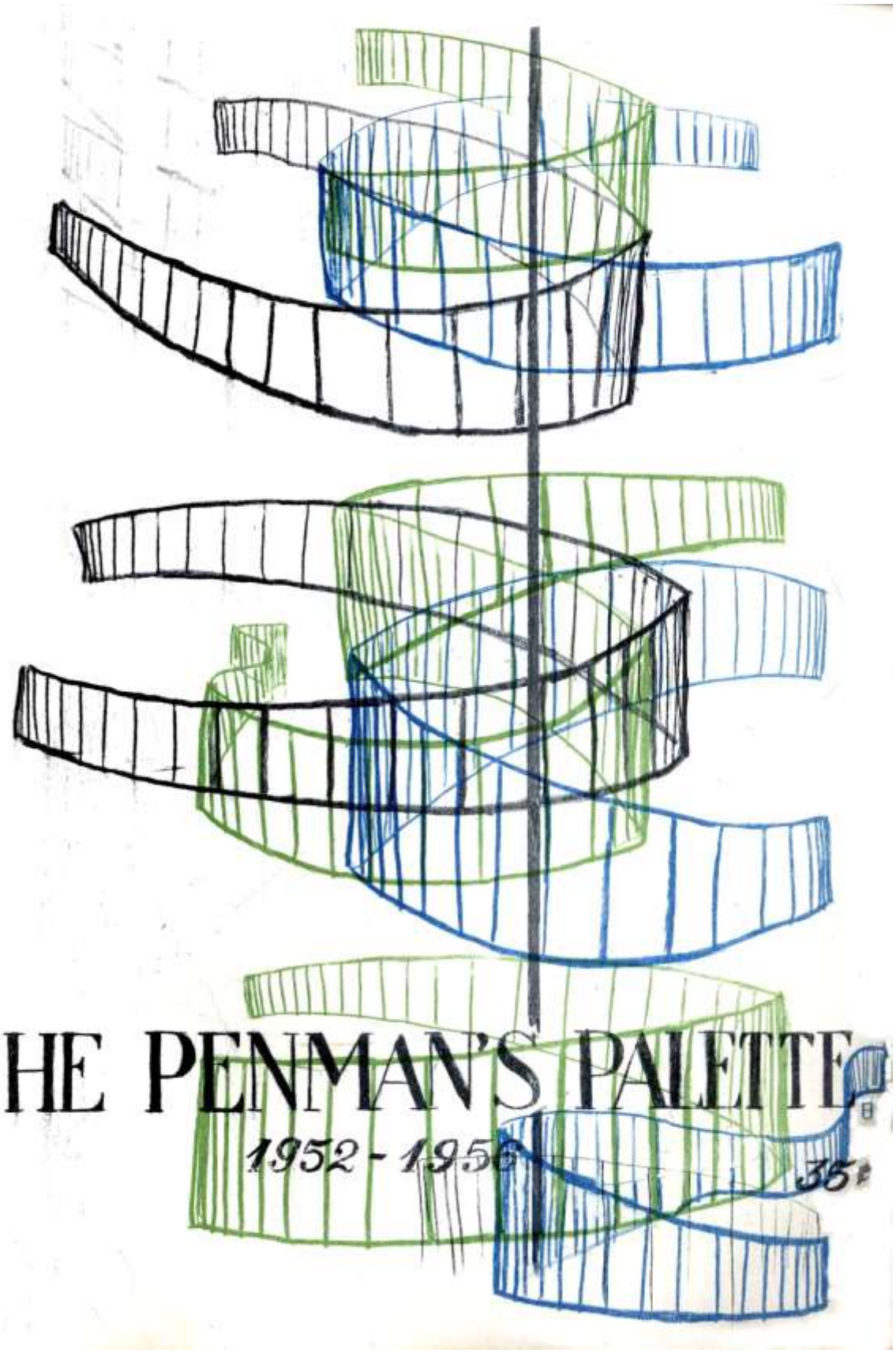

THE PENMAN'S PALETTE

1952 - 1956

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PENMAN'S PALETTE

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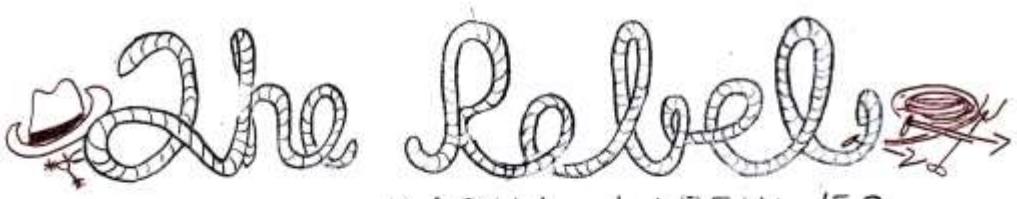


KASHA LAREW '56

Watch it, you blind idiot?" His legs caught in a tangle of rope, Dino fell to the ground, his body enveloped in searing dust. A young steer bolted to its feet, headed for the opposite side of the pen. Dino hauled on his reata, dragging the beast back. "Keep your loop where it won't trip me, or I swear to God I'll break your neck!"

"Don't blow your top, Dino. The old man'll hear you!"

"I don't care if the entire Cattlemen's Association hears me."

"I do. I'm in bad enough with Abe already."

"You can't even hold a steer down any more. The Army ruined you, boy!"

Tom Lake gripped the steer's horns and berated himself for his clumsiness. Dino might have been seriously injured by the smouldering iron. The stench of burned hair and flesh choked him as Dino branded the animal. He longed to run away, anyplace, until he could breathe. Angel Salero slapped lime on the brand and Dino signaled to release the steer. Tom let the struggling animal go. It dashed to the shelter of the other newly branded cattle, where they stood, licking their burns. Angel leaned close.

"We finish alone, Tom."

This was the worst thing a cowboy could be told to do, leave the pen. It meant he was not good enough. Tom flipped the rope to Angel, watched the round-faced mestizo pick it up with feline grace, and vaulted over the fence. Abraham Lake limped slowly to his side, leaning on a strong cane. He looked like an infirm Jehovah, his white hair shining in the sun.

"You thrown outof the pen?"

"Your eyes are still good, Abe. You saw it yourself.

"Don't talk to me like that, you young pup! The Army made you a sergeant and now you're too uppity to civil to your uncle."

Tom turned his back on the old man and studied the dust devils blowing the red dirt across the yard. "The Army didn't do anything to me except show me that people can live, not just just exist."

"Takes a lot of work to make a ranch like this pay off. Get on the ball, chico; you're no help the way you are now."

"Can't you ever say anything good about me? Or is that too much to expect from you? I've been away three years, Abe. Don't think I can take over single-handed in three weeks."

"You're going to take over for me. I can't boss this ranch

much longer, crippled up like I am." Abraham leaned against the fence, cursing in turn the relentless sun, his arthritis, and the stubborn pride that had followed the family for generations.

Dino and Angel left the pen, Angel was nursing a gash inflicted by a desperate steer's hoof. He scowled. The heat of the day had set tempers on edge already, and would be worse by afternoon. The wrong word could start a fight. Dino ran a hand through his damp, matted hair. He was still angry about the fall he had taken because of Tom.

"Lord, Tom, you'd better be a tie man from now on. You'd lose a finger the first dally you tried." He moved nearer to Tom and laid a hand on his arm.

"Lay off me, Dino."

"You're touchy today, chico."

"I said lay off. I don't feel good.

"Too bad, chico. Shall I call a colonel to hold your hand?"

Tom kicked Dino's feet out from under him, shoving on the big man's chest at the same time. Dino sat down hard, swore, and leaped up. Angel stopped him. The mestizo's eyes were expressionless.

"Don't waste your strength, Dino. C'mon, I got to wash my arm."

Dino looked at Tom's tense fists. "Your hands are white. It used to be that only top punchers had white hands." He spat and reached for the water bucket. Tom turned on his heel and walked away. Abraham watched him go.

Tom tried to understand all that had taken place since his enlistment in 1917. He was searching the remuda for his favorite mare, Dolly, when horses milled uneasily. He had broken most of the horses in his string himself, but those he recognized shied away as if from a stranger. The hands didn't have strings as large as they used to. Fences had shot up all over the grazing lands, where few had existed before. Only the big outfits did their branding outside pens now. Abraham's arthritis was new; in 1917 he had been as spry as Dino, twenty years his junior. Tom surveyed the ranch as a stranger might. It was poor, dry, hot. He thought of Dino, Abraham, Angel and Mama Salero. They had all changed. The Lake ranch had changed. It gave him a desolate feeling.

The Army has taken my youth, he thought. It's robbed me of my rhythm, my precision. He stared at his hands. His reflexes were dulled, his timing gone. It would take a long time to regain his prewar form. He wondered if it were worth the effort. Although his uncle had opposed it, he had enlisted, and Army life had broadened his horizons. He had seen new things, met all types of people. The bleakness of the ranch now appalled him. Mama Salero's shrill voice came from the cookhouse. She was chattering to her son in rapid Spanish. The sound irritated him. He could picture her, standing by the ancient stove, waving a spoon, while the sweat poured down her fat face. Angel strode across the yard, grimacing from the smarting medicine she had put on his arm, and ignoring her exhortations. Dino joined him and they ambled off toward the pens. Their retreating footsteps

were a sign of exclusion. Tom resented their easy comradery. He could not decide why. I haven't changed, he told himself. I've just learned some things I never knew before I went away. They're the ones that have changed. He was only half right.

The afternoon brought only an increase in the brooding heat. Abraham sat in a rocking chair in the meager shade afforded by the harness shed. He was mending traces as Tom approached him, an air of determination about him. Neither man spoke for several minutes. Abraham stopped working and began to finger the stiff leather strap he was holding. "Out with it, chico!"

"Don't call me 'chico' anymore, Abe. I've done a lot of growing up."

"And about time. What's on your mind?" Abraham scrutinized his rebellious nephew. From the dark hair to his heavy boots he was the image of his father, but his eyes were his mother's. They were penetrating, yet refused to be penetrated. Tom stood defiant, proud. Somewhere in the past three years a dividing line had been passed. Absence had separated them and made them irrevocably alien. The sky bridge of kinship suddenly collapsed as Abraham stared at the young man's eyes, trying to read them. Pride, the accursed family pride, rendered his voice flat and cold.

"You out for a fight? You used to start a lot of them. You were a hotheaded kid, Tom."

"I'm leaving, Abe."

"Don't be ridiculous, boy. The Lake ranch is your place. You're taking over from me."

"I'm not staying on this miserable, dried-up, Godforsaken hole in the ground."

"Be reasonable! This ranch has been in the family for sixty years. You've got a duty to our tradition, to me."

"Haven't I got a duty to myself, Abe? This has been on my mind since I got my discharge. My decision is final."

"Why are you going to quit, Tom?"

"Why? Because I'm tired of being a nothing. All my life I've played toady to you and Dino and the rest. I've been kicked around and treated like dirt long enough. I learned something in the Army. I was a sergeant. People treated me with a little respect. I felt human. This may surprise you, but I've got a mind of my own. I want to be something."

Abraham climbed out of the rocker and gripped its back for support.

His reply was bitter. "We've treated you like dirt, eh? Everything you've gotten you've asked for. Sure you know your own mind. The Army pinned stripes on your sleeve; they told you you were a soldier, not a cowboy. Now you aren't happy here. What's wrong with being a cowboy? Your father and his father and his father before him were cattlemen.

"I met men with education like I never had. They talked about things I never heard of. I saw a lot of smart men, men who wouldn't waste their lives in a place like this. They had money and clean clothes. They didn't worry about getting a hand

burned off by a rope, or being kicked in the teeth by a horse."

"So you want fine things. Maybe you want me dead, so you could sell the ranch, sell your father's burying place. Then you'd have money. You'd be a 'somebody' like them."

"No, Abe. I didn't say that. I just want to get away from here!"

"Take my word for it."

"If I took your word for it I'd slave here till I rotted, for nothing."

The two stubborn men faced each other, inflamed by the senseless anger that ruled the day. The sun had made Abraham feverish. His words hissed through his lips. "So this is what I've raised--a quitter, a man who'd leave his family home when it needs him most. You're not your father's son! The blame's on that woman he brought here to mock us!"

Tom drew in his breath, choking down the vile words that strove to leap from his tongue. He stepped forward, menacing the old man with closed fists.

"Shut your mouth about my mother!"

Abraham struck him hard across the mouth with the leather strap. Tom tasted blood from the blow. He sprang on the old man, carrying him down with him. He straddled Abraham's body, hitting him again and again. The old man went limp. Mama Salero screamed from the cookhouse. Dino and Angel ran to him, pulling Tom off. Mama Salero raised the white head. Abraham was unconscious. Gently, she and Angel lifted the bulky form to the rocker. Dino held Tom, pinning his arms to his sides. He was snarling in anger.

"You rotten, miserable, little cur! Why don't you try to fight a man who can take it, instead of a crippled old man. You'd be afraid to. I oughta beat you to an inch of your life!" Releasing Tom, the big man stood back, fists ready to strike if his challenge were accepted. Tom did not move; like a statue, he remained motionless, while his impenetrable eyes glanced from person to person. Angel stared back at him; his mother bent over Abraham. Dino strode to the main house. When he returned, he held a shotgun. He pointed it at Tom.

"Get out of here. Get out of here before I shoot. And if you ever come back I'll be waiting for you with this."

Not like this! Driven away in shame like a criminal. Realization came into his mind. To them, to his uncle, he was a criminal. He had been tried and convicted in ten seconds. The strength to resist left him. But the pride remained. Ramrod straight, he walked to the remuda to rope a horse. Ramrod straight, he mounted in their sight and left. But alone at last, the rebel bowed his head and wept.

The biggest wind does not always cover the most ground.

Nat Browder '54

HANDS

Rough and gnarled,
Wide and strong,
Lines of the land
Engrained in the hands--
Of the farmer.

Light and graceful,
Classic and poised,
Responsive to command
Are these expressive hands--
Of a dancer.

Steady and sure,
Taught to cure,
Always in demand
Are these healing hands--
Of the surgeon.

