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MIRACLE

BY CLAIRE WALTER

There were voices in the corridor.

"The water tap in 103 is not working properly, Doctor Mason."

"Thank you, Miss Bradley, I'll see to it right away."

The occupant of 103, however, did not hear these voices. She was lost in a dream, a happy dream, a dream of the past.

...Many, many years ago, when she had been yet a young woman, she had fallen in love with a wonderful young man. He had loved her as deeply as she had loved him. But her family had been far "better" and wealthier than his, and the deeply rooted breeding of centuries had ruled her heart--and turned his away. Having lost his love, the young man had left the country to join some army, to fight, to do something to forget this horrid cruelty. And she, as the months and years had passed, had realized her mistake and regretted it. She had never married, always hoping someday he might return. Years later she had heard a report that he had disappeared somewhere in a Malayan jungle and had been assumed dead. But she knew he was not dead. And she kept on waiting...

She smiled in her sleep: she was with him. They were dancing, or talking, or sitting; she didn't care what, for they were together again. What a marvelous dream!

Several hours passed before she awoke. The dream ended abruptly. At first she could not remember where she was, so long had she been in the past that night. But then she realized--



she was in the hospital--she was going to die--after all these years, she was going to die without him!

Her frail old body could scarcely support those wracking sobs. It heaved, rising and falling till it could stand no more. And then she cried within, her wretched face revealing that terrible pain.

She suffered so, she hardly noticed the opening and closing of the door. But she had especially good hearing, and, realizing someone was in her room, muffled her distress.

Who could it be? She hadn't rung for the nurse.

Suddenly, a beautiful hope was born. Could it--could it be..? She gathered her strength--there was very little left--and said in an almost inaudible whisper:

"Is that you, Roger?"

Anxiously she awaited the answer. "A miracle for me," she thought, "a dream come true. It must be Roger, It has to be, I know it is. Oh, why doesn't he answer!" Disguising the turmoil within her, she waited, waited while her whole being strained for a word.

Eternities later, the man came toward her to stand by the bed.

"Yes."

What a glorious sigh!

"Oh, Roger, I knew you would come before I--I could never die content without your knowing how I feel.

"It is a miracle, you know, a gift from Heaven."

Softly he said:

"Yes, dear, I know."

She struggled to make herself clear:

"Roger, do you--can you tell--I mean--do you know that I am blind now?"

"I haven't changed much."

"Thank you, dear Roger, you always did know what I meant."

She paused, a little afraid to speak.

"Roger, I am sorry for what happened."

She strained forward a piteous-looking creature, searching his face with unseeing eyes.

"Roger, I love you."

"And I love you, dearest."

With a sigh that purged her soul, she lay back against the pillows. Barely speaking now, she breathed:

"Thank you for coming Roger, I can be happy now."

And her sightless eyes closed.

He rang the bell by her bed. And when the doctor came, he said gently:

"Your patient has died."

The doctor gazed down at her with a look of pure wonder. He said in a hoarse whisper:

"My God! What happened!"

"Surely, her death was not unexpected."

"Ah, no, not that, it was-- but she looks so happy, so contented. To tell the truth, I have never seen her so--so beautiful! Truly this is a miracle!"

Calmly came the answer.

"Yes, a miracle."

And he turned, he whom she had called Reger, who had relieved love's torture, turned, picked up his tools, and walked to the door.

Who can doubt the miracle of a kindly heart?



Johnny's Ride

by Lee Allums '62

Johnny Allen was in love, mid-term exams were coming, and worse still he had quarrelled with "her."

The main one in Johnny's life was a sweet, soft-voiced, blue-eyed blond. Her name was Irene Night--the most beautiful name in the world to one senior at Preston High.

Johnny's best friend was Billy Campbell. They had grown up together; built airplanes together; and had run the Campbell & Allen Railroad, Inc. Now they were sitting together talking at the Malt Shoppe.

"Say Bill, are you gonna take Becky to the Wintergreen?"

"Don't know, Johnny. I've got a date with her Saturday night; maybe I'll ask her then."

"Hey! Are you gonna be mad! Guess who I saw making out last night and with whom. Man, are you gonna yell."

"Who! Not Irene, oh no, not my Irene!"

"Well Dad, I don't know about her being yours but it was Irene all right and she was with that V. P. I. freshman, Jim Clarke."

"Well! That does it, that really does it! It'll be a long time before you see me with her! Come on. Let's blow."

"Suits me."

On the way home Johnny was silent, battling a torrent of emotions inside.

"Jilt me, will she. I'll show her; man, I wouldn't even take her to the movies this Saturday. Yep! I'll break the date. Serve her right. Wonder if she really likes that guy? College boys! Darn! What do I care!"

The next day at school Johnny saw Irene and spoke very coolly to her in the hall.

"Say Irene, the date Saturday is off."

"How come, Johnny? Is anything wrong?"

"I just don't want to go with you, kid, that's all. Be seeing you around."

But that night Johnny's conscience bothered him.

"Well---maybe she doesn't like him; I mean he could have been imposing on her. Well, it could have been awfully easy, too. Maybe I was too snobby. No. No. Serves her right for doing a thing like that. Still--Aw heck! What am I gonna do?"

Throughout the following week Johnny was tortured with pangs of jealousy and remorse. He wanted to make up with Irene and ask her to the Wintergreen Formal, and he had even bought her a Christmas present.

But Johnny Allen had pride, real honest-to-goodness pride. And he wasn't about to ask Irene to the Christmas Dance without knowing for sure that she would go with him and that she really liked him.

So, pulling himself out of his pitfall, he began devising a careful plan. A week later he was ready. And Friday, he briefed Billy on his plot.

"Say man, I've got it all figured out. You know my old man likes me to take the laundry to the Clean It Shop and I've got it all figured how I can find out if Irene likes me."

"Cool. Clue me."

They talked for about an hour until it was agreed that Johnny would pick Billy up at six, and they would drive over to Irene's house.

It was now six-thirty, and Johnny lay hidden beneath the pile of clothes in the back. The car stopped at Irene's house. Billy got out.

"Be back in a sec."

"Okay. Hurry though; this heat's about to kill me."

A few minutes later Irene and Billy came out and got in the car. Billy explained that Johnny had gone over to Jeannie Smith's house to tutor her on her Trig. They talked amiably, the conversation going along well, but not the way Johnny had wanted it to.

"Why doesn't he ask her the questions like he's s'posed to? Gad! What a stupid thing to do. Why did I ever think of this?"

I bet she can see my knees through the sheet. I just bet! Oooh! I'm gonna sneeze! Ah-ah-ah--- Whew! Good thing I caught it!"

Pretty soon the floor of the car got hot, and the heater blew a steady stream of hot air at Johnny. Underneath the pile of clothes, Johnny began to perspire and beads of sweat began to pour down his back. His shoulders started aching. Torture set in; his back started to itch. Just when he felt he could stand it no longer, the car stopped.

"Hey Irene, how 'bout a coke? It's kind of hot in here."

"Okay."

They went inside and left Johnny fuming and suffering in the car.

"You're darn right it's hot in here. What'd you do, build a fire?"

Just when Johnny felt all was lost, Bill and Irene returned and Billy started firing the questions.

"Irene, I hear you and Johnny broke up."

"Yes, and I still don't know why! It really shocked me."

"Yeah, me too. But it didn't bug you any, did it?"

"Oh, yes it did! I really liked Johnny. It really hurt me to break up with him. He was cool."

Happiness of the n'th degree flooded over Johnny. He forgot his back, the heat, the

suffocating sheets; all was bliss.

"Man, this is the ultimate! Wait till Monday. I'll apologize and tell her how sorry I am that I was so rude. Then we can go to the Wintergreen!"

In his joy Johnny scarcely noticed that the car had stopped and Irene was thanking Billy for the ride. Then suddenly Johnny's heart skipped a beat; something was on his knee, something that felt like a hand. Then..... a soft, mellow voice murmured,

"Goodnight, Johnny, I hope you enjoyed the ride."



SEED OF HATRED

Dorie stood at the bedroom window staring blankly at the yard outside. Her school books lay scattered on the bed where she had thrown them when she came in. The house was quiet. Her parents were at a lecture; but Dorie often came home to an empty house, so the disquieting silence had little effect on her. She was glad her parents weren't home; they would have wanted an explanation for her tears and Dorie didn't feel like giving one. They wouldn't have understood; and besides, they would probably get the whole story from Miss Waterford.

Dorie pressed her nose against the glass. Tears of rage and frustration welled up in large grey eyes and slid noiselessly down pale cheeks to fall silently on the windowsill. Thin fingers nervously twisted a limp brown braid, round and round, round and round. Unconsciously she fell back to her old habit of talking to herself. She hadn't done that since she met Rita, but the events of that afternoon had lowered all her emotional guards.

"I hate her. I hate her. I hate her. The old witch!" She had no right to say that about Rita. "Oh, I wish she was dead!"

Clenching her fist, she quelled the urge to thrust her hand through the windowpane.

"I'll kill her; that's what I'll do. I'll kill her for Rita,

and it will be the best thing I've ever done!"

Dorie McAllister hated Miss Waterford with all her heart. In fact, as she said, she was going to kill her. Now lots of sixth graders hate their teachers; but certainly not to the point of murder--murder being a rather large undertaking for anyone, and none the less so for an eleven-year-old girl. But if determination counts for anything Dorie's plan was as good as completed.

A hatred so consuming as to foster premeditated murder is hard for most people to understand. Murder is usually the result of some momentary passion, some powerful emotion which takes command of a person for a fatal instant, then leaves him like a helpless spider caught in a web of its own weaving.

Not so with Dorie; her hatred was no momentary affair, but was with her always, like a gnawing hunger. No tightening of the belt could drive away. At least Miss Waterford would have the satisfaction of being done in, in grand fashion; her murder would be no slap-dash affair. Dorie had hated Miss Waterford for as long as she had known her. She had planned her murder for almost as long, but she hadn't seriously intended to carry it out until that afternoon. Standing there at the window she decided she would kill Miss Waterford for Rita.

Rubbing her wet face with the sleeve of her sweater, she turned from the window and pushed all the books off her bed onto the floor; then flung herself down and buried her head in the pillow. Dorie was calm now and firm in her resolution. She wasn't even afraid of the consequences; she was doing it for Rita, and Dorie would do anything for Rita. Closing her eyes she thought back over her acquaintance with Miss Waterford.

She remembered when she and her parents had first moved here, two months ago, from New York City. Vermont was a nice enough state, and Clairmont, a nice enough town--a little sleepy, stagnant, maybe, but still a nice town. Mr. and Mrs. McAllister were both research chemists, brilliant ones, and they had come to Clairmont because they wanted a peaceful place in which to do some research.

Perhaps Dorie's brilliant parents were to blame for her morbid outlook on life. You see, Dorie wasn't brilliant; in fact, she could even be considered slow. It took many years and innumerable parent-teacher conferences to reconcile the McAllisters to the fact that Dorie could never be their intellectual equal; and this was, to them, unbelievable. After they were convinced, they simply lost interest in their daughter, perhaps ashamed that this child was their creation. Silly, yes, but like many highly intellectual people they were not tolerant of the shortcomings of others.

Ignored by her parents and left alone most of the time, Dorie could pretend she was pret-

ty, smart, charming--all the things she wanted to be and wasn't. Because she spent so much time by herself, Dorie rarely met other people and didn't know how to act when she did. Her stammering, blushing, and nervous fidgeting in the company of others only served to heighten her parent's disgust and increase her own feeling of inadequacy and bitterness.

So Dorie's brain was fertile ground for the seed of hatred. The tiny seed, nourished by Miss Waterford, grew to a vine which strangled and twisted its way through the suppliant thought waves, in time giving forth blossoms--huge, red blossoms with an intoxicating scent. Thus was the murderous plan conceived.

Dorie recalled the first time she had met Miss Waterford. Mr. Bradley, the kindly principal of Clairmont Elementary School had taken her to Miss Waterford's sixth-grade section and introduced her.

"Class," he had said, "I'd like you to meet Doreen McAllister, who has just moved here from New York City. Please help her out until she becomes adjusted to her new school. I hope you will grow to like it here, Doreen."

With that he patted her small shoulder with his large hand and walked out, leaving Dorie feeling as if she had just lost her only anchor in the midst of a turbulent ocean of strangeness. Feeling the curious scrutiny of the class, she had stood there twisting her limp, brown braid, her vacant grey eyes wide with fright, the thick glasses making them appear

wider and even more frightened.

