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The Vehicle, 1962, Vol. 4

Larry Price

Pauline B. Smith

Linda Campbell

Eric Crooks

Benjamin Polk

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Larry Price, Pauline B. Smith, Linda Campbell, Eric Crooks, Benjamin Polk, James Wilhelm, Jean Ellen Danenbarger, Jan Holstlaw, Richard Glasson, Mary-Jean Pitrat, David Schwarz, Janice Brooks, Myra Edman, Gale Crouse, Sheran Broadway, and Christine E. McColl

the
1962
Vehicle

Vol. 4

THE VEHICLE

Eastern Illinois University
Charleston, Illinois

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CHRISTINE McCOLL

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Art Editor

Douglas Koertge

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*Illustrations for the winning short story
and poem created by Douglas Koertge.*

Mileposts . . .

THIS YEAR . . .

This year, as in the past, *The Vehicle* has been published so that creative writers at Eastern may have a chance to "break into print."

The staff was pleased at the enthusiastic response to its call for material, and once again, was glad to work with Sigma Tau Delta, the honorary English fraternity, in sponsoring the literary contest. We of the staff hope that in the future more and more aspiring writers will submit their material to us. The success of *The Vehicle* rests in your hands; we urge you to write!

* * * * *

EDITOR . . .

Miss Christine McColl, editor of the 1962 *Vehicle*, is one of Eastern's most active and creative students.

An English major, Miss McColl has been a contributor to past issues of *The Vehicle*. Her poetry has also appeared in the *Annual Anthology of College Poetry*.

Her adaptations of American and English literature have been performed by Eastern's Readers' Theatre Guild, both in the theater and on the Guild's biweekly radio show.

Although Miss McColl does not plan to make a career of writing, she will undoubtedly continue her literary endeavors.

* * * * *

ART EDITOR . . .

Douglas Koertge, the art editor for the 1962 *Vehicle*, is a sophomore speech major-English minor from Olney, Illinois. Art, for Doug, is "more a hobby than anything else," but his artistic talent, as displayed in numerous posters—especially those for the last two plays, *E.U.R.* and *Angel Street*—is known campus-wide.

Doug plans to teach speech in high school for a few years after graduation, then go on to graduate school and eventually teach speech in a university.

Doug's outside activities include English Club, Eastern Players, oral interpretation, Student Senate, and Union Board.

WINNIE DAVIS NEELY . . .

The Winnie Davis Neely award is presented each year to the author of the best entry in the Sigma Tau Delta-Vehicle Literary Contest, as chosen by the judges. The Memorial Fund, in memory of Winnie Davis Neely, former member of Eastern's English Department who died in 1952, was established by her friends on the faculty, alumni, and members of Sigma Tau Delta.

The memory of Miss Neely's interest in creative writers and her unceasing encouragement of their literary efforts will continue to inspire all potential authors at Eastern Illinois University.

* * * * *

THE WINNIE DAVIS NEELY AWARD . . .

Larry Price, winner in the prose division of the Sigma Tau Delta-Vehicle Literary Contest and also winner of the Winnie Davis Neely award, came upon the inspiration for his short story "The Search" far from his native Mattoon.

The junior geography major has for the last three summers worked in Alaska. It was during the summer of 1959 that he discovered an abandoned miner's cabin. The cabin had apparently been vacant since 1929 and contained the remnants of the work of its last inhabitant—traps, a gold pan, and broken pieces of furniture.

"I got to feeling how it would be living in a cabin like that. I got the idea there."

Price, who likes to write "just because I want to," plans to continue to write. "I also plan to improve," he said.

* * * * *

FIRST PRIZE POETRY . . .

Miss Jan Holstlaw, who is poetry division winner, has been writing since the 9th grade. She is a junior English major from Decatur.

Poetry constitutes Miss Holstlaw's main creative writing interest. "When I feel something very strongly, I can't leave it at that—I have to put it down."

"My poetry is written for me alone; I'm reluctant to let anyone else read it. In fact, I entered the contest reluctantly."

Miss Holstlaw's winning entry "The Gift" was composed after she spent an evening typing another student's poetry. "I thought that I should write a poem, so I did."

* * * * *

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS . . .

Our thanks to Dr. Donald Alter, Dr. Kevin Guinagh, and Dr. Robert White, judges of the Sigma Tau Delta-Vehicle Literary Contest, for the time they gave so generously and for their cogent criticism; to Ken Hesler and Dr. Emma Shepherd, advisers; to C. E. Schumacher, our patient and helpful printer.

Special acknowledgement to Esther Baker, graduate assistant, who not only encouraged and advised us but also gave freely and unselfishly of her time. We are grateful.



The Winnie Davis Neely Award

First Prize Short Story

The Search

Larry Price

A bull moose, standing belly deep in water lilies at the edge of the clear blue lake, stood motionless, listening. From above came a faint buzzing sound. With head held high, he listened intently as the buzzing grew steadily into a low-pitched whine, then into a solid roar. He could not place it among his world of sounds, but as it began to fade, the moose indifferently lowered his head and began feeding again.

The pilot of the bush plane droning overhead was not interested in the moose. He had seen hundreds of them over the years. He saw them every day. They always came out to feed along the shallow lake shores in the evening. However, he did make a mental note of the lake. His expert eyes took in the small, half-moon shaped island, close to the western shore, and the Susitna River, whose waters foamed white only a short mile from the lake. Was that a cabin in the clearing along the river? No, he would surely have noticed it before now if it was. He was right on course. Twenty more minutes and he would be at Cooper's Landing.

His mind gradually slipped back into its groove of thought. He was unaware that deadly ice was slowly accumulating in and around the carburetor, constricting the life-giving flow of gasoline. He was thinking far away. He was on his grandfather's farm back in Illinois. He could still see the old heifers coming up the lane at milking time with their udders and teats swinging from side to side. He could still hear the snorting of the hogs and his granddad yelling,

"Soouuie! Soouuie! Soouuie, piggie." And he remembered his mother, and the bitterness—the promise that he had made to find his father. He had not given up. He still held a little of the old hatred.

Suddenly he was brought back to the present as the Stinson's 190-horsepower Lycoming began laboring. His keen ears instantly noted the muffled sound of the engine, and he yanked the carburetor heat knob to its extreme position. He was alert now, ready for anything, and his weathered face broke into a slight grimace as he uttered disgustedly, "Damn! here I go again."

Steve Spoon, the pilot and sole occupant of the single engine plane, was a wiry, six-foot-two veteran bush pilot, who had earned the reputation and title of "crackerjack." His name was legend in Alaska. He had been flying for only eight years, but already he was known, from the rainy southeastern coast to the barren arctic slope, as a man with uncanny judgment of distance and unequalled flying skill. It seemed that he was born to fly. It just came naturally. He had the touch, the instinct, that certain something called "feel." It couldn't be taught to you—you simply have to have it. When he was flying, he was happy.

He was one of the only men in the north country who had ever landed above 10,000 feet on Mt. McKinley. He had landed there once to pick up a mountain climber who had broken a leg. And there were many times he had flown mercy missions, flying into small lakes where other pilots refused to go. Many times he had taken chances and risked his life. He had landed on rotten ice, deep snow, on glaciers with gaping crevices, and sloping sandbars studded with boulders. He had flown through weather that was so thick you could almost cut it with a knife. He had skimmed under fog ceilings of 100 feet and had never taken time to consider the danger. Some said that he had never been "socked in" in his life—not if somebody's life depended on it. Then there were others who said he was a damn crazy fool and that he'd kill himself sure. They might be right. A fellow couldn't go on forever. His luck was bound to run out some day. But it had held out this long, and he had built himself into a legend—a real living legend.

