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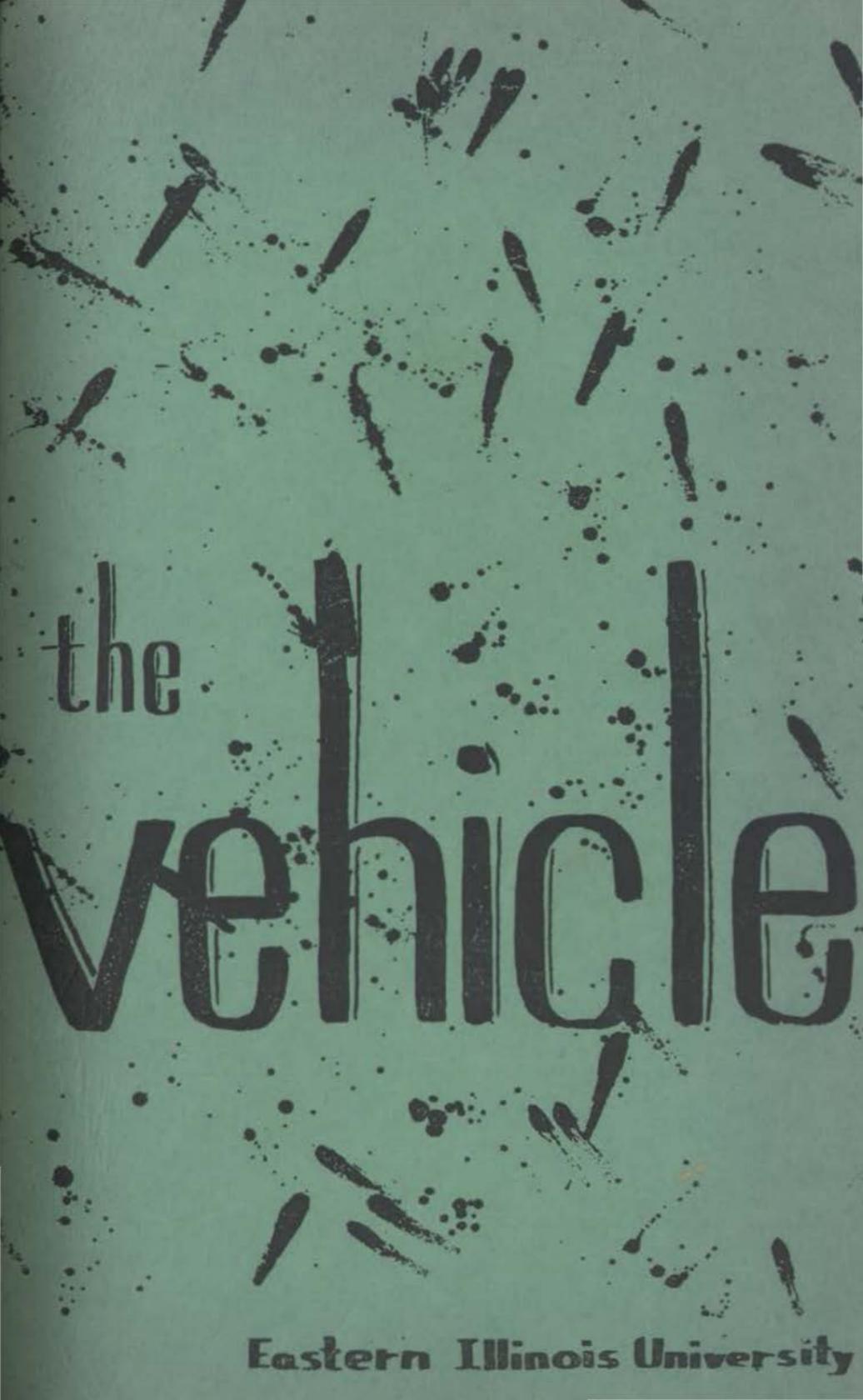
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Eastern Illinois University
Charleston, Illinois

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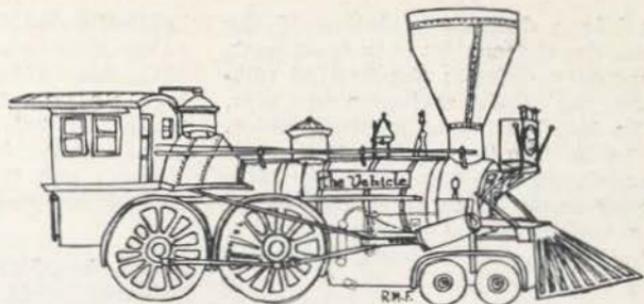
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Special Contest Issue . . .

- ☆ Sigma Tau Delta-Vehicle Literary Contest
- ☆ Winnie Davis Neely Award
- ☆ Kappa Pi Art Contest

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Mileposts . . .

THIS YEAR . . .

It has been our feeling that students at Eastern should have a medium of creative-literary expression. This expression is one powerful device that could serve as a synthesizing agent for student efforts in the literature of both the liberal and the fine arts.

With respect to student efforts at Eastern, it may be observed that although much latent, creative talent is undoubtedly present, the creative efforts have had little reward in terms of published work. It is our tenacious belief that **The Vehicle** may serve as a medium by which student artists and writers might receive a valuable, first start in the publishing of literary efforts.

WINNIE DAVIS NEELY . . .

Miss Winnie Davis Neely, former member of the English Department, who died in 1952, encouraged Eastern students in their creative writing endeavors. A native of Athens, Tennessee, and "a fine southern lady," she remains a source of inspiration for aspiring writers.

The interest of the Winnie Davis Neely Memorial Fund, which was established by her friends on the faculty, alumni, and members of

the Sigma Tau Delta, is awarded each year to the best entry in the annual literary contest.

Her sense of humor that could blot out sham and portray the reality of life was appreciated by her students. One of them, Beth Hoffman, writes:

"Her views of manners, morals, and everyday campus happenings were as modern as our own, only tempered by maturity."

One cannot help but meditate on what Miss Neely would say about contemporary creative writing on Eastern's campus. In her quiet-spoken, modest manner, what suggestions would she make? What encouragement would she offer?

WINNIE DAVIS NEELY AWARD

For her poetic imagery in "Snowball," Susan Daugherty, a junior English major from Charleston, has received this year's Winnie Davis Neely award. A transfer student from Washington University in St. Louis, Susan hopes one day to teach English in college.

"Snowball," Susan's first poetic endeavor since her grade school years, is perhaps deceptive in its simplicity. The delightfully child-like tone of "Snowball" counter-

points a deep appreciation of the emotional meaning of insignificant, ordinary objects: the knitted mitten, the candy, and even the tear, the laughter, the melting place. The shift to "spring's stiff shrouded daughter" draws us abruptly back to our adult world, the world in which we too often fail to reflect upon the charming loveliness of the snowball.

SHORT STORY FIRST AWARD

Linda Campbell, junior English major from Mattoon, developed the idea for her short story, "Voting Cattle," from research gathered originally for an essay. Miss Campbell displays notable agility in the manner in which she handles the conversational dialect of the Swedish immigrant.

Miss Campbell was a contest winner in the essay division of last year's contest. In addition, she produced an honors paper on the junior English examination.

ESSAY CO-WINNER . . .

Don Shepardson, co-winner of the essay division, is a twenty-four-year-old senior Social Science major from Mattoon who is minor-ing in English. While serving four years in the Air Force, Don got the inspiration for this essay, but he did not write even the rough draft until the summer of 1960.

ESSAY CO-WINNER . . .

"Love," by Jon Woods, tied for first place in the essay division of the literary contest. The author, a nineteen year old freshman English major from Shelbyville, Illinois, is a member of the Eastern State News staff. He is interested in writing and journalism.

"Love" is more than a title for Jon. The essay is composed of excerpts from letters which Jon has written to Linda.

DOUBLE WINNER . . .

Sue Blakeney, a twenty-one year old senior art major from Ridge Farm, captured two awards in the Kappa Pi Art Contest. The first place winner is entitled "Woman Alone," and the third place winner is "We Four."

ART—SECOND AWARD . . .

Garry Biggs, a twenty-one year old art major from Lawrenceville, placed second in the Kappa Pi Art Contest with his "Water Bird." His design which accompanies "Screaming Spider" was honorably mentioned.

VEHICLE COVER . . .

Our cover is the prize-winner in the Kappa Pi Art Contest, Vehicle Cover Division. It is designed by Miss Joy Schelling, a freshman art major from Collinsville. Miss Schelling entered three covers in the contest. The winning design, an example of a "dip and splatter" technique, achieves an unusual depth effect which allows the styled lettering to float in a galaxy of movement.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS . . .

Our thanks to Dr. Gladys Ekeberg, Dr. Robert Blair, Dr. Steven Buck, judges of the Sigma Tau Delta-Vehicle Literary Contest, for their time and pertinent criticism; to Dr. Calvin Countryman and Garry Biggs, who organized the Kappa Pi Art Contest; and to Miss June Krutza and Lynne Trank, who judged the art contest.

C. E. Schumacher, our printer, gave us his patience and technical advice. Ken Hesler and Dr. Emma Shepherd, by their hours of skillful guidance and advice, have encouraged us to learn. To these persons we make special acknowledgement.

Voting

Cattle

Linda Campbell



Minnesota clouds outside the small window seemed close enough for Lars Strom to touch as he watched them sailing freely in the April wind that swirled into the State's Attorney's office, bringing a promise of more than spring. Lars was just beginning to comprehend that last fall he had been elected to the office of State's Attorney, just beginning to feel his influence in American government. In his mind clearly rang the words of the Yankee calling the Swedish immigrants "voting cattle." Lars could understand now why the citizens of longer American establishment had named his people voting cattle, for he recalled the Grange building near Linggon, Minnesota, where the Swedish people slipped a ballot out, had it marked for them, and let the next man take it back, calling it an election.

Directing and leading the political life of the Swedish community was the master bull, the party boss, Ole Dahl. Yet, Ole was a small man with thinning gray hair, who smiled wistfully as he did what he considered to be his job. Lars's clear blue eyes crinkled as he remembered Ole with mixed feelings, for this man of his boyhood had been both a bulwark of helpful strength and a task-master.

Lars could remember his mother, Lisa, as she kneaded bread with strong hands. He could remember the graceful turn of her angular body as his father, Eric, carried pails of

milk into the farmhouse kitchen and she warned him not to spill one drop. The children, Inga, Lars, and little Hilding, would drink the milk, but the precious cream would be taken to the creamery in Linggon. Religiously Eric brought the money home, and Lisa put it away in the handkerchief drawer of her bureau.

"Tomorrow's Sunday," Lars could remember hearing Lisa say so often. "Shall I take a little out for church?"

"Of course," Eric returned as he closed his eyes, and his shoulders seemed to stoop a little more under the weight of the six-thousand-dollar mortgage they had borne for years.

"Will there be three hundred dollars for the payment in July?" Lisa's voice was strained by prolonged fear.

"There must be," Eric answered in a determined voice.

"I mean without talking to Ole, without asking him for—"

"I will own my home, Lisa. I will pass it down to my children. I will be free." Looking into Lisa's level, blue eyes, Eric lost his confident feeling, for he knew there was no freedom in Dahl's money.

"But," he mumbled on the way back to the barn, "my land is important. A three-hundred-dollar payment must not take it."

Later that evening Lars, who had been running lightly toward his mother's supper, stopped to gaze in awe at an airplane soaring high above his head. It looked to him like a boy who had been playing tag and then gotten way out of bounds and into a kind of freedom where he could never be caught. Eric came up beside his son and touched his elbow. Together they looked towards the growing cornfields stretching into the setting sun.

"Lars," Eric said, "one day this land will be yours to farm and leave to your son." Gazing into the west, Eric found it easy to forget the mortgage to dream of a better life for his son. The path they followed wound closer to the small unpainted house, and, in their hunger, they could almost smell Lisa's supper through the open windows. Blooming under the front-room window and around the steps of the back porch were the flowers she and Inga tended carefully. It was disappointing to them when someone left the gate open and the cattle came into the yard, trampling and eating the

plants, but they were always patiently replanted.

The Minnesota sky seemed close in the twilight as Lars asked, "Tonight will you tell us again how Grandfather came over from Sweden and left you this land?"

"Oh, yes, Lars," Eric answered. "I will tell you how my father worked hard and earned the money to come to America. It seems a long time since I have told this story."

After supper, when they were all comfortably seated in the small living-room, Eric began telling the story of his Swedish father. The three children knew the story as well as they knew the little brown clock on the mantlepiece or the braided rug that FASTER* Sigrid Strom had made. Sigrid took up the winter socks she was knitting for Eric and settled back to listen to the story of her father.

Lisa put aside Inga's dress that she was mending and went into the kitchen to bake some pies. She did not go because the pies had to be baked just then, or because she was tired of Eric's story, but because it made her sad to hear him tell proudly how his father had taken a new farm in a free land. She was afraid Eric's dream of owning the farm clear of debt might never come about. Just when there was almost enough to make a payment, without asking Ole Dahl for money, they would need a new plow, a tractor tire would have to be replaced, or the spring calf they had counted on had died.

Inga, who was sixteen, came into the kitchen carrying a coal-oil lamp and began helping her mother. Lisa knew that the story was over, for none of the children would have left until their father had finished.

"Mama," Inga began hesitantly, "What about school this fall?"

"You're going, of course," Lisa returned, plumping her dough into a fat ball and rolling it out with a black rolling-pin.

The smile that spread over Inga's face could not begin to match the dawn that came into her eyes. "I thought you might want me to take work," she admitted happily, raising her flaxen head. She could go back to her teachers and books. She had already planned to take American history, if she could go to school. "I will work hard, Mama. School will be worth the money," Inga stated as she began dream-

*Swedish for "aunt on the father's side of the house."

ing of being a history teacher. That seemed to be the one thing that was worth doing on earth.

"My children are going to school to learn. That is as important as owning land and trying to be secure," Lisa returned, a little bitterly.

When the pies were in the oven, Lisa and Inga returned to the living-room. Faster Sigrid was helping little Hilding to learn the Ten Commandments so that he could say them in church on Sunday. Hilding had to learn the catechism before he could become a member of St. John's Lutheran Church.

"Ja, he is learning fast, him," Faster Sigrid told Lisa as Hilding finished the first five commandments perfectly.

"I am anxious to hear him recite in church," Lisa said, with pride in her son.

"I will be proud to hear him reciting in Swedish," Eric commented, still thinking of his father. "I always want you children to speak to me in Swedish. It is our language."

"America is our country, Eric," Lisa reminded him. "English is spoken here."

"My blood and my tongue are Swedish," Eric replied. And the discussion was closed.

A month later ten-year-old Lars came running down the hill just west of the barn, blown by a wind that swept the cloudy sky. A feeling of exuberance mounted inside him. The feeling was of swiftness bound by nothing but grass and sky. He hurried through the barn lot, ran through a cluster of honking geese, sped through the yard-gate and into the house. His mother and father broke off their conversation as he entered the house, but he had come to associate the look of strained defiance on his mother's face and that of desperateness on his father's with money. The effervescent feeling drained from Lars's spirit, and he went back outside.

"What else can I do, Lisa?" Eric continued when his son was gone. "We've got to meet the payment."

"You know Dahl does not give money without strings attached. You know there will come a day of reckoning, if he gives the money at all."

"Dahl has always helped us, Lisa, and I think he will help again. After all, this is an election year."

"It might be better to lose the farm."

Eric recoiled as if she had struck him. Lisa stared at the floor. He had never known that Lisa was not as willing as he to fight for what they owned. "Is anything too much to sacrifice for our home?" he asked. Lisa looked at him then, and he could see in her tortured eyes that she was sorry to have hurt him.

The late sunshine of summer filtered faintly into the small office where Ole Dahl sat talking with Eric Strom. Ole had welcomed him into his office with a hearty smile on his thin face. The office girl who owed Ole her job, as did most of the Swedish families in Linggon, typed tirelessly in the far corner of the room.

"Well, Eric, I'm just glad I can help you. I know you're hoeing a tough row right now."

"I'm grateful," Eric returned tiredly as the wrinkle deepened between his eyebrows. "I know you're not Santa Claus."

"We're building a new high school, you know. If you get a few spare days, come down and help us. The pay's pretty good." Ole carelessly scrawled some figures on a check.

"I will," Eric answered, but he was really thinking of the one hundred and fifty dollars he had just borrowed from Ole. He could make his three-hundred-dollar payment now, but what about those in the future?

"The school'd be a fine thing for the kids," Ole went on.

"Yes," Eric agreed, "They need all the help they can get."

"Election comin' up this fall," Ole mentioned as the two men stood.

"Yep," returned Eric.

"I reckon you'll be votin'?" Ole half-asked in a pleasant voice and held the door for Eric.

"I always do," Eric answered shortly and said good-bye.

The payment was met—and Lisa's eyes became a little more defiant, and Eric's shoulders became a little rounder.