"Stand up straight, child, and stop playing with your hair!"

Startled, Dorie turned in the direction of the sharp voice. Her wide, grey eyes met the hard, brown ones of the person who was to have such a great effect on her life.

Alice Waterford was a stern, stiff woman. It was, perhaps, this unrelenting sternness that was the chief reason for her still being, at forty-eight, Miss Waterford. Years of hardship had taught her to expect nothing from life; and, expecting nothing, she had gotten nothing. She was proper, extremely proper; and she expected everyone else to be proper, too. She was one of those people who go through life doing their duty because it has to be done; but doing it grudgingly and unsmilingly, leaving nothing behind them after they die. She looked like just what she was—a washed-up, washed-out old maid who was too proud to admit it. Her features were hard and smooth as if hewn from stone by the weathering process of many years. Straight brows perched haughtily above brittle brown eyes. A thin nose, in its turn, perched haughtily above a thin mouth. Her skin was smooth and there were no wrinkles, or even the beginnings of wrinkles, which was rather remarkable for a woman of her age and a teacher at that. However, the absence of wrinkles is not hard to explain for, you see, Miss Waterford never changed expression. She never smiled, so there were no smile lines at the corners of her mouth; she never frowned either, so, no wrinkles on her forehead. Sometimes, at P.T.A.

meetings, she squinted her eyes just the tiniest bit, twitched her mouth, and let it pass for a smile; but this didn't happen often enough to do any damage. Miss Waterford's one beauty--thick, brown hair only slightly salted with grey--was pulled back severely to form a tight knot at the nape of her neck. Perhaps, sometimes at night, when she let down her hair, some small, inherent spark of femininity nestling in her bosom was fired; but probably not, for it would have immediately died out in such cold surroundings. She was an impeccable dresser, as she was in all things. Miss Waterford's books never got dogeared, her pencils never got lost, her sensible, sturdy nylons never ran, her shoes never got scuffed, at breakfast her grapefruit never squirted; they didn't dare, she wouldn't have approved. She was, in a sense, a cold grey stone masquerading as a human being.

She fixed her hard gaze on the trembling girl, like a serpent hypnotizing its prey. Something intangible about the girl infuriated her. She seemed to be the living embodiment of everything that was not proper, the defiance of all that was fitting. How Miss Waterford saw all this in poor little Dorie McAllister no one can say, but she found herself unconsciously condemning the girl for anything and everything. Tapping her pencil on the desk, she repeated her command.

"I said stop fiddling with your hair. And tuck in your blouse, child. How can you expect to make a good impression with your blouse hanging out like misplaced laundry. Well,

what have you got to say for yourself? Answer me!"

Her face flaming, having little success with her erring blouse, Dorie managed to mumble between stiff lips, "I don't know."

"I don't know. I don't know. What kind of an answer is that? Miss McAllister, you are certainly making a poor showing your first day here. Take a seat in the back, please."

Amid the suppressed titters of her new classmates, Dorie walked haltingly to the rear of the classroom and clumsily seated herself. Her mind was clouded from extreme embarrassment, and she was fighting desperately to keep back the tears. After what seemed an unbearably long time, the class turned its attention to other things. Biting her lips and blinking very fast, she drew some small comfort from twisting the omnipresent lock of hair round and round her still trembling finger. Every muscle in her body was stiff from her torturous attempt to keep from bursting into tears. Never in her entire life, which certainly had not been notably happy, had she ever been so entirely, so completely, miserable. She could not understand and was terribly wounded by Miss Waterford's cruel reception. It could have been that, at this moment, the tiny seed which was to bear such ill-flavored fruit, was planted.

Dorie sat there steeped in self-pity, keeping up a gradually weakening defense against the oncoming tears until the dismissal bell rang. Gathering up her new books, she followed the other children out of the room. Walking alone down the

hall, her eyes lowered, she happened to overhear the conversation of two girls ahead of her.

"Say, did you see that new girl? What'd you think of her?"

"Pretty creepy, I think. She has such ratty hair. Old Waterford sure gave her a rough time, didn't she?"

"Yeah, that was pretty funny. Hurry up now, or we'll miss the bus."

Stunned and immeasurably hurt, Dorie turned and fled down the hall until she came to a girl's rest room. Once inside she sank to the floor and, resisting no longer, sobbed uncontrollably. Great, racking sobs shook her slight body. The crushing weight of pure, unadulterated unhappiness settled over her spirit. Suddenly, her sobbing was interrupted by the soft spoken words, "Please don't cry, Doreen."

Dorie started, and looked up into the kindly eyes of a sweet-faced girl. Pulling out a handkerchief, the girl knelt beside her.

"Here, dry your eyes. I'm Rita Davis. I saw you come in here and thought maybe I could help, I just wanted to tell you not to pay any attention to that Miss Waterford. She's such an old witch, and she was in an especially bad mood today; so try not to let her scare you. She's just one of those people you have to learn to put up with."

Dorie tried to smile but couldn't quite manage it.

(Continued on page 43)

beacon by emily akerman '61

Gazing down at rocks below
From an overhanging crag,
I glimpsed a flower waving
As a victor's mighty flag.

It grew as if by magic
From cold and jagged stone,
And surely only one Hand
Could perform this feat alone.

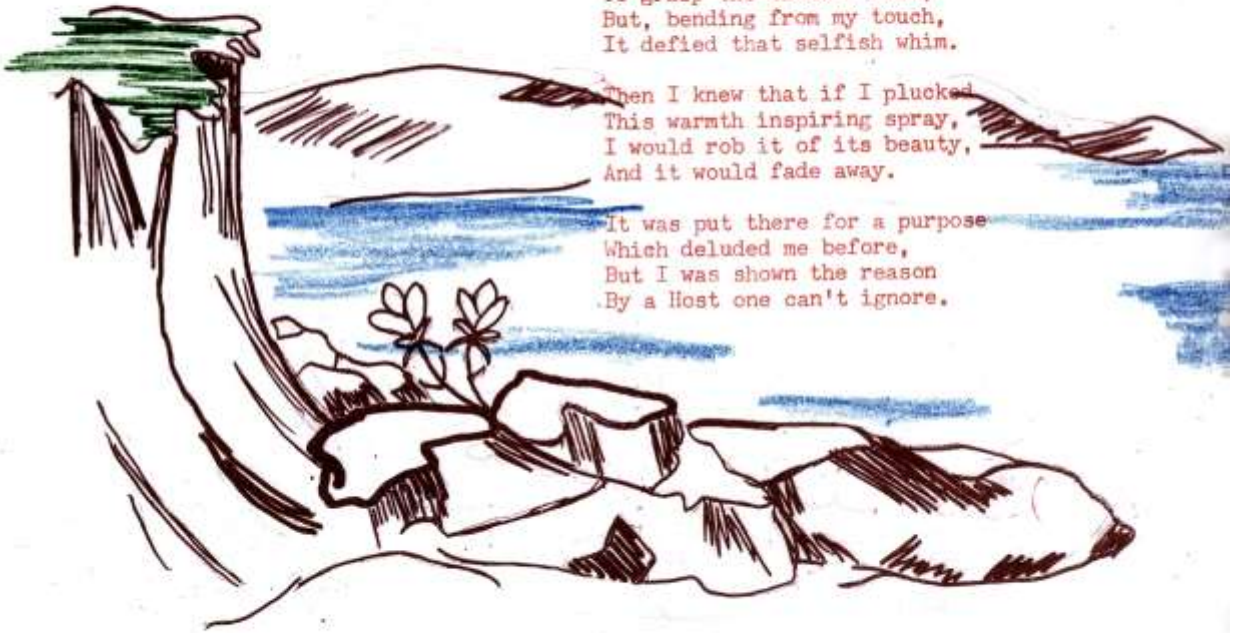
As Apollo drove his chariot
Across the molten sky,
Its scarlet cloak burst into flame
Before twilight drew nigh.

I longed to always carry
That bright beacon glowing there,
For it seemed no longer possible
To live without its flare.

My hand reached far downward
To grasp the slender stem,
But, bending from my touch,
It defied that selfish whim.

Then I knew that if I plucked
This warmth inspiring spray,
I would rob it of its beauty,
And it would fade away.

It was put there for a purpose
Which deluded me before,
But I was shown the reason
By a Host one can't ignore.



Learning to Drive

Sandi Carmi '61

Learning to drive is quite an experience to undergo. I undertook this task at the mature age of sixteen. The "learner's test" was the beginning! I obtained one of those little pamphlets of driving rules, and there it sat in my room for the next two months.

Eventually, I decided to study it, during French class. This amused my French teacher immensely. Having studied for two weeks, I finally concluded that I was prepared to take the test.

With "butterflies swarming in my stomach", (for to fail would be unthinkable), I proceeded to the Division of Motor Vehicles. I entered, but hesitantly. I had the urge to turn and run. Finally I approached the desk. I informed the clerk of my desire, and she inquired whether my parents had signed the application.

"Application? What application?" She then gave me one and told me to return the next week. Of course, this meant another week of studying the pamphlet. After all, I might forget its contents.

The next week I went through the whole frustrating situation again. "The butterflies" appeared, only worse this time. But when I got there, they'd closed the office. I almost screamed, but at the same time I felt a wave of relief.

Another week of studying, and for the third (and I resolved the last!) time, I went to take the long delayed test. This time the woman accepted the application and issued me the test. I panicked! I tried desperately to devise a new excuse. Not one came to my mind.

Dazed, I sat down and gazed at the questions. Why, they were easy! I terminated the test and approached the desk to have it corrected. I missed one. But they still gave me the "learner's permit." The tenseness left my body and a feeling of acute relief replaced it. Now, I finally had it!

Next came the driving lessons from the American Automobile Association. I was given my first lesson one month after I received the "learner's permit." My driving instructor, Mr. Thistlewait, appeared to be a very pleasant person, too young and pleasant to die. At first he explained the operation of some parts of the car and the procedure of starting it.

Then the fool let me have the car! Boy! He did not realize what he was in for. I started the car, and stepped on the accelerator. Zoom!

"Slow down, slow down," Mr. Thistlewait said mildly as we went sailing down the road. We came to an abrupt stop, as I slammed on the brake. As we bounced back and forth, Mr.

Thistlewait replied, "Well, let us try that again." He must have had nerves of steel.

For the following half hour I drove around some side streets. Then he told me to go out on a main highway. Trying to enter the highway, I pulled out in front of a truck just a "wee bit" to close. Screech!!! I glanced at Mr. Thistlewait. His face was a little white. Well, I drove nervously down the street, but with the driving instructor's help, everything went smoothly.

The following lesson started out fine. Suddenly Mr. Thistlewait yelled, "Stop!"

I stopped immediately, turned, and said mildly, "Why?"

"Because there is a stop signal," he answered.

"I didn't see it. That dog was barking and I was worried about it."

"Well, watch where you're going," he yelled, a little frustrated, I believe. Nevertheless, the second lesson ended without too many more mistakes on my part. But when Mr. Thistlewait left me at my door, he looked tense and nervous.

During the first hour of the third lesson, I gained great confidence in my driving skill. On the way home I was about to enter a public highway from a ramp, and edge into traffic. I glanced about briefly and the way seemed clear. So I advanced into the traffic. All at once, Mr. Thistlewait gasped, "Stop!" I did, about one half an inch from an advancing car. I no longer had confidence in my driving abilities. I reached

home a dejected person, a failure. I thought I would never be able to do it correctly.

But after my fourth lesson he informed me to be prepared to take the driving test on Wednesday.

I sputtered, "Do you think I can pass it?"

He answered, "Yes, I think so." I became suspicious, and began to think he was trying to get rid of me.

The following weekend was spent studying that little pamphlet again. After all, I did not want to fail the written part, too.

Wednesday morning I could not think straight. Not only did I have "butterflies", but "frogs and birds" and anything else you can imagine. I moved about school in a daze. I did not seem to be able to remember anything.

At four o'clock Mr. Thistlewait picked me up, and we departed for the Division of Motor Vehicles. Getting there in itself was a miracle, since I was not aware of anything I did.

Upon arrival, we entered the building and approached the desk. Again I felt like turning around and running. I probably would have, if Mr. Thistlewait had not been pushing me. He handed the officer the applications, and she handed me the written test. I sat down and stared at the page. It was one big blur! In a few minutes, after the initial shock was over, it cleared up. I finished the test and had it corrected. "One hundred." I breathed a slight

sigh of relief. "Well, one part down, one to go."

I left the building and got in the car. The officer climbed in after me.

