn't mind speaking to. Ole' Jeff Thomas practically swore in blood that he'd call me.

Andrea. Jeff Thomas? Well, I'm not surprised that he hasn't called. No insult intended. But you know how he is!

Janie. (dreamily). Yeh! Wonderful build, dreamy brown eyes, just the right height for . . .

Andrea. (interrupting). I mean about how he treats girls. You know.

Janie. No, I don't know. Tell me. (She rolls over onto her back and pokes one arched leg into the air and points her toes.)

Andrea. (She has turned around to a normal position in the chair and is picking at the rubber soles of her sneakers.) Well, he's pretty famous, or maybe I should say in-famous . . .

Janie. The word is infamous. Accent on the first syllable (mispronouncing syllable on purpose.)

Andrea. Okay. Anyhow, he's infamous (pronouncing it correctly but with stress) for dating every girl in this school and moving on. I think he keeps a scrapbook of broken hearts.

Janie. Are you serious? The only person I've ever heard mention him was Melissa.

Andrea. We hate him so much we don't discuss him. Wha'd Melissa say about him?

Janie. I couldn't possibly repeat such terms.

Andrea. It figures. Of course, her vocabulary isn't too good when she talks about somebody she likes!

Janie. Well, I still think it's different with me and Jeff. After all, a boy is bound to find one girl he can't resist. Maybe it's me.

Andrea. Keep believin' it. Tough luck, but he's just not interested in any one girl. He gets his kicks from, well you know what they say, 'lovin' em and leavin' em.'

Janie. (Jumps off bed in her anger. She makes wild arm motions and then flops back on the bed and rests her feet against the wall). Ugh, boys! Nasty, inconsiderate, thoughtless, undep. . . .

Andrea. Do you mind?

Janie. Yes I do. I can't stand boys who think . . .

Andrea. I mean your feet.

Janie. Huh?

Andrea. Your feet. They're getting my wall dirty.

Janie. (Moves feet away from wall but leaves them dangling in air.) 'Scuse me. Oooh, if that scum ever dared to call me, I'd sure cut him down. Like I cut Roger.

Andrea. Who's Roger?

Janie. Oh you know that blob that pesters me. He calls all the time just cause he knows I hate him. But we're such good friends I can tell him where to go. It helps let off steam.

Andrea. Y'all must be *real* good friends. He sounds charming (sarcastically).

Janie. I'd sure like the chance to tell Jeff off too.

Andrea. Umhmm. And what would you say?

Janie. (Holding her nose and speaking in a haughty tone). *Mister* Thomas, how *thoughtful* of you to call. I've been dying to hear from you, so I could tell you what a rat fink you are!

Andrea. Yeh, that's good. But you should add . . .

Voice. (Offstage scream.)

Janie King — TELEPHONE!!!

Janie. (Slowly standing up.) It's probably just ole faithful Roger. It is Thursday, isn't it? Well, now's a good time to let some steam off in his ear. (She stomps out the door, muttering to herself.)

Scene Two. The scene changes to a long hall, very plain and empty except for coke bottles by doorways.

Janie stomps down the hall. Andrea follows her. She is anxious to hear Janie tell someone off.

Janie. (Picking phone up roughly, she yells in a dead tone.) Hello. (Listens, then tone of voice changes.) Oh, Jeff! I've been waiting for you to call. I want to tell you . . .

Andrea. (In encouraging tone.) Go ahead, tell him!

Janie. (Covers ear with free hand to ignore Andrea.) What? . . . Why, uh, yes. (Tone changes to a sweet, feminine one.) I'd love to go to a combo party . . . Saturday at 7:30. Fine. Thanks a lot . . . Yeh, nice talking to you too. Bye! (She hangs up and grabs Andrea, dancing her down the hall.)

Andrea. (Stumbles and is confused.) But Janie . . . It was Jeff, the rat fink. You said . . .

Janie. (Ignoring her, sings.) "I'm in love with a wonderful guy!"

SUSAN DIXEY, '64

THE DOOR SLAMMED

EDITOR'S NOTE: This was a *Muse* staff 10 minute exercise on "The Door Slammed."

They were standing alone in the room, facing each other, each daring the other to make the first move. Suddenly the one with the blond hair plunged the shining silver blade of his knife deeply into the other's chest, twisting it sharply. The blood spurted from the wound and fell onto the cold, hard floor. He sighed, grasped his wound, and fainted, falling backwards.

"That's what you get," he blurted out, "that's what you and all the other blackies get for killing my little boy. He was only teasing you with his jeers, but you had to turn on him and murder him with your cruel, bare fists. I knew I'd find you alone. Now you know how an injustice feels."

He rushed out the door, panicky, not knowing where to go or what to do, but he wasn't sorry. The door slammed behind him.

MAVIS HILL, '64

OPPORTUNITY

When I saw the door open just a crack, I leaped forward to pull it wide; but then I hesitated, I thought, I debated, I reasoned, and I waited; and the door slammed.

LILY F. ROSS, '64

LA REDEMPTION DE L'HUMANITE

Dans l'air, il y a ete le chaos.

De l'eau, la monde est nee.

*De la terre, nous sommes nes et nous retournerons
ceux cendres.*

*Avec l'incendie, la monde et ces quatres elements
fondamentaux finiront.*

Alors, l'humanite sera purifiee et sauvee.

MAVIS HILL, '64

REFLECTIONS

From the great poets of the past we learn a very important lesson in life. We are told by these experienced sages to live our lives as best we can so that when Death summons us to join the numberless souls who have already gone to that mysterious kingdom, where each of us will take our place in the silent realm of Everafter, we will go, not afraid as a child in the dark night, alone, but calmed and comforted by an unquestionable truth. And, with this deep faith, we will approach our ending like a child who finds the warmth and security of his mother's arms and falls asleep to pleasant dreams.

God, who from horizon to horizon, guides the birds of the endless sky through certain flight will lead mankind in the way of Truth on the long path which he must walk alone.

There comes a certain time in every person's life when he realizes that he must be an individual, a nonconformist. He must also realize that he can receive no good out of his life unless he honestly earns this good by doing his very best in everything. He must learn well and inwardly digest the fact that he is a new and strange thing in this world and that nothing before him has tried to live a life exactly like his, nor will anything ever attempt to do so.

All things taken into consideration, there is not really anything in anyone's life more worthy of being set above all other thoughts than the honesty of his individual ideals and beliefs.

In ancient times, when a group of followers believed in something and pursued its ideals, nothing else swayed their thoughts and principals. They stood up for what they believed to be the Honest Truth. But, today, in an age in which men call themselves Christians, they fall under many outside influences, and are swayed much too easily to other viewpoints to deserve to be called by this name. In the light of modern times, man has proven that he cannot stand up to ALL of the convictions and principles of the Christian faith, but when will he find himself and be honestly worthy of the title?

KAY HILL, '65

THE AMERICAN HIGHWAY

Roar! Whiz! Swish! Zoom!
"I've been standing here for the past 48 hours waiting for a chance to . . ."

Roar!
"Cross this blasted highway, and I want you to know that I . . ."

Whiz!
"Am getting sick and tired of this continual . . ."
Screech!

"Zooming and whizzing and screeching. Honestly, you'd think . . ."

Crash!
"Oops, there's another one! It's been happening for the past two days. These stupid . . ."

O-o-o-o-e-e-e-e!
"Well, there's the Highway Patrolman. I guess that he's going to check this last . . ."

Zoom!
"Egad, man, look out!"

Squash!
"Oh, well, I guess I warned him too late. He'll just be another name under the obituary column to . . ."

Roar!

"Morrow. These reckless Americans — always in a rush to get somewhere, and half the time not even knowing where they're . . ."

Whiz!
"Going. Well, I guess that's all you can expect of such a . . ."

Zoom!
"New nation. I realize that worms don't have much reason to complain, but it does seem as if this . . ."

Swish!
"Crazy race would wake up sometime. Good grief, it's almost midnight already, and I was supposed to meet the boys a day and a half ago for a little game of Blind Man's Bluff. Well, it looks as if those care-free speed demons are off the highway for a change. Boy, this asphalt sure feels funny! I really do hope those fool American drivers learn to drive more care . . ."

Roar! Whiz! Screech!
"Oh, no! Stop! A-a-g-h!"
Zoom!

MAVIS HILL, '64

LA FIN

*La guerre troisieme --
Le devastation,
L'incendie,
La radiation,
La mort.
Alors, la fin du monde.*

MAVIS HILL, '64

DESPAIR

LENDS AND LEASES

*His smile was warm, sincere and gay,
But none knew the price he was destined to pay.
It seems he was with us for one short spell,
And taken from us by a plan conceived in hell.*

*What he strived for in life on earth,
Was death's own triumph and proved his great
worth.*

*He will be considered as one of the greats,
And his death will lessen all the pain of hates.*

*His powerful enemies may have been vast,
But they too realize the great torch has passed.
His friends and admirers number many more
And their concern and grief is felt to the core.*

*So now it is time to pick up the pieces
And to sort out life's lends and leases.
But never let it be forgotten in any land
That he governed with a firm but loving hand.*

LUCY BROWN, '66

*People, once thought I
When I was a happy fool,
Were wonderful.
Now the bitter,
Black light, penetrating,
Pervades my spirit—I wander alone—
Seeking forever a faith which
Can never return.
Never to the dark, formless
Depths of my soul, where lives
The Monster of Life, a Cerberus, Reality.
Knowledge of the cruelty, cowardice
Cravenness of men.
This reality, while black and bitter,
Protects paradoxically the precious atom of hope
Which sustains me—nothing of optimism
Can penetrate the iron curtain of reality
To swell the hope till its bursting, and
Its destruction by the pressing weight of
Reality—preserver and destroyer.
Should this hope grow and burst, it and reality
Should destroy each other—till only hatred
Is left in the chaotic void.*

ANN DORSEY DAY, '66

White—see it as it comes—here and there—way out softness now and smoothness roll on and then a small splash curls—bubbles turn—many grow—down down down an angle then up on the shore grabbing swirls of sand.

It is beautiful at night when the moon's a funny blob and the wind is moist and there on your face a thick hand finds its way to the small of your back. A tender kiss and the whiteness sparkles—Those little paws pounce always returning to the salt and the sand—and you feel all warm right there.

SALLY ADAMS, '64

REVELATION

*"There's no room here for doleful tear,
As life is short and pleasure dear!"
She speaks and laughs; with gleesome eyes;
He sees the Grace that from him flies,
And clambers round the hallowed hill
As She before him scampers still.*

*The sky grows dark and threatens low
Mankind to come with earthly woe.
As sorrow reigns upon the ground,
He stops and shudders, turns around,
And mounts with wearied tread the knoll,
That awesome spectre to behold.*

*His father readies, limbs spread wide,
The benediction to confide:
"There's no room you for glories won
While mundane joy ye dwelt upon.
For Yea, as mortal threads are spun,
Your end, true Death, shall come, my son."*

ANNE McEACHERN, '64

THE PROLOGUE TO GERMANS

*When in November the quarterlies fall
And pierce last summer's fun to the root, and all
The girls are swamped with piles of study
That drives them to the point of being nutty,
When also teachers with their sadistic look
Electrify the air in every class and nook,
Upon the upset girls, and the remaining days
Halfway to Christmas seem to slow their pace,
And small pop quizzes murder students
Who study all night with such great prudence
(So teachers prick them and in their hearts instill)
A fervent desire to go to Chapel Hill,
And juniors beg Miss R. for Friday dates
With boys in far-off schools in other states,
And 'specially from every campus' end
In Raleigh, up to Carolina they wend
To seek the new fraternity romance quick
To give its hope to them when they're school sick.*

SUSAN DIXEY, '64

Destiny in the Anglo-Saxon & Medieval Literature of England

The Anglo-Saxon and Medieval literatures of England provide excellent examples of man's progress in accepting the responsibility for his actions. Whether he called the villain Fate, Fortune, Destiny, the stars, or God, man has always tried to shift the blame for his behavior to some force beyond his control. The Anglo-Saxons, who were an integration of Germanic tribes, adhered to the fatalistic Norse philosophy. They believed that the doom of all mankind was inevitable. Fate was in complete control of their lives, and they were helpless to resist it. Thus, all that a man could do was to accept the caprices of Fate with resignation and fortitude. His destiny lay not in his own hands, but in the grasp of Fate.

In the Middle Ages (1100-1500), also, the people liked to feel that their lives were being shaped by some irresistible outside force. Because of the chaos and insecurity of the barbarian invasions and the Dark Ages, order and stability were the watchwords of the day. This desire for order was manifested in the Medieval political, economic, and social system called feudalism and in the universal authority of the Church. The psychological need for security led men to wish to be controlled. They wanted their lives to follow an ordered pattern. Thus, they turned to Fortune, the zodiac, or God as the supreme ruler of their lives. They then felt secure because they were saved from inner conflict. Since the future was uncertain and beyond control, there could be no gain derived from agonizing over decisions and worrying about tomorrow. In this respect, internal, if not external, order and stability was obtained by Medieval men.

The psychology of any culture is revealed in its literature. Therefore, to understand the thought processes of the Anglo-Saxons and the men of the Middle Ages, one must examine what they wrote. Writing, is, after all, only a symbol of thought.

The Anglo-Saxon beliefs about Fate are injected into almost all of their poetry. In *Beowulf* Fate is defined as "the master of every man." The Anglo-Saxons attributed all their victories and defeats to the all-powerful Fate. When Hrothgar tells Beowulf about his great loss of men due to Grendel, he lays the blame not on their own inadequate defense but on Fate. "Fate has swept them away to the dread Grendel," he says. In "The Ruin," Fate is responsible for the downfall of the city. "Bright were the castle-dwellings, many the bath-houses, lofty the host of pinnacles, great the tumult of men, many a mead hall full of the joys of men, till Fate the mighty overturned that." The possible degeneracy or complacency of the citizens as a contributing factor to the city's decline is not even considered. In battle, victory is decided solely by Fate and not by the abilities of the opponents. When Beowulf has to face the dragon, he tells his men that Fate will deter-

mine the outcome. However, "for the first time he had to show his strength without Fate allotting him fame in battle."

For the Anglo-Saxons, there could be no arguing with the decisions of this mighty Fate. "Fate ever goes as it must," says Beowulf to Hrothgar. Mere man can not presume to protect the will of Fate no matter how wretched his lot. "The Wanderer" advises men to resign themselves to the sorrows of this world. "Everything is full of hardship in the kingdom of earth; the decree of fate changes the world under the heavens." He says that the "wise man must be patient" in the face of adversity. "Nor can the weary in mood resist fate, nor does the fierce thought avail anything." Beowulf gives less passive advice. "Each of us must await the end of life in the world; let him who can achieve fame ere death." He feels that man should go out and meet Fate instead of waiting for it to come to him.

The Christianizing of the Anglo-Saxons did not change their basic conception of Fate. They merely transferred its attributes to God. In *Beowulf*, Wiglaf explains that "God, the Disposer of victories, granted that he alone with his sword avenged himself, when he had need of might." God thus replaces Fate as "the Disposer of victories," the controller of destinies.

The Norman Conquest in 1066, however, added an element of sophistication to the Anglo-Saxons' stoic, rough-hewn philosophy. The Medieval literature of England had much greater variety, and there was more depth in characterization. The characters exhibited different degrees of control over their lives. Some accepted full responsibility for their actions, but most were still under the power of some manifestation of Fate.

Sir Gawain, the hero of *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, is a character who does not shirk personal responsibility. His moral conflict with the Green Knight is not decided by any outside force. The moral fiber of Gawain alone determines his ability to resist the temptation presented by the Green Knight's seductive wife. When he fails to win a complete victory, Gawain blames only himself. "I acknowledge, knight, how ill/My shameful faults here show!" he says to his adversary.

In *Troilus and Cressida*, Troilus tries to blame Fortune for his distress. "Fortune is my foe," he tells Pandar at the beginning of his affair with Cressida. He feels he must "take whatever Fortune shall decree." Pandar, however, disagrees. "Fortune is to blame/For your own feelings! Now at last I see!/But don't you know that Fortune is the same/To all alive in varying degree?" While Troilus, unconvinced, still considers himself to be the slave of Fortune, his conception is, nevertheless, different from that of the Anglo-Saxons who saw Fate as im-

movable. "O Fortune," cried Troilus, "alas the while/What have I done?" He feels that his failings have cost him the favor of Fortune. Thus, in a sense, he realizes that he, not Fortune, is actually responsible for his downfall. Pandar makes clear his opinion. "Troilus, you are your own worst foe!" Troilus is, nevertheless, like the Anglo-Saxon characters in their fatalistic attitude. His crutch is God's foreordination, though, instead of Fate. Troilus feels that ". . . The happening/Of things foreknown ere their appointed hour,/Can be prevented by no human power."

Cressida, on the other hand, has no allusions about her control over her life. "I am my master, too, here at my ease,/Thank God for that, and with a fair estate,/Right young and free to do just as I please." She does not try to side-step responsibility. "The gentlest man, the noblest ever made/Have I in falsehood willfully betrayed," she laments, but she does not try to avoid the blame.

In *The Canterbury Tales*, Fortune, Destiny, and astrology all come in for their share of the blame for man's actions. When the Theban women come to beg the aid of Theseus in "The Knight's Tale," they accredit their sorrow to Fortune. They say that they are ". . . wretches now, as may be truly seen,/Thanks be to Fortune and her treacherous wheel/That suffers no estate on earth to feel/Secure a moment." Theseus tells Arcite and Palamon to "let Destiny herself be your recorder/And shape your fortune" when he proposes the tournament. Acceptance without bitterness of the inevitable fortune of all men, death, is the main idea stressed by Theseus as he awards Emily to Palamon at the end of the tale. "There is no help for it, all take the track/For all must die and there is none comes back."

The caprice of Fortune is the real theme of "The Nun's Priest's Tale." "See how Dame Fortune quickly changes sides/And robs her enemy of hope and pride!" Fortune truly shifts from side to side as the proud Chanticleer is tricked and captured by the fox only to deceive him in return and make good his escape.

"The Monk's Tale" is concerned with tragedies caused by the impervious will of Fortune. Tragedy is defined by the Monk as the story "of those who fell from glory" not because of their own flaws, but because Fortune so decreed. "For sure it is, if Fortune wills to flee,/No man may stay her course or keep his hold." The Knight differs with the Monk's opinion. He does not enjoy hearing about men "felled by some unlucky hit." Instead, he thinks "tales of men of low estate/Who climb aloft and growing fortunate/Remain secure in their prosperity" more proper. The Knight, who is the spokesman for

Chaucer, believes that men's abilities and efforts take precedence over Fortune.

In "The Wife of Bath's Prologue" astrology is the causative agent in human affairs. The Wife of Bath is over-sexed and domineering, and she blames the stars for her nature. "For Venus sent me feeling from the stars,/And my heart's boldness came to me from Mars./Venus gave me desire and lecherousness/And Mars my hardihood." Since she was born under the Goddess of Love and the God of War, the marriage game is always a long war in which she has to conquer or die. Ironically, she loved the man best whom she could dominate least. The Wife of Bath feels that there is nothing she could do about her compulsion for power. She does not realize that the fault lies within herself, and that she is subject to no control but her own.

The characters in Malory's *King Arthur and His Knights* do not try to avoid the responsibility for their actions. The only outside force mentioned is God. "Ye must take the adventure that God will ordain you," says Balan to Balin in "Balin or The Knight with the Two Swords." The characters put great emphasis on the will of God, but they do not by any means let it negate their own will. For example, though Lancelot and Guinevere know that their love affair is against the Commandments of God and a danger to the Round Table, they bowed to their own selfish desires. In "The Knight of the Cart" Lancelot "wished that he might have come in to her," and Guinevere "would as fain as ye that ye might come in to me." Since they "wished" it, (that was all that mattered). Malory's characters are thus in complete control of their actions. They gain both glory and shame entirely by their own actions. The Round Table falls not to external, but to internal forces. It is destroyed not by Fate, but by men.

Thus, the pendulum has made a complete arc from characters who are ruled by Fate to those who make their own destiny. While characters who are capable of the inner struggle and torment that come from personal responsibility are generally more interesting and believable, it is impossible not to appreciate and admire such people as Beowulf and The Wife of Bath. One must respect their courage and boldness in the face of Fate. Nor should it be forgotten that in modern times there is also a tendency to put the entire blame for human actions upon outside forces such as social and cultural environment. Men are still trying to avoid their responsibilities to others and to themselves; they are still hesitant to say as did Sir Gawain, "I acknowledge . . . how ill my shameful faults here show." The great tragedy lies in the fact that, until the faults are acknowledged, they cannot be corrected.

LILY F. ROSS, '64





THE MUSE

1964

THE MUSE

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RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

*Come Muse and migrate from Greece and Ionia . . .
Placard "removed" and "to let" on the rocks of
your snowy parnassus . . .*

*For now a better, fresher, busier sphere, a wide
untried domain awaits you.*

WALT WHITMAN

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CHRISTMAS

In recent years, there have been many magazine articles, short stories and poems written about the commercialism of America's Christmas. All of these criticisms have been justly made, yet all we do is to criticize, never stopping to think of the real mockery made of our Lord's birth.

The giving of gifts began as an expression of family and communal love. In some remote areas, this genuine expression remains, but in the wealthiest nation of the world, the giving of gifts has now become a status symbol of who can give the biggest and the most of any commodity. Most of us believe that we are truly sacrificing and giving from the bottom of our hearts, but really we are only digging again into our bottomless pocketbooks. How many of us on Christmas morning, surrounded by our beloved families and our new, shiny treasures, stop to think of all the millions of people around the world who, because of poverty, only know Christmas as any other day — a bleak and lonely day? It is to these poor, unfortunate souls that we must give and give of ourselves, not our almighty money.

Conversely, we should also consider those fortunate persons who are blessed with financial wealth. Often they need our love and generosity far more than the poverty stricken, because they are used so to the act of giving that they have forgotten the true joy and satisfaction of putting a thought behind even the smallest gift. It is our duty to teach them once again this wonderful thoughtfulness in giving. The example of our own daily actions can express this communication of love, understanding, and generosity.

Even deeper than the spirit of giving to the poor and understanding the rich is the remembrance of the divine gift to the universe, Christ. He was the gift that changed the course of history and men's minds, and like any other treasured gift, he brought supreme joy to mankind. Can we not look at the serene manger scene and not feel a possessiveness that, "He is my gift and I love him above all else." This does not mean that we should be boastful or prideful of this gift, because we know of Christ's own humility. It is also at Christmas that we should remember Christ's agony of the crucifixion because this was the purpose of our treasured gift; to die for us and to save our sins.

Let us put aside our commercialism and selfish thoughts and fill this Christmas with love and generosity; for only through love and generosity can we ever hope to be a complete and happy person or nation.

LUCY BROWN, '66



Art. 10

THE TEDDY BEAR

Focusing her eyes, Sylvia stared up at the gray ceiling, cracked and pitted with age. A few streaks of sunlight lent it a radiance, and the ceiling smiled down on her like a wise old woman. Sylvia shuddered; a wave of excitement coursed through her. "Christmas" — it had a magical sound. She repeated it over and over, savoring the word each time it fell from her lips.

An ugly rasping cough interrupted her thoughts, and she heard the wooden floor creaking painfully under heavy footsteps — her father was up. Inquiringly, she glanced down beside her at her little brother Johnny, but he was still hopelessly lost in the stupor of deep sleep. She nudged him gently, and laughed as he groaned and frowned his way awake.

"Wake up, silly! It's Christmas!" Sylvia studied his puffy little face and wondered if he would always be a cherub.

"Thanta Cwause!" he shouted, and squealing with delight, he sprang from the bed. Sylvia leaped after him, grabbed him, and swung him around and around in circles, until they both fell laughing and breathless onto the bed.

Two heads spied at them from the doorway, and vanished as Sylvia and Johnny looked up. They giggled as Mr. and Mrs. Roberts came in.

"Mer-r-ry Christmas!" boomed their father as he clumsily crossed the room and caught Johnny up in his arms. Then the four of them exchanged laughs and kisses and hugs.

"Johnny, run an' see what Santa brought!" As Johnny's head bobbed out the doorway, a silent communication began between Sylvia and her parents. Smiling, she squeezed her mother's hand. Her father coughed and stared nervously at the floor. Her heart reached out to him. She knew he wanted so desperately the power to look up and face the world. God! If he could only be given a chance, but poverty and sickness had chiseled away at him day after day, until only a meek and miserable skeleton of a man remained, harboring a soul drained of hope and whispering "failure." Sylvia closed her eyes as his cough pierced the air.

"Wook! Wook what Thanta bwrought!" Johnny ran towards them, hugging a tattered teddy-bear that had probably outdone Santa Clause in making children happy.

* * * *

Yawning vigorously, Frank emerged from his dreams. He rubbed his squinting eyes, sat up, and tried to make out the time. Finally, two clocks merged into one and the hands pointed to 12:00. He sank back into his bed and listened — no sound broke the silence. Christmas, that was the reason. The servants were off for the day. No doubt his parents had already left for Bermuda. He chuckled.

After dressing, Frank went downstairs and walked into the kitchen. He made a cup of coffee and was about to sit down when he noticed the hastily scribbled note lying on the table:

"Son,

*Hated to wake you up so left a note instead.
Will be home in two or three weeks and will miss you. Take a look in back yard — hope you like it — Merry Christmas, son.*

Love,

MOM AND DAD

P.S. Call us at the Castle Harbor if you need anything."

"*Son son son!*" It tolled through his mind. He wasn't a *son*, he was a person, a living walking talking human being. Frank Bennett, Jr., son of the great Frank Bennett of Bennett Enterprises — *son* of his father, not *Frank*, but impersonal estranged *son*. He could hear the steely inflection of his father's voice — "Son" — harsh and formal. And the phrase, "Call us if you need anything" made him tremble. *If* he needed anything, he thought. He had been *needing* for twenty miserable years.

Frank swept his coffee cup off the table, and it broke like another shattered dream. The coffee splattered over the floor, and Frank sat down, holding his head between his hands, and watched the ugly brown coffee settle in stagnant pools across the white tile floor. Shaking with sobs, he put his head

down on the table and the angry pounding of his fist resounded through the empty house.

Frank woke up, wondering why he had fallen asleep. It was late. He glanced again at the spilt coffee. Walking towards the bar, he circled around the broken cup and the pools of coffee, as if he were afraid of the debris.

The road was one long, magnificent strip with only a few bends in it. Laughing, Frank gulped down his drink, gripped the steering wheel of his new car, and then set his jaws in determination as he changed into fourth gear. The rain fell more heavily now, in great white sheets.

* * * *

Sylvia watched Johnny sleep; his lips were slightly parted. Trembling, her fingers found and grasped the smooth piece of material lying on the chair beside her bed. Where her father got it, she did not know, but it was the most beautiful dress in the world. A tear zigzagged across her cheek, and she bit her sheet to stifle the oncoming sobs. She would remember tonight for the rest of her life — how her father, thinking she was asleep, had tiptoed into the room. The light coming in from the kitchen had lit up his features, and she had seen the deep lines engraved on his face. He had extended his hand, as if to touch her forehead, but awkwardly jerked it back, afraid she might wake up. Setting a package on the chair, he had looked at her, and

that single tear of concentrated sorrow had been too heavy, this time, to remain in the corner of his eye. Sylvia had reached out her hand to him and said, "Father." Smiling, he had touched her hand lightly at first, and then grasped it firmly in his own. This *was* a beginning. Perhaps *she* could lead him to hope again. The salty tears had dried on her face. Smiling, Sylvia drifted off to sleep with the wonderful secret in her heart.

* * * *

Frank stared at his not unfamiliar surroundings of iron and concrete. "Home sweet home!" he yelled — the words were merely absorbed in the stark blackness. He tried again, but the words, as before, seemed to sink into the blackness and offered him no comfort. Now *what* will *dear* Master Bennett say to this, he thought.

"*Son*, you have disappointed me —." Frank spat the mimicking words out, delighting in his skillful impersonation of his father. Throwing his head back, he laughed and laughed until his body ached. He stood up, holding his sides, swaggered over to the cell door, and grasped the bars.

"Mer-r-r-y Christmas, all you lousey drunken drivers! Merry Christmas from the bottom of my heart." His knuckles were white, and his clenched fists could stand no more pressure. Releasing the bars, he sank to the floor, his laughter changing to uncontrollable sobs.

SHIRLEY McCASKILL, '67



HAPPINESS

I sit so often in chapel and gaze upon the cross,
And there I feel this feeling but still there is a loss.
Why can't I feel only happiness that he who was
so brave,
Did not die in vain nor suffer the loneliness of the
grave?

Yet once more I stop, and gaze upon it again,
And lo, there is that feeling that seeps into my
brain
Of the joy, love and goodness that I hear so often
told
About his fun and mirth in years past beyond my
hold.

Oh, yes, it is this happiness that I try so hard to
keep,
But never do I catch it long enough to make me
sigh and weep.
For once again I step into this wonderful world of
ours,
And here I know that I belong to laugh away the
hours.

LUCY BROWN, '66



Life Gives Naught But Herself

*Life gives naught but herself
And takes again.
Life accounts not for her actions
Still we forgive.*

*Madmen cannot grasp these gifts
Their minds trip them.
Sane men grasp with their hands
Not with their hearts.*

*We live for ourselves to take
Life and squeeze her
She is our mind and being
Are we forgiven?*

CHRISTINA GOUBAUD, '67

HIT AND RUN

With the sun beating down on her back and a slight breeze blowing her hair, she felt she could have stayed there all day. Beside her sat the boy she had been dating for five months. She was really crazy about him. They had been there at the lake since lunch for a picnic, but now it was growing late. She knew they must start home, for her mother had told her to be back at six. The drive home only took twenty minutes, so they decided to enjoy the freshness of the late afternoon a little longer.

Before she realized it, her watch read five to six. In a moment of panic she and her boy friend ran to the car and started home. They said nothing, both thinking of the results awaiting them. Now they were on the open road which passed by a few desolate farms here and there. No one was around and the road stretched out perfectly straight for a few miles. They could make up for lost time there.

Just as the car was picking up good speed, from out of nowhere came a small boy on a bike. He was crossing the street just in front of them. What happened in the next few seconds is not easily explained. They pulled over to the side of the road. The little fellow was lying in the middle of the road, blood rushing from his arm. As they went closer they heard pitiful little sobs coming from him, and they knew he wasn't dead. It was his fault riding out in front of them, and besides, they were already late. So they got back into the car and left.

A feeling of loneliness and terror fell over them. They did not speak — they just rode. Soon she felt she could not bear it.

"Let's go back," she screamed. "What kind of people are we? Please, please, turn around." With tears pouring from her eyes she started beating on him.

"Sue, Sue," he shouted. "Calm down. Someone has probably already found him and is taking care of him. He will be okay. Sue, listen It was his own fault."

Sue gained control over herself. Now they were

pulling into her driveway. As they entered the front door her mother's shouts could be heard from upstairs. "Where have you been? Did you know that it is six thirty, and I told you to be back here at six? Who do you think you are? Tell your friend good-bye and get yourself up to your room. You shall be punished for this young lady."

It was too much to bear. She ran up to her room and locked the door. She felt as if she hated her mother. After all That had happened, and then to come home and hear her screaming. She needed to be helped, to talk to someone. She was desperate and alone. She threw herself on the bed and sobbed uncontrollably. Soon she fell asleep.

She was awakened by a loud knocking at her door. Unconsciously she went to the door and opened it. She threw herself into her mother's arms. She stood there for a minute just crying, needing for someone to take care of her.

"Mother, I need your help," she whimpered. As they sat down on her bed, she told her the whole story. There was a moment of silence when she had finished. Her mother knew they must act right away. "Yes," they said at the hospital, a "little boy has been brought in and is seriously injured."

Sue and her mother rushed to the hospital. There they found Sue's boyfriend, too. They discovered that after he had taken Sue home, he had gone for help for the boy. So he had brought him here to the hospital. A small feeling of pride ran through Sue, but it was soon forgotten as the doctor appeared.

Calmly he said, "The boy is on the verge of death and only with time can we tell if he will live. The car had struck his head causing blood clots, which nine times out of ten prove fatal."

There they sat, the three of them with nothing to do but wait. What strange thoughts went through Sue's head! It was all like a movie, not her own life. She waited and she prayed. In the wee hours of morning the doctor appeared again. His only words were, "He'll live."

ROBBIE LEACH, '66

IF (SORRY, RUDYARD)

*If every time I fell in love was turned into a star
And each was flown to heaven on a kite,
They would outshine all the old celestial bodies way up there
And the Earth would never know another night.*

*If I could have the power to put my feelings into words,
I would create painfully exquisite rhyme
Expressing perfectly what none could ever say before.
I would be the greatest poet of all time.*

*If I had just a penny for the thousand million times
I have hoped one constant dream would be fulfilled,
I could build a golden monument so tall that from the top
I could sit and watch the stardust being spilled.*

*If I had an inch of wood for each time someone I adored
Loved me tenderly and deeply in return,
And I used what I had gathered up as kindling for a fire
I'd have nothing but a tiny twig to burn.*

MARGARET CHRISTIAN, '66

A Flowering Vine

I feel that something special is going to happen. It's going to happen later, not now. At the present I'm preparing myself for this new happy situation. It's not going to be big to anyone but me. I have this feeling creeping into my thoughts as a vine slowly creeps around a tree. This vine has a starting point. At this moment my vine has begun it's long, twining journey. It will grow and grow, circling and hugging the bark of the tree. It will flower as this feeling will flower into beautiful flowers. My special something will grow, bloom inside me, but finally it will grow, grow higher yet. I will feel it inside me; it will not monopolize all my thoughts

as a vine never covers the whole tree under itself. Like the vine it will be above my mundane feeling, problems. It's flower will be lovely for the flower will be the beauty of my feeling which will penetrate through my actions. I won't pick the days this feeling will show itself as a vine doesn't produce a beautiful flower at scheduled minutes of the day. People will show their delight in the presence of this feeling as they enjoy the blooming and maturing of a flower. But how long I will keep this feeling, who knows. A vine, with its flowers, eventually dies.

ALICE PURDIE, '66



Invitation

*Come walk with me along the sifted sand,
Where shapely shells can catch evading eyes
And creatures of the sea are left on land
To wither in the brightest sun with sighs.
The crafty seagull circles overhead,
With nimble art towards his prey descends.
The startled victim shudders and is dead,
The seagull soars his graceful self again.
The waves rush in, the foam leaps up to play;
The placid current flows along the beach.
The silky sun is sinking — one last ray
Remains behind, but still is out of reach.
Come spend some time with me and all these things
And you will know the love that nature brings.*

RAE HERRIN, '66

Review of THE SHOES OF THE FISHERMAN

It is the hour before dawn, and all the voices of the peoples are hushed, and their ears are eager for the news of the election of a new Pope, the new man chosen to wear the shoes of the Fisherman.

This is the beginning of Morris West's eloquent novel of the modern Papacy. It is the behind-the-scene account of the men of fortune who have earned position through schemes and lies. Portrayed are characters with broken hearts, ruined lives, and redeemed lives.