The four-place, pontoon-equipped plane was rapidly losing flying speed and altitude. Its shadow slipped bird-like over the rugged terrain below while Steve worked frantically

to get the engine operating again and to keep the craft airborne. But the altimeter needle continued to wind counterclockwise. A crash landing seemed inevitable. Steve glanced out the plexiglass window again, hoping against hope that a lovely long lake would suddenly materialize below him, but he had already made his decision. The only possible landing place was a shallow "pothole" lake ahead and slightly to the left. He might be able to reach it, but it was small, smaller than he had ever tried before. Just a few hundred yards and he would be on it. He had to make it. The blue drop of water came nearer, and the jutting spruce timber bordering the lake seemed almost even with the airplane. Then the plane stalled. He quickly pushed forward on the wheel to regain flying speed. The ill-fated aircraft responded sluggishly, but it had lost precious altitude and was now on the tree tops. He felt a sickening thud as the reaching trees punctured the Irish linen fabric of the fuselage and tore at the tail. He breath was jerked violently from him as the safety belt caught him about his stomach. The last thing he saw was the water coming rapidly up to meet him.

The leading edges of the pontoon struck water first, but at too great an angle to recover. They ploughed through the water, sending up great spumes of spray. It seemed for one short space of time that the plane might settle back onto the long aluminum floats, but momentum carried the plane forward, causing it to settle upside down.

It was an awkward position Steve found himself in when all movement had stopped, but he was alive and, seemingly, unhurt. He was sitting upside down with his feet propped against the instrument panel, and his weight on the safety belt made it impossible to loosen. He cut it with his pocket knife, using a sawing action on the tough webbed material until it broke, and he fell joltingly to the ceiling. His head struck a glancing blow on the knurled metal knob of the trim tabs located directly above the pilot's seat. Blood slowly trickled down his forehead. With his right hand he wiped at the blood. A faint trace of a smile crossed his lips. He had won again.

Water was beginning to leak into the cabin, so he quickly reached for the survival kit taped underneath the seat and felt in the glove compartment for his .357-magnum revolver, which was always kept in the airplane. When he stepped out onto the bottom side of the wing, water was already

above his city loafers. The plane was slowly sinking. He threw the metal box containing the emergency survival equipment and the revolver to shore only a few feet away, then ducked his head back into the cabin to see if he could find anything else that would be of use. He snatched his hip boots and rain jacket and swam to shore.

Shedding his wet clothing, he hung the soaked garments on spruce bows to dry; then he took mental stock of the situation. It wasn't too serious. The plane was a total loss; that was certain. There was nothing he could do about it now except watch it sink. Stipan Lake had been under his left wing only 10 minutes before, so that would put him approximately 50 miles due east of the Anchorage-Fairbanks Railroad. It would be a full three days' walk. Food was no particular problem, because the survival rations were packed to last two men seven days. And there were always the berries. They were ripe now. It gave him a comforting feeling to know that if everything went well, he would be in Ma Franklin's road house drinking black coffee and eating sourdough hot-cakes in only three or four days.

This was not the first time he had had to walk out of the bush country. It had happened before. It was beginning to be a game—just part of the big game of life. But deep down, Steve knew who would end up the winner. The wilderness always won. In the eight years he had been flying over this untamed Alaskan country, life or death had depended many times on just a minute or two one way or the other. But after a while he accepted these incidents as just part of the job. He was a pilot.

Steve Spoon was 29 years old. He had come to Alaska 12 years before, right after his mother had died. He had come north full of vengeance for his mother's death. The years had worn thin this hate, though, and he was not sure it mattered any more. But it did at first, because he had not liked this bitter Alaskan country, and all that kept him here those first months was the promise that he had made at his mother's death-bed. The one thing in the world that she wanted was for her son to see his father.

The thing that Steve could never understand at first was that his mother still loved the guy. How could she still love a man who had deserted her while she was carrying his unborn child? She had told him the story many times; how his father had left for Alaska right after they had been married

only a few months, how he was going to strike it rich and then send for her. She had waited, and waited, for him to send for her, but after a few letters that first year, she never heard another word—nothing.

Steve's first job had been in a salmon cannery at Valdez, then came the two winters spent trapping on the McClaren River, the summers of prospecting, and, finally, his first acquaintance with an airplane. It was then that his life really began—the first time he had ever been completely happy. It was only an insignificant job, helping around the airstrip, gassing and washing airplanes, but since then airplanes had become everything he lived for. It was a disease. Everything he breathed or talked was airplanes. Finally he had realized his dream of owning his own private plane. Eventually came the present charter flying service.

The years in Alaska had been good to him, and he had gradually come to love this big land, but he never found his father. He had located a few people who had known his father at one time, and he had traced down fruitless leads, but had found nothing. He continued to search, though. He was confident that some day, somehow, he would find him. He could almost visualize how it would be. They would meet and he would shake hands with his father and say, "Hello, Dad, I'm your son." Then he would punch the son-of-a-bitch in the face, and tell him to get up off the ground and fight the baby that had been left in his mother's womb but was now grown into a man and was going to beat the hell out of him.

After his clothing had dried, he made a crude back pack out of limbs and rope to carry the equipment he had salvaged. It would be a long journey, and he would need everything he was taking along. West was the direction he had to walk—west toward the sea. He was not lost. Actually there was little danger of getting lost, because all he had to do was follow the Susitna River, which pushed its treacherous waters from the formidable Alaskan Range to the Bering Sea. Steve chuckled to himself as he adjusted the clumsy pack on his shoulders. He had always heard that there were three things you had to have if you planned to survive in the wilderness: good footgear, a warm sleeping bag, and a dependable rifle. He did not have any of these things. His shoes were city loafers. He had no sleeping bag at all, and instead of a rifle he had a revolver. He was not worried, but he didn't fool himself into thinking it would be easy. He

knew better than that—it would be a trying ordeal. The wilderness was no place for the weak.

The long hours of daylight were gone now in late August. Autumn was beginning. Snow was starting to creep farther down the distant mountains with the passing of every day. Winter was not far away. As he walked towards the dying sun, he noticed the things about him. He had seen it all before, but it seemed new and different now. He was seeing the beauty of autumn for the first time. The buck brush burning with myriad golds, browns, and reds. The birch and cottonwood trees splashing bright against the dark background of spruce. And the berries: blackberries, salmon-berries, blue-berries, low-bush cranberries. The ptarmigan were splotched with small areas of white—their winter camouflage was already beginning. And Parka squirrels, indignant from his intrusion in their domain, squeaked their alarm back and forth to one another before ducking into the safety of their dens. Steve was elated. He had completely forgotten his narrow escape now. This was his land—his Alaska. He walked with an eager spring in his steps.

In the evening he came to a splendid valley. From where he stood, spruce, cottonwood, birch, and alder trees blanketed the valley floor, and their multicolored leaves shining in the slanting sun made quite an impressive view. The Susitna cut its rushing way through the undulating valley, and beyond the river rose the jack-hammered, snow-covered peaks of the Talkeetna Mountains. He could not see it, but he knew that Stipan Lake was only a short distance to his right.

He walked down to the river with a light heart. It would be good to hear the rushing water as he slept, he decided.

He was almost upon the cabin before he noticed its tin roof faintly reflecting the late evening sun. "Well, dog-gone," he said aloud, "there was a cabin here. Funny I never noticed it before." There was something about a deserted cabin in the wilderness that had always allured and fascinated Steve. An almost child-like feeling of adventure and discovery filled him as he approached the lonely structure. The cabin was small, but too large to be a shack on a trap line. It was approximately 10 by 12 feet, constructed of peeled spruce logs, notched to fit, laid horizontally, and adzed smooth on the front. The roof was covered with cor-

rugated tin, which was rusted in spots, and there was a hole cut in the south side where a stove pipe used to fit.