She said, "Start the car, and park it in spot number one." I did it! How, I'll never know!

Next, I drove around the two blocks. I began to feel

more at ease as I did so. When we stopped in front of the building again, I held my breath.

She said, "Here, take this in, and they will give you your license." I could hardly believe it! I glanced at the grade. "Eighty-eight. How had I ever done it?" I finally had the coveted piece of paper, my driver's license; and I had acquired it while I was still sixteen!

An Open Heart

by Nancy Swait '61

Have you ever looked on a warm spring day
At refreshing forests or fields of hay?
Have you ever noticed, looking around,
The beautiful things that can always be found?
They're everywhere, you must agree,
If only you'll open your heart to see.

The fresh spring flowers that dance in the breeze,
The joyous sparrow that sings with ease,
The warm anticipation of a child's bright face,
The budding trees in their infinite grace,
The lonely old frog that croaks in the brook,
You can see these things if you'll only look.

These are not things that are hard to find,
You can see them in places of any kind.
In fact they are things that are hardly admired
As much as their Creator must have desired.
Next time you can, stop to look around
With an open heart, at the things you've found.



MISSION ACCOMPLISHED

BY SYD CLEWLOW '64

It was a damp, warm night, and off the Gulf of Mexico blew a slight breeze. But this was not noticed by Carlos Fiselis as he stepped out of a blue-green taxi at an old rickety wharf on the New Orleans waterfront to board a tramp steamer to Central America. He was in a fairly good mood tonight; in fact, good enough to tip the taxi driver twenty-five cents.

Fiselis was a tall, dark, muscular man with greasy, jet-black hair and eyes that were even blacker. He held a fairly high office in the new governmental regime of a rebellious Central American country. He had just completed an investigation into the secret plans for the ousted government officials to attempt to start a new rebellion and overthrow the newly established government. With the help of several underworld contacts, he had established the fact that in at least two obscure, unimportant towns deep in the jungle, groups of rebels were collecting arms. They would then wait for a man named Juan Delosi to bring them the plans for the revolt from the United States. After discovering this, Fiselis had sent several letters, all containing the same information, in case some rebels managed to waylay them, informing the government of the rebel activities.

After carrying out the original mission, Fiselis booked passage on a tramp steamer to Central America, for he wanted to leave the country as unnoticed as possible. After booking pass-

age, he and some of his superiors in the United States were checking over the passenger list, for a man of Fiselis's position had to be very careful who his travelling companions were. They discovered, much to their surprise, that Juan Delosi had also booked passage on the same ship with Fiselis.

After discussing the fact that Delosi would be on the same ship with him, Fiselis's superiors decided that it would be better if the plans of the rebellion never reached the country. They instructed Fiselis to kill Delosi while on the ship, and then to throw his body overboard, if possible, carrying out this action during a storm.

* * * * *

Fiselis paid the taxi driver and then picked his small suitcase out of the back of the taxi, closed the door, and for the first time beheld the ship he was about to board for his country. It lay at the end of an old wharf looking almost lifeless except for a few lights on board her, and the occasional shouts of her crew as they went about their tasks.

As Fiselis walked slowly down to the wharf, he recalled clearly his superiors' last words: "Now, remember, you must kill this man. He is carrying plans of a rebellion that threatens the entire welfare of our country. We have only been able to discover the exact location of two of the points where the

rebellion will start. But we know there are five other points where the rebels are waiting, but we don't know where these are. You have already sent in what you have discovered about the rebellion so you have but one task to do at the present; that is to kill Delosi."

Upon reaching the wharf, Fiselis looked at his watch. It was now 8:10 P.M. After showing his passport to an official in a small office, he boarded the vessel. When he reached his cabin, Fiselis again looked at his watch. It said 8:25 P.M. The ship was to sail at 9:00 P.M.

* * * * *

At a dirty looking hotel near the water front, a man had just finished packing his suitcase and was now signing out at the desk. He turned to leave when a man at the desk said lazily, "I hope you had a nice visit. Sorry ya had to leave so soon, Mr. Delosi."

Delosi didn't bother to turn around, but as he walked out, he mumbled under his breath, "I didn't have a nice visit, and I'm glad I'm leavin'."

Delosi walked out of the hotel, slamming the door loudly behind him. He climbed into a waiting taxi, grumbling to the taxi driver, "Wharf 19, and make it snappy." He then looked hurriedly at his watch. It said 8:30 P.M.

Delosi was a moderately tall, stocky man. He had the dark skin typical of most Central Americans, accompanied by the usual dark black hair. He had black eyes far back in his head,

giving them the look of black pits. A thing strange about his eyes was that even though they were black, one always had the feeling that deep down in those black caverns was a fire, red with hate and vengeance, burning continuously. Two other conspicuous features carried by Delosi were his ivory-white teeth and his thick bull neck.

Delosi had been in the states for the last few months compiling plans to overthrow the newly established government of a Central American country that was constantly rebelling. He had just completed compiling the plans when he discovered that an official of the government named Carlos Fiselis had discovered his plot and was bringing the news back to the country. When he discovered this, he immediately sent two letters, each containing the same plans for the rebellion, to each of the seven points in which the rebellion was to start. He took this precaution in case the government stopped some of the letters. He also sent two messengers carrying the same news. He then booked passage on a tramp steamer to Central America, in order to leave the country arousing as little interest as possible. Then while checking the passenger list, for he, too, was picky as to who his traveling companions were, he discovered, much to his surprise, that a man named Carlos Fiselis had booked passage on the same steamer. He immediately decided that this Carlos Fiselis man should be done away with. He decided that to kill him on the boat during a storm would be best; for he could easily dispose of his body in the ocean and prevent news of the rebellion from reaching the country.



As the cab pulled up to Wharf 19, Delosi paid the driver and walked down toward the wharf. There was now much more activity around the boat. It was aglow with lights, and gathered around the gangplank was a small crowd of people. After showing his passport, he went aboard the boat and retired to his cabin. It was 8:55 p.m.

The steamer pulled out from the dock on time at 9:00 p.m. On her rode two men, each ordered to kill the other. Sometimes on this voyage they were to meet and one was destined to die.

The first three days of the voyage were clear and passed uneventfully. Both men had stayed in their cabins most of the time. As the sun dawned on the fourth day, Delosi awakened and cursed the world for the weather being clear again. As he looked eastward, the sun gleaming on his ivory teeth, the fact seemed apparent that Fiselis would have to be killed, storm or no storm, and probably today.

Toward noon, a stiff breeze sprang up, accompanied by dark threatening clouds. Delosi put on an old leather jacket and ventured out on the deck. By this time the ship was beginning to roll noticeably on the mounting waves. As Delosi roamed the deck under the mounting wind, one could hardly detect the bulge of a .32 caliber pistol concealed under his jacket. The people on the decks soon went to their cabins because the wind was kicking up even more, and the ship began to roll and plunge violently. But Delosi stayed on deck, for he had decided now was the time to kill. He made his way to Fiselis' cabin and, upon reaching it, stopped, noticing a light

gleaming inside. Then, with one hand on his pistol, he gently laid his hand upon the corroded doorknob. He then turned the knob slowly, ever so slowly. Then he kicked the door open and burst into the room, his gun drawn ready to fire. To his surprise, the room was empty.

Fiselis, returning from eating a late lunch, saw Delosi burst into his room. He immediately bolted up a steep metal companionway to a lower deck, and ran out to the side of the ship. He proceeded with much trouble, due to the pitching of the ship, to the forward deck which was now swept by water each time the ship pitched.

Delosi caught a glimpse of Fiselis as he left the room and immediately sprang after him. But upon reaching the deck, all that met his eye was the cold, wet, pitching deck. Delosi then began cautiously stalking his quarry which was, somewhere, hidden before him.

Delosi slowly made his way along the deck. He had trouble keeping his balance for the ship seemed to have swung around and was rolling from side to side, instead of heading with its nose into the waves. As he crept along, a movement to the left of him in a group of boxes lashed firmly to the deck caught his eye. He turned, but too late. A large thick piece of rope with a huge knot tied in the end smashed into his stomach. He keeled over, his gun dropping from his hand and sliding over the side. Before he could catch his breath, Fiselis crashed down upon him. They both rolled about the slippery deck before Delosi gathered his wits and slugged Fiselis sharply, making him loosen his

hold. They regained their feet and were instantly upon each other, each trying to push the other one down upon the deck; for from that point one could easily shove the other over the side. They stayed in this position several seconds, each pushing and each shoving, but neither moving. Then Fiselis' strength gave. He went down slamming his head sharply upon the deck, dazing him. Delosi lost no time. He picked up Fiselis and carried him over to the side. Just as he was about to dump him over, Fiselis awakened from his dazed state and gave a feeble shove while the boat pitched to the other side. Delosi lost his balance and slammed ~~himself~~ against the deck, bringing Fiselis down

with him. Both men slid down the slippery deck, now tilted from the roll of the waves. Fiselis slid under the wire used for a railing and plunged into the churning sea, Delosi following. As Delosi slid over the side, he caught hold of a rope and hung suspended in the air. Then the boat began its roll the other way. This caused Delosi to be slammed against the side of the ship, losing his grip on the rope. He, too, plummeted downward into the churning Caribbean to meet the same fate as his opponent.

Each of these men had been assigned to kill the other. Each man had killed the other. Their missions were accomplished.

Lonliness by mary jane romer '61

What is this thing that pounds
my heart,
And imbeds itself in my soul,
It is a thing that I want no
part,
But how can I lose its control?

I wander all day, but I must
confess,
I try to lose myself in time,
But then this thing, called
loneliness
Creeps into my heart and mind.

But now a light is beaming
And I hear a song somewhere.
My world is filled with
never dreaming
And in my heart there is no
despair.

For I have found the secret
From the fresh and foamy sea
That has no foes, not one regret,
But sound simplicity.

One would think it would
be lonely,
From the monotony of the
tide,
But how could it be lonely
With God right at its side.

The Conch Shell

The curtains were tossed wildly by the wind which rushed in the open window. The rain which it brought fell on the precious sheets of music, soaking the pages, blurring the melodies, running the notes together until nothing was left but illegible discord. Occasionally a sudden blast drove the rain against the piano and against the man sitting before it.

But the pianist was blind, blind to all but his own inner turmoil and confusion. The music which he had felt within him days before had left him so that all he could hear as his fingers touched the keys was dissonance that echoed his emotions.

A prodigy acclaimed in many of the musical capitals at the age of eleven, he had, by the end of fifteen years, lost contact with the people whose emotions he sought to touch. He had withdrawn from the public, sought refuge from the eager crowds. His playing revealed this, and soon the eager crowds dwindled. Audiences wanted to feel that the music was for them, and they wanted to feel that which the composer wished to convey. To the pianist, when he practiced, it was as if the composer were beside him, and he felt the composer's every emotion. But he could not impart this to his hearers, and his playing became dead, though his technical skill had become even greater through the years.

Now he sat in the small apartment, before his beloved

concert grand, with the water marring its beautiful finish; and he could see nothing, not even the music of the concerto in front of him. When he was unable to complete the piece, he realized too late, that he had withdrawn too far. He was now so isolated, so dead to all about him, that not even the spirit of the composers could reach him.

The futility of everything in life suddenly struck him, and the thought of it oppressed him. He sat for a long time with his face in his hands, leaning forward against the keyboard. Unable to express his frustration and suffering in any other way, looking up for a moment, he raised his hands above the keys and started to bring them down with all his might upon the faintly yellowed ivory blocks that seemed to mock him. Abruptly, he stayed the descent of his hands, bringing them lightly to the keys with no sound. Even as he had looked up, he had become aware of the dampness and chill.

He approached the window and looked downward, even as the rain swept in against his face. Shuddering, he turned from the window, seeing the havoc wreaked upon the priceless manuscripts of music. But he also noticed, even in his grief, over the music and amid the chaos of his thoughts, a pale conch shell that he had used for a weight upon the sheets of music. It was an old shell, and it had marks showing that it had been damaged more than once. Yet, through the years, despite its marred exter-

ior, the inside of the shell still gleamed with the luster of the day many years before, when he had picked up the shell on the lonely beach. Again he picked it up, and as before, he lifted it to his ear, expecting nothing, but unable to resist the impulse. As if from a region far away in time and distance, he heard the faint murmuring of the shell. He remembered the story that he had heard that said that the ocean's roar could be heard in a conch shell.

