

Fall 1959

## UA68/6/2 Voices, Vol. IV, No. 2

Western Writers

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Anna sat in the middle of the asphalt circle that marked the dead end of the Lincoln Heights subdivision humming to herself while she took her chalk and drew a rather absurd ring around her four marbles. This was called Playing Marbles and was what her mother had told her to do. Her mother told her to do this quite often. "Anna, why don't you go outside and play marbles?" she would say. "Mother has a headache." Anna didn't understand what the relationship between headaches and marbles meant, but her mother seemed to think it would cure most anything and her mother was a "big person" and therefore very wise in Anna's mind. Sometimes she would say, "Anna, why don't you go outside and skate? Mother wants to take a nap," or sometimes she just said, "Why don't you run along?" This was the hardest thing for Anna to do because she never knew just how far she was supposed to run or how long or when she was supposed to stop. "Running Along" was not a good game at all. "Playing Marbles" was much more fun. Today she was making fairy circles. She had four marbles. One was blue and looked like one of Baby John's eyes all fallen out of his face. Sometimes when she was mad at Baby John she would step on the marble and then creep back into the house to find him, half-afraid, half-hoping that one of his little eyes would be gone. The second marble was red. It was the color of the lipstick she would wear when she got "big." Mother wore some now and Anna liked for her to kiss her hard so that Mother's lips would leave a mark on her cheek. Then people would know that Mother kissed her. Another marble was green, and looked like seaweed in the bottom of the ocean. Anna liked the ocean. She had been there once when she was "little" only they had called it "lake." She wondered where Lake Ocean was. She would like to go back there someday because Baby John had not been there. She wondered why Mother and Daddy had gotten Baby John, but she guessed it was because they just had gotten tired of having her all the time. She was a girl and she had heard them say how much they had wanted the other kind. The last marble was white. There was nothing else on it and it was her favorite. She had never seen anything that was as white or as round or as beautiful as that white marble. Mother would sometimes say, "Anna, let Baby John play with your marbles. Don't be a selfish girl." And Anna would give Baby John the red marble and the blue one and the green one. But she never let him have her white marble. She would never let him look at it or touch it or hold it, even for a minute, and she knew that if this was being "selfish," that she would always be that way.

Anna was crouched down on her heels with her bony, downy five-year-old



legs stuck out on either side of her dress like a grasshopper. She would hold her marbles up to the sunlight one by one and make a wish. Then she would place it very gently in the fairy circle. She always made the same four wishes. For the blue marble she wished that there was no Baby John. For the red, she wished that she could be "grown up" and for the green she wished that she could go back to Lake Ocean. For the white marble, she wished a very precious secret wish that was too wonderful to even whisper out loud. She always smiled when she made that wish and it was a smile of Jesus in her Sunday school book, but Anna didn't know this. She only knew that when she held the white marble up to the sun it was better than saying her "Now I lay me down to sleep."

There was a brown shoe stepping on the fairy ring. No one had ever stepped on Anna's fairy ring before. She squatted there looking at the brown shoe and then a green and brown striped sock and then a leg. And suddenly it was a little boy standing there. "Quit stepping on the fairy ring," she piped shrilly. The shoe with the little boy on the end of it scooted back. "I'm sorry," said the boy. "Oh, it's all right. You didn't know it was a magic circle," she said. "What's a magic circle?" said the boy. "I don't know. You just make a wish on a marble and when you put it in the circle it comes true." "It does not." "Does too." "Not." "Too." "I don't believe it." "Well, it does." "Who told you?" "No one." "Then how do you know it's true?" "I know it's true because I made it up myself, smartypants." This was a nasty word and Anna wished she hadn't said it. "Who are you?" she said to the boy. "My name is Neil and I'm a Jew." "I'm a girl, but I wish I wasn't." "Then why don't you wish on one of your old marbles?" "Cause I don't feel like it." She looked down at her feet and then back at the little boy. "How old are you and what's a Jew?" "I'm eight and Jews are God's chosen people." Anna looked down at her feet again and closed her eyes. "I wish I was one," she said very softly. "Well, you're not." "Will you be my friend?" "I guess so." "Then you can have one of my marbles." "Can I have the white one?" Anna was very quiet. She picked up the four marbles and held them in the palm of her hand. She stood up and looked at the boy. The four marbles glinted in the sun and the white marble had never been quite so beautiful. Anna held out her hand and watched a grimy, pudgy hand close over the milky white glass. Then she turned around and ran home.