When Steve pushed open the door, he was smacked with such a shock that his entire body seemed to wince. On a make-shift bed in the far side of the cabin lay a skeleton—the bones of a man. It was the framework of a huge man. The flesh had long since rotted and decomposed, and the bones were bleached white from age and the perennial come-and-go of the seasons, but he had been a big man. Gold fillings in the teeth still shone from the protruding jaw-bone, which was disconnected and had fallen to an awkward position. Steve stepped back.

The sky was slowly clouding over in the west. It would rain that night, probably hard. He could feel it. He did not relish the idea of sleeping in the cabin with the hoary remains of this man on the bed, but it was foolishness, he told himself, to do anything else. He propped open the door, which swung on three moose-hide hinges, and prepared himself for the chore of making the cabin livable. On the dirt floor were scattered scraps of wood lying about, and the old Yukon stove, although rusty and loose from age, still seemed serviceable. He built a fire, and the warmth penetrated and felt good. The mountains had blocked the sinking sun. Nights were always cold on this side of the Susitna watershed.

Cobwebs had grown profusely from the ceiling and in every corner of the room. Steve brushed furiously as though fighting them. He had always hated spider webs. They seemed to be choking the life out of whatever they touched. They were a sign of ruin and decay.

Miscellaneous items lay scattered about the place; there were a half-full container of kerosene, a still-sharp broad axe, jars filled with matches, needles, fishhooks, paraffin, and string, several magazines dated during the early months of 1934; and in the corner, hanging from pegs on the wall, were traps—muskrat to beaver size, to one huge monster, a bear trap with jagged jaws powered by thick, rolled-steel leaf springs which took two men to compress. Steve had seen only one other like it, and that was in the museum at Fairbanks. They had been declared illegal for many years now.

The diary did not look like a diary; in fact it was just a lined tablet. He almost discarded it on the pile of rubbish that he was building for fire-food, when he noticed the faded, faint letters on the cover. The book was dated 1935. The

pages had turned yellow from age, but the writing was still legible. He sat down and started reading with awe, glancing only fleetingly at the bones of the departed author.

The writings were sketchy but vivid, and he was able to construct a clear picture in his mind's eye of what had happened. The first half of the book was filled with the commonplace happenings of a lonely man in the wilderness: an earthquake, an encounter with a grizzly or, worse still, a wolverine, a freak snowstorm in the early summer, or an especially good day at the diggings. Things that were all an intimate part of this man's solitary life in the wild.

The last date in the diary was August 9; the few pages following were not dated. An incredible account it was indeed. Some of the writing was blurred and distorted, but he made it out the best he could. It had all started with the day at the diggings when the sluice-box collapsed. It seemed that some sort of heavy pole had struck the back of the man's neck as it was falling. It did not bother him much at first, because the pain was slow in coming, but when it came, it was almost unbearable. The next morning the pain was gone—vanished, but to his surprise his legs could not be manipulated. They were numb. He could move his hands and upper extremities, but not his legs. They were paralyzed. They became a ball and chain, anchoring him to the immediate vicinity of the cabin. He had to drag himself about by the sheer strength of his arms whenever he moved.

Death came slowly but surely. His food supply was soon exhausted, and he became too weak to crawl for water. He was bedfast. It was soon after this that he had noticed the insects at his feet—blow flies. For one day only he managed to move enough to keep them off his crippled limbs; then he just lay there, motionless, waiting. He watched them swarm above and about his head, hating them. He even tried counting them to amuse himself, but finally gave up. He was going to die. He had seen blow flies at work before. They laid eggs, and the eggs turned into white, wiggling, worm-like creatures, called maggots. He felt no pain, but he was aware of them. He could sense them—almost feel them moving about at their grisly work. He became aware of a definite stench in the air.

The 32-20 Colt revolver lay on a wooden stool close by his bed. It was an extreme effort, but he reached for the weapon and after several attempts succeeded in cocking the

hammer. He placed it on his chest, then lay breathless, gazing down the barrel, counting the lanes and grooves. The writing in the diary ended.

Steve swung his face around and forced himself to look at the gruesome sight for a long minute. A hole the size of a silver dollar gaped in the back of the skull. The revolver, now coated with rust, was lying below on the earth floor. All that was left was a skeleton—decayed and worthless bones. Tears welled into Steve's eyes. Just as he had had trouble forcing himself to look at the pitiful remains of this man before, now he couldn't tear his eyes away. He kept staring and saying over and over again, "This is all? This is all there is? This is all?"

Rain spattered its first huge drops on the metal roof and steadily increased until the roar of the river was drowned out by the steady downpour. Steve abruptly arose. He was like a man in a daze. He automatically shouldered his backpack, and stepped hesitantly out the door. The first gusty swirls soaked him to the skin, except for the small area covered by the pack, which contained his raincoat. "I should put it on," he thought, but he continued walking aimlessly through the darkness.

It was several hours later when he returned to the warmth of the cabin. Exhausted, he shed his drenched clothes and fell asleep on the dirt floor. He did not even think of the dead man.

Daylight was only a pale promise when he awoke the next morning. The rain had stopped and he was impatient to be on his way. He buried the pitiful remains of the man in the shallow grave he had dug the night before in the rain. Two precious hours were spent carving out the words of the epitaph on a simple but sturdy cross: "Frank Spoon—Born 1914—Died 1935." With a round boulder, he drove the stake into the mossy earth. He uttered a short prayer, and the job was done. As he arose from his knees, wiping the earth from his hands onto the front of his trousers, he said, "I was wrong, Dad." He fixed the packboard high on his shoulders, then stood looking down at the grave. "I understand why now," he said, and began walking west. He did not look back.

If We Should Meet

Pauline B. Smith

If we should meet upon a distant shore,
Forgetting then, would each the other greet?
Or hold close the pain that passed before?
Once reason conquered, and by her feat
Our hopes in words unspilled were sealed
By walls that upward grew to hold apart
The waters of a flood, vast but stilled,
Imprisoned in chambers of the heart,
Whose mysteries the wisest men confound.

Hopes shaped by nebulous stuff of dreams,
Grow strong nourished by wishes profound
And press upon the dams of swelling streams.
Should Cupid's dart pierce this ballast grand,
Warmly would we speak, in this or any land.

Sonnet No. 1

Linda Campbell

The gold circlets that bind our love, my Dear,
And make our fortunes true, will ever bind
My heart, my Love, and keep my fondness near,
For love is like your ring whose end we find
In its beginning; so no trying day
Can come between our love and us. And we
Shall rise up in our love, and, so, we may
Continue rising like, as we do see,
The golden spiral that was Dante's hell.
Or, like the rainbow reaching high to bend
Low touching both the earth and heaven well,
Love does ever heaven and earth enblend.
Yet, I can't love always, but, as a chime,
I can love you one moment at a time.

Snowflakes

Pauline B. Smith

Infinite designs in feathery fluff,
Myriad crystals of gossamer stuff,
Evanescent, minute, they sail to earth,
Down spilled from a giant puff;
Raindrops imprisoned in cold white coats,
Shaken and tossed like tiny boats
In wavy wind swirls that make them float
Profusely in winter's kaleidoscope.

Briefly their panorama is seen,
Fleeting as phenomena of a dream;
Their coming unpredicted and unsought,
Their wonder awesome as by magic wrought.

Encounter in the Void

Eric Crooks

The young Japanese soldier had been running for what seemed an eternity. His breath rasped in and out of his throat and his feet were like blocks of lead.

The young Japanese was named Toshio Yazaki. He had been a corporal in a howitzer crew until the day before. Then his gun had been overrun by the Americans and Toshio, the only survivor of the short fight, had fled. He had no illusions. He knew that death was inevitable. All that remained now was to find a suitable place

* * *

Toshio Yazaki's enemies were tired, also. Six days of struggling through unbelievably dense jungles, digging Japanese out of caves and dugouts, and the debilitating fear and strain had taken their toll. Three hundred men had been killed and approximately 1,000 wounded. Another 200 were out with malaria, dengue fever, and yellow jaundice.