The faint murmur recalled to him the memory of that day, so long ago, when he had been but a carefree child, wandering up and down the beach, picking up sea shells. Even then he had realized that he was different from the general run of people in his exceptional talent. But he had no way of knowing the extent to which others would drive him unknowingly. He allowed himself to fall into a reverie, recalling every detail of that day, as he held the shell against his ear, his link with a happy past.

The ocean had been fairly calm, the waves rolling in gently upon the beach, not rushing upon it madly as they so often did. The sun had shone gloriously from its pinnacle in the sky, and its rays scattered upon the water, so that the reflection danced in one's eyes. The white foam carried on the crests of the waves was left, scattered on the sand, as the water retreated, slowly disappearing in the wet sand.

He had run along the sand, leaving everyone behind. He could be free of their constant attention here, free to listen

to the symphony of the ocean and the sky, where the elements mingled, blended far more perfectly that the elements of the most perfect symphony could ever have been.

Finding a lonely, peaceful spot, he stopped to rest. As he sat on the warm sand, the salt spray stinging his face when the wind blew across the sea, a light-colored, irregular-looking object caught his attention. Reaching for it, he had found nestled in the sand a lovely conch shell, fairly large, but very fragile, its lustrous inner surface reflecting the sunlight.



He had remembered the lovely old tradition of listening to the ocean's roar in a conch shell. Putting the conch shell gently to his ear, he had heard the sound of the ocean in that ear and in the other, as if amplified many times, the actual pounding of the surf.

As he had sat there, entranced by the shell, hypnotized by the rhythm of the sea, the great golden flame had crept downward, leaving faint streamers of copper on the calm, blue-green waters. One of the last rays had fallen upon him and the shell, waking him from his reverie, and recalling him to the world of people and of worldly matters, away from the sphere in which he existed as an element blending perfectly with the other elements.

As he had been wakened from that entrancement long ago, he was again roused from reverie by a sunbeam sliding momentarily into the room. It fell upon the artist, the shell and upon the music on the piano, coloring them with the soft, warm glow of sunset. The rain had ended long before, and the clouds had parted, yielding to the magnificence of the sun.

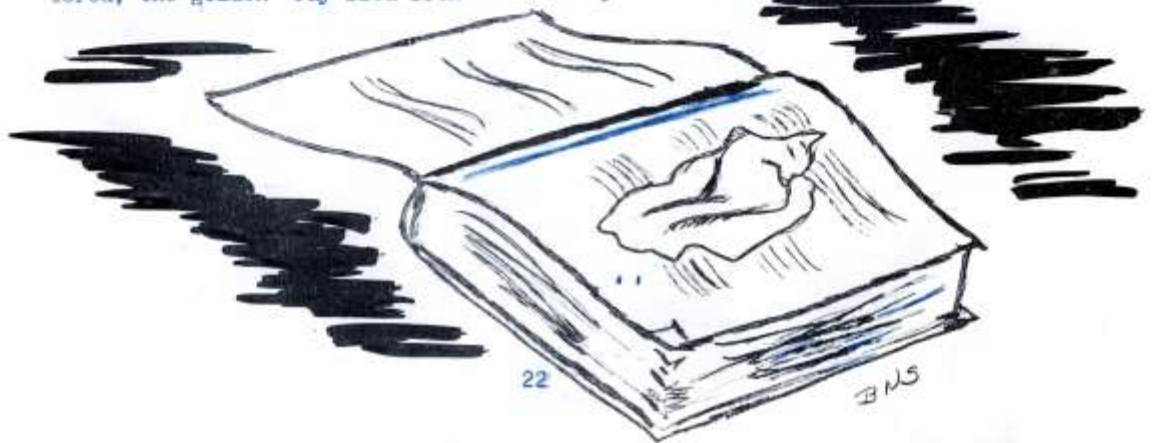
As suddenly as it had entered, the golden ray fled from

the room to light elsewhere, but it left behind it an aura of warmth and peace. The room was left in semi-darkness and silence.

The pianist walked slowly away from the window, toward the instrument which had brought so much joy and so much torment. Strangely, all the old tortuous doubts and worries were no longer assailing him. The peace he now felt on remembering the sensation of being an integral element of the universe overcame his fears.

Replacing the shell carefully in its place atop the stacks of music and sitting again before the piano, he carefully touched the keys, striking the opening chord of the concerto. From the piano came music which he had despaired of ever hearing again. Now, with his spirit again at rest, there was room for the composer's spirit also, and as they combined, the glorious concerto once more sprang into being under the artist's fingertips.

When evening had taken nearly the last remnant of light from the room, the pianist rose from the bench, but not before he had looked once more toward the pale object which gleamed faintly in the surrounding shadows.



"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!"

by Kenneth Loudon '61

Antoine Varrennes was sitting crouched over a dying fire.

"Cold, horribly cold," he muttered in much more refined French than his surroundings would have indicated. The sun outside the rude shed was barely visible through the swirling snow. The wind howled through the riddled walls of the shed. He stood up painfully and threw the remaining wood on the fire.

He could not measure the time he had been there. A week? Two weeks? It had been a long time. Too long! But why should he go on? The Bastille had fallen. Yes, not even that mighty fortress had stopped the Revolutionists, and now they were almost upon him. Was there any hope left? He stared blankly out into the blizzard. Where could he go? There was no refuge anywhere.

Suddenly he straightened up. Slow, heavy footsteps resounded over the snow. He quickly doused the fire with snow and lunged out into the blinding blizzard.

~~*****~~

Pierre Du Bois did not see why he should be guillotined. After all, he had only been a servant to a Marquis. The revolutionists stood around the table in solemn resolution. They did not listen to his plea.

He thought, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. That's what they will say when I am guillotined tomorrow!"

"Gentlemen," said the leader, "we have come to a conclusion. Citoyen Du Bois will be guillotined tomorrow, unless he can lead us to the Marquis!"

"Oui! Oui!" chanted the others, and then all faces turned to Pierre.

This was a surprise to Pierre, but he quickly grasped the opportunity to avoid death and agreed to lead them to the Marquis.

Three men were to accompany Pierre on the search. When they set out, the weather was hazardous, but that did not stop them. They continued all day until Pierre, pointed to a barn, exclaimed, "That is where he is!"

The three men rushed in with pistols drawn, but the barn was empty.

"He has moved on!" exclaimed one.

"We shall follow him!" said the leader.

It was the third day of their searching now, and they still had not found the Marquis. Pierre thought to himself, "Time is running out. I will not be given much more."

The men with him were growing impatient.

"Gentlemen, I need a little more time to locate him," pleaded Pierre.

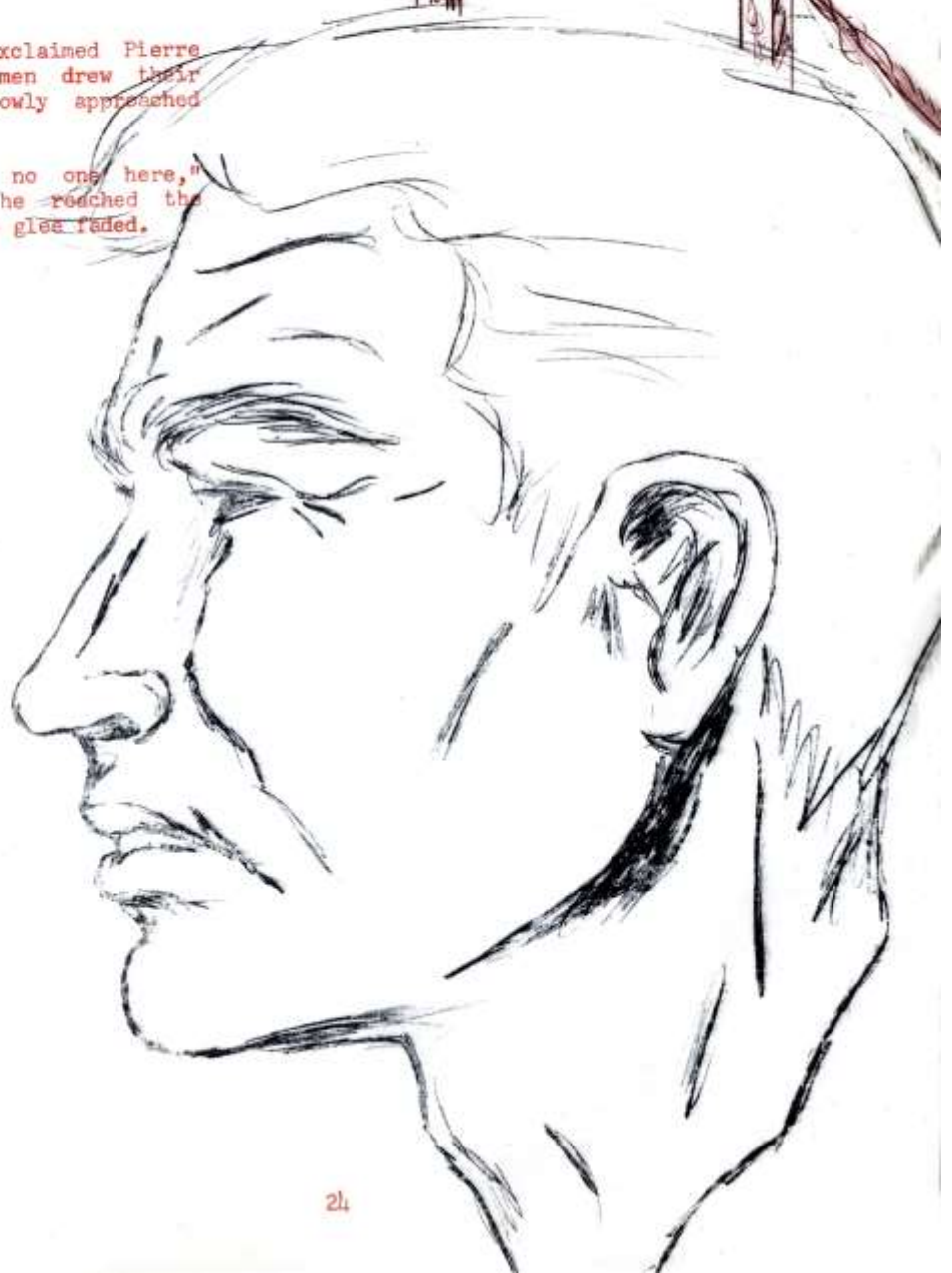
"You have had time enough!"
shouted one man.

"Quiet!" hissed the leader,
"There is something ahead!"

They gained the top of a
hill and before them was a small
shack.

"Voilà!" exclaimed Pierre
with joy. The men drew their
pistols and slowly approached
the shack.

"There is no one here,"
shouted one as he reached the
shack. Pierre's gleam faded.



"Look", exclaimed the leader,
"The fire is still smouldering!"

"Oui!"

"The Marquis is near! We
have almost caught him!"

* * * * *

"Antoine, you stupid fool!"
he said to himself, "You have
left your tracks in the snow!"
It was too late now. He would
have to seek refuge in the forest.
He broke into a painful run and
hobbled down the hill, slipping
in the snow.

It was snowing harder now,
and Antoine could hardly see
where he was going. Suddenly he
slipped into a deep gorge. With
almost superhuman strength he
pulled himself out and continued
blindly on his way.

He was almost in the woods
now and the large, sheltering
trees loomed in the distance.
Again he slipped, but regained
his balance. He slipped once
more, and this time fell into
the snow unconscious.

* * * * *

"We are almost upon him,"
whispered one of the group as
they and Pierre advanced cau-
tiously. "Look! His footprints
head toward the woods."

The party began to get a
little less cautious as they
neared the woods in their haste
to catch the Marquis.

"Look out for the snowdrift,"
cautioned Pierre as they entered
the woods.

A little while later they

returned to the shack without
the Marquis. "I cannot under-
stand it," exclaimed Pierre, "We
almost caught him and yet he
escaped."

"It is indeed strange," one
man replied.

"In any case," said the
leader, "if we have not relocat-
ed him by tomorrow night,
Citoyen Bois will be guillotined."

The party once more set out
toward the woods in search of
the Marquis. They hurried their
pace, for it was growing dark.
Just as he reached the woods,
Pierre noticed that he was alone
in the evening gloom. He look-
ed around for his companions,
but he could not find them.
After considering his plight for
a while, he set out blindly on
what seemed to be the right route.

* * * * *

"Where am I?" groaned
Antoine.

"Shh! Lie still!" said a
soothing voice. "We found you
out in the snow and brought you
here." Antoine opened his eyes,
revealing a small peasants' hut
with a kind-faced woman peering
down at him. He sat up abrupt-
ly.

"I must go now," he ex-
claimed.