That night when Daddy came home Anna climbed up in his lap. Baby John usually got there first, but tonight he was flushed and cross and Mother had put him to bed. Daddy's lap was a wonderful place to sit. Anna put her arm around his neck and wiggled with pleasure. "What's gotten into you, Button?" he asked laughing at her. "I have a friend and his name is Neil and I love him and he's a Jew," she said, not knowing which was the more important. Daddy's smile faded and the laugh wrinkles around his

eyes got hard. Mother said, "A Jew!" as if she wished she had said something else. Mother looked at Daddy and said, "Oh Lord, what's this neighborhood coming to. First it was that nasty Italian family and now THIS!" Daddy said, "Now Catherine, there's no reason to get so upset. Anna doesn't know any better." Mother was very close to tears. "Well, she's got to know sometime. Anna, come here to Mother." Anna climbed down from her daddy's lap and went to stand before her mother. Mother tried to look very wise but she used the same voice as she did when Anna asked her where Baby John came from. "Now, dear," she said, "I know you're too little to understand, but you must never ever play with Neil again. Jews are bad people." Mother gave her a look as if there was some important secret that she was not telling her. "But Neil said that they were God's chosen people." "Neil was telling a fib. The Jews were the bad people that killed our Lord Jesus." Anna said "Oh" and went to her room. She knew that something was wrong. She knew that somebody was mixed up. Mother knew everything because Mother was a "big person" but somehow it wasn't right. Jesus was a Jew and she was supposed to love Jesus but she was not supposed to love Neil because he was a Jew. Mother said that Jews were bad but Neil was not bad. She had given Neil her white marble. She knew that she could not have given her white marble to anyone who was bad. She would have given her white marble to Jesus but he never came to play with her. Anna began to cry. She had done something that made her parents very angry with her. "I hate Jews," she said. But deep down inside Anna knew that she was very glad that she had given her white marble to Neil. And if that was being bad she knew that she would always be that way.

William J. Rudloff

Somewhere on the line of empire,  
Somewhere at the lonely post,  
Smug, self-righteous, mediocre,  
The sentry clad in armor stands.

Be he Roman, be he Kansan  
Effect and cause he does not know.  
Undermined is his allegiance.  
Is his plight told twice in time?

Could it be, though, he's a symbol?  
Symbol of an ordered force,  
Far-flung on the fated border,  
To maintain the status quo?

Beyond him in the hills uncertain,  
Beyond him on the plains unknown,  
Can there be a new force moving  
To disrupt his ordered life?

James Skaggs

Awake

Ye children of a sleeping earth;  
Stir from out your bondage of vastness and emptiness;  
Awake from eternal bliss to a world of everlasting sorrow  
That knows neither end nor beginning.

Arise

Ye children of a waking earth;  
Face your heavenly guardian  
As in his flaming chariot he begins his daily race  
    across the heavens;  
Arise and meet the trials of the oncoming foes.

Go forth

Ye children of a lusty earth —  
Ye whose hearts yearn for that far-reaching star,  
That brighter glow of the unattainable;  
Forward, ye mortal saints to the battle,  
To the sowing, to the harvest, and the time of reaping;  
Go forth for ye shall

Return

Ye children of a mighty earth;  
Come back to your Mother's outstretched arms;  
Ye have gone and ye must return  
In triumph or in dishonor  
Return, that ye might

Rest

Ye children of a dying earth;  
Sleep, for your day is ended,  
Your work is done.



APPETITES

---

Susan Moses

I love ice cream  
It feels so soft and smooth sliding  
down my throat.

I love Christmas.  
Everyone is so pious and friendly and deliciously  
sugar coated.

I love kissing  
I simply tingle and blush  
and feel wanted.

I love to write poems, silly little things  
like these that make no sense to  
anyone but me.

ALONE IN A CROWD

---

Susan Moses

Why am I alone in a crowd?

Why does the world seem to move along without me?

I am alone — and sometimes lost.

Crying doesn't help any; it makes only a single  
solitary noise in a deep empty void.

I awake in the morning and feel a new day — but  
the old world, with nothing to offer.

Somewhere in this world there is an answer to my  
solitude; there must be someone or something I can

turn to, and not be alone any longer.

THE LAST OF THE UNICORNS

---

Susan Grafton Flood

There's the last of the unicorns  
And they've put him in a cage.  
He'd be a fine upstanding chap  
Born in another age.

But he and his kind are soon extinct  
In this world of flight and fear  
We fight our wars with "H" and "A"  
He's only a knight with a spear.

UNREST

---

Jerry Meadows

With woe my heart is wasted  
no rest there is for me.

For I am not contented  
with things I do or see.

I seek beyond the crust of light  
to that great void below,

To find the answers to my thoughts,  
the answer to my woe.

Beneath the life of man there is  
an infinite calm to know,

Where rests the answers to his thoughts,  
the answer to his woe.



John Boyd

A small boy is beautiful while he sleeps,  
 like an infant.  
 Then he sniffs  
 and moves a hand  
 curls a big toe  
 and opens his eyes.  
 The rooster crows somewhere far away  
 and is music.  
 Birds sing,  
 and there is morning —  
 bright light  
 changing smells  
 and living sounds.  
 Thinking begins again.  
 Knowledge returns —  
 Mother  
 home  
 Daddy  
 warmth  
 railroad tracks  
 the town  
 "Why am I me?"  
 A huge, black train is suddenly there  
 rushing into his room  
 shrieking, shaking.  
 Then it stops  
 panting  
 catching its breath  
 ready to try again.  
 One peek at it.  
 "Why does smoke stay together?"  
 The bell clangs.  
 A voice yells.  
 A whistle shrills—  
 "David, are you up?"  
 Mother is going down the stairs to fix breakfast.  
 Her steps sound like a mother's feet.  
 Her robe is a soft blue.  
 Daddy hums in the bathroom.  
 The stairs are cold on feet in the morning.

