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1957 Spring Quiz and Quill Magazine

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QUICK

and

QUICK

Spring '57

THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB — 1956-57

President	Carolyn Cribbs '57
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Marshall Cassady '58	Patricia Mizer '58
Lorraine Crawford '58	Julia Nicholas '58
Janice Ellenberger '58	Lewis Shaffer '59
Craig Gifford '57	Patricia Sliver '59

LITERARY AWARDS

Freshman Poetry Contest

First Prize	David Heck '60
Honorable Mention	Connie Myers '60

Freshman Prose Contest

Second Prize	Bruce Flack '60
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Quiz and Quill Poetry

First Prize	Julia Nicholas '59
Second Prize	Marion Jenkinson '58
Third Prize	Neal Lund '58

Quiz and Quill Prose Contest

First Prize	Julia Nicholas '59
Second Prize	Patricia Caldwell '58
Third Prize	Craig Gifford '57

Dr. Roy A. Burkhart Poetry Contest

First Prize	Roger Caldwell '58
Second Prize	Bruce Gantz '59
Third Prize	Craig South '57

Walter Lowrie Barnes Short Story Contest — 1956

First Prize	Sarah Rose '56
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N.S.A.L. Intercollegiate Short Story Contest — 1956

(For students of Otterbein College, Capital University, Ohio State University, and Saint Mary of the Springs)

Honorable Mention	John Bullis '56
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Quiz and Quill Cover Design Contest

First Prize (<i>See cover</i>)	Elaine Baker '59
Second Prize	Robert Richardson '58

DARK ENCOUNTER

ROGER CALDWELL '58

First Prize, Burkhart Poetry Contest

Midnight rises in darkness, and soon
Not even the dim of the rocker-arm moon
 Will light the singing
Silence. Only a sprinkle of star
Pricks blue-white holes in heaven, too far
 For any winging
Dream to come. The darker slope
Of joining hills blots out all hope
 That the warm glow
Man makes, wherever he lives in the night,
Shall thrust into the darkness, with bright
 Spark-fires below
The gloom-toned sky. Standing alone,
Like one of the singer-men who intone
 Word-music to the wind,
I perceive, reflected in space,
In a dark encounter face to face,
 Myself, twinned
In a mirror of darkness. Here I see
The shimmering soul-flesh of identity.

THE HITCHHIKERS

JULIA NICHOLAS '59

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose

I eased my car to a stop as I saw an elderly, snow-white-haired lady carrying a market basket. She was plodding along the edge of the gravel road, and leaning quite heavily on a thick cane.

"I'm going in to town. Want a ride?" I shouted.

"Oh, yes. Thank you, Miss. Thank you so much. I'm so very grateful to you for stopping and giving me a ride," she said.

She climbed slowly up into the car and put her market basket on her lap. I started the car again.

"I go in to town about this time every Saturday morning," I replied. "I like to get there just as the bank opens."

"Oh, aren't you afraid to go into the bank all alone?" she inquired.

"No," I said, "there's scarcely ever anyone along this road. I really was surprised to see you walking along here so early this morning. You're a stranger in these parts, aren't you?"

She clutched the wicker basket so tightly in her clenched fists that the blood vessels stood out all along the backs of her hands. Her wrinkled face twitched near the eyes. "Yes, I'm a stranger here," she answered me.

Suddenly, we were both aware of the news broadcast coming over the car radio: "Woman killed today and abandoned

on deserted road after picking up two hitchhikers, allegedly a young man and a woman who was thought to be a great deal older than he. The fatal wound was made by a .32-caliber revolver, coroner Alfred Winderman reported."

I glanced at her anxiety-ridden face then back at the road. A man stood waiting along the side of the road about a quarter of a mile ahead. She saw him there too, and turned nervously on the seat. Her body became rigid; her eyes stared straight ahead.

Fear rose within my veins. I must not panic; but what could I do?

There was a rut just ahead in the road. I swerved the car to hit it, then screeched the car to a stop.

"We've got a blown-out tire back there. I'll try to fix it if you'll hand the tools to me as I need them," I said.

She nodded consent and opened the car door. Leaning heavily on her cane, she headed towards the rear of the car.

I slammed the door and stepped hard on the accelerator leaving a cloud of dust to envelop her hunched figure. I sped past the angry young man and didn't stop until I came to town, and cousin Jim's gas station.

Jim popped out the station door with a friendly, "Hi, Pal; how are ya' doing?" He took one look at my face, stopped smiling, jerked open the car door, and caught me as I crumpled over.

Minutes later I opened my eyes and saw Jim and Doc Gerber looking down at me gravely. "How do you feel? Tell me what happened," Old Doc pleaded.

"I think I'm all right now, Doc," I whispered. "Thanks a lot Jim. I don't know when I was so glad to see your face."

I told them the story of my excitement only a few minutes before. Then we noticed the towel-covered wicker basket on the car seat.

Jim grasped the handle and pulled the basket across the seat. Together we lifted the checked towel and beheld a lone object in the bottom of the basket . . . a .32-caliber revolver.

DOUBT

CRAIG SOUTH '57

Third Prize, Burkhart Poetry Contest

A cobweb hanging on the wall
reflects the spider's might.
A vapor trail in clear June skies
reveals a jet in flight.

A footprint in the moistened soil
shows where a man has trod.
But where the web, the trail, the print,
to prove there is a God?

THE FEEDING OF THE MULTITUDE

LLOYD BAILOR, SIERRA LEONE '60

How happy were the birds that day
When all the folk had gone away!

First one flew down, and then another,
And each one quickly told his brother

How many crumbs were lying thick;
And everyone could have his pick.

Then all along the desert floor
They scattered, finding more and more—

The bits of fish, the bits of bread—
A multitude of birds was fed.

VOICES OF THE SEA

DAVID HECK '60

First Prize, Freshman Poetry

"The sea is blue!" cried a voice.
"The sea is green!" called another.
But I saw the sea and it was black.

"The foam inspires!" cried a voice.
"The spray refreshes!" called another.
But I felt the sea and it was cold.

"Hear the waves!" cried a voice.
"The music is sweet!" called another.
But I heard the waves and their sound was harsh,

"I found treasure!" cried a voice.
"I found adventure!" called another.
But I sailed the seas and I found fear.

"We know the sea!" cried a voice.
"The sea is life!" called another.
But I know the sea and it is death.

WHEN MEN SLEEP

WILLIAM BALE '57

Cat-tracks creep
along the street
searching
for love.

Black clouds cross
a cold, gray sky
and catch
moon-glow.

Lingering shadows prance
and perform
weird twisting
jigs.

The tangled tips
of shivering trees
reach for
the night.
A flittering leaf falls.

A GIFT FOR JANE

PATRICIA CALDWELL '58

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose

"Why couldn't I have a party anyway," she thought? Reaching under her pillow she brought out all the money she possessed. Ten. Twenty-five. Fifty. Sixty. Sixty-seven cents was all she had to her name. "How long and hard I've worked for this. I just can't spend this all at once. But it is my birthday. I'm fourteen. And what a time to be fourteen. Mom and Dad can't afford a party. I think I'll go and see if I can find something I'd like."

Running quickly down the stairs she nearly bumped into her dad.

"Oh! Excuse me, Dad. I was in a hurry."

"Jane, where are . . . ? These children, always in a hurry!"

Dad listened to his daughter excitedly talking to Mother out in the kitchen.

"Mom, please let me."

"No, I . . ." Then Mother thought what day it was. "Yes, but be sure you're back in time for supper."

"Thank-you, oh, thank-you, Mom!" Giving her mother a hug, she reached into her pocket to be sure that *it* was still there. Hurriedly she grabbed for her sweater and slammed the door behind her as she ran out.

"That girl! I declare, Dad, I wish she'd be more lady-like."

"Give her time, Mother. She'll realize soon that she's grown-up."

Outside, Jane's thoughts were going as rapidly as her walk. "I would like to take a bus but that would mean seven cents and I can buy something with that."

Soon Jane found herself in town. First she didn't know what she wanted and decided to windowshop. One window after another — candy shop — and dress shops (She couldn't buy anything there!) Then she saw what she'd always wanted — books. There . . . there was a sign which read ON SALE TODAY ONLY.

Slowly she opened the door and approached the table with the sign. There she found some very old books. She opened one book cautiously and saw the price. Seventy-five cents! That was too much! Then she saw a book on astronomy. That was what she'd always wanted. Her face fell when she saw the price. It too was seventy-five cents.

She hadn't noticed anyone when she walked in, but she did when a voice said to her, "You'd like to have that book, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I would. I've never had a book on astronomy. I'd like to have this one."

Something in the tone of Jane's voice made the lady say, "Could you afford say, fifty-cents?"

Unbelief covered Jane's face but she wasn't going to let the opportunity slip by. Putting her hand into her pocket she pulled out fifty cents and gave it to the clerk. She didn't wait for the clerk to wrap it, but walked out the door in a daze.

Before she realized where she had gone Jane found herself sitting on a bench in City Park. Reverently she opened her book and started reading.

"Hello," said a voice.

Jane jumped and replied, "Hello."

"I'm sorry, young lady, I didn't mean to startle you. Say, you have a book on astronomy, haven't you?" The person behind the voice was a kindly, gray-haired man. "Do you like astronomy?"

"Yes," Jane eagerly replied. "I've never had a chance to study stars, but everytime I look at the heavens I always look and wonder."

"Well, I know a little about astronomy. How would you like me to tell a little of what I know?"

"Oh! That I would like very much."

So quickly did the afternoon go by that soon the old man had to say, "Well, it's getting late, young lady. I must be going. Good-by."

Jane said an unconscious good-by and sat engrossed in her thoughts.

Later as she walked into the living room of her home her first words were, "Mom, Dad, I had the best birthday gift of all. The nicest man told me so much about the stars today."

"Jane, you shouldn't . . ."

"I know, Mom, but he knew so much. Dad, I know you would have liked him. He knew so much about science, stars and all."

Dad from behind the newspaper said, "Uh huh."