The job of the newly elected Pope Kiril I is to act as the Christ of the people of Rome as well as the entire Roman Catholic world. West gives power and insight to the leader, Kiril, for the great man is more or less a scapegoat driven into the desert, with the sins of all the people upon his back at the beginning of the story. How humble and mild was the Lord Jesus Christ? This man, Kiril, of Russian birth and a prisoner of seventeen years in Siberia was supposed to enact a Christ. This man is a near-Christ who displays through his own life the meekness of a lamb and the slyness of a snake.

There is the need of such a slyness with men like Calitri Corrado who married his wife to possess her as a trader possesses a slave, and had no desire for love at all. There is a manner of meekness needed to love a Christian man like George Telemond who had for twenty years been in exile for a type of heresy and had returned to Rome for a new beginning of preaching his doctrine before the Pope. There is again the need of a sly person to cope with Russia's number one in the Presidium. During Kiril's imprisonment he had been some-

what mysteriously, as if by an act of God, befriended by the Russian leader Kamenev, and was allowed to be released after many long hours of discussion with the Premier. Through this somewhat strenuous bond Kiril is able to maintain close contact with the happenings of the people of his native country. Kiril is thus able to help improve conditions of starvation and torture of his people in other lands.

The real essence of the story is found in the life of Kiril himself. West displays beautifully his knowledge of religion and its powers if they are directed in the right way. The Pope's heart is restless and his vagrant soul hungers for its homeland. Kiril's only source of guidance is from a spiritual relationship with the Fisherman. He learns to pray in "darkness and dryness under a blind sky." Perhaps the answer as West says is in the sunflower—that the seed must die before the green shoots come, that the flower must grow while men pass by, heedless that a miracle is taking place before their noses.

The story is well written and shows precise facts of the Roman Catholic beliefs. There are various underlying themes, conflicts, and plots. As he does in his other novel, *The Devil's Advocate*, West writes of each character in separate chapters throughout the book. In the remaining portion of the book he ties the lives together, leaving the most important character to the last few chapters.

To all those who are interested in acquainting themselves with more knowledge of the realities of life and the well being of mankind, this is a moving and satisfying book.

BEVERLY BROWN, '66

STAR

Star
Keep shining
for His love
Our Lord is born
Born is the hope of man
hope of
love

CHRISTINA GOUBAUD, '67



WHO, OR WHAT?

*There, across the way
I see an outline,
Tall and straight across the sky
And yet hard, very hard, to define.*

*Be it God, or man
My eyes cannot tell.
Visions not clear, but
I know not from hell.*

*This form protects the meek,
Gathers in the calm,
And keeps all from
Impending harm.*

*Later in years we find it true
From the skies so high above,
That this Man came not from earth,
But from all heavenly love.*

*To have died for us on a cross,
We cannot understand,
But we stand in awe of the feeling that—
Here—here came hope for man!*

NEIL PARKER, '66

The Spirit Of Giving

Anne crept into the house and quietly locked the door. She was very happy because it was Christmas Eve and she, and The Group had gone to Harrison's for the usual Christmas Eve party and had then gone to Midnight Service. She was so excited and happy because it was such fun seeing everyone again and although she was nineteen, the expectations of Christmas morning were still as exciting as if she were five.

She averted her eyes from the living room because it was no fun to see the Christmas tree and presents laid out before the morning. Something caught her eye and she heard some movement from the room. She knew it couldn't be her parents or they would have called out to her. She tiptoed into the room and saw a little fat white-haired man with a red suit just beginning to open his tremendous bag. Oh, no, she thought, now I know I had too much Christmas cheer! Just then the adorable little man jumped and turned to her.

"Oh, dear, I thought *everyone* was asleep here!"

"I can't believe it! I just can't believe it!" The man laughed and shook all over. "My dear, what is it that you can't believe!"

"You're—you're not really *him*, are you?" Although she couldn't quite believe it, she knew exactly who it was. What child didn't know him!

"Yes, if you mean, am I Mr. Claus from the North Pole. I am that poor soul."

"But I have known that you weren't really true since I was in the fourth grade. It was a sad day for me when I knew, but here you are and now I am so mixed up I don't know which end is up!"

"My dear, you don't know what mixed-up is until you've delivered twenty billion toys *all over* the world in one single night and trying to keep the toys and letters straight. Tonight I have delivered a turtle to a little girl who asked for a mama doll,

a mama doll to a little boy who asked for a yo-yo, and heaven only knows what else I've mixed up."

He turned still laughing over his own mistakes, while Anne just stood there aghast. She finally got her voice back enough to ask.

"But why do they all say you are only a spirit? I can see you perfectly well and I don't think I'm crazy, or am I?"

Still laughing, "Anne, you are one of the lucky ones for now you know my secret. I am a spirit but every Christmas Eve He gives me twelve hours to become visible and do my work."

"But I know that Mama and Daddy buy me the presents. I have sneaked down and seen them fixing it all up. I just can't believe it!"

"You are a darling girl, but you didn't understand me. I am a spirit, the spirit of giving, and although I wish everyone could catch my spirit everyday of the year, I'm only allowed to come once. I only go around and check the presents to see that everyone gets what he wants and the rest of my job is make everyone think of giving instead of getting. I have one of the toughest jobs in *my* world, you know."

"Oh, my, you are so good to do this for us all, and I'm so glad I met you. I know you must be tired and I'll go get you some milk and cookies to refresh you."

She left the room and returned in three minutes, but he and all traces of him had vanished. She sank into a chair and thought for a long time. Finally she knew that she could never tell anyone of her visitor that night. No one would believe her, and she also knew that he wouldn't want her to give him away. She counted herself the luckiest person in the world and her best Christmas gift of all was to really "see" the Spirit of Giving.

LUCY BROWN, '66

FINIS

*A star fell—
Once bright and glorious,
It had shone for a million years
In a corner of the sky;
Meaning nothing,
Never seen.
Finally it could hang there no longer,
And so it fell
Through cold, empty space,
Through clouds of midnight,
Through vast vacuum
Into oblivion . . .
And no one ever knew.*

*A tear fell—
Newly born of loneliness,
It glistened for only a moment
In the corner of her eye;
Standing for so many things:
A shattered hope,
A crushed dream.
Finally she could hold it there no longer,
And so it fell,
And ran down her flushed cheek
Into the palm of her hand . . .
And no one ever knew.*

MARGARET CHRISTIAN, '66



COLORS

*Yellow, orange, red, brush against my face.
Yellow, orange, red, crackle under my feet.
Yellow, orange, red, fill my heart with warmth.*

*Faces take on the colors
Voices reflect their hue.*

*Soon yellow, orange and red will fade.
For some so will warmth
Others will look to the crystal white.*

CHRISTINA GOUBAUD, '67

TOMORROW — CLOUDY?

The rain —

Like so much constancy

Building up,

And then letting go.

To wash everything

Clean and new and spotless,

Almost, to give us a new start,

A clean path with no blemishes.

So rain!

Long

and

Hard,

Because I'm ready for a new start —

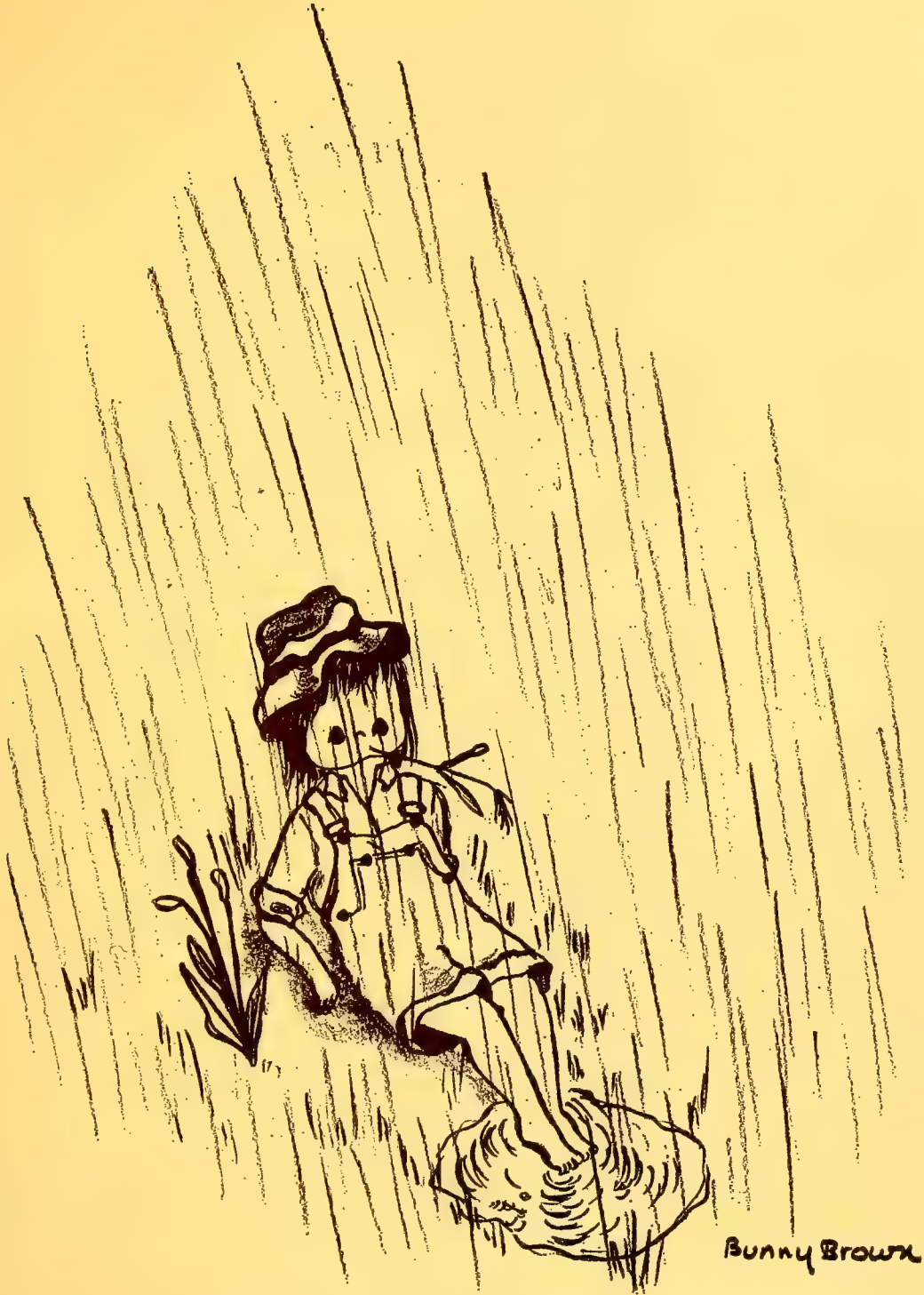
Or beginning,

Or, just — maybe,

A

Continuation!

NEIL PARKER, '66



Bunny Brown

A Small Reminder

*i cannot help thinking my teddy bear
reminds me a little of
God*

*(dont be shocked, for God knows i mean
no sacrilege and isnt that the point?)*

my teddy is love —

friendly love

even his physique exemplifies

friendliness —

*brown, curly, mussed
a little raggedy from wear and tear*

he has a big smile and shiny eyes

he exemplifies happiness

*not the kind that is loud and gay
and you like when you're that way
but kind of hate any other time —*

no — the kind that is

*gentle
inviting
which sympathizes when you cry
and also cheers you up*

as my teddy grins at me

*with his endearing smile —
and welcomes me with his twinkling eyes—
and extends his eternally
out-stretched arms
to me
in love*

*i cannot help thinking my teddy bear
reminds me a little of
God*

SALLY STOTT, '66

White Christmas

“Which way is it, Joe?”

“Around the corner, 'bout a block.”

As we stepped out, the winter night sent her chilling winds down the street. While we walked along, our shoulders hunched against the wind, I glanced down at my reflection in the glistening, mirror-like pavement. I look fat with so many clothes on, I thought.

Joe and I began to walk faster; the cold was creeping through our coats. I remembered our purpose for being out on a night like this – a Christmas tree! The excitement sprang up inside me.

I turned to Joe, “No doubt about it, this'll be the best Christmas we ever had.” Christmas, just the word made me feel warm and delicious, like eating your own birthday cake, only better. “Joe, it's so wonderful – all the love makes everyone happy.” Joe just grunted and hurried faster.

As we turned the corner, I saw a group of boys under the street light. “Let's cross to the other side, Joe.”

“There's no reason. The tree lot's right there at the light.”

Walking towards the lot, my heart knotted as I heard one of the boy's sneering words, “Don't tell me niggers have Christmas, too.”

CHRISTINA GOUBAUD, '67

VACATION

SNOW –

*How beautiful,
And sparkling
With the rays of sunlight
Reflecting smiles!*

CHRISTMAS –

*And smiling little children,
Brothers and sisters,
Who bump into new furniture
On new tricycles!*

SCHOOL –

*Back with a smiling face
From good meals
Lots of rest,
And a communion;*

With

God,

Family

and

Man!

NEIL PARKER, '66

THE MUSE



1965

1965

THE MUSE

VOLUME 58

ST. MARY'S JUNIOR COLLEGE
RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

*Come Muse and migrate from Greece and Ionia . . .
Placard "removed" and "to let" on the rocks of
your snowy parnassus . . .
For now a better, fresher, busier sphere, a wide
untried domain awaits you.*

WALT WHITMAN

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The Spirit of St. Mary's

The word "spirit" is an undefinable word. It can be a feeling, a train of thought, an inspiration, or a way of life. The spirit of St. Mary's is a way of life that binds together one-hundred and forty years and hundreds of girls. This spirit is rare and unique in a world that often seems to turn its back on human feeling, compassion, and love. Each girl who first walked up the steps of Smedes has given something to this spirit, and she has made it grow and last. Friendliness, laughter, love and understanding all combined make up the complexity of the spirit of a "St. Mary's girl."

As graduation approaches, we see a fresh beginning for each of us. The seniors are leaving us

but they take with them this intangible spirit that has brought success in life to so many. We regret the loss of these friends, but courage and the remembrance of their fine example lead us on to the future. The rising seniors now see themselves as the guides, counselors, and chief protectors of the St. Mary's spirit. They realize their awesome responsibility that somehow becomes an act of love and happiness. So graduation comes and goes and another year in St. Mary's long tradition has passed, but the spirit of love, understanding and responsibility will always prevail where there is hope and determination.

LUCY BROWN, '66



The Immortal Circle

*The world is a
circle
with no
circumference
that rolls
along
with no
destination
only to realize
that - to -
stop
look
feel
admit
accept
is the only way
to measure the
intangible
circumference
of the circle
that
doesn't
exist.*

NEIL PARKER, '66

WHERE IS EMPATHY?

*Speak to me no more – no more of your
love and charity,*

*You, who have destroyed in us all
meaning for words.*

*Yes, you who have not only taken
from us words,*

*But in the process all emotion
synonymous with them.*

*We can no longer take pen in
hand and write out the joys of
a lifetime – the loves, the hates.*

*Our tongues, which were once our greatest
medium of communication,
are now as if cut out.*

*Words, which were formerly our agony
and our ecstasy are now mute.
We are mute.*

*We have passion in us yet, but it is
as the lone flickering of a candle.*

It speaks to no one save itself.

You dare to call us hollow,

When it is you that have made us so.

We wish, we want to communicate.

*We long deeply to sense again those early
joys and sorrows which were once the
very soul of our existence.*

We reach out, grasping at darkness.

*The candle is there and the match, but
there is no wind, no breathe of resurrection.*

We return to our stifled state.

We now strike and strike hard.

It is grotesque and we are grotesque.

*Your miserable, insipid overuse, misuse
of our words has repressed in us
all that is human and we are your
anathema.*

*You hate our poetry and our art,
the soul expressions we have left.*

*Too fast, too fast you say comes
automation, but what – what of
the human robot!*

CHERRY AUSTIN, '66

The New American Opium

The television, that remarkable invention of man which could be used to his benefit, has been debased to the status of a sanctioned robber in many American homes. Its most crucial theft is that of time, the time that each member of our society desperately needs for his self-development. In too many homes, lives seem, to me, to almost revolve around the television set. Children return from school and promptly sit down in front of it; they remain there until called for supper, at which time it is conveniently turned so that the entire family can watch it while eating. Then they all return to their easy chairs for the night's assorted programs. School work is brushed aside to be hurried through in the morning or perhaps totally forgotten. Forgotten also are needed exercise and creative hobbies. Even the art of conversation is drained away, with minor languid revivals during commercials. Most important, family life, the backbone of our society, is stealthily taken from such victims.

Even in homes in which the occupants are not properly clothed and fed one may often find a tele-

vision set. It is at once both disgusting and revealing, to me, to enter a poor slum district and begin to count the homes with television antennas adorning the shabby roofs. In areas such as this, television has become a status-symbol, a distinction which, in my opinion is both totally uncalled for and alarming.

Perhaps television viewing could not be labeled as a total waste of time if the material shown were informative or even good, wholesome entertainment. However, the majority of programs are "stock" material, such as the inevitable western, the tasteless comedy, and the immoral romance. Thus, the programs provide not only poor escape material but also unhealthy ideas for the cultivation of a stable, well-adjusted personality. Television is definitely habit forming and, as I see it, is as harmful as any drug can be, for it steals the time needed for both mental and physical exercise and deters social growth.

ANN REITZEL, '66



LONGING

*Sometimes I long for autumn days
When the world seems made of leaves,
Because reds, yellows, oranges, and browns
Are whirling from the trees.*

*Sometimes I long for wintry days.
When snow is on the ground,
And Jack Frost makes his nightly call
While winds are howling 'round.*

*Sometimes I long for Spring-fresh days
When God breathes o'er the earth,
And man, flowers, animals alike
Arise in a new rebirth.*

*Sometimes I long for summer days
And walks along the beach
When the far horizon out at sea
Appears within my reach.*

*No matter what the time of year,
For no particular reason,
I just can't seem to please myself,
And I long for a different season!*

CHERYL KOENIG, '66

The Fish and I

Those fish in that aquarium are oblivious to all that goes on around them. They don't know that they have the perfect life or that they have found a most sublime happiness.

But, when I think of those fish in that aquarium I have to subdue my desire to crawl into the water and swim around in abandon with them.

I guess we're all really fish in an aquarium, swimming around from day to day, never knowing when the last day will come or when the oxygen supply will be depleted.

But, one day the fish will lie with their bellies upward and—someday I'll lie with my body approximately six feet under.

NEIL PARKER, '66

Miner's Monologue

I was born into the evening of the world where the sun shines through a black sky on to a black country, where the snow and rain make black mud, and where the grunt and screech of the freight cars are the only sounds which break the night's silence.

Look at this bulb on my helmet. This has been the only light in my life, the only ray I've ever followed. Born in darkness, lived in darkness, but to die in darkness? Oh, God, help me! Will I never see the sun light dancing in my children's eyes or feel its warmth beating down on me? Is this black hole to be my tomb?

CHRIS GOUBAUD, '67



Very Well Liked

*As I sat in cool shadows,
Munching a bird seed sandwich,
An elephant crawled by,
Gnashing his trunk.
And I knew, how I knew,
He was searching for solace,
Perhaps a zoo.
He was searching for a retreat
From Them—the spindly giraffes
And the spider monkeys of the world.
My heart and my spirit reached
Out to him—no communication being
Needed when great minds
Converge.
And the impact of that
Momentous fusion which linked us
In brotherhood—as he tossed me
A peanut, a token of his
Comprehension—struck me so
Profoundly that I, desperately
Lunging for the peanut, dropped
My damned sandwich.*

(c. 1975)

SHIRLEY McCASKILL, '67

PERHAPS IT IS BETTER

*perhaps it is better
that
leaves
should
fall and scatter
some
to the waters
of the river
that curves about
and stormily reaches
the sea*

*some
to the road
that lazily winds
ultimately wriggling
toward the town*

*perhaps it is better
that
leaves
should
fall and scatter
some
merely 'neath
the tree*

*perhaps it is better
that
leaves
should
fall and scatter
some
only blown
by restless winds
to
never
find
a
home*

ANN REITZEL, '66



MOVE

As we sit here
with all emotion
drawn in by the
belt
of
conformity
and by the
inevitable
ties
of
inhibitions
the beauty of life
and the passion of the music
consumes our being
to
the
utmost.

But here we sit
in a prison of four walls
with no eyes to see

the
beauty
of
a
black sky filled
with dozens
and hundreds of
light
bulbs

which could fall
at any time or place.

And here we sit —
the passion of the music
fills our hearts
until
off —

come the many belts
and the fashionable ties

and we are exposed —
to ourselves,
and to that something
that breaks all ties
and the inimitable
control
over
all
the
stars.

NEIL PARKER, '66

One Season; Many Meanings

Summer!—glamorous jobs, painful sunburn, walks along the beach, skimming across the bay on a pair of skis, picnics, exciting trips, lazy days. These are only a few of the many things that come to mind when one mentions the word *summer*. Another school term has come to a close, and the approach of summer has a special significance for each class here at Saint Mary's.

For the seniors, it is a farewell to their Saint Mary's days. Some will continue their studies in other near-by schools, while a few will go to Europe for a year's study. Others will embark upon their chosen careers, perhaps in a large city. Some few will become brides. We freshmen, sophomores, and juniors are much-indebted to this year's seniors—especially the officers—who have served us and led us ably. With them go their memories of being the "top cats," counselors, and Cold "Cutters," of being granted extra privileges, and of being loaded with English, English, and *more English*. With them go the best wishes of we who remain here and the desire that they come back often to visit.

For us juniors, summer signifies the end of our first year of college. We have all probably matured more in this past year than in any other preceding year. Can we ever forget last September 14 when we arrived and faced unknown girls that seemed to number at least a million? There were so many "firsts" that we experienced and so many times when we were positive that it would be

much more pleasant to die than to finish all our work. Our rings *finally* arrived—after a mere six months' wait. With the approach of summer, we face the much-dreaded Summer Reading as well as the exciting prospect of being next year's seniors.

Summer for the sophomores marks high school graduation. It means a sigh of relief after a tense year waiting for college acceptances to arrive. It has been a mixture of smiles and tears: smiles for those who got in their desired college; tears for those who did not quite make it. Summer is the end of their "sandwich-selling" year and the last of their freshman-sophomore dances. It is the anticipation of college days.

For the freshmen, summer is the end of their first year away at school. As it was for the juniors, this year has been one of "firsts." It was the year of their first freshman-sophomore dance, their first (and only) slave sale, and the arrival of their first rings. Summer is the end of their being the "punks" of St. Mary's.

Yes, summer *does* bring a special meaning to the freshmen, sophomores, juniors, and seniors. It leaves behind one year overflowing with memories and anticipates the next one to have just as many as the past one. To each girl, Happy Summer Vacation!

CHERYL KOENIG, '66



Of Parts and Pieces

*Oh, God, I must be mine alone!
not halves or parts
not sectioned, quartered off
not sold and bartered, traded
to add to black Night's repertoire
not castrated, disemboweled
not pricked and shorn and shaved
but whole, and totally My One
so then
that I may give my all
to place in Morning's golden hand.*

ANN REITZEL, '66

"One Nation, Indivisible..."

*They came from lands far across the ocean,
Facing the unknown future with steadfast faith.
They were in groups—
Families and cultures founded together by one
goal—*

America!

*They built homes; they built cities.
And the sweat poured from their skins,
And their faces were red from the heat.
Still they labored on,
And they plowed acres, sowed seeds,
Felled the forests, and fought raging river
waters.*

*Climbing mountains, crossing plains,
They strode forth through the wilderness.
And the years passed,
And those first Americans lay dead 'neath their
soil.*

*Yet, onward they walked—the children and
grandchildren,*

*Fighting the Indians, killing the buffalo,
Panning for gold, and building the railroads.
And there were boundaries established,
And parts called states,
And, at the very top, "one nation, indivisible
..."*

*But there was war between the people—
Between those Americans themselves.
Much of the work of two centuries
Was lost within four years.
And there was hatred among the people,
And justice fell in a thing called Reconstruction.
Gradually, the wounds began to heal,
And the states and nation were pieced together.
Once more there sounded the word "America!"
And again it signified "one nation, indivisible
..."*

*Today, the sweat still pours,
And the faces are still red.
There are still acres to plow, seeds to sow,
Forests to fell, rivers to swim,
Mountains to climb, and plains to cross.
But the fields of today are Communist countries,
And the seed to plant is Democracy.
The biggest forest is Communism,
And the most surging river is its propaganda.
The mountains and plains are the barriers of
misunderstanding
Between those that came from lands across the
ocean*

*And those that remain there still.
Yet, in spite of these difficulties,
There still stands that "one nation, indivisible
..."*

And her people are still striving forward.

CHERYL KOENIG, '66

What Shall I Tell Thee?

*What shall I tell Thee of my love for him?
A love that blossomed on a wintry night
And stayed throughout the year. A love so bright
That there need be no stars, for stars would
then*

*Appear as only glass beside a gem.
A Love whose radiance casts round a light
To show its owner not the Wrong, but Right;
To show the Beauty, rather than the Grim.
He came, so many years ago, that I
Cannot recall when Love was not our song.
It was at first a violin, but by
And by our love resounded as a gong.
'Twas then I knew my love for him wouldn't
die
But will increase through all the ages long."*

CHERYL KOENIG, '66

THE LOST ONES

*The Lost Ones we call them for lack of better
name,
We sit, stare, and point at them without a
trace of shame.
Their careless dress, their wandering eye, their
lack of savoir-faire
Yet for all this outward defense it is we who
do not care.
They're fighting it all, the war, the poverty and
black discrimination
And look at them, brother, at least they're
bettering the nation.
For in all the world in each new phase some-
thing's made it so
Can we look on this crazy generation and de-
clare "I did not help it grow"?*

LUCY BROWN, '66



Spring is the time

spring is the time of the opening of windows
and doors to let God in
if he will come
or
if we will open windows and doors
wide
and sing
loud
and be
free
and love
well

but no worry

winter will come and we may shut our windows
and doors
tight
and sit by the window
and look out
and cry inside

ANN REITZEL, '66

ULLAPOOL

(Ullapool is a tiny Scottish village far north in the Scottish Highlands.)

1.

*Ullapool lies fast asleep
Nestled in the highlands
Beside the rising,
 roaring,
 rebellling
Cold sea that endlessly
Pounds the gray shore*

2.

*Above white Scottish cottages
Hungry sea gulls wheel
Constantly screeching,
 searching,
 scouting
The angry waves that rock
And lap the red-sailed vessels.*

MURIEL SEGER, '65

Sweet Revenge

*O Sweet Revenge that cools the hate and
blackens the soul*

*Send down thy sweet, delicious Balm that lets
my*

Heart feel the comfort and ecstasy of Release

*From that awful, anxious voice in my
brain that cries out in bitter anguish!*

*This is the terrible thing that has hold of my
once*

*So gentle heart that loved and was loved by all
I knew.*

*Since that day I have changed and become
someone I cannot know.*

*Yet knowing all this, I still rush on and fill
up with it.*

*So on, on, on, to lose my hurt in this horrible
new craving.*

LUCY BROWN, '66



"Moonbeams"

Little girl at the window
Staring at the moon,
If only I knew
What you are thinking.
I see you there
Looking so intently
At the night outside
Your world, and
As I stand here in
The shadows,
I am wondering what
Thing could make you
Seem so very far away.
Did I hear you whisper something
to
 the
 moon
Or did you wish
 upon
 that
 star?
Yes, I know now what you said
With the moon shining
On your face
And that sparkle of
Love in your heart.
I heard you.
Yes, I heard you whisper
to
 the
 night
"Thank you, Dear God, for
Letting me live—"

LINDA WOOTON, '66

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DECEMBER



1965

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1965

THE MUSE

VOLUME 59

ST. MARY'S JUNIOR COLLEGE
RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

*Come Muse and migrate from Greece and Ionia . . .
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From Whence They Came

*A child
is born and
a flower blooms.
Both come
from a womb of darkness,
protection.*

*The flower
in its glory
is a miracle.*

*The child
a miracle too.*

*The flower
past its glory
fades,
dies.*

*The child
past its prime
fades,
dies.*

*Both return to dust
from whence they came.*

*A child
and a flower.*

SHARON GILL, '67

LIKES

*I like to do such childish things
As playing in the snow,
Or skating 'round a roller rink
Or watching a flower grow.*

*I like to do such quiet things
As sitting by a brook,
Or lying in the summer grass
Or reading a good book.*

*I like to do such romantic things
As walking hand in hand,
Or standing 'neath the mistletoe
Or strolling along the strand.*

*I like to do such festive things
As hearing carols clear,
Or decorating the Christmas tree,
Or yelling "Happy New Year!"*

CHERYL KOENIG, '66



*My God made my world—
 my mama and my dog
 My God made my moon
 my papa and my shoe
 My God made my sun
 my friends and my comb
 My God made my star
 my sister and my book.
 My God made my thought
 my action and my word
 My God made my goal
 my feet and my stick
 My God made my vision
 my laugh and my frown
 My God made my faith
 my love and my life.*

*Like one speck of dust
 In the whirlpool of life
 I feel myself traveling.
 It is black inside and is
 Full of mysteries and fears
 I know not which way to turn.
 For now I find myself
 Perplexed with dreams of
 Growing up and the challenges
 of tomorrow.
 Around and around in this whirlpool
 I turn,
 Just waiting, hoping, and dreaming
 Of what is to come.*

PARDEE HENDERSON, '67

LINDA WOOTTON, '66



The Thoroughbred

*Johnny Squires was bold and strong
 with eyes as bright as sparks.
 He stopped the most angelic girls
 from plucking on their harps.
 His walk was so secure and straight,
 a strut of highest power.
 The buddies who admired him though
 did vow he was no coward.
 His elders—they respected him
 and thought him quite a man,
 For he had proper manners that were
 suave, yet falsely grand.
 John was loved by all mankind.
 His trick was known to none:
 "Change your values to suit all.
 Be not yourself but everyone."
 The genteel lad was veiled with fame,
 Or so it was he thought.
 But with the coins of smart deceit,
 T'was emptiness he'd bought.*

JANE SHUPING, '67

"Growing Up"

*Dare me to be myself
And let me go into the
world alone.
Dare me to forget that
I'm young
And allow me to struggle
With life and its madresses.
Dare me to hold my head
up high
And announce to the world
that I'm ready.
Yes, dare me, just once
And I will show you
That I can meet the world
face to face
And shake hands with it
Without the fear
of failure.*

LINDA WOOTTON, '66

A Look Beyond The Moon

*Once today, I looked up high,
I glanced into my Master's eye.
I searched so hard, I searched so long,
I hoped to find a loving song.
The song I'd lost, I had to look,
I had to search my Master's Book.
Tho' search was vain, His eye was strong,
His look tho' kind was ever long.
My heart returned to steps on high,
Again I looked into His eye.
He smiled at me from up above;
I knelt and thanked Him for His love.*

PARDEE HENDERSON, '67



*The shadow on the sand grew near
as the tide lapped at the shore
and left its mark
in an uneven line.
The sun bore down on the sand
and heated each grain,
each individual world,
bright, intense and determined.
The sound of the sea was a constant drone
of depression.
There was no sign of life,
only the approaching shadow.
The loneliness was depressing,
yet the beauty undeniable.
The shadow stopped, facing the sea
and on the sand could be seen a spot,
a small insignificant spot among
the bright intense worlds,
a spot where
a tear fell.*

SHARON GILL, '67

"My Feeling . . . Tonight"

Life is odd the way it wrestles with our emotions. Love, hate, hope, and desire are all part of the never-ending search for the true meaning of our existence on this earth. We are happy, sad, full of life — pretending at times to know what is in the hearts of others when, actually, we are unsure of our own feelings. So many of us cannot believe the truth when it slaps us in the face; neither can we tell when we are being fooled by our own hearts. If this is true, then there is but one way for us to know if we are right. This way will not be found in books of any kind, and, no matter how easy our quest may seem to be, only with time and understanding will we find that answer which lingers in our hearts.

LINDA WOOTTON, '66



A fog
of depression
enshronds my diseased mind.
When
will
it
ever
lift?

SALLY HURST, '67

The shadow of your smile
haunts me,
plagues me.
I look from out of eyes
blind
to all
but you.
I see only that which is
gone.
Shadows are now
my world.
The shadow of your smile
haunts me,
plagues me.

SHARON GILL, '67



THE RISING CURRENT

I found it in
The once-silent bird,
The once-closed flower,
The once-crooked tree,
The once-tasteless rain,
The once-dry stream:

Music

Fragrance

Strength

Honey,

and

Waters,

All, flowing through life.

SALLY HURST, '67

HD

the hills beckon

the voices call
the hills beckon
the soul stirs
 and i must follow

from searing fear
 empty searching
from waiting-in-bewilderment
from these
 i tarried
 for a time
for i felt a soul
 beside me
and i was not
 so lonely

we gazed for a moment
 at the
blurry gray mass
 of too many
 lost souls
then, together
 we sought
 a new horizon

but, now
the trees whisper
the Soul stirs
 i will come
 perhaps never knowing
 what leads me
wait—
 one more moment
 to remember

such peace
is there
 when
two souls unite
in the darkness
 thinking, they,
 perhaps, could
walk on
 together
a little ways
at least

 but
i know now
mine is a
lonely road
 strange dark
 brooding
souls rarely
venture near

turning
to bid farewell
 but already had
 “two roads diverged . . .”
down distant road
 i saw my friend
 headed aright

sometime, perhaps two souls
 will join again
 to soothe
 each other
 to rest awhile

yes, i am coming
i am ready
 to follow
 now

sally stott, '66

UNSEEN IN A SHADOW

Loud, ling'ring laughter
 echoing on waiting walls,
Mellow, midnight music
 trying to enter the ear—
But blocked out by singular
 Yet similar sounds.

Then suddenly—
In the midst of the noise of the crowd,
I stepped into a circle of
 sweet,
 serene
 silence,
Oblivious to all sensuous sounds,
Conscious of only one corner
Where stood he, alone—
Amid an aurora of luminous light.

Then I caught him casting a
 careful glance in my direction,
And a quiet smile crept along
 his familiar face.
Delighted and delirious with joy,
I rapidly returned his with one of mine.
Then I knew:
 Nothing had happened
 to our lasting love;
No longer did I mourn a love
 I thought dead

Slowly . . .
 silently . . .
 he pantomined a poem
 of three wond'rous, wistful words.
And I, too, whispered them with warmth,
And walked towards him,
 hands held out—
As he, also, with arms out-stretched
 strode forward,
 reached,
 yet . . .
 passed me,
Walking in his willful way t'wards her,
Who also had stood
 silently
 in her serene circle . . .
 behind me,
 whispering those words
 and sharing those smiles.

I
 am
 a
 fool.