The one with the crack squeeks;  
 no sound from the next.  
 Stairs are so high.  
 Over the railing  
 down  
 down  
 down  
 is the bottom.  
 Run down them all.  
 "Well! How's my little man today?"

SUBVERSIVE

Francis Daugherty

Buy!  
 Buy now!  
 Buy now and be fashionable!  
 From the department store window these printed words shouted their red  
 selves at the customer.  
 And the mannequins were all grouped together around a wax campfire.  
 In one of their hands was a college pennant. Another held an armload of  
 textbooks.  
 Aha!  
 The thought formed in his mind. This is put here to fool me. It is a trick,  
 its philosophy lying in the fallacy that if I do not wear a cardigan sweater  
 this fall, I will be put out of my circle of friends and left to roam the  
 world forever as an outcast.  
 How clever the advertising people are. How clever and devious. To play so  
 callously upon the adolescent emotions. He feels if he does not possess a  
 cardigan sweater, his friends will desert him for the comfort of one who does  
 own a cardigan sweater.  
 But I will rise above it. I will buy a crew-necked sweater. Then, for the  
 rest of my life, I will have the knowledge that I was not psychologically  
 persuaded to do anything against my true and better judgment.  
 When he saw his friends again, they would have nothing to do with him. He  
 was requested to sign a loyalty oath. And, from that day forward, his name  
 was mentioned in the same breath with that of Alger Hiss.

Marilyn Long

By evening the ship had entered the hurrican area. Before, she had glided through a sea that was smooth as polished glass; now, she labored to surmount each coming wave. The deep blue-green of the water turned to a murky gray. The sky, which had been a clear cerulean broken only by tremendous white banks of cumulus, now became so gloomy and cloudy that it seemed to blend into the stormy deep. Out of nowhere, it seemed, a fierce wind sprang up, whipping the gently rolling swells into giant waves which rushed angrily toward the **Juno**.

As the storm increased in force, the waves were lashed by the gale into huge foaming, churning mountains of water. Each wave seemed to challenge **Juno's** right to advance. Gaining more and more force as it rushed on the laboring vessel, every gigantic wave rose to a frothy mass and slammed itself against the ship with all its strength, leaping and swirling over her decks. After each assault the water pulled itself away from the ship and mustered another army of waves to launch against her.

Slapped from all sides by foaming, hissing heavy rollers, blocked from forward progress by hills and valleys of water, the gallant **Juno** seemed about to be overcome by the ocean's power. No sooner had she recovered from one attack than she was challenged by a mammoth swell rolling toward her bow. Gathering her power to meet the new challenge, the determined vessel met the swell head-on and rose to its summit. There she remained for a second, poised atop the swell as she fought the enormous strength of the ocean. Propeller out of the water, quivering and shuddering, she struggled to reach the far side of the swell as the water tried to topple her into the sea. At last the water surrendered. The ship plunged to the depths of the swell where she rested momentarily, gathering her strength to meet the next wave.

So throughout the long night **Juno** plowed the endless waves. Over and over she met and conquered the water's force, fighting her way forward toward dawn and calmer seas. And the first gleam of sunlight breaking the dark blanket of night looked across the billows at **Juno** riding triumphant.

Francis Daugherty

I am a dictator.  
Give me power.  
Give me power or I shall take it.  
For I am strong in the mind of man and have his support.

Human weakness is my crutch.  
Insecurity is my strength.  
I thrive on the inability of the highest form of animal life to think rationally.

I take a rectangle.  
And in its confines I put my people, knowing that they will become bored with its too ordinary shape, but daring them to express their ill feelings. I line my rectangle with a thinly-woven net. I do this to insure that when the great majority of my people become dissatisfied, I can jerk up my net. They will then be out of their confine, but still bound together and in my power.

I know that a dictator must be cautious in every respect. If he is not, he may find that a low subject has climbed his way up the net and escaped its hold. This same low subject will then put the dictator in the net.

But I am a strong dictator. My people trust me. My people love me.  
And if they do not love me, I shall take the word 'love' and change its definition to fit whatever feeling they hold for me.

People's emotions are my beads.  
Their tears are monuments to the cause.  
Their smiles are reflections of the success of the movement.  
Their deaths add one square foot to the area in which we have to work and produce.

I am a dictator.  
I have power.  
And I shall get more.

\*\*\*\*\*

A dreamer is an artist without eyes or fingers.



It begins, pounding deep down into the depths of your heart, making it beat in time with the rhythmic breathing of the jungle drums. The sultry sounds glide through the sticky air as the weird shrieks of tropical creatures echo across the jungle music. Your fingers move in time through some latent inner sense called forth by the continuous pound, pound of the bamboo drums. From some far depth of the music, the eerie screech of a monkey sifts through the silky, intense sounds. A gong clamors, sending its clanging, brassy cry bounding unevenly over the booming cadence. A barbaric cymbal resounds, then a jungle trill, and the steady beating of the drums undertones the jungle breathing. The tropical heat mounts higher, as black feet stomp out the rhythm. The two beats come faster now, sprawling over each other, now emerging, now integrating with the bestial sounds. The savage combination echoes over and over through the dense, dark abyss of the torrid music.