Even though the Carolina Islands were officially secured, several hundred Japanese stragglers remained at large. Ragged, half-starved, diseased, they still had that savage fanaticism which made a poor soldier a fierce enemy.

* * *

Toshio Yazaki climbed steadily into the hills on the western end of Tagooma Island. He went through a battlefield, passing the bodies of men he had known and served with. The men had been dead for three days and their smell filled Toshio's head as he walked past them.

Toshio flung himself into his walking until he reached the top of a hill. He sat down wearily against a tree, a thin young man with haunted eyes, eyes sunk deep into his skull, eyes that spoke of horrors both seen and imagined.

Dragging his mind from its horrid recollections, Toshio checked his few remaining possessions: a ragged khaki uniform, a cap, a pair of battered shoes, a long-barreled Arisaka rifle, a bayonet and three clips of cartridges. He also had malaria, jungle ulcers, and his hands shook most of the time. Toshio no longer cared about dying for the Emperor, but something kept him heading toward the hills for a last mo-

ment of violence. He did not know why he had to die, but in the back of his mind he knew that he would.

* * *

Sergeant Francisco Remella's squad was typical of most squads in the American landing force. It was down to eight men, with two of those men replacements. Of the entire squad, Remella really trusted only two: Casimir Mirowski, a Pennsylvania coal miner and Hawthorne Lawrence, a Creek Indian from Oklahoma. The rest of the men were uncertain, Remella felt.

Remella, a tall, very dark young man, looked up now to see Lieutenant Michaels slogging toward him through the mud.

"Great news, Remella. Captain's got a patrol for you."

Remella waved a hand at the dark range of hills lying to the west. "Up in there, no doubt?"

Michaels nodded. "Not too far, though. There are supposed to be demoralized Jap stragglers running around, begging to be knocked off. According to the experts back at Division, anyway." Michaels turned to leave, then stopped and looked at Remella. "You were an English teacher back in Los Angeles, weren't you, Remella?"

Remella grinned. "Yes, sir."

Ferguson shook his head. "I was a soda-jerk in Kenosha, Wisconsin, trying to figure out what in the hell I wanted to do. I don't know if I've come up in the world or gone down. All kidding aside, be careful tomorrow. Those Japs are disorganized, not demoralized. Shove off early."

"Right."

Remella turned away and sat down on the edge of his foxhole. So it's finally reached the mop-up stage. The dirtiest part of all. Guys think they're going to live through it and they get careless and get killed. If I was back in L.A., I'd be teaching in some nice, clean high school. I wouldn't be hungry and I wouldn't have nightmares. I'm old at 24 and there are millions of Japs still eager to fight.

He stood up and headed for Casimir Mirowski's foxhole to talk over tomorrow's patrol.

In the hills, Toshio Yazaki lay dreaming. He was lying under a huge tree and he was having a dream he had had before. In the dream Toshio and two other Japanese soldiers were crouched in a cave as an American patrol approached. Toshio was stretched behind a light machinegun. As the unsuspecting Americans came nearer to the cave, Toshio hissed, "Fire!" and squeezed the trigger. A thin stream of blood came from the barrel of the machinegun and Toshio was transfixed by amazement. The two men with him were somehow already dead. The Americans saw the cave now, and entered slowly, weapons held ready. The leader, a tall, dark man, stood over the frozen Toshio. He took a pistol from his belt and pointed it at Toshio's head—. Toshio awoke with a jerk, sweat pouring from his face. He reached for his rifle and saw that his hands were shaking again. He lurched to his feet and began walking, driven by something forcing him on, something he no longer understood or even thought about.

* * *

Morning always came quickly on Tangooma, the day suddenly materializing out of the primal blackness of the rain forest. Birds began howling and screeching and men felt as if it were safe to stir about again, now that the night had been banished for another 12 hours.

Sergeant Remella and his squad ate a breakfast of "C" rations, checked their weapons, and moved out. As they entered the stifling thickness of the jungle, conversation ceased. The patrol moved very slowly. As much as 10 minutes might elapse in rounding the bend in a trail, each man as his turn came, scurrying, bent almost double, around the bend as the other men covered him.

* * *

Toshio Yazaki had stopped climbing. He had found a place to die. It was a bomb crater, probably made in the pre-landing American bombardment a few days earlier. The crater lay 20 feet to the side of an obviously well-used trail which was broader and smoother than any of the others he had traveled on.

An ideal spot for an ambush, the crater lay between two huge trees. As Toshio slid into it, he felt oddly deflated, empty of all emotion except an enormous sadness. When he

reached the bottom, his legs buckled, and he lay in the bottom of the crater laughing weakly. He did not feel the tears on his cheeks.

* * *

On Tanguoma, Maumoo, and Naka Naka Islands, mopping-up operations were proceeding steadily. American losses were small, Japanese huge. The few prisoners taken were utter physical and sometimes mental wrecks. Ragged, starved, diseased, filthy, they answered the questions of Nisei interpreters hesitantly, as if their minds lacked the power to form words. Given food, they looked at it blankly, then wolfed it desperately, half-afraid that it would be taken from them. Many Americans who watched were sickened and turned away.

Nine days after the invasion of the Carolinas, 3,300 Japanese had been killed and a total of 61 captured.

* * *

The jungle was as bad an enemy as the Japanese. To young men from Arizona and Idaho and Vermont it was a dark, malevolent, fearsome place, a place of death and decay. Birds howled and whistled and screeched and whooped; there was no time when they were silent. There was the mud, clinging and slippery. Worst of all, there was night. A great many men had cracked at night, watching the black wall of the jungle for the Japs, who shouted commands in English, crawled among the foxholes with grenades, and dropped mortars on them. The days were long and ugly; the nights were an eternity in Hell.

Each day, more and more Japanese came to their violent and irrevocable ends, in dugouts, caves, and tree-top sniper roosts. They fought hard and they died hard, and when they were dead they lay sprawled in the mud like punctured feed sacks, their blood spilled out, their faces never relaxed or peaceful in death but agonized or enraged or, often, completely, utterly blank.

Dead Japanese were never buried. They lay where they fell, and after a few days, each individual body was a rotting, loathesome heap.

During the days that followed the announcement that the islands were secured, patrols went out more and more frequently, always killing Japanese. The Japanese casualties far outnumbered the American, but there was always the exception: an ambush, a cleverly-concealed sniper, or an undaunted man with a grenade. The enemy had nothing left to fight for. He was utterly defeated, ruined, finished. But his indomitable will to die fighting made him, to the very end, a savage foe.

* * *

Sergeant Remella's patrol moved on through the jungle. They had been rained on once already; the sky was gray again now, the huge clouds seemingly about to touch the earth.

The patrol had seen no Japanese. They had moved through a field of tall kunai grass, but had seen nothing. The patrol had headed into a patch of jungle, down a narrow trail. The men watched the tops of the towering trees on each side of the trail for snipers tied in the tops, but they saw nothing. The blasted body of a Japanese soldier lay in the trail. He had apparently blown himself up with a grenade. As they walked, the men had become aware of a faint, yet somehow powerful murmur; the ocean.

The patrol was climbing now, up a narrow slimy trail. Far away, a rifle popped twice and a grenade thudded heavily.

Up ahead, at the point position, Mirowski held up a hand and beckoned to Remella. When the sergeant reached him, he was pointing to a footprint.

"Jap?" asked Remella.

Mirowski nodded. "Can't tell how old, though. Better get Lawrence up here to read it."

When Lawrence, the Creek Indian, reached the two men, he knelt and poked a finger into the track. Pulling the finger out, he looked at the smear of mud on the tip. "Yesterday afternoon," he said, a dark, high-cheekboned man. "This Jap'll be up ahead, waitin' for us, I reckon. We better go slow."