Capable and calm,
Working for others,
Slow to reprimand
Are these versatile hands--
Of a mother.

Tired and bitter,
Weary of strife,
Wishing to break their bands
Are these war torn hands--
Of the world.

Betty Cline '54

SIZE

STEVE STEPHENS '56

Every material object in the universe has two basic attributes--mass and size. Of these two, size is the more readily apparent. We have to weigh or feel mass, but size, with the exception of the extremely small and the extremely large (science has two $1.29 words for the very small and the very large, respectively, "microcosmos" and "macrocosmos") can be visualized easily.

Size seems to interest people more than mass. For example, most people know the earth is approximately 8,000 miles in diameter, but how many know that it weighs about six and one-half sextillion (6,500,000,000,000,000,000,000) tons?

Man, by a lucky break, is pretty well in the middle of things, that is, he is approximately as much smaller than a star as he is larger than an atom.

An atom, the tiny building block of all things--is about .000,000,001 (one billionth) centimeter in diameter. There are about 2½ centimeters in an inch.

Man is perhaps 175 centimeters tall. Therefore if you could stack atoms, you could stack 175,000,000,900 from the floor to the top of a man's head.

But if you are beginning to feel big, compare yourself to a star. An average star is about 1,000,000,000,000 (one trillion) centimeters in diameter. But of course we don't measure star diameters in centimeters; we measure them in miles. In that scale, our sun, an average star, is some 860,000 miles indiameter.

Stars themselves are grouped in huge masses called galaxies or "island universes." A galaxy is shaped somewhat like a pocket watch and has a diameter about 100,000,000,000,000, (100 trillion times that of a star's.)

Then there is the universe as a whole--Einstein says it is finite and measurable, not infinite and extending "forever"--which is many millions of times as large as a galaxy.....

But this is getting out of hand. These fantastic sizes completely confound the imagination. Let's look at something "closer to home"---to some living things of imaginable size.

The largest living things are the big trees of California. They weigh a thousand tons and reach higher than a football field is long.

The largest animal is the eighty foot, one hundred ton blue whale. They are much larger than the dinosaurs which are often thought of as the giants of the animal kingdom. Virus--yes, the things you "get"--are made up of only a few thousand atoms.

Comparing living things to the universe, the sun is as much larger than a big tree as a big tree is larger than a virus. But at the opposite end of the scale, the difference in size between a virus and an atom is thousands of times less.

Living creatures do remarkably well in the scale of things for one quarter of the whole range of sizes from the universe to an electron (the smallest fragment of an atom,) living things can be found.

Matter matters.

AUNT KIZZIE

Betty Cline '54

The Kizzikia Sharps of James View, Virginia are fast fading away, and fortunate are we of this generation to have known one. Born into slavery in North Carolina over ninety years ago, she still remains loyal to her native state, though she has lived in Virginia over fifty years. Her first greeting to my mother was "You ain't gonna like me, Miz Cline, 'cause I warn't bo'n in Virginy."

Aunt Kizzie, an old colored woman, is about ninety years old. I say "about" because she isn't sure of her age and there is no record of her birth. She has lived alone for about forty years in an old log cabin on a remote part of our Virginia farm. At an age when most oldsters have retired to life of knitting and vitamin pills, she "totes" her own water, washes her own clothes, chops her own wood, cooks her own food and is virtually independent. At one time she raised chickens but "had bad luck 'cause the foxes got 'em. Mostly two-legged ones!"

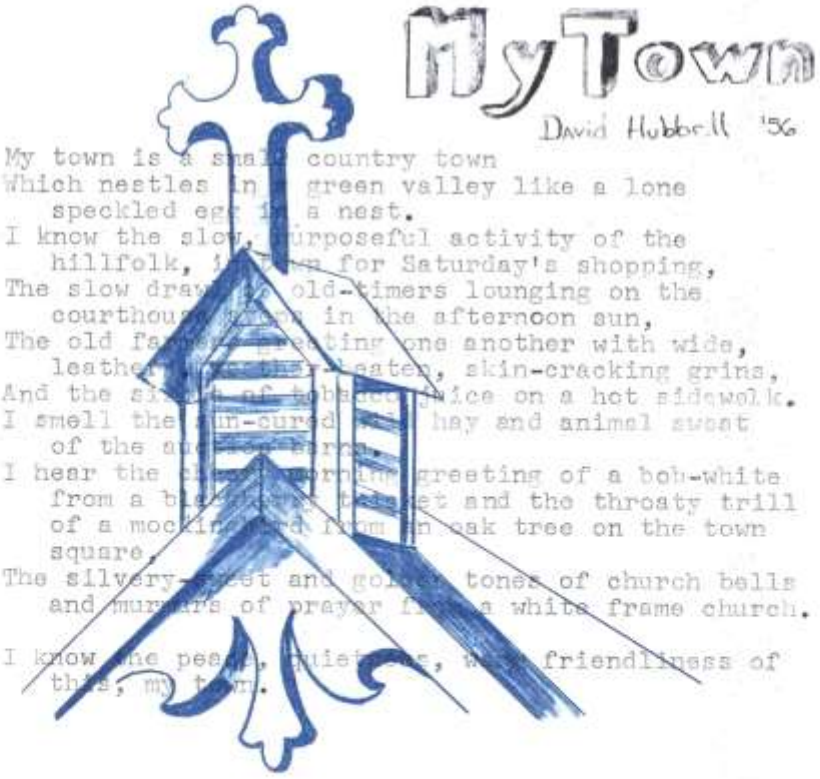
Being very gnarled and bent, Aunt Kizzie barely exceeds five feet but must have been about five-five at one time. Though almost blind her eyes have a piercing quality. She has a Negroid nose, a small mouth, blue eyes (now almost white) and high cheekbones, which would indicate a goodly amount of Indian blood. Aunt Kizzie is never seen without a snuff stick in her mouth. The snuff stick is a root found along the banks of the James River. She chews the root until the end is similar to a small water color brush and then dips it into "Tube Rose," her own special brand of snuff. A snuff dipper, like a tobacco chewer has to spit! Aunt Kizzie paid us a visit at the farm one winter afternoon and we invited her to sit with us in front of the fire. During the course of the conversation she had to spit and upon doing so nearly extinguished our fire!

Her two-room cabin is immaculate. She has worn out many a homemade sagebrush broom sweeping her floor and the area around her cabin door. On the floor beside her little wood stove is to be seen her iron which she heats by filling it with red hot coals. In a dark corner of her cabin, propped up against the wall and loaded, is a rifle, her only protection against the wilderness and "two-legged foxes."

Aunt Kizzie is a lady in the true sense of the word; well mannered, neat and genteel. She is totally illiterate but her mind is very sharp and she is quick to note whether you are friend or foe.

She is stoic and hard times have been her lot most of her life, but time has taught her to take the good with the bad. Due to her solitary life she is suspicious of all strangers, but no one could ask for a better friend.

Aunt Kizzie says, "I don't think I'll last the winter out." We who know her hope that she will, for her humble cabin would look mighty forlorn if spring did not bring her bed of "tech-me-nots" growing around the cabin door.



My Town

David Hubbell '56

My town is a small country town
Which nestles in a green valley like a lone
speckled egg in a nest.
I know the slow, purposeful activity of the
hillfolk, in town for Saturday's shopping,
The slow drawl of old-timers lounging on the
courthouse lawn in the afternoon sun,
The old farmers greeting one another with wide,
leather-like, tobacco-eaten, skin-cracking grins,
And the sizzle of tobacco juice on a hot sidewalk.
I smell the sun-cured hay and animal sweat
of the auction barn.
I hear the cheerful morning greeting of a bob-white
from a blackberry tangle and the throaty trill
of a mockingbird from an oak tree on the town
square.
The silvery-sweet and golden tones of church bells
and murmurs of prayer from a white frame church.

I know the peace, quietness, and friendliness of
this, my town.

CHANGE OF VIEW—

JOHN WIGGINS '57

Chester A. Lancaster Jr. thought this was no way to spend a weekend. He stretched his legs and yawned in the cockpit of the two-seater aircraft. He had asked his dad for a weekend in Florida, but flying there and back would take up half the weekend. He glanced at James, piloting the craft, then looked below at the flat, gray swamp. "Big Okefenokee," he mused. "It's funny," he thought, "I don't even know James' last name, but I don't care, either." The engine droned on monotonously.

"James," he suddenly asked, "can't you go any faster?" James turned patiently toward the spoiled youth, and said no, he could not. Chester A. Lancaster looked out the window again and vowed that next time he went on a trip he would make his dad give him the big plane. He thought a trip in a small plane would be fun. Fun? Ha!

The animals of the swamp peered curiously at the red plane as the noise intrude upon the quiet swamp. The swamp was always quiet, but especially now, in early fall. The animals with the keenest eyes noticed that something rained from the plane, a light colored liquid that floated on the water of the swamp as it spilled through the trees.

Chester was awakened from a light catnap by an exclamation from James, and turned to see him frantically checking switches and gauges. "What's wrong now", he asked sarcastically, "run out of gas?" Then he chuckled at his little joke, but his laugh died as he noticed the gas gauge was indeed on empty. His first thought was one of anger. "James," he almost shouted, "if you let this plane crash I'll have you fired." To this hysterical outburst James merely replied, "Fasten your safety belt, sir, we may crash." Chester started to shout again, but instead buckled his safety belt.

.....

Groggily, slowly, painfully, Chester A. Lancaster regained consciousness. His last clear recollection was of gliding toward a group of tall cypress trees, but now where was he? He looked around. Fifty yards away he saw what was left of the airplane, half supported several feet off the water by a pair of those cypress trees. Wreckage from the plane decorated the trees for two hundred yards behind the plane. He saw that he was on a small island that was less than a foot high. A lean-to had been hastily built, and he was on a mattress made of leaves.

"James, James, where are you?" James had built this, he surmised, and must be close by. He called louder, "James!" His only answer was the shriek of a jay. The jay startled him, but the swamp was soon quiet again.

The blue jay watched interestedly as the youth weaved back and forth. The youth put his hand to his head, which was bound by a piece of bloodstained

cloth. The jay saw the youth look around, then call again and again. This disturbed the jay so it flew away into the setting sun.

Chester's heart was full of hate and fear as he stood there alone on the island and watched the sun go down. He cursed James aloud for leaving him here, forgetting that James carried him from the plane and dressed his wounded head. He cursed James again, and the plane, and the swamp, and it made him feel better.

As his mind began to focus, it seemed a fire would be the most important thing at the moment. Already a grey haze filled the air, making it hard to see, and the frogs and crickets had started their nightly songs. He quickly gathered some wood, although looking very carefully where he placed his hands. He found that he still had his cigarette lighter, and by pouring part of the lighter fluid on some sticks and leaves, he soon had a small, crackling fire.

It was now black dark, with many strange noises echoing in the swamp. That small fire was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. He momentarily forgot his fear and hate as he stared, fascinated by the comforting fire. He gathered up enough wood for a small woodpile, but he would not venture outside the ring of light thrown by the fire.

He then sat down and began to think. He was somewhere in the Okefenokee Swamp. He had no idea where the closest town was. He began to wonder about James. Where did he go? Why did he leave? How? "Why did he carry me from the plane, fix my head, make a lean-to, then leave?", pondered the youth.

He no longer hated James. One could say James saved his life. Chester was now curious as to why James bothered to help him at all before he left. Certainly, James had every reason for leaving him without helping him. James had been used almost as a personal slave by Chester. "If I were James, I would have quit, many times," spoke the youth into the darkness.

Chester was indeed a spoiled young man, but it was not his fault. This was the first time in his life, however, that he had been entirely alone and independent. He looked at himself for the first time, and used himself as a measuring stick to measure the human race. He would have left, if he were James; therefore, James left him.

It is too bad, thought the youth as he drifted to sleep, that humans have no more regard for each other than they do.

He awoke with a start, in the morning, by the shriek of the jay. He slowly rose, and out of instinct millions of years old, he began to collect wood for a fire.

The jay watched him as he reached for some wood. The youth suddenly stiffened; he saw another man, dead, at the water's edge. "James!" cried Chester. But James could not answer. He had been bitten by a water moccasin, which was lying near him, also dead.

The youth was no tracker or hunter, but he could read the story; having carried Chester from the plane, and set up a lean-

to for him, James had seen the snake, and killed it, but the snake bit him and killed him. James had not intentionally left Chester.

Chester stood still, his face a mask of uncertain emotion. "It is too bad that humans have no more regard for each other than they do." This was all wrong; his attitude, the way he looked at life. Everything was wrong. "Greater love hath no man....." Chester dropped to his knees beside the cold James, and wept. He, Chester A. Lancaster Jr., was filled not only with sorrow, but with pride. He was proud of the human race. He had let it down, but it had not let Chester down.

The jay watched Chester, the man, rise to his feet. Then the jay flew away as a small boat chugged into view.

Sultry late afternoon and clouds gather silently in black, ominous
mounds in the West.
The sun has struggled in vain; all is shadow.
A low, rolling rumble sweeps through the valleys.
It promises for the dark mass beyond.

Late evening and the clouds reluctantly dissolve.
Ribs of shadow, their purple tints fading to dark blue.
Vermilion glory lost fo another day.
Fickle shadows, to give beauty for rain.

Cool breezes of midnight and the stars blink out, one by one.
The rain murmurs peacefully,
.....caressing the parched, powdery dust,
.....and disappears into its thirsty depths.

Not hurled to the ground by a wrathful God
Midst furious stabs of lightning and thunder,
But given gently and graciously, quietly
to the grateful earth.

Where brown wisps were, and waste and despair,
Now are green blades, and life and hope.

The Saga of Panther Dan

(INSPIRED BY "THE SHOOTING OF DAN McGREW" BY SERVICE)

BY CAROL ROSE '58

Now Panther Dan was a frontier man
In the days when men were free.
And there wasn't a coot that could out-shoot
Big Dan, the half-breed Cree.

The father of Dan was an old squaw man,
So Dan was just half white.
Of liquor he'd store a gallon or more,
But never would he get tight.

Now Dan was all of six feet tall,
And his hair was black as coal;
His shoulders were wide as a buffalo hide;
He was known as a man with no soul.