Jane glanced at her dad and gave him a look that a disgusted daughter gives to a preoccupied parent. But she glanced again to make sure of what she saw on the newspaper; the picture and headline read: **WORLD-KNOWN SCIENTIST VISITS HERE.**

SKID ROW

PAT SPEER '60

Hovels,
Littered alleys. . .
Here lives humanity
Scorned by a world that will not help
Neighbors.

MANKIND AND MYSELF

SHIRLEY BAKER '58

The room was crowded.
People everywhere,
Laughing, talking, singing.
No one seemed to notice me.
I was caught in the crowd's web,
A tightly woven thread.
When the crowd moved, I moved,
When the crowd laughed, I laughed.
I could not be myself.
I was the crowd.

I fled from the room's clatter,
Out into the empty night.
The soft breeze stirred my hair.
The summer warmth caressed my body.
The night caught me in its arms.
I was alone.

Heaven's dome was filled with stars,
Twinkling brightly against the velvet drape.
Each star was a small pinpoint in space,
But massed together, side by side,
Their brilliance jeweled the heavens.
Alone, a star is but a twinkling light,
But together stars are a meadow of diamonds.
I too am a star.

I ran back to the crowd.
I joined their laughter.

WAVE-SWEPT

BEVERLY BRUMLEY '57

Careless footprints,
What impression leave you on the sand?
The sun has kissed you,
The wind caressed you,
But the jealous waves swept clean
Your
scattered
grains . . .

AUTUMN

JOAN ENSIGN '57

Autumn lingered—
Crisp, crackling on the concrete,
Whishing wisps of wavy hair,
A smoky scent from blazing bonfires,
The starless stratosphere,
For love was there.

BLUE MONDAY

PAT SLIVER '59

Alfred Bascomb hurried down the street, his mustache twitching as he muttered to himself. "The very idea! Tell me what tie to wear, will she! Never had a minute's peace since we been married. If it's not one thing, it's another. Do this, do that! Nag, nag, nag! Women! I'll never understand 'em!"

He finally reached his jewelry store, with the words "Buy the Best at Bascomb's" written across the show window. He entered the store and hung his hat on the 75-year-old hat tree that had always stood in the corner.

Everything was exactly as he had left it two days before. The jewelry blinked at him with a look that said, "You're the boss here — never fear!"

The clock struck nine. Alfred stood behind the counter, with his hands on his hips and his darting eyes surveying every minute detail. "Cases dusted, glass is clean. Ahhhh, now everything's ready."

The bell above the door tinkled softly and Mrs. George Avalon bustled into the store. She was a large, buxom woman, with steel-gray eyes and a mouth that never smiled.

"Good morning, Alfred."

"Mrs. Avalon! How are you today?"

"Good as can be expected. I'm not here to chat. I want a ring for my daughter. Nothing cheap, either."

"Fine, fine. I have just the thing for you." Alfred scurried behind the counter and picked out an opal ring. "Here it is. The perfect gift. Don't you agree?"

"No, that's not what I want. Do you have any pearl rings?"

"Certainly, certainly." Alfred pulled out a tray of rings, choosing a pearl solitaire mounted in gold. "Isn't this exquisite? Just what you want."

"It will do. How much?"

"Only \$19.95 plus tax."

"\$19.95! That's entirely too high!"

"Now, Mrs. Avalon," Alfred patiently explained, "If you want quality you must — uh — pay for it."

"All right, but it's highway robbery. Be sure and gift wrap it for me, Alfred. I won't have time myself."

Alfred sputtered a "Yes, ma'am" and proceeded to follow orders. He handed the finished product to Mrs. Avalon, saying with a strained smile, "That'll be \$22.50."

"Charge it, Alfred. I don't have the money with me now. Good day."

"Goodbye and *do* come in again."

Alfred watched her departure, his slight body aflame with indignation. "The very idea — her so snooty and then charging it! Women — never content with what they got. Always got to keep up with the Joneses."

Time passed rather slowly for Alfred that morning, but he managed to keep busy by sweeping and dusting (tasks that are always present in a jewelry store). As he knelt behind the counter to sweep some dirt into the dustpan, another customer entered.

"Well, if it isn't Hattie Silknetter! What can I do for you today?"

"Howdy, Mr. Bascomb," Hattie answered in her high-pitched, trembling voice. "I come to git a birthday present fer my sister, Minnie. Nothin' gaudy, you understand. Jist somethin' plain and simple-like."

"How about a nice pin?"

"That'd be jist fine. But don't go to no trouble on my account. Jist show me the handiest ones."

Alfred brought out a display tray overladen with both jeweled and plain pins.

"Land o' goshen, Mr. Bascomb! There sure is a lot a pins there. Ain't they purty? How much does one o' them bow knot pins cost?"

"\$8.00, Hattie."

"My sakes alive — \$8.00! Minnie'd sure like that, though."

"How about one of these nice, plain, flower-shaped ones, Hattie?" Alfred suggested patiently.

"I reckon that's what it'll have to be. But I sure do like the others."

"One can't always have what one wants. But I'm sure Minnie will like a plain pin as well as a gaudy, expensive one."

"O.K., Mr. Bascomb, if you say so. Be sure and wrap it up real purty for Minnie."

"I'll do my best, Hattie. What color ribbon would you like on it?"

"I think I'd like blue. No, I'd ruther have red; or maybe green'd be purtier. Why don't you jist put on anything you want, Mr. Bascomb?"

Alfred quickly wrapped the gift and made a big, fluffy, red bow for it. "There you are, Hattie. And give my regards to Minnie."

"I'll do that." Hattie drew her shawl tighter around her hunched shoulders. "Take good care o' yerself, Mr. Bascomb."

"That I will, that I will. Good day, Hattie." As the door slowly closed behind her, Alfred thought, "There goes a woman with a heart of gold. But she sure tries a man's patience!"

Alfred glanced at the old grandfather clock and was surprised to discover that it was already 11:30. "Another half hour and it'll be lunchtime! But that means home to the Mrs. and nagging. . . ." His reverie was broken by the entrance of Jack Horton.

Jack was a tall young man of twenty-five, with blond hair in a crew cut and ruddy cheeks. He looked as if he had once been an excellent tackle for Ohio State!

"Good morning, Mr. Bascomb. Do you have any nice rhinestone necklaces and earrings? My wife's birthday is tomorrow and I forgot all about it 'til today."

"I think we'll be able to find something here, Jack. You have any particular price in mind?"

"No — just so it's nice."

"Let me see now, how about this set for \$9.95. Or maybe this set for . . ."

"Uh, look — I'm in kind of a hurry. Supposed to meet a prospective employer for lunch. Just give me that first set there. It's pretty and it's not too expensive."

Alfred found a gift box for the set, wrapped it, and handed it to him. "You young men of today sure are in a hurry. You'd better slow down before you have a heart attack!"

"O.K., Mr. Bascomb. And thanks a lot." As Jack hurried out the door, he collided with Charlie, the corner barber. "Sorry, Charlie, but I got to run. See you."

Charlie ambled into the store, shaking his head in bafflement. "Sure can get killed mighty easy these days! Come on Bascomb, let's get some lunch."

"Be right with you." Alfred put on his hat, locked the door, and then he and Charlie headed toward their homes.

"Well, Charlie, it's been quite a day so far. But there's two good things about owning a store: I meet all kinds of people and it gives me a chance to get away from the Mrs. for a while!"

CIGARETTE

MARSHALL CASSADY '58

The smoke
From the cigarette
Curled upward
In the stillness of the night.
The man took a puff,
Then spit on the sidewalk.
For an instant,
He held the thin, white cylinder
In his stubby hand.

Then, folding his finger back,
He snapped the distasteful object
Into the air.
With a flash of red beauty,
It hit the hard brick road
And rolled into the gutter.

AIR SO PRECIOUS

MARION JENKINSON '58

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry

I lie

Not daring to open an eyelid. . .
Breathing slowly, my breast barely rising,
Silent, unmoving, waiting.

Then I feel its soft touch on my leg . . .
The grey mist—sliding its fingers on my skin,
Creeping around my ankle possessively.

Another vaporous wave envelops my hand,
Travels across my fingers,
Weaves around my elbow,
Slowly reaches to grip my shoulder.

The back of my neck suddenly chills
As the smoky substance clings for an instant
Around my throat.
Then its foggy fingers crawl into my hair.

Small billows now press against my face,
Caress my forehead,
Feel my eyelids . . . delicately . . . with determination.

Then one rivulet finds the opening beneath my eyelash
The passage sought by the mist. . .
Mist which now seeps around my eyeball
Sifts into my brain . . . creeps into the crevices
And slips down my neck into my chest.

The haze swirls around in my lungs,
And the air so precious to me is slowly crowded out,
Pressured into my mouth.

My pale lips separate as the last clear breath of air
Escapes
Into the mist which shrouds me now,
And my eyelid and mouth stay slightly opened
As little streams of the grey vapor of death
Curl lazily out of my body.

I WANT

SHIRLEY BAKER '58

I want to be
A link
In a golden chain.

I want to be
A brick
In a towering wall.

I want to be
A thread
In a party dress.

I want to be needed.
I want to be wanted.

CLOSE TO GOD

SARAH HOWARD '58

I paused to watch him as he crossed the seminary lawn to meet me. I studied every move he made. He was straight and tall and carried himself majestically. I thought of a boat's sail when I saw his white hair being blown upright by the summer breeze. The rich blue above us was duplicated in his sparkling eyes as he looked down to me from his great height. The thick-lensed glasses that covered his eyes, as a souvenir of long hours of study, did not hide the character found there.

"Ready to go?" he said, as my small fingers became enveloped in his massive hand, which was coarse from hard labor but yet was tempered in the furnaces of good will. His voice was deep like a pipe organ with all of the stops open, but it was gentle as the love he held for all mankind. As I looked up at his large face I saw shades of a long life of enriching experiences. He often told me of those experiences — helping the African boy overcome a serious jungle fever, climbing Mt. Fujiyama in Japan, and meeting such interesting people in his travels as a church bishop. His firm mouth was the transmitter of great thoughts and was seldom seen without a smile for everyone. The shoulders, which had borne many burdens, were broad and strong. While I walked with him, I would try to imitate his broad stride but found it impossible for short legs such as mine. As he spoke to me, I was not fully aware of the great mind that dwelt within. I was young, and to me this great man, who loved me, was my grandfather. To watch him walk, to hear him talk, and to feel his touch, I felt sheltered from the storm of life as one would feel in the presence of God.

“. . . Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea . . .
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."
(Edwin Markham, "Lincoln, the Man of the People")

SOUVENIR

PAT JACOBS '57

Soft memories
Of faded things,
Lying snug
In the folds of time.

Somewhere—
In the mist of past,
A vision,
Lost in the song of
Today.

CRICKET

JULIA NICHOLAS '59

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry

A girl
Named Cricket
I once knew
With braids of brown
And eyes of blue.

I wonder how she got her name.
She's nothing like the bug or game!

THE MASTER THIEF

BRUCE GANTZ '59

Second Prize, Burkhart Poetry Contest

O love, you sneaking cheating thief, who
Steals into the hearts of men and robs them of
Their sacred peace of mind. I know you now
Of old, but still you will not let me be,
And though I do prepare for you ten-fold,
You still will catch me unaware and take
From me a portion of my tortured soul.

But yet you have some good I will admit
For who is there among us that can say
He had no joy while you were in his heart?
But when you've played your trick and gone your way,
Each one of us is quick to recognize,
By that deep mark you leave upon our lives,
What thief it was who stole our peace of mind!

It's true you cannot always be accused
Of using force to come inside our walls,
But *worse* the thief who steals on padded feet
And whispers words of joys we've yet to know
And thus secures an entrance to our vaults.

Perhaps you're like that daring thief of old
Who robbed the rich to give unto the poor.
If this the case, I hold your mission high
For all should know your mark before they die.

But if you bring me joy or only grief,
I'll grant you this, you are a master thief.

"THE MOON . . ."

JOHN WEIFFENBACH '60

The moon
Is the lantern
In the shepherd's hand
As he watches
Over his flock.

MY POOR DEAR SOUL

YONG MIN KIM, KOREA '60

사랑하는 나의 어린 마음

사랑하는 나의 어린 마음!
!

이 세상에서 나의 행복을 좌우할 수 있는 자는

모직 自身 하나 뿐이오 나의 삶의 價値 있는

삶이 될 수 있도록 指揮하여주소서

오 사랑하는 나의 어린 마음!
!

一九五七年 三月五日

오하오 洲 위하말

오러비인 大興에서

金容敏 지음

(Translation)

It is you, my poor dear soul.

You are the only one in this world who can make my life
happy or dull;

So, please command so that my life will be worthwhile, my
poor dear soul!

ERROR

SHIRLEY BAKER '58

Are your feet upon the edge?
Will you fall into the pit?
Will you see the light
Before you fall,
Or see it when you hit?

FRIENDS FOR VIC

BRUCE FLACK '60

Second Prize, Freshman Prose

The words of the judge fell on deaf ears. Vic Perry, age twenty-one, convicted of auto theft, was not listening to his sentence that was being read. Vic was quiet. He was not angry; he remained calm, almost placid. He had the air of a defeated man. He was immersed in thought.

Sure I stole the car. So what? Maybe it was wrong, but what did it hurt the old man? He didn't need it anyway. With his money he could buy a dozen cars. He was right, though. He said I'd hang for it, even if he had to go to the Supreme Court. He sure didn't have to go very far. The old judge up there is fixing me up good — the good, old, fat, dignified judge, the server of justice, the protector of society! He's probably thinking to himself how he's put another culprit in his place. Pretty soon he'll be able to go home to his wife and kiddies. He'll set himself down in his easy-chair, take off his shoes, and probably doze off worrying whether the pork chops his wife is fixing for dinner will give him indigestion. But what does he care about me? He's just as bad as the old man. But what has anybody ever cared about me? I'm big bad Vic Perry, the boy from the other side of the tracks, the boy who doesn't have any mother or father, and who gobbles up small children off the street. Everyone has always avoided me, even Gloria. I thought she'd like me if I had a car. Vic Perry (with his new black convertible) was going to be top man on her list. She didn't even pay any attention to me when I told her I got the car. She was surprised, though, when she heard I stole it. I bet she'd be interested in me now. I wish someone could like me. I never have had any real friends.

Suddenly Vic heard the judge. "You are hereby sentenced to serve five years in the state penitentiary."

The officer led Vic back to his cell.

A few days later Vic was taken to the state penitentiary. He was placed in a ward that housed three men convicted of murder and two men guilty of armed robbery. Vic walked toward his cell to meet his new friends.

IT WAS A WARM FALL EVENING

CRAIG GIFFORD, '57

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose

It was a warm fall evening. The stars were shining and the moon glared like a huge fluorescent ball. I was enjoying the evening with a drive around the town. As I entered the business district I heard a whistle. I looked; it was the Chief of Police. He motioned for me. I parked my car and walked across the street toward him.

As I approached, I noticed a stranger standing beside him. He was dressed in full police uniform and his 6'2" frame appeared to be solidly built. His chest protruded as he stood erect with his eyes glued on me. A new badge sparkled from his left breast. A sharp crease in his pants and a clean white shirt gave the impression that the stranger was proud of his appearance.

As I approached them, the Chief spoke. "Bill, I want you to meet our new patrolman, Harry Schutte. Harry, Bill Rogers, newspaper man, funeral director, student, photographer and so on. Anything you want, just call on Bill. If he can't get it or if he doesn't know he'll do what he can to help you."

"What was the name?" queried the new patrolman.

"Bill — Bill Rogers."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Rogers," the rookie told me shaking my hand.

"Don't flatter him by calling him Mister," the Chief hastily added.

I assured him that I didn't go by Mister, "just plain Bill."

After the Chief had given me a little of the background on the new policeman, we chatted and finally it was decided they would patrol a little while.

"Ya want ta ride a while, Bill?" the Chief invited.

"Hadn't thought much about it, but guess I'll take ya up on the offer."

The three of us jumped in the cruiser and began patrolling the village.

We hadn't been out ten minutes until we were stopped by a motorist. "Is Wilkin's open tonight? I just came by there and there wasn't any light but I heard some hammerin'."

The Chief thought momentarily.

"I just checked there an hour ago and there wasn't anyone there then. We'll check it. . . . Thanks."

"Go up to the second light, turn out yer lights and turn right," the Chief instructed the rookie officer.

As we pulled up beside the building we could hear the hammering and pounding, but we couldn't see any light. Just as

the Chief was about to say something, I noted someone in the building.

"I just saw a shadow of a man through that window."

"Which one?"

"The one to the right."

"Harry, you cover the front, I'll get the side and Bill you stay in the cruiser. Call the station and get all the patrolmen up here right away. Looks like we got somethin' good fer a change."

Without any hesitation we all followed our instructions to a "T".

I radioed in for additional help and sat silently in the cruiser, A honking horn on the main street broke the throat-choking silence which had just given birth to butterflies in my stomach. Finally I hear Harry yelling from the front of the building.

"Come out of there right now with yer hands up or I'll blow yer head off."

The Chief heard the same thing I did and ran to the front of the building.

"You heard what the man said . . . get out . . . right now . . . come through this door with your hands reaching toward the stars."

In less than a minute the man was in the custody of the two policemen. The Chief began questioning him immediately.

"Whatcha doin' in there?"

"Nothin'."

"That's a bad place to be doin' nothin'."

"I was jest lookin'."

"You always go around in the middle of the night lookin' through garages and poundin' like you were?"

"Nope."

"Anybody with ya?"

"Nope."

"Ya sure?"

"Yep."

"Howdja get here?"

"Bus."

"When?"

"An hour ago."

"Sure there's nobody with ya?"

"Yep."

"Harry, put the cuffs on him and take him to the cruiser. We're going through this place jest to make sure he doesn't have a friend in here." The Chief flashed his light through the door trying to spot an accomplice.

I got a brief introduction to the offender as Harry directed him to a seat beside me in the cruiser.

"Watch him, we're going to look through the place . . . says he came up on the bus . . . safe man."

In ten minutes the officers returned and my heart went into a silent beat after pounding like Big Ben.

Just as we were ready to pull away, we spotted (with the headlights) a stranger in the alley ahead of us.

"Better check him out, Harry, before we go back to the station," the Chief instructed.

As we pulled close to the figure in the dark, he spotted the police cruiser and started running.

"Stop!" the Chief shouted to Harry, ordering him to stop the cruiser. He hopped out and ran after the fleeing man. We stayed with the prisoner.

Three shots rang through the air. "Stop! Halt! Halt! Halt, or I'll shoot ta kill!" echoed through the otherwise silence of the evening.

In a few minutes the Chief came back to the patrol car with his newly-acquired friend, a tall husky Negro who was still panting hard from the chase.

"Man, doncha ever shoot a gun like dat again, I'ze still scar'd," he panted between breaths.

"Doncha ever keep runnin' when a cop says halt," the Chief advised.

With our two prisoners we headed back to the jail office for further questioning.

It was a warm quiet evening but the thrill of excitement and fear continued to pulsate through my body. I had gone for a relaxing ride that hadn't proved as relaxing as I had anticipated.

WINTER BALLET

SHIRLEY BAKER '58

Snowflakes
Lovely,
Graceful
And light,

Sparkle,
Glimmer,
All through
The night—

Falling,
Dancing,
Tripping
In flight,

Glazing,
Frosting
The world
All white.

GROWING LOVE

NEAL LUND '58

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry

Bright sun,
Strongly beaming,
Stream my love upon her;
A wondrous love, a bright smile:
New love.

Spring rain,
With gentle touch,
Shower my love upon her;
A tender embrace, a soft kiss:
True love.

Full moon,
Shining softly,
Beam my love upon her;
A gentle caress, happiness:
Full love!

CLING . . .

JANICE ELLENBERGER '58

Bleak autumn silently groaned
As the last multicolored leaf clung
to the bare tree.
What a lonely life!
And yet of all the millions,
We notice this one most.