The patrol moved out again, heading up the narrow trail. The men's hearts were beating a little harder now, their stomachs were a little tighter.

* * *

Toshio Yazaki was preparing to die. He had dragged a log in front of the hole and had piled fern leaves in front of it, thus camouflaging his position.

His sleep had been tormented by visions of corpses and he had had the cave dream again, but when he awoke, he felt strangely exhilarated, almost happy. He was hungry, but he had learned to ignore his hunger. His hands were steady and he was impatient for an American patrol to come up the trail. Toshio cared nothing about dying for the Emperor, but he was determined to die as bravely as he possibly could. He loaded his rifle and placed the two spare clips of ammunition on the floor. Then he waited.

A twig snapped.

Casimir Mirowski rounded the bend in the trail.

Mirowski beckoned to Sergeant Remella and he joined Mirowski.

When Remella joined Mirowski, Mirowski waved a hand at the surrounding jungle and shrugged. There was nothing in sight. There was a wild, hoarse shout behind them. Mirowski yelled, "Jap!" and hurled himself behind a log. Remella dropped to one knee, knowing he was about to die. The carbine thudded against his shoulder as he fired at the figure in front of him. It disappeared. "Get him?" hissed Mirowski. Remella nodded and began walking forward, slowly. He came suddenly upon a shell hole. The enemy lay in the bottom. He was bareheaded, shirtless, very thin. Red liquid spread slowly across his chest. The face was young, hollow-cheeked, the eyes sunken. As Remella stood looking the young man stopped breathing, but the eyes remained looking at Remella's face. My God, thought Remella, he had us. He had us both and he didn't fire.

The sergeant and Mirowski headed back down the trail toward their patrol. In the shell hole, an ant climbed across Toshio Yazaki's cheek. Soon there would be many ants.

symbol

Ben Polk

roses are a traditional symbol of purity
no other flower expresses such fine
qualities that's why I sent you

one thorn

The Sound of Silence

James Wilhelm

It is early evening now.
A mist has begun to move in off the lake,
And, together with the lowering sky,
Hastens the departure of the day.

A brooding calm has settled
Over the city. The occasional figure
Moving along the grey, deserted streets
Moves silently, as a ghost in a dream,
In an attempt to match the silence that looms about him.

The only sound that is heard
To penetrate the spell, which has been woven
By some mysterious hand,
Is the sound of a horn,
Or the far away, mournful wail of a freight train
Rumbling through the night.

Or perhaps a passenger train
Carrying its cargo of humanity
Swiftly across the iron rails that lead
Only to another train, another track,
In the ceaseless search which knows no end.

In the early hours of evening
Life assumes a strange, greatly magnified perspective.
When the glare of the sun has vanished,
Night shadows are then free to mold their own form of life.
Life becomes an unreal thing,
Inconceivable except when clothed in the realm of darkness.

It becomes a place where misery
And sorrow are understood,
But so commonly shared that they are accepted without
comment.

It is an easier place to live
If you are alone, or if you feel that you do not belong.

Into the night comes a man.
He is a symbol of all men who walk alone;
The symbol of every soul that searches the darkness of night
For an extended hand or a knowing smile
Which says, "I understand. You are not alone."

The man walking in the cool,
Misty evening is an idealistic man.
He searches for the meaning of an existence
Flooded in sunlight;
For a meaning to the ceaseless wishing of the teeming masses,
Who, like the train in the night,
Rush into the distance only to return in the morning.

Perhaps in this hour,
In its silence,
The earth is speaking to the lonely man,
To all men;
To the misunderstood soul who has retreated
Into the realm of night.

And to the Sunsinger and his flattening realism.

Listen!
The earth is asking us to
Taste and enjoy its beauty,
And the happiness which flows so abundantly from it.
Yet it is imploring, at the same time,

That we not run from the face of sadness,
Which rises before us like the face
Of a conquering foe.

It is asking us to face the
Misfortune and misery which confront us,
And to overcome them with the aid
Of the knowledge of the love and beauty
Which are its rewards.

Perhaps the earth is telling us
That, having tasted the bitterness that it contains,
We may enjoy, more fully,
The golden years of beauty that remain;

That we need not always walk in the night;
That there will come an end
To the searching and the sorrowing.

Soon a new day will dawn.
It will begin with a ray of warm sunlight
Shining through a misty sky,
And the happy laughter of a child
In the early morning.

Colours

Jean Ellen Danenbarger

Opaque blue — blue as water
 Deep as azure — dark as fire.
You are the blue in the October skies.
You are the strangeness that warms my blood
to fire.
Burning liquid amber.
Burning love — burning sorrow.

Ebony black — black as onyx
 Deep as obsidian — dark as night.
You are the black in my lonely mind.
You are the grief that brings me pleasure.
Lonely pleasure deep.
Lonely pleasure — haunting sorrow.

vegetable

Ben Polk

it enshrouds them and gives
them a bond of unity and
makes them as one man

one sick weak dying man
whose lungs breathe the
filthiest air known his

brain is parched and dried
shutting off all channels
of originality his veins

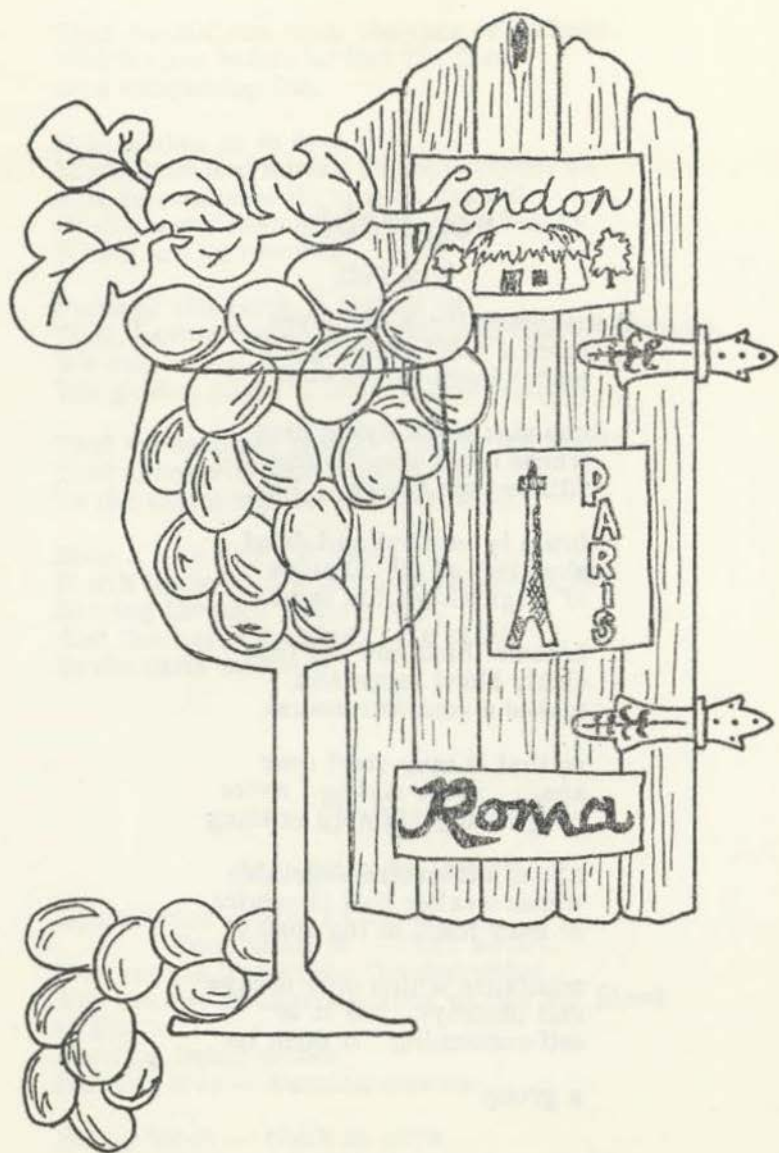
become thick and the pale
sickly blood seeps and
makes a complete course

so that it may start over
again never ending never
progressing simply existing

like a half-rotted vegetable
whose weaker half struggles
to bury itself in the slushy

substance which only decays
and destroys yes it is
self-consuming it must be

a group



London



Roma

First Prize Poetry

The Gift

Jan Holstlaw

Two days ago I wanted *lights*:
Neons, candles, sparkling glasses.
My heart cried out, "Go see the sights—
Mingle, laugh, and know the masses!"