But if there were some things in life to shame the Stroms, there were things of which they could be proud. Two Sundays later as they drove home from St. John's Lutheran Church, they were praising little Hilding.

"Ja, you are a good boy, you," Faster Sigrid said as she hugged Hilding proudly. "Worth all the work, it was, to learn the pieces from the Bible."

"You helped me, Faster Sigrid," Hilding told her modestly.

"Two years is a long time for our boy to go to school," Lisa said, remembering the few hours each week Hilding had spent studying with their minister.

"When I recited at church," Lars said, "I made more mistakes than Hilding."

"He worked hard, him," Sigrid answered, as the old car groaned and rattled over the road.

"They made a good car in '25, yes, sir," Eric said, turning off the motor when they had reached home.

"But, Papa," Inga protested, "It's the thirties now. That old trap is a decade behind."

"Don't build 'em so good nowadays," Eric retorted opening the yard-gate for his family. "Will we have to wait all day for dinner, Lisa?" he asked as they entered the house.

"It will be ready soon," Lisa answered, tying an apron about her waist as quickly as she could.

"You must be patient, still, can you believe," Faster Sigrid said sharply. She, too, tied a large apron over her dress, and Inga began to set the table.

That afternoon, after the family had read from the Bible, Lars asked, "Papa, how does a man get to be a party boss, like Ole?"

"Lars," Eric returned sharply, "that is nothing for you to be thinking of."

"Let him ask, Eric. This is his country. It is good he should know," Lisa stated, a little stiffly.

"Well, Lars," Eric began. "The party bosses are elected by us. Usually they are someone who has made money. Ole Dahl could always make money. One way or another, everything he touches turns to gold, and he has lived here all of his life. I guess the people trust him."

"Everyone always seems to want to be his friend," Lars went on. "Why does everyone like him?"

"I guess because Ole helps them out, and because they need him," Eric finished lamely.

Night seemed to fall quickly that day. It was almost as if twilight had been forgotten. The days were growing shorter. The spacious summer was drawing up about the core of life, tucking the edges in neatly, making a cozy fall. It was a fall like any other; yet each season was new to Lars. At ten years old it seemed to him the first time that the air had held an invigorating crispness and the first time the green in the trees and grass had ever been replaced by russet. To him this was the first fall. The golden haze descended, making the whole country-side look waxed.

Now was the time for the corn to be harvested, the winter wheat to be planted; so Eric and Lars worked hard on the small farm. The tractor was old, but, like the car, it ran, and Eric declared that there was none better. In the midst of it all the whole United States was engaged in a presidential campaign. It had caught the imagination of Lars and swept him up into the dreams of "someday," "maybe," "when I grow up," and "if."

One day, as he and Eric picked corn, Lars asked, "The people are gonna pick someone to run things for four years, aren't they, Papa?"

"Yes, Lars," Eric replied a little shortly.

"Four years is a long time for one man," Lars mused.

"Not as long when you're president as it seems to you now."

"When *I'm* president, Pa, you said when *I'm* president." Lars was silent for a moment. "Pa, anyone could be president, couldn't they?"

"Well, it isn't quite that easy." Eric put his hands on his hips and looked down at Lars's thin, dirty face.

"But it is possible, isn't it?" Lars demanded as sunbeams danced in his clear blue eyes.

"Yes, it's possible, but there's only room for one man at the top, and there are a lot of men climbing. A man has to convince a lot of people that he's best—important people as well as voting people. Does my little Lars want to be president?"

"It'd be O.K.," Lars answered facing his father. "There'd be a lot to do. I'd see that everyone could do whatever he wanted as long as he didn't hurt anyone else."

"Well, son, that's a pretty big 'as long as'," Eric chuckled and started back to work.

Swept up in the fever of campaigning, it seemed only a few days before Election Day dawned cold but clear.

"Can I go with you to vote?" Lars asked early that morning, slipping naturally into English since he was speaking of an American election.

"No son, this is no place for you," Eric answered him in Swedish.

"But," Lisa suggested quickly, "maybe he should go, Eric, maybe it would do him good." Even though Eric was ashamed for his son to see an election, he really agreed with Lisa.

Right after dinner, Eric, Lisa, Faster Sigrid, and Lars started for the old Grange building where the elections were held. Ole Dahl's men had been out since six o'clock that morning, collecting the farmers and their wives and taking them to vote. It was done much as the farmers gathered their cattle and delivered them to the market to be sold and slaughtered. Many of the older men and women could not speak English and were thankful that Ole gave them directions in Swedish.

The Grange building was draped with red, white, and blue in the American tradition, and a flag waved proudly and freely from a tall pole. Lisa was ashamed to look, and Eric could not face her.

"Ja!" Faster Sigrid exclaimed. "Lisa, in Sweden you and I would not have had this right to vote, us."

Lisa and Eric said nothing. They left the car and walked up the graveled path to the door. The wind whipped their wraps and stung their faces. About five men were clustered around the outside, chewing and spitting with dried tobacco juice stuck to the scraggly gray stubble on their chins.

Inside, Ole was just handing Mrs. Frykholm a ballot, and he spoke encouragingly to her in Swedish. Although the old lady had bent her back and gnarled her hands to send her eleven children to school, she had never spoken a word of

English in her life. Her two greasy gray braids made a little crown on the top of her head, which shook slightly in a nervous tremor.

Eric looked keenly and saw that the ballot Ole handed her was already marked. Her rough, cracked hand gave Ole a blank one, and she tottered off to drop hers in the slot of the oak box and let the high-school girl at the table mark off her name from the list. Eric knew that, as always, Ole had succeeded in getting the first ballot slipped out. That was the hardest part. After that, each person simply voted the marked ballot Ole had given him and gave Ole his blank one. Here was where the elections were won or lost. A number of efficient party bosses could win an election and influence party practices, just as the less efficient could lose them.

Ole shook hands in a friendly manner with Johannes Almsbeck. "How's your daughter, Johannes?" Ole asked heartily, handing him a ballot.

"Hilda, she's fine," Johannes answered proudly.

"It's not every day a man becomes a grandfather," Ole said, subtly reminding Johannes that he could be proud of his grandchild only because Ole Dahl had convinced the young Becklund boy that a wedding should take place.

Johannes walked to the voting box, trampling freedom as easily as a bull would Lisa's flowers, and, like the flowers, freedom was replanted, but the job was much more painful.

Eric watched it all, knowing that he was just as bound to Ole as were most of the Swedish people of the community. Over half of the men depended on Ole for their jobs, and without them their large families would go hungry. Eric could remember the crop failures of two years ago and he knew that it was not a pleasant sight to watch Lars's face grow pinched and hear little Hilding crying for milk, not to mention the glow that had left Inga's cheeks. That was not easy for a man. He had been as glad as anyone when Dahl had given them bread and potatoes. But neither was this chain-voting easy for an independent man—at least a man who loved independence. Ole was obviously an organizer, a manipulator. He was not a statesman, for he could no more understand a broad idealistic issue than could the blind cattle that he herded into the slaughter pen, killing only a portion of their self-respect and turning them out to pasture to fatten until the next time. As they grew older, they became a little more clearly branded, a little more truly his herd.

Lars looked expectantly up at his father. "Papa," he said proudly, "it's your turn."

"Yes," Eric answered, "my turn." For one moment he looked down into the trusting, adoring eyes of his son. He could not bear to meet Lisa's direct eyes. Eric wanted to mark his own ballot as he saw fit. "A man ought to be free," Eric thought.

"Hello, Eric," Ole greeted him and shook his hand. "That son of yours sure is growing. He'll be old enough to farm his grandfather's and his father's land one of these days."

A cloud of despair washed down over Eric. "How strong can a man be?" he wondered, as he voted the previously marked ballot and returned a blank for Dahl to mark for Lisa.

Lars had not known at that time what the look on his father's face had meant. He had not known the disgust and shame. But, now, years later, as he sat in the State's Attorney's office he understood. "More than anything else, Pa wanted Hilding and me to have that land," Lars thought to himself, feeling the April wind on his face. "He sacrificed a lot more than a man should have to give up, but Hilding is farming it and adding to it like Pa would have wanted, and Ma could be proud of the history teacher Inga's made. Maybe something can be done so that men won't have to sacrifice so much to hand a little bit of land to their children. Maybe I can do something," he thought, as the picture of voting cattle died away from his mind and he watched the clouds rove freely.

But For the Passage of Time

Don Shepardson

Why are two men able to work together, talk together, and laugh together when, but for the passage of time they would have stalked each other and, with animal savagery, killed? Each day I spent in Japan I asked myself this question, and each day I found no answer.