BAREFOOTED

PAT MIZER '58

I want to go barefooted now that spring has come again,
And to run through the cool, tender grass of the pasture field
With the bright sun shining on my face
And the soft breeze blowing gently through my hair,
To walk on the gravel road and prove that I am tough,
To let the mud of the shady lane ooze through my toes
And feel so close to earth.
But it is nonsense now to think of such a thing
As walking barefooted through crowded streets or into a store
Without my shoes.
People would say that I am crazy
And would probably lock me up.
Since I am too busy to leave my work
And go to the countryside,
I must stay here,
Where shoes cramp my feet,
And the concrete blocks me from earth.

MEMO TO OUR MILKMAN

JEAN UNGER CHASE '43

Don't worry, please, if you should sneeze
While in your sterile barn.
And should a fly go buzzing by,
It won't do any harm.

Forget concern when cows won't learn
To wipe their muddy feet;
And when there's dust, don't get so fussed
At being less than neat.

So bottles are not on a par
With regulations rigid;
Please pay no mind whene'er you find
The temperature not frigid.

Ignore the folk who get provoked
When milk is late and sour.
You may unload at our abode
Regardless of the hour.

No need to fret or get upset—
The milk left at our door
Is bought for son to have the fun
Of spilling on the floor.

COLLEGE STUDENT?

DAVID SCHNEIDER '58

There were two big books and a small outline edition on the table. The owner, a big guy, was wearing a black sweater over a white button-down shirt. The brown streaks in his wide-rimmed glasses contrasted with his blond crew-cut. He leaned back on the sturdy library chair and opened his mouth wide. The cavity could have held a baseball.

"Hey Jim, what do we have to do for Terminology?"

Jim settled his chair and started to talk before his arms returned from their stretch.

"We have a whole sheet of terms to fill out."

"Oh, no! That isn't for today, is it?"

"Things are 'tough' all over. You can take my paper. I got mine from Bob. He knows what he's doing."

"No, I'll try to get it myself, thanks anyway. Say, did you read your history for today?"

"For today! I haven't read it since the last test!"

"I'll see you later, Jim. I have to work on those terms."

Jim pushed back his chair and ambled over to the magazines. He picked out a *Post* and flopped it on the table in front of him. He read every cartoon.

THE BRIDGE

LEWIS SHAFFER '59

The bridge
All wet
With fog,
All mighty
In strength,
All powerful
In purpose,
Is quiet.

The bridge
Completely nestled
In the shroud
Of ocean mist
That covers every
Beam of steel
And cable red,
Is still.

The bridge
That is high
Above the city of
Cable cars and Chinatown
Of world acclaim,
And Fisherman's wharf,
And Knob Hill,
Is asleep.

The bridge,
A connecting link
Of redwoods tall
And ocean deep.
The picture frame
Of Alcatraz, San Quentin,
And Treasure Island,
Is hushed.

The bridge
Holds men high
And always safe.
Even in the mist
And fog of night it
Still remains the
"Golden Gate."

THE FRATERNITY PIN

JANICE ELLENBERGER '58

Jack straightened to full height after he had pulled the light blue sweater over his blond hair. He moved the comb mechanically through his crew-cut and glanced into the mirror for last minute inspection. He was downstairs when he spun around and went back to his room. With nimble fingers, he very carefully put his fraternity pin on the blue sweater. He adjusted it once or twice, for this was the last time he would wear it.

Twenty-two

FOG

CONNIE MYERS '60

Honorable Mention, Freshman Poetry

Fog is
a prelude
to death,
a slowly
rolling blanket
before eternal
darkness.

THE SKY TRAVELER

WILLIAM BALE '57

Hours pass, the constant drone of the two powerful engines continues as they release static sparks and flashings of electric flames into the twilight. Sunset is a yellow haze that spreads beyond the wingtips. Night is a deep purple sea, fringed with faded gold and silver clouds. Below, is the peaceful, cool black earth, lighted as a gigantic man-made planetarium, turned downside up. Cities and towns, roads, highways, rivers, and lakes become illuminated patterns of tiny yellow and red sparks. The sky, in quiet slumber, sleeps as a majestic beauty who defies description, who yields only to time, but who beckons to every weary sky-traveler and draws him deep into her soul.

TO ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN

ETHEL SHELLEY STEINMETZ '31

Elizabeth, your problem is the same
As mine or that of other women who
Would hold a job for profit or for fame
And try to hold a loving husband too.

A man, to feel content, must know that he
Is master of his home, his own domain,
Worth more to you than any job could be,
Though over all of England you hold reign.

So always let him know that he is King
In all important facets of your life,
That ruling empire is a minor thing
Compared to being his true-loving wife.

Lay arrogance and protocol aside,
Surrender to his arms your royal pride.

(Alternate ending)

Barmaid or Queen, it matters not a whit:
For happiness in love, you must submit.

THREE TABLE PRAYERS

(Translated from the German of Manfred Hausmann)

PHILIP O. DEEVER '34

Sonntag:

*Wenn du, o Vater, deinen Kindern
das Mahl bereitest weit und breit,
so lass den Hunger sich nicht mindern
nach deiner grossen Herrlichkeit.*

Sunday:

O God, who for thy children's need
This food providest full and free,
May not our hunger, haste, and greed
Obscure the vision, Lord, of Thee.

Mittwoch:

*Es mangelt uns in dieser Stunde nicht
an Nahrung, die du freundlich uns gewahrst.
Schenk uns, Herr Jesu Christ, die Zuversicht,
dass du uns morgen widerum ernahrst.*

Wednesday:

Lord Jesus Christ, whose gift of love
Supplies our need today,
Grant us the confidence to prove
Thy sustenance alway.

Donnerstag:

*Du hast das Brot erkoren und den Wein,
um dich in ihnen zu gestalten.
Nun faellt von dort geheimnisvoll ein Schein
auf jede Mahlzeit, die wir halten.*

Thursday:

Lord, thou hast chosen bread and wine
To represent thy Body and thy Blood;
And hence upon each meal doth shine
The secret beauty of thy Holy Rood.

THE STUDENT

JOAN ENSIGN '57

He lurched from his desk at the end of the row. Beneath the collegiate crew cut was a perpetually energetic ten-year-old bundle of mischief. Big brown eyes from behind horn-rimmed glasses scanned each situation. Two protruding front teeth were accented by a dimple on each side of his circular countenance. A preying mantis, controlled by a string leash, was attempting escape from the back pocket prison it shared with a billfold, an arrowhead, a pencil, and a supply of paper clips. Tripping on his half-tied shoestring, he advanced to the teacher's desk. "Ok, I'm finished. What's up now, Doc?"

Twenty-four

SEAT PARTNER

SARAH HOWARD '58

Well, here I am. Now I'll just make myself comfortable. These Greyhound bus seats aren't like overstuffed chairs, but they'll do. By spreading my box lunch, my reading material and my "car coat" on the space beside me, maybe I can give the hint to intruders that I don't desire a partner for this journey. My, what a delightful location! I'll just sit quietly for a moment and take stock of my fellow passengers. I seemed to have happened into a rather nice group of travelers. A number of college students, Ohio State, perhaps. I'll bet they're going to the game in Illinois, like I am. I wonder what the destinations are of the others sitting here. Maybe some are going to family reunions, or perhaps some are on business trips, or maybe vacation.

It's almost time for our departure now. I'd better wave good-bye to my parents. There they are, sweet things, waiting thoughtfully and patiently to catch the last glimpse of me as I ride off. Uh, oh! Who's that? It's just an elderly man. Now, isn't he a character! I guess the seat beside me is the only empty one left. Hmmm. That's unfortunate, but I must be congenial. I'll just make a few changes in my baggage to make room for him. Well, he's managing to take over the entire situation by monopolizing the luggage rack as well as the seat that is meant to be shared by two. "Hello". It's nice to answer his words of happy introduction, but now I'll give him the ever-dependable "cold shoulder". My, but he has a system for everything.

We've started now. You know, he'd make a good character sketch for Advanced Composition class. The pair of rimless glasses he drew from his pocket seemed to spell out his ragged personality. Most individuals read books, newspapers, or magazines while traveling, but not him. Oh, no! This old character reads a whole sheaf of road maps, pulled from his valise. He is garrulously informing the entire busload as to our whereabouts, plus our destination. His face is an interesting one despite the alcoholic aroma which he emits with every breath. Wiry white hair is hanging down in his eyes, which are squinting through the thick-lenses of his glasses to get a better view of the reading material in his hands. His eyes give the impression of being crowded from below because of the high cheek bones which are emphasized by his sunken cheeks. The thin line of his lips points upward and is met by a craggy, hooked nose which reminds me of the witch in *Hansel and Gretel*. The old saying that a pointed chin measures a person's stubbornness leads me to believe that his personality could win the top honors in its field. His whole face is drawn up like the dried apple dolls I used to make when I was a child.

Scuff marks on his shoes and the broken shoe strings certainly don't aid his general appearance. They look like they've been worn for years and are beginning to turn up at the toes. I wonder if somebody has ever told him that you don't wear a blue coat with brown trousers? The coat is awfully shabby too. It's frayed around the collar and cuffs and needs leather patches on the elbows. Oh — he's going to take it off now. My word! I've heard about suspenders like those but I've never seen any. They are wide, brown and heavy like you imagine on a vaudeville stage. They aren't doing a very good job of holding up his tattered trousers either. His gray-striped shirt is, surprisingly enough, very clean and starched. I wonder who does his laundry?

He's getting up to put his coat on the luggage rack. It's no wonder his suspenders are having a difficult time. His back pockets are too full. What are those things in his pockets? Glasses case, folding yardstick, tobacco pouch, pipe, handkerchief, and — oh, no — it can't be — but, it is — a whiskey bottle. Gee whiz, I hope he doesn't get up many more times. Everytime he sits down he takes up more of his seat-plus mine, and he's not too stable on his feet in a moving bus. My but he's restless. What's he doing now? His gnarled hands are digging in the suspicious valise. He's giving a few words of advice to the entire busload again. He says that whenever a person gets off the bus for a rest stop he should take all of his belongings with him. "You never know when somebody is going to steal from you," he says. Hmmmm. Prof. Wells would say that attitude was "significant."