The passionate jungle-voice reverberates through the air, enveloping you in its rapture. A soothing breath of air passes, . . . you gasp, . . . it's gone! Again you sink into the heated waves of sound down into the trough. You are entranced, intoxicated, lethargized! You try feebly to rise, then, realizing the uselessness of it, sink into the exotic ecstasy of the engulfing sounds.

Suddenly, all is quiet. Stark naked silence descends upon you. Hypnotically, you place the needle back on the record and plunge back into the jungle—passion of Exotica!

\*\*\*\*\*

All of life is colored glass

Twisted into strange patterns

By the Great Peep and his Mighty Kaleidoscope,

I love horses. I literally dote on the four-legged beasts. Ever since I was a little girl, I have gone to western movies and cried when a horse fell down or had to be shot. I sobbed my way through **Black Beauty** and **My Friend Flicka**. All this was before I ever met a horse, let alone attempted to ride one. There have been some changes made.

The first horse I ever met still lives in the stables of one of Kentucky's state parks. His name is Toby and he is brown. The last time I saw him, I think he had trench-mouth. Although it was his privilege to be the first horse I ever rode (if that is what it was we did), my only instructions were to take it easy on the reins, as he (Toby) had a sore mouth. Being an avid supporter of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, I held the reins with the same enthusiasm with which I would have held a live cobra. Through the woods we plodded, at a very sedate, very slow walk. Unfortunately we were followed by a better rider on a faster horse. She kept clicking her tongue, urging her horse to pass Toby and me. Toby thought she wanted to race. Off we went—stirrups banging, mane and hair (his and mine respectively) flying, all accompanied by a curious smack-flop sound, which I later figured out was made by the meeting of me and the saddle at frequent intervals. Eventually we stopped. A few minutes later, as I was examining myself to make sure that nothing had been broken, lost, or mangled, two boys bounded out of a clump of bushes and whirled off in the opposite direction. Toby took off in hot pursuit. Not prone to argue, I went along for the ride. After years of chasing those poor boys through the woods (I am sure they thought I was doing it on purpose), Toby gave up, turned around, and grinning sheepishly, headed back for the stables. Feeling much safer, the slower we walked, I burst into "The Ballad of Davy Crockett" and relaxed for the first time all day. What I didn't realize was that there were five other riders, patiently following in my foot steps, unable to pass on account of the narrowness of the path. Then dead ahead, the Promised Land, the stables. The sight was too much for Toby. We literally flew down the last hill. What a dramatic entrance! Anyone who wasn't standing around to watch certainly heard my wild screams. I think by this time both the horse and I were slightly hysterical. It had been a harrowing experience for all those involved. Out of the goodness of my heart, let me say that I hope Toby recovered sooner than I did.

In two years, the memory of my first experience on horse back had softened considerably. It took only a minimum of arm-twisting and thumb-screwing to convince me that I should go horseback riding with some friends at Kentucky Lake. As I approached the stable, I had a moment of weakness



during which I turned around and ran back to the car, but with the help of my friends (who actually dragged me back to the barn) I overcame my initial fear. I asked the groom for their most gentle horse. He gave me Joe. Joe was a real gem. Not only was he well-behaved, spiritless, insipid, and completely lacking in initiative and common sense; he couldn't have been a day less than thirty. The only thing he could do well was follow another horse—any horse, any time, any where. What a fun-game we played. My friends would dash ahead, and when old Joe and I had almost caught up with them, off they would go again. It is a small wonder that Joe and I didn't drop dead right there on the trail. When they tired of the game, we stopped. One of the horses was thirsty and wandered down to the lake for a drink. Naturally good old Joe went with him, but he over-shot the mark and plunged into the water. The shock of the cold stopped him, or I am sure we would have gone swimming. The trip back to the barn was a blur of bumps and jolts and spine-tingling, back-breaking leaps and bounds. It is really amazing the amount of torture the human body can endure! And once again I swore off horses.

Once a sucker always a sucker, or so the poets say. I guess in my case it is definitely true. About a month ago, I found myself again approaching a horse with the intention to ride. When we were formally introduced, I learned her name was Maybelline. She was gorgeous! She was the largest horse I had ever tried to ride, and as it turned out the most comfortable. We had a lovely afternoon, for I figured out exactly how to handle her. When she wanted to walk, we walked; when she wanted to run, we ran; when she had an urge to trot (the most agonizing thing for an unexperienced rider that a horse can do), I held on grimly and we trotted; when at last she wanted to stop, I was more than willing. She was really a very likable horse, and when I got off and led her around, she even smiled at me. Of course, when I tried to get back on she sneered. I left the riding stable feeling confident and elated with my success as a horse woman.

I eagerly anticipated the chance to go riding again. A week later I was standing at the stable, practically drooling over the chance to ride Maybelline again. Unfortunately she had a previous date, and I was introduced to Tuffy (small world, isn't it?) I had never before, in my entire life, met a more disagreeable or more cantankerous animal. She immediately sensed my incompetence (that is what is known as horse sense, I suppose), and she took full advantage of the situation. The only time she would run was when she was headed back toward the stable, and then I couldn't stop her. If she didn't want to turn, it was ridiculous to try it. I would pull her head completely around so that she was facing directly east, and she would keep walking due north. It was really frustrating! The only time she would stop was when she thought she might have a good chance to

pitch me over her head. After trying tears, tantrums, and various and assorted cusswords, all to no avail, I adapted myself to her style of traveling. I merely tucked the reins (useless things) under the saddle and then gripped the saddle firmly—desperately is a better word—with both hands. Try as she could, I was on for good. Finally, after centuries of sitting on top of that miniature Sherman tank, I saw the manager coming out to tell us that our time was up. She, quite sensibly, was on a tractor, and how I envied her. Tuffy proceeded to chase the tractor back to the barn. Good old terra firma.