Many times I would look from my work and stare at Yamada, one of the Japanese typists employed at Misawa Air Base, who in a short time had become my friend. We were approximately the same age, a factor which prompted

me to ask myself: What if both of us had been born 15 years sooner?

During those four and a half years that history calls World War II, a vital part of both our childhoods, we had, through radio, motion pictures, and the words of our elders been indoctrinated with a spirit of distrust, bordering on hate, for each other. And for this reason I found myself wondering if perhaps his father, older brother, or friend had been at Pearl Harbor, Bataan, or Manila. And I imagine he might have wondered if my father, older brother, or friend had slaughtered his people at Tokyo, Hiroshima, or Nagasaki. As time passed, I no longer regarded him as Japanese but only as a friend, and he too began to trust me—for one day, as I sat working at my desk, he approached me, a look of question on his face. In his hand was a booklet given to him by one of the local missionaries. He laid the booklet down on the desk, opened to a colored picture of Christ walking across the water. Then he asked, "Do you believe?" I hesitated, then answered that I did, an answer that was untrue, for I am an agnostic. I answered yes, for he was in search of a religion to replace his own, lost when the Emperor renounced all divinity.

After 14 months I received orders transferring me to Iwo Jima. As I walked through the office saying good-bye, he handed me a small package which he said was a gift from the Japanese who worked in the office. I opened it and found two sea shells hinged together which opened to show a Japanese boy and girl waving good-bye as a ship sailed away. If it is truly the thought behind a gift that sets its value, then to me those sea shells are priceless.

Later, as I stood on top of Mount Suribachi viewing that God-damned rock of Iwo Jima, thinking how pathetic it was that thousands of men had died fighting for it, I also thought of Yamada, and that but for the passage of time we might have met here; that his bayonet might have spilled my guts down the side of this mountain or my flame-thrower might have burned him alive.

Yesterday we would have been enemies; today we are friends. The hearts of men never change—but for the passage of time.

Love

Jon Woods

The sages, the poets, the painters of a thousand ages have sought to capture Love's face and have failed. Where they cannot succeed, I cannot either. Yet I, like they, must add my small, seemingly insignificant brush stroke to the mural of Love, for one in love must tell of it, no matter how mediocre his success, no matter how fumbling his efforts, for one's soul overflows with Love and demands voicing if one is not to burst with the joy of its revelation to him. Thus it is that I am compelled to write of this Love that has become a vital part of my life; thus it is that I am compelled to tell of Linda—Love.

Linda is symbolic of Love and its powers. The beauty of the lily grows dim when compared with her wondrous beauty; the warmth of a sunset grows cold when compared with the warmth of her spirit; the sweetness of beautiful music grows discordant when compared with the sweetness of her voice; the pureness of clear water grows stagnant when compared with the pureness of her Love.

With her Love, my soul soars, grows, matures. It visits distant realms of unspeakable beauty; it witnesses Love of unquenchable fire; it swims in a sea of compassion beyond mortal comprehension; it breathes and finds life in the sustaining medium of Love.

She gives to me solace in my times of anguish; she gives to me faith in my days of doubt; she gives to me compassion in my times of need; she gives to me levity in my hours of sadness; she gives to me warmth in my moments of cold; she gives to me Life, a life of completeness, a life of meaning and purpose: she gives to me Love, a love that surpasses all human understanding.

She gives to me more than gold and silver; she gives to me more than emeralds and diamonds; she gives to me more than the earthly, tainted goods of life; she gives me a spiritual, godly love.

She quiets my fears; she heals my wounds; she lightens my burden; she strengthens my faith; she sets aflame my soul; she gives me the courage to face the uncertain tomorrows.

She is my Fountain of Youth; she is my eternal Spring of Life; she is my drink of cool water on a hot summer's day; she is my breath of warmth on a cold winter's night; she is my well of strength; she is my spring of faith; she is my oasis of comfort; she is my brook of courage; she is my stream of understanding; she is my river of solace; she is my ocean of Love.

To dwell an hour with her is to pass an hour in Paradise; to pass a day with her is to spend a day in Heaven; to stay a month in her presence is to dwell a month in the presence of Love; to spend a year with her is to pass a year in the sight of the Deity; to pass a lifetime with her is to live a lifetime in the presence of the Trinity.

Men, their hearts twisted and gnarled by Hate, ask bitterly, "Of what is life?" To them my answer is sure and unwavering—Love, pure and warm and tender and forgiving Love—Love that lifts men from the abyss of doom to the pinnacle of Salvation, Love that frees men from the bonds of ignorance, Love that frees men from tyrannical slavery, Love that joins man with man.

If only all the world could know of her Love; if only all the world could taste of her soul; if only all the world could feel of her warmth; if only all the world could sense of her compassion—then would it know peace; then would it know hope; then would it know joy; then would it know freedom; then would it know Love.

To be pitied is the man who does not know of Love, for his life is doomed to misery; to be mourned is the man who has not tasted of Love, for he tastes only of the bitterness of flesh and blood; to be prayed for is the man who has not felt of Love, for he feels only of the spear in the side, the nail in the hand, and his burden is heavy; to be mourned is the man in whose heart Love does not abide, for it is made of insensitive stone.

I know that my Love for her shall never die, shall never wither, shall never decay. It shall go on growing, maturing, fostering more Love. It shall live to breathe the breath of life into a human soul; it shall live to one day bear out of the womb of Love, more Love; it shall live to create new life, new joy, new hope in the world. It shall live; for it is a part of God, a part of the undying spiritual realm of life.

I know that nothing else, neither money, nor power, nor fame, nor honor, will ever, can ever replace Linda — Love — as the most dear, the most cherished presence in my life.



WATER BIRDS

GARRY BIGGS

KAPPA PI ART CONTEST—SECOND AWARD

Infinite Journey

James Edward Martin

Come, come with me to the village of sin
And damnation. The streets are lined with
Sinful obstacles which will turn a black-sheathed
Padre into my hands. Who am I?
You ask. Well, for all concerned, I am Satan,
The breeder of hell and damnation.

Walk slowly, slowly down the long
And winding street of hell. Walk down and down
The rugged road of temptation, until at last
You reach out and touch the many arms of sin.
Rejoice then, while you may,
You ungodly ghost of human temptation,
For you shall be absorbed by the evil of my sadistic passion.

Enter! Enter youthful sinner into the abode
Of human desires and carnal delights.
Enrich your infant and innocent views;
Be not afraid!
For I, the depth-darkening shadow of damnation,
Shall fulfill your desires.

But alas, young sinner,
Your soul will be mine
And another shattered spirit shall be added
To the fitful fuel for my fires.
Infinite damnation alone propitiates
The ungodly proprietor of hell.

The Clover Chain

Richard W. Blair

Annie tied the last flower onto the clover chain and held it up to see if it were long enough. She cocked her head wistfully and tried to imagine how it would look to Mama. She remembered how Mama had always praised the bouquets of dandelions that she picked in the park. Clover chains are hard to make, and Mama would know that. Annie held it up again, pretending to show it to the perky little squirrel that dared come so near. Sure, Mama would like it.

"That's a pretty clover chain you're making, little girl." A Salvation Army lady sat on the park bench near where Annie was squatting in the grass. The lady again attempted to get Annie to talk. "Are you going to keep it?"

Annie tucked her chin lower and bit her bottom lip. "No, I made it for Mama," she answered shyly.

Just then Annie heard her older sister, Jean, yelling from the corner bus stop. "Annie! Annie! Hurry up, our bus is coming!"

Annie picked up the clover chain, taking her time. "Jean always hollers when the bus is still a whole block away."

"Bye, I've gotta go now," she said in a blunder of words, then felt her face flush. And as she turned to scurry off across the park, she almost bumped into a sailor and his girl.

"Hey, watch it, Baby Doll," the sailor laughed.

Afraid to look him in the face, Annie frowned and stared more earnestly into the grass as she ran on. "He called me a baby. I am not a baby," she thought, resenting the cocky sailor.

She and Jean were the last to get on the bus; so they had to stand up and hold onto the chrome bar.

"Will you tell us when we get to Fifteenth and Broadway?" Jean asked the bus driver, and he nodded his head.

At last they were on their way to see Mama. Ever since the divorce Mama was an "unfit mother," and they were to live with Daddy. Annie wondered if Mama looked different now that she was an "unfit mother." Mama had always been

nice to them. They hadn't seen Mama since that day they saw her in Block and Kuhl's. She had been with her gentleman friend and was in a hurry. She had looked very grand and she smelled so good.