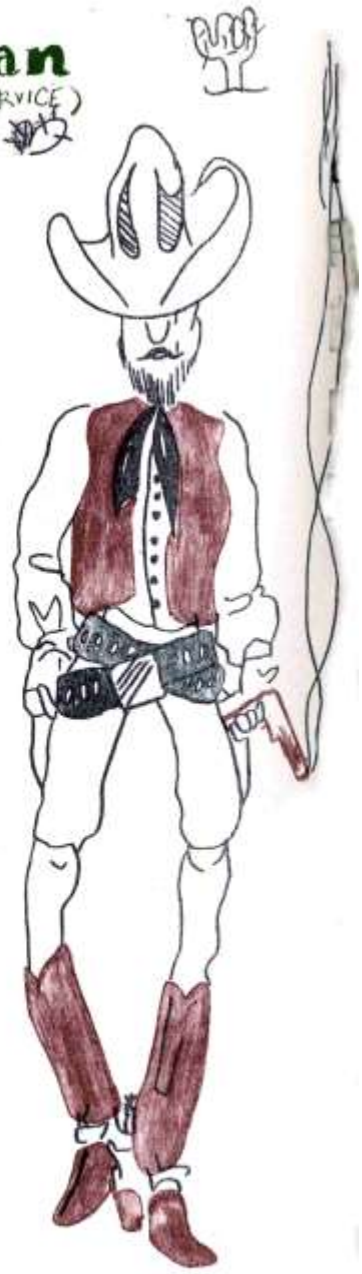
He was fast on the draw like you never saw;
Big Dan had plenty of zip.
He could nail a card at thirty yard,
Shooting his colt from the hip.

He'd roar into town when the sun went down
And bellow and look for a fight.
He once broke loose from the calaboose
Three times in a single night.

One time in town he was sitting down,
Drinking and playing stud,
When he saw a chest with a star on its vest,
And its owner looked sober as mud.

Like a thunderbolt, Dan reached for his Colt,
And so did the man with the star.
The pistols flashed, but when the smoke passed,
Big Dan was slumped on the bar.

In the days long past, when the gold came fast,
At a time when a man was a man,
There was just one coot that could outshoot
A rough they called Panther Dan.



ON LOYALTY

Civilization is founded upon trust. It may be pictured as an inverted pyramid; its bottom is trust in One Thing. Upon this trust can be constructed achievements and these become the bases for more trust. Man takes a bit of knowledge and trusts that it is correct; and upon this base, buttressed by his faith, he builds. All progress depends upon trust.

One form of trust is faith in one's followers. On this idea is based the concept of leadership, a little-understood talent that is responsible for all movements of society. Followers are the life of a leader; their loyalty is his longevity. Organization and unity are understood to be necessary for the effeciency of any organization whether it be a Parent-Teacher Association or the government of the United States. Like its leader, an organization works to see its purpose accomplished. His satisfaction is obtained through the active and devoted participation of himself and the other members. The motive power behind their organized endeavor must be loyalty: to the organization, to the members and leaders, and to its purpose. The success of the organization will depend upon this loyalty, and, without exception, the organization with the most strongly loyal membership is the most potent.

Then there is loyalty on a smaller scale, but in numbers only. That is the loyalty of brothers-in-arms to each other, employee to employer, student to teacher, husband to wife, and friend to friend. This is the loyalty upon which our lives and happiness depend. Without it, life would be a haunted, barren existence, lonely and impotent. Not only must we have this faith to accomplish anything, we must have it to have the courage to attempt to accomplish it. The loyalty of your companion must be known to even engage in conversation. The more personal the conversation becomes, the more he is putting his trust in you. Loyalty then becomes an obligation, always its most prominent role.

This more personal need of loyalty is probably the more obvious also. But when talking of the need for loyalty we must not fail to note the dangers of too much loyalty or of unreasoning loyalty. First, the more quickly or of following blindly. These two related causes of sorrow are unique in that they are frequently ignored even by the victims to whom they have brought the worst disaster. This is the tale of countless nations led to their destruction by dictators or of countless innocents duped and robbed blind by "protectors" or "benefactors" operating on a less grand scale. The slaughterer leads the sheep on by their own leash of well-intended trust.

Dick Fisher
'55

But there is more subtle danger, perhaps not so violent in its manifestation. That is the shackling of one's mind by poorly-aimed loyalty. Unity and organization, a factor of which is loyalty, are essential to progress and achievement, but so are free minds, unprejudiced and uncurbed by false loyalties or loyalties not worthy of their strength. Bad loyalties are like detours on the straight road to accomplishment and progress. Those who hold unreasoning loyalties are liable to find themselves taken over all the detours on this road. Only those of a perfectly free mind can navigate the straight route.

Our pyramid, like the Great Pyramid, owed its strength to the people who built it, and their attitude towards it. Demonstration of loyalty must not be an instinctive action, but a considered one.

Spring

Cindy Powell '56

It began with a rush,
And rhythmic raindrops
Played a mournful melody
Like sad violins.

That capricious harp,
The Wind,
Wandered,
Looking for life in the dead world.

The tympani rolled
And the cymbals flashed and clanged.

With the steady, set beat of
The Cosmic Orchestra,
The waking world
Vibrated then shook
And yawned and stretched
And leapt for joy.

The Oboe-Birds and even the clums, Bassoon-pelican
Joined the ever quickening,
New ecstatic song.
The String Bass-Bear rumbled,
And explored and sniffed and roared.
And the French Horn-Fox frolicked,
Slyly and gracefully and shyly.
And the Trombone-Tiger rolled and pounced,
Like a kitten with a catnip mouse.

I heard, and knew the Symphony, Spring.

Everyday the long, grimy freight trains rolled by, lurching and knocking, heading away on the prairie rails to that peculiar groan of rusty steel. Each day numbers of them lumbered out of the yards, guided south or north by a track of steel and wood and gravel. They came out of the night, a dark profusion of noise, which hid other sounds, a roaring assemblage of elements wrought by the dwarf man.

The thunderous sigh of a freight is a wistful, lonely utterance over the lifeless spaces of the silent plains. Such men as those who clung on the outskirt of the Mooneyville yards had often harkened to the long-drawn wail of the locomotive-driving, pulling to somewhere.

They dragged through lives half lived, rooted to the grim, suffocating earth and ash of a station spur. A tired, wornout boxcar served them for shelter; other necessities were begged or stolen--though on occasion they ventured forth in search of work of a day-to-day character. Across the main line from the rail-car home stood a tank supported on wooden stanchions. Trains stopped before it sometimes to take on water for their monsterous thirsts. By day the sun bore down upon it, a dusty, depressing structure in the light, but not more so than the histories of these men whose wanderings followed the tracks of steel, pine and gravel.

Like lost fowls they rested, weary of flight. They were three.

Arthur Spears, "Gravel-foot," was their leader--if indeed they had one. "Gravel-foot" was a big man, his main hold on the role of chief; he had black hair--graying behind the ears--and was rather cumbersome afoot. Much of his youth had been passed on the undercarriages of freight cars

and at backdoor jobs when they were available. Once he had been to New York City, riding inside an "mty" hooked to the string of a red ball express. That had been his greatest experience. The log of his nomadic existance also contained visits to Chicago, Omaha, and Denver each leaving its distinctive impression. His eyes no longer strained at finding in the distance a rim to the Middle West.

Spears was a man with a hate for an indefinable something, and now, massive, brooding and ugly, was degenerated by the years and hopelessly lost in his strange life.

"Angel" Steinbery was a small, ratfaced roller-bum who feared people, mainly those who toiled with grudges and hatreds. The third, most jovial of the trio, was a plump, talkative man, balding and middle-aged, whose name was "Gabby." Budd was the rest of it. Gabby Budd with his incessant speech could keep the other two away from themselves, though they were not infrequently angered by him.

Gravelfoot's vindictive comments caught Gabby ill at ease once in a while. Angel would say that he talked too d--much. Still the diversion that Gabby offered was welcome, in a way--not openly, however.

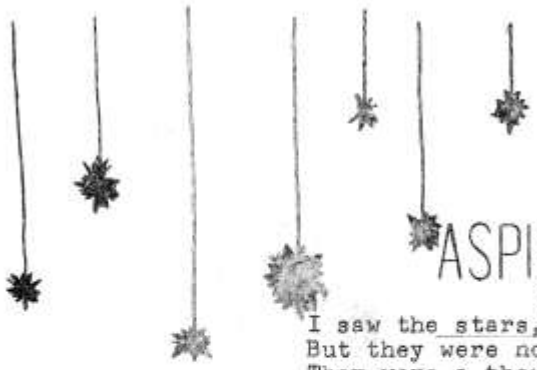
Drops of water fell like a stream from the hoisted spout of the tank making it cooler in the shade on that side.

Corn, for its versatility of preparation, beans, and thin "stews" of water and bread were their main stay. Such meals as they could invent from these things, they ate under the tank devouring them with as little relish as possible.

NEW YEAR'S MORNING

Bright bits of color rested gently here and there, and dark rings made fascinating designs on the table tops. Empty glasses caught and reflected the morning sun, and various eye-catching objects were scattered in nooks and crannies: a slender slipper, a sparkling bit of jewelry draped gracefully over a volume of "My Life and Hard Times," delicate ends of cigarettes--some laced in red -- brimmed out of the ash trays onto the table top where they formed frozen whitecaps on the sea of brown. Overturned chairs and stools flung their legs awkwardly to the ceiling. Dainty noise-makers, feathered and be-ribboned, perched precariously on the edge of the littered piano. The room resembled a momentarily still kaleidoscope.

Betty Cline
'54



ASPIRATIONS

Eddie Beck

I saw the stars,
But they were not stars;
They were a thousand sparkling jewels
   hung in the sky--
Shining
Blinking
Laughing--
And I wanted to reach up with my hand
   and seize a dozen
and roll them in my palm
and drop them on the road and hear
   them click
and see them bounce like sapphires
   spilled from a queen's jewel box.

So I reached up
and stood on tiptoe and stretched;
But I could not touch them or take
   them.
They are stars again--
Just stars--
Names, numbers, words,
and I was cold.

First Born

KARL GOULD '55

To begin with, Old Man Stratford was the last of the great financial tycoons. He was rich, eccentric, ruthless in business, and, like Ford and Morgan and his other contemporaries, was a legend in American industry. His escapades had made headlines for thirty years, and as a young man, he had been the toast of three continents.

I guess it came as a blow to everyone when Old Man Stratford died. The country seemed to realize that it marked the end of an era, and the nation's Old Timers nodded their heads and nostalgically recalled the days when the financial giants ruled industry. They mused over the way Stratford started on the proverbial shoestring, and carved a mighty empire of oil from the ancient silt of the Louisiana bayous.

Of course, ever major event draws its share of opportunists, and this was no exception. The newshounds and publicity sharks flocked in ever-increasing droves to my little town of Stratfordville, where Elias Stratford, as a young boy of twenty-two, had set up his rig and first struck oil. That was many years ago, but the oilfield had grown, and the town had grown around the oilfield. Stratford had been content to make his home there, and although he travelled extensively, he was always glad to return. During his last few years of life, he never left the grounds of his estate, and when on his deathbed, refused to allow himself to be moved to a hospital.

It was stories like these that brought the newshounds running, and I, as owner, publisher, editor and reporter of the Stratfordville Sentinel, conceived the idea of unearthing a few old yarns and anecdotes concerning Stratford and selling them to would-be scoop artists. For me, I guess, this is where it all started.

Old Man Stratford's will had been made public at his death. The will didn't surprise anybody; the bulk of his vast empire was left to his eldest son, Eric, with the rest divided among his remaining relatives, including his second son, Harold. Although it was expected the will still disgusted the populace of Stratfordville. No one who knew Eric Stratford, save his father, had any use for him, and the consensus of opinion rated him a thoroughly spoiled, worthless little pup. Naturally, people hated to see him become the world's richest man overnight. This, however, didn't concern me, and I proceeded merrily along with the business of vending small bits of Stratford personal history.

One afternoon, I sat musing over an ancient portfolio full of old photographs and letters that I had found in the attic of Stratford's rambling old house. There didn't seem to be anything worth salvaging among the letters, but

one of the photographs interested me. The picture showed Stratford, as a young man of about thirty, standing beside an almost unbelievably beautiful Spanish girl, holding what definitely had to be a bundled-up baby in her arms. This was puzzling, because I considered myself an expert on Stratford's personal life, and I had never seen nor heard of the girl in the picture. I turned it over, and written in Stratford's unmistakable hand was "Eli, Conchita, and Barney, 1912."

This was even more puzzling. Stratford's marriage was no secret. His wife was a New York model who had borne him a son, Eric, a year after they were married, and two years later, died while giving birth to Harold. After this, Stratford had never been fit to remarry. His affairs had been many, but always short and fickle, and never with any one of Spanish blood. Indeed, he seemed to have an abstract hatred for anyone even remotely resembling a Spaniard.

Who, then, was this girl Conchita? Had she been his wife? Did the baby named Barney in her arms belong to him? If so, why was the affair kept secret, and where did Conchita go? Stuffing the picture in my pocket I determined to go and talk to Rafael, the ancient grounds-keeper for the town courthouse. He had worked for Stratford a long time ago, and if anyone knew of a Conchita, he would be the one.

Old Rafael Mirandez was more or less a fixture in Stratfordville. With his comically wrinkled face and his funny little walk that was almost a scuttle, he was the epitome of Old Mexico. On any sunny afternoon, he could always be seen on the courthouse grounds either mowing, planting, or raking, depending on the season. Today was no exception, and as I reached the edge of the broad lawn, I spotted him putting the finishing trim on a long green hedge that flanked the front walk. As I called to him, he turned and laid his clippers on the ground and walked over to me.

"Buenas tardes, Senor! May I help you?" He said cheerfully, his black eyes twinkling.

"Buenas tardes to you, Rafael. I'd like a little information. Think you can help me?"

"Si, Senor, I try."

"Very well. A long time ago you worked for Mr. Stratford as a gardener, is that right?"

"Si. I work for Boss Stratford."