SALLY HURST, '67

down the beach
wandered
a little boy
 so little
 so full of thrust
he had only
played in the waters
 and
built sand castles in the sand
 for eight summers

the little boy
came to stand
at the water's
 edge—
his young eyes
 fixed
 in the distance

where
 the first brilliant rays
 from the sun
were blazing
 a path
across the waters

in the new dawn
his small face
 glowed with rapture
his luminous eyes
 filled with awe
 and then joy

for
the little boy
 beheld
 beauty

as he turned
to walk again
he became aware
of many beauties:
 the brilliant colors
 on the seashells
 the delicate formations
 of dark drift wood
 the faces and figures
 made by clouds
 the silvery glint
 of a school
 of fish
 at play in the waves

then, as
the little boy
 watched
a large bird
 circled the sky
 above the fish
the bird
glided down to the water
 and snatched one of the fish—
as he greedily gobbled
 the small fish,
 the bird's black eyes
 glittered with triumph

a large tear
hung
in the little boy's eye,
then
 traced
 a path
down
 his cheek
and fell
 to the sand.

he turned
to walk
 slowly
down
 the
 beach—
 a look of wisdom
in his eyes
for
the boy
 had also known
Pain.

sally stott, '66

O NIGHT

*O night, how you seem to conquer me
and earn my growing love.*

*You induce long dreams of joy for me,
Dreams sent from up above.*

*Wrap me in a shroud of gray
and cover me from view.*

*Drug me in your opiate way
until the morning's dew.*

SHARON GILL, '67

Joy Was Drained

*He took my hand . . .
I felt his smile and happiness within.
He showed his life and loves to me,
His thoughts that just had been.*

*But I, the witty laughing fool,
Did jest and mock his youth.
He turned away and shunned my form.
Yes, joy was drained—lost truth*

JANE SHUPING, '67



"Always Remember"

*One by one they change;
Nature sheds her garments of beauty
And stands before the lovers of
That peace and contentment which
Stabs at the heart but which
Enters the soul for only a short time.*

*That peace—that feeling within me ends
But the memory can never be pushed
Aside or even writhed from my heart.
"Stay within me and live!" I shout,
For these moments prove
That I can live and love with all of my being.*

*Again I cry—"Time stand still!"
Do not force us to say what we know
We must say.
And then they fall—one by one
On nature's bed of love—
Striving to continue the process
Begun so very long ago.*

*No change—there will be no pain.
For the few words we say will be
Etched into our souls
And we will remember the
Splendor of this day
And the hope of a beautiful tomorrow.*

LINDA WOOTTON, '66

Our paths have crossed
By some quirk of fate, or
By the calculation of
Some administrator, we have met,
Have learned and have known.

You, by regulation have been the one
With whom I must live
In some sort of physical relationship
Harmony, discord or what?
It is not just abiding with us—
There is more.

For it is to you that I come
Burdened with the envitable crisis
That you might strengthen me
And you do.
We, withdrawn from the protection of home
By choice,
Seeking ourselves and our world
Swollen with self-importance,
Frightened of responsibility,
Needing someone.

You have met me as I reached for you
We leaned upon one another
We have sought each other, sharing
Joy and sorrow, excitement and apprehension
Passion and compassion, eagerness and reluctance
Thoughtfulness and disinterest—Life.

Our thoughts, hopes and ideals
Have mingled
We now speak without talking
For in silence we are aware of
Presence
We—the singular plural
Love together, cry together, thrill together
Art, literature, the principles of life
Discovered together and enjoyed together
Bring a special pleasure to us
Knowing that we share that pleasure.

The days that we shall be together
Are numbered—they fade so quickly
But our thoughts shall run in parallels
Throughout our lives
And our thoughts shall be together
For as two leaves, matured side by side
 on a sapling
May be separated, they shall always
Retain those qualities of growth and life
Which make them a part of each other.

SUSAN GILBERT, '68

The Virgin lay—

Her fullness gone . . .

Her womb empty . . .

Crying softly . . .

Gazing sadly

at

the

still-born

Child.

SALLY HURST, '67

The rain falls intoning a dirge-like song

The rains falls and the earth's days are long

The rain falls and brings a cast of gray

The rain falls and takes my love away

The rain falls and I am but a shell

The rain falls and my future I cannot tell

And still the rain falls . . .

SHARON GILL, '67



How delightful—

That first gush of fall

Which sweeps in with the night breeze;

That first leaf

Which winds its way to the ground;

That first frost

Which glistens on the morning grass.

How delightful—

Each of these—

Yet how sad

To lose the leisure, the carefreeness

Of summer.

CHERYL KOENIG, '66

The Web of Life

*The sounds around me deepen
as I give way to my thoughts.*

*My desire to live does weaken;
I feel that I am caught.*

*The web of life is deathly
a deathly, clutching snare.*

*A snare that kills so deathly
that nothing is left there.*

*Many are lost within this web
they that have been caught.*

*No bodies died, nor flesh bled,
just human souls were lost.*

SHARON GILL, '67

Remember Me

*Remember me when you are gone
and our love has flown away*

*My heart sends its love to you
each and every day*

*And now that you are gone from me,
My heart is full of pain*

*This time it knows that love is
gone, to never come again*

*Remember me when you are gone, and
all the things we planned*

*Remember how I came to you, with
My outstretched hand*

*Remember me, oh my love, and through
the coming years*

*Be not sorry for our love, and forget
my lonely tears.*

SHARON GILL, '67



Thoughts

*Just a frown worn upside down
Can brighten the darkest day,
And a cheerful "hi" when passing by
Helps gray clouds drift away.*

CHERYL KOENIG, '66

*A mouth spouts noises quite unheard.
A distant ear turns.
Upon the mind is born a word.*

JANE SHUPING, '67

*Unreal love seems true,
Only imagination
Links him with you.*

JANE SHUPING, '67

*A spring rain splatters by.
The chipmunk peeps above the ground.
One drop hits his glassy eye*

JANE SHUPING, '67

*The false smile, how bright!
Only in solitude
Does it hide from sight.*

JANE SHUPING, '67

And So It Was

"Be quiet, Molly, or the man will hear us. Pick up your end of the ladder. Now, hurry!" That was Lisa. She was always the oldest, the bravest, the leader, and I was always little Molly, the timid one, the follower. Although I was only nine then, I can remember still that wonder-filled night of that summer at the beach. We had been at Topsail for almost a month, and everyday we found ourselves staring at the tower (it was just a plain, square building with four stories and a deck on top) with children's fascination, wondering. . . .

"What do you think is inside, Lisa?"

"Oh, I know, I bet there's a treasure, or maybe a hermit lives there, or it might be haunted!"

"I wonder if we could get to the top. Oh, wouldn't it be fun, Lisa, to look out on the water, and along the beach. We could see across the sound to the mainland! I wonder . . . if we could see Aunt Elsie's house . . ."

Yes, I remember it well. We had planned our little adventure so carefully. For a week before we visited the tower daily. We had noticed the window on the second floor, slightly open. Then we found the ladder under the pier. Everything seemed to say, "Do it"; and so it was that two little girls stole a ladder to get into a tower.

I can see us carrying the ladder, — it was so heavy — down the beach, and across the highway . . . yes . . .

"Not yet, Molly, there's a car coming from the other direction. Get down, or they'll see us . . ." And even after we were across the road, there was still that field, sandy like the beach, but over-run with weeds and mosquitos. And it was dark, and I was so frightened . . .

"We're almost there, Molly! We're almost at the tower! Just a little farther! Hurry!"

"I will, but . . . it's so dark. I'm scared! I don't want to see in that old tower. Oh, Lisa, let's go home. Please." Yes, I was frightened, but I stayed, and we made it to the tower, and we got in through the window, and so it was that two little girls broke into an old tower. I can still see it. We stepped down from the window onto a landing and the stairs. The tiny flashlight that Lisa carried, because she was the oldest, gave so little light. Lisa wanted to go downstairs; she wanted to see if there was a treasure . . . but, no, I wanted to see the top . . .

"Lisa, we're on the stairs. I wonder if they lead to the deck? Oh, let's see! I want to look out on the water. I want to go up!" And Lisa listened. And we started up . . .

We had been gone too long, and it had grown darker outside, with the deserted beach, the quiet splashing of the water on the boats now in their resting places, and the stark whiteness of the tower against the pitch sky. The siren sounded faintly in the night as the search began for two lost girls . . .

"Well, we're here, Molly. We're on the deck. Hey, there's a box, or, maybe it's a chest, with treasure! Come on, Molly! . . . Molly!"

"I can see the beach, it's so still, and the water with the white waves, and down there's the pier, and the sound, and . . . Lisa, look! Way over there . . . look . . . it's Aunt Elsie's house!"

And so it was.

NANCY HOOD, '67



WHY

*Why has he come?
From the atmosphere,
From the faces molded into scowls or grins,
From the muddled crowd, he stepped forth
to stand hardy and untouched in my mind.
Yet, he knows not his position.
He knows not his invasion into my soul,
for he has his own world
and his own mind
and his own visions taken from
reality,
void of me.*

*He lives . . . I live.
We have minds and emotions—desires—
cravings.
Alike, inseparable—we are human creations!
One structure, we stare.*

*Ah, there he goes
Walking. Walking in dreams.
Yes, we are alike, and yet he knows not
my being.
I exist, but not to him,
for he sees only his reality
and ponders only his wonderings.*

*True, he thinks.
But aren't his thoughts alive as mine?
Why then am I a non-entity in his soul?*

JANE SHUPING, '67



A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

*O, Lord, at this bright Christmas time
I come to Thee in prayer
And thus I humbly ask You how
To spread peace everywhere.
Place love within the hearts of men;
Bring joy to all the earth.
Let angel choirs and tolling bells
Resound the Infant's birth.
Have people sing the carols clear
And of Your wonders tell;
Renew in us the Christian faith
And You within us dwell.*

CHERYL KOENIG, '66

THE

MUSE

* SPRING '66 *



THE MUSE

VOLUME 60
1966



Come Muse and
migrate from
Greece and
Ionia . . .
Placard "removed
and "to let" on
the rocks of
your snowy

parnassus . . .
For now a
better, fresher,
busier sphere, a
wide untried
domain awaits
you.

WALT WHITMAN

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Not Just One

"Alee, where are you?"

"Go away, don't bother me."

"Now, now don't get upset. Come out from under the sofa and tell lover what's wrong." A tall, gangly, young man of about sixteen years of age slowly pushed himself out from under the living room sofa like a gas station attendant emerging from under a car.

"That's better. Now, what's the matter, punkin?" The last sentence came from an atrocious-looking young female of rather large proportions who was Alee's next door neighbor.

"Alee, if you don't quit following me around I'll literally punch ya in the nose!" The conversation seemed as though it were artificially dubbed into the picture. The words were childlike while the people were grown. Alee's position quickly changed as a young girl floated into the room as if she were on a cloud. Her name was Cindy. When Cindy came into a room, the entrance had to be like a well-planned stage entrance. Her main problem was that she believed that she was the only person good enough to be herself. It was obvious from Alee's attitude at her entrance that he shared this opinion.

"What has been happening in here?" A soft hushy voice flowed out of the mouth of the enchantress.

"Alee was . . ."

"I was meditating under the sofa, and Alice came in and messed up the whole thing."

"Well, if you'd just say so instead of grumbling all the time there wouldn't be any problem." As Alice was uttering these words, she timidly left the room. After her departure, Alee and Cindy talked in low voices. Alee began.

"Alice is such a pill."

"Now, we mustn't judge her too harshly."

"But she's so immature."

Next door, Alice, in some part of her own house, was sitting in a chair weeping behind a book.

"Someday I'll show them. I know I'm not much now, but one of these days things are bound to get better, and then they'll see. You just wait."

Three years later Alice came home from college for Thanksgiving vacation. The days at college had been long and seemingly unending. There seemed to be no escape; even when she came home, the dullness came with her. She was realizing finally that her threat to get back at the world would never come true, for she was weak. Back at college she decided not to bother her fellow students and eventually lost all contact with what was going on outside of her imaginary world. Here in her room everything changed—the whole world loved her.

"What's it to you?"

"I just want my book back!" Nancy anxiously reached for her book. Betty withdrew the taunting object.

"You can't have it. You can't have it! Nah-nah-nah-nah-nah!"

"Mommy, Mommy!"

"What is it, Nancy?"

"Mommy, Betty won't give me my book!"

"Nancy, don't be such a cry-baby. Anyone would think that, since you're six, you'd get over such silly things. Stop bawling! Oh well, Betty, give the book back." Mother retreats and Nancy flees to the near-by park. Walking slowly through the jungle bars, Nancy whimpers.

"Nobody loves me. But they'll be falling at my feet someday. I'll get back at 'em. Just you wait and see."

TRISH LAMOTTE, '68

Walk True

Bend, barren branches,
 against the pastel haze.
The horizon is sinking
And black will soon smother
 your silhouettes.

And moon
 with lonely star nearby
stay constant awhile.
Though you must move
 and be gone,
Linger yet—if only one instant
 for me.

You, cat,
 asleep at my cold feet
Keep me warm.
Even if your eyes hate me,
Stay still
 and don't leave.

For my home is desolate.
Now I must depart.
Home! Home, have you also abandoned me?
My refuge
 gone.

So long, cat.
Yawn and wink your chartreuse eyes.
I know what has gone,
 and what must come.
I reach strain
Unable to halt the inevitable.

Cast out to mature.
My own sunset,
My own derelict star
 are waiting.
Walk true.
Yes, cat,
 alone.

JANE SHUPING, '67



An expectant heart
 is a
 happy heart.

SALLY HURST, '67

The Ignoramus

Later that summer Jane moved to another town. I should have taken the opportunity to tell her how truly sorry I was, but somehow I never did. Time passed, and after that summer it was too late.

I was nine that July and away at camp for the first time. I shared a cabin with two other hometown girls who were my best friends. And then there was Jane, the strangely odd little girl whom I hated. We were different. That, I suppose, is why I disliked her. I was very tall for my age and she was short. I was hefty and robust and she was skinny and anemic. I was a Presbyterian, and she was a Roman Catholic. She not only wore those hideous brown lace-up Buster Browns worn only by "little kids," but she also wore thin white nylon socks instead of grown-up Bobby Sox. How different could two people be?

I was not the only person who disliked her; everyone, so it seemed, ridiculed her. But, in retrospect, I think I was the most cruel to her. One day I would be her friend, and the next day I wouldn't. Jane had two wooden horses in her yard which fascinated me. During the third grade I had taken horseback riding lessons, and, in between my weekly lesson, Jane's horses provided much delight for me. The day I wanted to play on them I would be just as sweet as I could be. Being a small, friendless soul, she was an easy prey for my schemes. The following day, after I had played on her horses, I would once more be my same old mean self to Jane.

That summer, as I said previously, I shared a cabin with Jane and two other girls. As might be expected, we had our laughs poking fun at Jane. We threesome would huddle in one corner, giggling over some secret of ours, while Jane sat alone on her bed in the opposite corner.

I recall one evening in particular when Jane was homesick and lay sobbing her heart out. Her corner of the room was the only part which had

not been cleaned up, and we were impatient with her for being the cause of a messy cabin. Our pleas, threats, and yells were to no avail. Her hysterical jerks, resulting from so much crying, were the only movements of her body. In anger and desperation, I snatched her rosary from her bedside and slung it on the floor. Not realizing its religious meaning, I was only aware that it had been Jane's constant companion and was very dear to her. I thought my throwing it on the floor would startle Jane and make her quit crying.

One of my two friends told Jane her rosary was on the floor. Her tears ceased abruptly, and she asked which of us had done it. There was a strangeness in her voice, and I hung my head as I acknowledged my guilt. I mumbled that I was sorry, but I really wasn't just then. She said nothing, but she picked up her rosary from the dirty plank floor and pressed it to her heart. She spoke to none of us the rest of that evening, but her silence seemed singled out for me.

As the hours passed, I thought about my previous act. As so often happens, the longer I meditated on it, the sorrier I was. It wasn't an ordinary feeling of regret; rather, it was one of shame. I didn't feel its full impact in that one night. I did receive an inkling of what religion can mean to a person. I learned that in this world one must respect certain ideas, even if he himself doesn't believe in them.

The following day was the last day of camp. We gathered our belongings together and piled them into individual cars as our parents arrived. I was too full of excitement to ponder over the event of the preceding day. I jabbered during the short trip home about the fun I had had and the new experiences I had participated in. In the future, though, I would spend a great deal of time remembering that act of mine.

CHERYL KOENIG, '66

The Circle

*The Shadow:
Understanding
the first step
toward security.*

*Security,
Self—knowledge,
Unity:
the real person.*

*The real person:
One of the few
who know
the shadow.*

FRANCES BREEDEN, '67

Death

*Sinking—
into black
dark
hopeless masses
of ends
and final thoughts—
until—
by chance—
a light dawns new
a new world
of unchained life.*

BETSY BITTLE, '68



Sweet Birth

*O, fleeting cloud,
thy wound hath closed.
No longer art thou
pregnant with rain,
For thou'st given birth
to the flower again.
Sing her a new-born's lullaby,
As she's hushed to sleep
by the wind.
Cradle her in the soft, warm earth.
And bid her "sweet rest"
As sleep enters in.*

SALLY HURST, '67

Raspberry

*Raspberry. Cloud whips glide
Upon the white-white lucid sky
While the raven arms of stark
Branches reach to grasp heaven.*

*In a tornado of feeling
The breeze—the wild wind
Whips with whirling wrath.
Lashing. Ripping away
Leaves, dry and shriveled.*

*Now naked and alone—
Upward they search toward white.
Blackness and wickedness melt
As deformed branches are left limp and loving,
Cradling lost life newly found.*

*So you—I—so we us
Peer through dead hopsack clothing
Smothered in drab ugliness.
The air penetrated by lost babblings
Of lost beings.*

*But suddenly all is silence
And upon the horizon glows a raspberry tinge.
The breeze—the wailing, whirling wind
Streaks toward us.*

*The tornado of power chews away
Around away, away away
Rough hopsacking.*

*So free and clean I gaze at you.
Black no longer, but white.
Nurturing within me living life
As raspberry engulfs us in scarlet.*

JANE SHUPING, '67

*Ah! to feel the breeze at dawn
dance lightly through my hair,
to inch my toes deep in the
sand and breathe the salty air.*

*Ah! to run along the shore
beside the peaceful sea,
to praise aloud the rising
sun and do what pleases me.*

*Ah! to meditate alone
away from all who lead,
to call to the blue Vault
above and tell of my own creed.*

ANNE HARNEY, '67



*palsied corrosion, mongrelized, uncrowned
coelum fanned and stormy
white-faced jurisdiction surveying.*

FRANCES BREEDEN, '67



The Gift

*It was a small hole —
Only a few inches deep —
Dug by a small boy
Who now stooped
Over the hole
And peered into it.
His sweaty little hands
Clutched a few flower seeds —
Daffodils most likely,
For daffodils were his favorite flower.
Carefully he placed the seeds
Into the hole
And gently covered them up
With warm black dirt.*

*It was a small flower —
Only a few inches high —
Planted and tended by a small boy
Who now stooped
And watched it gently sway
In the breeze.
His sweaty little hands
Eagerly reached for the flower —
His flower, his daffodil,
His gift to the world.
Firmly he broke its stem
And triumphantly ran to his house,
Beaming brightly, clutching his flower —
His gift for his mother.*

CHERYL KOENIG, '66



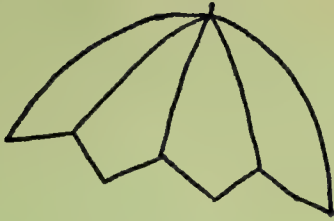
*a leaf?
the vein pattern, as in the hand—
the life line that eventually
comes to a destined end—
a tragic end, but then
death is life
is life tragic?
is life anything?
a leaf falls from a tree
a child from the womb
to live a short life of struggle—
the winds of fate, the powers of time
time, a dimension?
the leaf floats thru' life ever downward
is there never an upward sweep,
a temporary gust?
an upward sweep only to be brought
down faster.
not really brought down, but left to fall
downward
downward to the cold earth
the hardened cushion
downward to be crushed underfoot
in the race of life around it
the leaf?
a hopeless struggle in an ever
downward flight.*

SHARON GILL, '67

the guarded

the sun pounds
upon his body,
vibrant,
glistening,
engulfing,
permeating,
drowning him
in its glowing surface.
the sea breathes,
its breath caressing,
its fingers gliding
over
his
body.
then
in the distance
a cry!
a bird?
A child?
the breakers vindicate
their lust
upon the beach.
he stirs.
his arms fling outward.
imploing?
a plea?
his eyes lie dormant,
closed against the painful barrage.
a muscle quivers.
a grain of sand?
a trickle crosses his forehead.
the foamy afterbirth
of the waves
fades,
slipping
back
to
its
womb,
the sea.
his lips part.
a groan? a sigh?
continuity.

HARRIET UPTON, '67



*A tear
Rain from the heart's heaven
That falling star
Symbolizing All*

FRANCES BREEDEN, '67

15



*They gazed with piercing eyes,
Wearing proper gray dresses or blue suits—
Believing what their minds could conjure.
And they saw, yes saw
Youth—users of LSD, Marijuana, Sex . . .
Youth—Dancing, Smoking, Drinking;
Youth—surely preparing to pass on
the corruption of their own age.*

*In the small, smoke-filled room
They saw a blurred world—
A world they recognized
But would not allow themselves
to remember.*

*A world of wonder, dreams, sorrow;
A world filled with the longing
to love and be loved.*

*No hands were offered;
Many hearts remained sad;
The smoke-filled room was transformed
Into another world, the one belonging
to the gray and blue—
A darker world, filled with
lost hope, lost dreams, lost love.*

LINDA WOOLTON, '66

The Attack

Darkness —
 blots the street —
 a dull cloud
 of anxiety —
 and light —
 like muffled sounds
 sleeps —
 in the eye of trouble.

BETSY BITTLE, '68



Death comes

Like a dark shadow
 envelops

takes away;
 but

life continues
 unaffected,
 unaware . . .

SALLY JAMES, '67

Please don't be afraid

"It's Spring again,
 and how I do love Springtime!
 I guess I love it most of all
 because it's hello time.
 Hello is always a nice word.
 It even sounds like Spring.
 Maybe that's because God is saying hello.
 He wants to meet me!
 He must want to awful bad,
 'Else why such a BIG and ALL around hello?
 His hello isn't scary either.
 (You know how some old men
 talk deep and loud and rough.)
 God's hello is friendly.
 He wants to meet you too.
 Please don't be afraid.
 His hello is full of love.
 And . . . He thinks we're important!
 I feel good.
 It's Spring again."

PARDEE HENDERSON, '67



A Tear

consider a tear
 how it falls
 from the eyes
 of a lonely
 child
 like a drop of rain
 upon an ocean

MEREDITH MAYNARD, '67





*The grey skies reflect
unwarranted thoughts,
how they rage in a sea
of troubles;
how they flame with
unwarranted anger.
For so much happens
to ensue thought;
So much happens
to upset the mind.
And yet one must still uphold
the torch —
To stand amidst the cold,
To stand facing the grey skies.
One cannot overcome the
clouds.
They exist in all direction
of reasoning,
Shifting,
Casting aside rationalization,
Bulging
Full of tears
That gently trickly downward
Or that pour in
rivers.
None avoid the rains.
They come when least expected.
They come.*

FRANCES BREEDEN, '67

monmaynard

A Sun-Shiny World

*White dresses, white faces, white heels and gloves;
A smile of confidence;
A look of uncertainty;
A fast-beating heart;
And tears of sadness —
A name is read, a hand shaken;
A new life begins.*

*The organ notes fill the air
And we rise;
With every step we know —
We know in our hearts the sadness and joys of
this day,
For this is the last time we will leave as one;
The last time for many things.*

*It is a time to cry and the world seems dark and
cold.
But as we look through the opened doors
The sun is bright and warm
The trees so green,
The sky so blue.*

*And yet we are leaving this part of the world we
loved so long,
And we are doubting if we are ready
To do our part in proving ourselves
Worthy of the lessons acquired.*

*The last good-bye is said,
And as we look back through the tall oaks,
We smile through our tears —
For we realize that
What is left behind is but the beginning —
The beginning of a new and
Sun-shiny world.*

LINDA WOOLTON, '66



Sally James
'67

The Sea

Consider the sea as it
gently rolls into the
shallows and then
builds up a harnessed
power that comes crashing
down on the earth with
a thunderous roar.
The flying spray! and
then, the sea retreats
to roll back from the
tide line and return
to the mother of its soul,
the giver of life.

Consider the sounds of the
sea. The dull roar, as
in a shell, and the
clap-lapping of the waves
upon the shore. The
shrill raucous cries
of the gulls piercing
the hushed whisper
of the breeze through
the sea oats.

Consider the smells of
the sea. The pure, clean
salt smell, the sharp
sea smell, the smell of
life. The fish smell of the
dead, of the food of the birds,
the rank seaweed and heated sand.

But most of all consider
the feel of the sea
The power, the forcefulness of
the sea,
The wet and the tang of the water
the sting of the wind-whipped sand.
The heat of the sun on your skin,
the power behind the calm.
The life within the depths
and the sadness behind the beauty.

SHARON GILL, '67





The Muse

1966-1967

The Muse

VOLUME 61

St. Mary's Junior College

Raleigh, North Carolina

*"Sing, Heavenly Muse . . . I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."*

JOHN MILTON

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To You, My Love

How like a little child I am
Since you have come to me;
My days are spent in a dreamland,
A land full of stars . . . and innocence . . .
and trust . . . and roses . . . and laughter . . .
How could it be that I am really living?

Have I not heard from all around me that life is hard?

How can a tender and a trusting love grow in midst of strife?

Yet even as I ponder, I smile . . .

For like a surging waterfall my love for you
Beats against my breast,

And I know,

That we have found the truth . . .

The truth of life that cries out to all men,

"Come humbly, come gladly, for I am life,

And I am Happy and Eternal, if you but love."

ALICE SMITH, '68

TO MY POET

You've written the beauty of our perfect love
Without poet's words or their rhyme;
With blue eyes that laugh on the warm April days,
With smiles that will always be mine.
By trying to tell me how much our love means,
By showing me how much you care,
All that you do is worth more to me
Than the fame that old poets have shared.
If I could just keep you, the Poet I know,
And the things that your faith has shown me,
Unpublished, unknown by anyone else
Than the poet you've born within me.
You should not be only a man of soft words,
For a warm love's a man of soft ways;
And the heart that your eyes and your lips
speak of now,
Is the heart of my Poet, always.

PATSY DAVIS, '67



THE BEACH

Softly, softly blowing through my hair
The wind this night.
Slowly, oh so slowly do we walk.
Hear the ocean rumbling to the skies
So soothingly,
Silently, so silent, while we talk.
Feel the dampened sand between our toes
And ocean spray,
Along the moonlit path that goes so far.
Watch the mingling shadows on the beach as we
embrace —
An everlasting kiss beneath the stars.

PATSY DAVIS, '67



Duel Between Two Gamblers

Laud the nowanight
the gentleman seems bum
stud suit turns rote
and the judge makes trial.

The magistrate —
omnipotent, confident, sure
who entangles souls
his card for lure.

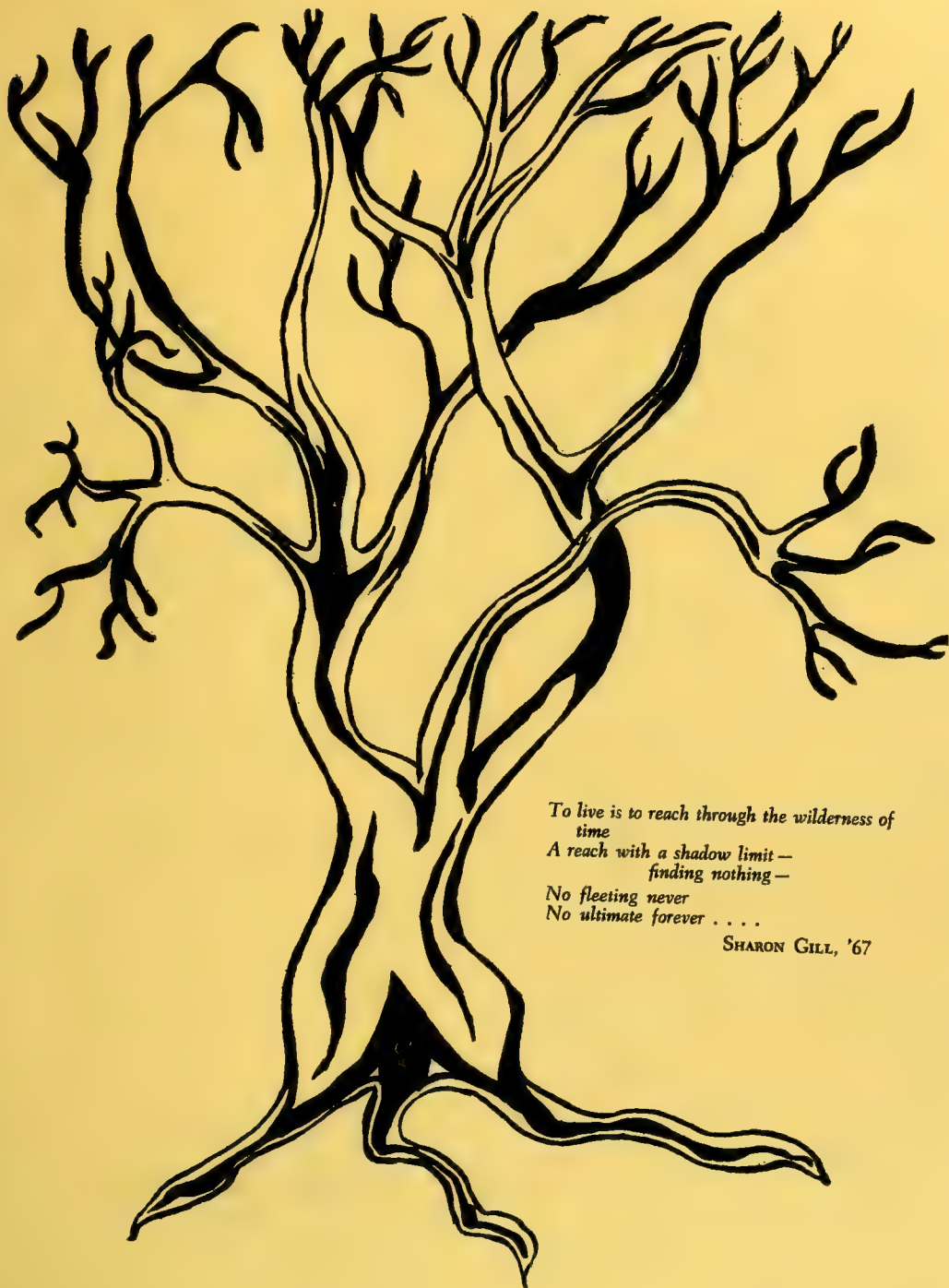
Praise the hereunto
the thinker fakes dunce
red diamonds flash black
and the tried is judge.

The defendant —
typical, hidden, weak
who veils her mind
and knows to not speak.

Clasp the henceforwards
the hidden will sentence
skilled judge strip veils
till the spades burn hearts red.

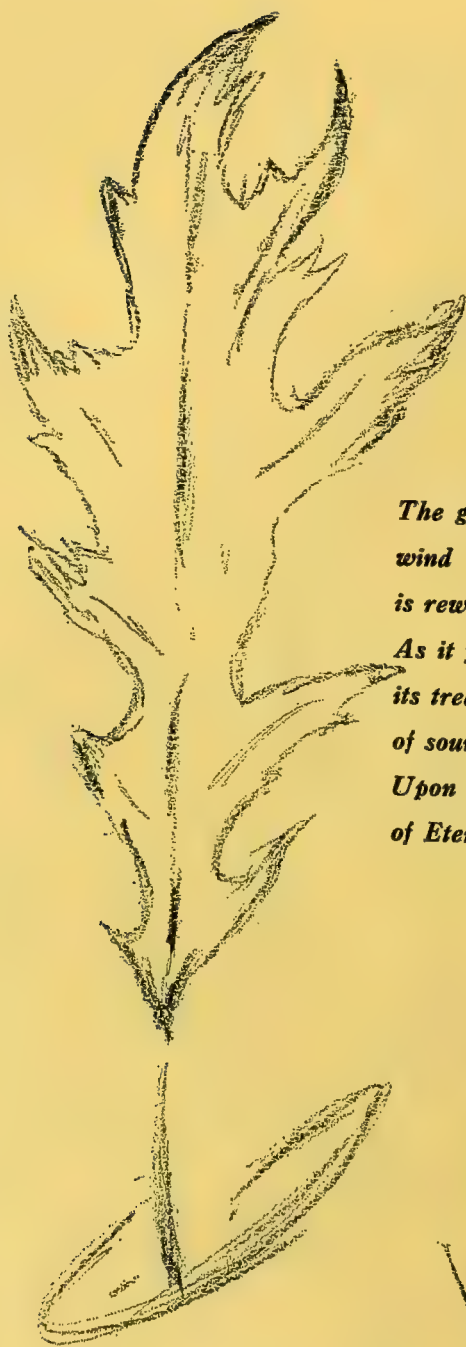
shall we deal
ourselves in?

JANE SHUPING, '67

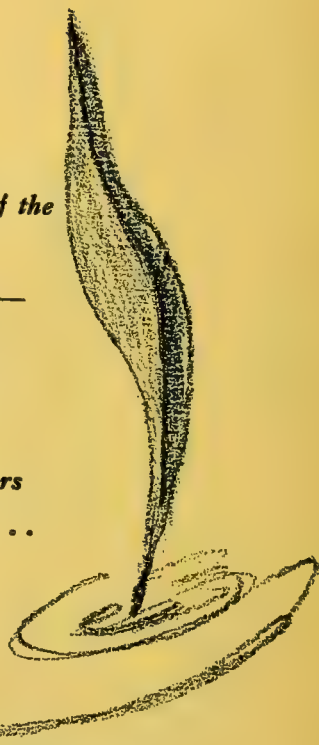


*To live is to reach through the wilderness of
time
A reach with a shadow limit —
finding nothing —
No fleeting never
No ultimate forever*

SHARON GILL, '67



*The guest of the
wind
is rewarded —
As it flings
its treasures
of sound —
Upon the ears
of Eternity . . .*



BETSY BITTLE, '69



A SEARCH FOR NAMES

Carlton Parham's anger and suspicion thrived as Mr. Hunnington sought to assure him that he knew of no reason why his daughter Bonnie had committed suicide.

"You mean to tell me, Hunnington," he said, as he sat in the swivel chair twisting the ornate diamond on his big finger, "that you have worked my daughter in your office for a year and nine months and you can't even tell me a thing about her? It's incredible! Why, I know everything about everybody who works for me."

"Bonnie was a quiet girl, Mr. Parham. You know that. Naturally I've asked around. I'm as anxious as you are to know the reason. God forbid it was anything we did."

"Well, somebody hurt her. I'm not convinced she killed herself without a reason. That's why I'm here, Hunnington. I'll find Bonnie's killer if it takes the rest of my life, and I'll see he gets a bit of the same!"