Well, I guess this is Indianapolis. I'm going to change buses here to go to Urbana, Illinois. The old man is going to St. Louis, so he's staying on this bus. He's putting his coat on and gathering up his papers and bags. Oh, yes, I forgot. Even for a rest stop, he'll take everything with him. I'm all ready to get out now. The old man seems reluctant to allow aid in his getting out of the bus. I'm glad that the driver will help me. Oh, there's my next bus. I'll just get on right now. Yes, there goes my friend. I can see him from here in my new seat. His bent figure is just now disappearing into the station. Uh-oh, trouble with the revolving door.

I wonder if I will have a seat-mate on this part of the trip?

GEESE

CRAIG SOUTH '57

The geese are flying north again.
High in the air
they trace the ancient route.
At dusk I watch their flight.
Like mobile dots
they glide along the clouds.
Their noisy calls are prophecies of renaissance.

BAPTISM: ALUM CREEK

ROGER CALDWELL '58

How beautiful against the dark! The light
Bursts through storm-mountains of cloud and falls like a prayer
At the water's edge. At the dark creekside, the sun-touch flare
Flames green-willow tree tops, flashes gold-chrysolite
On stream-metal. In fleet joy, a sun-caught bird in flight
Whip-loops over in a fire-arc. What beauty-dare!
What glow-sudden loveliness! So unaware
Of itself, it seems sacred—a prelude to water-rite.

Father, deliver me from the womb-dark tomb
Of the water. Speak your renewing voice in dove-tone.
Splash lamb-brightness in my face; dispel my sin-gloom.
Hurl me, rippling sun-circles like a skipping stone.
Take now, Lord, the creek-willow's glowing fire-bloom,
That dawn-flecked swifiting's spirit, and make them my own.

A PORTRAIT

JANICE ELLENBERGER '58

I saw my reflection in a puddle.

All the childhood years
With dolls and cut-outs
That spent happy hours
With me.

Then adolescence came
With dates and parties—
They all left their mark
On me.

Now in early adulthood
Life is still so fresh and new.
It creates curiosity
In me.

Suddenly a pebble was kicked into the water,
Past and present rippled into obscurity.

I decide—
A puddle can reflect what is behind,
Only God in me can foretell what is to come.

SHELTERS

PAT JACOBS '57

My mind is my mansion of thought;
My soul, a silvered-secret palace; but
My heart is the house I live in.

HOW GREAT

RALPH BARNHARD '59

When I survey this earth of ours, I ask
In wonder, how and why it came about.
The beauty of the world by His own hand
Is more than man can e'er behold or has.
The fields, the rocks, the hills, the seas, the skies,
The mountains high, the valleys deep and wide,
The light of dawn or twilight's falling night,
The stars and sun, so perfectly arrayed,
The rolling plains, the deserts hot and dry,
The rippling streams, the tumbling waterfalls,
The canyons deep, carved out by water's tide,
The mighty ocean lapping on the beach,
Icebergs that break away from glacier's wall;
All these too big for man's exploring mind.
He can't construct nor even can conceive
Nature's one plan drawn out by God's own hand.
God made the birds up in the sky;
He made the flowers' beauty to be seen.
You'd think His lightning, thunder, wind and rain
Would bring to ruin all that He has done.
Instead, it soon is plain that they have made
The scene more beautiful to meet the eye;
For only one as high and great as He
Could hang a star or give a baby life.

SILVERFISH

KEITH LEONARD '57

I am a very hungry silverfish
Books are my very very special dish.
Max Schulman's works have a delicious taste,
While Tom Wolfe often is too tough to face.
The writing of Caldwell tastes more like dill.
Spillane
generally makes me ill.

5:30 A.M.

ROGER CALDWELL '58

Dawn strikes
The limit of the sky
With a bell-like tone.

Light breaks
Through bare, twisted trees
On me alone.

Life springs
In my night-shadowed heart,
For the dark has flown.

MOMENTS TO REMEMBER

WILLIAM SKAATES '58

It was a warm spring afternoon late in May. The sun was shining brightly and there was only the faintest whisper of a breeze — a perfect day for a track meet.

My first event was running in the 880-yard relay. I was running second man that day in our high school meet. My opponent was a muscular Negro boy about my height but ten to fifteen pounds heavier. His skin was a glistening jet black and his face was marred by a slight scar along his left cheek. Crossing the infield to the far side of the track where our part of the race would begin, we said very little. Whether this was caused by nervousness, fear of each other or what, I don't know — maybe it was just mutual respect.

As we stripped off our warm-ups and began to loosen up we did not know yet which running lane each would have. This would not be decided until our first men rounded the last curve and came sprinting toward us. The runner having the lead at that time would pass the baton to his team-mate on the inside lane.

Both of us waved to the official starter across the field signifying that we were ready, and he raised his gun into the air to begin his ritual. "Go to your marks . . . get set, '1000-1, 1000-2,'" I counted to myself, anticipating the starter's words — BANG!! — and the first men were off.

The race was very even but my man had won the dash for the pole position. Coming off the first curve he still had a slight lead and his opponent had resigned himself to falling in behind and waiting to make his bid on the straightaway. This chance never came however as my man maintained a terrific pace and showed no signs of letting up.

As they rounded the last curve and headed for us, I took my place on the inside lane and waited impatiently for the baton.

Taking the stick that my team-mate had pressed into my hand I sprinted for that first curve with all the speed I could muster. I felt that I had gotten a good start but I knew that my opponent had also as he didn't lose any additional ground.

I realized from the beginning that I was going to be pushed all the way. The Negro had fallen into step directly behind me and was matching my pace stride for stride.

As we came off the first curve and onto the north straightaway he still made no attempt to pass and I figured that he was waiting until we came off the last curve and headed into the home stretch to make his move.

But this strategy did not imply that by any stretch of the imagination he was loafing. He was right on my heels all the way. If I had slackened my pace or merely turned my head a little to get a glimpse of him I would have had spikes piercing my legs

or would have been carrying him on my back — he was that close!!

Still maintaining our torrid pace we entered the last curve and I knew that my opponent must soon make his move or it would be too late. And then move he did — just as we came off the curve — but so did I. This moment proved definitely to be the deciding factor in my leg of the race, and very possibly in its final outcome. Attempting to pass me he decided against it half-way around and having expended his energy in the attempt and failing, he was forced to break stride and again fall in slightly behind me.

I reached our third man and made the pass without a slip but my opponent had very little strength left and as such got off a very poor pass, thereby increasing our lead and eventually enabling us to win the race and to add those *BIG FIVE POINTS* to our team total.

THE ONLY HELP

MARSHALL CASSADY '58

I was in trouble.

I looked to the wind;
It brushed me aside.

I looked to the sky;
It cried.

I looked to man;
He laughed.

I looked to God;
He helped me.

PATTERN IN LIFE

LESLIE MAC CORMACK '57

A stone wall
standing,
lonely,
disinterested.

The world
living, breathing,
left,
unheeded.

The stones
each falling into place
a pattern,
solid, complete.

You,
lonely, disinterested,
living, breathing,
unheeding, but,
loved.

SEPTEMBER

BLANCHE GEHRES '60

Reprinted from "America Sings," 1956

A lonely black ant
Creeping along the sidewalk
Stops
Starts
Does a tightrope act upon a fallen blade of grass
Climbs onto a leaf
And disappears in the jungle of grass.

"INTO THE PURPLE MIST"

CARL V. VORPE '51

Into the purple mist of sunrise spring and clover
Our young herdsman used to go;
Searching morning pastures over
For the small, elusive flock. . . .
Now a father's heart beats low,
With sorrow trembles. Shock
And remembering tears brood over
Cold news. Old hearts refuse to know
All but what resembles
Youth-inviting dawn.

Into the purple mist of sunrise spring and clover
Now our son is gone;
Is he searching, on . . . and on . . . ?

Wait! Wait for the harvest of this spring-touched sod.
And pray! Pray our son is found,
Is found of God.

IF ONLY

PAT JACOBS '57

My life is a yo-yo.
I dangle it before
God's very face!
I let it travel
Down the string
To His fingertips;
And then, with a change of will
And flick of wrist,
Bring it back again!
My life is full of
Ups and downs!
But at those moments
When I send it down the string—
If only He would reach out
And grasp it . . .

NOTEBOOK OVER THE NORTH ATLANTIC

MARY B. THOMAS '28

How much brighter the stars are when you climb a few miles nearer in that clean air above the sea! The red-ringed motors hum steadily; the flight is almost too smooth.

I think the man in the seat ahead is a Swedish diplomat. He has a stern, strong face, and he wears bands of round elastic over the shirt sleeves of his upper arms. Now that they are settled down for the night I can begin to sort out the nice people from Philadelphia. We smile across the aisle but do not try to talk. I sit by the window with two seats conveniently empty beside me. On one I place my corsages; on the other, the lady from Philadelphia puts the box containing her orchid.

Wrapped in a soft blanket, I alternately doze and admire the stars. Dawn is coming, but I cannot yet read my watch. The cloud bank below us was gently tufted like a quilt. Now there is a smooth sheet between us and the quilt. Always it changes. Sometimes a bit of gray water shows momentarily, and I think that somewhere down there on an inch-long ship, like the freighter I saw yesterday off Nantucket, are my next-door neighbors.

At last there is enough light to see my watch dial. It is about two in New York, only one in Westerville. The clouds below us look more like snow, not so smooth, but rising here and there in jagged peaks. While I watch, the sun grows brighter, and the snow turns into scattered balls of cotton between us and the blue water. . . . We have been airborne twelve hours and are nearing Scotland. More ocean shows through, and the clouds have become mountains which are rugged and fantastic.

Marilyn Monroe and I will have at least two things in common! The British press recently reported that she arrived from America with a spare tire of fat around her waist, wearing clothes which looked as if she had slept in them. The same could truly, but probably will not, be said of me.