"You will rest first," the
woman said decisively. Sudden
fear seized Antoine.

Cautiously he inquired about
the Revolutionists. She assured
him that she was not a Revolu-
tionist and that search parties
were nowhere near.

Antoine sank back on the rude, straw bedding, greatly relieved.

That night after the woman's husband had come home, they had a simple dinner and sat around the table talking.

"How is the Revolution going?" Antoine inquired.

"The Revolutionists are going to win," said the man. "They have taken over every thing."

"How far is it to the border?"

"About ten miles."

"Ten miles! thought Antoine. "Just ten miles!" He was still thinking about it when he went to bed. "Should he chance it or stay here?"

Late that night he arose and, trying not to wake the man and his wife, stole out the door. He ran to the cover of the woods and, pausing to get his direction, started toward the border.

"Ten miles," he thought to himself as he hurried through the looming trees. The night felt as though it was closing in about him, and he heard foreboding voices all around him.

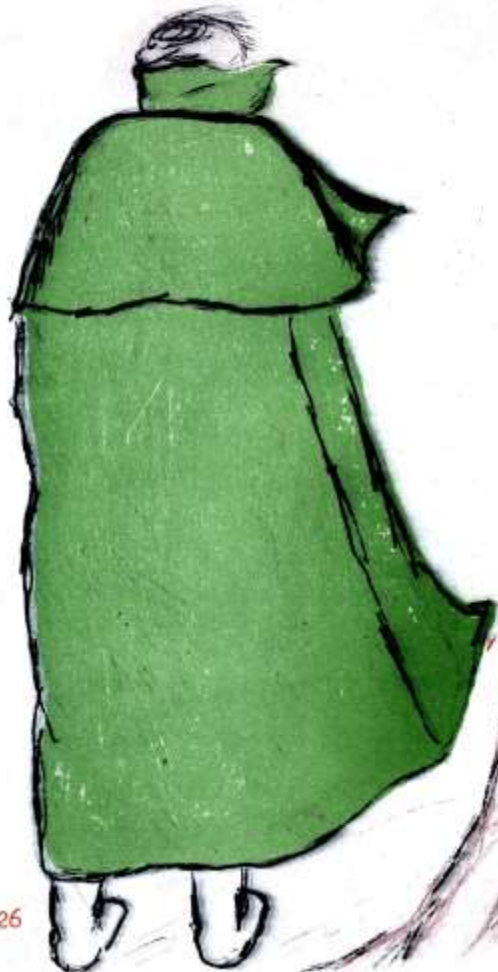
"You must keep calm," he assured himself. Nevertheless, beads of sweat appeared on his forehead and he broke into a run.

Suddenly a figure emerged from the trees ahead of him. He stopped short and began to retreat, but as the figure came closer, he noticed it was his good friend and former servant,

Pierre Du Bois.

"Pierre!" he exclaimed and rushed forward. "I am glad to see you."

"Marquis!" exclaimed Pierre



at the same time.

"You could hardly call me 'Marquis' now."

"Nevertheless, I will. I am glad to see you, for I have been searching for you." Pierre signed, for now he was in no danger of the Revolutionists.

"Come, we can escape across the border together," said Antoine. Pierre's smile faded.

"I cannot, and you will not either, for I have promised the Revolutionists I would bring them to you." He stepped back and drew his pistol.

"I would never have thought this of you," said Antoine sadly.

"They would have guillotined me!" said Pierre excitedly. "It was my life or yours!"

"You may still escape now."

"I have promised."

"You would betray your friend and still keep your promises?"

"This way!" Pierre commanded. "We must find the others." Pierre glanced around. Antoine, seeing his chance, lunged at the stunned Pierre and disarmed him.

"The time has turned!" he exclaimed.

"Monsieur le Marquis! Please do not shoot!" Pierre pleaded. "I did not mean to turn you over to the Revolutionists! They forced me into it!"

"I do not know what to do about you, Pierre, but if you will promise to be faithful, I

will spare you."

"Oui! Oui! I will never again be a part of the Revolutionists!"

"Let us go, then."

"Oui! To the border."

They turned and, with Antoine in the lead, hastened toward Germany.

* * * * *

It was nearing dawn now, and Antoine and Pierre were almost at the border.

"We have not far to go," said Pierre.

"Perhaps a mile," Antoine remarked. They hurried in the dim light of dawn.

Suddenly several figures came into view among the trees ahead. Antoine still had the pistol, so Pierre was seized with fear.

The men, seeing the two figures, drew their pistols and ran toward them. Antoine turned to run, but Pierre seeing that he would escape, lunged at him and brought him to the ground. Antoine struggled up again, leaving the pistol on the ground. Pierre grabbed it and fired at the fleeing Marquis. Antoine slowly dropped to the ground.

As the men reached Pierre and the dying Marquis, he exclaimed, "I found him, but he disarmed me and forced me to go with him."

One man remarked, "Great esteem will be yours for this deed!"

Delusion

by Emily Akerman

Johnny, with anger flashing from his eyes, shouted as he ran toward a man in the field with a rifle braced under his left arm. This man was struggling desperately to pull the dog which he had on a leash.

"No! No! I weren't Frolic what kilt your chickens. Must 'ave been a fox causing I done seen his tracks in the chicken yard."

"Look Baster, I don't put much stock in lyin'. I can't take chances on any more losses. There haven't been any tracks around my hen house 'cept this critter's with a dead bird in his jaws. I don't need any more evidence than that?"

"Oh, Mr. Mackensy, won't ya give me a chance to prove he didn't kill those chickens?"

"I'll allow you five days, but don't come belly-achin' to me about a dead dog after that!"

The infuriated man stomped across the potato rows leaving the boy reunited with his dog.

"Gosh, Frolic, I shore am glad I found ya when I did. Don't reckon I could stand it if'n I lost ya. Remember when you first came to our house to live? You was jus' a little thing then. Pappy brought ya into my room on top of the evenin' paper when I was sick with the measles. He'd picked you up on his way home from work."

I think I'd prob'ly be daid by now if it hadn't been for you. When we're playin' in the woods, you always manage to warn me when a snake is aroun', or you tug at my shirt to keep me from fallin' flat on my face in a gully.

"Only fault of yourn is not takin' to baths too readily..... guess that's only natural though. Every time I give you one, you roll in the red clay on the bank. I wouldn't even recognize you without that red stain on your fur coat."

"When I sing 'Swanee River,' it jus' wouldn't seem fittin' not havin' you take over on those high notes I can't reach. You've got a better soprano voice than any girl I've ever heard."

"It's a mighty good thing my bedroom window is near the groun', else we wouldn't 'ave been able to sleep together all these years without Maw throwin' ya out. Why d'ya reckon she hates dogs so? It don't seem fittin' fer her to feel that way 'bout you. She always makes up some excuse 'bout you havin' fleas or somethin'. She prob'ly paid Mr. Mackensy to shoot you, and he was only usin' the chickens as an excuse. If anyone ever tries that agin' jus' let out a howl, and I'll come a runnin'. Then we'll run away where nobody'll bother us, and we'll be reg'ler tramps."

"Johnny! Are you talkin' to that dog of yourn again?"

you taken leave of your senses? I've been lookin' near every-where for you. I even banged as loud as I could on the dinner chimes. You're so wrapped up in that dog you don't even bother 'bout your stomach no more."

A small, stooped woman with a weather-beaten face had come up to Johnny and was standing over him with a hickory switch.

"Gosh, Maw, I gotta have somebody to talk to. Hain't nothin' wrong in it. Ever since Pappy died, I ain't had nobody to play with or talk to. It gits mighty lonesome 'round these parts with no one my age for miles."

"Aw, Stop your complainin'! You do more'n your share of playin' as it is. When are you goin' to take on a man's job and step into your pa's place? I ain't seen a young 'un yet what shied away from honest labor the way you do. Git on over to the house now and wash up for supper! If ya don't, I'll tan your hide quicker'in you can say 'git the chicken outa the hog trough!'"

"Okay, Maw, I'm goin' fast as I can. Come on, Frolic... race ya to the house!"

They left the woman standing alone with head bent and tears in her eyes, but the boy didn't notice.

That night Johnny and his constant companion crept out the bedroom window. Then, reaching a hand in, Johnny grasped the rifle which was leaning against the wall just inside the window. When they had gone a few hundred yards from the house, boy and dog broke into a run, and they reached the neighboring Mackensy

farm out of breath.

Considerable care had to be exercised in order not to disturb the hens. Johnny ordered Frolic to go over and lie quietly behind the barn. He quickly unlatched the gate to the chicken yard and took up a post just inside the door of the old abandoned chicken house. The fox began to approach but seemed to sense his danger and crept slyly back into the woods. After waiting another twenty minutes, Johnny, unable to keep his eyes open much longer, realized that it was hopeless to keep his vigil any longer that night.

If he had remained a little longer, he would have had his opportunity to kill the fox before the ruthless creature mercilessly wrung another chicken's neck. The fox would probably never have advanced that far if Johnny had remained.

Early on the following day Mr. Mackensy was worked up into a violent rage when he came over to Johnny's house. Seeing Johnny in the front yard playing with Frolic, he rushed forward in blind fury and seized the dog by the collar. At first the boy was too startled to realize what had happened; but, recovering, he screamed and hastened to the rescue.

"If ya don't take your hands off my dog, I'll go fetch my rifle! I'm not such a bad shot either causin' my pappy learned me how to shoot."

"Oh, you will, will you? You talk mighty big for such a skinny runt of a fellow. I'll teach you not to sass me!"

He grabbed Johnny by his

over-grown crop of red hair and began to shake him. Then, to Johnny's relief, his mother emerged from the house and demanded an explanation for all the commotion.

Before Johnny could open his mouth, Mr. Mackensy had blurted out his side of the story, even saying that he had definitely seen Frolic carry off one of his chickens on the previous night.

Johnny's mother, sensing that she would have trouble with this irrational man if she didn't make a pretense of believing his story, said that if Frolic was guilty, he had her permission to shoot him.

"But Maw, Mr. Mackensy promised that I'd have five days to prove my point. After today I've still got three left."

"Well, it's already cost me one of my best flock to adhere to your foolish fancies, but I'll give you your chance."

Every Saturday Johnny had to drive the tractor into town to haul back a trailer-load of supplies which his mother needed. He hated to leave Frolic behind, but there was no place for him to stay in the town. The storekeepers had complained that they wouldn't have a "ferocious" dog standing outside their shops scaring away the customers. This showed a lack of intelligence on their part and proved to Johnny that the old saying, "A dog is man's best friend," should be changed to "A dog is a boy's best friend."

Johnny could sympathize with those elderly farmers and storekeepers for they were en-

titled to a few eccentricities; but Mr. Mackensy's attitude wasn't easily explained. When the recent crop surplus had caused a sharp drop in prices, he had not had to mortgage his farm as many had. He had moved to the area only a few months before, so no one had become well acquainted with him. Johnny wondered if he had ever owned and loved a dog. This seemed impossible, because Johnny could not visualize anyone who had possessed a dog with such hatred for them.

Johnny's mother liked dogs as long as they didn't interfere with getting necessary work done, as Frolic did. Johnny sometimes felt that she was hard-hearted and lacked patience and understanding, but he knew that they deserved scolding.

The sudden death of his father two years before had been a great calamity for him as well as for his mother. He knew that he should accept more responsibility and, thus, lighten his mother's burden, but he was unwilling to part with his childhood so soon.

Johnny whistled happily on the way home. He had finished his errands in record time and would be able to take a brief plunge in the pond without being discovered and punished.

It was a wonderful day for a swim. The mid-summer heat had been stifling, and his clothes were soaked with perspiration. There was an old tree stump on the edge of the water which served as a diving board. The pond was exceptionally clear due to the long absence of rain. Encircling the small pond were trees

and bushes which allowed sunlight in only occasionally to cast grotesque shadows on the smooth surface of the water.

Johnny stayed longer than he had intended, and he knew he would have to hurry in order to reach his destination before nightfall. The sun was beginning to take his daily trip down from the sky, and the horses which drew his golden chariot were stepping high when Johnny threw the tractor into gear and began the last lap of the journey.

When he reached home, he was surprised not to see Frolic in the yard to greet him. Johnny was immediately worried and rushed inside to find his mother.

"Where's Frolic, he asked impatiently? Is he sick?"

"No, Johnny, Mr. Mackensy asked me if he could leave Frolic with some friends in the next county until you definitely prove he didn't kill the chickens. He took him away over an hour ago."