"What makes you so sure," Hunnington said, getting up from his desk and walking to the window, "that it was a 'he'? I never knew her to associate with men."

Carlton's anger flared and burned aloud. "Are you insinuating . . ."

"I'm not insinuating anything. I've said I don't know."

"Well, we're getting nowhere. Let's go back. Let me ask a few questions."

Parham pulled a notebook from his inside coat pocket and with a silver ball point pen he pointed at the notebook as though he were a salesman soliciting business.

"Names," he said, "that's what I need, names! All right, you're an architectural firm. What did Bonnie do for this firm? Secretary? File clerk? Or did you have her scrubbing the floors and emptying the waste baskets? Just what did she do?"

Hunnington's flushed face registered astonishment.

"Bonnie Parham was one of our most efficient architects, Mr. Parham, recommended by my head man Bailey. Surely you knew your daughter was an architect."

"Well, I knew that's what she studied to be, but studying and being are two different things. Matter of fact, all I ever knew her to do was paint weird pictures. Never could understand them myself, but that's all she ever wanted to do. It was your business what you hired her for. It was my business to educate her, and that I did. Sent her to the best schools in the East, starting with fancy girls' schools, mind you. Her mama didn't want to send her off so young, but then her mama don't

know much about things like that. Her mama and me didn't have the chance we gave to her. Why, I dressed my daughter up in furs and sent her out into the world. I said to her, 'Bonnie honey, there's a lot to be had out there. You go get it, and I'll pay the bills.' That's the kind of man I am. So you see, Hunnington, it wasn't lack of money that killed her. She never had any problems. I saw to that. It had to be somebody."

The door opened slowly, and a tall slender brunette reluctantly entered the room.

"Forgive me, Mr. Hunnington," she apologized. "Mr. Lark has called twice for the plans on the Bulk manufacturing addition." And turning to Carlton Parham she said, "I'm sorry I missed you, Mr. Parham, when you came in. We all liked Bonnie and grieve about her going."

"Miss Foil," Hunnington interrupted, "tell Lark, Bonnie lacked one section on the blue print and that I turned it over to Bailey. It will be ready in the morning."

Miss Foil backed toward the door.

"Wait, Miss Foil," Parham demanded. "I want to know all of Bonnie's friends."

"Miss Foil is receptionist secretary here, Mr. Parham. She knew Bonnie only as an employee."

"But she says she was a friend of Bonnie's," he said, writing her name on the pad. "Maybe she can give me some leads."

Hunnington gave up his station at the window and moved closer to Miss Foil.

"The call to Lark is important," he assured her, and turning to Parham he promised, "There will be time to see them all."

"You must understand, Hunnington, I'm an impatient man. I got other things to do. Got to get back to Bonnie's mother for one thing. Had to cart her off to the hospital last week when all this happened. She's blaming herself for all this. Incredible ideal She's seen little of the girl since she entered prep school. I've seen to that. She wasn't good for Bonnie. She couldn't have been responsible. But that's beside the point." Pointing the pen at the notebook again he demanded, "Names, Hunnington, you promised me names."

"Let's get this straight, Parham, I didn't promise anything except to discuss your daughter with you, and that I'll do. I realize your frustration, but there is no excuse for your blaming this firm and the people in it for Bonnie's misfortune. To do so will get you nowhere in your investigation."

Mr. Hunnington's outburst seemed to have a calming effect on Carlton Parham. His haughty eyes turned sad and the active features of his rugged face relaxed. With a sigh he slumped his heavy

body deeper into the swivel chair, and removing a cigar from his breast pocket, he eased the label cover from it and leisurely chewed the tip of tobacco from its end. The silence in the room was expressive. The afternoon sun beaming through the blinds of the office window colored the scene of the two men locked in frustration. The buzzer on the desk broke the silence. Hunnington pressed the button on the intercom.

"Mr. Lark is demanding to speak to you, Mr. Hunnington."

"All right, Miss Foil." Lifting the receiver he said, "Hunnington speaking." After more silence while he listened, he replied simply and wearily, "Lark, I told Miss Foil to tell you that the blue prints for Bulk are not ready. Bailey is working on them now. They'll be ready tomorrow. You'll just have to stall them. Yes, I know they were due last week. They'll have to understand there's been a tragedy in the firm. See if you can get that across, will you? No, they cannot see what has already been done. That's final. I'll talk to you about it later."

Placing the receiver on the telephone, he turned to his visitor.

"Mr. Parham," he said, and there was a suspicion of pleading in his voice, "I assure you that Bonnie's death was investigated thoroughly before we shipped her body to your home. I wish there was something I could say to discourage your own investigation. Bonnie was a fine girl who didn't like a fuss and bother. I'm sure if she could speak that she would ask that we leave it alone."

Parham's spirits revived for a moment as though he were remembering. He sat straight in the chair, his cigar dangling from his fingers by his side, his feet flat on the floor.

"You're damn right she was a good girl. I taught her myself. From the time she was a little girl I trained her. But you're right. She was quiet — just like her mother. 'Honey, perk up, perk up,' I used to tell her. 'You're just like your mother. Get some life in your bones! You're beautiful!' And she was, wasn't she, with that long blonde hair hanging down her back, and those big blue eyes that should have been laughing, and that pretty body. Gosh, she was a pretty girl, and she had to know it, too. I told her often enough. 'Honey, you're a knockout,' I used to tell her. You can get anybody you want, and don't settle for less than the best.' Once she almost did that, but of course I put an end to it. Couldn't have my beautiful little girl marrying some dumb jackass magazine peddler. Paid him off and sent him trotting. Only time I really saw her laugh good and hardy was then. 'Papa, you're a character,' she said. 'You're the greatest. What on earth did I do to deserve you?' 'Course that was a long time ago. Year or so before she decided to come way down here and work for you. Never could get her home after that. Never

did understand it. One excuse after another. But I kept sending her money. It couldn't have been money. It had to be somebody. More than likely some man though the autopsy proved she wasn't pregnant. Now let's get back to the facts and the names. The landlady says that she lived alone, and nobody ever came to her apartment, and from the looks of things she didn't do anything but paint, paint, paint all the time."

"Yes, Bonnie was a good artist. She painted that portrait on the wall in back of you."

"Which one?" he asked, turning in his chair.

Looking up Hunnington said, "The second one. The first one is me. She did the other one. That's Bailey."

"Bailey, hell! That's the magazine salesman! You mean to tell me he's here, and I didn't know about it? Why the hell didn't I know? And you sit there and tell me she didn't have anything to do with men. What the devil's going on here, Hunnington?"

"I wish I knew, Parham. This man is an architect. She painted him and promised to do a portrait of all the other fellows in the office."

"Well, I'll tell you what you can do. You can get Bailey in here on the double. I've found my man."

Without hesitation, Hunnington pressed the buzzer on his desk, and Miss Foil's voice instantly sounded, "Yes, sir!"

"Miss Foil," he requested, "ask Bailey to step into my office."

The communication completed, he turned to Parham.

"Before he comes let me assure you that I have never known these two people to be closely associated. Oh, I knew Bonnie liked Bailey. He was always so kind and considerate of her, but I swear to you, I'll even stake my firm on it, Bailey and Bonnie were not lovers."

The door opened, and a tall gangly young man entered the room. A set of rolled blue prints was tucked securely under his left arm. A pencil rested at an angle over his right ear. He carried a ruler in his right hand.

"I'm sure glad you called me, Mr. Hunnington. I'm having a fit with Bonnie's plan. There's one area here I can't seem to figure out how to fix."

"Bailey, meet Mr. Parham."

"Oh, I'm sorry, sir. I didn't know you had a caller. I thought you called about the plans."

Turning to Parham, he shifted the ruler to his left hand and extended his right hand for greeting. Carlton Parham ignored the gesture and stared at him as though making a mental note of every feature of the man's physique.

"Accept my sympathy, sir," said Bailey. "I know exactly how you feel. We had a similar experience at our house a couple of years ago."

"Don't pretend you don't know me, young man."

You're the very one I paid off to leave my daughter alone. And you're the very one I've been looking for."

"Correction, sir, it was my twin brother you paid, and he is dead. Hanged himself from the light fixture exactly as your Bonnie did. I'm sorry, sir."

Carlton Parham sank back into the chair. His shaking body was defeat, but still he deliberately retained the anger that was his strength.

"Nevertheless," he said, "you killed her! You came and blamed her. You made her feel responsible. You killed Bonnie as surely as you are standing there, and as God is my witness while I've still got strength I'll see you get what you deserve!"

His speech finished, he literally jumped from the chair, throwing the cigar to the floor, leaving both his double fists free to attack Bailey. Hunnington ran to intervene, but before he could maneuver around his desk to the center of the room, Bailey had dropped the blueprints and the ruler and had ducked the fist of Parham, leaving him to dash madly against the office wall where he then stood prostrate and stunned by the blow on his head. Hunnington moved quickly and took him by the arm.

"Help me, Bailey," he said. "Let's get him back to the chair. He's a sick man."

Together they eased Parham into the chair. Bailey picked up the blueprints from the floor, and looking up at his boss he said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Hunnington. Maybe I should have told you about Taylor and Bonnie, but I didn't want to talk about it, and the damage had already been done. She asked me to get her a job here, and I knew her to be a fine girl. I thought it might help her, working in your firm."

"Well, that explains a lot of things, Bailey. For one thing it explains why you weren't as shocked as I was about what Bonnie did to the blue prints."

"Yes, sir," he said. "I guess I was about the only friend Bonnie ever had here. But of course

that was because she loved Taylor so, and I guess I look just like him. I'll take the prints on back now. I expect I can figure out what she had in mind."

"No, you don't leave, young man," Parham revived. "Bonnie drew those plans, and I've never seen any of her work. It's about time I did. After all she was my little girl."

And he began to cry, looking pathetic as any old man would with tears traveling down his cheeks. Taking a handkerchief from his hip pocket he quickly absorbed the moisture from his face and pleaded, "If she drew them, Hunnington, I just want to touch them. Open them out here so I can see."

"Mr. Parham," Hunnington pleaded, "You're distraught now, and that's understandable. You wouldn't understand the plans anyway, and Bailey is in a hurry."

"I want to see the plans," said Parham.

And he stretched out his long arm and snatched the roll of paper from Bailey's hands. Quickly he spread the blue prints across his lap, and just as quickly his face became a picture of horror. His eyes roamed frantically over the architectural drawing. In desperation he turned to Bailey and Hunnington who stood frozen before him, their faces a mask of sympathy and regret.

"Why?" he begged. "Why? What ever have I done to deserve this?"

Hunnington kindly reached out to retrieve the plans from Parham's lap, but Parham's grip on them was firm. Bonnie Parham's architectural drawing of Bulk Manufacturing Company's addition remained flat against his knees. The grotesque charcoal drawing of her father pulling a taut rope about her neck was carelessly smeared in its center. The silence in the room was maddening until he released the corners of the brittle paper, and the roll snapped into place, closing up the nightmare.

CAROL DRAKE, '67



Times Past

*Hands wrinkled, old, and worn
Show tenderness and time aged marks.
They raised three children up from birth.
Cotton colored textured hair pulled straight
behind.*

*Once knew a golden brown and highlights from
the sun;*

*The voice less loudly now
Cheerfully cracks and breaks
Those deep blue eyes so full of grace
Reflect the times of long ago.*

TENNIE HAM, '68

A Modern Canterbury Clerk

The scholar one can surely tell
By high-necked jerseys that fit him well;
All his clothes a conservative black,
And a canvas bag carries books on his back.
With wiry glasses and squinting eyes,
And a turkey sandwich on fresh-cut rye,
This learned one spends days and nights
With a pen and a book 'neath a study light.
And many times we're made aware
Of the global mine and the "savoir faire"
Of the man who's traveled far in Rome,
And read in length Wordsworth and Holmes.
On Freud and Dante's many hells
Our scholar speaks, and there he dwells.
His mind regards the sports senile —
What's a golf ball but only two miles
Of rubber bands confined in space.
How foolish to disgrace the race
Of classic man with childish toys
Not meant for men, but just for boys.
And so is he who knows the all
Of everything, but can't recall
A moment when he cared for other things
Than Darwin, Yeats, and famous kings.

PATSY DAVIS, '67



Double Deduction

Red and Blue and Green and Black
The Chapel's falling down
And little Jimmy can't be found.
How far the night from day.

Triumph flickers with a pain
The trumpets mincing men
Catch a swirl and make it spin.
And dolls can break in two.

CAROL DRAKE, '67



Dis Walker '68

*In the back seat on the way home
I sat
Watching the trees go past me
Like black spider webs against the silver sky
And I remembered
And thought of The City,
Another web, magnetic and enchanting.
Each time I return, the strands are stickier.
But I am not the captured fly
Struggling and raging against the bars of its
prison
While I—I glory in my captivity.
So I've given myself up to This City, this mesh,
Suspended in the air,
Swaying with each capricious wind
And I am afraid—yet I hope—it will never free
me.*

S. James '67

LIBBY KELLER, '67

M N K
 O N E Y, E K O
 Y M, IN
 Y

t(tre) he(e)
 w-a-t-c-h-i-n-g a(t) ll(he)
 sevitan f.....l.....e.....e....
 Calm and cool and quietly

h
 si
 e ts
 as yeht h(urry), sc(urry),
 ylgnimees ni stif.
 hither, thither, and

a
 d r yeht go.
 n o
 u

oh! how yeht m(T) ake(HE)

K
 E N LAUGH so.....l
 Y O M

BECKY KING, '67



Sunday Afternoons

I try to laugh when you kiss me goodbye,
 Playing like you often do.
 Pinching my cheeks till they're tender and red,
 Asking me if I love you.
 Watching my eyes sparkle when you talk low,
 Promising that you'll return;
 I try to smile when you kiss me goodbye --
 It seems that my heart never learns.

PATSY DAVIS, '67

The Foundling

"A howling bundle of blood and bones
Wrapped in an old brown rag,
Left to starve and freeze on my doorstep;
To starve and die I suppose.
Well, what the hell was I to do?
Take it in as my own?
Me, a miner who's never seen a school,
Raise the brat up for my own?
Am I my brother's keeper?"
"Friend miner, the words—
They be your own."

JOAN WICKHAM, '67

Oh, teach me to die each day and night
And search within the sea
And run within the fire lost
And learn what is to be.
I know there is a sun above
I search to know its height
But truth is far from me to see
And fancy mocks my plight.

CAROL DRAKE, '67



How can one find
To what depths
Until, by chance, he can descend—
and never more rises—
The strikes the blow rises—

BETTY BITTLE, '69

Wasteful, wistful, wishing
Lustful, laughing, lying come the cold winter
The windy winter current found delight in
deception as its accomplice.
And love and coldness joined their melodies
Into a fervent fugue of liberation
And danced off, until the fervor of their fury parted them
Both finding joy in destruction
And their melodies lay
in Separate
Bareness

JUDY FARRER, '69

THE ANTIQUE MUG

Mildred was tempted to turn and run the minute she heard the familiar footsteps approaching Fred's grave. Instead, she pressed her fingertips to her throbbing temples and wished, wished, wished Sam Bonner would go away.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Courtney," he said, as he propped himself against the marble headstone. "Beautiful spring day, wouldn't you say?"

"To some people I guess it is," she mumbled.

"What do we have in the shaving mug today?"

"Pansies today."

Sam Bonner circled the grave and came to a halt before the arrangement which was resting against the tombstone.

"You know, Mam, I know more than anybody else how much that mug meant to Fred. I can see him, now, standing there in his barber shop, sloshing that soap around in that mug. I can hear him saying, 'You know, Sam, this is the only thing I've got in the world that's worth a damn, except my pretty little red-headed woman.' That's what he called you, Mam. Excuse me, Mam."

Sam moved back to his favorite spot, the head-

Mildred Courtney stared at the man wearing ragged clothes, his grey hair hanging long over his wrinkled face. Why don't you shut up, she thought. Oh, my head hurts so much. Why don't you shut up!

"Fred said his Pa gave him this mug, and his grandpa give it to his Pa, and I forget how far he said it goes back. But he did say it's a real antique, and Mrs. Arnett in the shop across the road over there had offered him a whole pocket full of money just for that little piece of china crock with the gold ring around it."

Mildred stooped over the grave and picked up the mug. She bruised the pansies as she lifted them by their petals and rearranged them.

"Too bad isn't it, Sam Bonner, that Fred never had a son to enjoy his precious mug." Oh, how we tried to have children, she thought.

"Yes, Mam, it was right untimely, that heart attack. 'Bout six months ago, wasn't it?"

"Six months today," she said. And it was tramps like you, Sam Bonner, she thought, who killed him.

"Fred was a mighty good man, Miss Mildred. He sure helped a lot of folks. Why, I can remember the times he dipped into his cash register to buy medicine for that Steele child. You know, the one who died this morning."

Mildred replaced the mug at the base of the

"And how is your son, Mr. Bonner, the one with the brace on his leg?"

"Oh, he has his ups and downs, Mam, but like Fred always said, he's a mighty spunky rascal.

With one more operation, we think we can get that brace off. Guess we are a little bit luckier than the Steele family. There never was any hope there. Well, I guess you were about to go. I see you've got everything cleaned up around here. You know, Mam, it's right commendable the way you been tending this grave. Not one sprig of grass higher than the other. You know, it makes me know Fred was right about all the nice things he said about his little red-headed Mildred. 'She's sure got a temper, Sam,' he'd say, 'but she's a mighty fine woman.' You know, he'd be right grieved, Mam, to see how thin you've got. Well, I guess I'd better be moving on, Mam. Seems like I just can't pass by without stopping to pay my respects. Just can't tell you how much this man is missed."

Sam ambled from the graveyard as though he had nowhere to go.

Mildred walked around the grave and propped herself in the position he had vacated.

"Well, Fred, your old buddy, Sam Bonner, was here again," she murmured. "Did you hear him? How could you ever have liked people like that, Fred? How could you let them rob you of our money? A loan here and a loan there, but never a loan paid back. You know that's why I fought you, don't you Fred? They killed you, Fred! They killed you, but they are still living. I'll bet you that man hasn't had a haircut since you died. Him and a lot more like him. And the Steele child died anyway. Did you hear me, Fred? The Steele child died anyway!"

Mildred reached in her sweater pocket and removed a tin box of aspirin. She chose two, placed them between her teeth, and munched.

She lowered her body to the ground and there she sat, her forehead pressed against the cold stone. The fragrance of the earth escaped her. Her mind was busy with a scene from the past.

"I bought a new Easter suit today, Fred. I hope you checked out good at the shop."

"Fine, Honey. I checked up pretty good for a three-chair barber shop."

"Well, I'm sure glad to hear it because you need a new suit, too, Fred."

"Now, Honey, that can wait."

"The only reason it would have to wait would be because you've given some money away. Have you, Fred? Have you?"

"Now, Honey, don't get your temper up."

"Who is it this time? Which one of them robbed you this time, Fred? The Steeles, the Johnsons, the Bonners? Do let me guess. The Bonner boy is sick again!"

"Look, Mildred, I don't want to fight you about this, but this kid is just like my very own. If he were my son, I couldn't care more."

"I know you've been cutting his hair since he was a baby, and passing out candy to him when he didn't have food to eat, but he's not your son, Fred. He's not your son!"

"He must get well, Mildred. Somebody must help him. This kid is only eleven; he has a whole life to live."

"Oh, my head hurts so bad."

"That's because you fight life so, Honey."

Mildred's thoughts were interrupted by a scraping noise behind her. She quickly stood on her feet and brushed the grass from her skirt. She turned and recognized young Bart Hinshaw digging with a shovel into the earth. He, too, recognized her, and waved. She walked in his direction.

"I appreciate your mowing the grass on Fred's grave Saturday, Bart."

"Oh, that's all right, Mildred. I'd have done it anyway. It's sort of like paying Fred back when I do something like that."

"Is this the Steele grave?"

"Yes, Mam. What you got in Fred's mug today, Mildred?"

"Pansies."

"You know, Mildred, somebody's going to steal that mug someday. We've all been worried about it."

"It was Fred's and with Fred it will stay."

"Well, I can see how you'd feel that way, but if he had lived a little longer, he might have just give that mug, away. You know, I heard him say one time to Sam Bonner, 'Sam, I'm going to take this boy away from you one of these days.' And he stood there cutting on Billy Bonner's hair, and I heard him say, 'Billy, when I get too old to have a son of my own, I'm going to pass this mug on to you like my Pa passed it on to me. But let me tell

you something, son. You've got to throw down that crutch and unlace that brace, 'cause a boy of mine would be out playing baseball at your age.' 'Course I know, Mildred, that Fred was just talking. He was a big talker, but I know another thing, too. His talking kept that kid going when the going got rough, and I do know that Fred sure did a lot of trying to keep Billy out of that brace. It's a shame Fred's not around now. That kid's stopped trying since he died. I tell you the truth; I don't know what's gonna happen to him. What's the matter, Mildred? Don't you feel well?"

"It's this headache, Bart. It gets worse and worse."

"I remember you always did have headaches, Mildred. Fred used to say when I'd ask him about you, 'Mildred's got another one of her headaches. That little woman just fights life. I'm trying to teach her to relax and enjoy it.'"

"And what else did he say, Bart? What else did he say about me?"

"One thing he said was, 'All my Mildred needs is a couple of kids running around for her to take care of. That would take care of her headaches.' I'm sorry, Mildred, I shouldn't have said that."

"Do you really think, Bart, that Fred really thought that much about Billy Bonner? Did he really care?"

"He did love that kid, Mam."

"Well, I'll be seeing you, Bart."

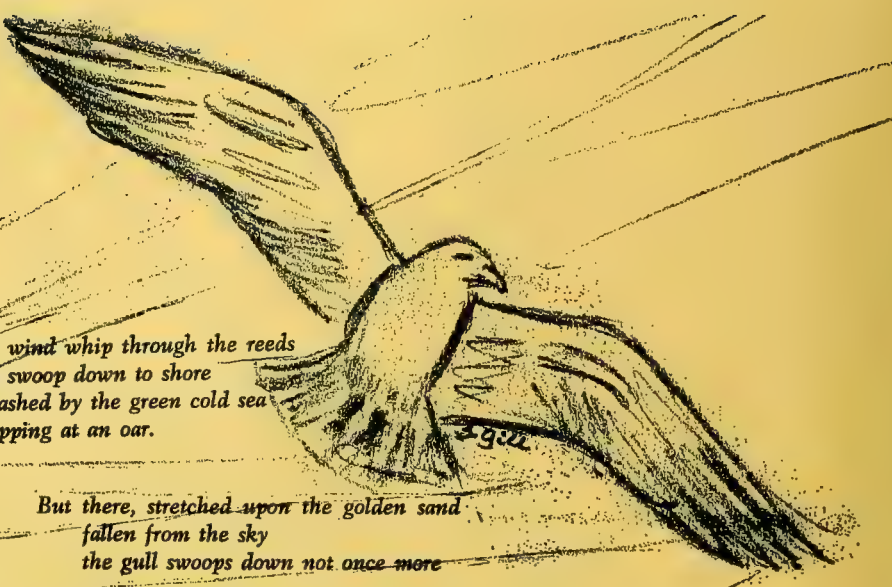
Mildred returned to Fred's grave. She gently picked up the mug. One by one, she threw the pansies upon the grave and then she tilted the mug, sloshing the water onto the grass. Holding the mug against her body lovingly, she moved toward the exit of the graveyard.

CAROL DRAKE, '67



*The sun comes
smiling —
timidly at first
holding back
all beauty and
grace —
But gaining, she matures
and gathers
courage —
And tossing golden curls
she beckons
the world
to her*

CAROL ALLERS, '69



*Yes, hear the wind whip through the reeds
or a gull swoop down to shore
rocks smashed by the green cold sea
waves lapping at an oar.*

*But there, stretched upon the golden sand
fallen from the sky
the gull swoops down not once more*

No, do not hear its cry.

SHARON GILL, '67



Whispers To The Lonely Year

*Dangle in the swinging light
And make a wish or two
And hope that whispers can't be heard
And men are born anew*

*Wonder if the world is round
And turnips all turn blue
And wrinkles wring the water out
And horses all make glue*

*Then tell your secret to the sky
And beg the stars to see
Your hope is in the lonely year
And fears are far from glee.*

CAROL DRAKE, '67

A Fleeting Thought

How rich is life when there is love . . .
Love that gives birth to tenderness and peace . . .
That greets the morn with gentle lips
And begs for kindness and a smile.

If only I could share my love with all the world . . .
And satisfy this longing within me to be free . . .
Why isn't love the way that men seek friends . . .
Instead of strife and hate which no one under-
stands.

There is but a short time to breathe, to live, to
love . . .
And we cannot see . . .
only kill . . .

And hasten death.

ALICE SMITH, '68

... VERY ...

Pink ... the color of my thoughts when I was
free ...

Yellow ... oh, the golden mystery of thee ...

Blue ... how you capture the peaceful spirit I
long to be ...

O sunset, as I watch you fade into the night,
I feel my very soul grow cold and die.

ALICE SMITH, '68



ROSES

Scarlet velvet petals,
Curled about each other—
Sprinkled with a broken cloud.

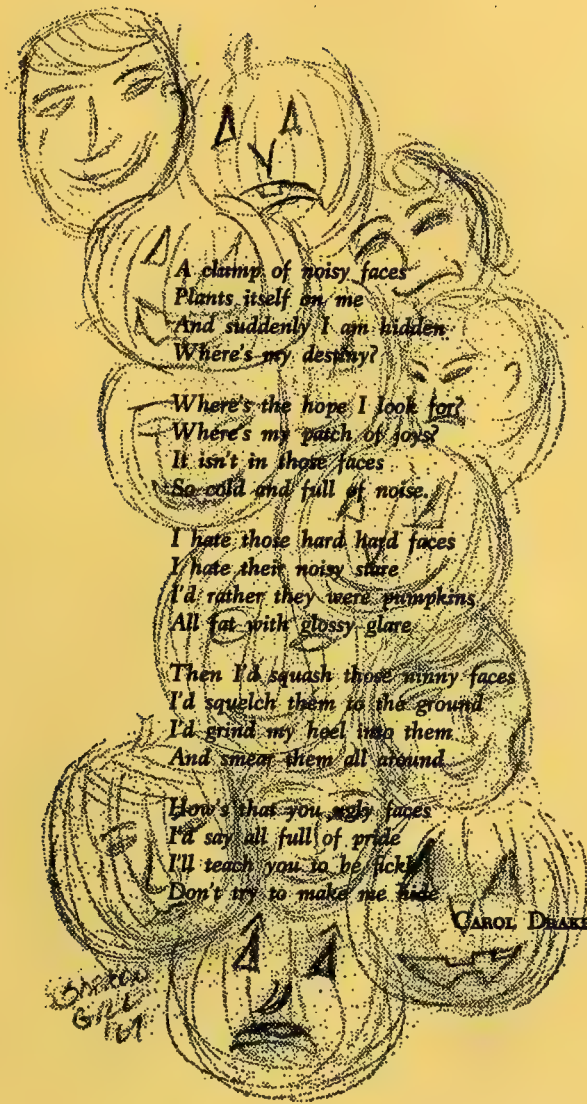
PATSY DAVIS, '67



Sonnet on Summer Nights

I loved the summer nights when I was young,
The smell of honeysuckle drenched in dew
Scented the air. When I would sit among
This sweetness, I could hear the crickets, too,
And see the jewels of lightning bugs
That sparkled in the sky. Upon the grass
I'd wipe my sticky hands, and on the rug
Of cool pavement, I loved to press my cheek.
Tany gusts of wind chilled my dampened skin,
And leaves rustled in the distance far.
I waited every day for that time when
The dowers bowed their heads to meet the stars.
But time has passed and nights are not the
same;
Of smells, and heat, and sounds, I just com-
plain.

PATSY DAVIS, '67



A clump of noisy faces
Plants itself on me
And suddenly I am hidden.
Where's my destiny?

Where's the hope I look for?
Where's my patch of joys?
It isn't in those faces.
So cold and full of noise.

I hate those hard hard faces
I hate their noisy stare
I'd rather they were pumpkins
All fat with glossy glare

Then I'd squash those noisy faces
I'd squelch them to the ground
I'd grind my heel into them
And smear them all around

How's that you ugly faces
I'd say all full of pride
I'll teach you to be tickle
Don't try to make me hide

CAROL DRAKE, '67

SHARON
GILL
'67

Spring Delayed

Frost crunches beneath my shoes.
Afraid to breathe the biting air
I cover my nose with my mittened hand.
Grey limbed trees twine together for warmth
Brittle shrubs crack from icicle's pull,
And lilac vines hang like rusty wires.
It seems so long
Since dew was wet and warm,
And the smell was of hyacinth
And not dead wood,
And daisies in an open field grew perfect,
And not withered by this cold — this wind — this
snow.
Winter's six months must have come and gone.
Pluto's kept spring underground too long.

PATSY DAVIS, '67





THE MUSE

1966-1967

The Muse

VOLUME 62

St. Mary's Junior College
Raleigh, North Carolina

*"Sing, Heavenly Muse . . . I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."*

JOHN MILTON

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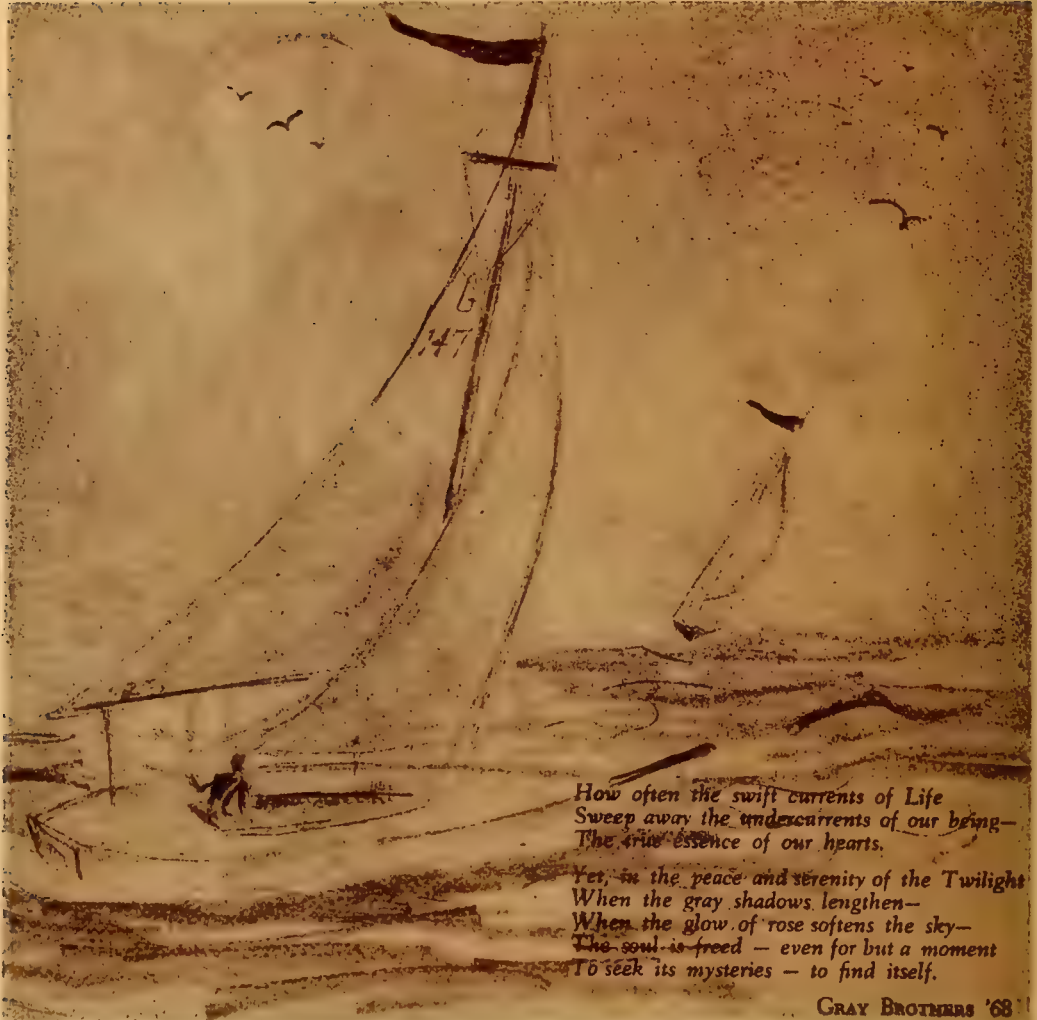
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THE RAIN

Softly, gently it came . . .
just a little at first,
Then harder and rougher . . .
until it was all there was to hear.
At first it just eased the pain . . .
made life a little easier . . .
Then it melted the worries . . .
away with all of the big troubles into little ones.
Soon my mind was clear,
my outlook bright . . .
For from the rain . . .
had dawned the light.

THARON SAFF '70



How often the swift currents of Life
Sweep away the undercurrents of our being—
The true essence of our hearts.

Yes, in the peace and serenity of the Twilight
When the gray shadows lengthen—
When the glow of rose softens the sky—
The soul is freed — even for but a moment
To seek its mysteries — to find itself.

GRAY BROTHERS '68



*Summer is a golden time
When the sunshine from
Another's face burns you.*

ANNE HARNEY '67

England

*A yearning blows
Gently through out thoughts
So soft and undefinable,
But leaving in its path
A discontent
In the search for its meaning*

PATSY SLATER '68

*Tomorrow
the sun
shall sift through
the wildwood*

*And blind us
to all save
truth.*

*But tomorrow
only tomorrow.*

JANE SHUPING '67

Life – Love – LSD – green exit signs.

*Green Light – GO–
Super speedway of life–
Travel fast or be pushed aside–
Grow hard and tough–
Calloused and mean,–
Climb up up UP–
Push – Fight – win!
If others fall?–
So what!–
Cheers!–
You're on top!*

On top of what?–

A pile of bodies, hate, and tears.

STOP – Look, Listen, – Live.

ANNE WINSTON PINDER '68



*Death—omnipotent, cold reality—
Triumph over:
Life —uncertain shadow, 98.6
Fighting battles, losing wars;
The ruins of war – harshly felt,
And defeat-hailed.
How warm is an uninvited life
Or how cold a welcomed death?*

JODY FRIEDBERG '69



The Chaste

To the Dove soap
and Lux detergent
cradling
the Breck and Crest
and still more Lux,

We outstretch
our hands, our fingers,
for these have cleansed us
as they have
countless bathers
before.


Unsoiled
are we soapworshippers,
reverers of the
sanitizer, hygienizer,
sterilizer

Undeiled
and singing in our
soap bubbles.

We,
enveloped in suds,
foamy air-filled pouches.

We,
bubble brothers,
so clean
so pure
so visibly hollow.

JANE SHUPING '67



Shuping

He came quietly
In the
stillness of the
night,
With brushes of design
he painted and
created
a whole new
world.