Let's face it. Some of us have it, some of us don't, and at that moment, I had had it!! Bow-leggedly, I staggered back to the car. Never again, I vowed for the fourth time. However, I have no doubts that come next spring, I'll be back in the saddle again—more or less!!

#### LOST

Jerry Meadows

I walk the street and know the town,  
yet lost I am along the way,

For on this path of neon towers,  
I see a jungle trail so gray.

And in this maze of suffering and trial  
where all the selfish motives lie,

I cannot help but think of those  
who are of lesser faith than I.

For in each dark and cluttered walk,  
where I see the hate of haste,

And as I grasp the shadowed form  
stumbling through a crowd of waste,

And as these phantoms loom before,  
I think of all the worldly sin;

I look above to my great maker,  
that I might find my way again.



William J. Rudloff

Why do men run? Surely, in the highly mechanized society the entire world is approaching today, the only reason to run would be to catch the 5:35 interurban to Waukegan on a drizzly February evening. No, it's not quite that bad, but the dampening example does point out the all-too-true fact that running has lost a great part of its practical value to the human race.

As we all know, prehistoric man ran to survive the perils and competition of nature, savage beasts, and sometimes even more savage fellow men. This is a classic example of the "survival of the fittest"; inadvertently, then, primitive man was proving the validity of the Darwinian thesis. But brushing aside our Cro-Magnon ancestors for a moment, let us return to the contemporary world. Today the human race is protected, and in some ways fettered, by the presence of practical civilization throughout most of the globe. The elements are forecasted, the savage beasts are largely extinct or in cages, and modern man does not run from his human enemies: he builds instead a radiation-proof bomb shelter for his safety.

After studying conditions in the modern world, I am sure that we must arrive at the following conclusion: Running, except in a few isolated instances, is neither practical nor popular.

Again, let me state my opening query: Why do men run? Several immediate possibilities come to mind.

- 1) To catch a member of the opposite sex. Refuted: this is usually done in an automobile today.
- 2) To escape a member of the opposite sex. Refuted: this type of individual cannot be found anywhere.
- 3) To obtain financial or other material subsidiation from an interested athletic group. Partially accepted, since many **practical** runners do take advantage of this opportunity. Note the emphasis given to the word practical in the preceding sentence.
- 4) To become a superb physical specimen (the "health fanatic" type). Refuted: only an insignificant number of persons have this reason, and most of them not for long, since their goal is an intangible one at best.

No, the above intentions are not acceptable in any rational sense, excepting number three.

For me and a number of others, running is a medium of esthetic activity, creative in much the same way as is sculpture, painting or musical composition. Naturally, friendly competition enters into running, but what is more human or esthetically expressive than to compete with one's fellow men by employing personal ability and ingenuity, thereby stripping away the material aspects of life and thoroughly enjoying oneself? The original Olympic Games of ancient Greece were symbolic of the esthetic principles of running. In fact, until professionalism and hypocrisy entered the Olympic Stadium, the truest form of competitive and esthetic athletics had been achieved. This is the studied viewpoint stated so copiously by Professor Gardiner in his highly interesting volume, **Athletics in the Ancient World**.

Enjoyable, indeed, is walking along a clean, sandy beach with the sun shining brightly on your back. You see the sky, the sun, and the sand, all combined in a flash of contrasting colors; here is nature at her most beautiful. Many times I have felt this incomparable beauty, and the result is that my legs have begun to move faster in order to catch its entirety.

By running along a shaded bridle path, such as those in New York's Central Park, the runner instantly feels himself in communion with nocturnal nature. The cool dampness of the evening air seems to uplift the spirit after a sultry, lifeless day.

Did you ever watch ten or twelve young men lining up at the starting line for an upcoming race? I'll wager that you commented to the person beside you, "Boy, I really pity those poor saps; they'll kill themselves for absolutely nothing." But think again; why would they run, if not for some pleasant stimulus which urges them to participate, to endure, to experience, and possibly to triumph in their endeavor? A medal or a ribbon is but a paltry material gain; the true pleasure is the experience realized by the runner during his quest.

In like manner, the runner can realize the exhilarating effects of running on the tree-studded golf course during the late autumn; inhaling the crisp air tinged with the tanning of the decaying leaves can lift him from the level of purely physical enjoyment into a type of esthetic experience.

When the runner dons his sweatsuit and running shoes during the dead of winter and runs for an hour or so along a quiet rural road, a stuffy indoor January day assumes a new and exciting level in life. The chill winter air is a soothing balm to the stifled lungs of the runner after a long day of sedentary indoor activity.