I dreamed of Paris, longed for Rome—
The history England offered me!
(Merely cut the ties of home;
Dare to cross the sea.)

The lure of life to youth, how full
Of all the missing locks and keys
That promise, flatter, sigh, and pull
Together life's great mysteries.

But now, ah now! two days gone by.
My modest room could be Versailles;
The backyard fence, the China Wall;
The corner church, the Taj Mahal.

I did not travel; I was not dreaming.
The world sped right on past.
But in her pattern (being, not seeming)
A wonder for me was cast.

The beauty that I longed to see,
To touch with velvet glove,
This beauty found its way to me:
I am in love.

The Tiled Oven

Richard Glasson

The boy came in the back door, kicking the snow from his jackboots, his eyes drawn to the big trays where the pastries were cooling.

Hans smiled. A boy like that, you know everything he is thinking, he thought. "Karl," he said, "it's nice to have a father who is a baker, eh?"

Karl nodded, his eyes still on the pastries; he frowned suddenly. "Papa, will we have a bakery when we . . .?" He broke off suddenly, glancing anxiously around the bakery.

"It's all right, Karl. There are no Vopos in the oven. School is the worst place. You must never mention our plans at the school, because the other children . . ."

"I know. They are Ulbricht's spies and provocateurs," said Karl with the scorn and complete contempt of which only the very young are capable.

This is the worst part, Hans thought. He is mine, and already there is hate and contempt and suspicion and subterfuge.

"You mustn't hate the other children, Karl. They are taught . . ."

"I don't hate them, Papa, but I'm glad we're leaving. Will we get across the frontier?" he asked, his voice trembling.

"Yes, there is no danger there."

"And have the bakery, Papa? Will we have another bakery?"

"Of course, Karl, of course," Hans said a little too earnestly. "A better bakery than this. See there on the corner of the oven? No, higher. The tile are broken. The whole thing has to be repaired, new grates, new shelves. It's not surprising. I've used this oven 20 years. It's worn out, Karl. Everything is worn out."

The child looked consideringly at his father. "But isn't it a good bakery, Papa? You always said . . ."

"Well," Hans said, shrugging, "the bakery is all right, but everything is worn out. We won't worry about leaving

an old place like this."

"But you said your father used to . . ."

"Karl, forget about that. Listen to what I tell you. This is just an old building with an old oven and old pots and pans. Look," he said, pointing to a heavy wooden table whose top was worn and bleached, "even the tables are worn out. We'll have a fine bakery in West Germany, maybe even in America."

"Will it have a tile oven?"

"Well, I don't know about that, Karl. Why?"

"You said only a tile oven will bake rye bread properly."

Hans turned quickly from the child. "Karl, take a roll and go play now. I have work to do." The sun on the snow was blinding when Karl opened the door, and when he was gone, the dim warmth of the bakery was emphasized.

Hans began sifting flour, the coarse, dark varieties that often now were the only sort available. A spot of white in the flour drew his attention, and he removed a piece of metal the size of a small coin. For a moment he stood there, trembling, and then he seized an earthenware jug from the table and smashed it against the tiled oven.

This Lover Ever Weeps

Ben Polk

Lead me down true love's path
To where never I've been,
Take me away from mortal man's laugh
Where on earth perfection they befriend.
Into the portals of your heart I'll go
To feast on beauty, known not to man,
Not earthly, but an affair of the souls
Made beautiful, as only you can.
My goddess, my love, my prophetess,
Wisdom of yours do I partake,
Ecstasy—the result of your tenderness,
Makes my mind to sleep, my soul to awake.
When away from mine your soul shall fly
The best of my struggling soul shall die.

El Dorado

Pauline B. Smith

I know an avenue of trees,
Where September's magical wand
Ornaments arches with golden leaves
And gilds the path I tread upon
With rich carpets, where eager feet
Find joy treading a leafy street,
Where aureate beauty without dross
Hangs suspended and strown with loss
Of treasure from robes daily shed
To their last remnant, blown and spread
By brisque wind, who sighing sweeps
Cast off gold into crumbly heaps.
Here treasured vistas I behold,
An El Dorado, canopied in gold.

I'm Sorry

Mary Jean Pitrat

Admit defeat and say you're wrong again;
Apologize and sadly turn your face
To cede your point with badly routed grace;
And now your rosy smile you'll have to feign,
For in your heart you find a twinge of pain.
Your pride has vanished with too little trace;
Your manners, when you're sorry, are so base.
Why must you always say so much in vain?

To be the way you are is not a sin;
You must, at times, admit you know defeat.
Apologize and humbly say you're wrong.
You know, of course, you cannot always win.
So try your best your duties to complete,
And never has your faith become so strong.

The Walk

David Schwarz

The sun's slanting rays
fleck the crisp, brown leaves
which rustle sharply under shuffling
footsteps. And this eve's cozy fire
will satisfy, too, this contentment
found with early Winter's walking through
the bare-head woods.

Occasional bits of green
herald that through these
ever-living needle-fingered trees,
life yet continues. And then one
sees the never ending pattern of this
solitary, soulful place. And with hands
plunged in cozy pockets. And collar upturned,
I slacken further my pace.

And let its unmeasured
undirected wand'ring lead me
further into this haven of
uncluttered wilderness.

The Twenty-Third Channel

Ben Polk

The t. v. is my master; I shall always watch.
It maketh me to lie down on Certa-Spring
Correct Posture Mattresses; it leadeth
me down the twilight zone.

Ben Casey restoreth my soul: it
leadeth me in Adventures of Paradise for
the sponsor's sake.

Yea, though I walk through Death Valley,
I smell no gunsmoke: for Lassie is with
me; thy crew and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a quick-frozen t.v. dinner
before me in the presence of mine sponsors:
thou anointest my head with Wildroot; my t.v.
guide layeth before me.

Surely commercials and ads shall follow me
all the days of my life: and I will look
into the eye of C.B.S. for ever.

After the Picnic

Linda Campbell

The valley cradled darkness,
But light cuddled the treetops
Matching his sun-burnished hair
With a brightness soon to mellow;
So we climbed onto the hilltop
As if
Tracing the back-bone of an old dinosaur.

Then, we merged
With May's sunlight
Which caressed his hair
In sun-spangled bliss.

As the cradle of darkness
Soothed the light into oblivion,
We waited and watched,
Rapt, nestled in silence
Until the dusky sky
Was pierced.
Then, we returned to the dark valley.

Soliloquy

Janice Brooks

The city stands alone, aloof and proud,
And wraps her smoke about her, like a shroud.

Oppressive fog blots out a faltering light,
While lonely bird cries pierce the eerie night
Relentlessly.
The windowpanes stare out like vacant eyes
At empty streets. All living lies
In lethargy.

The city stands alone, aloof and proud,
And wraps her smoke about her, like a shroud.

Julie

Myra Edman

The long, gray fingers of a dreary November thrust their way through under-sized attic windows, like a master craftsman setting the stage for the tragedy that was about to ensue. I had picked this gloomy day to perform a task that I had pushed aside for so long, reading Julie's letters. The gloom was out of keeping with my memory of Julie—perhaps I thought that remembrance of her gaiety and zest for living would change this macabre attic into a thing of shining beauty, filled with her infectious laughter and softened by the richness of her compassion for all mankind. For her death had dimmed none of these qualities in my mind nor had time begun to erase the poignancy of my loneliness.