No window
was left
untouched—
In his ecstasy
he went
wild
Painting
all
with designs of
white—

Cold and
beautiful
Yet, warmth radiated
from it and he
finished—
On the morrow
in the
cold
briskness
of new day
The sleepy world
dawned
and became
conscious—

Delight spread across
children's
faces
as they viewed
the wonder
of the sparkling panes
and
earth.
And they wondered
if he would
come again.

CAROL ALLERS '69

S. James

It just ain't the same

Boy, I sure miss ya, Joe. I go and sit on the bench sometimes. Remember the grey one right aside Mr. Lincoln's stature? You can't sit there and eat your lunch no mo' like we used to . . . it don't look right to the visitin' people. And remember we used to stretch out our legs and talk a bit when we was through eatin'? Well, the town don't like the visitin' people to see such things in the park. Once I wore my white shirt just to sit there, and when they wasn't lookin' I ate my salami on rye.

The fellas at the plant are 'bout the same. Mr. Jennings is boss now. The people don't say much . . . they just talk sorta 'bout the weather and the bad pay and all. Sometimes Mr. Jennings asks me, "Where's Joe?" I told him once you was out gettin' coffee and he was down right threatened to fire ya. He don't likely remember, Joe, 'cause he's got a powerful lot a things to do. Everybody seems like they's got mo' to do than anybody else . . . mo' important things, that is. We was all invited to a party th' other night; it was the boss's birthday, and a body don't rightly go and forget that day. I could have gave

him a silky handkerchief, but it wouldn't have done good, like it did when Mr. George gave him one. Mr. George carries a briefcase with important stuff in it. I just have my lunch pail. And ya know, it was the kind of party that was in the paper, too. I think it was given to our "beloved boss." But I believe they got the wrong party on account of he gave out the invitations hisself. Don't matter none. He's an important man.

And the people don't ride the bus with me like they used to. They ride in cars. And if they is on the bus you mo' 'n likely hear them say they's so mad 'cause their wife has one car and their son th' other. That's so everybody 'round don't think they doesn't have no cars. I guess that means we don't know nothin' 'bout the same things.

Yea, I sure wish you was here. I wish we could sit on the bench again and things was like they used to be. I guess you can wear your work shirt and stretch out on the bench now. I reckon a town up there don't have to worry 'bout the visitin' people.



Somewhere

*Somewhere beyond the rain . . .
there is sunshine .*

*Somewhere after the beginning . . .
there will come and end.*

*Somewhere above the sadness . . .
there must be happiness.*

*Somewhere beneath the still . . .
there is motion.*

*Somewhere around the emptiness . . .
there is true life.*

*Somewhere midst hate and strife . . .
there is love.*

Somewhere there is everything.

*But where . . .
is somewhere.*



THARON SAPP '70

*The subtle black night
Is covered with white clouds of confidence.
Through the gray uncertainty
Shines a lunar hope.*

JODY FRIEDBERG '69



*Tiptoe together through the whipping grass,
over the moist sand dunes toward
the sea. All is ebony below the
endless realm of smiling stars.
No cottage skeletons mar the stretch
of desolate wild beach. Only we
move, guided by a moon beam to
a secret hill, locked in each other's
arms. There we sit alone, yet not
lonely, seen by no one but the moon.
Beauty, nature, rapturous embrace
weave a web of peace around my
soul.*

ANNE HARNEY '67

THE ACTOR

An actor am I, a setter of scenes,
A weaver of webs, believer in dreams,
A teller of tales for young and for old—
Some of them blithe and some of them bold.

An actor am I, a frivolous clown
Changing my masks as the seasons roll 'round:
Sometimes a Falstaff, and sometimes a Puck;
Sometimes a beggar, a bringer of luck.

An actor am I, for all that I'm worth,
A bringer of smiles but also of dirth:
One moment a Hamlet, the next a Macbeth,
Then a Greek hero in a fight to the death.

An actor am I, an actor I'll stay
Till the close of the curtain, the end of the play;
When the scenes have been finished and the last
act is done,
I'll go to my grave Love's happiest son.

JOAN WICKHAM '67



INNOCENT LOVE

I felt a special magic today . . .
My heart quickened as a mother's will
When suddenly she sees her son
Is more a part of God than earth.

A flower . . . innocent in its beauty . . .
But not a special flower . . . to me.
Or was it really a flower . . . perhaps it, too, lived
in God . . .
My little boy can tell you.

The simple love that warmed the air . . .
And made me feel that I was the child, not
he . . .

His small voice that gently said . . . hello,
Good morning, flower . . . and then passed on.

I had often walked along that path . . .
And felt that here was God in His domain . . .
But my small son had never thought at all . . .
Just knew, somehow, that God was there . . .
and watching . . . and smiling . . .

Because he paused and said hello.

ALICE SMITH '68

A key that fits
but refuses to turn . . .
the tense hope that it will work . . .
the dreaded disappointment—
But . . .
then
there are many keys . . .

GINNY STANSBURY '69



THE INDIVIDUAL

A man walks alone
Through crowds of mulling voices
And moving people
His individualness
Harbored only in his thoughts.

TENNIE HAM '68



The Gouge-Out Canoe

As I was canoeing through my back bog
I came upon an ugly green frog,
Who said, "Where are you going,
And what shall you do?
Since you're so pretty,
Please take me with you!"

I said, "Silly green frog!
What are you doing in my back bog?
Are you perchance a prince in disguise?"
. . . No? "Then, I don't want you,"
I said, as I punched out his eyes.

"Hey! Don't do that," he cried,
"Cause now I can't see!"
"Who cares?" I said,
"You ain't comin' with me."

JAN LEONARD '68



Everywhere

Here
as tadpoles
are gasping for
breath
within milkfilled saucers
and minnows
are swallowing their
young alive
in transparent spheres
Some despair.

There
while frogs
are tasting
air
above oil-rained ponds
and salmon
are drowning in
rapids
for life-spawning deaths
Most don't care.

JANE SHUPING '67

HAIKU-FALL

Leaves of green flutter.
Cool breezes enclosing them;
Colored masses fall.

The butterfly lights;
Petals droop beneath its weight.
The net covers all.

TENNIE HAM '68



JAMES '67

Rushing
the hurricane comes
Wild
the wind drives

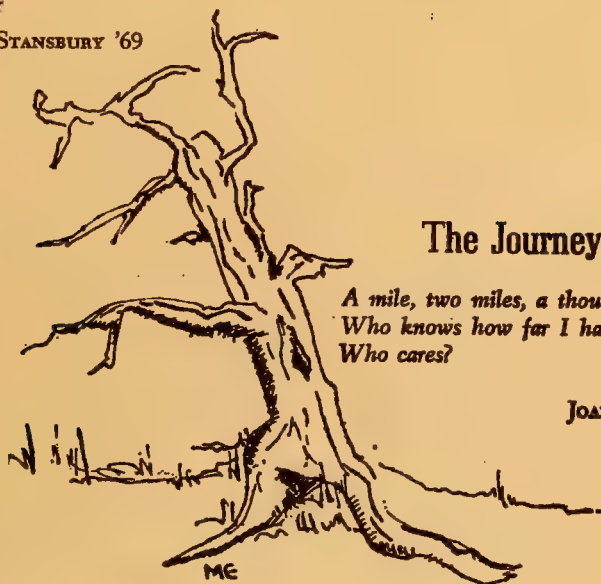
Wind whips soul and earth and fire
Scorches like lightning stroke
Pain holes form in winter passion
Aching the whole year
up
and
down

War breaks summer
brings winter in spring
Hate and terror mate
Sorrow is child

Tears
molten drops of pure hard fate

Whirling
blowing ends
never

GINNY STANSBURY '69



The Journey

A mile, two miles, a thousand;
Who knows how far I have traveled?
Who cares?

JOAN WICKHAM '67

WHAT?

What am I? Where am I?
What am I doing here?
What is the earth, the sky,
A face, or a tear?

What is birth and death?
Before and after,
A cry of fear or pain,
A shout of laughter?

What is this thing
They call a being?
Don't ask me, I'm
Just a machine!

PATSY SLATER '68



*Man is nothingness
illusion
pretended humility
leaning toward self-annihilation*

SHARON GILL '67



*Our eyes meet sadly
yours waiting, expectant
mine saddened, tearful.
In that moment
my mind reviews all that has been
all that will be no more.
You ask too much of me
you ask what my love doesn't know
you ask now, what it will learn later
in a moment of ecstatic beauty.
What is there for me but tears?
How can I tell you that now
our love is no more,
that what could have been
will never be?
Will never be because you ask
for that which is not of our love.
Our love is over
over when you asked,
to never be again in the present
to be only in a tragically beautiful past
when our eyes met gladly.*

SHARON GILL '67

The Beach: Napoleon

How cold and grey everything is after last night's storm. The clouds seem to be carved from granite, and the sea is still seething — cold, forbidding, and steel-grey blue. Even the sand is frozen in place by a crust from that swelling tide, a crust broken only now and then by the pressure of my black boots. How quiet and still and lonely it is, with only a gale breeze playing tricks with the great grey cape I wear to ward off the cold. How lonely! Even George preferred to stay inside, trusting me to my own devices for my morning walk.

I wonder what Wellington is doing this morning, although no doubt there it is time for luncheon. Wellington, the Iron Duke! I wonder what Paris is like today. Of course, there have been changes since I left. I wonder if my name is blessed or cursed, or if it is remembered at all. Surely my deeds can not have been forgotten so soon! Only three short years ago I was master of Europe, and only England stood in my way. And now this God-forsakened pile of sand, Elba.

JOAN WICKHAM '67

An Autumn Dawn For Dying

*Close-lipped rosebud baby,
Must you wilt upon my knee
Your petals limply drooping
Never kissed by bumble bees?*

*Must you lie here without motion,
Primrose blush against my skin,
Til I lift you with my fingers
Making gentleness a sin?*

*For your touch is cool and supple
Though your stem be broken rough.
Won't you burst into a blossom,
Doesn't youth give strength enough?*

*Helpless newborn rosechild,
Sleep upon my knee,
For this autumn, birth awoke you
And last summer, sipped the bee.*

JANE SHUPING '67

*It is late—
My mother calls me—
To the warmth and security of my bed
But the night is young.*

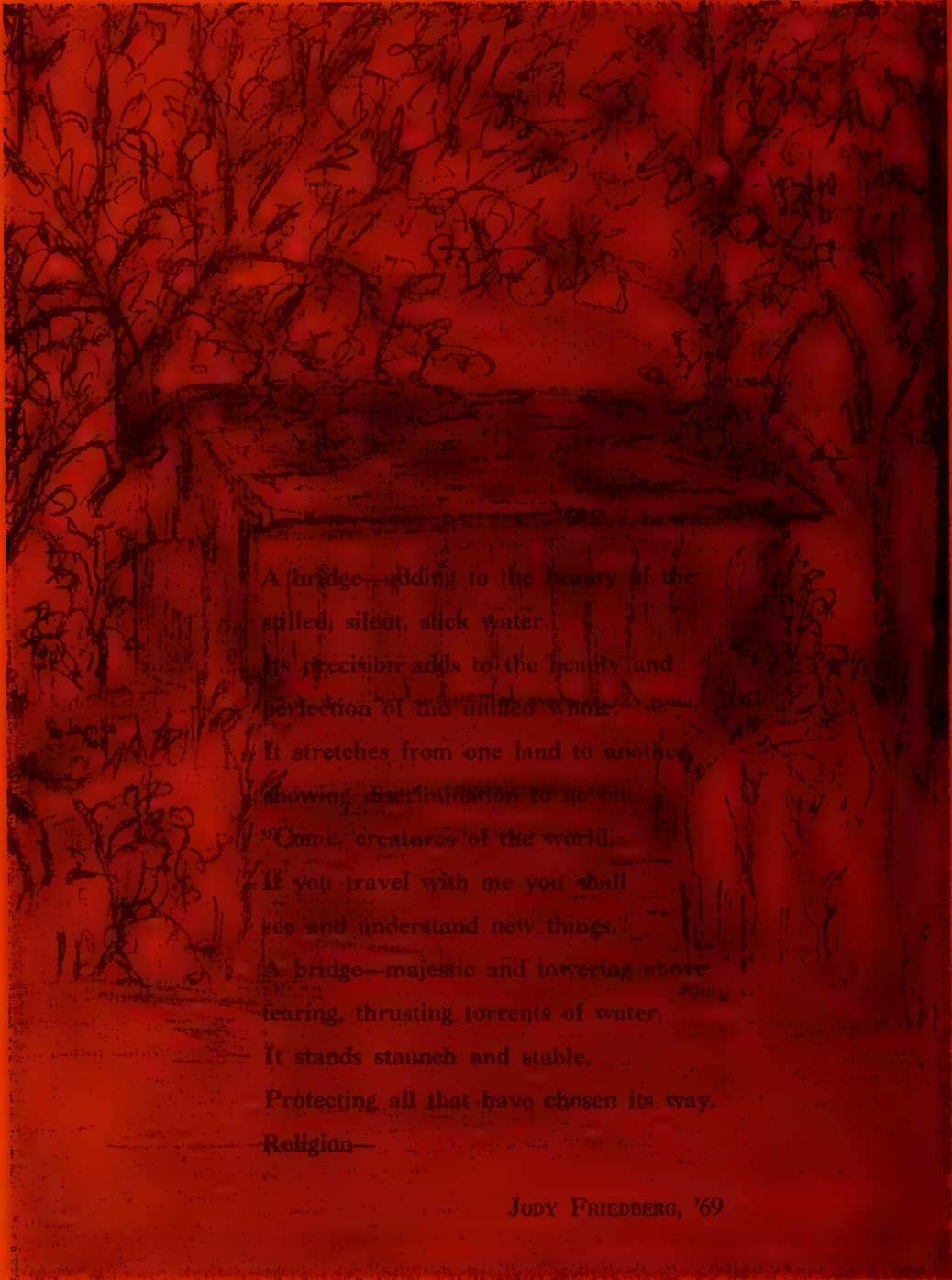
*As I lie in the dewy grass
I can see Forever
Imprinted upon the sky.*

*A million stars enhance the Heavens
The moon rises in its dusky splendor
High above the treetops!*

*Here is Permanence!
Here is security that I desire!
But I am but mortal.*

*And being thus, must follow
My mother's calling—
To return to a mortal's bed.*

GRAY BROTHERS '68



A bridge—adding to the beauty of the
stilled, silent, slick water.
Its precision adds to the beauty and
perfection of the unified whole.

It stretches from one land to another,
showing discrimination to no one.
"Come, creatures of the world,
If you travel with me you shall
see and understand new things."

A bridge—majestic and towering above
tearing, thrusting torrents of water,
It stands staunch and stable,
Protecting all that have chosen its way.

—Religion—

JODY FRIEDBERG, '69



THE MUSE

december '67

THE MUSE

december '67
volume 63

St. Mary's Junior College
Raleigh, North Carolina

*"Sing, Heavenly Muse . . . I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."*

JOHN MILTON

Commemorative Poem.....ALICE SMITH, '68
Portrait.....LOULA BETT PITTMAN, '70

Robert Lee Green Cannelly . . .

An echo ringing in the stillness
Of Bonjour, Buenos dias
Quiet thoughts of only yesterday
A chilling gust of disbelief,
sadness, and . . . regret,
And suddenly we are jolted
with the words which until now
seemed of another world . . .
"Mais où sont les neiges d'antan . . ."

Memories linger,
Day upon day softens grief;
Happy thoughts take hold
As we give thanksgiving for his
Presence.

Having known his faith and compassion
We are humbled . . .
Having received his freely-given gifts of
friendship and counseling
We utter thanks . . .

One has seldom passed our way
Who was loved and respected more . . .
Whose dedication and giving so great,
Yet whose thoughts so
Humble.

No longer can we stand in tribute
and respect,
The kind and gentle voice, the sensitivity . . .
gone;
Our tribute now, our quiet talk of him,
And even greater, the expression of our
love in missing him.

Through his life we have gained knowledge
And through his death, faith . . .

He is with God.

Robert Lee Green Connolly

"Mais on sent les notes d'antan . . .
seemed of another world . . .
with the words which still now
And suddenly we are jolted
sadness, and . . . regret,
A chilling gust of disbelief,
Quiet thoughts of only yesterday . . .
Of Boston, Buenos dias . . .
An echo ringing in the stillness

Memories linger,
Day upon day softens grief;
Happy thoughts take hold,
As we give thanksgiving for his
Presence.

We utter thanks
friendship and comradeship
Having received his freely-given gifts of
We are humbled
Having known his faith and compassion

Humble,
Yet whose thoughts so
Whose dedication and giving so great,
Who was loved and respected more
One has seldom passed our way

And even greater the expression of our
Our tribute now, our first tale of him,
gone;
The kind and gentle voice, the sensitivity
and respect,
No longer can we stand in tribute

And through his death, faith
Through his life we have gained knowledge

He is with God.



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Ours is an age
 Of seeking self-identity
 Of playing the role
 Of making impressions
 Of seeking love
 Of glimpsing joy
 Of tears and hurt
 Of a hidden longing
 Of seeking freedom
 Of gaining independence
 Of pensive moods
 Of learning to live with others
 Of desired solitude
 Of confusion

PATSY SLATER, '68

rider of rainbows,
 going down a one-way street that goes up,
 balancing on the imaginary point of
 a moving star,
 your pocket full of tickets
 for riders in multi-colored bubbles
 through forests of needles . . .
 who will ride with you?
 I will.

I'll follow on the edge of space
 flying without wings
 singing without voice
 extending beyond all dimensions of infinity
 led by a ray of the sun
 that I'll leave behind.

RETTA CARR, '69

Life was an exploding whirlwind and now—
 each particle is a person.
 But what is life anyway?
 A bunch of tied yarns strung together in a
 bundle,
 mismatched, uneven lengths, growing crisscross
 and entangling in each other.

Patterns of a weave in a fabric—
 the manufacturer wanted each line parallel
 so that the design would be symmetrical.
 But it didn't turn out that way—
 the lines aren't all straight; they wiggle
 and aren't in proportion—
 the result is crooked.

Colors in a kaleidoscope.
 Twirling hues form turbulent, vibrating motions—
 A powerful vision.
 But the colors clash and there's a chip in the
 glass—
 the picture isn't unified.

Strange—but the particles
 still knit with the imperfect yarn,
 still wear the imperfect fabric,
 still peer into the imperfect kaleidoscope—
 life.

LOUISA ROGERS, '71

I weighed the importance of the two
 Standing, myself as the pulchrum.
 To balance, I shifted one foot an edge to the left,
 and thus the other.
 Gradually, my feet and legs covered a wider and
 wider expanse
 All to see which of the two I valued the most . . .
 the one on the right or that on the left.
 But as I stretched, they were pushed farther and
 farther away,
 Till I pushed them both off,
 And I found myself the only weight I saw.

THARON SAPP, '70



Creation,
A unique pattern,
Every feature is its own.
Important it feels,
Distinguished, distinctive
It begins its path
Floating, falling, swishing, swirling,
Dancing, laughing,

Then realization;

Reality reveals; 'tis but a small thing.
So different, so beautiful,
But yet it falls into a world of snow.
Beauty forgotten, hidden, lost
Only its tiny glow adds to the light.
Am I not a snow crystal
In a great

World of snow?

KATHERINE HUNTER '69

Ackerly '68

As I Stand

*The flash of a white sail against a sky-blue sea,
A screeching gull,
Seaweed and shells
And the ocean —*

*Wild
Turbulent
Asking for nothing
Taking what she wants.
And as I stand on this shore,
You are all that I see.*

MARY BETH SUMMERSILL, '68

The Unknown

*I sit alone.
A soft glow makes patterns
Across a wooden floor.
My thoughts stray beyond
My mind
And I long for a feeling that never
was known
But the everlasting moves on and
a shadow softens my view.*

TENNIE HAM, '68

The Wreck

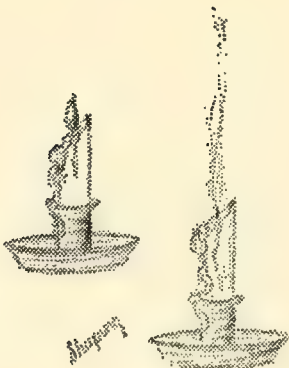
*Gaunt masts that jut up from the ink-black sea . . .
Dream ships wrecked in shallow waters.
Pirates' ghosts climb the tossing ebony spars
And no anchor holds the drifting wood.
But moonlight caresses those jagged masts,
And softens their sharp splinters with silver.*

MARY BETH SUMMERSILL, '68

ANGUISH

*The sweat that rolled into my mouth
Tasted bitter, not of salt as I had thought,
And my eyes burned worse closed than opened
As if glaring straight toward the sun.
Eventually I stood naked in the heat
and longed to tear even the skin off my bones
Hoping for relief—
I gathered saliva in my mouth and spit in
my hands to cool my face.
Soon there was no saliva left, so I ceased to
swallow.
I ran, hoping to create a breeze,
For my feet had swollen as if numb from cold.
I longed for death; my longing normally would
have been obliged.
I cried painfully in horrid agony,
But my cry was pitiful and hopeless,
For there is no escape from hell.*

VAUGHAN EARLE, '69



Reflections

The love upon my face
Is but a mirror
Reflected from a deeper, more intense love
Embedded within me—
A love that knows no pride, that knows
No remorse—
But a glad love—
Glad because it is contained in Lara, a woman
Who loves life,
Who loves life because her man
Is her life,
Wholly and eternally—
He will be there to embed within her
That flame which no sadness can extinguish—
Eternal love.

ELOISE DuBOSE, '69

LOVE

(A CINQUAIN)

Ah, love!
She is a joy,
She is a whirl of life,
She is the hush of death . . . and peace
At last.

NANCY MOORE BOWEN, '68

To My Stuffed Animal

So much of home in you, gentle reminders
Of childhood, when I clutched you as I slept.
Now you are lying on my bed in college,
The one toy, out of all, which I have kept.

Why you, of all the playthings I once treasured?
Why aren't you in the attic with the rest?
When I would hold you, dark was not as
frightening.
Perhaps that's why I still love you the best.

MARY NEVITT SIMS, '69



SNOW

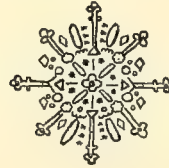
*Tiny footprints embedded in the snow,
Symbolic of an animal's flight
From the cold, wintry breath of December—
An open field ahead with no break
In its white blanket of beauty,
So pure, so utterly perfect for one
Human being, so imperfect, to rest
His eyes upon.
Should I intrude upon this land
Of barren loveliness—
Or should I, because I am an imperfect soul,
Taint this magical world with my presence?
No, I turn away, I retrace my steps
Back to the sullen world of reality,
Leaving beauty to beauty—
And for those few treasured moments—
I am perfect.*

ELOISE DuBOSE, '69



*Sometimes in our life
We behold something so awe-inspiring
That to explain it to others
Would lessen its value*

PATSY SLATER, '68



*Dusk, filling the valley like a cup,
Welling slowly upward to the peaks,
Brimming for an instant at the lip,
Spilling into the saucer of the plain.*

SUSAN BENNETT BLACKLEY, '68



Unfinished Portrait

*Rain is the earth's tears
And the flowers its joy;
The wind is its whispers
And the birds, its voice;
The sun is its smile
And the stars, its eyes;
Thunder is its anger
And the lakes, its content.
A portrait of beauty is the earth,
Yet incomplete without the love of man.*

KATHERINE HUNTER, '69

A TEAR

A tear . . .
Representative of
The joys, the sorrows
Of mankind's
Ancestry and prodigy.
The material existence of all
Vices and virtues —
An ephemeral epitome,
A multitude of memories,
A host of dreams . . .
All is but a drop in the ocean.

BARBARA MAY, '68

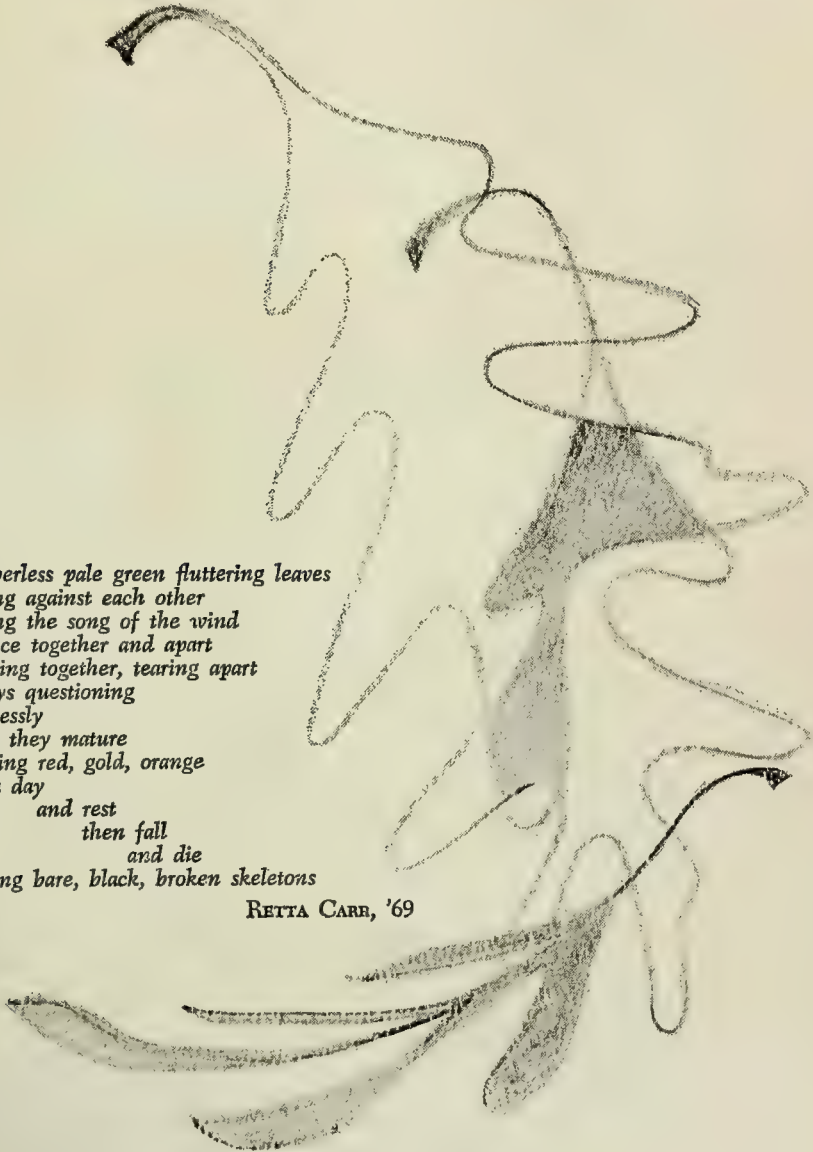
. . . And as I gazed upward, the grey masses rapidly
crept across the frightened sky.
The firm, unbroken wind blew — uncontrollably.

And yet,
there was a peace —
an unexplainable quiet.
Within myself there was also a calm,
And for one splendid moment
I felt the complete grandeur of God.

RUTH SHUPING, '69

Numberless pale green fluttering leaves
Beating against each other
Singing the song of the wind
At once together and apart
Crashing together, tearing apart
Always questioning
Fruitlessly
Until they mature
Turning red, gold, orange
For a day
and rest
then fall
and die
Leaving bare, black, broken skeletons

RETTA CARR, '69



A Taste Of Wild Grapes

It was a summer for friends . . . not lovers. The warm nights when they all piled in and drove into the night . . . it was so easy and so comfortable, being with each other. The days were long . . . up early, down late . . . too much to fill the time for a minute to lose. They were like tall Spring flowers . . . many different kinds . . . each as lovely as the other, each with some strange special little look, growing wild and dark in the summer sun. And in the warm summer breezes they blew like dandelions to their fate. Some tried to make the friendship into more. But it never was meant . . . and the others knew. Together, they drank in the heady drink of youth and happiness. Some sniffed the wild scent of love and of pleasure. The wild grapes of adventure stained their mouths; the pungent taste of curiosity whetted their appetites. It seemed that the summer would never end . . . on and on the long lazy days stretched. Each day, the love-thirsty had new hopes, new dreams. They plunged into the warm brine of the sea, loving the strength and the wildness it meant to them. Fondly they gave each other names; wrote simple letters; found special places; and . . . lived. And then with some strange shift of the wind, some weird upheaval of the air, it was gone. It never seemed the same. But some days, it all came back; the warm friendship was felt again, the twisting love came back . . . and it was summer again. Some days . . . like today.

Breakout

*I feel soul inside me,
down deep.
It comes on strong,
delightfully painful
Filling my whole body,
my mind.
I become uninhibited.
Nothing matters.
Escape?
No, insight.
Emotions free.
Thoughts clear.
Life!*

FRANCES BRITT, '69

The Springs

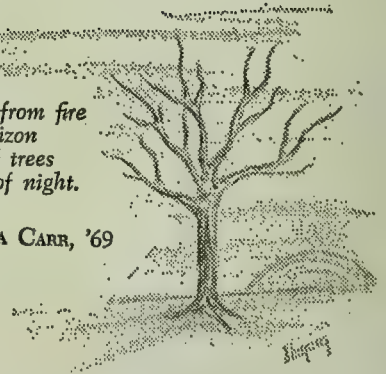
*Your dreaming eyes,
Mottled as green spring water,
Lie in sunlight pools,
Fish-shadow thoughts drift through
their dappled depths,
Gliding in inner shade they hide,
Flashing to the surface when you smile.*

SUSAN BENNETT BLACKLEY, '68

THARON SAPP, '70

*Someone has taken the heart from fire
And hurled it against the horizon
To set ablaze the skeletons of trees
And warn us of the coming of night.*

RETTA CARR, '69






LP



LP

LOULA BETT PITTMAN, '70



Lord Jesus, King of earth and sky,
Why in a manger sleep?
Where, Lord, Thy crown, Thy throne, Thy
gown,
Where could Thy kingdom be?
"I have no jeweled diadem
To wear upon my head.
About my hair the starlight shines.
It will suffice instead.
I use no chair of pounded gold,
Or diamond scepter bright.
I sleep within a stable-cave—
My shelter for the night.
Nor do I use a gown of state
With silk threads woven in.
My robe—this blanket, soft and warm,
That Mother wrapped me in.
My Kingdom is my Father's House—
From there He watches me.
You ask me why I'm lying here?
Because I came to thee.
Not as your king, not in this world,
For here I'll suffer, too.
I'm but a Child for you to love.
For I was born for you."

MARY NEVITT SIMS, '69

Let loose the wind--it's not to hold,
Fly the skies at will,
So swiftly over glinting gold
And show the earth your eagle skill!
Release the wind, your freedom cries
With every upright tree

Lord Jesus, King of earth and sky,
Why in a manger sleep?
Wiers, Lord, Thy crown, Thy throne, Thy
gown, my crown, my throne, my gown

Where could Thy kingdom be?
I have no royal diadem
To rest upon my head.
About my hair the sunlight shines
It will suffice instead.

I use no chair of pounded gold,
Or diamond scepter bright,
I sleep within a stable-cave--
My shelter for the night.

Nor do I use a gown of state,
With silk threads woven in.
My robe--this blanket, soft and warm,
That Mother wrapped me in.

My Kingdom is my Father's House--
From there He watches me.
You ask me why I'm lying here?
Because I came to thee.

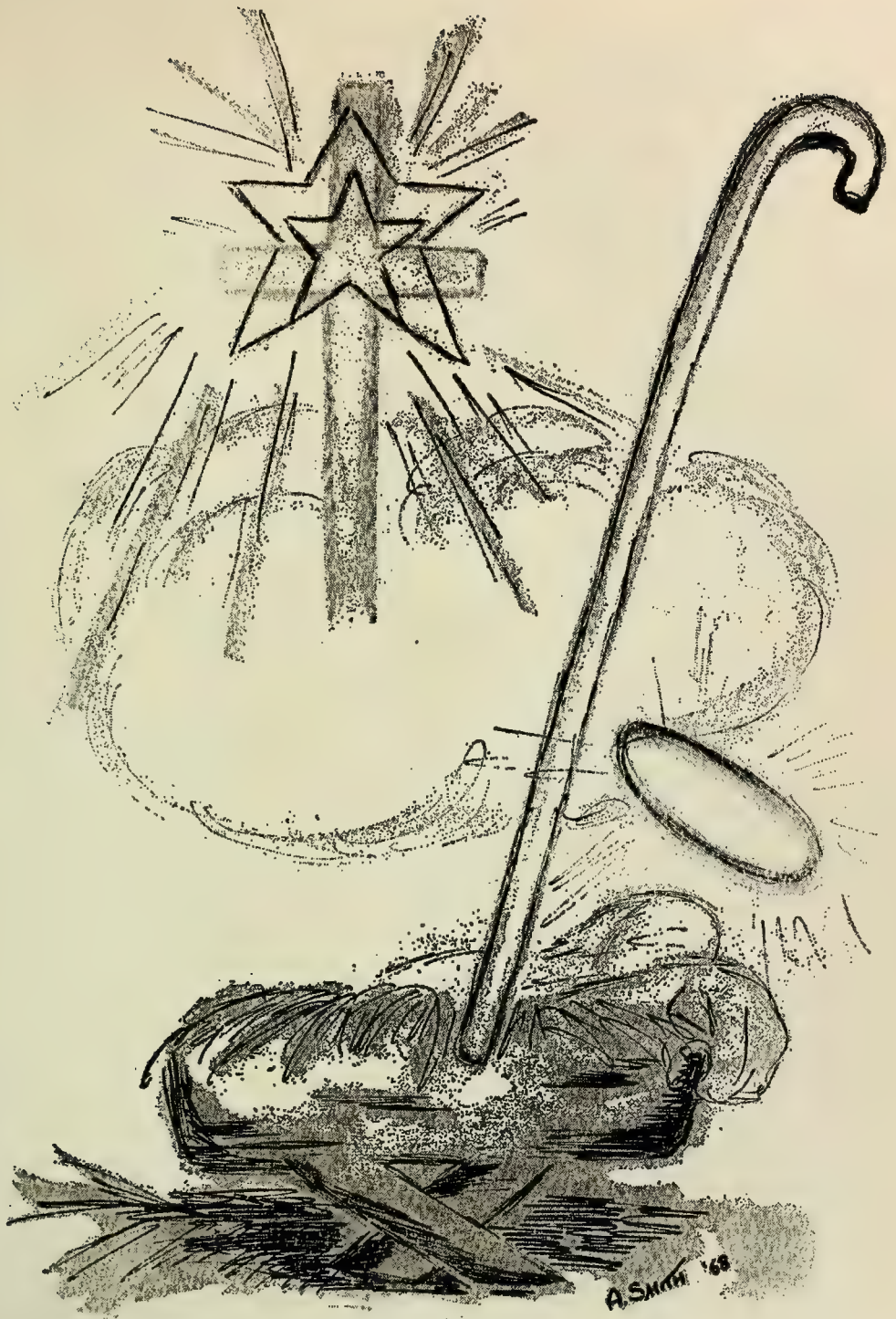
Not as your king, not in this world,
For here I'll suffer, too.
I'm but a Child for you to love,
For I was born for you."