Running is therefore a goal in itself, as well as being a means by which the runner may achieve a desired enjoyment. From such moments of intense feeling, love of running can come. For me, this is the background of running's esthetic principles. There is no practical value to the enjoyment of running; there is no material return to gain. There is merely the esthetic pleasure received by the runner from the activity. Here rests my case.

SLEEP IS NOT ENOUGH

\_\_\_\_\_  
Susan Grafton Flood

Sleep is not enough. . . .  
Bright visions of pale death  
When the soul struggles to be free  
Of the fat, sweaty hand of life,  
Struggles and resists  
The quarter-to-seven alarm  
And eggs fried in bacon fat  
And frozen orange juice.  
Sleep is not enough  
When there is waking,  
Only when soiled sheets  
Give fragrance to dead hands  
And heads rest heavy and cold  
    on dream-hollowed pillows  
And flies wander undisturbed  
    across the plains of calloused feet,  
Only when the stillness is perfumed by the faint  
    breath of something that has left the room  
And dust settles silently  
    through spears of sun.

THE HERON

\_\_\_\_\_  
Jean Ligon

Shoreward sunset streams in silence  
From the firmament above,  
Whitecaps dip with dusk's slow cadence,  
Woo the Heron, seabound dove,  
Sleep in sweetness, lord of fishers,  
Fold your feathers in repose.  
Rustling rushes sing you wishes,  
Heaven's lantern lights the cove.

TO MY LOVE

\_\_\_\_\_  
Jean Ligon

We met at a twist in the road  
We sat by a stormy sea.  
I look in the face of a gentle man  
I find in his heart a song.  
Beam to the world, my love  
Sing to the world, my love  
Hold tight your joy, my love  
Hold tight your love, my joy.



There is no order  
 Only chaos  
 There is no reason to live  
 No excuse to die  
 We spend our hurried lives  
 Searching for an excuse  
 Some find it  
 Others resort to old age  
 We all die  
 We must  
 Death is eternal

I hate  
 I hate with the Hate  
 A black cat has for Luna  
 I am hard and cold  
 My soul is a dry bone

I am desolate  
 I seek love — when it is offered  
 I refuse  
 I seek my Lord  
 His face is veiled  
 I am alone among many

My soul is a cold hard knot within me  
 I am corrupt  
 Death is eternal  
 I must die

My love is lost  
 What was — never will be  
 What is — never was  
 I have no need for love  
 I am empty  
 What is empty cannot be loved  
 I am not loved  
 I have no need for it

I have no hope  
 Hope is soft  
 I am hard  
 I hate

Why is man so wise  
 He walks among flowers  
 He builds death

Death comes in a grand moment  
 Searing heat — a white flash  
 The silent creeping invisible hand  
 Tears our very marrow

We are made shells  
 Twisted monsters  
 Bleached monuments

There is no reason to live  
 No excuse to die  
 Man sits with his finger  
 Poised over the button  
 A button that sends the searing flame  
 On fatal wings  
 And gains the searching flame in retaliation  
 Man sits with his finger  
 Poised over a button  
 He searches for the excuse

We must die  
 We will

◆◆◆◆◆

Life is only a peppermint —  
 To be enjoyed, it must be dissolved

THE CHIMNEY SWEEP

Susan Grafton Flood

Once many years ago, my child,  
A chimney sweeper (a very wise one)  
Looked up from his brushes and said,  
"Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty,"  
And everyone applauded.  
But I'll say this:  
From what I've learned of life,  
Ugliness is also Truth  
And lies are sometimes beautiful  
And I'm not even a chimney sweep.

LEAN YEARS

Susan Grafton Flood

It is summer in the Intellect  
Thoughts are dull, listless, sweating things.  
The seeds of knowledge  
Lie seered by the sun of Indifference  
And they are without harvest.  
The scythe sings not  
The reaper rusts  
The binder lies idle  
The locusts feed on nought but burned grass.  
It is a sad season.  
When the winter of Wonder comes  
There will be no bread.

DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME

Heinrich Heine  
Germany, 1799-1856

Du bist wie eine Blume,  
so hold und schon und rein;  
ich schau dich an und Wehmut  
schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.  
  
Mir ist, als ob ich die Hande  
aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',  
betend, dass Gott dich erhalte  
so rein und schon und hold.

THOU ART LOVELY AS A FLOWER

Translation by  
James Skaggs

Thou art lovely as a flower,  
So fair and pure thou art;  
I look upon thee and sorrow  
Fills my loving heart.  
  
In tender devotion, my hands  
I rest upon thy hair,  
Praying that God ever keep thee  
So lovely, pure, and fair.



Charles Baudelaire  
France, 1821-1867

Au-dessus des étangs, au-dessus des vallées,  
Des montagnes, des bois, des nuages, des mers,  
Par delà le soleil, par delà les éthers,  
Par delà les confins des sphères étoilées,

Mon esprit tu te meus avec agilité,  
Et, comme un bon nageur qui se pame dans l'onde,  
Tu sillones gaiement l'immensité profonde  
Avec une indicible et mâle volute.

Envole-toi bien loin de ces miasmes morbides;  
Va te purifier dans l'air supérieur,  
Et bois, comme une pure et divine liqueur,  
Le feu clair qui remplit les espaces limpides.