ON A HILL OVERLOOKING THE SEA

SYLVIA PHILLIPS VANCE '47

It was as if no lark had sung before,
Nor flower bloomed, nor any river run.
It was as if no early rising sun
Had ever gladdened morning through my door.
For as in shells one hears an ocean roar
If shell and ear merge close enough like one,
So was it then, another world begun,
Myself made stranger, waiting on the shore.
Gone was the child who said one bursting spring,
"Earth, you'd better be big enough for me!"
Then skimmed the hills ahead in rapturous greed.
This hill was end to all that sort of thing;
It serves me right I came to open sea
For earth can never again be all I need.

SELFISHNESS

DAVID HECK '60

Many a God-fearing Captain,
Wishing to sail to the West,
Prays that his powerless vessel
With favorable winds will be blest.

Yet, many a God-fearing Captain
Seems not to care in the least,
That similar prayers will be offered
By captains who wish to sail East.

ME LOVE HAS GONE

WILLIAM CAMPBELL '60

Me love has gone,
Her packed and went,
Her did me wrong,
Me heart her bent.

As you can see,
Me broken up,
For sad me be,
Her left abrupt.

Me weep me share,
But soon me be,
Without a care
For her, you'll see.

Me guess her be
A bit unsure,
For her was three,
But me is four.

MEMORY

PAT MIZER '58

The mysterious glow
Of the midnight moon
Pervades the palpable darkness
Like the memory
Of a dead love.

WAR

DON BELL '58

Up from Pandemonium
he came, grinning evil,
bringing sin and death,
hate and jealousy;
bringing Hell's flame
to set fire to the weaknesses of men,
lighting lust in their eyes
and bringing war.

PILGRIMS TO THE MOON

MARGARET VOIGT '59

June 4, 1976 — Dear Diary. We're on our way! Just imagine, me, a sophomore at Fairmount Junior College, one of the passengers on the first excursion trip to the moon. I'm so excited and not a bit scared — well, just a little. A whole weekend! It will make a wonderful story for the Herald.

There are fifteen of us "tourists" and a five-man crew on the "Moonbeam Express," our rocket stratocruiser. She's simply out of this world (we will be too, in a little while) and really puts my little jet to shame. Dad promised me a new one if I get good grades on my exams. Maybe next year Crater City will be open to the public, and we can go to the moon for our vacation. I'm tired of Mars and the people there. I'm glad I brought you along, dear Diary, 'cause I want to write my personal impressions, too, and not just take notes for the paper. I want to add to my list of personalities some of the other passengers that I've met. Mom always teases me about my collection of people, but I think it's fun to try to analyze them.

Mr. Rainsford is so young and handsome but already dried and completely wrapped up in his scientific research. He's very intellectual and will probably be as reknowned as Dr. Einstein, but I feel sorry for him because he is an atheist and is only interested in the structure of things. He has never known a mother's love or a father's comradeship, he has never heard a young boys' choir sing a hymn of praise, he has never seen the beauty of a starry June night. He is void of human understanding. Science has claimed his mind and spirit. He will enjoy this trip only because it will give him an opportunity to get new scientific data.

Miss Marlowe, a plain-looking spinster teacher, is accustomed to command, and her manner is uncompromising. Her smile, however, belies her manner, for it radiates her charm and proves she is really kind and understanding. She loves children, and they must idolize her, for she can carry them away with her clear, musical voice and hold them spellbound. I'd love to hear her tell them about her trip on the "Moonbeam Express."

I don't like Mr. Paterson at all, dear Diary, and I hope he falls into a crater. He is so pompous and his beady black eyes make me shiver. He is crafty and shrewd; he is friendly to everyone, but I bet he would swindle his best friend. He is a well-dressed, prosperous businessman, but it is not the prosperity of honesty.

A pearly beard, large, liquid brown eyes and a deep slow voice belong to Mr. Hardley, an artist. He doesn't talk much, but he creates with pictures what other people could never accomplish with a thousand words. A person can read his

portraits and know the people better than if he read their biographies. He has been very poor and often near starvation, but only physically. His spiritual life has been rich and full for he has given of himself to others and created and inspired a love of beauty and nature. His insight and understanding of human nature are extraordinary, and he is happy because he has the talent to show his ideals and to leave the mark of his mind upon people.

The girl from Mars, the only person from Mars on this trip, seems to be very nice, dear Diary. We have had a lot of fun talking together about college fads and — oh — there goes the speaker, "Stand by for landing instructions." This is it, dear Diary — we're here!

IN TIME

WILLIAM BALE '57

Microscopic snowballs
salt the earth—
the sub-zero winds
sand-dune the fields—
all is naked, stark cold,
brazen white, strafed by the wind.
Only the man-fool
resists the night snow
and he too shall
die—in time.

I KNOW HE IS

CRAIG SOUTH '57

I hear the song of God at dawn
Coming from his feathered pawn—
A speckled robin on the lawn,
Singing to the sun.

I see the hand of God on high
Playing in the morning sky,
Gently pushing white clouds by,
Sifting sunlight through.

I smell the scents of God today,
While walking down a garden way—
The odor of a rain in May
Blended with the bloom.

The taste of God is everywhere.
In every draught of warm spring air
I drink his sweetness. Without care
I leave too much.

I feel the warmth of God near me;
That warmth which through eternity
Has given strength unceasingly—
Upon request.

A CHURCH FOR CENTERPOINT

SARAH ROSE '56

First Prize, Walter Lowrie Barnes Short Story Contest, 1956

Winter's grey evening shadows settled themselves comfortably into the valley and curled around the houses of Centerpoint. The raw wind that sprang from the head of the hollow glided down the bare hills and capriciously circled each of the scattered houses, whispering under the eaves and then passing on.

Samuel Morris swung his axe at the woodpile behind his house, neatly splitting up a supply of fuel for the evening. Tonight his neighbors would gather to hear the circuit rider preach and pass out news of interest. Sam's was the largest house in the community, and so the small congregation met there whenever the travelling preacher made his infrequent stops. The lamp-light spilled golden from the windows as Sam started indoors with his great armload of wood, and the rich smell of cornpone and chicken greeted him the moment he opened the door.

"There now, she's filled!" He dumped his load into the large woodbox, shuffling the pieces around so the lid would fit, and shrugged out of his jacket. "I wonder Rev. Williams isn't here yet. I thought he'd 've been here by this time."

Mary Morris turned her attention for a moment from her kettles on the hearth to her husband. "Now Sam, it's not late. He'll be here time I get things ready to eat. He may have stopped somewhere to get warm before comin' on. Janie complained of it being so cold when she brought in the milk."

Janie, the eldest girl, turned from straining the crocks of fresh milk. "Yes, Dad, that new horse must have kicked out some of the chinking in the north wall, because the wind just whistles in through the barn. I stuffed some old rags in the hole, but it won't stay there long."

"I'll fix it tomorrow or the next day." Sam paced back and forth, stopping to look out the window now and then for the minister. He surveyed his family with pride; Janie, tall as her mother now and ready to turn into womanhood; Alice, always ready to spin a tale out of fancy or to find something funny to laugh over; John, who was going to be a big man like his father but without his father's flaming red hair. There was the baby, just old enough to notice everything and manage to get his inquisitive fingers into things. Next summer there would be another Morris, making a total of six children at home plus Dan'l and James who were married and away.

"Paw, paw!" Johnny shouted from the window. "Parson's comin'. He's turnin' in the gate right now."

"Well, skedaddle, then, young'n. Act like you've been raised right."

Johnny darted out the door to greet their guest and to take his horse to the barn. Sam stood in the doorway, his great bulk all but filling the space, and welcomed the circuit rider. "It's right good to see you again, Rev. Williams. Come in and warm yourself."

"Don't mind if I do, Samuel, it's turned right smart colder since sundown. Evenin' Mary. Would that be a dried apple pie I smell?"

"It surely would!" Mary smiled warmly at their travelling pastor. "And I've got stewed chicken and dumplings 'cause I remembered you liked 'em so well last time."

Rev. Williams unbuttoned his heavy black coat and handed it to Janie with the long wool scarf he unwound from his neck. Alice pulled a chair close to the hearth, plumped a cushion into it and patted it invitingly. "Sit here, Parson, and melt the icicles out of your bones!" She stood with her hands folded primly behind her, but with a typically impish look in her eye.

"Alice! What way is that for you to talk to Rev. Williams?" Mary turned a reproving glance on her daughter. "Now you and Janie get these things on the table while Rev. Williams warms himself. We'll eat in a minute."

Expertly Mary Morris shepherded her girls into loading down the table with the good simple food she had prepared, and seated everyone in his proper place. Six Morrisises bowed their heads while the minister asked a blessing on their house and table, then they dived into the business of filling their stomachs.

After supper, Sam listened idly while Rev. Williams related to Mary the bits of news and information he had gathered on his rounds about people she knew. Sam knew that this talk would provide Mary with ample material for several days' conversation with her neighbors. Mary spread her information sparingly over a long period rather than telling it all at once. She thought it provided more lasting interest that way.

Abruptly Sam cleared his throat, a sign that it was now his turn to take over the conversation. "What do you hear from the outside, Parson?" he asked. "Anything interestin' happenin'?"

"Well, seems like things are in an upheaval, but I reckon that's not news. Those politicians down in Washington always have something going. I was up to Gallipolis last week or so and saw in a paper that some feller by the name of Lincoln is havin' a round of debates with Mr. Douglas. They're going at it pretty hot and heavy, I guess, on this business of slave versus free states. I just wonder what it'll all come to." Rev. Williams studied the fire reflectively, and Sam Morris puffed his pipe.

"Yep," Sam finally said thoughtfully, "I reckon they have got a problem there. Arguing over slaves and some saying it's right to have 'em and others sayin' it ain't. They was a runaway slave caught out along the Ohio the other week. I hear tell they

had bloodhounds and a whole party of those Southerners lookin' for him."

Mary turned from setting a stack of plates in the cupboard. "Can't seem to think it's right to set those big dogs on a person, even if he is black. I don't know much about this slavery business, but it don't seem right huntin' a body with dogs like he was a varmint."