MARY NEVILL SIMS '69



Do not take the advantage of and laugh at,
Teach them they are wrong

RUTH STORING '69





Best Wishes for a Joyous Christmas —

The Muse Staff



The Muse

*"Sing, Heavenly Muse . . . I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Ionian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."*

JOHN MILTON

Spring 1968

The Muse

Volume 64

*Fresh scent of Spring
Conquer my soul
Lift from me this desolate spirit
Which has choked and suffocated me
And left me cold, grey, and still
For so long
Then carry me upward
And fill me with your life
Giving hope a new awakening
And my isolated heart a home*

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Raleigh, North Carolina

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Flower designs on each page — ANNE BRADY, '68

MATHILDE DUFFY, '69



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SUNRISE

The dew slips in on its mist of pearl,
And lays its hand on the 'wakening world,
It awaits there patiently on each blade,
Waiting for the endless night to fade.
The sun peers over its lofty perch,
Sleepily staring as if in search.
The gracious earth receives its rays,
And the dew disperses into the distant haze.
The cold earth wrapped in the sun's embrace
Has the image of peace on its tranquil face.
Wake up ye creatures and roam this land!
The sun has come so take its hand,
And roam the field, the wood, the plain,
And upon this night come home again.

ELOISE DuBOSE, '69



Yellow is . . .
a fuzzy sweater
a butterfly
sunshine
a tiny canary
a summer's day
a heyride
a convertible
corn on the cob
a little boy's hair
Polished brass
a friendly smile

Anna Andrews, '69

Crystalline pools,
fringed and shadowed
sun-flecked beds of
sleeping leaves.

SUSAN BENNETT BLACKLEY, '68



Page Four

To You

Liking
is far deeper, in many ways,
than loving.
To love is often required.
To like is spontaneous.
I like you.

LOUISA ROGERS, '71

Impatient Youth

Summer,
Like a soft brown doe
You fled so swiftly,
Leaving only a flashing memory
To remind me
You were here,
And I was free
And wild as the wind.
Wonderful golden days
Whirled away,
Forever.
How short they were,
How precious,
Come again, Summer.
Come quickly,
For I am young.
I can not wait long.

ANNA ANDREWS, '69

THE DAISY MEADOW

It was a time for children, a time to run through the rain singing, to wish on stars and to guess what they wished, for him to carry her through fields of daisies, and pluck daisies to see if she cared. It was a beautiful dream of little gypsies eating peaches till their faces were red and sticky, then throwing each other in the icy mountain stream. It was a beautiful picnic for two beautiful lovers . . . caring very, very much or not at all. They brought each other daisies and she sang till she lost her voice . . . yet still she could sing. The nights were warm—summer nights for summertime love. When it rained, it poured, and when it poured, they stood in it barefoot and he kissed her and she sighed, knowing it had to end, yet not knowing how, or guessing when. They stood, arm in arm, heart in heart, and watched the fireworks sparkle, and they saw pleasure in each other's eyes. People looked and it made them happy to see her teasing him or to see him laugh. So young, they would whisper, so happy. The young are the first to fall in love . . . and they are hardest hit, as hardest hurt. When their eyes met, the sparkling mirrors caught the reflection of life . . . of happiness, of truth, of sadness. And then one day as they ran through their meadow of daisies, the hand of winter and of home touched him and held him, while she ran on through the meadow and without seeing, fell . . . and the beautiful summer butterfly was once more the simple winter moth. And as he left, she threw him—

a single daisy.

THARON SAPP, '70



As a flower blooms
with sunshine and rain
And glows brightly
while given these things,
It will quickly wilt and cease to live
when its nourishment fades.
So does the heart react to love.

PATSY SLATER, '68

Love is a doomed butterfly
Which flutters and falls
Dashed and broken
No longer beautiful
And very sad—

KATHLEEN LAPHAM, '71



The willow casting her net
into the ocean of the sky
Enmeshes the silvery moon
languorously swimming by.

SUSAN BENNETT BLACKLEY, '68



Why this grief-torn strife
within my heart?
Those lips, so clinging of old,
Why do they so willingly depart?
Does this soul not burst with
the passion of untold sorrows?
Why do I conceal my love
Waiting hopefully for brighter tomorrows?
I cannot account for each impulsive
action of my will—
This and only this remains—
I love him, love him still.

ELOISE DUBOSE, '69



My Love

When I love . . .
I must love forever.
If I say I love you,
I mean
I will love you long after we have parted,
and when I think of you, I will remember my love.
I don't mean I will never love again.
My heart is full . . .
I must love and keep it full of love . . .
but if I love you now . . .
I will always love you.

THARON SAPP, '70

A MEMORY

In the space of an instant
It brushes by gently
But leaves an impression,
Its indelible mark.

MARY NEVITT SIMS, '69

If one were to simply walk at dusk
And gaze at the earth and the sea,
How could he not feel a glow of life
And not believe in Thee?

RUTH SHUPING, '69

Blue is . . .
a deep lake
a Smokey mountain trail
a thunderstorm at the beach
a bouquet of wild flowers
a rainy evening
a happy sky
a walk by the sea
a cool breeze
a good-bye
a tear
a memory

Anna Andrews, '69

MEMORIES IN TRANQUILITY

Sitting . . .
all alone, by the sound . . .
or a lake
fishing—for nothing
in particular.

Climbing . . .
to the top of an oak . . .
or an elm
listening—to the birds
and talking to God.

Walking . . .
along a deserted beach at dusk . . .
seeing—the endless waves
break gently on the shore.

Thinking . . .
while looking out a window
into the deserted sky . . .
wondering—what makes
everything so wonderful.

EDIE CUTLER, '70

The Dancer

The oak is moved from
stolid stance,
Her body writhes in
frenzied dance,
Her arms fling upward
into space
To snare the moon in
wild embrace.

SUSAN BENNETT BLACKLEY, '68



Is There Hope?

Tumbling down—wave after wave falls
upon the beach,
Growing close; then out of reach, the waves
come and go.
Carrying sand and shells together as one
The water runs.....forever.
Alone on the beach sits the beachcomber,
never uttering a sigh,
As these waves still continue to try to
reach him.
Searching for the best shells, he has
spent his life,
Finding some and losing some in strife
and sorrow
Yet still he looks and hopes
Sitting on the beach, thinking, the beachcomber
finds himself hoping
That one day some water, through groping,
may find its way to him,
Bringing hidden and lovely shells to
their keeper at last,
Then slipping away again—quite fast—
back to the unknown sea.

ANN SEBRELL, '69

Little things
like blue flowered toilet paper
are significant.
Valentines,
that extra scoop on the ice cream cone,
a real smile:
these may seem trivial
but, if so,
why do they make such an enormous difference?
There is beauty in the commonplace.

LOUISA ROGERS, '71

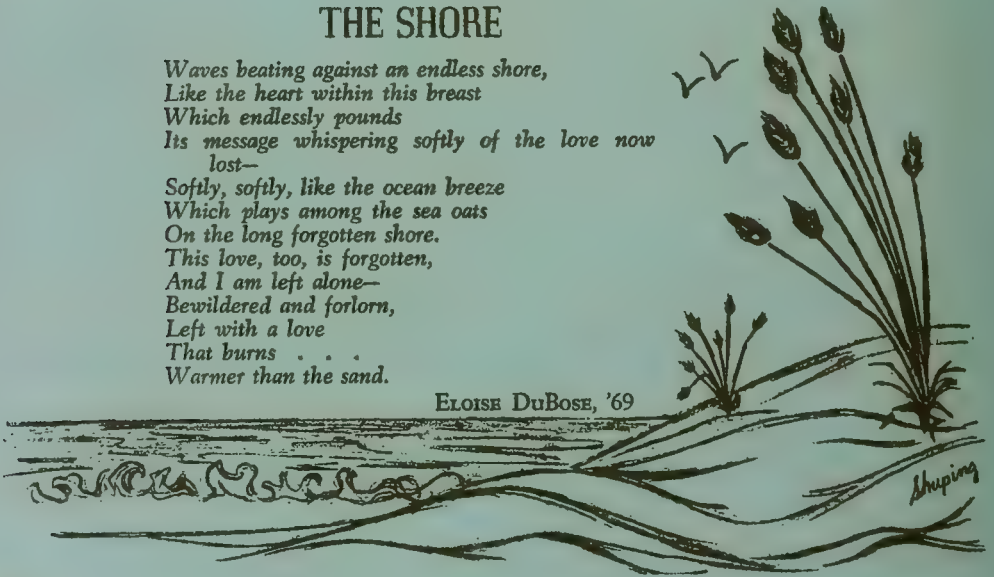
I want to be with him
not here with
crowds.
I want to be in a quiet room
With my head on his chest
away
from the noise and the loud laughter of life
I'm in no mood for laughter
except
if he were to make me laugh.

ANNE BRADY, '68

THE SHORE

Waves beating against an endless shore,
Like the heart within this breast
Which endlessly pounds
Its message whispering softly of the love now
lost—
Softly, softly, like the ocean breeze
Which plays among the sea oats
On the long forgotten shore.
This love, too, is forgotten,
And I am left alone—
Bewildered and forlorn,
Left with a love
That burns
Warmer than the sand.

ELOISE DUBOSE, '69



SPRING-EARLY

Tender petal of pink,
Twisted from the bud by a wind
Too harsh for spring,
Your lap so gently holds a glimmer
Of milk-soft morn.
Was it your wish
That you drift here alone?
Or did you envision a
Loveliness matured
In full-blown June?
Though taken from expectant blossom
On the stem,
You give a breath of Spring
To muted shades of green
Beneath this oak.
Moss and wisps of grass
Make soft your bed,
Harbored from a crisp, unseeing frost.

ALICE SMITH, '68



Pink is . . .
sunrise
a baby's blanket
a rosabud
a kitten's nose
a little girl's party dress
a sun-kissed cheek
a bluish half-hidden
a giggle
a happy song
a child's love
a beginning

Anna Andrews, '69

Just a few minutes; is it too much to ask
I only want to talk with you
I have a problem and
I need you
now
But you're gone; you might as well not even exist
You have a job, you have responsibilities
With your manly logic, reason, and practicality you endure—
I'm dying
Can't you understand—my whole being needs you—
Can't you just once forget about your work—

No, you're too — mature
And
I'm only a child
But I need you
now.

ANNE BRADY, '68

Beauty

What is beauty?
The tears of heaven blotting out
the world?
The ball of fire rising and setting,
Leaving behind the colorful hues
of its trade?
The wild, wonderful ocean stretching
Its foamy fingers toward the land?
The majestic mountains reaching
Eternally toward heaven?
Are any of these more beautiful
than man?

PATSY SLATER, '68



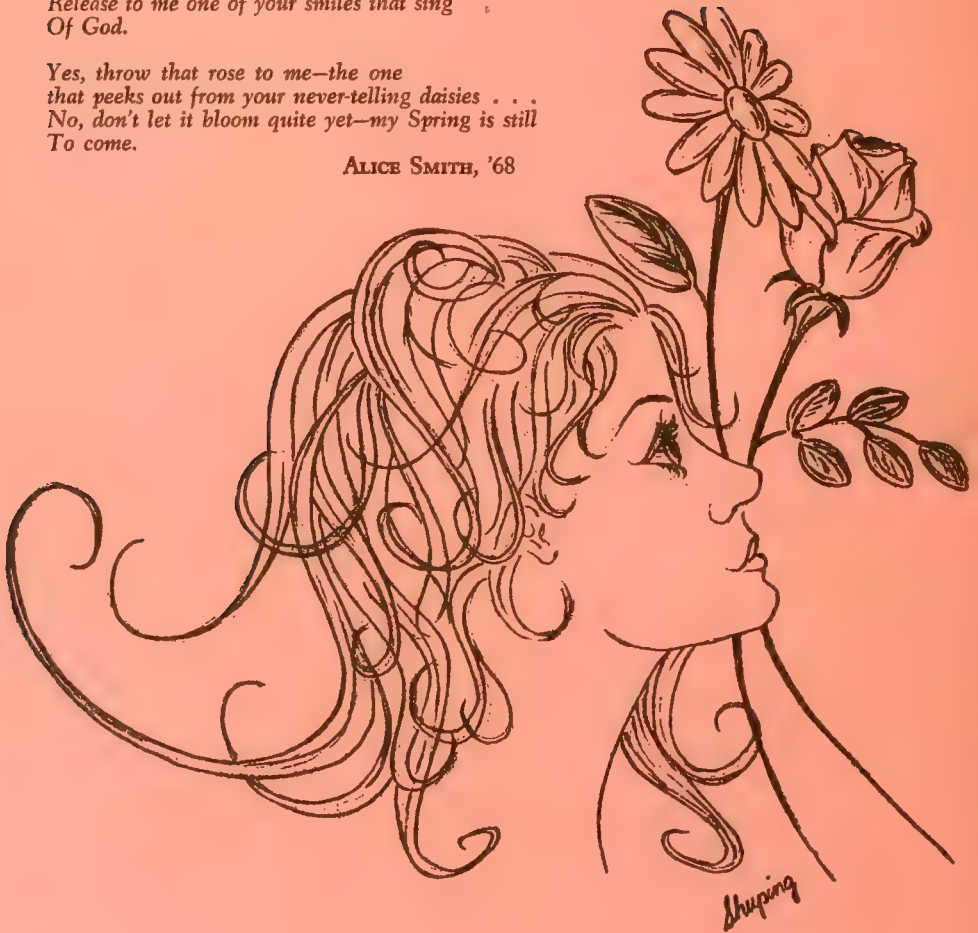
*Come, o Spring-child,
you with the spun-gold hair . . .
and share the sound of your laughter
With me.*

*Bud-blossom smiles burst from your honey-lips,
Mist-blown beauty from your eyes . . .
Can I find part of myself
In you?*

*Angel-flower, run through your field of daisies
To my searching soul . . .
Release to me one of your smiles that sing
Of God.*

*Yes, throw that rose to me—the one
that peeks out from your never-telling daisies . . .
No, don't let it bloom quite yet—my Spring is still
To come.*

ALICE SMITH, '68



I would that I were a vast teacup
 To be turned upside down until every drop was out.
 Then the hollow opening placed face down
 But not over the content

away to the side.

For who would care about the chipped
 porcelain
 for the brilliance of the mellow liquid from
 within.

Yet who
 would grasp the handle?

THARON SAPP, '70



For life to yield, one must yield to life.
 For faith to grow, one must comprehend.
 We are unaware of the destruction of days,
 of the contempt of the mind, and the
 vastness of the earth.

Time lapses without understanding.
 Men grow, controlled by ignorance
 and condemnation.

Maturity never matures;
 Death never dies;

And life continues on—
 encompassing all.

RUTH SHUPING, '69

The continuous, streaming currents
 Of silent, whispering lies
 Fool our world of fantasy
 Through a cowardly disguise.

RUTH SHUPING, '69



In every city in the world there are parks
 where old people sit and rest
 and hear the birds sing
 and watch little children play and ride on merrygorounds—
 the sun is shining oh
 man is universal.

We all feel, react.

Each of us cries, laughs,
 resounds with the joyful cry I am I!

Why don't we concentrate on what there is to share?
 the simple joy of children
 sitting in parks and laughing
 and friends

and relishing every piece of beauty God gave us,
 instead of expending our energies
 in physical battle and bitter world rivalry.

Why are destructive forces stressed—
 instead of
 the many, many joys to share?

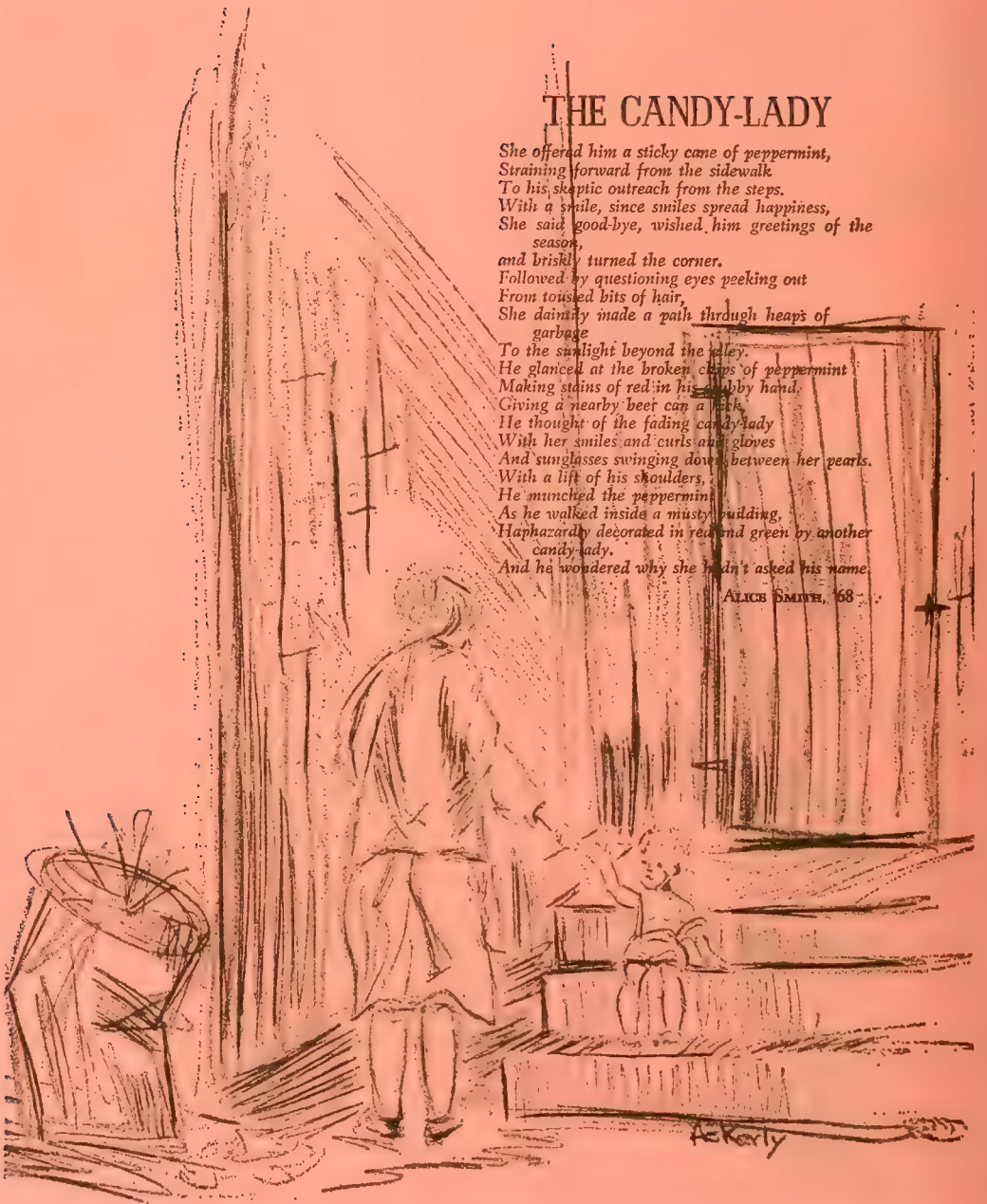
LOUISA ROGERS, '71



THE CANDY-LADY

She offered him a sticky cane of peppermint,
Straining forward from the sidewalk
To his skeptic outreach from the steps.
With a smile, since smiles spread happiness,
She said good-bye, wished him greetings of the
season,
and briskly turned the corner.
Followed by questioning eyes peeking out
From tousled bits of hair,
She daintily made a path through heaps of
garbage
To the sunlight beyond the alley.
He glanced at the broken chips of peppermint
Making stains of red in his scabby hand.
Giving a nearby beer can a kick.
He thought of the fading candy-lady
With her smiles and curls and gloves
And sunglasses swinging down between her pearls.
With a lift of his shoulders,
He munched the peppermint.
As he walked inside a musty building,
Haphazardly decorated in red and green by another
candy-lady.
And he wondered why she hadn't asked his name.

ALICE SMITH, '68



Jamie

Anything before I was six years old can just be considered a haze, because these were the years before Jamie came and added a new dimension to my limited world. Oh, I was normal. I laughed and played as all children do, without a sense of tomorrow. But when Jamie entered my life, I really began to FEEL in a way I had not before.

It was funny how it happened, that day I first met Jamie. It was too early for fathers to be up, but mothers and children had long before seen the sun rise. Winter was slowly fading away, and there was an air of expectancy. Was it for Jamie? I was sitting on the front porch, lost in the child's other world, when he paused on the lower step. What a cute little boy he was with his tow-hair and big blue eyes full of innocence and adventure. Those beautiful eyes: icy blue and yet as a ray of sunshine as it peeks out of fleecy clouds. He seemed as though he had a secret that only he could share. This was Jamie, my Jamie, the little boy that seemed to hold within himself the knowledge of the universe.

Jamie smiled at me with sunspots in his eyes as he walked up to the top of the steps. "Are you the little boy who is moving in next door?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied dimpling with pleasure. "I'm Jamie, and I've come to take you for a ride in my new red wagon." This simple command was the beginning of a friendship which changed a little girl's ordinary life into one full of mystery, awe, and wonder.

I never will forget that rainy morning that began our real adventures together. As I stood with my nose pressed against the window-pane wishing that Mother would let me go outside and play, I felt someone standing behind me. Jamie, too, shared my longing. Quietly, with suppressed excitement, he whispered: "Come on! Let's go outside and I'll show you a secret."

"What, Jamie? A baby kitten or a blue-speckled egg?"

"No," he replied with delight. "It's something lots better than that! Don't ask questions—just take off your shoes and sneak out with me before your Mother catches us!"

And I followed him filled with curiosity and the delight in being in the falling rain. The grass was cool and tickly as we ran across the yard. The rain splattered our faces as the wind tangled our hair. We ran until we were so out of breath that

I finally gasped: "Jamie, where are we going?" Silently he put his finger to his lips and took my hand. At last we came to a huge evergreen tree which stood majestic against the sky. We scrambled beneath the low-hanging limbs and wiped the rain from each other's faces. I leaned against the trunk and looked at Jamie. He was filled with the ecstasy of one who knows a secret and can hardly contain it. His blue eyes sparkled, and there was awe in his face as he gazed at the sky. Oh, Jamie, how beautiful you were with your cheeks glowing from the exertion of running and with raindrops clinging to your hair! Suddenly impatient, I demanded to know your secret.

"Lie on your tummy," he said, "and look out through the branches. Then you will know." I looked. But all I could see were the grey swirling clouds and the falling rain.

Then Jamie whispered: "Look up at the sky. See the way the clouds are chasing each other. It's like they're running a race with the sun. Look harder."

I looked and looked. The smell of the damp earth and the sense of something new and exciting lifted me up to the racing clouds. I swallowed. What was it I felt? It was almost as if I had been absorbed by the elements. I finally perceived and was humbled.

I don't know how long we lay side-by-side under our tree, filled with awe and a sense of peace, but suddenly Jamie shouted: "The sun has won the race! Come on! Let's go play in the water!" Quickly we wriggled out from under the branches. The mist still clung to the air, but the sun was warm against our backs as we dashed out to play. Gone were the thoughts of the moment before. We were young, the world was new. I thought there would always be tomorrows.

Yes, Jamie, we grew up together and shared the joys and secrets of childhood. But then you moved away. Somehow it was not the same. I could no longer feel the way that you had taught me to feel. Gone were those moments which should be captured and held. And I was alone.

The years passed. You were no longer a little boy, Jamie. You were Jim now—your tow-hair had turned to brown, but your eyes were still the same. You were the same Jamie and yet you were different.



I really don't know what would have happened had I not written you. Would the little boy have been gone forever? All I know is that when someone we both love died, Jamie, I needed you. I needed to feel your strong arms around me and know that everything would be alright just as it had been when we were young. So, in the middle of the night I wrote you, Jamie. I know you must have been surprised, for it had been such a long time since we had seen each other. But, Jamie, in spite of that fact, your reply was just as I had hoped it would be: full of comfort, full of tenderness.

Yesterday you called and last night you came. And when I went down to meet you, it was almost as if there had been no time between us; yet I was afraid. Was it that I feared that you had grown up, and I was still a little girl? Or did I fear that you were not the Jamie that I had cherished for so long?

We went to the lake, a place that we both love. The mist encircled the mountains, the faint purple blended with the water as the waves gently lapped against the shore. It was twilight, so calm, so peaceful. Everything was so close. And there you were sitting beside me. We talked about lots of things, but my mind was far away—remembering the little Jamie—not knowing the grown-up Jim.

All of a sudden the rain began to pour. It was almost as if it were that day long ago. You took my hand and motioned for me to follow you. We ran through the rain; breathlessly we ran. There was no friendly evergreen to shelter us this time, but a little cottage near the shore. I felt so unreal as if it were a dream. Laughing we slumped down on the couch and both of us spontaneously said: "Do you remember . . ." Another peal of laughter

issued forth as we realized that we did both remember that day long ago. Then there was silence. The only sound was the gentle rain pattering against the roof. You were there beside me. We could see the lake through the mist and the intense green that enveloped the earth. The shadows lengthened.

In the silence you touched my hand and then my hair. I turned to look at you, Jamie, but all I could see was your shadowed face. Suddenly an emotion filled me so intensely that I could not control it. "What's wrong?" you asked. "Why are you so tense? Does it bother you that I touch you?" I did not know what to say, I was so choked up inside. No, Jamie, it did not bother me that you held my hand, and yet I was not ready for it. And when you took me in your arms, I fought you inside, saying things that I now regret. Anything to get away from those uncontrollable emotions.

"Jim," I said, "how can you understand? I am like a child and woman at the same time. Each trying to master, each without triumph. Please let's leave. Please understand."

But you did not understand. How could you? But being the dear person that you are, you took me by the hand and we left. The long drive back was filled with silence. What was there to say? And as you once more stood on the lower step, you gently kissed my forehead and said: "Good-night, little girl." And then you were gone.

Oh, Jamie, why was I such a fool? You knew I cared for you. Was that why I fought you so hard? Questions. I have no answers. The rain patters against the roof and as I press my nose to the window-pane, I wonder. Will Jamie come back?

GRAY BROTHERS, '68



*He tickled my nose with a feather,
I wanted to sneeze, but couldn't.
What seared me was that I started liking the feather.
Then he ran his fingernail across my blackboard.
Sad, that's the only way he could make me shiver,
But I did.
He threw grapes at me, and fool that I am, I swallowed the seeds.
If I hadn't ever held his hand, I wouldn't have noticed the wart.
But I did.
He liked me because I was what I want to be and not what I am.
Then he saw daylight through the door and he just had to open it.
So I sneezed.*

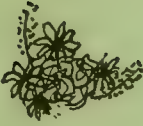


THARON SAPP, '70

The Orange Peel

Peel the orange with care.
Tear the tough skin with your bare hands.
Contemplate the whole in nudity and perfection.
Devour each unique section with passion and interest.
Spit each seed far . . .
 against future fruition of ugliness and waste.
How sad . . .
 the empty peel . . .
 with nothing to put it on.

THARON SAPP, '70



Green is . . .
a walk in the woods
a garden snake
summer
a picnic
a turtle's back
the ocean sometimes
a little boy's frog
the world underwater
dew on a daisy leaf

Anna Andrews, '69



Little boy
Alone in the world,
Yet the very heart of it.
Your eyes are so sad,
Your tears, so sincere,
Your thoughts, so simple,
Yet, so complex.
What do you see
My little one?
That which I can not?
The Truth.

KATHERINE HUNTER, '69



AWARENESS

Now that I have tasted part of life's bitterness
I venture to say—I have been here before;
Not in reality for my life is too new to do these crimes,
But in dreams and thoughts and poetry,
That is where I have once travelled this path.
Now to live them will cause me to be judged.
Knowingly I attempt the wrong;
Knowingly and sorrowfully in joy, I take the first steps.
Harmlessly I do the harmful,
For less a few or scorned.
Once I the scorner—now the victor.
How minds run and mouths chatter.
My soul becomes a conscious abyss
Which secretly scorns and laughs at the world.
So wise! Now that I have tasted part of life's bitterness.

VAUGHAN EARLE, '69

Observed Freedom

The sun sets lazily in the west,
Its colors lending a peaceful hue
To my surroundings.
The symbols of greatness
Stand unmoving,
Changing from the green
Of yesterday to the gold of tomorrow.
The creatures of solitude
Dip and dive against the ocean-blue sky.
All this I observe from my prison.

PATSY SLATER, '68

CAT

Cat—thou delicate instrument of life.
You are a sleek vision of sin—
Of beautiful wisdom and ungodly evil.

You deceiving creature—you deceive me
Even as you look at me.
You laugh with scorn and teasing.
You love with an unreal feeling;
Move as an unseen mortal—quietly.
And then you are gone.

Thou magnificent black creature,
Thou sleeping magistrate—
As I look upon you,
What awe I draw from your presence.
How quietly you lie undisturbed.
How quietly you walk—
How quietly you kill.
And, as the unseen claw that lies
Beneath your silken paw destroys,
Under your beauty lies a fiery wrath
That pierces my soul to lifelessness.

RUTH SHUPING, '69



The Robbery

It's spring—
and the flowers have bloomed and in come the girls
with blossoms in their hair.

And they say,
"Isn't it a beautiful day. I just love spring!"
And they dance around and laugh and smile and
greet all their acquaintances.

And everyone thinks how clever they are;
how fresh they look; what lively people they are.

And the flowers—
the innocent flowers that lie softly in their
hair—they are beautiful and pure and yet they are
being used. Their freshness is stolen by the people.

The horrid fakes—the robbers! They use the
flowers to cover their own corroded selves.

Why should beauty be associated with ugly
forms—with unreal people?

Why should unreal people have the right to
deceive unknowing idealists?

RUTH SHUPING, '69



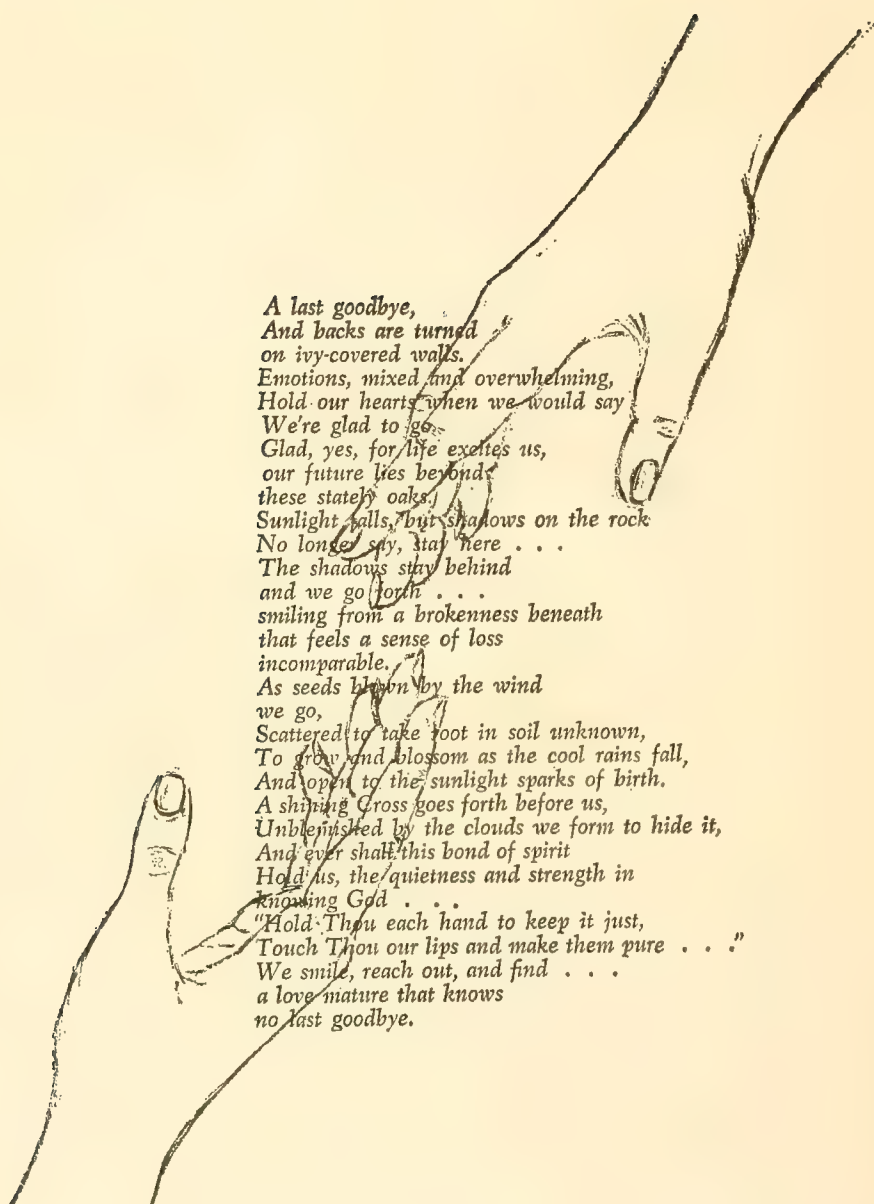
*Take time to care.
We aren't rocks,
isolated islands in a frigid world.
We're people, real people
with feelings.
But feelings are useless if they're not released.
So—do give a damn.
Machines and facts will always be around
but people make the world—
and we can't make it if
we're insensitive.
Take that extra minute
and show understanding,
give a little.
Care.*

LOUISA ROGERS, '71



White is . . .
fluffy towels
cotton clouds
cold milk
marble shining in the sun
Queen Anne's lace
a rabbit's tail
seagulls
seaboats skimming the lake
a starched collar
a wedding
Anna Andrews, '69





A last goodbye,
And backs are turned
on ivy-covered walls.
Emotions, mixed and overwhelming,
Hold our hearts when we would say
We're glad to go.
Glad, yes, for life excites us,
our future lies beyond
these stately oaks.
Sunlight falls, but shadows on the rock
No longer stay, stay here . . .
The shadows stay behind
and we go forth . . .
smiling from a brokenness beneath
that feels a sense of loss
incomparable.
As seeds blown by the wind
we go,
Scattered to take root in soil unknown,
To grow and blossom as the cool rains fall,
And open to the sunlight sparks of birth.
A shining Cross goes forth before us,
Unblemished by the clouds we form to hide it,
And ever shall this bond of spirit
Hold us, the quietness and strength in
knowing God . . .
"Hold Thou each hand to keep it just,
Touch Thou our lips and make them pure . . ."
We smile, reach out, and find . . .
a love mature that knows
no last goodbye.