"And when you worked for him, he hadn't yet married, had he?"

"No, Senor," the old man answered.

"Well, then," I said, "perhaps you remember a Spanish girl he used to know? Her name was Conchita."

"Conchita! Pah! Mala perro," he spat. "Si, I remember Conchita Lopez. She was driller's daughter. Boss Stratford save her life when oil derrick blow up. Her father, Senor Lopez killed in blow-up, and Boss Stratford take her to his house, let her stay and work. She young and pretty and his eyes watch everywhere she go with a look I no see before. Pretty soon he and she together all the time. They go away together, where I not know. Boss Stratford gone for more than year, when he come back he no have Conchita with him. We ask where she go and he get big mad. He get drunk and stay drunk for long time. When he wake up he fur---"

Here Rafael's pidgeon English faltered and he groped helplessly for the word. "Furious?" I prompted.

"Si, Senor. Gra ..as. He get like that and fire all servants with Spanish. Castellias, Mexicanos, Creoles, everyone. I Mexicano, so I go too. Conchita, she to blame. She hurt Boss Strat--ford and make him mad. Pah! I not know much, but my sister, she and Conchita good friends. She tell you more than I. I give you number of her house and you vis--"

Here again Rafael stumbled over the unfamiliar word. I prompted him with "visit" and he continued. "Si, you visit her, she help you."

At this point he pulled out a blue envelope and presented it to me. It was a letter from his sister, and as I copied the return address, I noticed that she lived in New Orleans. It was only 75 miles away and I determined to drive down the next day and pay the lady a visit. I handed the letter back to Rafael along with a five dollar bill, thanked him for his trouble, and left.

It was about 10:30 the next morning when I arrived in New Orleans. There are those who will tell you that New Orleans is beautiful, that it has an Old World charm and quaintness about it. This may be true, but I don't like cities. To me they are jumbled up masses of pestilence and death, festered boils on an otherwise perfect skin. With this attitude, it's understandable that I might have been in a bad mood, but my curiosity was stronger, and the effect New Orleans generally has on me was lost that day.

When I finally located the address, I found myself in front of a Spanish-type house that stood three stories above the narrow street. There was grillwork around the door, and from the second story protruded a small balcony. Rafael's sister had married a rather wealthy man, and when he had died, she continued to live with her maid alone in the house and re-listed herself in the city directory under her maiden name.

As I rang the door-bell, I noticed a faint scent of jasmine on the slight breeze. It seemed to laden the very atmosphere with memories of finer days, and I began to wonder what kind of woman Senora Mirandez really was.

My musings were interrupted by a small pleasant-looking negress who swung the door open and asked if I would like to see the Senora. I assured her that I did, and she left the hallway. Returning shortly, she ushered me into a drawing room that was richly decorated in a style gone for many years.

During the introductions, I studied the lady before me and realized that she had once been a very beautiful woman. The beauty had flown with age, but the quiet dignity remained, and she fully realized this.

I told her of my conversation with her brother and explained that he had referred me to her. She sat thoughtfully for a moment and suddenly snapped, "What are your motives, Senor? Why do you want Conchita? I will not talk of her to just anyone!"

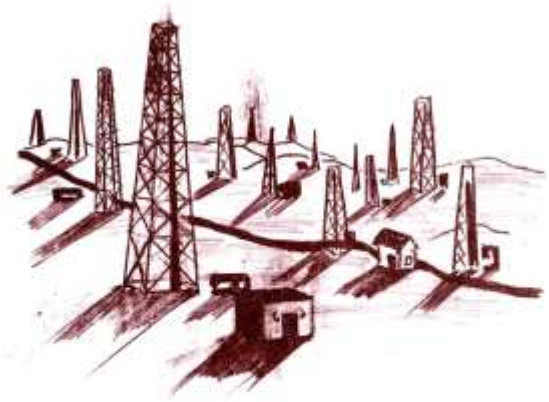
"Please, Senora," I hastened, "I do not wish to harm Conchita. I have reason to believe that she is the mother of the late Elias Stratford's first-born son. If I can locate this son, alive and in the law's good graces, he stands to become the world's richest man."

The Senora registered surprise at this. "That is not true," she stammered. "His will was made public, and the newspapers said that everything was left to his son, Eric."

"No, Senora," I said quietly. "I read the will. It specifically states that ninety percent of his holdings be left to his eldest son. We assume of course, that that son is Eric, but the will did not state that son's name. If I can produce this man and prove that he is Stratford's son, Conchita will live in wealth for the rest of her life."

"Very well," she said. "I will tell you what I know. What you assume is true. Conchita and Mr. Stratford were secretly married. They left on a year's honeymoon and during the course of it, a son named Barney was born to them. Shortly thereafter, they had a bitter quarrel and he left her in a rage. They never saw each other again."

"But, Senora, aren't there any records of their marriage? Weren't they ever divorced? And where are Conchita and her son? What's happened to them?"



"Please, Senor," she said softly, "one question at a time. You will find no records of the marriage. Conchita and Mr. Stratford were married in Mexico, at a place known only to themselves. I know nothing of a divorce. As for Conchita, we were close friends when we were young. She wrote me often after she and Mr. Stratford were separated. Her letters ceased abruptly thirty years ago, and except for an occasional Christmas card, I never hear from her. I know nothing of her son.

"Where is she, Senora?" I asked.

Cont'd on page 34

DIVINE KNIGHT

LINDA STAHL '56

With a lance of light
And a horse of white
He came charging over the years
From His star-held birth. For His birth
Sped like song to ears, far-flung ears,
And they heard. Thrust knives, mortal knives,
To Pagan hearts.

And The Knight went on,
And the night grew wan,
For He fought with sanctioned fight,
And the sky said win, and the earth
Implored win. Believers in light
Rested soul and heart on the fight
To doom not man.

And no stronger snare
Than the angel's hair,
Which He carried loop'd, then He hurled.
The agnostic dropped on his knees,
Dirty knees of blood, changed and pearled.
But the fight, undone, was not won:
Knight, horse, lance, on.

And split Pagan blood
Brought to bloom the bud,
Built a spire, gleaming and tall,
And the stars reached down, and the light
Overshone the land, breaking wall
Made of stone and stone barrier'd heart
Embroth'ring man.

THE TRAVELING MAN

Byron Martin '55

There came into our presence an aged man of questionable resources. He gave no one a nod, but seated himself on the frigid marble bench.

His head hung low, as if weighted down by some unseen force. One side of his face was completely obscured in the shadows. His hair was straggly and unkempt under the ancient Panama hat perched atop his head.

A withered flower hung from his button-hole, lending its sereness to the man's apparent disposition. His suit, long outmoded, must have been purchased at some second-hand shop, years in the past. A quaint bow-tie nestled itself between the man's bewhiskered chin and his chest. A shirt clung to the man's body with a seemingly hopeless grasp.

The collar and cuffs were frayed beyond recall, and both the coat and pants were a maze of wrinkles and creases.

His shoes were unbelievably new. They were of a poor leather, a cheap brand, but they still held their original finish. They were as two suns in a world of darkness as the headlights of a car on a foggy night.

His hands were calloused from long, hard labor, but these markings were not new, perhaps ten or fifteen years old. The ring and little fingers were missing from the right hand, and a faint longitudinal scar peered from the back of the same hand. Both hands showed previous hard use, but now indicated base disuse and mistreatment.

The face of the man was an extremely intriguing sight. His brow was like a newly plowed field, the furrows being plentiful. His matted eyebrows almost obstructed his eyes.

A small V-shaped cut was in the right ear, but the skin had healed over this severment. The ear appeared to be that of a pig or cow, ear-notched for counting or branding.

His nose was of a Norman curvature, but his forehead and chin seemed to indicate Oriental ancestry.

His lips were faintly discernible, they were so rough and chapped. They seemed to be locked shut with a key of remembrances, never again to utter a word.

A great deal of suffering shown through the man's eyes. In the deep and darkened sockets lay two whitened orbs which had seen the world in many of its more horrible aspects. They were clouded over with a veil of distrust and suspicion.

A well-meaning policeman walked up and ordered everyone to "move one." So the small band of hobos rose and walked in one direction while the wizened and resigned old man went in the other.

As he passed by a lamp post, I saw a sight which made my blood run cold. Heretofore unseen, on his left cheek, glowing with a livid purpleness, was a scar about two inches square, in the shape of a branded German swastika.

NEW YORK

Liz Coe '54

It seemed to me then that never before had I been so exceedingly glad--glad to be walking; glad I was here so early, that the city was beginning its day the very minute I was; glad without the doubtful little voices which suggest sometimes that gladness is a cruel, deceptive joke.

It was plain there would be no sun this morning; sharp grey winds nipped at my legs and hustled the rubbish up and down the gutters. But lesser, man-made suns glowed palely. The street lights burned still, though night was past.

Italian people stood in smoky shop doorways. Their windows were hung with balls of cheese and strings of sausage. Heaps of pink salami filled the air with their raw smell. The push carts of endive, tough, small artichokes and cabbages were trundled out. Apples and oranges caught the light brilliantly, and in my rapture I almost knocked over a bushel of snails.

Three bakeries stood in a row. I chose the center one, and gaped deliriously at trays and trays of cakes and twisted loaves and piles of creamy, egg colored baigles and frosted doughnuts. When I left I was munching happily at some crumbly cookies covered with sesame seeds. For our breakfast I'd bought six chocolate eclairs, each no longer than my fourth finger.

Great trucks lumbered to work. Workmen were finishing their coffee. Women were shopping, many with black-eyed babies tucked efficiently under their arms.

How abundant the world was! People and talk and food and trucks filled this single, inconspicuous block.

As I turned onto a highway a man appeared from an alley.

"Please Miss, just give me a little. . . I. . ." His eyes were red and I shrank as he clawed for my arm. His nose dribbled.

MORNING

"Just for a drink; I don't mean any harm; just want a dime. . . I'm sorry, Miss. . ." Filth, yellow teeth, his mouth flabbed on and on; with his other hand he wiped his nose.

My heart was a tight knot and I wanted to push him hard and run.

"You know hos it is. .don't work. . .haven't done anything wrong." He hiccoughed and shuffled and clutched his coat. I smiled dumbly and fumbled for a dime. He isn't old or maimed. Why can't he work? What made him like this? Poor guy. At the same time I wanted to look at him thoroughly and yet not at all. I put a coin in his hand and smiled again.

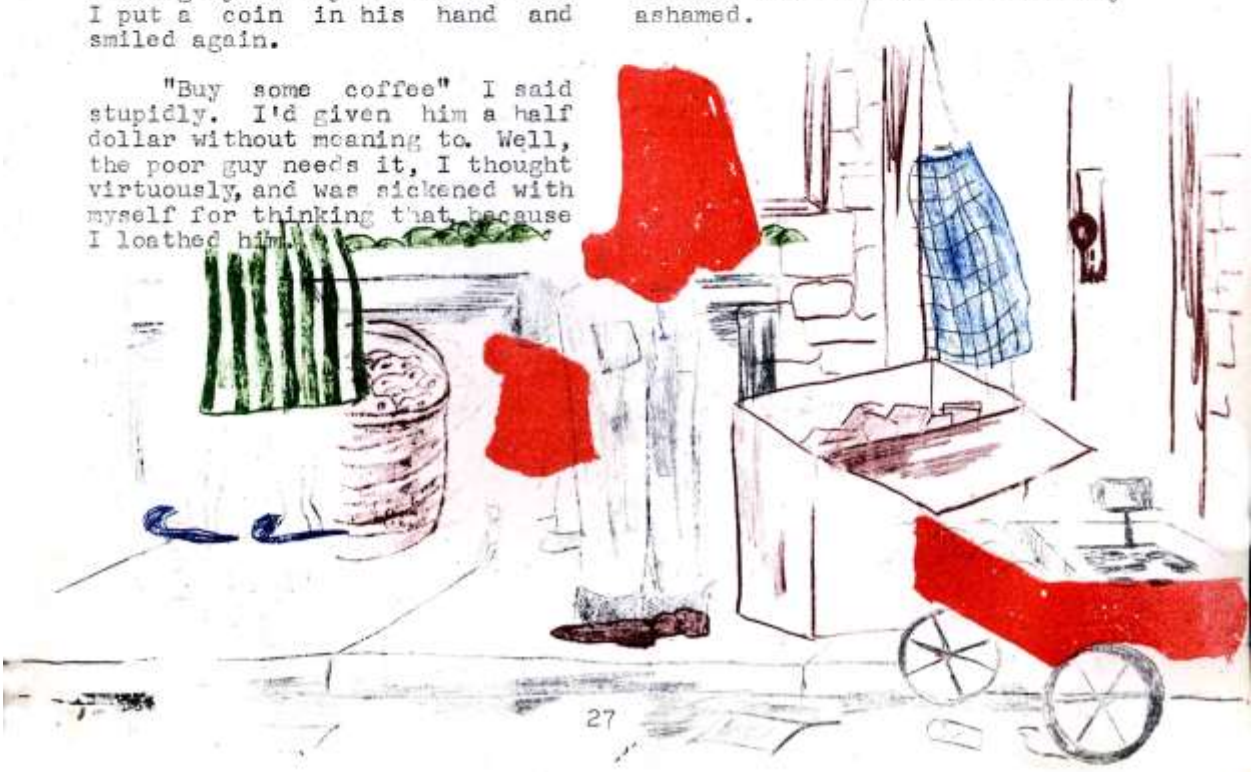
"Buy some coffee" I said stupidly. I'd given him a half dollar without meaning to. Well, the poor guy needs it, I thought virtuously, and was sickened with myself for thinking that because I loathed him.

I walked away quickly. He stood swaying where I'd left him.

"God bless you, Miss" he whined loudly. "Thank you, Miss, didn't want to bother you. . . sorry. . .Lord protect you, Miss. You're a good girl."