"Well," Sam said with conviction, "slaves or anything else, I believe in mindin' my own business. If I can farm my land and do a little blacksmithin' for my neighbors then I don't see no call to be meddlin' in with other folks' affairs, and they have no mind to be botherin' in mine." He leaned forward to launch himself fully into his argument. "Now here in Centerpoint, we all hand together, and we do for each other when there's need. There's not a bad man in the lot, 'ceptin' maybe Lem Foster's boys — they're a little wild — but . . ."

Johnny interrupted his father, "Here's Ben Collins comin' in and I see Gram and Gramp Walker comin' down the road!" and ran out the door to meet them.

The Collins family marked the first drop in a long stream of friends, neighbors and relatives who poured into the big main room of the Morris house. The two eldest Morris boys were there with their wives, old Mrs. Saunders who was crippled with rheumatism and leaned heavily on her cane and husband, and everyone else — young or old — who made up the community of Centerpoint.

Sam Morris stood at the rear of the room during Rev. Williams's sermon. He preferred standing to trying to wedge his frame into one of the few small spaces on the floor. He listened intently to the minister's words of love and service to God and man. Rev. Williams was a good man, and preached the kind of thing Sam's heart hungered for; not the fire and brimstone that certain other circuit riders chose to dwell upon. Not that Sam didn't believe in hellfire — he did — but he hated to see the young ones getting all scared and wrought up so they couldn't sleep.

Here and there around the room, a small head would begin to nod and then a mother's arm would cradle the tired one so he could sleep in peace. Many times Mary would quietly pick up one of these and carry him into the other room to sleep on the big bed until time to go home.

There were only a few sticks left in the big woodbox when the minister pronounced his benediction, and the people of Centerpoint rose stiffly from their seats. It had been good to hear the Gospel preached, but now they must collect sleeping children and bundle themselves into their wagons.

Sam turned from the door thoughtfully as he shut it behind the last departing guest. The children had already started for bed and Mary was fixing a candle for Rev. Williams to light his way to bed in the loft. "It was a good meetin', Parson, a good meetin'," he said.

"Yes," Rev. Williams agreed, "the people seemed eager to hear the Word. Centerpoint has grown in the last few years since I've been riding the circuit. It'll be almost big enough for a real church 'fore too long." He stifled a yawn with the back of his hand. "If that light's for me, Mary, I'll say good-night and turn in. I do believe I'm a mite tired."

"You just go right along," she said. "There's plenty of cover on your bed so you should sleep warm. Watch that John doesn't disturb you or crowd you out. Good night."

"Good-night, Mary—Samuel."

Later that night, Sam Morris lay looking at the shadowy shapes of the tree branches outside his window. There certainly had been a roomful of people tonight. Rev. Williams had been almost literally backed into the corner. Sam rolled over gently and settled himself into the furry softness of sleep. One last conscious thought touched his mind before he started the deep regular breathing that marked his slumber — Centerpoint was growing and would someday need a church.

The next morning there was a light sprinkling of snow on the ground a Sam shouldered his axe and cross-cut saw and set off up the hollow to a good stand of young oaks. They grew straight and tall and were for the most part of a fairly even size. Sam selected his first tree to fall in the narrow aisle between two other trees. He bent and fastened together two saplings growing in its path to serve as a cradle to break the fall and keep the trunk from splintering. With the easy accuracy of long experience, he sunk his axe into that side of the tree which faced the path of fall. With each bite of the axe a thick even chip flew from the notch until Sam's practiced eye told him the cut was large enough. Not many men could handle a cross-cut saw alone, but for Sam it was no trick at all. Smoothly he ran the long blade back and forth, cutting into the back of the tree a little above the notch on the opposite side. The coarse white sawdust sifted down from the thin cut and mixed with the snow. As the saw rode deeper and deeper into the heart of the trunk and came close to the inner edge of the notch, the tree shuddered, swayed and then fell straight into the place intended for it.

Branches were quickly trimmed off and the log roughly squared. By noontime there were close to a half dozen hewn logs waiting to be hauled out of the clearing.

As he entered the house for dinner, Mary gave him a quick smile of greeting and poured hot water into the washpan for him. "Lafe Saunders came over a little bit ago with a plow he wants mended. I told him to leave it in the shop and I'd tell you when you came in. I said I thought it was kinda early to be worryin' about fixin' busted plows, but he said he was just bringing it to you now to avoid the rush!"

Sam sloshed water on his face and groped for the towel hanging at the side of the washstand. "That sounds like Lafe," he said. "He always was a foresighted man. I'll look to that plow right after dinner."

Alice gingerly picked hot biscuits out of the pan and onto a plate and set them on the table. "Where were you this morning, Dad?" she asked. "When Mr. Saunders came I looked for you but I couldn't find you."

Sam took his place at the head of the table and waited for the others to take theirs before answering. "I was back in the hollow cuttin' down trees. I'll be back there a good bit from now on I 'spect, when there isn't too much work at the shop."

Mary looked at her husband inquiringly, then bent her head while he said grace. Automatically, when he had finished, her hands started filling plates and passing dishes to her children. "But why are you cutting logs now?" she asked. "We've got the house and the barn and plenty of room in both, the boys are married and each in his own house, so what more could you be wanting logs for?"

Sam chewed deliberately. He was head of the house and did not need to hurry to explain his actions to the rest of his family. They would have to wait until he was ready. "Rev. Williams said something last night that set me thinkin'," he said at last. "He said Centerpoint was growing and would soon need a church. Now that made sense to me, so this morning I went out and started cutting logs for the church."

Mary looked at him in astonishment. "You mean *you're* going to build a church? All by yourself? Just because Rev. Williams said that we'd need one someday! Well, I declare!"

Imperturbably Sam smeared his biscuit with apple jelly and ate it in two bites. "Didn't say I was goin' to build it. Just said I was hewin' logs for it. Mite of difference there."

"Did Rev. Williams ask you to build a church for him, Dad?" Alice asked.

"No, Rev. Williams didn't ask me to build a church; he didn't ask me to do anything. Now let's not have any more of this fussin' around. A man can't do a thing without havin' his womenfolks on his neck wantin' to know every little smidgen of his business. Pass the potatoes."

Mary's left eyebrow arched a fraction of an inch as she handed her husband the potatoes. That and the set of her lips was a sure sign to anyone who knew her that she was feeling stepped on. She said nothing more until the meal was over, then crisply ordered the girls to wash the dishes.

The churn was full of cream, so she set it in the middle of the floor and began to work the dasher with great energy. Sam watched her for a few minutes, then decided that perhaps he'd better make his peace since Mary had many devious ways of showing her displeasure.

"Mary," he said, "I'm hewin' logs so that when the time and weather is right we can build a church here in Centerpoint."

People have got to have religion, and it's gettin' hard for us to meet in each other's houses. Now if we had a church, Rev. Williams would have a regular place to preach, and not have to stand in a corner the way he did last night. By the way, what time did he leave this morning?"

"Right after breakfast. You'd already gone out."

"Well anyway, our kids are growing up and will be having kids of their own, same as everybody else around here, and they need to have a place where they can go and hear the Bible preached. Maybe if we have a church, we can even have a regular preacher some day. So since I've got a fine stand of oak back there, and nothin' extra important to do right now, I thought I'd just cut a few logs now and then so's we'll have 'em when the time comes."

Mary softened, slowing the action of the dasher to suit her changed mood. "That's a wonderful idea, Sam. I acted kinda snippy and I'm ashamed of myself. Reckon a woman just wants to know what all's goin' on in her house."

Sam shrugged into his heavy work coat and buttoned it up. "S'pose I'd better get that plow fixed for Lafe before he starts houndin' me to get it done."

For the next several weeks Sam worked up in the hollow whenever he could spare the time from blacksmithing and other winter work around the farm. As he finished three or four logs, he hitched the horses to them and dragged them up behind the barn. Before too long there were enough logs piled behind the Morris barn to build a sizeable church.

One evening after the younger children had been put to bed, Sam and Mary and the older girls sat before the fire. Mary held a round basket piled high with socks to be darned, neatly weaving her thread back and forth over a hole until the sock was good as new. Janie followed her mother's example and Alice was curled in the corner by the chimney, drawing on her slate and humming a little song to herself. Sam's huge but deft hands cradled a pen knife and small chunk of white pine. Gently he turned the wood, cutting and shaping with the knife until the rough outline of a horse grew under his fingers. There was a light knock at the door, and Mary looked questioningly at her husband. It was repeated and Sam laid down his carving and went to see who their caller was.

A stranger stood on the doorstep, a small stocky man with warm brown eyes. "Are you Sam Morris?" he asked.

"I am," Sam answered him. "Come in and set by the fire. An open doorway's no place to talk."

"Thank you." The stranger stepped inside and removed his hat. "My name is Jess Snyder and I've bought the old Morgan place up at the head of the next hollow. I'm fixin' to move my wife and kids down here as soon as I get it fixed up so's it's tight."

"That old place is pretty run down, but there's good land up there." Sam led his visitor to a chair in the circle around the

hearth. "The house ought to be in pretty fair shape, but that barn was about ready to go the last time I saw it."

"That's why I've taken the liberty of coming to see you," Mr. Snyder said. "I was able to get the farm because it was in poor condition and the heirs wanted to get rid of it now that the old people have died. There really isn't any barn now. The roof caved in evidently a long time ago and since then someone has carried off the biggest part of the main wall. Used it for firewood, I reckon."

"It always was more of a shed backed up against the hill than anything else," Sam recalled. "Old man Morgan wasn't too interested in farming, so the story goes, and I think he just mostly hunted and trapped a little. They left right after people started movin' in here, and we never heard much of them after that. Only thing he did do was build a pretty solid house, and I'd guess it was his wife that saw to that."

"Well, it's mine now, at any rate," Snyder said. "And that brings me to why I'm here. I was talking to one of the boys that stopped in this afternoon and I told him about having a problem with no barn. He said you might be able to help me out. Something about a pile of logs already hewed?"

Mary watched her husband intently. "Well-l-l, yes, I do have some logs hewed and ready," he said slowly, "But I had cut 'em for a pretty definite purpose."