ALICE SMITH, '68
Illustration, RUTH SHUPING, '69



Bynum Printing Company
Raleigh, North Carolina



THE
MUSE

Salvage

Fidelity Union Skin

1900

people sit in crowded rooms and talk.
they can't see each other for the smoke
nor hear each other through the wall of noise.
even outside the crowd, the noise and the
smoke go with them—

and they call it living.

retta carr

THE MUSE

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if a man does not keep pace
with his companions,
perhaps it is because he hears
the beat
of a different drummer.

thoreau

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to sallie

my fragile child--

whom i so foolishly ignored.
have i wronged you with my neglect?
and now, do i hurt you with my
absence?

my soul cries, for life removes me
from your presence
when i feel your existance
and your need
so intensely,

and i weep inside as i watch you grow into
a woman.

ruth shuping



Grade Point Ratio

the master of enslaved minds,
the hollow Monarch of a little world,
the giver,
the taker,
the indifferent taskmaster,
the difference
between good
and bad,
the little God,
worshiped only
at eight week intervals.

what right has he to judge--
to control so utterly
the destinies of men?
who dares to give meaning
to another's creation?
who cares what he says?
Too Many.

anna andrews

sunny days bore me lately,
the harsh, dark shadows,
the cold yellow light
that glares on windshields
and burns the sand
are unwelcome now.

i know by heart the street mirages,
thirsty tourist faces
seek shelter at noon,
and even you migrate daily
into air-conditioned stores.

i am impatient
impatient for a new day,
a dark gray rainy day
that sends the sun worshippers
disgusted from the beach
so we can walk in isolation
down from pier to pier.

i want puddles to see your smile in,
i want to hurl soft mud at your hair
and watch the rain wash it clean again.
i want to see you, drenched and dripping,
lifting your slippery bottle
to your shining lips.

i want rain
to wash my mind free
of what they all have said,
so i can follow you home again
to supper and the warmth of bed.

rosie motsinger

the tormented spirit screams soundlessly—
i feel its piercing call,

but it is kept captive—
deep within my soul, far back,
submerged in a dark mist.

its companions are transparent dreams
and lost hours—
its anguish mounts;
it desires the realm of elusive days
and unborn moments.

time has been vicious with the spirit,
it is diseased—
incurable.

Erna Colburn



Carv

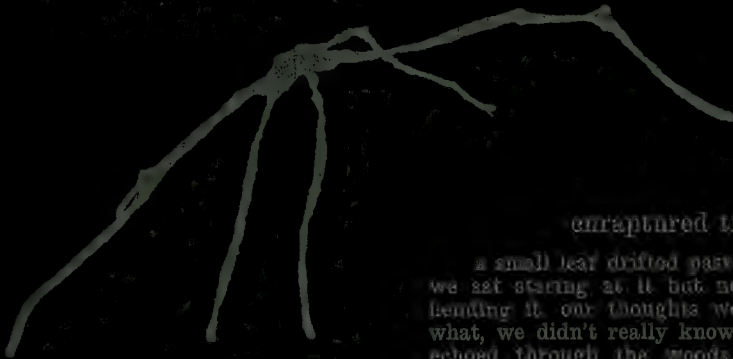
in memory of ann

i was only ten
the year ann left us all.
mother said that we
should be happy, for
she was going somewhere beautiful.
daddy said that
she would no longer know
life's bitterness and sorrow.
my nannie said that
ann would be so much
better off now.
but i was only ten,
and missed my sister.

mother didn't understand
that ann thought home
was the most beautiful of all.
daddy forgot that she
thought life itself was
gay and wonderful.
nannie forgot that she
was better off with people she loved,
not in the cold ground,
all alone.

and why was everyone crying
if this was for the best?
i was only ten so
i didn't understand,
and i missed my sister.

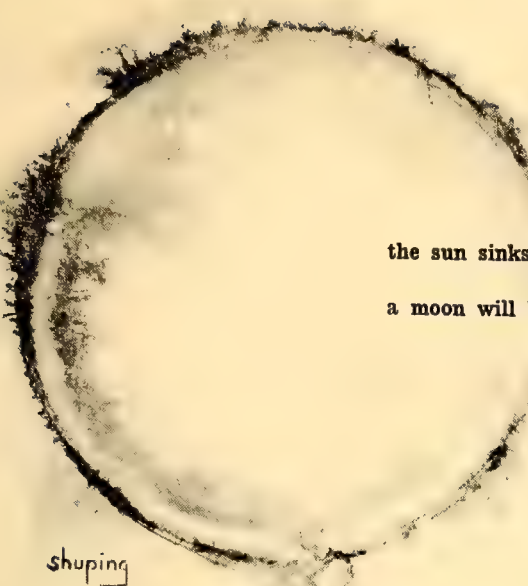
bev hollingsworth kreiser



entrapped time

a small bear drifted past us in the stream.
we sat staring at it but not really compre-
hending it, our thoughts were far away, on
what we didn't really know. a bird's melody
echoed through the woods, and our minds
pictured those chimes that hang in Chinese
shops, a small breeze brushed gently against
our cheeks, reminding us of spider webs
which we ran through. we lay there silently,
wondering what to say or if there was any-
thing we could say. a moment like this was
one to be cherished forever, and that was the
way we wanted it. the day passed too swiftly,
as do all things of love and beauty. the loneli-
ness and the ugliness of the dim cold dusk fell
upon us, and we said good-bye.

anne reaves



the sun sinks into the sea.
they make love.
a moon will be born tonight—
a new day tomorrow.

k-cee colburn

shuping

the water was still and the
skies were quiet.
a lone eagle soared silently
above the earth.
his quick eye scanned the misty horizon.

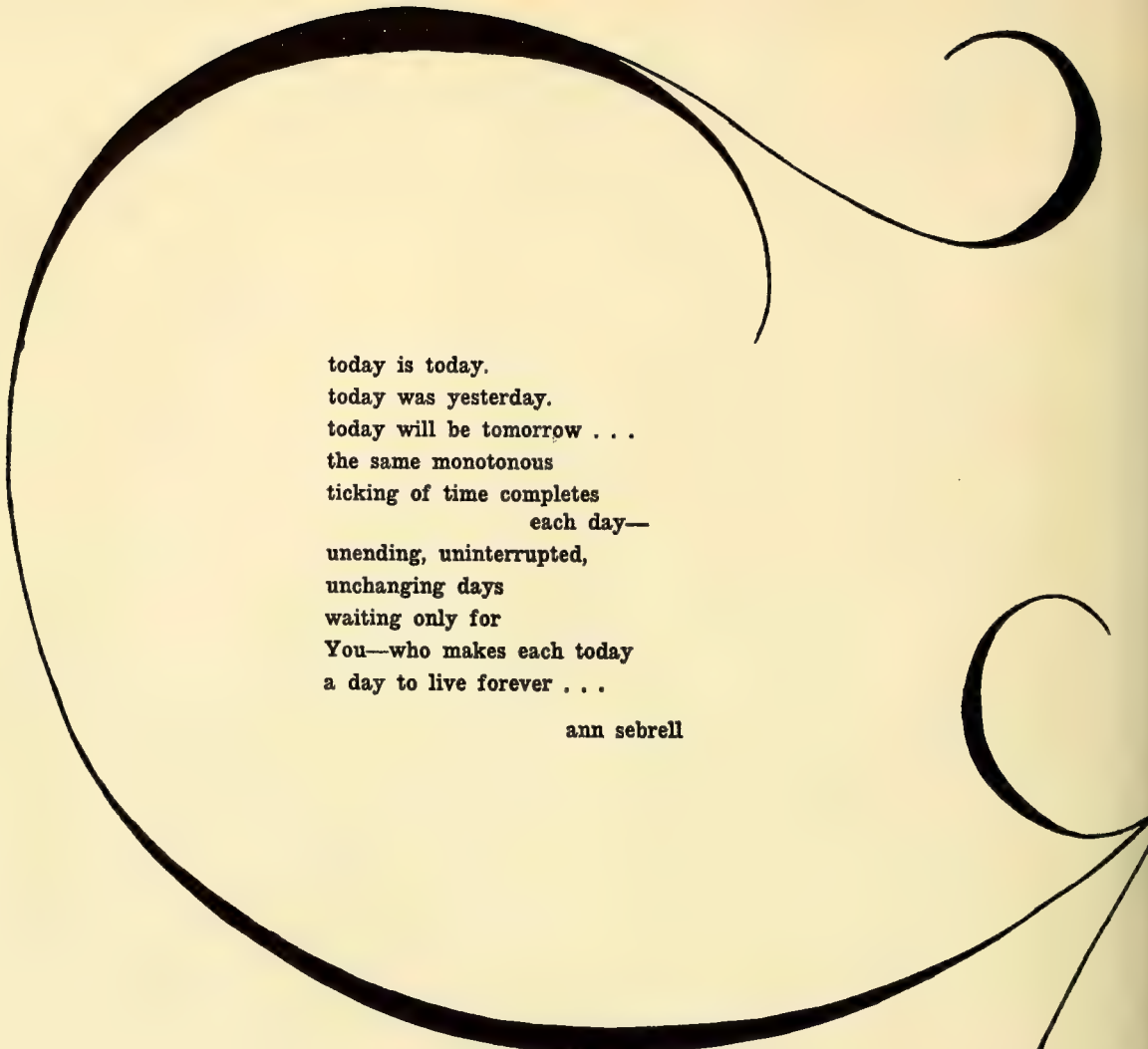
he sensed the forthcoming storm
as he alighted on a naked branch.
his Golden Feathers ruffled in a
sudden gust.

the grasses below him shivered as the
wind continued to build,
while overhead the skies became dark
as chaotic clouds pursued summer days.

the deep voice of change rumbled in the
distance;
Golden Leaves heeded the message
and scurried along, seeking refuge.

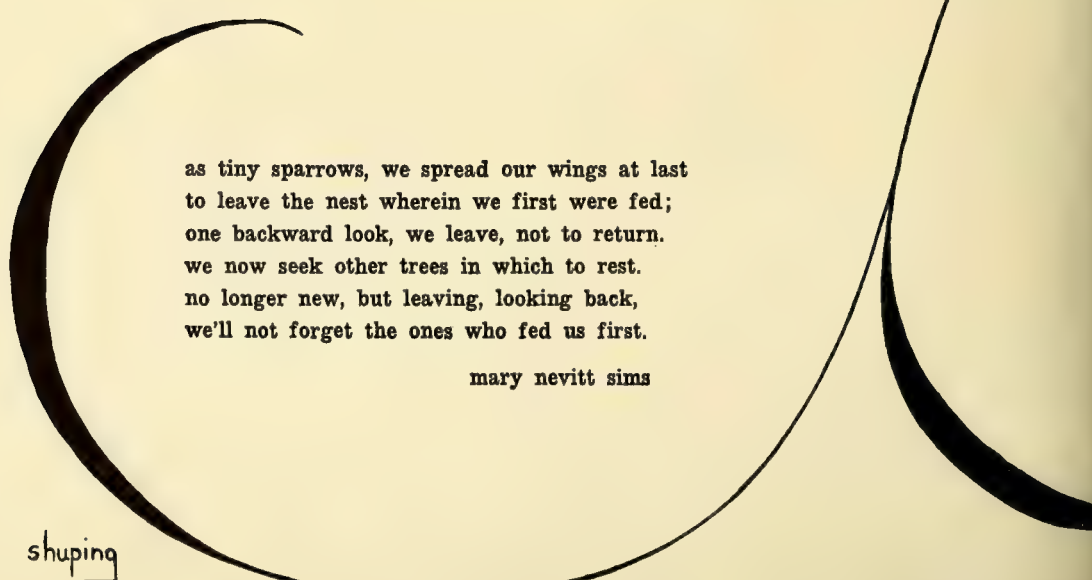
soon a change will be experienced —
and the new arrival will
inhabit the land.

k-cee colburn



today is today.
today was yesterday.
today will be tomorrow . . .
the same monotonous
ticking of time completes
 each day—
unending, uninterrupted,
unchanging days
waiting only for
You—who makes each today
a day to live forever . . .

ann sebrell



as tiny sparrows, we spread our wings at last
to leave the nest wherein we first were fed;
one backward look, we leave, not to return.
we now seek other trees in which to rest.
no longer new, but leaving, looking back,
we'll not forget the ones who fed us first.

mary nevitt sims

ours

a Day—a day in which to live
a million days.
a Day—time enough to find the
beginning or end to all of one's happiness.
Today—shall we spend it together?

ann sebrell

tribute to a friend

you're nothing but yourself
you think of abstracts
you're not one of the conventionals
you're not a dead person living
but someone alive until death

i wish you luck tomorrow
and all the summers ahead
i will not ask you to be careful
in choosing where roads divide
because i know you will take neither—
you'll make your own path in the world
that's what makes you unforgettable

i hope your impression lasts forever
in the sand
but if waves should happen
to wash it away
go your own way and remember
that a friend thinks of you
now and then

bev hollingsworth kreiser

things have changed,
time has passed . . . and . . .
We of so long ago are not the same,
how did it happen
or why?
why did We let them take our
Precious Innocence away?
so content We were . . .
so happy to be Ourselves just as We were,
now We are different . . .
You've changed and
I've changed.
we are no longer We

ann sebrell



caught

in a church wall,
a small bird, once youthful,
caught between the stones.
an old donkey passed
burdened by a sleeping man
and bay
never heard were the chirps—
the lonely bird
caught in the wall,
above, the lofty trees,
the breeze of April—
there, too, many dreams,
never to fly—oh, fields of grain,
unless by chance
a small boy passes by.

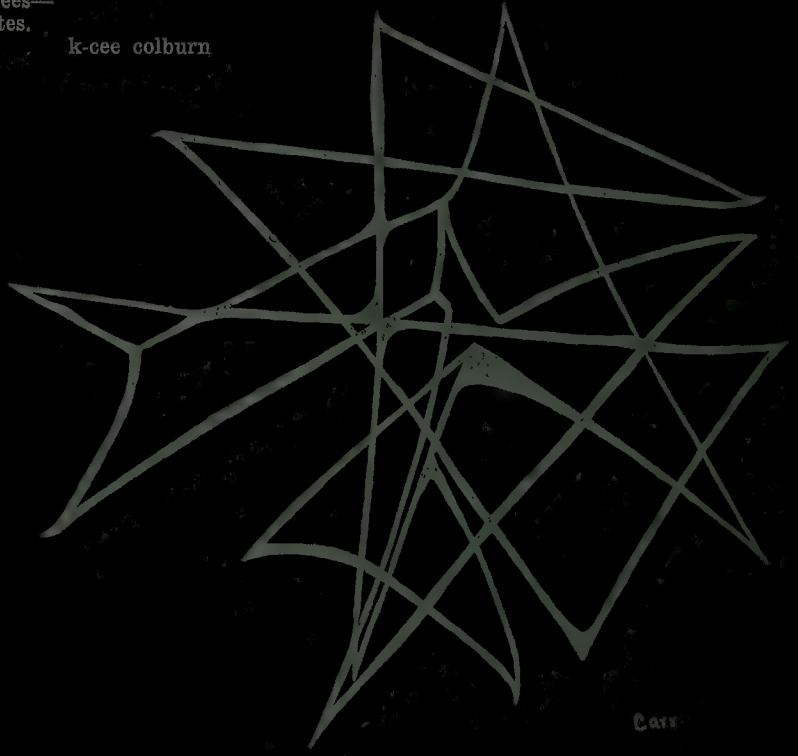
macky dixon

red-orange flames race across
the fleeting horizon.
a deep purple shroud has already
enveloped the sky.

three black graceful birds ripple
across a glassy lake,
reflecting the early evening fire.

the birds swim into the sunset,
into the intangible part of life
that man never sees—
and rarely contemplates.

k-see colburn



Carr

mrs. anderson said to tell you "hi" today.
she will tomorrow, too, and maybe next
week, and maybe next year.
and it rained today, and you ran upstairs
to close the windows as you did ten
minutes ago
and will forever or until there are
no more windows.

In this heat—in this wetness and this
stillness, our irrelevancies become so
acute.

and as mrs. anderson runs through the rain
and the lightning, I wonder,
will she pass through to security?

ruth shuping

the young man, standing silently in the doorway, turned slowly and walked back into the dimly lit room. upstairs a baby cried. a truck clattered down the street in front of the apartment house, the wind blew a shriveled oak leaf through the door, he picked it up and crumpled it in his hand and then scattered it methodically on the floor, the wind blew the door shut, closing out the smell of the city, leaving only the musty, stale odor of the room. squatting on the floor, he drew his initials in the dust around the faded oriental rug, stretching out his long legs, he lay on his stomach and buried his blond head in his arms. a breeze blew through a broken windowpane and fluttered the sheet covering a chair near his head, the baby stopped crying, the hush seemed strange. "it's quiet," his thoughts meandered, almost in his subconscious, "someone fed it, i wonder whose it is, maybe it's mine, no, it can't be, she's gone." he got up and walked out into the night, the wind was still blowing, something stung his cheek, he looked, it was a leaf that rolled on down the street and into the gutter, he heard the door slam, it could have been yesterday—only he knew it was today.

carlean moser



Car



Carlye

laugh till you feel your mind breaking,
laugh till you burst from inside,
and you'll laugh as i laughed when he
loved me
and i trusted him there by my side.

live with your eyes shining freely,
live in a fever of heat,
and you'll live as i lived when he loved
me,
and my mind and my soul were complete.

cry till your tears flow down burning,
cry when there's no one around,
and you'll cry as i cried when he left me,
and i watched as my world crumbled
down.

sarah colton

poem

as silver grains
glisten beneath the waves,
i raise my eyes to the distant shore.
there, with red flags,
children
celebrate their fathers' departure.

farewell,
the ships, red by
the morning sun,
greet the horizon,
and children begin
gathering shells
to fill lonely hours.

macky dixon



Carr

the flame is suspended,
space has paralyzed it—
the mirror is expressionless,
it has no present to reflect—
the clock is confused,
it has no future to penetrate—
my lover and the universe sleep—
for i have seduced time.

Kees coburn



time

the Crisis of today
becomes the smudgy blackboard
of tomorrow's history class.

the Prizes and Treasures
of yesterday
now fill our garbage cans
to overflowing.

anna andrews

perspective

if you could be in my place
and see the world through
brown eyes
instead of blue,
perhaps
in mellow light
Life would not sparkle so.

anna andrews

ELLIOTT

the wars

i cannot say to what degree
men go astray or men are free,
when victory's done, we linger, young
upon life's parched but outstretched
tongue,
we, older, venture on and find the wrath
of chained men upon our path
i cannot say to what degree
will fall the tears of conquered kings
who lie among their wretched men,
their enemies, who once were friends,
too, lie in pain, beseeching an end to
gentle rain that falls and falls and
never ends.

i cannot say to what degree
love will outlast the raging hate
or battle's blast will mutilate,
my feeble plea for peace will drown within
man's ever raging human sin;
and ears will never hear again
the pleading cry for what has been,
but never shall return to men.
what can i say to blood-filled ears
or power surging brains of men
who cannot hear amid the cheers
of war and victory's din?
you cannot change what you won't see;
you disregard the chained man's plea
and, hurrying, hide the face
of executioners and the race
of brothers all with one decree.

so fight your wars! and later smile
while clutching the hand of the fatherless
child
and toast the widows, standing there
by flag-draped coffins in despair;
then turn and leave without a care,
your war is won, your point is made,
your pride and honour, too, are saved,
in one more place your flag is waved,
and a million more lie in the grave.
why should i care? someday i'll die,
but shall my children question why
past wars were so unjustified,
and young boys died ungratified,
though they, for love of country, tried?
i cannot say.

bev hollingsworth krusen

1850

Wm. W. Phelps
1850

Example

Fidelity Down Skin

1877

The Musee





The Muse

if a man does not
keep pace with his
companions, perhaps
it is because he
hears the beat of a
different drummer.
thoreau

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cover design by retta carr
title page design by k-cee colburn

when you laughed, i felt my heart, smile
and the night seemed pure.
you were young as i had never known you before—
remolded to a time that i was never a part of.
i wonder where it went—
what game you were playing when you turned
and found yourself a man.
i often think of you as a child, laughing as you are now,
and wonder at your freedom.
i wish you could always run carefree with your friends—
never caring who is watching you—
never concerned about tomorrow.
when you look at the sky, i hope you always see eternity—
not jet planes.
and that you love life simply for its beauty
as you did as a child.
and, if i could adapt to this existence with you,
let it be so,
but if circumstance doesn't conform itself to my soul,
never believe it was not my desire—
only my inability
to smile at the dark.

ruth shuping



if a man does not
keep pace with his
companions, perhaps
it is because he
hears the beat of a
different drummer.
thoreau

carry me far from the cities,
from the smog and stench
of mere existence.
free me from the cries of Humanity
pleading to be set free
from mere existence.

give me a world where man is Man
and not his own creation
of Pride.
set me at liberty to roam the hills
and recover the fragments
of Adam.

retta carr

i wasn't born
to spend my life
the way you planned —
to wear a mask
of a plastered smile —
to say a facade
of meaningless words
or to merely live up to
a chosen image.

i wasn't born
to stay a child
for all my life
or to waste away
in a cold, gray class
and never learn
of the way things are.

i wasn't born
to answer your prayer
or be your angel-child.

and i wasn't born
to see this face
and know this joy
of this one love
only to have

to lose it.

rosie motsinger

see the people in the crowd,
they are telling lies about a man i do not like
they hide their insecurity behind his evil life.
they make their wrongs look small
behind blown up tales of his.
i am only a few feet away,
and i am waiting —
waiting for a chance to tell my part,
and when i do, i'll push my conscience behind
and hate my parents for my being.

sarah colton

RC

as the hills hide the red glow,
and trees become silhouettes,
small natives gather bugs of light
to guide them to their fathers' laps.
as rain softly falls,
the bugs of light stop their flickering
like candles with sudden ended wicks,
leaving uncertain minds
and the soft drumming of falling rain.

macky dixon

it was dark
and i alone had never seen Myselt
for i had bloomed a little after dusk
in the black oppressing night
i wondered if i'd ever see Myselt
before the arrival of gawdy light
then amid my indecision
there came a ray - a beam
at first it flickered lightly
as it moved behind a cloud
and then the soft moon glow fell on me
and paused just where i stood

shy at first i blushed
to see Myselt reflected in that light
but tragically i mistook for warmth
the heat of a self-loving heart
for what was once and just for me
was an overated show
for the wind which i met that night
unwittingly i'm sure
betrayed the secret of the Moon
around the curve of the earth
before my turn had come
the deceitful Moon had another Rose
it shown on just the same

my heart i know was broken
if a pink Rose has a heart
for since i was new at living
i made a sad mistake
what i had thought a spontaneous flame
was but a practiced fake

around the world that fickle sphere
will his sure course pursue
and he will find that deep red Rose
to pierce with arrows through

sarah colton



she was paying for her groceries
all the items in the regulation brown shopping bags
with the S&H stamps and receipt—
just another customer in the line:
another tradition of the "American way of life"
but this time it was different.
she was a foreigner
accustomed through painful time to the American ratrace
the chaos
the bewildering bedlam
but i wonder how it felt when she first came
to be a lonely immigrant.

louisa rogers



Willow, why are you burdened with sorrow
in so joyous a season?
your drooping limbs sweep the unmoving earth,
mixing their briny tears
with the new-fallen dew.
all Nature around you looks on,
indifferent to your suffering,
oblivious to the burden which
stoops the noble shoulders of your form.
perhaps no sky exists for you—
so weep, Willow, and one day
Mankind may learn to weep with you,
tasting the silent agony of your tears.
eloise dubose



progression —

and everyone participates
and everyone enjoys
and everyone babbles
and everyone progresses —
continually
moving - moving
continually.

and events unfold
and events yield to new events
and events continue
always.

and everyone progresses —

moving - moving
and progresses
and continues
until everyone progresses completely
and everyone knows everyone
and events become monotonies
and progression becomes nothing —
and nothing is everything.

ruth shuping

the tell tale grape

sometimes

when i am alone
i look for jesus

tell me—

who is my brother i say to nobody at all
and you don't answer
so i say there is no god
and it echoes

one day i saw a blind man
and i put a nickel in his cup
and he said god bless you sir
and i said oh shut up

and so i went—bump bump
and one day a rabbit said to me
are you god
(and i was scared but)
i said yes
and no thunder came—no lightning either
so i was safe

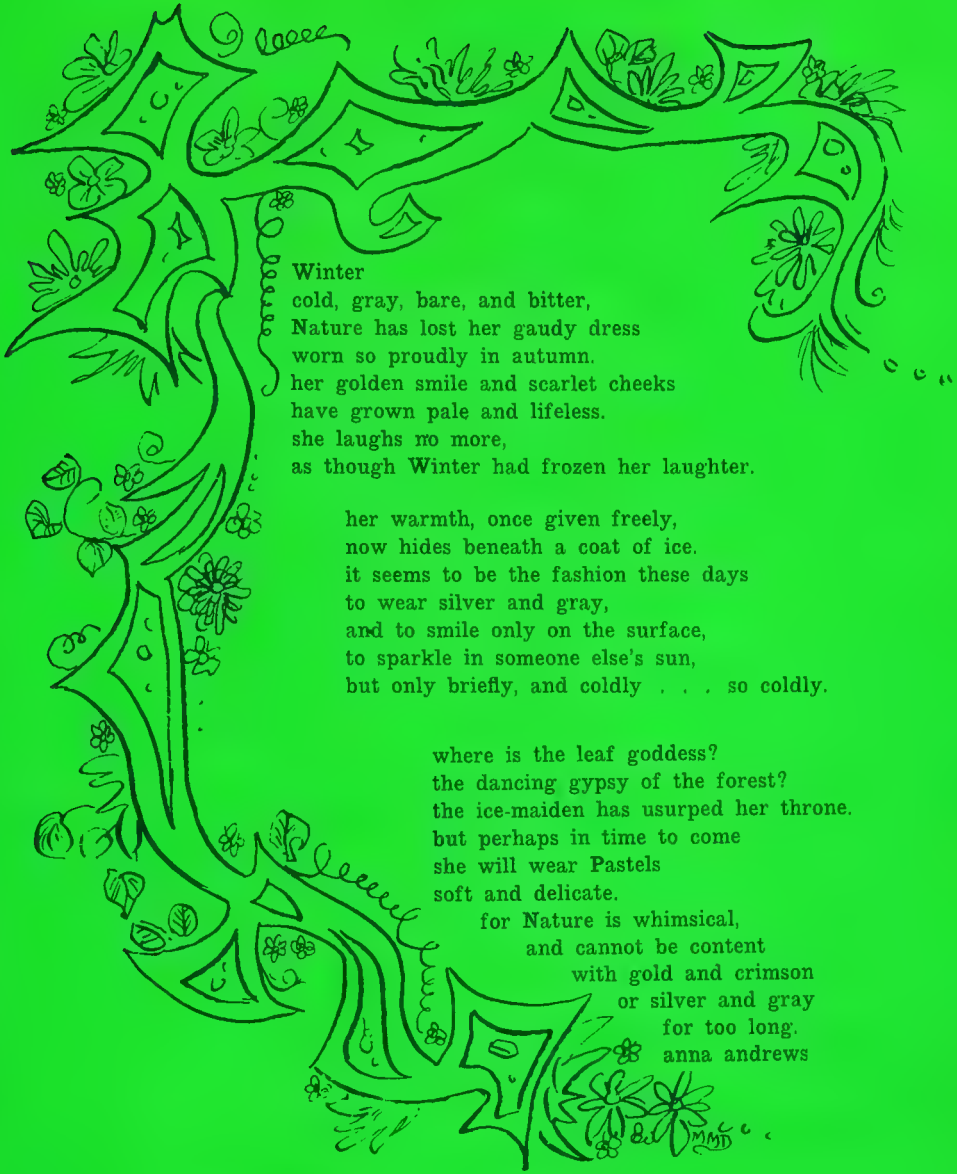
i tried again in church one day
i was alone
i wanted—lets see—a shoulder, or an ear, or a hand
and i got a big fat empty church
so i said good-bye jesus wherever you are
(or are you?)
don't call me
i'll call you
(but i thought not)

i didn't give up though
i asked my mother and she said
ask your father and he said
ask your mother so i
—didn't ask anymore

and one day
i found a dirty little boy with grapejuice
on his face
and he was crying
so i played with him because i wanted to
and i washed his face at the playground
now we are friends

little grapejuice asked me one day
if i was god
(and i wasn't scared)
i just said yes because i am
everything is fine now

mary miles andrews



Winter
cold, gray, bare, and bitter,
Nature has lost her gaudy dress
worn so proudly in autumn.
her golden smile and scarlet cheeks
have grown pale and lifeless.
she laughs no more,
as though Winter had frozen her laughter.

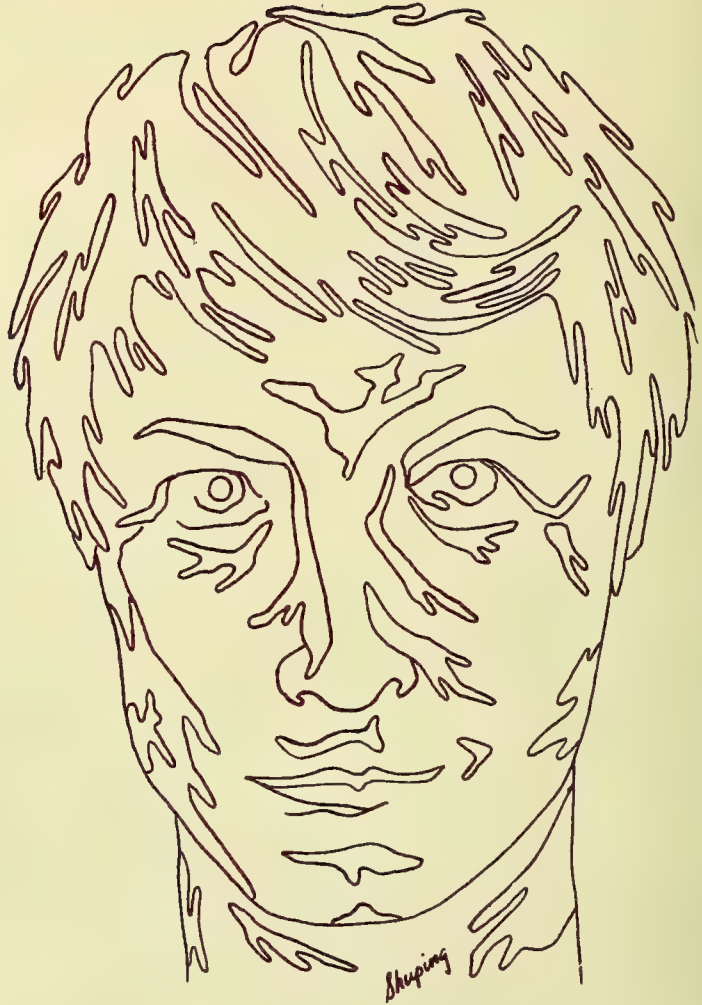
her warmth, once given freely,
now hides beneath a coat of ice.
it seems to be the fashion these days
to wear silver and gray,
and to smile only on the surface,
to sparkle in someone else's sun,
but only briefly, and coldly . . . so coldly.

where is the leaf goddess?
the dancing gypsy of the forest?
the ice-maiden has usurped her throne.
but perhaps in time to come
she will wear Pastels
soft and delicate.

for Nature is whimsical,
and cannot be content
with gold and crimson
or silver and gray
for too long.
anna andrews

Man has no Fate to accept
except mortality,
but who could live with Human Error
for an eternity?

retta carr



Them

the noisy, pushing traffic known as People
only drifts by Me today.
I am apart,
watching as They try to do something
to make today a little different from yesterday—
a party, a movie, a game—anything at all
and as I melt into the beautiful
day God made for us to share with him,
I can only sigh for Them—
those ignorant, self-centered People,
lost in their self-made mazes
of simplicity.

ann sebrell

morning — and i leave you

we never made it, love.

all the bridges that rose for us
must be crossed alone—

separately.

the rain that falls on us

falls in separate storms,
but we'll still have storms.

i look at you

and in your sleep you are helpless
and i fear for you.
you are so tired.

i want to hold you as universal woman . . .

as a child clings to a father
as a mother comforts a baby.
as a love—your love.

and yet i dare not wake you.

your dreams are so far away
another time, another place.

but so were mine and you never woke me.

i want to tell the world that we were lovers

to tell them of the times we had.
but my heart is quiet

for tomorrow the memory is all i have.

i can tell them how well we loved

but they still wouldn't know

so i kiss your cheek and you leave your dreams
but not enough to know all this kiss means.

it means that i love you

and i'll miss you.

it means i thank you for loving me

and i'm scared—
scared for us both.

it means i want to talk

but time is rushing in
and what would i say

except good-bye?

this kiss is good-bye

and good night
and good morning

it is hello.

it is all i ever meant to say

or not to say.

it means that we are gone

and we'll live on . . .

forever—

for we were what was meant to be.

rosie motsinger



a day with Myself

near these trees and streams i sit,
seeking Myself
in some dark shadow
of some dark tree.
perhaps i won't be here long—
i could be out in those
noisy, crowded streets heading nowhere,
or perhaps in some dingy bar—
smoking and talking with someone.
but these shadowy trees and
this fresh smell tell me that
today was made for this place of solitude.
for this moment i am Here,
and
i am Peace.

ann sebrell

ELLIOTT

walk with me through the forest of my mind.
tomp the old familiar paths
we travelled hand in hand.
perhaps we'll stay forever in this clearing we know
but there are paths within our reach
that I've heard of we should go
and others somewhere hiding no other people know.
if we can find that secret path
if once we make it there
we'll have a haven we can seek
when all seems dead and bare
and marvel at the greeness there.