At first the warmth of her personal correspondence covered the sadness of the occasion. She had many close friends. Her address book bulged with names of fellow-workers, college classmates, relatives, whose children always received gifts at Christmas, elderly friends, and shut-ins to whom she sent cards and presents on every conceivable occasion. When I visited her at her apartment in Chicago, she could hardly get to work, being stopped on the way by the janitor, neighbors, the newsman on the corner, the corner grocer, and workers in her building. She had apparently been reluctant to destroy any of her letters, as if they were a bond in her friendships, so there were boxes and boxes of letters.

As the rays of the sun became more oblique, I decided to discontinue my reading until the next day. But as I looked through one last package, I discovered that these were love letters. But I had never heard of her having a love affair. I had often wondered why a woman so lovely and gracious had never married. Her brother had guessed that she had filled her life so full of friends, travel, the theater, and music that she had not found the need for it. This I could believe, for she was an accomplished pianist, was devoted to the theater, and entertained graciously but simply in her lovely apartment. She was equally at home at the Beachcombers where her wit and sophistication added to an already festive occasion, or at the beach where her inane antics kept her companions in high spirits. A trip with her was something to look forward to with joy, and to remember with nostalgia. Everything interested her, from the

home of Billy the Kid, to the breathless glory of Grand Canyon.

Her aunt had told me that Julie had planned to be married at one time and had prepared for it with all of the enthusiasm of a woman deeply in love. But she had halted her plans and never mentioned it again. In the two years that I had known her, she had never once alluded to a romance, so when I found this record of a deep devotion, I read the story of her love with a strange eagerness.

There were no letters from him. I suppose they saw one another so often that letters were unnecessary. But there were messages written on menus when they had dined together, on cards that had accompanied flowers, on theater programs, on birthday cards, and messages that had come with gifts. "To the only woman I will ever love," "You change existence into living," "I will love you till I die, and that will only be the beginning," "To the dearest one in the world," "How can I live until I see you again?" and many, many more. Finally the light was gone, and I went down to do my evening work, but I did not walk in this mundane world, but trod lightly in a world of romance, thrilled that this great devotion had come to one of the nicest persons I knew.

But even before I could return to her story the next day, shadows were forming in my mind. What had happened to this great love? Had he died, perhaps, for surely he would not willingly have terminated a love so devout? And surely Julie, with her sense of honor, would not have allowed him to love her so fervently, and then turned him down.

I found the beginning of the answer in a letter that she had written to him, containing many urgent questions, and on which he had written the answers and returned the letter to her.

"These things I have to know," she had written. "Do you love your wife or me?" "You, my darling," he had answered. "Does secure place in society, the comforts of your home, and the esteem of your friends mean more to you than love?" "I don't know." "How much is 15 years of a woman's love and devotion worth to you?" "All I have to give." "Do you really intend to get a divorce?" "Yes, next year."

So "the next year" she had prepared for her marriage with the consuming joy of a woman who had been forced to

live in the back streets of a man's life, yearning to live openly and proudly with her love. And then for some reason that I can only surmise, the plans had been changed, and her dream was locked in her heart, never to be mentioned again. I assume he had chosen at last the "secure place in society, the comforts of home, and the esteem of his friends."

All of this I could bear, for Julie had loved, though not wisely, with integrity. And my devotion to her was not changed. But before I could get adjusted to this hurt, I uncovered another chapter that I could not bear. I found a note, "To the woman I love," promising to pay \$25,000 at the rate of \$1,000 a year, and signed by the handwriting that I had learned to know so well. She had taken money for her love. I was stunned and saddened. But her love had cost him little, for in a little while as we reckon time, though it may have seemed an eternity to her, she was dead. "Cerebral hemorrhage caused by inner tension" the doctors decided, baffled by the nature of her illness. But to me she died of a broken heart. Though she tried to fill her life with gaiety and zest in order to be able to live at all, she simply could not live without him.

The grief of her death was almost as hard to bear as the death itself. Friends and relatives of all ages came from far and near. From the young Jewish woman, a refugee of Hitler, who lived across the hall from Julie, whom Julie had taught English, to Julie's heart-broken brother who had raised her, who kept repeating, "My little sister! My little sister!" But there was no word from the man she had loved.

So all through the long tedious winter months the two conflicting ideas of Julie haunted me. I thought of her generous affection for her friends, her giving without stint, with no thought of return. Then I thought of the note that she had taken in lieu of marriage, and the picture did not fit. Where had I been mistaken in my idealism? What clue in her life should have given me warning? What experience in her own life would make her lower her standards?

I reviewed all I knew of her earlier life. Her father had died when she was nine and her mother had lost everything she had. A brother only two years her senior had looked after her in her late teens and even managed to send her to college, living on bread and water many times himself. When she graduated and got a job teaching, things had begun to look better, but her mother had become ill and she supported

her. It was easy to understand why Julie was hungry for love and companionship after the lonely life in which she grew to adulthood. And I sympathized with her need for security, though he had given her neither an undying devotion nor emotional security. And for many years after her death, Julie had enjoyed the life lived — a nice apartment, travel, music, the theater, and many friends. So I always ended in the same endless maze. Why had she accepted the money?

Spring finally came, and with it, a new outlook. I tried to forget the question that had become such an obsession with me. I turned to my spring work with a rejuvenated spirit, when I was doing the housework, and the dingy, winterish-looking house took on a new look. Sun poured in at the windows in the library, putting a beckoning sparkle on the books. I needed another book to fill out a shelf, so I got one out of the box of books that Julie had left me. It was a book of poems, much read and marked. And there, stuck in the book like a bookmark, was an envelope. I saw with dismay that it was addressed in his handwriting. I looked inside, and found a check for \$1,000, and it was uncanceled. As the full meaning came to me, a song stirred in my heart, for she had not really accepted the money, if she had not cashed the check. I felt a great surge of renewed faith in Julie and her integrity. The burden of months of doubt rolled from my shoulders.

I do not know why she accepted the note, but did not cancel the check. She might have accepted it to ease his conscience for she loved him so selflessly. She might have accepted it to save her pride, for if he held her love so cheaply that it could be bought, she may have pretended to hold it so cheaply that it could be sold. At any rate, she did not take the money, and I was happy. I checked the dates on the note and check, and this was the first payment. Whatever other money may have passed between them, under pressure of need or illness, I do not know, but this first uncanceled check redeemed her in my eyes.

I gave the matter much fervent thought, as to what to do with the money. At first I meant to burn it with the letters, and thus destroy forever the record of their ill-fated love. But at her death, Julie had left her money to her beloved brother who had looked after her through high school and college, and this being potential money, I decided it belonged to him. I gave it to him one morning while my courage was as fresh as the new day, and told him the story that

I had found in the the letters. Many emotions gripped him as I recounted the tale, from amazement, to heartbreak at the tragedy of her love, and, as on the day of her death, he kept repeating, "My little sister! my little sister!"

I happen to know that the brother is in need of money. He has mortgaged his farm, and a thousand dollars might help to save it. Whether he feels that cashing the check would be exploiting her love, or, as I do, that this is her gift across time and space, all she could salvage from the love that destroyed her to save a love that nurtured her — I do not know. But that is his decision.

But this I do know, that I am relieved of a great burden, and feel well again, as if I were just recovering from a long illness.

I

Gale Crouse

One glance
Cast from afar
Can spark the flame of joy,
And show that really after all
She cares.

II

Gale Crouse

A leaf
From lofty perch,
From mighty summer's rule,
Came slowly drifting down to earth—
And death.

Boardwalk at Night

Sheran Broadway

The watered boards, turned earth
By soft palmed rain
Yield only to my steps,
Tempt none but me along the path
That leads 'neath plaster mouth,
Past streaming windows,
Screaming sea and gull.