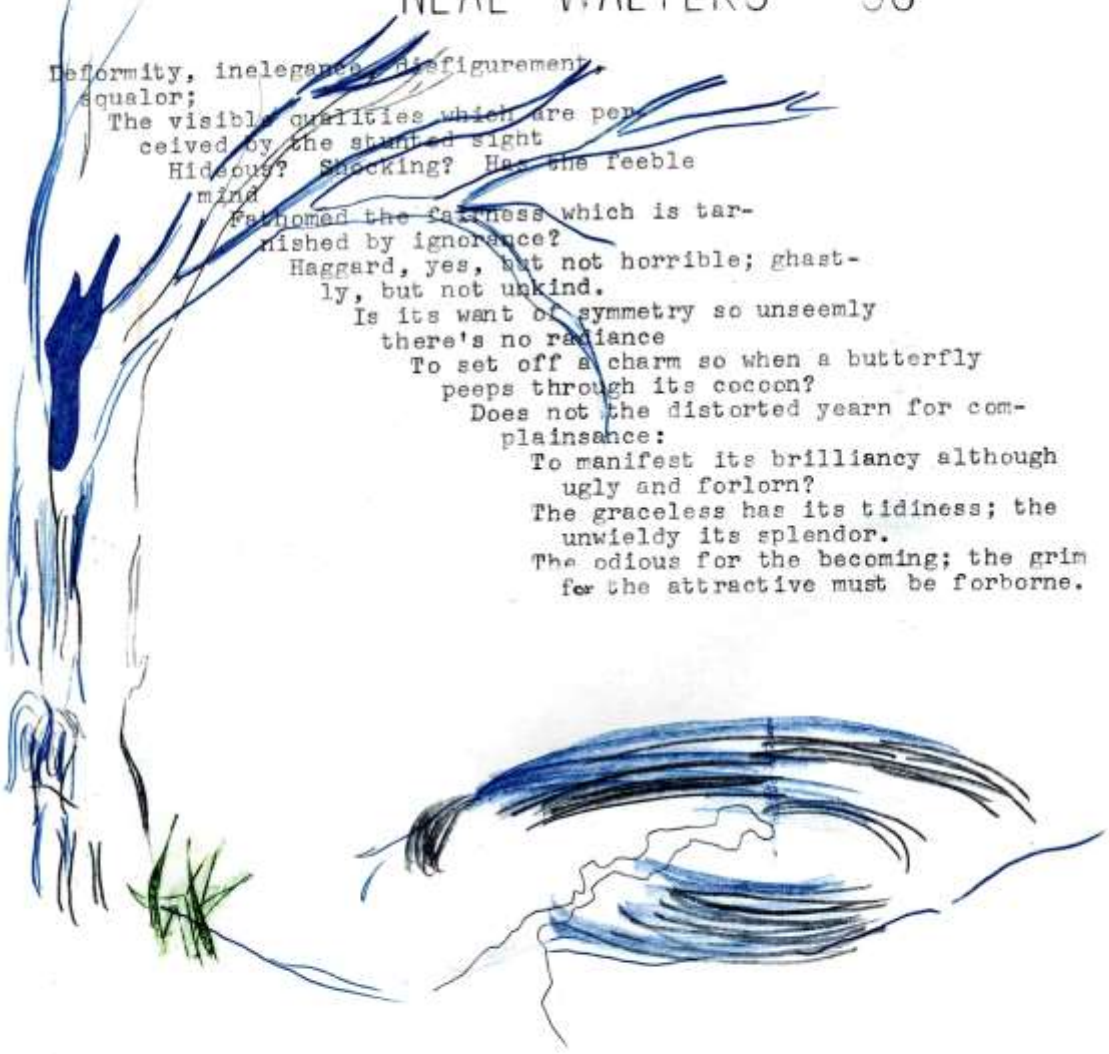
People watched as I passed and smiled with kind amusement. I didn't look back, I felt crawling with his yellow smell, and voice and nose.

Disgust and pity, anger, and compassion without warmth made me gag; never before had the world seemed so dirty, and choked with unkindness. Never had I felt so twisted and small and wretchedly ashamed.



Ugliness

NEAL WALTERS '56



Deformity, inelegance, disfigurement,
squalor;
The visible qualities which are perceived by the stunted sight
Hideous? Shocking? Has the feeble mind
Fathomed the fairness which is tarnished by ignorance?
Haggard, yes, but not horrible; ghastly, but not unkind.
Is its want of symmetry so unseemly
there's no radiance
To set off a charm so when a butterfly
peeps through its cocoon?
Does not the distorted yearn for complainsance:
To manifest its brilliancy although
ugly and forlorn?
The graceless has its tidiness; the
unwieldy its splendor.
The odious for the becoming; the grim
for the attractive must be forborne.

The Heritage

Paula Margolf '54

* * *

H'okay, boys, tak ten," said the tall Negro. Dave sat down and lit a cigarette. His rehearsal wasn't going too well and he was worried. Getting a new combination to click was no easy matter but the opening was only two days away and he had to produce or lose his contract.

"Suh?"

Dave started and looked out over the lights where he saw a skinny Negro kid standing on the deserted dance floor.

"Suh," the timid voice continued, "Andy said fuh you tc come to de office when yo is done."

"Thanks kid--an' heah's two bits--git yo'self sumpin' t'eat. Yo' sho' looks lak yo' needs hit," said Dave while tossing the coin to him.

"Yassuh," said the kid obediently but he didn't move.

"Whut yo' stanin' dere fuh? Go on an' git," said Dave.

"Suh, I jist wants to stan' an' heah yo' play dem drums. Why Ah spect dat yo' is de bes' drummin' man in all Chicago. Ah sho' do wish Ah could play dat way," he blurted out.

Dave grinned knowingly, picked up his sticks, and began to beat out a slow, rocking blues rhythm. The kid's words had brought back long-buried memories of New Orleans. . .

At ten he had run away from home and gone into the "City" and for the past six years he had been sleeping in sewers and grubbing for his food. He picked up a few cents every once in a while by shining shoes, sweeping bars, and general handy-work. This particular night found him with ten cents in his pocket so he decided to go to Barney's and get a bucket of beer.

As he walked through the latticed doors into Barney's he was momentarily blinded by the smoke. Through the haze he made his way to the bar. Ordering his bucket, he grabbed a chair by the bandstand and settled down to hear the music. Barney's was famous for good music and he had A. Arlen Roberts beating the leather for him. Dave had heard a lot about this once-famous drummer--how he had played the top places all over the country before dope and gin caught up with him. Now he was on the way down--in fact, he had almost hit the bottom. But, he still had drawing power and Barney's was always crowded. That night Roberts was really doped and as he played Dave became enraptured. He could not force his eyes to leave those sticks and as the cool night slipped into sultry morning he still sat watching, wondering, marveling.

As the first rays of the sun broke into the dirty room Dave realized he was the only patron left. The band was breaking up but Roberts was still toying with some rhythm. Dave pulled his chair closer to the bandstand and studied the reeking man. His eyes were sunk and his face pouchy. His shirt looked as if it had been pulled in and out of the ash can a couple of times, and his studs had long since turned green.

"Far cry from de great places he's been in," Dave mused. He wondered how a man could rise so high and then fall so low. Roberts became aware of the careful scrutiny of the youngster and gazed sullenly upon him.

"You play de drums, boy?" he asked.

"No suh, but Ah sho' would lak t'learn. Ah reckon dat yo' is de bes' in N'Awlins," replied Dave.

"Ah used to be de bes' in de worl', boy, but dat was long ago," said Roberts. and then he lapsed into silence. Suddenly he said, "You say dat yo'd lak to learn, huh? Well, get yore black hide up heah an' Ah jist might gib yo' some learnin'."

Dave jumped up onto the platform and gingerly grasped the sticks. Roberts began by telling him how to hold them and showing him some simple beats. For the next hour Dave toyed with the snares and became convinced that he was going to be a drummer. Abruptly as it had begun, the lesson ended.

"Dat's all, boy. Ah cain't spen' mah time teachin' some no 'count beggar how t' play de drums," said Roberts. Dave nodded and got up. "Tell you boy--if yo' was to be heah tomorrow mawnin' at dis same time Ah might teach yo' some moh."

"Yassuh," said Dave "Ah'll be heah--ah' will. Ah'll be heah."

"One thing, boy, and dat is Ah'm not spenin' mah time teachin' yo' if yo' isn't goin' to learn good. If Ah don't lak de way yo' is goin' Ah'll jist stop dese lessons." Dave nodded in agreement and jumped down from the platform and ran happily out into the teeming streets.

The next morning Dave appeared at Barney's at the unearthly hour of seven o'clock and waited for Roberts. After what seemed like a century, he came in and began where he had finished the day before. When a couple of hours had passed, Roberts ended the lesson and told him to return the next day. So, the pattern was set. For the following year Dave went to Roberts for his lesson. Actually, never has there been a stranger teacher-pupil relationship or a more haphazard, hit-or-miss program. Sometimes Dave had to show up for six or seven days in a row when he would be driven beyond endurance and then at other times Roberts wouldn't come for ten or twelve days. At times he drove Dave so mercilessly that he wanted to quit--but he hung on and sweated his way to that far-off goal. Meanwhile, Roberts became more and more erratic. He continued to fall farther into the hell he had made for himself. He was getting more doped and filled with gin as the days passed and Dave heard rumors that he might lose his job.

Still, he taught Dave all he knew about his trade in return for the lad's friendship and saint-like adoration.

After a year of lessons, Roberts said to him, "Well, boy, yo' has done moh an' better dan Ah eber thought yo' would when we started. Ah've gibben yo' all Ah knows an' Ah'm gettin' tired ob dis place. Ah'm leabin' de city in a couple ob days but Ah've got yo' a job. Be heah tonight at six an' Ah'll tak yo' to de place. Hit ain't much, but hit's a start."

"Thank you, Mr. Roberts," said Dave. He couldn't believe that his lessons were over and that his teacher was leaving him. He turned and walked slowly, sadly, to the door.

CLOUDS

Feathers from the feet of Mars,
Jehovah's beard,
Angel's breath,
Zeus's goose-down bolster

Kasha Larew '56

When he got back to his room he lay down with the idea of getting some sleep. After hours of tossing and turning he finally threw in the towel and got up. He dressed carefully and left fro the saloon. It was only four o'clock but he wanted to beat the leather before Roberts came for him.

As he rounded the corner of Basin and Conti Streets he did not see the familiar front of Barney's--instead he saw a crowd milling around a pile of smouldering embers. He let out an exclamation and ran up the street. A brick wall, hot ashes, and debris were all that remained of Barney's. He saw the bartender, Mooney, standing apart from the crowd and ran over to him.

"Whut happened heah?" he asked.

"Lawd, boy, Ah dunno. Ah left dis place about two hours ago, and when Ah cum' back dis was all dat was left. When Ah left Roberts was still dere tryin' some new routines for yo'. He sho' thought a lot ob yo'."

"What do yo' mean 'thought'? Wheah is he?" cried Dave.

"Boy," said Mooney, "dat's jist hit. He was in dat mess."

Nothing in Dave's experience had prepared him for what he had just heard. Turning from Mooney, he broke through the cordon of police and ran into the smouldering debris to where the bandstand had been. Choking back his sobs and brushing aside the pain, he grubbed through the hot ashes.

"Hey git dat boy," called a policeman, and three huskey firemen pulled him back onto the sidewalk.

He sat down on the curb and, burying his face in his seared hands, he sobbed uncontrollably. Mooney walked over to him and laid rough hand on his shoulder.

"Whut's he carrying on fuh?" inquired a policeman.

"Roberts was in dat mess an' he was a god friend ob his," replied Mooney.

"Huh," snorted the policeman, "dat rummy? He was probably too drunk to know when to git. Ah sho' wouldn't waste no sympathy on dat guy. Eb'ryone know dat he wasn't good for anything. Nevah did nothin' fuh nobody. Hell, he might hab been sumpin' once but he ended nothin' but a rummy. An' dat ain' all he was--Ah knows he kept mos' ob de pushers in N'Awlins in business."

Mooney looked down at the pathetic figure huddled at his feet and then turned sadly to the charred ruins.

"Ah dunno 'bout dat, boss," he said, shaking his head slowly, Wah dunno. . ."

* * * * *

Dave finished playing and pushed the memory from his head. "You lak dat, kid?" he asked the spell-bound figure below him.

"Yas suh, Ah do, Ah sho' wish Ah could play dem drums lak dat, Mr. Dave."

"Well den," said Dave, "Yo' git yo' black hide up heah an Ah jist maybe'll teach yo' how."

Ambitions

Dianne Wallingford '60

Behind me lie earth's care and sin,
Before me nothing to hem me in.
I must fly and cut great space asunder
To grasp true knowledge of points I ponder.

The sky, so blue, so clear, so bright,
Studded with diamonds each moonlit night.
What lies beyond my reaching hand?
Things only God can understand.

I must ask and learn and know;
My curiosity can but grow.
What can be found in the corners of space?
Queer and strange beings of another race?

Within my crumbling heart, I fear,
Although I wander far and near,
I never will find all I seek,
For space is just too dark, too deep.

All I can do is blaze the trail,
Others will follow; they'll not fail.
I think that each one has his plan
Laid out for him by the Creator of man.

THE FUNERAL

Owen Porter '57

It happened in the latter part of May. I remember well now as I look back. It was a sad occasion for all of us. Margy found him lying beside the rose bush, his feet up in the air. He was still and quiet. He was dead. I couldn't believe it when they first told me. Why, it was just the other day I had seen him perched out on the swing, there on the porch, with his head cocked to the side. And now-----dead. We wrapped him gently in one of Mother's old dish towels and laid him in a cigar box. He had been the best friend anyone could ever have. A real, full-blooded, beautiful English Sparrow. I cried.

We decided to hold the service that evening. It was hot, so we put him into the ice-box until then. The day was long and it seemed to drag by so slowly. As I pulled the weeds from the tomato plants I kept thinking of him.