"Maybe Mama will ask us to stay for supper," Jean said as she brushed at Annie's wispy hair that was always in her eyes. "I should have put your hair in a pony tail! Oh, Annie, you've got grass stain on your dress. Why do you always play with that nasty clover stuff?"

"But Mama won't care," Annie pleaded. She suddenly felt ashamed of her crumpled dress. She had just grabbed it from the bag of clean clothes that came from Weem's Laundry yesterday. Jean didn't iron them any more, but then the wrinkles pretty much fall out after you wear a dress for a while.

"Here, lean forward a minute," Jean ordered as she retied Annie's sash for the third time. "You look like some little street waif. You didn't get your face clean, either. I don't know why you won't let me wash it for you," Jean fussed.

"You don't ever rinse the soap off good, that's why," retorted Annie. She *did* wish Jean wouldn't always be scolding her.

"Fifteenth and Broadway," the bus driver announced in his monotonous sing-song voice.

Annie still held the clover chain in one hand as Jean helped her down from the bus. As they walked toward the tall apartment building, the broad door opened, and a man and woman rushed out as if they were late for something important.

"It's Mama," Jean whispered under her breath.

Annie beamed. "Mama looks so *purty*."

But Mama only frowned impatiently when she saw them coming toward her.

"Jean, what are you doing here? I told you always to call before you come," Mama's voice sounded strained.

"But, Mama, we——" Jean began.

"I'm in a terrible hurry now, but I'll try to get down to see you sometime."

Annie's heart seemed to drop. She withdrew into her usual silence and wished dreadfully hard that they wouldn't

look at her. Mama seemed flustered and turned to the man who was waiting beside her.

"This is Jean and Annie, Tom."

"Hello, how are you?" the man said with a strained, disinterested smile as he looked them over.

Jean only smiled weakly. Annie knew he didn't really want to know how she was, so she looked down at the grass-filled crack in the sidewalk. If only they hadn't come!

"I'll try to get down to see you some time," Mama said again. "Do you have bus fare, Jean?"

"Yes, Mama," Jean managed a weak reply.

Mama and the man drove off in a shiny car. They watched it till it disappeared in the traffic. Mama used to always kiss them when they saw her . . . Annie knew Mama would never come to see them. Annie thought she saw a tear fall down Jean's cheek and felt angry at Jean. She quietly broke the wilted clover chain and let it drop to the sidewalk.

That night Annie tossed restlessly in her bed. She kept waking up. It was hot. Daddy still had not come home and it was nearly morning. She could hear Jean's even breathing beside her. It was no use trying to sleep. Annie eased out of the bed. She leaned her elbows on the open and unscreened window of the second-story flat and watched the dawn creeping in, giving shape and drab color to the array of clothes in the store window across the street. Even when there are no cars and buses in the street, you can still smell them. A man carrying a lunch pail walked wearily past each faintly glowing circle of street light. A few minutes later, another workman made his way along the sidewalk without even looking where he was going. She watched him as he reached the corner and cut through Washington Park to disappear in the twilight. She felt so strangely contented and close to these weary people. They work and eat and have fun and sleep. Like Mr. Ellege's family down the street—they always sit down at a big table and eat together at night. Bonnie Ellege and her family—they always do things together. They have a routine they follow about every day the same way. Annie envied her. The rough window sill had made creases in her arm that felt funny when she touched them.

Annie could hear her older sister stirring restlessly in the room. A yellow cab raced up the middle of both lanes and screeched around the corner. And all was still again . . . Annie could now almost make out the gold lettering on the

office windows above the clothing shops. Some of the blinds were closed, some open, and some still half raised. A cat was passing on the broad sidewalk just below. Annie sucked her tongue to "work up" some spit. Then she leaned over the window sill and spat on the cat to get his attention. He barely turned to see what the faint spatter was, then padded on around the red, white, and blue barbershop pole and into the alley. Even the old cat has a routine. Habits are nice. They make it seem like you've really got something important to do. They give unity to an otherwise chaotic existence. Annie wished she had something she had to do tomorrow.

Just then the shrill ring of the phone startled her. Annie resented the interruption. Jean leaped from her bed and groped her way towards the phone in the hall. Annie sat quietly. Still half asleep, Jean fumbled for the phone.

"Hello . . . Yes, this is Jean. Daddy! —what? Oh! What do you mean? What? Oh . . . oh. All right, Daddy."

The phone clicked, then Annie heard a loud sob. She waited for Jean to say something.

"Annie, Annie . . . Where are you Annie?"

Annie blinked when Jean turned the light on. Now wide awake, Jean started towards Annie as if it were quite natural for her to be just sitting there by the window so early in the morning.

"Annie, that was Daddy. He's waiting for us at St. Mary's Hospital. He wants us to come." Jean didn't say any more.

Annie quietly began putting on the clothes Jean laid out for her. Then she listened while Jean called the cab.

When their cab pulled up in front of the hospital, they saw Daddy sitting all alone on the broad front steps waiting for them. His chin rested in his hands and he stared down at the concrete. When he looked up, Annie could see his face was drawn and weary. She had never seen Daddy cry.

Jean went to sit beside him on the cool, concrete steps, and Annie followed.

"My little babies . . . Your mother was a good woman," he whispered almost to himself.

Jean began sobbing hysterically against Daddy's shoulder, but Annie only felt numb and her head buzzed like the day the first grade sang for school assembly and she had been afraid. She watched the traffic going by, then stared grimly into the patch of clover at the edge of the steps. Mama had never come to see them anyway. Mechanically, she reached out and pulled at the clover and began to tie a stem.

The Winnie Davis Neely Award
First Prize Poetry

Snowball

Susan Daugherty

A tear
Crystallized
Spun for candy
Wound for knitted mitten
Takes the last of laughter
In its wake
And rolls
Pell-mell
To its melting place
Not quite too late
To bathe the face
Of spring's stiff shrouded daughter



WOMAN ALONE

SUE BLAKENEY

KAPPA PI ART CONTEST—FIRST AWARD

Sureness Is Never

Don Shepardson

How simple it is for those who stand afar, safe from hurt, to be wise, to be logical, and to be sure. But for those who have felt hurt, wisdom is distant, logic is buried, and sureness is never.

Rain clouds were causing the stars to flicker as Jim Fuller arrived at her home. He sat for a moment looking across the fog enveloped waters of the St. Clair to the dim lights of the Canadian shore, thinking how much his view matched his heart. Slowly he eased his tall frame from the car into the muggy Michigan air and walked toward the small, red-brick house, pausing to follow the path of a lake freighter churning its way to Detroit, its mushy bass whistle intermittently signaling to other ships.

"You love to watch the boats, don't you?"

He turned to see Mary standing—angelically—beneath the rays of the small porch light, her shapely body accentuated by the snug white dress which revealed the beginning of her soft ivory bust, and her short blonde hair which fell loosely to shield her delicate nape.

"That one's around six hundred feet long. She must be loaded with ore; look how low she's riding in the water," he said, looking again to the water.

"How can you tell? It's so foggy I can hardly see you."

"Well, come down here where you can see it," he said.

"Oh, you and your boats," she said teasingly as she stepped from the porch, wearing a smile that would make even the most pessimistic of prophets thank God to be alive.

He held out his arm to her, wrapping it loosely around her shoulder as she gripped his waist.

"Now, see the lights," he said. "You can tell by them how high the ship is riding. You should be ashamed of yourself. For twenty-five years you've lived on this river, and still it takes a 'land-lubbin' Illinois boy to tell you about ships."

"I'm sorry—Captain," she said smiling.

He embraced her, kissing her gently.

"Mary, Mary, how wonderful you are," he murmured, easing his lips from hers. "Let's go inside; there's something I have to tell you."

Silently they walked into her living room, seating themselves on the couch. He paused to collect his thoughts and said, "I—I want to marry you, but——."

"I want to marry you, Jim," she softly said, putting her hand on his shoulder.

"I know, I know you do. But there's something I have to tell you first," he said.

"It's about a girl, isn't it?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

"You show the signs of a person who's carrying a hurt inside of him. Remember the night last June when we went dancing at the Kenwick Club?"

"Yes."

"When we were standing on the patio looking at the lake, I jokingly asked you about your old girlfriends, and I could tell, even though you tried to laugh it off, that I'd hit an old wound. For just a moment your eyes told me not to mention it again."

"I should have told you then," he said.

"I wanted you to, but I didn't feel I should ask you. It's something you should tell me because you want to."

They sat for a moment, neither speaking.

"Mary?" he said softly.

"What?"

"Understand me."

She tenderly laid her head on his chest, encircling his neck with her smooth arm.

"Tell me, Jim, tell me everything—please."