"Of all the sneaky low-down tricks! I'll show him. I'll catch that fox tonight for sure. Then he can't take his revenge out on a poor innocent dog."

It was a clear night with a moon which lighted the barnyard almost as bright as day. Johnny again crept stealthily into the tumble-down chicken coop to await the fox. That creature, becoming cold with his unhindered success as a chicken thief, wasn't as cautious as he had been. Johnny could hear the fox's quick breathing as he drew near. In seconds his dark silhouette was plainly outlined against the luminated sky. Raising his rifle into position, Johnny took careful aim

and, without hesitation, squeezed the trigger. The fox ran to the other side of the enclosure and fell, defeated at last by death. The boy was overcome with joy. He would show Mr. Mackensy the fox's body the next day, and Frolic would be allowed to return.

Johnny content and relieved, slept more soundly than he had since the trouble had begun, and he was surprised to find the sun already high in the sky when he finally opened his eyes to the new day. Shaking on his clothes, he rushed to the kitchen to tell his mother the news. In this he was disappointed. He couldn't find her anywhere. Perhaps she had gone to the garden to gather some fresh vegetables. Johnny hastily prepared his own breakfast and hungrily sat down to eat it.

His mother had risen early that morning and taken a walk through the woods to find some sassafrass roots. She had been startled to see freshly spaded earth and signs of a struggle
(Continued on page 32)

Enchantment Lynne Crane '61

The ivy twines
With relentless, tenuous
Fingers over the fallen tree,
Grasping the bold branches in
bitter hold,
Pulling down into the earth
What was once royal and proud,
and free.

a few hundred yards down the seldom traveled path. She had attempted to establish what had happened, but she had found no answer.

When she returned home, Johnny raced out to meet her and told her of the incident of the previous night. She promised to call on Mr. Mackensy immediately and request that he return Frolic.

It was to her great amazement and disbelief to observe that the house had been hastily boarded up, and the hens were freely scratching for food on the lawn. All of the signs disclosed that he had made an impromptu departure. Why had he left so suddenly? Then the pieces seemed to fit into place. Mr. Mackensy hadn't given Frolic away as he had said. He had been determined to rid himself of the dog at any cost. His bitter hatred of dogs had probably stemmed from an unfortunate occurrence of his childhood which had involved a dog. She knew that, if this was the case, he would have tried to rid himself of any dog. The freshly spaded dirt which she had found earlier was a grave. Tears brimmed over her

eyes when she realized how much this knowledge would hurt Johnny and destroy his confidence in human nature.

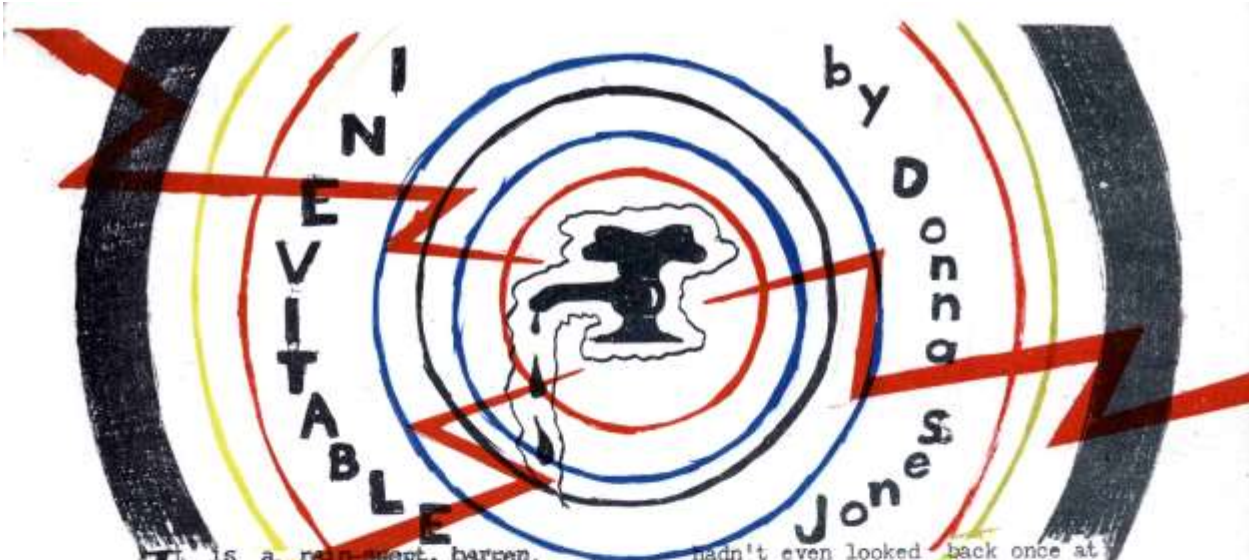
With firm resolution she circled back home through the woods and, reaching the fatal spot, covered it with dead leaves and sticks. Now it would not be noticed by anyone else as it had been by her.

In answer to Johnny's inquiries, she explained that Mr. Mackensy had been compelled to return to the city hurriedly and had left a note of explanation. This stated that he had given Frolic to a crippled girl who needed his companionship.

"You won't begrudge her that pleasure, will you? For many years you've grown up with Frolic and enjoyed his company. Now it's time you shared your good fortune with someone less fortunate than you."

When he climbed into bed that night, Johnny felt something soft down by his feet. Throwing back the covers, he squealed with delight and, picking up the puppy held it close in contentment.





It is a rain-swept, barren, desolate night. The rain is pouring down outside; bubbling, rushing, gushing in great deluges against the windows, pounding on the tin roof with a steady, metallic sound. Inside, the house is still and dark. The shutters are drawn, closing out even the faintest breeze. There is a breathless, airless feeling, and the walls seem to be getting closer and closer, closing in on me. The only noises are the muffled sounds of the rain and the steady, monotonous, hypnotic tick-tock of the clock. There is also a faint, barely discernible, but rhythmic sound of water falling--not the rain, but a fainter, more subtle sound.

Drip, drip, drip. Drip, drip, drip steadily falling. Maddingly, soul-disturbingly, until one's whole body tenses, waiting for the next faint, drip, drip, drip. Each droplet falling seems to be pounding a spike deeper and deeper into my skull.

I am alone, all alone, so terribly alone. They had left me Friday night, piling laughingly into the car, and had driven off without even a backward glance at the house. They

hadn't even looked back once at the prison where they had left me fastened securely, helplessly suspended high against the wall. This is not the first time I have been left alone. It is not an unusual occurrence, but always before someone has come to rescue me, to relieve me of this awful, soul-shattering agony. But this time, no. This time I am really alone. If only there were some way of knowing it would not happen again.

It is not being left alone, that matters; that, I can stand. The horrid part is those attacks that seem to come from the very bottom of my person, leaving me shaken and spent. I am unable to resist them, to fight them off. I dread those spells; die countless deaths and suffer spasms of agony just dreading them. Yet I wait for them, impatiently, eagerly, for they break the suffocating monotony; indeed, they are the sole reason for my being.

The rain outside ceases abruptly. A deadly silence envelops the house, engulfing me in its awfulness. Even the clock in the next room seems to have run down, with a last faint tick-tock, making the silence even louder. It is a pregnant

silence, and I am filled with forebodings of events to come. Then suddenly it starts again; that shrill, piercing scream from deep inside my very nerves, shattering the silence with its harsh insistence--again and again and again! Stopping, starting, stopping again; rising to a nerve-racking crescendo. Will it never stop? I am powerless, helpless. I am being torn asunder. Again that scream, again, again, and again! Abruptly it stops.

The silence closes in a second time, more oppressive than ever. Other sounds begin to penetrate my subconscious. I hear a faint creaking board; someone is trying to get in to save me! No, just the house settling down for the night. I again become conscious of the faint drip, drip, drip of the water. I am becoming drowsy.... I grow so sleepy. I am so tired, so exhausted, worn out from those awful screams that I can't hear very hard. Sleep, drip, drip, drip--I am

almost asleep. Oh, no! No! No! They have started again. I am too weak to fight it any longer. I can feel my strength seeping out of me, every breath a labor. My very life is being drawn away.

Suddenly I hear a new sound! A car door slams out front. My screams, someone has heard them. My Paladin is coming. Running footsteps pound up the walk. A key is fumbled into the lock. Hurry, hurry, it will soon be too late. The key slips out of the lock, jarring against the porch with a brassy clang. Hurry, hurry, please hurry! The door bursts open with a crash! Someone rushes into the room where I am held captive. A light is flipped on with blinding brilliance. I can barely see.

Blinded by the light, I am vaguely aware of someone reaching to catch me, but it is too late. I hear faintly in the distance someone saying, "Hello! Hello, operator!" Then her reply, "I am afraid the party calling has hung up, sir."



The glorious sun
Is a penetrating
Fascinating
Burning
Thing

The tiny birds
Now that it's spring
Will fly on wing--
Joy to bring--
And sing

The dark of night
Gives rest to others--
Daytime smothers--
And covers
Lovers

The welcome rain
Comes in showers
From God's towers
Giving powers
To flowers

The gentle winds
Create a breeze
Throughout the trees
So as to please
And tease

The joyfulness
Of a happy day
Will more than pay
For what we say
When we pray.

The fertile earth
Yields life's breed
So it is said
And a bed
For dead

God's star-shaped jewels
Will shine brightly
Always sprightly
So lightly
Nightly

by Phyllis Gorman
'60

MRS. DUANE

EILA WELLS'60



The shadows of evening now veiled the little valley, one of many lying among the blue-ridged mountains. The thickness of the woods darkened the road that passed Mrs. Duane's before the twilight has crept away, from the fields beyond. In the solemn stillness of the night on which there was no moon casting eerie shadows and no breeze whispering among the trees, every sound was distinct and intensified. The man walking on the road to the Duane cabin was aware of the echo of his footsteps following him.

He was a big man, with brown, mousy hair and a rough face, obviously a hard laborer, but not successful, judging from his poor appearance.

Ever so often he tried to continue his way more quietly, but the side of the road was a heap of brambles, whose rustling and snapping were just as loud. Besides, they slowed him down, and he had no time to waste.

As he approached the cabin, he paused, then silently stole across the small yard, which lay between it and the road. He looked carefully in the lighted, uncurtained window. He could see Mrs. Duane stopping over the fireplace, taking a kettle off it.

She was a small, rather frail-looking woman, with a hardened, wrinkled face, probably not more than forty or so; but life treats some people hard, and Mrs. Duane's life had been harder than most.

Without knocking, he walked in. The woman at the fire wheeled around sharply.

"What--oh, you, Peter Coen?" She was obviously relieved. "I didn't hear you when you knocked."

"That's cause I didn't knock, Mrs. Duane," Pete told her, then continued, "I didn't want anybody to hear."

"Why's that?"

"I'm in trouble." She noticed his hands shaking a little.

"I shot a man, Mrs. Duane."

"You killed him?"

"I dunno. I just know I shot him and now they're after me."

For a moment all was quiet in the room. The kettle boiled over and Mrs. Duane dashed for it and removed it from the fire.

"What do you want me to do for you, Peter?" she asked flatly.

"Just let me stay here for a while. Isn't there someplace I can hide till they've gone?"

"Who's they?"

"Your neighbors up the road a piece--Matt Anderson and his boys."

"You shot one of his men?"

"Yes. I don't know who it

was, but I guess that don't matter much now." He continued to explain, "I was seeing if I could pick up a few things here and there and one of his men caught me--couldn't make his face out in the dark, tho'."

She looked at him and did not speak.

"They're after me now and not far off, I reckon."

He stopped and looked at Mrs. Duane with searching, begging eyes, then added, "You might do it for Johnny."

"You haven't been such a good friend to Johnny," she snapped.

"Maybe not, but you know how much he likes me; I sure do reckon he's want you stick by me with this trouble I got myself into."

"Well, I don't suppose I can argue with you there, since he's always been over-good to you--heaven only knows why! I guess you can stay till he gets home. Then we'll hear what he says about it."

"That'll be fine. They should be gone by then and I can get away."

"Where're you planning on going?"

"I dunno yet. There's time to think of that before Johnny gets here."

"Well, you can do your planning in here," she said as she pointed to the food storage room, adjoining the kitchen, and opened the door. "They won't

guess you're in there, and I'll tell them I ain't seen you to-night."

Pete went in. "You're a good woman, Mrs. Duane. I know you don't care much for me, but maybe I'd have turned out different if I'd had a ma like Johnny's got."

Without a word she shut the door. He was in the darkness once again, except for the small amount of light that filtered through the few cracks of the storage room wall.