Derrière les ennuis et les vastes chagrins  
Qui chargent de leur poids l'existence brumeuse,  
Heureux celui qui peut, d'une aile vigoureuse  
S'élancer vers les champs lumineux et sereins!

Celui dont les pensées, comme des alouettes,  
Vers les cieux le matin prennent un libre essor,  
—Qui plane sur la vie et comprend sans effort  
Le langage des fleurs et des choses muettes!

Kay Anderson

Above the ponds, above the valleys  
The mountains, the woods, the clouds, the seas  
Beyond the sun, beyond the stratosphere  
Beyond the confines of the stary spheres,

You, my spirit, move with agility  
And, like a good swimmer who thrills in the wave  
You gaily break through the deep immensity  
With an unspeakable and virile delight.

Fly far away from these noxious exhalations  
Go purify yourself in superior air  
And drink, as a pure and divine liqueur  
The clear fire which fills the limpid spaces.

Behind the enemies and the great sadness  
Which charge the foggy existence with their weight  
Fortunate, he who can on a vigorous wing  
Rush toward the luminous and serene fields,

He whose thoughts, as the larks—  
Take free flight toward the sky in the morning  
—He who hovers above life and understands without effort  
The language of the flowers and speechless things.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD'S MAXIMES

François La Rochefoucauld (1613-1680)

1. On fait souvent du bien pour pouvoir impunement faire du mal.
2. On aime mieux dire du mal de soi-même que de n'en point parler.
3. On ne loue d'ordinaire que pour être loué.
4. Il est impossible d'aimer une seconde fois ce qu'on a véritablement cessé d'aimer.
5. L'absence diminue les médiocres passions, et augmente les grandes, comme le vent éteint les bougies et allume le feu.
6. Nous n'avons pas assez de force pour suivre toute notre raison.
7. On ne donne rien si libéralement que ses conseils.
8. Il est plus aisé de connaître l'homme en général que de connaître un homme en particulier.
9. Les querelles ne dureraient pas longtemps, si le tort n'était que d'un côté.
10. L'esprit est toujours la dupe du cœur.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD'S MAXIMES

Translated by

Linda Tufts

1. One often does good in order to be free from punishment.
2. One prefers to speak badly of one's self than not to speak at all.
3. One usually praises only in order that one may be praised.
4. It is impossible to love a second time what one has truly ceased to love.
5. Absence diminishes the mediocre loves, and strengthens the great, as the wind extinguishes the candles and lights the fire.
6. We do not have enough strength to follow all our judgements.
7. One gives nothing so freely as his advice.
8. It is much easier to know man in general than to know one man in particular.
9. Quarrels would not last a long time if the wrong were only on one side.
10. The mind is always the dupe of the heart.

SILHOUETTES

James Skaggs

All is quiet, all is still;  
Earth and sky surpass Appomattox,  
A mist descends over the tranquil terrain;  
In the shadows we see silhouettes,  
Figures against a dimly lit sky —  
Soldiers marching, women wailing,  
The mighty stand amazed, the meek trail silent;  
Coming closer we see a lonely man, tall, lean,  
With a glow of youth and age  
That knows neither end nor beginning,  
Leading the caravan, bearing a heavy, cumbersome cross;  
Though surrounded, he walks alone  
As if the burden of the world rested upon his shoulders.  
Through the lifting fog we can scarcely see a distant hill;  
We hear whispers: It is Golgotha, the place of the skull;  
Slowly, wearily, soldiers, women, man, and multitude  
Ascend the winding path up the rugged hillside;  
The rain falls lightly now, the fog has lifted;  
The procession halts at the crest of the hill,  
The bulky cross is taken from the tall man and placed into the cold,  
moist earth,  
The soldiers lift the weary man to a position high upon the cross,  
They pierce his mighty hands with nails,  
He remains mute, as if nothing needed to be said;  
Lifting his eyes heavenward,  
He hangs in suspension, once more a silhouette;  
A spear pierces his thin, yet muscular body,  
Water and blood gush forth with awesome fury;  
Soldiers marvel, women weep silently, the multitude wonders;  
The silhouette utters a piercing cry in an unknown tongue,  
Then all is silent, deathly still;  
He yields his spirit as one might lay aside a trifle,  
All is finished, yet no one moves,  
Heaven and earth stand still.  
Then Lo! A miracle!  
The earth quakes with mighty tremor,  
Soldiers tremble, women fall at the foot of the cross, the multitude scatters  
asunder,  
An angry storm unleashes massive fury against the desolate mountain;  
Heaven's wrath abates,  
Stillness returns to the place of the skull,  
Stillness

and

Emptiness.



The dreamer closes both his eyes in sleep; —  
 There bliss and joy and peace supremely reign;  
 There man's at peace with God, and God with man;  
 And memories glisten like the golden sand,  
 Or tiny dewdrops on a sloping plain.  
 He wanders far into eternity,  
 Far, far away from toil and earthly strife,  
 Where men have crowns of everlasting life,  
 Or calls of carefree times spent thoughtlessly.  
 He journeys on through days of endless time,  
 Drifting about that great eternal sea  
 Of life and storm and death, of bond and free,  
 Where divine joy is high o'er earth sublime.  
 The past recalls memories, both old and new,  
 Of times of sowing seeds and mirth and cheer  
 And times of reaping blessing far and near,  
 Whenever God's great hand did guide him through.  
 Vast darkness now descends o'er all the deep,  
 Keeping the secrets of the future fast  
 Without the dreamer's mental clutch and grasp,  
 As free his soul doth rest in sweet repose.