"It was almost nine years ago, my senior year in college, the happiest year of my life. Soon the four years of undergraduate study would be over, and I would be going to law school. I'd always wanted to be a lawyer so law school would be the fulfillment of a lifelong dream. But when you're young, and in love, nothing can overshadow the anticipation of marriage. That was the way we felt, Joni and I. For over two years we had waited impatiently until graduation

before getting married. She was to get a job teaching until I finished law school and then, as she so happily put it, 'we're going to have lots of children.' How quickly, my God, how quickly happiness can disappear and you're left with only that sickening feeling of emptiness. It was April, and Joni was already bustling about the campus with the vibrant expectation of becoming a June bride. Spring had burst forth in all its flowery splendor; the trees had thrust out their leaves in search of the sun's nourishing warmth. The days were warmer than usual for Central Illinois, causing everyone to fear a hot humid summer. Each warm day gracefully blended into a refreshing dusk, which melted into night.

"Every pleasant night I walked over to Pemberton Hall to see her. We would start from 'Pem' and casually stroll down the large concrete walk that extended the length of the small, heavily shaded campus. The near night air began to cool as light breezes ruffled through the treetops. Slowly we passed each building, first the science building—she always teased me about my low grade in biology—which stood dark and foreboding in the near night air, then the dark gymnasium and as that building ended, the Student Union building. The Union was always illuminated, serving the recreational needs of the students. Down a flight of concrete steps we walked, passing the new dormitories and the beautiful gothic library, to the tennis courts. Pausing long enough to kiss, we retraced our steps. The sun had now set and as we walked we could see the landmark of the school, Old Main, rising massively above the trees, bearing likeness to a castle of the middle ages, its towers silhouetted against the black sky by a large spotlight on the ground below. Each building in turn slipped behind us until we passed between Old Main and Pem Hall, nodding to other students entering and leaving the dormitory. We turned down a smaller walk which angled to the left and passed by a large semi-circular cement bench. This old bench, with its many cracks and chips was ideally located for those in love. Sheltered by a grove of trees, it provided seclusion for those who wished only to be alone and away from unwanted eyes.

"There we'd sit for hours, talking of our plans for the future—how perfect everything was to be.

"April became May and May became June, and the day we had waited for, the graduation dance, finally arrived. Everything about that day haunts me. In the morning I went to the jewelry store to buy the wedding ring. I planned to show it to her after the dance when we were alone.

"It was a beautiful night for a dance; the balmy night air of early June was invigorating to the spirit. We arrived at the Student Union building around nine o'clock. The music was playing as we entered the main ballroom. I took her in my arms, and together we glided through the other couples, across the dance floor.

"I can still see her dancing. How beautiful she was with her hair done up in the back and her bangs loosely reaching out for her sparkling eyes."

"Isn't it beautiful in here tonight with the soft lights and all the pretty gowns. Everyone seems to be so happy," she said.

"I haven't had time to notice. All I've been able to look at is you," I said, looking in her eyes.

"You Sir, are trying to beguile me—and I love every word of it," she said smilingly, pressing closer to me.

"I tightened the embrace, whispering in her ear, 'I love you.' "

"I must have checked every five minutes to see if the ring was still in my pocket. As time wore on I became more anxious to leave the crowd and be alone with Joni. We had become separated in the crowd as the men talked of the jobs they had landed or where they would next attend school, while the women, for the most part, busily bragged about the man they had so skillfully caught. I eased out of my group and walked over to Joni. Putting my hand on her shoulder, I whispered, 'Let's leave.' "

"Do you think we should go now?"

"Yes, I have something to show you."

She quickly turned around and vibrantly smiled, "What?"

"Let's leave and you'll find out. After all, I work much better without an audience."

"Tightly, she held onto my arm as we said good night to our friends and walked out of the building toward the car. Neither of us said a word as I drove out of town. As we neared the edge of town she impatiently asked, 'Where are we going?' "

"Somewhere to park."

"What's wrong with the lake?"

"There will be other people there. Just be patient, honey, let me pick the spot," I said.

"All right, you pick any spot you like," she answered sliding across the seat next to me.

"I drove a few miles out of town then turned onto a country road, stopping a mile down from the highway. In the cool night air I tightly embraced her warm body. 'I love you,' I murmured as I kissed her throat, letting my lips slide to the nape of her neck."

"What do you want to show me?" she asked, breathing heavily.

"I took the small box from my pocket and gave it to her. Her eyes widened as she opened it and saw the plain white-gold band. Tears began to form in her eyes as she looked from the ring to me."

"It's not really an expensive ring, but it's the best I can do for now," I said meekly.

"It's beautiful, Jim. I don't care how much it cost as long as it came from you. Any girl can get a ring, but only I have you to go with it," she said, beginning to sniffle.

"Put it on so I can see how it looks?" I asked.

"No honey, I don't want to wear it until I'm your wife and then I'll wear it for the rest of my life."

"I took the ring from her and returned it to my pocket, then slipped my arm around her neck and looked deeply into her eyes. I love you; I'll always love you as I do now. I want to marry you as soon as you say so. Tomorrow is Sunday; let's make it a week from then."

"Yes, a week from tomorrow," she said, wiping her eyes with her pink handkerchief.

"Come on now, that's no way for a girl to act," I said, slowly running my fingers through her hair. "Now blow your nose and smile for me."

"Oh, Jim, I———."

"I smothered her words with a strong kiss. She equaled my pressure, forcing my lips and then her entire body against me. My hands glided down the length of her back causing her to quiver slightly as she continued to strain against me.

I eased her against the back of the seat and then gradually lowered her down to the cushion. Still locked in an embrace, I released my lips from her and laid my head on her breasts. The serene silence of the night enveloped us. We lay motionless for a few minutes then regretfully unlocked the embrace and resumed a sitting position in the seat.

"I think we'd better go back to town," I said breathing harder than usual.

"It's so nice out here, Jim, let's stay awhile," she said, leaning hard against me, her arm around my neck.

"If we don't go now something might happen that we'll both regret later," I said kissing her lightly on the nose.

She looked at me with dreamy eyes. "In another week we won't have to ever worry about that again."

"I turned the car around towards town. Stopping as I reached the stop sign, I then drove onto the highway. It was now after midnight, the road was clear. We happily cruised along the lonely strip of pavement, oblivious to the world. Soon we approached a slight curve, which dipped as the road passed through a small valley. Many times before we had passed through this valley, but had never paid much attention to the sharp sides of the embankment which paralleled the road. A loud bang interrupted the stillness of the night; the car suddenly lurched to the right. Joni screamed as she was thrown to the right side of the car. I fought the steering wheel for control, but it was too late. The car smashed through the small guard rail, hurdled down the embankment careening off some small trees, finally halting at the bottom of the valley. Then, there was silence.

"I had felt myself being thrown from the wild car before it had struck the trees. Instinctively I picked myself off the ground and tried to stand. A sharp pain knifed into my leg as I stepped forward and fell hard on the ground. My vision blurred, everything began to spin. I took a deep breath, momentarily pausing to clear my mind. Panic began to grip me, where was Joni? Loudly I called out for her, there was no answer. I staggered, fell, and then crawled down the hill toward the car. The pain in my leg hammered into my temples as I fought to remain conscious. As I inched closer to the demolished car I saw her white formal, reflected by the moonlight.

"Joni," I called out.

"She was lying on her back. She tried to raise her arm to me, but it only rose a few inches before limply falling back to earth. I heard her moan weakly. Painfully I crept toward her motionless body, clawing my way through the heavy brush. As I drew near enough to see her clearly, I stopped for a second, almost recoiling from what I saw. The beautiful white gown was now a sickening blood red down to her waist.

"O my God," I mumbled.

"I leaned over her pallid body by using my good leg for a brace and throwing my arm across her.

"I feel so weak, Jim, why can't I move?" she whimpered.

"Bending over her I could see her wound. Her soft lovely neck, which only minutes before I had delicately kissed, was torn open as if raked by a large claw.

"Everything will be all right," I said. I just couldn't admit to myself that soon she'd be dead. "I'll go for help."

"No, no don't leave me," she begged, "I'm dying Jim, I know it."

"I tried to speak to her, but the lump in my throat wouldn't let me. All I could do was shake my head to say no as the tears poured from my eyes."

"The ring, Jim, put it on my finger."

"I took the ring from my pocket and, with trembling hands slowly eased it onto her pale finger. She looked up at me. She was crying."

"I love you. I wanted so much to be your wife."

"You'll always be my wife," I sobbed.

"You're getting farther away. Hold me."