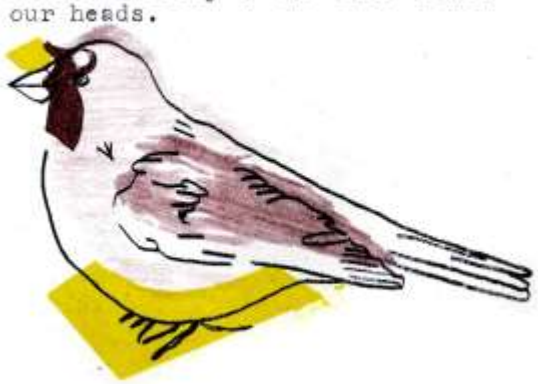
We quit our chores early in the afternoon so that we could get ready. We got the old wash-tub from the shed and set it under the apple tree that used to be his home. Ruth and Margy gathered flowers, a few daisies, some clover, and a radish (for color). Ralph and Hubert planned the funeral. I supervised.

Mother decided we should eat dinner before we had his funeral, and so after washing we sat down at the table in silence. Mother tried to console us, but it wasn't much use. Of course, we remembered that Duffy had been a happy bird. Wasn't he always singing?

After dinner we all went outside. Hubert got Daddy's old macKinaw and a straw hat. He was to be the preacher. We got the Bible and opened it to-----well, it didn't matter. None of us could read anyway. The two Miller boys, next door, came over to watch, and we stopped to help them eat a few cookies. Then we all sat down on the ground and Hubert climbed on the big tub to preach. Deciding that he could not read the Bible he laid it down and recited what he knew of "The Night Before Christmas".

We had already dug a hole in back of the barn by the pigpen. It wasn't the best place, but the ground was soft, easy to dig, and it was out of the way. We laid the flowers in the wellfrosted cigar box with Duffy. Covering the grave with dirt, we planted the radish on top.

It was then decided that a hymn was in order and we returned to our "church" under the apple tree. Four year-old Ralph climbed upon the tub, folded his hands behind his back and lifted his head towards the sky, while his shrill voice burst forth into the chorus of "Yes We Have No Bananas Today". We all bowed our heads.



Continued from Page 23

She studied my face a moment and finally said, "I see no harm in telling you. Her letters come to me postmarked El Paso, Texas. I'll give you one of the cards if you want. And, Senor?"

"Yes?" I said.

"If you find her, do not hurt her. Do not put her name in the papers. She would not like that. Please promise me, Senor."

"Yes, Senora. I promise," I answered.

"Thank you, Senor, very much." The old woman produced a card from somewhere in the desk and handed it to me. I mumbled a "thank you" and headed for the door. When I reached it, I turned and said, "Goodbye, Senora, and thank you for your help."

"Goodbye, Senor," she said. "You are a good man. Vaya con Dios."

I swallowed an adam's apple that suddenly seemed too large for my throat and walked into the sunlight.

El Paso is a long way from New Orleans. After two days of hard driving, I arrived weary and windblown, and decided to get a good night's sleep before trying to get anything accomplished. I stopped in a fairly respectable-looking motel, ate supper, and went to bed. The dry desert air was a welcome change from Louisiana's sticky heat, and I slept well.

Upon rising the next morning, my first official act was to scan the telephone book. There was one Stratford listed, an Albert Q., who operated a floral shop. I had no luck there either. There were several Lopezes listed but no one who could be Conchita. Resigning myself to doing it the hard way, I ate breakfast and drove down to the city library. Here I examined the Christmas card that Senora Mirandez had given me. The envelope, as she said, was postmarked El Paso, Texas, and the card inside said "Season's Greetings, 1946." I asked the librarian for a copy of the 1946 city directory, and after a ten minutes' wait, she returned and handed it to me.

Here I found what I was looking for. The first Lopez I looked up was a Conchita, 707 Cielo Blvd. I quickly copied down the address on the back of my social security card, thanked the librarian, and consulted a map of the city that hung on the wall. Having located Cielo Boulevard, I left the library and drove toward the address, my apprehension building inside me as I neared it.

About fifteen minutes later, I stood in front of an old, seedy looking red brick building that ran the entire length of the block. It was chopped up into small, sandwich - like dwellings that were one room wide and two stories high. Number 707 was third from the end, and my knock was answered by a fat, ill-kept individual who greeted me with, "Whaddya want?"

"I'd like a little information, if it is convenient, "I answered.

"You a cop or sumpin?" he countered.

By this time I was getting a little angry. "No, Mister," I said. "I'm not a 'cop or sumpin'. I'm looking for a woman

named Conchita Lopez who used to live here."

"I don't know nothin' about no woman. Go away."

"Perhaps this will refresh your memory," I said icily. The five dollar bill in my hand caused his eyes to gleam, and he became all smiles.

"Sure, Mister, sure. Whaddya wanna know?" he asked, reaching for the money. I waved it just out of his reach and informed him that he'd get the money when I got the information.

"Okay, okay," he said hastily. "This same, Conchita, she moved out when I moved in. I used to get some mail that belonged to her, but the only address she left me was a little town called Yudalupe, down in Mexico."

"That's all you know?" I asked.

"That's it," he replied.

"Thanks, Mac." I dropped the five dollar bill in his dirty outstretched hand and walked away.

Yudalupe, Mexico, was a hard place to find. It took me half a day in the library to even find a map that showed where it was. That evening, I drove across the border and learned from the Mexican Highway Police that Yudalupe was 1100 miles south of El Paso, that it lay in the heart of the Sierra Madre Mountains, and it could be reached by road, if one didn't have a sentimental attachment to his automobile. There is no room for sentiment in the life of a newspaperman, so I bought about forty dollars worth of gear, had my car greased and checked, and embarked on what I hoped was the last leg of this odyssey of a missing heir.

After three days of driving flat, steaming deserts and tortuous mountain roads, I entered the tiny, primitive village of Yudalupe. It was, indeed, in the heart of the Sierra Madre and had not been affected much by the hand of modern civilization. There were perhaps a hundred adobe huts clustered together in a small green valley, with the land around them cultivated in small squares. The different colored crops being grown in them gave the effect of a giant checkerboard.

I pulled into what might be called the town trading post and called a greeting in Spanish. An aged Mexican proprietor hurried our of the little shop and stopped, his mouth hanging open in amazement. He was obviously not used to seeing automobiles, especially those driven by blond men wearing sun glasses.

"Buenos tardes, Senor. Tiene usted aqui una Senora Conchita Lopez?" I asked.

The old man recovered some of his self-composure and stammered "N-no, Senor, no tenemos una Senora Lopez. Tenemos una Senora Conchita Stratford."

"Si, si!" I responded eagerly, "donde esta?"

"Esta in la casa alli," he answered, pointing to one of the nicer looking huts.

"Gracias," I said, and handed him a peso. He stared at me rather confusedly and I took his withered hand and placed the coin inside it. "Gracias," I said again.

"Gracias," he responded, and walked back into his little shop, shaking his head as he went.

The hut he had gestured to was situated perhaps a half mile up a nearby hill. Twilight was in the process of becoming night, and by the time I reached the little doorstep, several stars were visible. I knocked softly and waited for a reply. Nothing happened, and I knocked again, this time a little louder. Then, I heard a faint rustling inside and the pad of moccasin-shod feet approached. I heard a faint click as the latch opened, and Conchita stood framed in the doorway.

She was tall, and rather thin, with the gaunt, timeless beauty of a goddess. Her cheekbones were high, and her mouth was small and delicate. Her white hair was braided around her head, and she was dressed simply in a robe and shawl. Her eyes, however, were her most commanding feature. Jet black, they burned like twin flames, and I dropped My gaze to the ground.

"Buenas noches, Senora Stratford," I managed.

"Good evening," she answered in English. This did not surprise me, she had lived in Texas only seven years ago, and one does not forget a language completely in seven years.

"May I come in, Senora? I'd like to speak with you if I may."

"You may," she answered. "Who are you?"

I introduced myself, and after a suitable pause, she said, "Senor, I think I know why you are here. You wish to tell me about my husband."

"Your husband?" I asked. "Do you mean you were never divorced, after all these years?"

"No, Senor, we were not," she answered quietly. "My religion forbids divorce. What of my husband?"

I turned away and didn't answer her. "Please, Senor," she said.

I turned back and looked at her eyes for a moment. "He's dead, Senora."

Her face stiffened for an instant, and then relaxed. She looked the same as before, a little older perhaps, but, if possible, a little more composed.

"Where is your son, Senora?" I asked.

"My son?" she murmurred. "He is here, in Yudalupe. This is our home, and we shall live here the rest of our lives. Why do you want him?"

"Senora, your son could be the richest man in the world. He stands to inherit his father's estate, and I want to take him back to the Louisiana State Court and---"

"He will not go with you, Senor," she interrupted.

I stopped. "Won't go with me?" I gasped.

"No, Senor, he will not. Do not question me about it, talk to him. He promised to visit me this evening and he should---"

At this point the old woman was interrupted by a knock from

the outside. "It is he," she said simply and opened the door. A small, kindly faced man in a black coat entered and kissed the Senora on the cheek. "This is my son, Barney," she said.

"Greetings, young man, what brings you here?" he said warmly.

"News, my friend, news," I answered. "You have a good chance of becoming the world's richest man. The entire Stratford fortune has been left to you, and you have only to return to Louisiana and claim it."

The man and his mother exchanged sympathetic glances. "Please, Senor," he said gently. "I will not leave here. I cannot use wealth or power. My work entails none of it. I'm grateful for your concern, but I cannot go back with you."

"But, listen! You don't realize the--"

"I'm sorry, Senor," he said softly. "Please try to understand." He removed his coat and laid it on the back of a chair.

My mouth drooped open at the sight of the long, black robe and the high white collar. The rosary at his waist seemed to sparkle and dance in the flickering candlelight.

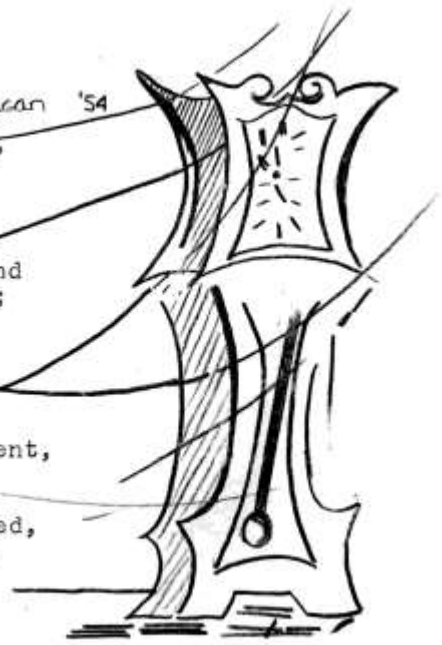
"Do you understand, Senor?" he asked softly.

"Yes, ----- I understand. Goodbye, Senora. Goodbye, Father."

I turned and walked slowly down the hill toward the village. The stars shone overhead, and I looked humbly up at them. I felt warm inside.

METAMORPHASIS

Patti Regan '54



The old man, limping down the street,
Reflected all the human race.
By-gone days, carefree and sad,
Were shown in wrinkles on his face.

His dull blue eyes were friendly, kind
From yesteryears, from memories past;
His bent old body warped in pain--
His journey's end in shadows cast.

I laughed at him unfeelingly.
"Look," I yelled in tones of mirth,
"At his ancient form, so crooked, spent,
Why he, himself, is old man earth."

The years have passed, and I have aged,
The days of youth have from me fled;
I picture now his broken shape,
And I don't laugh, I weep instead.

REMEMBER

Karen Brock '55

Vapors twisted and swirled up from the river, illuminated by lights dimly shining from distent houses, in a night of blackness. There was nothing menacing about the river and its endless darkness; rather the haunting sadness of a half forgotten melody.

On her way across, she stopped and stood looking into the mist with eyes that did not see. Far away, in the loneliness, the fog horn of a river boat penetrated the silence, yet the shadow on the bridge did not hear. For this figure was a woman who in that moment of peace in a restless city stood reviewing the hollow emptiness of her life. And yet she did not cry. For her and those like her, there were no tears.....only acceptance of fate.

Once before, long ago it seemed, two figures had clung together in the shadow of the bridge. That was the night of happiness. They had forgotten what they were and why, for there had been that wondering softness in a hard life that comes on wings of whispering velvet, stays but an hour, then is gone.

They forgot what she was, with the dirt, the degradation, the unseeing tragedy of her useless life. Forgotten was the filth of the gutter, the cheap wine, the false, glittering gaiety of the cafes. In the shadow of the river there was no Paris. The men with the cynical eyes and the ache inside of him ceased for one moment to search for something he would never, in his endless travels, find.

In two lives; hers ugly, tragic, accepting, and his, cynical and hopeless...there was an hour of beauty. One hour to remember all the empty years that would come, each year more shallow and meaningless than the last.

Strangers they were, these two lost people, and strangers they would part. And yet, no

matter where he was, Hong Kong, Alexandria or New York, when fog filled the night with silence, he would remember even as the lonely figure on the bridge remembered.

The softness of the moment would again drift with the mists of a forgotten river, and invade their memory like the song only one heard. But these two people were fortunate...for some people never have that flicker of beauty to remember.

as shadows lengthen

Kasha Larew '56

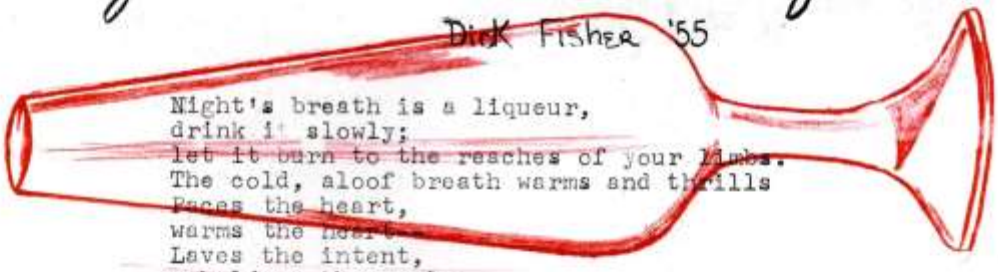
As shadows lengthen on a winter night
Until the world is covered, calm, and deep
In velvet wraps, my love has claimed the right
to cloak me in its glow and drug my sleep.

You stand beside me and my lips are pressed,
Two quivering doves you hold in your command,
That long to fly to you as to their nest,
But must remain, and sigh, and kiss your hand.