She busied herself preparing Johnny's dinner. She was wondering what news he would bring from the Anderson ranch, where he usually stopped on his way home from town to see if there were any odd chores he could do to earn a little extra money.

Pete, too, wondered what he would have to say. But it was sure that Johnny would do all he could to help him, for they had been the best of friends since school days, despite their different backgrounds. Then he resigned himself to the dreary and anxious game of waiting.

He had fallen into a nodding sleep, haunted by the memories of his past few hours when he was aroused by the sound of horses' hoofs on the road.

His heart beat rapidly, throbbing in his throat. They were here! They had guessed he would come to the Duane place, his old pal's home. He was a fool to come here. Almost losing self-control, Pete shrank back into the corner, quivering with fright. But the horses went on by.



In a minute Mrs. Duane had opened the door where Pete was listening intently.

"That was Matt Anderson and some of his men. They've gone into town, but maybe it would be better if you wait on before they come back this way again."

Pete hesitated for a second. "Maybe you're right," he said, coming out of his hide-away. He started for the door, then paused and turned to Mrs. Duane. "I don't know how to thank you, ma'am."

"No need to thank me. I did it for Johnny."

She went to the front door and opened it for him, but on the porch, they both stopped short: the sound of horses' feet against the hard earth was heard once again.

"Maybe it's Johnny," she said.

Pete cut her short, "There's more than one man there, and I

can hear voices."

"Better go back till they've gone past."

Pete retreated unwillingly to the dusty little storage room which he had come to hate in the little time he had been shut-up in there. Mrs. Duane followed, locking the door behind him.

The horses drew nearer, and more slowly and heavily this time, it seemed. For a moment Pete thought they would pass as before, but this inkling of hope was quickly dispersed by the knock on the door. Peering out of one of the cracks, he fixed his eyes on the door.

Mrs. Duane opened the door and he recognized Matt Anderson's youngest son, Tom. His whole body seemed to freeze on the spot. They knew for certain he was here. His legs suddenly refused to support him, and he sat down on a pile of boxes. Soon they would open the door and find him.

Tom was having difficulty in talking to her. She was bewildered by this--why should he be nervous?

"Well, what do you want?" she finally asked.

"I--I'm afraid I've brought you bad news, Mrs. Duane."

"Bad news? What?"

"It's Johnny--he's outside," he said quietly.

Her expression changed.

"Johnny? What do you mean?" She moved toward the door, but the boy blocked her way.



"Please. Wait 'til I've told you, ma'am."

"Told me what?" she demanded, "For gosh's sakes, hurry up."

"Johnny and I were mending fences over at our place this evening and while we were putting our horses up for the night, we heard a noise just outside. It was too dark to see who it was, but we scared him good and he let fly with his gun..."

"Tom--" she flung herself at the door and flew it open.

The men outside carried the body into the house and layed it on the floor.

In the storage room, Pete had stopped sweating and trembling. He no longer wanted to escape from this terrible thing he had done. Johnny! It was you! I didn't know it was you. My only good friend--and I killed you!

Mrs. Duane had sunk into the chair by the fire.

"We didn't see his face," Tom was saying, "but he dropped his gun, and I'd swear it belongs to that no-good Peter Coen."

She sat looking down into her dead son's face. He had been all she had left and now he, too, was gone.

"Pa and some of the men have gone after Coen--reckon they'll catch him before long," another Anderson boy said to break the silence.

Tom spoke again, "Don't rightly reckon Pete knew that it

was Johnny, though, seeing as how they've always been such friends. No chance he's been here any tonight, is there, ma'am?"

Pete listened now, straining his ears, for his beating heart nearly drowned out the voices in the room. An eternity seemed to pass before she answered.

"No," she said dryly.

"Well, we'll go fetch Ma if you like."

Mrs. Duane nodded, then asked quietly while pointing to the bedroom door, "Will you carry him in there first?"

They picked up the body and carried it into the next room then left silently.

She waited until the front door had been shut before coming toward the storage room.

Pete sat in the corner, experiencing the worst of human emotions. He couldn't bear to face Mrs. Duane. He felt he would rather be lynched by Anderson and his men. But he was too much a coward to give himself up to them. He heard the key turning in the lock. He waited...

But she did not open the door. He heard her turn away, then watched as she crossed the kitchen and closed the door in the room where Johnny's body now lay.

Pete now knew what he would do--what she wanted him to do, what he must do. He opened the door and quietly walked away into the darkness.

One day, February 2, to be exact, I am sitting upon a park bench feeling mighty low and wearing a shiner on my left eye, which makes me feel all the worse. As I sit there on the bench along walks a strange looking character who looks like he is going to a costume party somewhere. Later I find he is a foreigner from a country called Beatna as he tells me that he is a Beatnik. They must have very strange customs in this country of Beatna as this party needs a haircut very bad on his chin as well as his head and he is wearing dark horn-rimmed glasses like he is trying to disguise himself and ditch a certain party who is tailing him. His clothes look like he has just been tossed by a filly at Santa Anita, and he is wearing no shoes on his feet except for the soles with some straps to hold them on. When this guy talks he sounds as if he has a switch-blade sticking him in the ribs. When he comes over to me he says, "Man, like you droop as if you parted with your last Dizzy Gillespie platter." What he is trying to say I don't know, but I say to him that I have lost my best pal recently. Then he says read sad like, "Like no fooling daddy-o, and who made with the technicolor eyeball?" I tell him that it is a long story and he would not want to hear it as it would take a lot of time. He says, "Naw, man, relate, relate." So I says okay and start to tell it like this:

As I am walking down the street one cold but sunny day, which is unusual as I am usually running, and that is usually with the cops on me, I get to thinking about how lucky all the little kids are because Santa Claus is coming to see them soon,

Santa's

Helpers



by

Kent

Thackrey

'61

and soon is only three days away. Then I start to feeling sorry for myself because I have not received anything at all from Santa since I ran away from home when I was sixteen, even though he seemed very good to me then. With this I start thinking (which makes this a very unusual day) of the poor little kids like me who skipped the home life early and those with an old man who is out of a job and doesn't belong to such an exclusive club like ours where they can earn their own money whenever it is needed. Why Santa won't come to see these people I'll never know, unless it is because they are not able to leave refreshments for him and his reindeer or they can't make with a Christmas tree and it would be too much bother for Santa to have to do it by himself. Now all this thinking makes me too tired so I decide to sit down somewhere and rest, which I figure is safe to do at this time, since I am not wanted by the coppers, as I have served all of my time, even though they look at me real suspicious-like, which I can't understand; and I don't owe nobody a favor at all especially at this time of the year because it can really get one into a jam. Last time I paid off a favor it is to bump off an old man by the name of Clyde Stanziwalsky. Usually bumping a man off is something I don't mind, but I found out that this one was the old man of my girl friend, Lois. Naturally I paid off the favor because it is extremely bad if you don't pay off one. When I spilled out what happened to Lois, that I bumped off her old man, she became very disturbed. She became so disturbed that she even broke off with me. Now I consider this very foolish for a girl to do because

I figure that who would want to ~~know~~ this Stanziwalsky all the time when she could marry up with me in a few months and stop using it then. This, too, made me very sad because she was to me very beautiful, all two hundred fifty pounds of her.

After I rest awhile from this thinking, I decide that our exclusive club should try to help the less fortunate, who want to see Santa Claus, by earning some money for them so that Santa Claus will think that the trip to their house is worth while, and he won't pass them up. Santa also is a very practical man as he not only can tell who is good and bad, but also who has all the dough and who just wishes they had. As I decide this, I head to the meeting place of our exclusive club. This meeting place happens now to be Little Joe's Speak, which is very difficult to come upon unless you know the right information. When I arrive there, being careful that I am not being tailed by any fuzzes, I see many members of our club. There is Little Joe behind the bar, who does not act too happy to see me as he owes me a special favor from my last visit. Also there's Benson the Bookie, who is busy on the Alexander Graham Bell; and Melvin the Monk, who is practicing pleading the Fifth. There are many other parties in the joint who all come around our table as I go over and sit it out with my best pal, Markam M. Markam III. Well, I get together with my exclusive club and we decide on how we can earn money for these poor little kids. At last we come upon two plans that we can use, but we figure that the First National on Park Avenue is not as good a plan as the Second National Bank on 33rd

Street as we are not as well known in that bank. Last time we were visiting at the Park Avenue bank was a long time ago, but we made a large withdrawal and we are very certain that the parties at the bank will remember me from our last visit. We decide this even though it is not as high-classed as the other is and we might feel out of place, as we consider ourselves very dignified. A little later me and Markam M. Markam III (who we don't think is really a III but since he is a very important member of our exclusive club we call him it anyway) proceed to the Second National Bank on 33rd Street. Markam is very distinguished looking. He is wearing black duds with a white shirt, a grey vest, and a black tie. He has on black shoes with very clean, high-classed looking white spats, and he wears a black top hat.

When we get there we go in the bank, very quietly, so as not to be noticed, and before not too long a time we come out from the bank, but all that we could get was five C's. Actually five C's isn't too bad an amount considering the way me and Markam did it, but we are not in the habit of coming out of such banks as this with so few greenbacks and so little dough in our pockets. As we come out of the bank who do we run into but Selkirk the cop. For a cop, Selkirk seems very puny and looks easy to roll, but when he comes on with his Roscoe staring at us, all of a sudden he looks much bigger, and just now we decide that we had better not cause him a lot of trouble. We are old acquaintances with Selkirk since we have met up with him many times before in such places. Therefore we act very friendly

to him. Right off he spots the 500 bobs in our pockets and walks over to us with his rod pointing at us in the ribs and says, "Okay you lugs, I warned you. Come on with me." Now Markam and me both are very hurt at being called lugs, as we consider this to be a very bad insult, but we still try to talk to him sensible. We decide that I will do the talking since I am more educated than Markam. We figure that I am smarter, because I have been through the sixth grade in school. Not only that, but I have been through it four times which makes me very smart. After we tell him this Selkirk still does not act too impressed and won't listen to me, even though Markam seems very proud to be standing with me, as I have so much school learning. I try to talk to him awhile as we decided, and then I even let Markam try, but he still won't listen to what we say and finally he says, "I know you guys better than that. You better start a smarter or start to walk because it is a long stretch to the station." Actually it isn't very long at all, but the coppers always say that unless it really is far, and the fuzzes then take the cherry top so that they won't hurt their flat feet. All of us finally arrive at the station and Selkirk takes us in to the judge. I see the judge to be very nice as he listens to our story before he slaps the rap on us for robbery and gives us our time.

How about a month later, after me and Markam have been in a cell for all that time together, we are waiting to be sent up the river. A month may seem to you like a long time to wait, but it really isn't as this is the season for holdups since it

is very cold, and guys need food and shelter; and also this is the time for giving presents to your girl. Because of this there are many parties being sent up the river. Also they take only the most select of the crooks as they don't want any small time amateurs or any such scum. While we are waiting to be sent up we become very bored looking at the same walls each day and the same old mugs out front hauling us that mush they call food. I cop six G's and three hundred bobs in I.O.U.'s from Markam at poker, but he smacks me for seven G's on the fillies. I finally even it all out by betting on which copper will lug us our mush. Finally one day a letter comes which has on it Markam's address and says, "Please forward to 7th Precinct jail," where me and Markam are



being held. When Selkirk, who is on duty now, opens the letter and reads it, he acts very surprised and reads the note over again to himself four times. This is to show himself that his eyes are working okay. He then goes out and gets the chief, who has to read the note three times also to be sure. Then at last Selkirk starts shaking his head and comes over and unlocks my and Markam's cell with his key. As he does this he says, "You're free to go now, boys." We also are very surprised at being let out, as we go over to read the letter which says this:

Second National Bank
1300 W. 33rd Street
Box 735
New York 16, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

The first payment is now due on your loan of \$500 on December 22. Prompt payment would be greatly appreciated. Thank you very much for your patronage of our bank, and may we take time to wish you a joyous New Year.

Sincerely yours,

William M. Grady, Pres.
Second National Bank

Now why Selkirk is so surprised at the letter we will never know, because that was what we were trying to tell him all the time.

As we leave the copper station I say to Markham, "What do you say, Markham, that we try to help get money for those poor little kids who won't get to see the Easter Bunny this year?" And then, for no reason at all, in the eye. That is how I come with the shiner on my eye.