"I wrapped my arm around her and gently lifted her until she pressed against me. With the last ounce of energy in her dying body she clung to me then slowly her lifeless arms slid from my back and fell to her sides. As though she were a fragile baby, I lowered her. I knelt over her for a moment, staring unbelievably into her face. Only then did I fully realize what had happened. Our dreams, our life together—everything, was gone. I fell down on her and cried. I laid my head on her breast, sobbing over and over again,

'Oh no, God, please no!' The pain now racked my entire body. Slowly everything became unreal and distant. Again I began to lose consciousness, but now there was no reason to fight it. I collapsed.

It had begun to rain since he arrived. A small lamp burned in the far corner of the room leaving them seated in the shadows. She was still pressed against him, her arm around his neck. In her free hand she held a handkerchief, which she had found necessary to use when he told of Joni's death. Only the pattering of the rain on the rooftop broke the silence.

"What happened after that?" she asked.

"Oh, some one came along, after I passed out, and went for help. I was in shock for three days and by the time I woke up the funeral was over. The one thing I'll always be grateful for is that when she was buried she wore my ring. Her mother told me later that somehow she knew it should be that way. After that I went through law school like a bulldozer. All the way through school the professors and the other students were amazed at how I was able to study so much, never letting up. All the time they never knew that I was trying to lose myself in work. If the damn stuff didn't make me sick, I would have been the world's biggest drunk."

With a sigh he rose from the couch and walked over to the rain spattered window, peering through to the river.

"Mary," he said, almost in a whisper.

"What?"

"Do you understand what I'm trying to tell you?"

"I only understand that you once loved someone, and you lost her. It doesn't make any difference to me. I love you. You've said that you love me—isn't that enough—is there really anything else to understand?"

He turned back to her and said, "I—I do love you—but I'm not sure if I love only you. How can I ask you to be my wife as long as this memory of Joni is with me. It wouldn't be fair to you. I've tried to forget—God knows I've tried. That night at the Kenwick Club when you asked about my old girlfriends the first thing I thought of was her lying on the ground, bleeding—dying. Everything about that night came back to me as though it were only yesterday."

She rose from the couch and slowly walked over to him.

"Have you *really* tried to forget her, Jim?"

He turned away, silently staring out the window as he asked himself her question.

"Look at me, Jim," she said placing her hands to the sides of his head, slowly turning his face toward her.

"I have tried, Mary, believe me, I *have* tried."

"No Jim, I don't believe you have—not the way I mean. No matter how many times you may have told yourself that you should forget, deep inside of you, you don't want to."

He brought his hands to her shoulders, then with his right hand he softly caressed her hair.

"It hasn't been easy," he murmured, "wanting to forget, but at the same time not wanting to."

"I wouldn't be human if I didn't feel a little jealous of her. But I know how much you loved her, and how much she loved you, and I think I'd be disappointed in you if you did forget her. I still want to marry you, even though I know there's a small part of you I may never have."

"Mary, Mary, I want to do the right thing—the right thing for you," he said, wrapping his arm around her waist, turning again to the window.

They both stared at the river as two ships approached each other, their signaling whistles seemingly floating off the water. Soon the two sets of lights intermixed to become one against the foggy background. He looked to her, his fingertips gently raising her chin. For a moment he said nothing as he looked deep into her eyes. Then, with a little smile, he whispered, "How many children should we have?"

Conception

Christine McColl

Two souls
Too long alone
With sudden mutual awareness
Have found the eternal, unshatterable hope
Of love.

Comedy: Relief and Grief

Tom McPeak

Stars speak such grand words,
But they are after all, just past words.
And though their message seems concrete and true,
At times they bore me blue.
I welcome then the curt remark
Of a shooting star's adlibbing spark.
It is a gay, if passing lie
In too serious a truthful sky.
Of course gaiety can be overdone,
As it is in our boisterous sun,
That subdues the stars with its loud voice,
And leaves the earth no other choice
But to turn away its North or South,
Or gag a moon in the offending mouth.

The Unspoken Word

Christine McColl

Like a mighty jet
The unspoken word
Swoops in amongst
The casual conversation
Of each day.

The unspoken word . . .
The spark that could brighten
A thousand caverns of dark despair . . .
The twinkle that could toss out
All needless fear . . .
The light that could kindle anew
The warm glow of mutual friendship . . .

But the word remain unspoken
It swoops and soars
Down and around . . .
In and out . . .
Up . . .

Charm

Benjamin Polk

darling do pass me another drink
im just dry as can be (whats
she wearing tonight) yes
it was such a charming party
(gods what an ugly dress)
the drink is fine thank you
(it tastes like sin) oh i
devoured every word of that
book such a wonderful man
you know he went to an east
ern school before he came
out west (lets see what
school was it (oh damn it
anyway) oh oh claudia
how dazzling you look to
night (ill bet the damned
thing was sprayed on in
macys basement) yes isnt
the weather just simply
dreadful (i must remind
peter to pick up my sun
lamp tomorrow) oh i havent
been doing a thing lately
(how bored I was today)
yes yes its so nice to
have time to do what one
wishes to do whats that
alex yes we saw it last
week when we went with the
von burons (ill never for
get that little mouse pinch
ing my leg all evening)
whats that oh no thank you
peter and i do have to run along
it has been a
perfectly charming evening



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Screaming Spider

Tom McPeak

Spiders play on silver harps,
Spinning flats and weaving sharps.
(SPIDER SCREAM
YOUR SILENT SCREAMS
DROWN OUT HOPE
AND SMOTHER DREAMS.)
Fuzzy browns and fuzzy blacks
Dart like trains on myth-like tracks.
(SPIDER STARE
YOUR SCORCHING STARE,
BURNING ALL
TO CRISP DESPAIR.)
Story tellers in the grass
Spin their yarns in strips of glass.
(SPIDER LISTEN TO THE GAY,
LISTEN TO THE STRONG AT PLAY.)
Thoughts that reach out free and bold
Are dancing spiders cast in gold,
But the mind within a shell
Creates its own and other's hell.



Just Once in an Early Spring

E. J. B.

Just once in an early spring,
I was found by a capricious perfume.
With a delicate voice it had to sing,
Forever hidden, the first unseen bloom.

I felt the vibrance and warmth of new love.
Its fragile fragrance was offered gently,
By a dancing evening wind.
Once it was mine, even so briefly.

Now, that moon-lusted night is pale memory,
Like a gossamer ballet performed by a mist.
How precious was a moment of melody
In the silent symphony of time.

Hummingbird

Pauline B. Smith

Swifter than the flashes of an angry lady's fan,
Faster than the fastest shuttle, smaller than a span,
Bending and bobbing to probe at a delicate harvesting task,
A flutter of color, you dip minuscule dropper and flask.

Softer than the faintest whisper, move the vivid, gauzy wings,
Beating, whirring, stirring with a force that swings
The tiny body near to the flower face, fragile and white;
Hovering in aerial hesitation in powers of arrested flight.

Darting embroiderer's needle commanding brightest skein,
Reflects but palely your splendor of iridescent red and green.

Willow Trees

Pauline B. Smith

Dark wood of the willow, *S. babylonica*,
Wrapped in the verdure of spring's embrace,
Stands majestic in a fountain of grey sprays;
Swaying in a rhythm of delicate motion,
Moving like fringes on a dancer's skirt.
The rustle of the leaves are whispers
Carried by the breeze, keyed to pianissimo,
Touched lightly by the magic wand of spring.
S. vitellina, sister in yellow,
Dons a mantle of gold mist, fragile lace,
Traced in an outline of leaves against the sky.
Brief period of budding, analogy to the youth of man,
In young leaves defines the nature of the tree;
So youth speaks of the man that is to be.

Maturity

Christine McColl

Wrenched
Torn

Ripped
From the good earth
Interrupting the quiet, fertile soil
A single shoot loses its productivity
Its safety in the Gardener's hands.

Drenched
Born

Clipped
Its neighbor shoots
Erupting with fervent agreement
Soak up the wondrous stimulation
Of protective guidance in the Secret Garden.

Watered
Fed

Cultivated
The twin saplings flourish
Steadily developing with affinity
Together reaching for the pure warmth of the Great Star.

The New Year

Linda Campbell

The New Year is fresh
Like the early morning.
It is potential bloom
Like the rosebud.
It is unshaped
Like potter's clay.
It is choice
Like two pieces of candy.

The Storm

Mary-Jean Pitrat

The lightning ran across the sky
And hit the tree with evil eye.
Its fiery fingers split the night
And made the world seem full and bright.

The tree stood out against the dark—
An ugly seam in its torn bark.
The lightning's friend, the thunder, laughed.
Its trembling spirit seemed to waft.