At altars 'round your wreathed and jeweled throne
I'll humbly kneel, until I sacrifice,
And call your name, and hear you breathe my own,
And raise my head and gaze into your eyes.
Then would I tell you of the many ways
My love for you has grown to fill my days.

Night's Breath Is a Liqueur

Dick Fisher '55



Night's breath is a liqueur,
drink it slowly;
let it burn to the reaches of your limbs.
The cold, aloof breath warms and thrills
Races the heart,
warms the heart--
Laves the intent,
emboldens the soul.

Night's breath is an ode to Melancholia--
pierces the pose
jidders your head.
The emptiness, blackness--
distant beauty,
So Vast--
So Sad.

A SELF-MADE MAN

RICK WALTER '57

Lester Morgan was a self-made man. He, before anyone else, needed the help of no one to get where he was now. No one had given him his New York penthouse apartment, his late model car, steady job, or personal servant.

Morgan himself was of medium build with a hairline which was receding a lot faster than he would care to divulge. His acquiline nose, piercing black eyes, and bushy eyebrows gave him the appearance of a bird of prey. His ample paunch and greying hair gave away the fact that he was leaving that undecided stage of life that we call middle-age. He could still remember reading about Warren G. Harding's inauguration over the teletype of the East Lansing Herald where he spent his cub reporter days. It had been a long haul for him from those lean years.

Now he could feel a sense of pride that as a syndicated columnist, his column "Inside Broadway" appeared in papers of every major city in the country. The purpose of his column was to expose little known facts about famous people. Usually these were shocking and almost unbelievable, but as Morgan himself said, "The people will believe what they want to believe." He did feel a pang of regret, however, that his name did not byline the column. But for obvious reasons he was forced to use the pen name of Frank Candid.

It would seem to any casual observer that Lester Morgan was at the top of the heap as far as success was concerned. But even a casual observer could not help noticing that all was not as it should be in the apartment of Lester Morgan one particular morning in the fall of 1955.

For on that particular morning the columnist had given his servant, James, the day off and was just settling down to a breakfast prepared by his own hands, when the doorbell rang. Upon opening the door he was confronted by an old stoop-shouldered man with a carefully wrapped package in his hand. This was Mr. Conby who was a sort of janitor, handy man, and general adviser for the building. He was a grey haired man who claimed to have been a captain in the United States Army during World War I. He walked with a limp supposedly caused by enemy shrapnel, and this, along with his grey hair and slumped shoulders, gave him the appearance of a small bird with a broken wing. This was the man who now confronted the successful Mr. Morgan.

"Well, what do you want?" bellowed out the columnist.

"Someone left this package in your box downstairs, Mr. Morgan, and I thought that it might be important so I brought it right up," replied the old man in a thin, cracked voice.

"Well , don't just stand there. Give it to me!" demanded the columnist. Timidly Conby handed the package to him and stood with his head cocked to one side like a dog awaiting praise for a trick. Snatching the package from the hesitant hand Morgan surveyed the outside of the bundle for a moment and then threw a menacing glance at the old man.

"You're not to tell anyone about this package. Understand?" He said in a threatening voice.

"Yes, sir, I understand." replied the old veteran.

"All right, then." said the columnist and punctuated this by slamming the door in the old man's face.

The package was probably from one of his informants, mused Morgan, and the less anyone knew about the shadier side of his job the better. Crossing the room he speculated on the contents of the bundle. More than likely it was some evidence exposing the night life of one of our happily married senators whose name had been prominent in the recent news. Anyway there was only one way to find out, and that was to open it. The package had not gone through the mail, and the only riting on the wrapper was Morgan's name and apartment number. Tearing off the paper he discovered a shoe box bound with string . Cutting the string with his pocket knife he proceeded to remove the top of the box.

Morgan's first impulse was to laugh out loud at the contents of the box but on closer inspection his look changed from one of enjoyment to one of great fear. Beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead, and his hands shook so much that he almost dropped the package. For inside the harmless looking little box was a doll not more than a foot high which was an exact replica of the successful Lester Morgan. The doll's resemblance to him was fantastic. Nose, receding hair line, protruberant belly and small black eyes were all there. The doll was even dressed as Morgan would have been if he were about to go out for a walk through the city. But the fact that the doll was so much like him was not what had changed his mood so suddenly. The reason for his fear was that through the heart of the cleverly made doll was a two inch blade of shining steel!

Morgan's first thought was that it was some practical joke and he raised the package up off the table to throw it into the wastebasket. But on second thought he reasoned, who would play such a vicious joke on him. After all, as Lester Morgan he has not enemies, and only a few close friends knew he was really Frank Candid, and surely they wouldn't have, or maybe they would.

Only three people knew of his dual life. That is, so far as he knew. But these were certainly people he could trust and who would have no reason to reveal his identity. Well, let's see now. First there was Vicky, but it couldn't have been her. After all Victoria Heywood was one of the most respected actresses on the Broadway stage. At thirty-five she was at the peak of her acting fame. Lester had met the small blonde woman ten years earlier at a party celebrating her debut. They had immediately become good friends and to this day she would come to

him if she needed problems solved. Why just yesterday she had come over to ask how she could sever relations with an old friend, who was, she had found out, ruining the lives of many respectable and happy people and might even ruin her. And he had told her that the only way was to break off with him quickly for a man like this could easily spread his corruption to others. But surely she couldn't have meant him. Why he never ruined anybody's life and what sense would there be in playing this morbid joke on him. No, it couldn't possibly be Wicky. But the successful Mr. Morgan still had a lingering doubt which he tried to pretend wasn't there at all.

Then there was Perry Carson, a fellow newspaperman, who had helped him over the early difficulties of journalism. Of course he had written a little something in his column about the goings on between Perry Carson Jr. and a certain disreputable showgirl, but as Perry Sr. himself had told Morgan so many years ago, "Print the truth as you see it and you will make a good newspaperman." No he couldn't believe Perry had done this to him. After all, with the goods he had on Perry...

That left only Jason Tinker. Lester liked Jason more than anyone else he had ever known. Maybe it was because they were so much alike. Tinker was a legend in the business world. The way he had gained control of so many businesses so quickly was astonishing. He had controlling share of stock in one of Vicky's plays, and Lester had met him earlier at a cast party and had become very fond of him. He liked his precise, calcualting way of doing things, not letting anything or anybody stop him from getting what he wanted. Morgan considered him a perfect example of a self-made man. Just last week Jason had said he was planning to get rid of a certain prominent individual who had the power to divulge some trade secrets that could ruin him. Maybe he meant...but no, that was silly, he had more than Jason's trade secrets in his files. There was no sense in letting this doll control him so. After all, he was a big and successful man. Why should he let this child's plaything make him suspect his best friends of things he didn't even like to think about.

GOD'S FLOUR

Softly, silently, reverently,
White flour sifts from heaven,
Blanketing the lonely farm,
Muffling the boisterous city.

Slowly, surely, relentlessly,
God turns the sifter's crank;
Slumbering below, the tired earth
Turns in sleep under her warm blanket.

Corky Feagin '56

Again he raised his hand as if to discard the doll, but again he put it down. It occurred to him that it was a shame to throw away something so cleverly made. If he kept the doll it would show whoever sent it that the joke had not bothered him at all. But first he had better take that knife out of the doll's heart. It was starting to give him the willies to see an exact replica of himself with a smile on his face and a knife in his heart. Even as he pulled the knife out of the doll he wondered what could possibly be the reason for this silly joke.

Ten seconds later he found out. Jason Tinker, Perry Carson, and Victoria Heywood, who were lunching together at the Stork Club, swore they heard the explosion which was over a mile away.

MOM

Betty Shelton '54

Mom, you're wearin' a purty dress,
The first you've had in years, I guess;
For love, you sacrificed your style
To give our kids the things worthwhile.

We worked together through the years,
And shared each other's joys and tears;
You helped us all through sun and rain,
But never once did you complain.

Remember, Mom, that awful day,
When God took little Marie away?
We though Marie was too much to give
And said we didn't want to live.

You shook with sobs, your eyes were dim,
But still you knelt and prayed to Him;
I knew right then that we'd come through
And so I knelt to pray with you.

Remember how we skimped and slaved
And lost the little cash we'd saved?
But Mom, you had a fighting heart
And said we'd make another start.

Remember, Mom, how we were proud,
The day we sat with that great crowd
That must have come from every state
To see our Jeannie graduate?

Remember how you squeezed my hand,
The day that Jeannie, dressed so grand,
Came down the aisle, an happy bride?
We smiled a little; then we cried.

Remember, Mom?
Of course, you do;
I though when all the kids were grown,
We'd have some pleasures of our own.

But Mom, life's a funny game,
That time of pleasure never came,
And still you didn't seem to mind;
You found your joy in being kind.

They tell me that I shouldn't weep,
Because you've only gone to sleep,
And so I'll say good-bye, I guess,
And gosh, that is a purty dress!

The Echo of Glen

I entered the Echo of Glen and found it completely crowded and gay. A variety of everything, everywhere; jeans--taffeta; loud voices--hushed whispers; hot dogs--cotton candy . . . . lines for the rides, lines woven by people running, walking, hurrying off to nowhere . . . The hawkers, loud, boisterous, too familiar . . . The band, set off slightly from the confusion, their music knitting together all the noise into something beautiful . . . The music from the merry-go-round and the various booths, people, with food or a cheap toy they had just won in hand, jostling each other. . . The roller coaster and the screams from it, the laughs from people looking in the crooked mirrors, the curses at a missed shot at a lost friend in the crowd, the bright, furious electric lights--not succeeding. Somehow a feeling of oneness, like a warm blanket, fell over the people. I could sense it and it made me feel mellow and glad that I was there.

But after a time I found myself quite alone--only a few fluttering papers around, and just a handful of people. The deep night had finally sent them away. The rides were not empty, perhaps a passenger or two. But I found the place still to my liking; chameleon-like, it provided for hundreds of laughing, happy people; or it sheltered a few lonely, sad ones. I sighed deeply, got up from the bench, and left.

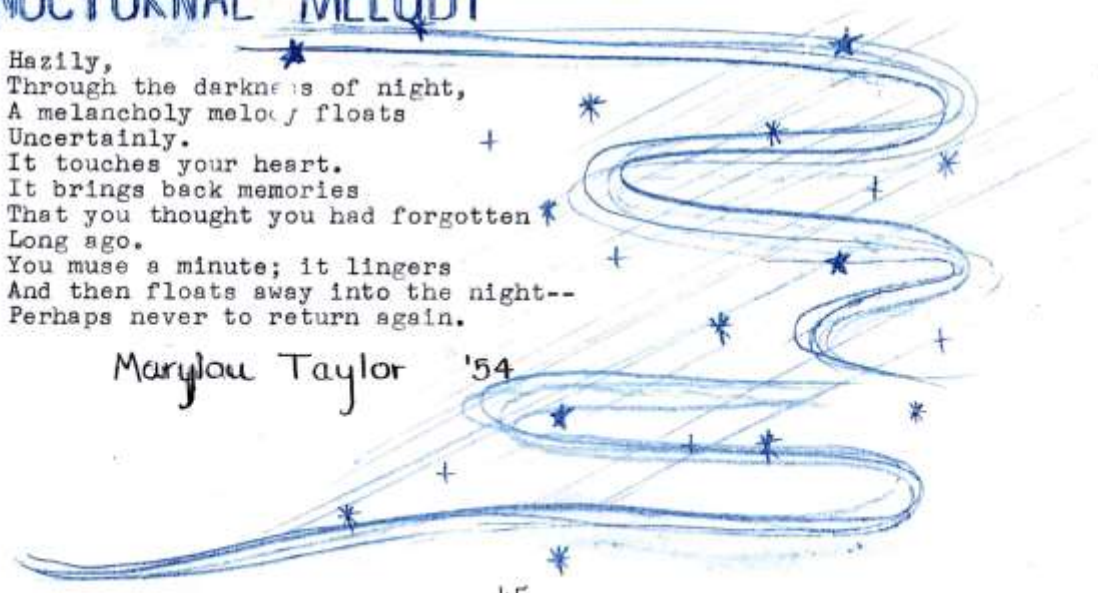
DORIS HAWES
'55

COLORS

Mary Louise Kelley '58

How would you explain a color to a person blind from birth? Yellow is warm and bright like the morning sun streaming through the window. Green is the feel and the smell of a cool forest and a slow little mountain stream. Blue is a starlit ballroom as you whirl gayly around the floor. Pink is a garden in the spring and a baby's touch. Purple is a deep melancholy and an unexplainable ache in your throat. Red expresses great joy. It gives the feeling of wanting to jump up and down and to laugh and sing. Grey is a soft and silent color, quiet as a hush that falls at the end of a day. It is the drip-drop of rain on a Saturday afternoon. White is the rustle of a nurse's uniform as she walks down a hospital corridor. White is the smell of Ivory soap. Wine is organ music, deep and rich. The salt breeze, the roughness of the sand are a mixture of aqua and beige. The ring of the telephone is orange, punctuating the other colors.

NOCTURNAL MELODY



Hazily,
Through the darkness of night,
A melancholy melody floats
Uncertainly.
It touches your heart.
It brings back memories
That you thought you had forgotten
Long ago.
You muse a minute; it lingers
And then floats away into the night--
Perhaps never to return again.

Marylou Taylor '54

THE MOURNING AFTER

by Ted White, '56

He stood, quietly, on the damp concrete, grey mists swirling slowly around him. He stared unseeing, at the long strip of white fading into the grey that surrounded him. He was twelve years old, and it was not right for this to happen to him. Memories flooded back upon him, reenacting themselves for him, for they were very close...

* * *

They swept the track eagerly, unmindful of the meagerness of their chore. There were two of them, brothers, and they shouted to each other as they swept, over the rumbling roar of revving engines.

"Boy, this is it, huh, Nick!"

"Man, you said it! Come on; it's almost starting time!"

As they swept the last pieces of gravel off the turn, Dean Grennell stared at them, forgetting his own work. Two kids, one maybe fourteen, the other younger. Was he like that when he was a kid? It was a long time ago. The memories were filled with tracks and wheels and speed. Did they let kids see the races if they swept off the turns in his day? Seemed like then they had only dirt tracks, but it was so far away...