Their visitor smiled slightly. "I don't suppose a man would do that unless he had something in mind to use 'em for. I'd hoped I might be able to buy 'em from you. Otherwise I guess I'll not have a place to put my stock until I get some cut myself. We've sold our old home and have to move first of next week. But I reckon everything will work out all right. Sorry to have troubled you — I should have known you wouldn't want to sell."

Jess Snyder picked up his hat and coat and started for the door.

"Wait a minute," Sam stopped him. "A man's stock has got to have a roof to sleep under same as he has. I've got a crazy dream of seeing Centerpoint with a real church, but I reckon dreams have to wait sometimes. I'll give you the logs; stop by tomorrow morning and we'll dicker for 'em."

"Thank you, Mr. Morris, I'll do that," Jess Snyder said with sincerity. He shook his host's hand, tipped his hat to the women, and took his leave.

His family looked at Sam silently as he closed the door and walked slowly to the fireplace.

"All right, girls," Mary resumed her darning. "It's getting late and you'll be up early in the morning." Janie put her work-basket on the table, Alice laid aside her slate and both left the room.

Mary crossed the width of the hearth to her husband. She took Sam's huge hand in both of hers — a gesture unfamiliar in the undemonstrative Morris home — and squeezed it gently.

"Samuel," she said, "isn't there still a good stand of oak back in the hollow?"

"Yes, Mary," he smiled back, "I reckon there is."

Again when Sam could spare a minute from his fields and work, he turned to his dream of building a church. He had confided his project to Rev. Williams the last time the circuit rider had come through Centerpoint, and his ambition had been blessed. For the second time the sound of his axe was heard in the hollow, and slowly as winter crept by, there grew another pile of logs behind the barn.

"Now when the weather gets right and before everyone gets busy with spring plantin', we'll lay us up a church." Sam nodded his head with satisfaction and put away his axe and saw.

And then one morning when there was something in the air that hinted Spring was not too far off, Ben Collins drove his wagon into the yard and walked into the smithy where Sam was hammering a piece of glowing metal into the exact shape he wanted.

"Howdy, Ben, howdy," he said warmly. "I do believe old man winter's about broke his back."

"I reckon you haven't heard the news," Ben said without wasting time.

"What news is that? I haven't heard anything recent."

"Gram and Gramp Walker's house burnt down last night. They're tellin' that there was a hole in the chimney, and a spark caught it after they'd gone to bed." Ben lowered his voice. "Don't let on, but I figure they had a runaway slave hid in the loft and he kicked the candle over. I'd swear I saw a pair of eyes peerin' at me from the barn when I went over. That's none of my business, though. The important thing is that the whole house is gone. Gramp said the roof fell in while he was standin' in the yard tryin' to get his britches on."

"Well, I declare!" Sam shook his head in sympathy. "I kinda doubt that slave business, but either way it happened, it's too bad. Didn't they save nothin' at all?"

"No, and I say they're plumb lucky to have got out themselves without being burnt up. They hiked it across the field to my place and woke us up. Belle put 'em to bed while the boys and I went over to see if there was anything we could do, but it was gone clear to the ground. I've been kinda scoutin' around among all the folks here this morning to see if we couldn't all pitch in and help 'em out."

"Why sure," Sam agreed heartily. He dropped the now cold piece of iron he'd been working on and started for the door. "What do they need most that I can give 'em?" he asked.

"Anything in the way of clothes and household goods, I guess. Course they'll need a new house, but that'll have to wait until we can get some logs cut and then get together for a house-raisin'."

Sam slowed his walk. For a long moment he wrestled with himself. Could he give up his dream a second time? But people were homeless, and that would have to crowd dreams out for the present.

"Why there won't be any need to wait," he said. "Get your men together and we'll raise 'em a house. I've enough logs hewed for a good house and then some. Go pass the word; I'll hitch up the team and start draggin' 'em over to the Walker place."

And so it was that the next day every man, woman and child of Centerpoint gathered to help lay up a new home for Gram and Gramp Walker. The old couple were almost pathetically grateful as they stood in the door of their new home. Friends had contributed a chair here and a few dishes there until the house was comparatively well furnished.

Mary tucked her hand into her husband's arm as the wagon jolted its way home that evening. "I was right proud of you, Samuel," she said. "I know how much building the church meant to you."

"Well, maybe the Lord doesn't want a church just yet," he philosophized. "I'll give it one more try, and then I'll call it quits. Surely nothing else can happen now!"

Spring came, and with it a new baby for the Morris household. They named him Eli, and moved the "old baby" Henry out of the cradle so the new one could have it.

Summer followed swiftly and there was corn to hoe and hay to cut, and for Sam there were also tools and wagons to mend that work might go on for the valley uninterrupted. Fall brought the harvest and then as the days cooled and the nights grew longer, there came a time when a man could stop and catch his breath before turning to the next job. There had been little time to spend in the oak hollow during the summer, but Sam had managed to steal an hour and a few minutes there so that his dream might stay alive. With the heavy rush of summer work over, there was more time to work on other things besides wagon wheels and double shovel plows. For the third time Sam made the hollow ring with the sound of his axe. This time, as the logs were cut and trimmed, there was no one who came with a need of them.

By now, Sam's dream was known and shared by all of Centerpoint. The day-to-day progress was eagerly noted, and others in the community made efforts to do their share of contributing to their future church.

Autumn was whispering her crisp warnings of winter when the church-raising party gathered to lay up their place of worship close to where Stony Creek made a deep bend on its way to the Ohio. The women spread a huge dinner for their men out under the trees, and the children scuttled gleefully here and there at the bidding of the workers.

The first snow had spread a sample of her woolly blankets by the time Rev. Williams made his next visit to the community

to dedicate and hold the first service in the Centerpoint Church. This was a long awaited occasion and every family for miles around had come by horseback or wagon to the newly erected house of worship.

Sam Morris lingered outside after his family had gone in to take their seats and visit with neighbors before the service began. There was happiness for a dream realized and pride in a task well done shining in Sam's blue eyes. The church was sturdy and tight, longer that it was wide, and with plenty of room for the congregation. Centerpoint now had a focal point and a true center point.

The light from the windows was golden on the snow; when the door opened briefly, Sam could see Gram Walker's tall candles burning on the altar. Everyone had gone in now, and the service was about ready to start as Sam entered and slid into his seat beside Mary and the children.

The congregation rose to sing the first hymn, and Sam let out his deep bass exuberantly. About the second stanza, he became conscious that Barney Foster, Lem's oldest son, was not only sitting on the front row, but was boasting about his strength to all those around him and to the utter disregard of the disturbance he was creating. Barney was a hulking brawny individual with a great amount of brute strength, which he was proud of and fond of showing off, but little else to his credit.

Sam's irritation grew as young Foster kept up his bragging and horsing around through the rest of the first hymn and the second. Finally, at the close of the last stanza, Rev. Williams became sufficiently provoked to turn a stern eye on the offender and say, "Young man, I'm going to have to ask you to keep from bothering others around you."

Barney stared insolently at the minister. "Now Parson, let's not get riled up here," he drawled. "I'd hate for you to start somethin' you couldn't finish. Somebody might get hurt and you wouldn't want that, now would you?"

Sam had quietly risen from his seat and was moving unnoticed up the aisle. The Foster boy was rocked back on his heels, hands in pockets, and defiant head thrown back. "You know, Parson, I've never been bested in a fight, and most people kinda respect me," he was saying.

Sam Morris reached out one hand and took a huge handful of Barney's neck, shirt and coat collar. He effortlessly hoisted him high in the air, the younger man's feet dangling ridiculously. "Now son," Sam told him, at the same time anchoring the grip of his other hand at the seat of Barney's pants, "I reckon there's some things you should learn."

Steadily he walked back down the aisle with the struggling braggart in his hands. "This here is a house of God and a place of worship." He kicked open the door to the outside, paused a moment, "Come back when you can act accordin'," and tossed his burden into a snow bank.

Quietly Sam closed the door and tip-toed back to his seat. The candles glowed serenely at the altar; Rev. Williams raised his hands and there was quiet reverence as the congregation bowed their heads. Sam sat humbly while the minister made his prayer for the people of Centerpoint. Peace and well-being filled his heart. Very cautiously he slipped his hand over Mary's slim fingers and felt the quick squeeze she gave him.

"Jesus said, 'Upon this rock will I build my church,'" Rev. Williams intoned. "Let us come into the house of the Lord and worship. Amen."

MY BEACH

MARION JENKINSON '58

I squat on my heels in the cold grainy sand,
Where the sea marches in to spit on the land,
And my finger slowly traces a line
In the sand, on this beach which I please to call mine.

I squint to the north and follow the shore
And I lean on my knees to see a space more.
Then I turn to my right as southward I peer,
My vision is distant—far horizons appear.

I stretch on my stomach and cover my face,
Then I know this small beach in its rightful place,
As I think of the thousands of miles of shore
Which time and conveyance forbid me explore.

Yet I still wander 'round on my corner of land,
And I play with some shells in the palm of my hand,
Till I find one small shell more brilliant and such,
And I think I am great to accomplish so much.

A WALK

DAVID SCHNEIDER '58

We walked, our steel heelplates
Echoed
Sharply
In the evening air.

Fields, scattered houses and forests
Silently
Surrounded
On every side.

We talked, then sang, the rhythm
Coincided
Always
With our steps.

Brown is such a drab color, she said,
Just
Adding
To the conversation.

The sound of her voice faded, my mind
Wandered
Easily
To thoughts of her.

Here was freshness, waiting like new-turned earth
Life-giving
God-revealing
Until the spring.

And joy, like that of a child
Clinging
Ardently
To a chocolate cone.

Our hand-clasp tightened, her head
Tossed
Freely
In the night.

The breeze parted her hair as the moon
Passed
Gently
Through brown beauty.

The brown glow of love from her eyes
Walked
Poundingly
On my heart.

A BEGINNING

TOM PACKER '60

Prose and poetry are often light,
Especially the kind that Freshmen write.

So here's a poem, a freshman verse,
It's not too good, but could be worse.

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