The thunder rammed and rolled and roared;
Its voice then struck a mournful chord.
It sounded lone and scared and old
With only voice to say, "I'm bold!"

The air was heavy with the rain;
Each drop a verse with new refrain.
It fell too hard; it fell too fast;
Then faltered to its peace at last.

Ebony Ivory

Jean Danenbarger

Ebony Ivory is the night,
Ebony black and Ivory bright.
Stars of Ivory, moon of gold,
Ebony black is the night so cold.

Ebony, Ebony is the wind.
Ebony black was the birth of sin.
Ivory, Ivory are the clouds.
Ebony black is a crystal shroud.

Ebony Ivory is my love,
Ebony black is my Mourning Dove.
Birds of Ebony, birds of Blue,
Crystal Ivory is the dew.

Ebony Ivory is my song,
Ebony black and Ivory wrong.
Notes of Ebony, tune of black,
Love of Ebony shall not come back.

The Fireball Mail

Allen Engelbright

The stillness haunts the midnight cold;
The moon displays the mountain vale.
No life's astir this dark cold morn,
For in the village, sleep prevails.
But listen! Hear that whistle blow.
A sound afar, that lonesome wail.
A train is near, in distance, miles.
From Akron comes the Fireball Mail.

Thundering, screaming, rolling near,
Fast coming down the iron rails,
Though she's behind her scheduled time,
Her destined goal she never fails.
As moments pass she comes in view;
Her smokestack spouts a coal black trail.
Her wheels are flashing in fiery steam,
Spun faster than the fastest gale.

A monstrous demon eating coal,
She's coming fast; she hugs the rails.
A six-wheel giant breathing fire.
She's late, late, late, the Fireball Mail.
A beautiful sight in the dark.
This comet with a streamlined tail
Adds much attraction to the night
While flashing through the moonlit vale.

Then passing like a thunderstorm
The train has left behind the dale,
Whistling long that lonesome whine.
Nothing will slow the Fireball Mail.
Her jumble, rumble, and her roar
Will never stop till end of trail.
A long, long track ahead of her,
Chesapeake bound, the Fireball Mail.

Expectation

Christine McColl

Colossal breakers
Like so many ambitions
Crash into the rocks of time . . .
Shatter into droplets of hope . . .
As spray diffuses into
The absorbing heat of apathy.

From distant shores
White caps begin their journey
Their foam the icing
On the cake of curiosity.

The drifting sand stands ready
Its grains so many hopeful hearts
Its quietness broken by crashing ambitions.
Tell me . . . who is that child that stands waiting
On the beach?

Catastrophe

Christine McColl

Giant ideals, damned with pussy feet
crouch among the indestructible
vines of time
their senses sharp and suspicious
like those of frightened felines

they lap the sour milk of masters
who blindly believe their milk
eternally fresh
they howl in evening's emptiness
their cries unheard among
night's party sounds
their ways untouched by
the searching eyes of youth

they stretch and sleep
resigned to death's long hours
wrapped in the sure safety
of soft, thick fur

sophistication

Benjamin Polk

black dresses
 white pearls
 glass heels
 long feet

charming smiles
 cloudlike steps
 alluring gestures
 correct posture

long ghostly nails
 smooth shiny hair
 plucked and replucked eyebrows
 strained curly eyelashes

locked jaws
 capped teeth
 puckered lips
 glass-covered eyes

soft sexy voices
 discreet little laughs
 exotic perfumes
 very dry martinis

fashionable clothing
 stylish coiffure
 classic features
 wan complexion

one cigarette
 (careful don't inhale)
 one grasshopper
 (don't leave a lip print)

one young girl
 one fashion magazine
 one decaying society
 one charming woman

it
 has
 to
 be
 sophistication

On Playing Bridge

Myrna Jo Handley

Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy,
and wise.

How ardently I used to follow Mr. Franklin's advice! But then something changed my life: I learned how to play bridge.

Before I say anything else, I want to make it quite clear that I am happy with my decision. I believe bridge is a stimulating game; in my opinion, it requires much more skill than such games as pinochle, hearts, canasta, or even poker, and it gives much more satisfaction to the player. Yet, one should be warned; bridge is corrupting. I know, for I was corrupted.

A few weeks before I took up bridge, I had made friends with three other girls. As college students, we all had assigned work to do almost every night. This we did diligently, and afterwards we met to discuss our politics, powers, and passions. We put first things first; everything was orderly. First we worked, and then we played. Oh, sometimes we stayed up too late when we became involved in an argument. Sometimes one of us smoked too many cigarettes and became ill. But this was only on occasion. Just as Mr. Franklin suggested, we observed good, clean, healthful habits of living. That is, we did until, at the suggestion of one of the girls, we took up the seemingly innocent pastime—playing bridge.

In the foursome, I was the only beginner; the others had previously learned to play. So one afternoon, they brushed up on the fundamentals, and at the same time taught me a smattering of what the game was about.

By the end of the afternoon, I was thoroughly confused. My friends suggested that I consult a Mr. Goren. Now in case there is anyone so ill-informed (as I was at the time) that he does not know who Charles H. Goren is, let that be corrected now. Goren is the top-ranked bridge player in the world. His fame is so widespread that when a player quotes any of his works, it is as if he were quoting the Holy Scriptures themselves.

Finally, armed with a copy of Goren's *The Fundamentals of Contract Bridge* and eased by the assurance that I would be playing with friends, I decided to play my first hand of bridge without assistance. Believe me, I have never felt so alone. After three plays, I had ten cards and three unfriendly faces glaring at me. My friends informed me that I had just broken every rule in the book: I had misled my partner with faulty bidding; I had talked across the table; I had passed on a new-suit-forcing bid with seventeen points in my hand; I had accidentally dropped two cards on the floor; and I had spilled iced tea on the dummy! I really don't know how I did it, but I somehow managed to totter through the rest of the hand. I apologized for my mistakes, but was a little worried when I saw my partner crying. This called for action.

It was quite important that I take action immediately, for I had to regain the confidence of my friends. It was not only that I disliked seeing people cry, but also I found I rather liked bridge and wanted to be asked to play again. Now, I mentioned before that bridge is corrupting. Part of this corruption stems from the fact that a beginning player often has to simulate, to feign that he already knows how to play bridge—something that cannot possibly be true. I developed a strategy for that simulation.

First of all, you must assume a "poker face." Do not wrinkle your forehead; do not look perplexed or puzzled. Make your face inscrutable. Secondly, whistle. This will accomplish two things. It will distract the other players, especially if you whistle off key; and it will give the appearance that you are completely at ease.

I also suggest that you have several choice phrases on hand that could get you out of some uncomfortable spots. For example, if my partner questioned me on one of my plays, I would say, "I couldn't do anything else. Distribution was against us." Or I would indignantly state, "That was not a mistake. Can't you recognize a finesse?" On occasion, I would laugh out loud when a player made his lead.

Quoting Goren is also effective. This makes one appear to be speaking with authority, even if he has no idea of what Goren actually does say about the point in question. The strategy, in my case, proved to be quite satisfactory. I succeeded in causing my friends to think I was rapidly becoming a good bridge player, and at the same time I was gaining the experience I needed actually to become one.

Bridge can be an interesting and challenging game when one learns to play with a certain amount of skill. But herein again lies its power to corrupt. One becomes rather "addicted" to the game. Just as repeated usage of drugs makes further usage almost compulsory, so a few games of bridge can give a person the "habit."

This is what happened to our group. We played a few games and developed skill at playing. The game became more interesting. Soon we were playing every spare moment. In fact, we made spare moments. Instead of studying, we would play bridge. Instead of sleeping, we would play bridge. Instead of eating, working, going, we would play bridge. Our lives were no longer orderly. First we played bridge, and then if we had time, we worked.

I've pointed out some of the pitfalls. And I'll agree that early to bed and early to rise can make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise; but it doesn't give him much time to play bridge. So who wants to be healthy, wealthy, or wise? Deal the cards!

A Sonnet

Mignon Strickland

I do not dare to explore within my mind,
To search in every cave and hidden crack,
To lift up lids and fumble in the black;
I dare not, for I fear what I may find.
Monsters may lurk there, monsters of a kind
Far worse than I expect, things which lack
All virtues which I thought I had; a track
May lead through slime to horrors undefined.
Yet—"Know thyself," a wise old man once told,
"That comes first." Thus, I must go, and through
Those horrid halls, through those paths of night,
Find each ugly, crawling thing, and hold
It wriggling, squirming, up into my view,
And, grimacing, then lay it in the light.

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