He shook his head. He couldn't spend his time daydreaming this close to the actual race. He returned to his job of checking the engine over. Carefully he polished every chrome bolt on the head. It was a fine car, and his own, "The Grennell Special."

He heard them coming up behind him before the first spoke. "Hey mister, what kind of car is that?"

He turned to face the younger of the two boys. "Well, son, it ain't any brand of car--just a homemade job."

"Oh."

"Hey, Joey, don't pester the man. Gee, I'm sorry mister; he loves to look at cars."

"That's all right. I used to hang around the tracks when I was your age myself. I was going to be the most famous driver in the world..." He had to smile at that. It had been a long time.

"Hey mister, could you teach me how to be a race driver?"

"Son, I wouldn't teach my son to drive a racing car. I can't think of an easier way to commit suicide. Here I'm forty-five, and I don't know myself how I made it. But I'm washed up. Gonna have to quit soon. M' reflexes slowin' down, and I'm gettin' forgetful. Ya gotta be on your toes to be a racer." He'd been 'going to quit for over a year now, and it was going to have to be soon, he realized belatedly. "Well, gotta get my car in the line-up for the race, and I don't want you kids messing around this pit. Don't get too close to the track, ya hear me?"

Joey and Nick scampered across the track to the outside of the first turn, and climbed up on the bales of hay stacked there. They'd be able to see everything!

A moment later, the cars that had been moving slowly in formation down the track got the flag. The race was on.

From their vantage point, both Joey and Nick watched excitedly. With a "whoooom!", the cars shot by, almost within arms' reach. Joey pulled on his brother, and pointed out a bright red car. "Look's like Mister Grennell is out front!"

He was right. Grennell and his Special stayed in front for the rest of the race.

As soon as it was over, the two boys ran across the track to the pits. There they came upon an oil-streaked Dean Grennell.

"Gee, Mister Grennell, you won!" Joey made it sound as though the possibility had never occured to him.

"Yeah, but I'm going to have ta check that front wheel. Don't like the way it felt on the last lap."

The boys picked up their brooms which they had left near Grennell's pit, and hurried out to sweep the gravel off the turn once more. They hurried now more than before. Grennell reflected that perhaps having the pit closest to the turn wasn't all it might be. The kids would be back soon, and they'd be in his hair all the time until the next race. The next race! It was the 100-lap race. He'd better give the car a thorough going over.

Laughing to themselves, the two brothers returned to the Grennell pit. Dean glanced up at

then with a smile. It really wasn't too bad having a couple of kids hero-worship you.

He spent almost all of his time talking with them about racing, and his own experiences. "My own brother was killed in a race--his second. I guess he got cocky after the first time, thought it was a cinch. It really shook me at the time, but I just thought it was a freak accident that could never happen to me. Well, don't you believe it. The world's best drivers have been killed in races. Believe me, I've seen 'em all fall around me.

"How come you never got hurt, then, Mister Grennell?"

"I have been, Nick. I went into one spin I thought sure I'd never come out of alive. But I'm still here. Guess I haven't got enough sense to get out while the getting's good. I'm gonna quit soon, anyway."

As the boys slowly walked back to the bales, Joey turned to his brother. "I don't care what he says. Me, I'm gonna race when I grow up!

"Sure. He's old. They all talk like that when they get old."

This time Dean, with a winning car, was placed to the back of the pack, with the other better cars. As he began his second lap, the wheel seemed suddenly slack. "My God, I forgot to fix the d--- wheel!" He tried to think desperately. If only he could get to the pit.

And then it happened! As he tried to get closer to the inside of the track, the car went out of control, and his right front wheel shot off on its own crazy tangent. He was nearing the turn, and he leaned to the left, hoping he could get the car into the pit on three wheels. Suddenly it skidded again, throwing up showers of sparks behind him. He shot, careening into the bales!

"Good Lord, those kids...!" It was his last thought before the car cannoned through the bales, throwing them high into the air behind him. The car smashed into a concrete fence, and at the same time flames circled it, malevolently claiming it for their own.

Joey had seen the car go out of control. He jumped back, grabbing his brother's arm in his haste. But Nick had seen it too, and was jumping the other way. He lost his balance and fell between the bales.

It was over in an instant, and Nick's twisted body fell with the bales back to earth. Joey stared, uncomprehendingly.

It was a week later that Joey visited Dean Grennell at the hospital. Grennell had been seriously burned, and had suffered compound fractures. He looked up at his visitor. Their eyes met, and he lowered his.

"I'm...I'm sorry kid. If there was any way I could have avoided it..." His voice trailed off unconvincingly. Joey looked at him a minute.

Giant

Anne Lewis '56

The cheesecloth cloud drifted,
Accidentally goring itself
On a tapering pine.
The gaping puncture
Caused the cloud
To resemble a giant,
Grinning broadly.
He drifted on,
To be dispersed
When the wind discovered
It was in a foul mood.

"I know it wasn't your fault. Mister Grennell. I wanted to tell you that." But it WAS your fault, his mind screamed. You knew about the wheel! You killed my big brother! He turned quickly, before Dean Grennell could see his tears, and left. Grennell stared at the closed door. He had seen the tears.

He knew he would never drive again. He should've quit years ago. He should've checked the d---wheel. He should've....Lost in his recriminations, Dean Grennell began to noiselessly sob.

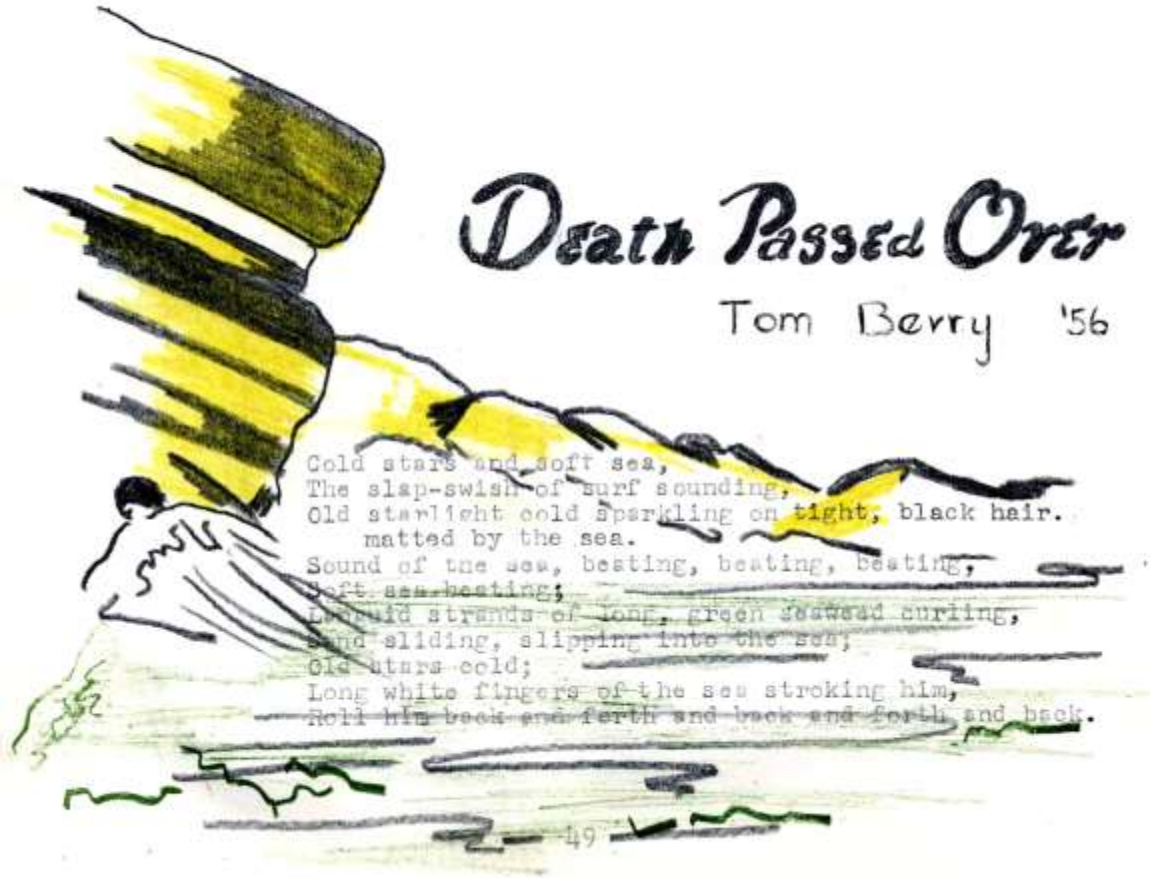
Early the next morning Joey went down to the track. There were no races scheduled, but he wanted to look around, by himself.

Grey mists swirled slowly around him. He stared, unseeing, at the long strip of white fading into the grey that surrounded him. He was twelve years old, and it was not right that this should happen to him.

Suddenly, through his vivid memories, cut the shrill voices of other boys.

"Hi Joey! What'cha doing, down here?"

"Oh, just looking around." He looked at the other boys, and said, importantly, "After all, someday I'm going to race here.



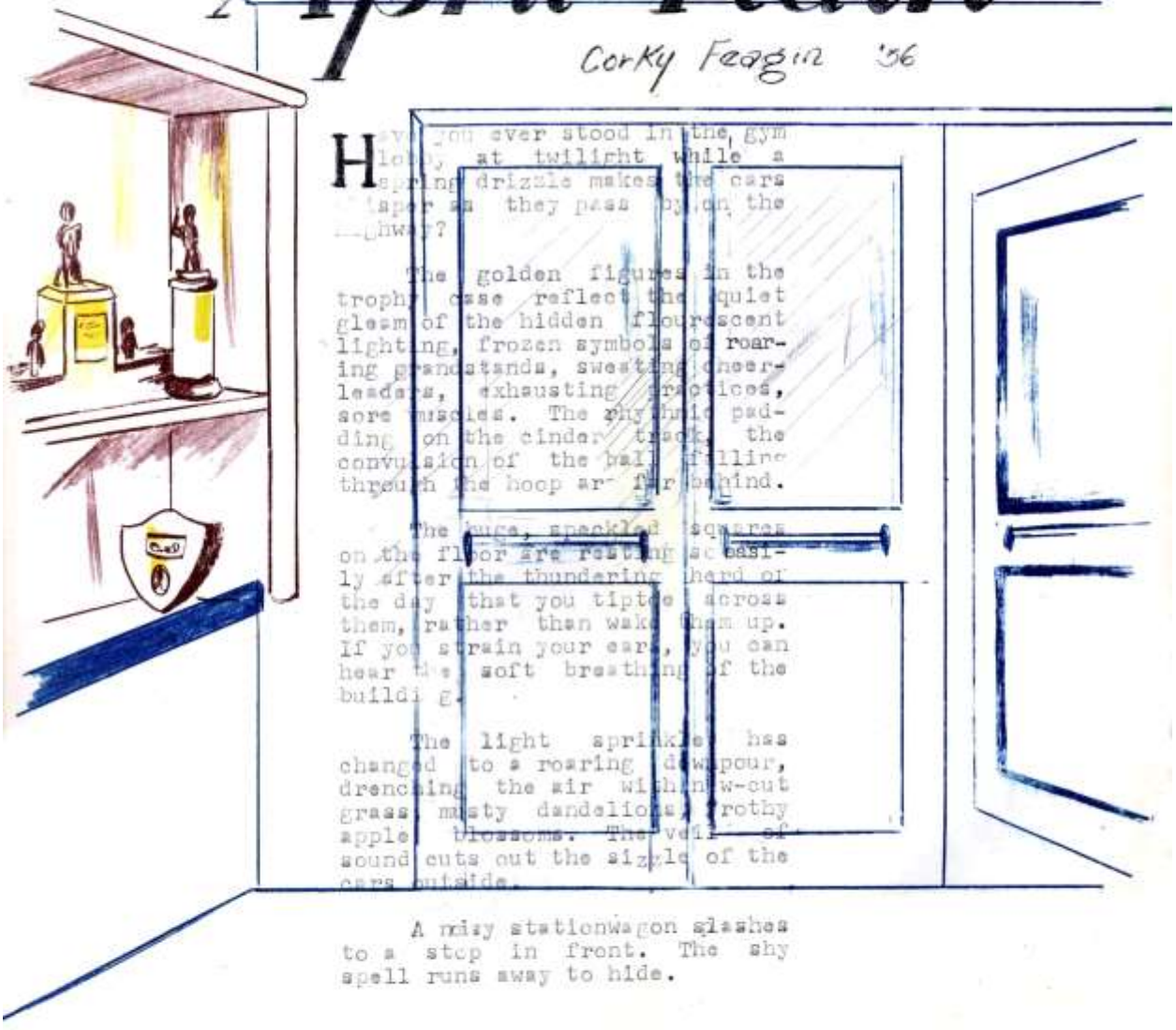
Death Passed Over

Tom Berry '56

Cold stars and soft sea,
The slap-swish of surf sounding,
Old starlight cold sparkling on tight, black hair.
matted by the sea.
Sound of the sea, beating, beating, beating,
Soft sea-beating;
Liquid strands of long, green seaweed curling,
Sand sliding, slipping into the sea;
Old stars cold;
Long white fingers of the sea stroking him,
Roll him back and forth and back and forth and back.

April Rain

Corky Feagin '36



Have you ever stood in the gym lobby at twilight while a spring drizzle makes the cars taper as they pass by on the highway?

The golden figures in the trophy case reflect the quiet gleam of the hidden fluorescent lighting, frozen symbols of roaring grandstands, sweating cheerleaders, exhausting practices, sore muscles. The rhythmic padding on the cinder track, the convulsion of the ball flying through the hoop are far behind.

The dingy, speckled squares on the floor are resting so easily after the thundering herd of the day that you tiptoe across them, rather than wake them up. If you strain your ears, you can hear the soft breathing of the building.

The light sprinkle has changed to a roaring downpour, drenching the air with new-cut grass, musty dandelions, frothy apple blossoms. The veil of sound cuts out the sizzle of the cars outside.

A misty stationwagon slashes to a stop in front. The shy spell runs away to hide.