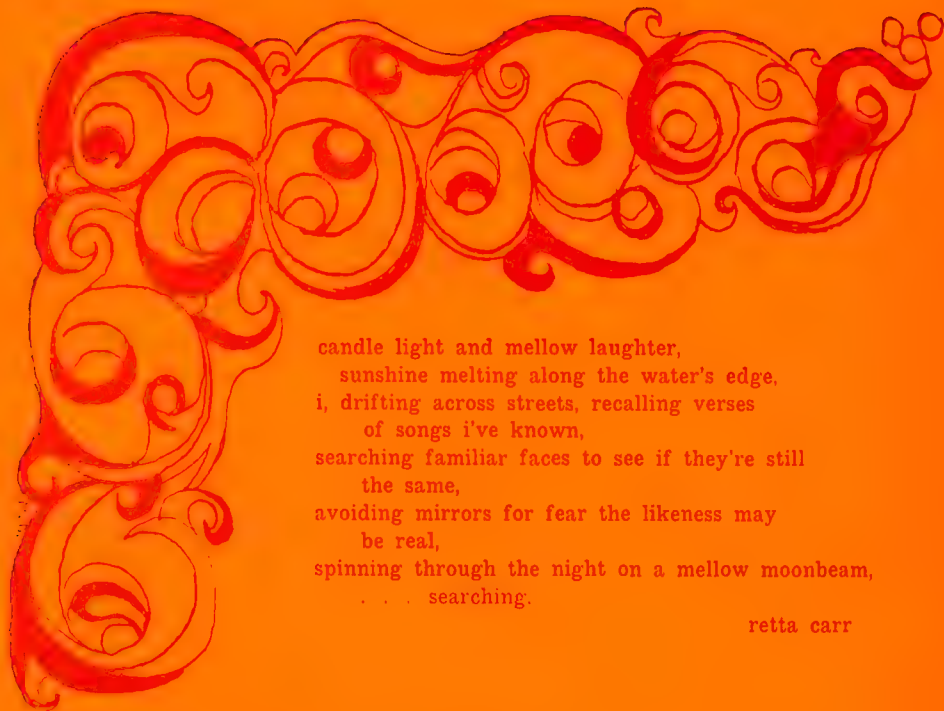
sarah colton



only a shadow

here i sit with you,
surrounded by leaves and noises
only the forest can make,
talking, thinking, loving—
sharing this beautifully passing day
as if it were only meant
for us to live.
losing myself in my thoughts
of the day,
i turn to speak—
and find that i have only
your shadow beside me.

ann sebrell



candle light and mellow laughter,
sunshine melting along the water's edge.
i, drifting across streets, recalling verses
of songs i've known,
searching familiar faces to see if they're still
the same,
avoiding mirrors for fear the likeness may
be real,
spinning through the night on a mellow moonbeam,
... searching.

retta carr

the walls of the room move in towards me
as i find myself confined within
my thoughts.
a million questions with no answers
fly through my head.
the world around me slowly becomes
unreal,
and i grasp at the few remaining hours
of the day
to somehow make it all worth living.

ann sebrell

every time i kill a man
i die a little bit inside,
to think i could have met him
walking, free, on some other shore,
not staining this ground with the blood
of man's folly.

retta carr



every body
is a body—don't exploit it.
virginity seems unimportant
but don't make sex a conditional thing
(night and drink and aloneness.)
still, hell, it's fun.
we're the young generation—go to it baby—
but remember pain is ageless,
and loveless sex is pain.

louisa rogers

the Shadow of Existence

as the room dimmed to the prevailing
flash of color after color.
i found the path between
the two walls of confinement
the walk was long as sporadic
existence took me to the land
of mental aberration
all emotion stereoed
the paradox of reality
and the unreal swallowed
my past and held my future
as i walked further,
desperation's abyss beckoned,
forcing mental descent onto
the plane of black loneliness.
i watched life slip away
like running water
through thirsty hands
then, with nebulous energy
the wind carried me
to the transparent solid
of negativism and the void
there i held silence
by its necrotic hand,
as the wall between
me and my essence
slowly dissipated,
forming a pile of
unfulfilled dreams and
overt disillusionment
suddenly i started to fall
the masochistic beauty
of deadly knowledge
slowly sank out of reach
as reality once again,
outlined the shadow
of my existence

anonymous

today walked through the door

today walked through the door
and into the streets
with its head held high
and a focused determination
in its invisible eye.
slowly, as the blanket of time
covers the presence of
tomorrow's past and
yesterday's future,
the open lips of life
are silenced by the passion
of unfulfilled dreams,
as the dawn awaits quietly
to break its only sun.

anonymous

the dream

oh dream, you come upon me
with a thrust of comforting joy
and take my mind and heart with you
and sadness you destroy.

you are the owner of my past days
of times i so dearly miss.
my entire mind i give to you
for your betraying kiss.

how i do love you!
i gloat within your presence.
i long for you and hope for you
and for your gift of adolescence.

but demon, you that comfort me,
even you shall soon decay
and take with you not just my past memories
but also my today.

ruth shuping



Freedom?

if i asked you, what is Freedom?
would you say—
bringing a negro home to dinner, or
liquor by the drink, or
legalized marijuana?
i would say—
never looking back, always Looking Forward.

if i asked you, what is Security?
would you say—
a big house,
a new car, or
knowing the right people?
i would say—
Peace of Mind.

if i asked you, what is a Flower?
would you say—
a plant which brings color to our homes and yards?
i would say—
anything Real and True, worth the perception of all our senses.

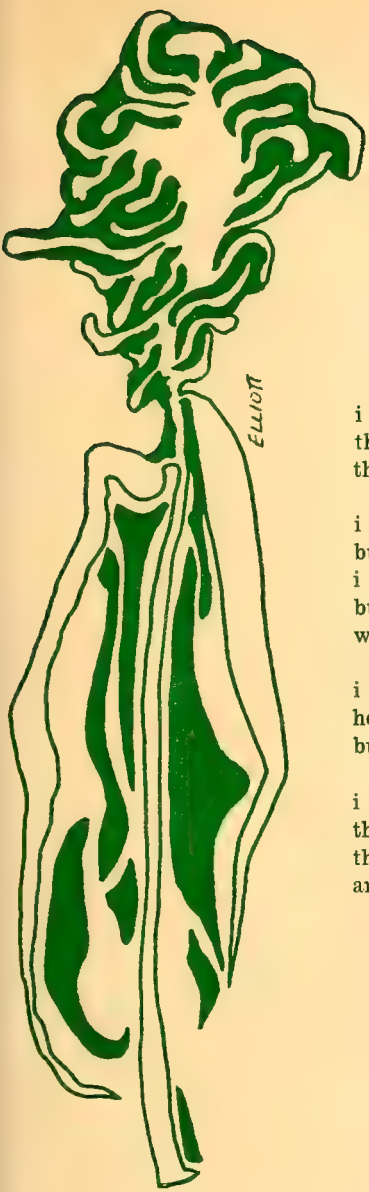
if i asked you, what is Love?
would you say—
caring about someone and
having them care about you?
i would say—
being moved by the Birth of Each new Day.

if i asked you, well do you Care?
would you say—
i guess so?
i would say—
i DO.
and that's why when you're
still st u m b l i n g in the Dark,
i'll be

laughing in the Sun . . .

jane upton





i stand naked before the Clouds that shed silver tears.
the Place i have been has been consumed—
the Place i go was created by the laugh of the Insane.

i dug a hole to hold my Passion,
but there it was decayed by the ac'id of Time.
i ran through the perennial Grass in pursuit of my Shadow,
but when i looked back, i was unable to tell
which apparition was mine.

i was a Sandpiper running to the sea and back,
hesitant, afraid,
but i left no imprint in the wet sand.

i am wholly Void, without a reflection.
the Images of my mind are no longer discernible,
the Clouds have stopped crying,
and the Kite ceases to cast a shadow.

k-cee colburn

you are blind and
i am deaf and dumb,
so let us touch hands
and understand.
kahlil gibran

you are blind and
i am deaf and dumb,
so let us touch hands
and understand.

kahlil gibran

The Muse

December, 1969

St. Mary's Junior College
Raleigh, N.C.

Volume 67

An Escape from Boredom

A crowded room—

Walls of books—stories, plays jokes—

But all only filled with words tonight

A tv blares of a typical wonder drug

A glaring light bounces off the shiny magazine covers—
All last month's

A folded newspaper—

Car wrecks, plane crashes, Bugs Bunny

A polished stereo—

Twirling memorized tunes and lyrics

Upstairs—a sweltering room—

A stuttering disc-jockey on the radio

A cricket's monotonous gab at the window

But on the desk—

A wrinkled pad

A leaking pen

A stupid poem

Ah! — — — An escape from boredom

debi cloning '71



What will you bring me today Life?
Will you bring
Sadness or joy,
Pain or relief?
What should I expect?
How can I prepare?
What will you bring me today?

What will you teach me today Life?
Patience or intolerance,
Oblivion or kindness?
Will I understand?
Will I fail to heed?
What will you teach me today?

What will come after you're gone Life?
Restlessness or peace,
Finality or continuity?
Will I cease to be?
Will I forever wonder?
What will come after you're gone?

carol frischman '71



Man gropes through life searching for something to cling to, for some assurance that death is not the end. He is afraid to accept his fate—that he is merely a helpless creature in an indifferent universe.

jane upton '70

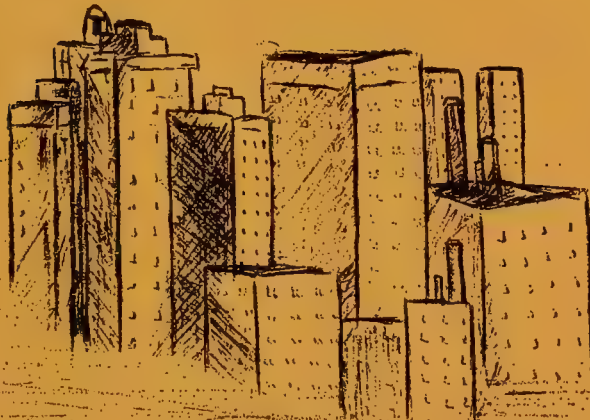
The City

Soaring up to the sky, into blue—
 The City
 As if to push even God from his own heaven

Cold and dirty, smelly and gray—
 The City
 Like a slinking animal awaiting a new prey

Ugly and cruel—
 And yet acting as a vacuum—
 Pulling in all that come near
 Bright lights, fancy buildings, noisy streets—
 But underneath—only brick

deb cloning '71



AFTER IT WAS OVER
 THE SUN CAME OUT
 AND ITS BRILLIANCE SHONE ON
 CRUMBLED BRICKS,
 FALLEN TREES,
 MELTED STEEL.
 TOO BAD THERE WAS NO ONE THERE TO CATCH ITS RAYS . . .

KAI LAMBETH '72



SVB

the bulldog told me to tell you to turn the music down
you laugh and I turn it up
long emerald snakes twine around a golden crystal in the octopus eye
as the music moves around us in the room
sometimes it shakes us with vibrations

lifting,
pulling,
calling,
begging,
laughing,
loving,
sobbing,
crying,
living,

never dying
I pass the pipe to you as you touch the rose of dawn with lips of sound
the beauty I feel makes me want to cry
you can move the world with fingertips of music

lisa partrick '72

flyng high
flyng,

come down
turn off
meet reality

caren threshie '73



The Importance of the Circle

Just as there are no points further from the center
in the circle

Are there no hidden corners or points further from
God than others, as in a square.

Thus, brothers, don't cry out—"I could never
find the center of the Omnipotent!"

Find your radius and construct your path,
using all knowledge of theorems,
and the other truth so concerned.

Fear not! For even if you revolve on the outer
boundaries of the circle you cannot be lost
beyond the point.

And remember that no matter where you travel
you are still part of the wondrous circle.

There is an angle if you look.

So learn your work, see by it (as with other
things to know) to glimpse of what is.

So shall you understand and with the understanding
so earned will you be richly rewarded without
further use of a protractor and the density of
symbols.

muffin penn '73

JU

It is not easy to hold the world on one's shoulders
To be strong for others when inside you are engulfed with fear.
So you try to blot out emotion
Stamp it out before it can scare the already pained heart.
You are obsessed with the role you have created for yourself
And yet you despise it.
So you escape to fantasy—
To a fantasy in which you need no one and feel nothing.
But who are you really fooling?
Who really believes that you are Atlas?
No one—not even you believe it.
And yet you can not escape this prison
Because self-destruction is the course you have chosen
And Destiny signs . . .

Jane Burton '70



The Lesson Told to Aquarlan Paul

Cast a stone of blue against the sky,
And watch the ripples amongst the clouds,
Watch the earthed horizon,
And see before the dawn.

Prepare for your flight amidst the skies,
And go construct your wings for flight.
Remember the purpose of your wings while
Raising your body to inhuman depths.

Fly and soar and melt into blue
Yet, come you not suddenly up or down
Where you might burn from carelessness near the up
Or be lost in disillusion in the thundering to down.

Fly on, and learn the craft of beings of another world,
But keep in mind your being of you and not of a bird,
That you might exemplify the nature of study
And not the extended exercise of abused purposes.

muffin penn '73

Cunning,
Small,
Lovable,
*Life has been started
And in my arms it will flourish.*

Awakening,
Hungry,
Noticing,
*As the life develops,
The great care I'll give.*

Growing,
Asking,
Giving,
*The life matures,
As it affects.*

Influenced,
Faltering,
Praised,
*The life is always to be loved
And I'll never neglect.*

Living,
Independent,
Forgetting,
The life finds its own way.

caren threshie '73





The Sin
Once pure and innocent,
decent and loved—
A young being—a mere child

Caught by the words of a stranger
Captured by the delicacy of his hands
Warmed by the softness of his kiss
Weakened by the assurance of his voice

Unaware of the dangers,
Knowing only the pleasures
Deceived by the false love,
Betrayed by the empty heart

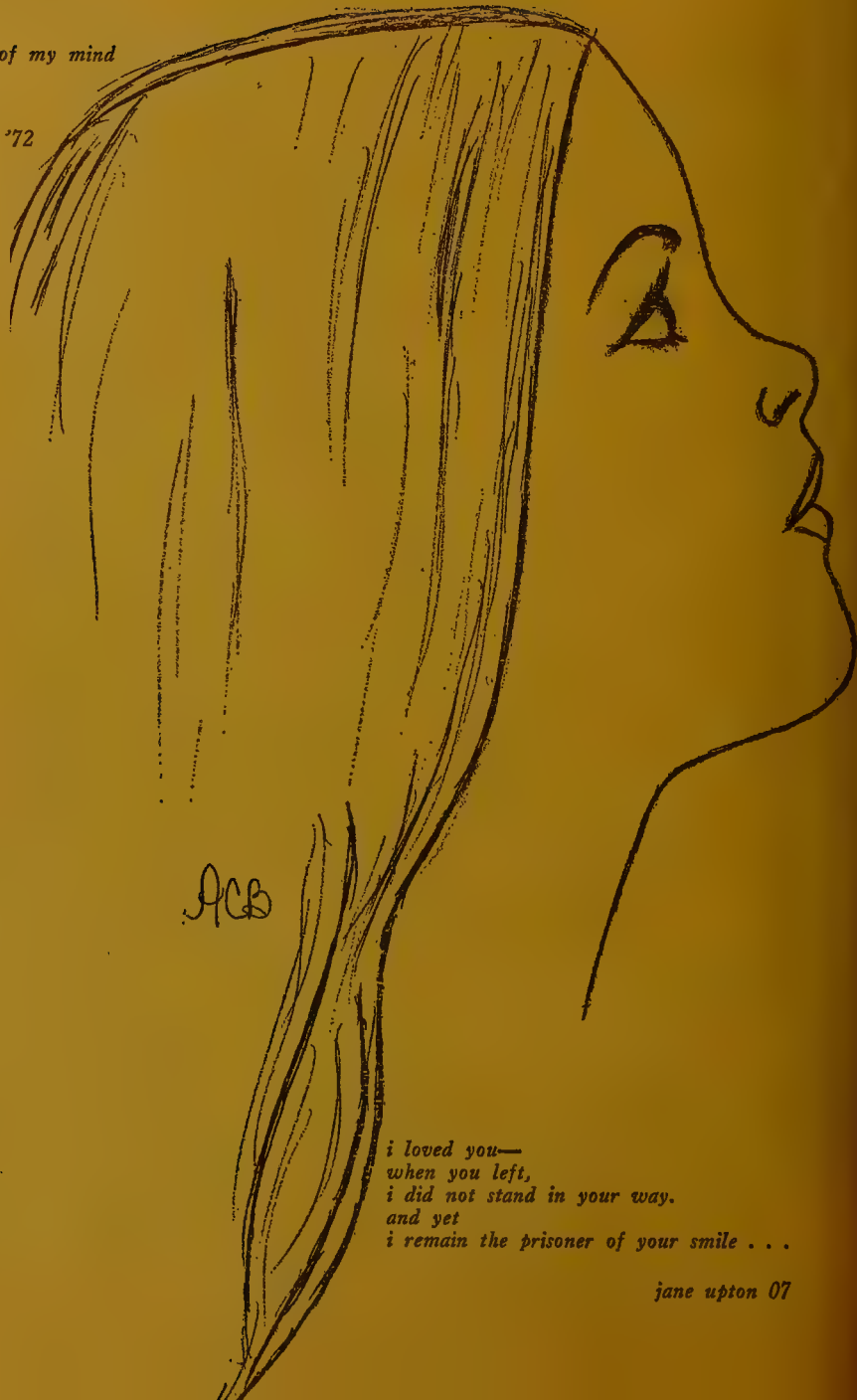
Shamed, disgraced, left behind
Lost all hope, all dreams, all wishes—
The Sin

debi cloninger '71

HUB

*you walked through that door
with your head held high
taking me from the twisted shapes of my mind
you're like the soft snow
filling the contours of my life*

lisa partrick '72



*i loved you—
when you left,
i did not stand in your way.
and yet
i remain the prisoner of your smile . . .*

jane upton 07



Such a little boy with your wide-eyed expressions.
Why am I caught by that mystical imitation of a smile?
Your shoulders—brown, wide, comforting—
I feel like sinking my teeth into them.
So innocent, why don't you make love to me.
Oh yes, but you could learn.
Have I ever cried for you? Someday I will, not now.
Take your coat and leave, but come back when I need you.
Sweet innocence, you're so naïve. Excuse me for laughing.
I love you.

kai lambeth '72

ACB

When the sun's first rays tumble through my window
And Sleep has half lifted itself from my eyes
I am warmed by my thoughts of you.
But then suddenly the full awareness comes
And I am filled with a dread of the coming day
Because you will not be there—
You are only a memory in the early morning light . . .

jane upton '70



I want you
I want love
I want life
I want happiness
I want freedom
I want peace
I want health
I want you
I want time
I want luxury
You say I'm too idealistic?
Well, I agree.

lisa partrick '72

The leaves swirling downward,
 Dancing,
 Falling one by one.
 The wind scoops them up,
 Then just as gracefully
 Sets them in a pile.
 So are my hopes and dreams,
 Falling one by one—
 Cascading about me until all that is left
 Is a small, blackened, forgotten pile
 Of what once meant so much to me.
 I try with all my power to catch them—
 His voice,
 His touch,
 His understanding.
 I try to scoop the remnants up in my arms,
 Putting them back where they belong—but I can't.
 I stand there neither seeing nor hearing anything
 But the little cry of pain and anguish that escapes from my throat.
 Slowly walking away from the pile of leaves,
 I see them crumble into dust—
 The wind whisking away all I ever had,
 As the golden, unforgettable autumn moves
 To a cold
 Meaningless
 Winter.

kai lambeth '72



*Houses, like square mirrors
Against the rising moon
Reflect the imagination of the sea*

macky dixon '70

as the sun was setting today
i
walked
along
the
beach.
i
was
unaware
of
the
rain
that
had
begun
to
fall.
i
was
too
involved
in
my
own
thoughts—
thoughts
of
my life
my future
the sea
an escape
but no,
not today
Death,
you
will
have
to
wait
i
have
too
many
games
yet
to
play
and
too
many
nameless
faces
yet
to
meet.

.....
jane upton '70



A TINY CANDLE LIGHTS THE DARK
A SOFT WIND BLOWS ABOUT
SO QUIET IS THIS WIND,
BUT IT BLOWS THE CANDLE OUT.

DEBI CLONINGER '71

An indifference cherished or left to atrophy
 Becomes an emptiness.
 One writes of scars healed,
 But there is no such thing in the life of an individual.
 There are open wounds,
 Shrunk —
 Sometimes to the size of a pinprick —
 But wounds still.
 The marks of suffering are more comparable
 To the loss of a finger,
 Or of the sight of an eye:
 We may not miss them either,
 But if we should
 There
 Is
 Nothing
 To
 Be
 Done
 About
 It.

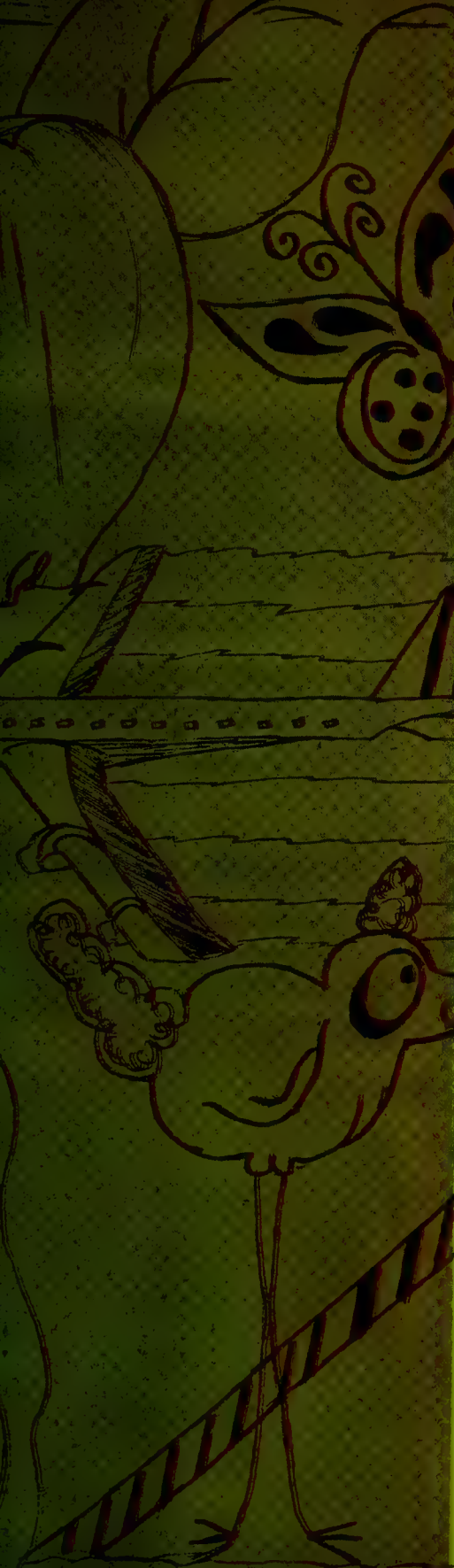
anonymous

"Ask not that I betray myself for I am human I can die too."

jane upton, '70

the organ grinder has gone insane
the monkey lies dead, strangled by his chain
I will bring black roses
for a grave and run
as the winds of freedom
blow through my hair
and I wave goodbye
to those of my friends(?)
who stared at me with disbelief
and reach out to touch you who have
gone on before

lisa partrick '72



THE MUSE



The Muse

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Volume 68

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assistant editors.....susan bowles, '70
debi cloninger, '71

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cathy neal, '71
muffin penn, '73
mary strange, '70
pett tanner, '72
caren threshie, '73
betty ward, '71

cover by anne brigham, '73



Walking down a path enjoying the view
 Picking golden daffodils dampened by the crystal dew
 Climbing a tree to get closer to the sky
 Experiencing how a baby bird learns to fly
 Seduced by the smile of a magnetic sun
 Penetrated by its rays beckoning me to come
 Holding securely to the height of my tree
 Letting go only to discover that I'm free!

deborah cline, '72

The days are getting longer.
The darkness is almost gone.
I am filled with happiness and anticipation;
Yet I have a lurking fear of becoming
Too relaxed in your gaze
For cupid is a dynamic imp
And man is slave to his every whim.

jane upton, '70

*one must not walk too lightly on flowered paths,
for like the moods of man, love comes and goes unpredictably.*

jane upton, '70

I believed in you, and you left me standing in the winds of your shadow.
 I let down the barriers to my castle and let you in,
 Only to find I'd been stampeded by blundering mistakes.
 You saw of my treasure chest, and attempted to steal,
 But were caught and ran — leaving the door to the castle open.
 I don't guess trade is economical for people like me,
 but don't worry — I can fight my own dragons.
 Just, please, don't come back as this knight . . .
 I'll have to close the castle even longer this time . . .
 Shut the door.
 The winds of your shadow are cold.

muffin penn, '73

Who has seen the faltering flame
 And brings this brilliant blaze to light the darkness?
 Could it be Spring who's come to melt the ice
 Within my heart from the long winter,
 Or is it the warmth of your smile
 That causes my blood to run hot . . .

jane upton, '70

shine bright glorious sun
 make this day perfect
 for today love is mine . . .

jane upton, '70

The Rain, Vegetables, and Other Things

Little children, don't hate the rain!

It is teaching you to play with indoor toys.

Little children, don't hate the vegetables!

They help to make you strong.

Little children, don't hate to sleep!

Sleep helps you learn of vaster things.

Little children, don't hate your sister!

She shows you what you are and what you might be.

Little children, don't hate growing up!

How can you hate it if you don't know what it is?

muffin penn, '73

There is no need to worry about the future;

It will come . . . without your worrying.

sallie burn, '72

Today passed as usual: another day of struggling toward some obscure goal or dream. The days are systematically ticked off by Westinghouse, who rules our lives with frightening completeness.

Man strives to change and yet he remains in his obnoxious bed of antiquated dreams and plans. He has lost the courage to instigate change and so he is stagnant in his changelessness. There are those who ride their dyed white horses and carry their gold plated swords before the eyes of their fellow man and play the part of Jesus, thinking that they are escaping oblivion when in reality they are leading the way to a world of table bottoms and black walls.

Then there are the true crusaders—the missionaries of mankind—the poor misled humans who honestly want to do something for mankind, and the joke is they really believe it's worth the trouble.

And then there is me. I am one of the religious pessimists who believe that there is absolutely no good in anything and yet in the back of my mind would not at all be displeased if I were proven wrong . . .

jane upton, '70

*My life is made up of impatiently waiting for one thing to happen,
But when it does I only begin waiting again.*

sallie burn, '72

*As I stand here being stretched by the illusion of truth,
I wonder which of the gossamer threads to cling to.
The golden garbage of eternity is dumped on the narrow links
And makes one miss the essence of the naked thread.*

julie kirkland, '70



A man is afraid to ask himself why—

*he is afraid to find out what's in his mind.
sallie burn, '72*

Something beyond the hem of the sky beckons me.
 A compelling command to join the as yet unidentifiable ranks.
 Hollow people try to seduce me . . . eager for me to remain.

The silence of the room is comforting until the beautiful
 Void of sound is distorted by a piercing whisper . . .
 A hollow voice from a hollow mind—brandishing a soul as a sword.
 The transparent shape descends.
 His soul with a dull sheen is raised above his head.

As the sword falls, I scream soundlessly.
 The noiseless scream with a nameless power halts the onslaught.

Something beyond the hem of the sky beckons me.
 A compelling command to join the as yet unidentifiable ranks.
 Hollow people try to seduce me . . . eager for me to remain.
 only for my soul to become tarnished with their polishing.
 only for my soul to be used as a sword.
 only for my mind to become empty.
 and only for my silent, agonizing death.

By obeying the command, I refuse to succumb.

julie kirkland, '70

Ego

I shall kiss the waters of life
 while its winds blow through the abysses of my mind.
 I shall breathe the fiery passions of it all
 until my body is consumed unto earth
 and I am left behind my soul's memory.

muffin penn, '73

Which is the true person
 What you are or what you pretend to be?
 For how can you know if what you pretend to be
 Is not what you really are?

sallie burn, '72



To the Sea

*Oh Neptune — father of my sign — if I could live with you
 And never have to face another night without you next to me.
 If only I could touch your heart and we could roam the earth forever.
 But you are a loner — always moving — seeking the sun.
 Oh if only I could be a mermaid
 Moving with you on your quest for life and death.
 Or even if I could be the shore
 And feel the caress of your lean white fingers on my breasts.
 How is it that this sea born soul came to be encased in such a weakly frame?*

jane upton, '70





To the Sky

*How huge and awesome you are,
 Your arms span the earth
 And within your mind lie
 All the secrets of life.
 Your mood changes as quickly as a child's.
 You can be tranquil one moment
 And the next rage mercilessly
 Casting your fury on all those within striking distance.
 Flowers are your favorite friends
 And your clouds dance on mountain tops.
 Within your womb lies sleeping man
 Waiting to burst forth
 And chart the boundaries of your eye.*

jane upton, '70



Blind people walking backwards—
Blowing paper horns that can't be heard.
Will they ever see that the price is not what it costs?
In the twilight of their oblivion, will they ever see what they missed?

Listen to their decaying minds . . .

Thinking they are playing the game of life when they are only playing a game.
Distorting reality to fit their unseeing eyes.
Reaping only our wastes.
In the aftermath of their harvest, will they ever see
That they have lost the game they never knew how to play?

Listen to their decay . . .

julie kirkland, '70

*I often wonder why and where and how, but I just go on living,
Never bothering to find out and thus never knowing.*

sallie burn, '72

In the Morning

In the morning there is light,
For God said, "Let there be,"
And light dissolves the stars of night,
And creeps across the dreams of man,
To enter countries sleep has banned
From soldiers of reality.

betty ward, '71

Long hair

Beards

The weed

Look at us Life — we're different.

We don't need the old ways;

We've made our own way.

The black man is no longer a "nigger"

He's a human being who thinks and feels — and hurts.

We're no longer willing to accept "the right thing to do."

We want to know why it's right or if it really is right.

Why must you fight us?

Why can't we walk hand-in-hand together to make it a better world for all of us.

jane upton, '70

A Dream

If I could only take your eyes and place them in a velvet box where there are
many jeweled tears, and I could make you see,

Then I could make you love.

If I could only take your hands and place them on a summer day in grass that
whispers with each touch, and I could make you feel,

Then I could make you love.

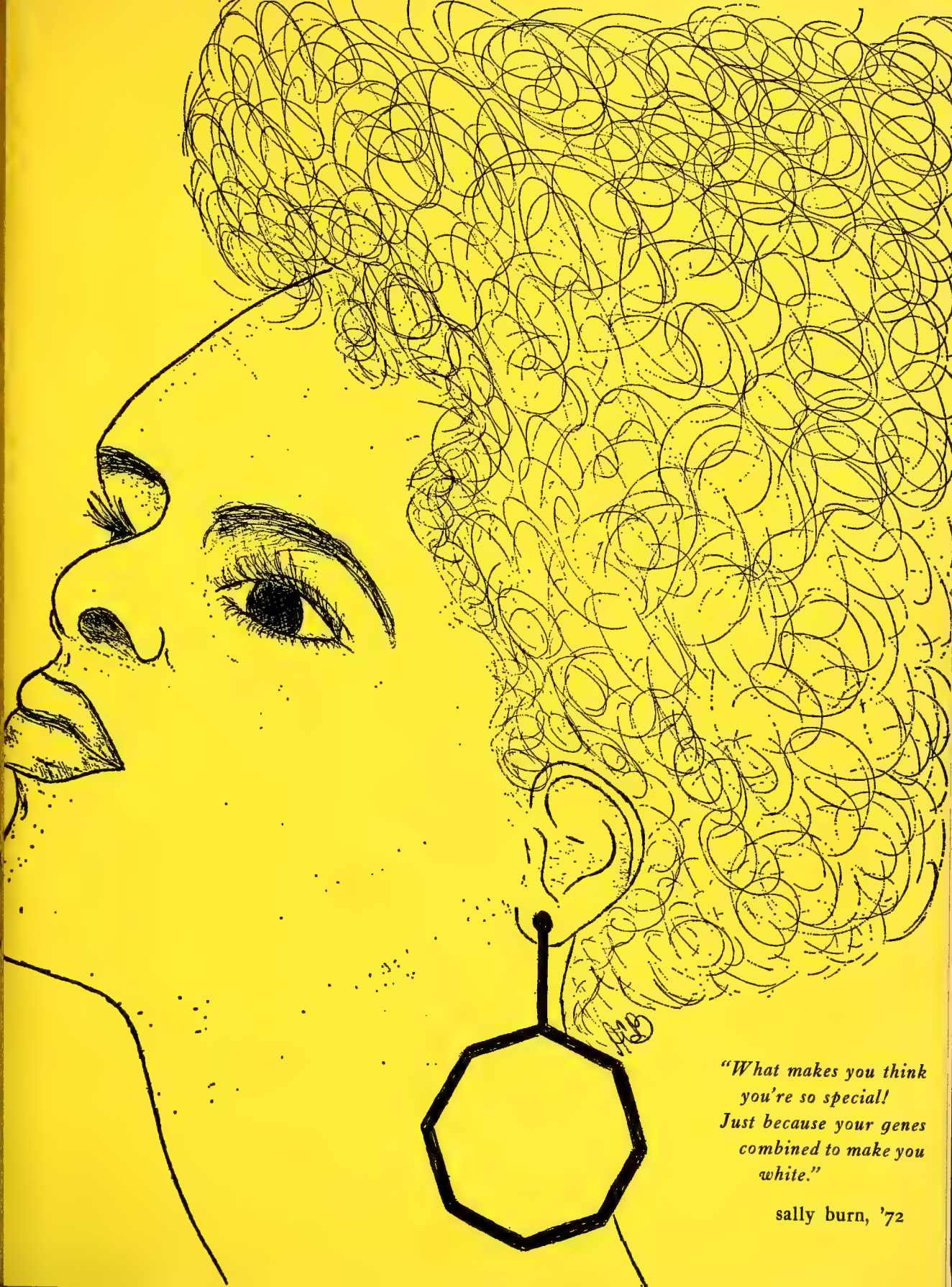
If I could only take your heart and hold it beating in my hands and wash it
with my soul's sweet blood, and I could make you know,

Then I could make you love.

betty ward, '71

You can't touch me
You can't breathe the air that envelops me
You can't quench the fire that consumes me
You can't share my world because my tortured mind will not let you.
But it will not allow anyone to share —
Goodbye to you but hello to no one.

julie kirkland, '70



*"What makes you think
you're so special!
Just because your genes
combined to make you
white."*

sally burn, '72

Suicide

"Can I?"

"Am I strong enough?"

"Will I back down?"

blank

swallow

"It's done —"

click — darkness

rustle of cool sheets

fear

thump - thump - thump - thump

"Relax, it won't be long"

thump - thump - thump - thump

floating — sinking — sinking into the bed

breath slows

thump — thump — thump

faces — things — dreams

hazy

thump — thump — thump

peace

sleep — heavy sleep

blank

move

the sun through the window

voices

heaven? hell?

"LIFE!"

anonymous

*We cannot know if living is better than death, but we must have security,
so we say that we are happy now.*

sallie burn, '72

The happy circus parades to many towns
Bringing cotton candy, sawdust, and clowns.
As I push my way through the assorted mass
I spot the jolly, tangerine-colored man at last!
This little man with his warm brown eyes of kindness
Holds the power to transport me from a world of blindness.
In his rounded little hand is a single string
Connecting balloons of red, purple, and green.
Each balloon is big and bright in its own special way
And the view of each makes a happier and more beautiful day.

debbie cline, '72



*Enjoy the present —
it's what memories consist of.*
sallie burn, '72

G P M

You have bitten off a part of me, yet I am little less from the loss.
The morsel comes back in dreams of small past moments and hours to come.
Your honey words stuck to my hungry ego.
Now I have more to digest than sticky-tongued things.
Give back that little part of me you tasted,
So I can give all of me to someone else.

cathy neal, '71

Memories

In a dusty corner in the attic of my mind,
Underneath the cobwebs that are years I left behind,
In a leather locker lie my memories of you.
The musty old remembrances of roses seeming true —
Someday I'll want to climb the winding staircase leading there.
Someday I'll want to see the light dance in the dusty air.
But just for now I have to lock the heavy, oaken door,
And wait until a day when tears are memories once more.

betty ward, '71

Arms
extend
create
help
hold
caress
squeeze
smother
KILL
extend

barbara hartley, '70

*God so loved us that he sent His only son.
 To show our gratitude, we killed Him.*

sallie burn, '72

twenty

BE TRUE TO YOURSELF—IF YOU CAN STAND IT!

SALLIE BURN, '72