And all this world,
This barker's spinwheel world,
Is hushed, lies still
That rain and I may pass,
That footsteps, testaments of "I"
May triumph over barker's cry,
Resound on shuttered shops, deserted boards.

And slowly we move on . . .
Past tubs and cars in canvas shrouds,
Or yawning to the drops of rain;
Rain dripping from them all,
From jester's cap, down raining mouth
That never slacks its grimace-grin,
From roller coaster, petrified in the mist,
Great intertwining handicraft of devils,
Leading always back from whence it came
To . . . "Tickets, please . . . tickets."

There is no voice tonight,
No sound, no color,
Only footsteps on the watered boards
As rain and I pass through.

Sunset

Pauline B. Smith

The sun extends his shield of copper light
With majesty too bright for mortal eyes;
His nebulous cloak, radiantly white
Reflects his flashing challenge to the night.
Soldiers of clouds approach and await
His bold signal to put the day to rout,
When they will lift the bar of heaven's gate
And slowly march the hours of daylight out.
Swift arrows of night pierce his light array,
By force they put the king of day to rest;
Gently, twilight with a mantle of gray
Covers the last fading light in the west.
The sun, star of day, heart of light,
Is conquered and slain by shades of night.

Summer

C.E.M.

Gray clouds etched with pink
Silently shroud the opulent atmosphere
Of a summer night's emptiness.

Fading rose segues to pale lemon moonlight
Which eerily invites young children
To chase quick flickering fireflies.

Their tiny ephemeral lanterns
Dissolve to the lasting twinkle
Of a wealth of static stars.

The earth sleeps.

It's Spring Again

Janice Brooks

It's spring again.
Rain, a muggy day.
Saxophones
Breathing a rhapsody,
Whispering to me,
"It's spring again."

Solitude.
Sharp, a searing stab.
My heart
Cringes from loneliness
Cries out for happiness . . .
Solitude.

It's spring again.
Dusk, I walk alone.
Emptiness
Fills me, yet somehow
I must be changed. *But now . . .*
It's spring again.

Chinese Symbols

Jean Ellen Danenbarger

I

Lonely winds — lonely rivers, and the sound of rain.
My lonely heart is sighing here for you.

II

Hearing diamonds — seeing patterns
I shall never think of you at night —
Except when the West Wind blows.

III

Strange flowers, strange shadows
A low hanging moon and a golden pear tree
This is the song of the lonely when April cries for May.

IV

Sighing winds — sighing trees
These are symbol words
When October stalks the land.

Why Do You Wait?

Gale Crouse

Faced with the uncertainty of the times, we as Americans can not afford to wager on the possibility of war and its consequences. We have already fought two wars "to end all wars" and still the danger is close. If an atomic attack should come without warning, there will certainly be a mass destruction of property and of flesh, but in most cases the prime targets for bombing will be the cities. Only under extraordinary circumstances will the lesser-populated areas be in any danger from the blast itself. The menacing agent here will be radioactive particles descending as fallout. This invisible killer can be evaded, but are we ready to be spared?

Last July 25th, President Kennedy reminded the nation of the possibility of nuclear war and assured the country that he would "let every citizen know what steps he can take to protect his family in case of attack." Since that time, fallout shelters have been the subject of numerous discussions throughout the land. Public opinion has been gleaned through extensive, nation-wide polls, through interviews with officials and experts, and through community informative services. The tabulated results of these surveys have achieved their major purpose—people are generally cognizant of the problems related to fallout, and almost everyone has an opinion of what should be done to combat these problems. But at this point, only an opinion is futile and may be disastrous. Most Americans will say that they believe in the worth of fallout shelters, but they are not actually building these life-preserving structures. Especially those people in non-target localities should be actively working on definite plans for survival.

Recently a poll of opinion concerning fallout shelters was taken in the small farming community of Bogota, Illinois. Of course the idea of a fallout shelter presents many problems, and the major questions coming to view in this particular instance are typical of those which one would most probably find in any of the thousands of similar communities in this country. Answers to the question—Do you favor atomic fallout shelters?—ranged from "Yes, by all means" and "There's nothing like being prepared" to an emphatic "No! I think it's the coward's way out" and "If you want my opinion I think shelters are silly." Some were totally for

shelters, some were vehemently against them, but the largest part of those asked favored fallout shelters if

Various reasons were given for the opposition. One father stated that it would be impossible for him to lock himself in a shelter knowing that his daughter away at college had no such place to go. Many mentioned the uselessness of life in the turmoil and destruction which would exist after an atomic attack. Some felt that the holocaust of an atomic war could be averted by taking the money to be used for shelters and applying it toward defense and maintenance. And a few, ruled by strong religious conviction, stated their belief that the end of the world will have come if God allows such mass destruction of human life, and fallout shelters are useless because it would be impossible to escape the inevitable.

It was interesting to note that for each of these negative views there was a positive parallel. A thoughtful mother said that she would be terribly worried about her children away from home, but she would also want to give her smaller children the maximum of protection. Another lady seemed rather doubtful of any reason to live following an attack, but believed that there would definitely be a means of survival. A great many alleged that we, as individuals, should do all in our own power for self-preservation. And perhaps the most clever reply of all was given by one grandmother who said, "They laughed at Noah—and the flood came."

The large majority of those asked said they did favor fallout shelters, but most of them quickly qualified this statement by adding that shelters would have to be constructed on a community basis in order to be effective. Everyone in the survey seemed to realize that a scarcity of shelter space would create impossible situations for both those inside and for the others outside. A mother of six commented, "Do you think I could shoot my neighbors or even turn them away? And I certainly couldn't let them in!" A man said similarly, "It would be the same as murder to turn someone away."

This problem, that to be really effective a shelter system must be wide-spread, seems almost insurmountable. Not everyone wants a shelter, and many of those who would have them simply cannot afford them. But with the possibility of war seeming so near, people should realize that something must be done—and soon. Although many individuals in the Bogota area favored the idea of a large, community-constructed fallout shelter as the most practical solution, not one of them had had the initiative to start a community cam-

paign. And so it is across the country. Whether individuals favor family or community shelters, home-made or professionally-built shelters, large or small shelters, round or square shelters, or just plain shelters, they are not building them.

Certain types of shelters certainly do have advantages over others, but the most pressing problem remains to be solved. Time may be running short and no one seems ready to take the initiative in planning and building. One often hears such statements as, "I'd build one if everyone else around here had one," and "I think a community shelter is a good idea and someone should do something about considering this."

This type of reasoning will never save lives. To be sure, there is no certain formula for activating citizens. The comments used here are from a survey of one particular region, but these same people exist in every state, county, and township of the United States. Everywhere the problem is the same—who will start? The real germ of progress must eventually come from within, and until each individual realizes that *he* is responsible for saving lives and perhaps even for the preservation of mankind, there will be a certain question to our destiny. The future is in *your* hands—will there be a future?

seeker

Ben Polk

traditionally the chain
represented bondage now
the vicious herd seeker

wears it

III

Gale Crouse

Who knows
The time and place
Where we shall meet again?
But for your smile, your buoyant touch
I wait.

IV

Gale Crouse

Sharply
The air was split
By lightning's flashing flame,
And all who saw were briefly sure—
God lives.

V

Gale Crouse

And if
You see my love,
Tell her yet I linger.
And say I need my hollow kiss
Returned.

Opposite Attractions

C.E.M.

He straddled the equator
Each magnetic pole
Exerting an impassioned
Pull.

The negative attraction
Older, time accustomed,
Yanked his mind, already
Committed.

The positive attraction
From the heart, ephemeral,
Stabbed at his uncommitted heart
Unceasingly.

He straddled the invisible line
Of choice, leaned first
Toward one pole
Then toward the other.

Like a pendulum he wavered
Always returning to the center,
To self.