(continued from page 11)

"There, there," said Rita comfortingly, patting Dorie's shoulder, "I don't blame you a bit for crying. It's hard enough coming to a new school without being slapped down by some old witch of a teacher. Sometimes I wish Miss Waterford would do the world a favor to drop dead or something. But let's forget about her. Tell me about yourself. Where did you live before?"

"New York City." For the first time in her life Dorie was forgetting to be embarrassed and making a genuine attempt to be friendly.

"New York City? Really? Oh, that's right, Mr. Bradley told us you were from New York. That must have been wonderful! So exciting, and big, and different, and...and...wonderful! Did you like living there?"

"Not very much, it was so.. big...and...so many people."

"I guess it would be kind of scary, at that. But I think New York would be wonderful! Clairmont is such a sleepy little burg."

"I think it's a very nice place." This time Dorie managed a wobbly smile.

"You do? Well, aren't you sweet. Come on, I'll walk home with you."

That night Dorie couldn't sleep, her head was so full of her rather eventful day. First and foremost, there was Rita; Dorie's thoughts lingered fondly over Rita. To someone as love-starved as Dorie, Rita's unabashed friendliness was completely disarming. After getting over

her customary shyness, Dorie found herself blossoming like a young plant under the warmth of Rita's smile and the encouragement of her apparent interest. It would not be far wrong to say that Dorie loved Rita with her whole heart. That is a small indication of how hungry Dorie was for any sort of attention. Dorie remembered the attention she had gotten from Miss Waterford. All the heartbreak she had felt that afternoon came flooding back to engulf her. Burying her head in her pillow, she had cried herself to sleep.

The memories of her first meeting with Miss Waterford, compounded by what had happened in school today, sent Dorie into another fury of hatred. Beating her pillow with her clenched fist, she muttered to herself.

"Oh, how I'd like to beat her to a pulp, after the way she picked on Rita."

It had started out a normal enough day. Dorie had walked to school with Rita, as usual, and had managed to get through most of the day without incurring the wrath of Miss Waterford. After lunch the class was busy with an especially difficult history test. Dorie leaned across the aisle and whispered to Rita.

"Rita, have you got an eraser I could borrow?"

"Sure, Dorie, let me look; it was right here a minute ago. It must be in my purse. Ah, here it is. Give it back when you're finished, I've got to use...."

"Rita Davis and Doreen McAllister, stop that whispering! March right up here and turn in your test papers."

Rita went white and Dorie turned bright pink. The other students had abandoned their work and were watching the tense scene with interest.

"But, Miss Waterford," quavered Rita, "she was just asking me..."

"I am not interested in what she was asking you, Rita, the fact remains that she was asking. I have told you students many times, I abhor cheating in any way, shape, or form; and anyone caught cheating in my class is always severely punished. And do not think that you two will be any exception. Bring me your papers."

"Miss Waterford, please listen. We weren't cheating. Dorie just wanted to bor..."

"Rita, don't compound the fault by defying me. I distinctly saw you whispering, so don't try to tell me you weren't. Both of you, up front this minute!"

Rita and Dorie rose and walked to the front of the room.

"Your papers, please."

Numbly they handed the papers to Miss Waterford, who took them and, unable to hide the gleam of satisfaction in her eyes, marked a large red zero on each paper. Then, taking each girl by the arm, she addressed the class.

"That is what happens to people who cheat. I hope it will be a lesson to all of you."

Now, you two girls remain standing in front of the class. I want you to think about the error of your ways. You will also remain after school."

"Please listen to me," cried Rita, "You must let us explain!"



"I will not tolerate any more insubordination," Miss Waterford said evenly, "Both of you go directly to the principal's office."

Stamping her foot, Rita burst into tears. "It isn't fair," she choked, "you won't even let us say anything!"

Dorie, who had been in a kind of trance all during the proceedings suddenly came to life at the sight of Rita's tears. Jerking loose from Miss Waterford's grasp she began beating on her with clenched fists.

"You let her alone, you old witch! She was not cheating and you won't even listen. I hate you, I hate you! Witch! Witch!"

In her mind's eye Dorie saw Miss Waterford's face change. It grew wrinkled and ugly; the nose became hooked, the gums toothless. The neat brown hair somehow became grey and scraggy and hung raggedly about her face. The skirt and blouse changed to long black robes. The pencil in her hand grew and grew and sprouted bristles at the end. Raising the pencil-turned-broom, the apparition cackled horribly and took a step toward Dorie.

Quailing, Dorie ceased her attack and slowly retreated. She couldn't understand why the other children weren't frightened, surely they must see this thing. The word "witch" catching in her throat, Dorie fled screaming to the other end of the classroom. Then she fainted.

Dorie woke up in the principal's office. School was out and Mr. Bradley was hovering over her like a harried mother

hen, clucking sympathetically. Miss Waterford was nowhere in sight.

"My goodness, child, you gave us such a turn! Here, put this ice pack on your neck. That's right. There now, feel better? I'll drive you home."

Once inside the door of her home Dorie had started to cry again--not sobs--just silent, aching tears. She had made a fool of herself again, in front of Rita. That thing she had seen, it must have been a product of her overfired imagination; it couldn't have been anything else. The class certainly must have thought it odd to see Dorie fleeing in terror when Miss Waterford raised her pencil. They must have thought her to be crazy! And Rita, what had Rita thought? Rita would understand; of course she would, Rita always understood. She was good and kind and sweet and...Miss Waterford had called her a cheat! And hadn't let her say one word in defense.

Then Dorie had run into her room, slammed the door, and thrown her books on the bed. And standing there at her bedroom window, she had decided to kill Miss Waterford. After that, lying on her bed, she had recalled her acquaintance with Miss Waterford and completely justified the act in her own mind.

* * * *

Getting up from the bed, Dorie picked up her books and stacked them neatly on the dresser. She went into the bathroom and washed her face and hands. She had to get hold of herself, think calmly. She knew exactly what she was going to do, and

she had to do it before her parents got home. She tiptoed cautiously down the stairs leading to the basement, looked in a small cupboard, groped around behind some flowerpots, and found the key she wasn't supposed to know about. Then, ever so quietly, she opened the door to her parent's laboratory. The door swung open smoothly, and she entered the forbidden room. Without a moment's hesitation, she dragged a stool to a particular shelf, climbed up, and with fingers that trembled ever so slightly, she took down a large bottle full of white tablets. Dorie didn't know the exact nature of the tablets in the bottle. Her father had told her about them long ago, before she had fallen from favor. They had a long name which Dorie couldn't even pronounce; but that wasn't important. What she did remember and what was important was the effect of these tablets when taken internally. "Terrible pain," her father had said, "about two hours after consumption and lasting for several hours; then deep sleep, coma, and death."

It was the death-causing quality of the tablets that Dorie was most interested in, but the terrible pain was an added satisfaction. Dorie felt no pity whatsoever for her victim, nor did she regret in the slightest what she intended to do.

Climbing down from the stool she emptied about a third of the contents of the bottle into a small white bag she took from a drawer. They were lovely little tablets, made to order; and the loveliest thing about them was that they looked exactly like aspirin tablets. It was upon this important fact that Dorie's

plan hinged. You see, every day without fail, right after the dismissal bell rang, Miss Waterford took an aspirin. It was the one weakness she allowed herself. And, most important of all, she kept the bottle right in her top desk drawer, the one that wouldn't lock. Dorie had taken careful note of all these things and it hadn't been too difficult for her to work out her plan. Equally important facts, such as what would happen after the murder, how easy the tablets would be to trace, Dorie's known animosity for Miss Waterford--these never occurred to her, but perhaps she was blinded by hatred.

After replacing the bottle, Dorie dragged the stool back to its original position, closed the door to the laboratory, returned the key to its hiding place, and tiptoed back upstairs. Once in her room, she hid the small white bag under a pile of pajamas in her dresser drawer.

She would have to work fast. In fact, she decided that tomorrow morning before school, she would replace the aspirin tablets in Miss Waterford's desk drawer with the more potent ones in the white bag. That small matter having been cleared up in her mind, she went into the front room, turned on the television set, and waited for her parents to come home.

The next morning Dorie carefully stowed the innocent looking white bag in a corner of her lunch bag and then walked to school with Rita, feigning a casualness she certainly did not feel. At school, they set their books on the steps and Rita was chalking squares on the sidewalk for an impromptu game of tic-tac-

toe when Dorie, summoning up her courage, spoke:

"Uh...Rita, I think I left my science book at home. I think I'd better go back and get it; there'll be just enough time if I hurry."

"Sure, go ahead, Dorie, I'll just stay here and study for that math test."

"Okay, I'll be right back. Bye."

Dorie ran around the corner of the school hoping Rita would not wonder why she was taking her lunch bag with her. Instead of keeping on the sidewalk which led toward home, Dorie turned another corner and made her way to the back door of the building. There was no one in sight and the door was open. So far, so good. Keeping close to the wall, Dorie walked hurriedly down the empty hall until she came to her classroom. Miss Waterford was not there; Dorie had counted on that. She never came until just a few minutes before the bell rang, so Dorie had nearly fifteen minutes in which to work. Nevertheless, she wanted to get it over with as quickly as possible. Going straight to Miss Waterford's desk she opened the drawer that didn't lock and took out the aspirin bottle. Quickly and with shaking hands she dumped its contents on the desk, jumping at the rattling noise the tablets made as they spilled onto the wooden desk top. Getting panicky now, Dorie attempted to drop the false aspirins through the small neck of the bottle, one by one; but succeeded only in spilling several on the floor. She clutched the edge of the desk and took a deep breath, trying to hang on to her

self-control. After picking up the tablets on the floor, she again took up the bottle and slowly but surely dropped them in until the bottle was filled to the same level it had been before.

She heaved a sigh of relief replaced the bottle, shut the drawer, swept the real aspirins helter-skelter into her lunch bag, and headed for the door. But her sigh of relief caught in her throat when she heard footsteps coming down the hall. Almost by instinct she ran into the coat closet and crouched in a corner, her heart beating so hard it felt as if it would thump its way right out of her chest. The blood pounded so loudly in her ears she could scarcely distinguish the sound of the footsteps as they blessedly kept on going and turned into another classroom farther down the hall. Dorie began nervously twisting her braid as she always did under stress. She was terribly hot, then suddenly she turned cold all over and her stomach felt like a large lump of lead. There was something awesome about the finality of what she had done and now she was beginning to regret it, just a little. But it was too late, there was no turning back, and, she thought to herself, she had better get out of here before Miss Waterford appeared. So she tiptoed out of the room, ran softly down the hall, out of the building, and back to where Rita was sitting absorbed in her math book.

"Did you find it?" asked Rita.

"Find what?" Dorie panted. "Oh, my book, uh...no, I didn't. It must be in my desk in the

room."

With that the bell rang, and they went inside to face Miss Waterford. Dorie was beginning to feel a little scared now that she had actually gone through with her plan. Her stomach still felt like a lump of lead, and she wondered if she could last out the day. Also, that sense of regret she had felt in the coat closet could not be shaken. But when Miss Waterford again admonished her and Rita for cheating; and told them they were to stay after school every day for an entire week, all regrets vanished, vanquished by her all-powerful hatred. She was once again, in her own mind, justified. She reminded herself that she was doing it for Rita, the person she loved above all others in the world; and somehow that made it all right.

At lunch, Dorie and Rita sat together as they always did. Dorie was absorbed in her own thoughts and Rita was strangely

quiet, too. Dorie glanced at her concernedly.

"What's the matter, Rita? you look kind of pale."

"My head is throbbing. Would you excuse me a minute. I'm going to the girls' room."

"Sure, I'll save your place."

Rita didn't come back all during lunch, so when the bell rang, marking the end of the period, Dorie threw her lunch bag, which still contained Miss Waterford's aspirin tablets, into the trash can and walked back to class alone. Rita still didn't appear and Dorie began to worry about her. The other children must have noticed her absence, too, for someone in the front of the room asked, "Where's Rita?"

Miss Waterford looked up from her work and said quietly, "She came in here complaining of a headache, so I gave her an aspirin and sent her home."

All Alone by Kathy Brandis '61

I felt all alone looking out towards the sea,
All alone, all alone, all alone,
The wind whipped my cheeks in a frenzy of fire,
And I moaned, and I moaned, and I moaned.

Nothing left of my heart on this night of despair,
Nothing left, nothing left, nothing left.
The plight of my soul gave out a low cry
O'er the cleft, o'er the cleft, o'er the cleft.

"Oh, where is my love?" the sea seemed to drone,
To drone, to drone, and to drone
And why am I left, among all the rest,
All alone, all alone, all alone?



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