Joe, at the head of the train, had time to ruminate; and as usual he had buttonholed the flagman. "How would you interpret transition?" he said. "Would you say change from one state to another, a deviation from the line or trend? If you say yes, then according to Webster you are so correct." Jim was used to these philosophical sallies and paid little attention. But Joe was not deterred, and not being satisfied with mere definition, he went on: "Now that we know the meaning of transition, let's link it with life, that four-lettered word that constitutes our daily routine from birth to death."

"Here he goes," thought the flagman, but he knew he didn't need to listen.

"It's debatable," Joe was saying, "whether transition changes an individual. Some say one who experiences change will remain the same by adjustment. Others say a happening will bring about many peculiarities in a person. Thinking it over and not doing much research, since that involves much work and an absence of siesta, I would agree with the latter interpretation, that a man exposed to transition does change—sometimes radically. I've seen cases."

Jim should have known his friend had in mind Conductor Clay, John Henry Clay, age 55, single, employed by the Virginia Railway Company for the past thirty-five years, presently owning Number Twenty, a commuting train between Lynchburg and Richmond.

Clay was an odd individual. Since childhood, he had always been of the shy, timid, mousey variety. As a matter of fact, his friends tagged him with the nickname "Mouse" when he was going to grade school, because he had behaved like a mouse on a certain warm spring afternoon on the playground behind Public School Number One on Norfolk's lower East Side. Two of his classmates had come up from behind the bench where John was sitting alone studying and let out a yell. The kid had dropped his book and scampered for the safety of the school building. His tormentors hooted and "meowed." Their vocabularies would not accommodate articulation, but their child candor definitely knew that this action characterized little J. H. And the reference to Clay as "Mouse" became commonplace thereafter.

John had never been a front runner, always electing to remain in the shadows. He didn't possess the initiative, the straight forwardness, which we would term "go power." If it had not been for his father, he probably would not have achieved the position he now held with the railroad. His father had been something of a corporation executive and had more or less led John by the hand up through the ranks. When John's seniority allowed him the promotion from trainman to conductor, he was hesitant about accepting that position.



C. L. Hughes, the superintendent of the Southern division, heard of this situation and summoned John to his office at Rockland to discuss it. Of course the senior Clay accompanied John since young Clay never made a move without his father somewhere in the background. They arrived at the office and were immediately called by Superintendent Hughes.

"John, what's this I hear about you not wanting to be set up?" he began. The blood mounted to John's face. "It's because, because I - - -"

"Now C. L., you know how Johnny is. This promotion business has been getting him down. I'm sure he'll do all right once everything gets ironed out." The senior Clay was always ready with the quick comment.

"Let's get John's side of this, Fred," said the official. "If Johnny thinks that he would be happier remaining a trainman, it's perfectly acceptable to me, and we'll let it go at that. What do you think, John?" Superintendent Hughes was somewhat annoyed over John's submissiveness and wanted a final answer now.

"If Dad thinks I should take the promotion, I guess I'll accept."

"Well, that settles it. I'll get a letter out tomorrow to the district offices advising that you've accepted promotion." He pushed aside the papers he had been shuffling and rose. "Any time you have any problems and think that I can be of assistance, feel free to call on me." It wasn't often that C. L. Hughes passed out this type of invitation, but he had known John since the day he "hired out," and somehow, deep down, the superintendent felt that this young man had vast potential. Still, how John had survived so long at an occupation which required a personality exactly the opposite of the one he possessed continually puzzled him and everyone connected with the railroad.

The "Mouse's" survival and promotion and inexplicable tenure astounded the people of the "Virginian," especially those on the Lynchburg-Richmond run. Number Twenty-One then ran Monday through Saturday, and the passengers were the same each day, fifty-two weeks a year. They were the suburbanites who daily made their jaunt from residence to place of employment. John never had much to say to any of them, rather a peculiarity considering he saw their faces daily the year round. As he ambled through the coaches collecting his tickets, he was like a ferret slipping from one spot to another. His deference and self-effacing taciturnity amused his patrons. He was usually their main topic of conversation and they continually watched his actions.

For Tom Ferris and Dayl Johnson "Good Morning" was inevitably followed by the regular observation of their "Boy" Clay. They had been riding the train for a long time. Engaged in the shipping business, they had plenty of wealth and wanted everyone to know it. Ferris was the more outspoken of the two, and after finishing the morning paper, he would enjoy himself

the remainder of the trip by comparing Clay with characters appearing in the comic section of the paper. "Dayl, look at Clay," he would say. "He looks like the mouse in 'Doctor Zorto's' laboratory. That Clay is so quiet he reminds me of a robot in 'Space Command.'"

"Tom, I really feel sorry for the poor guy," said Johnson. "I think he should have taken a more sequestered position a long time ago. Why he's no more cut out for this type of job than the hermit of Blue Mountain."

Ferris wasn't particularly interested in Johnson's personal opinions. He changed the subject, "Did you notice the quotation on Allied Chemical? I'm thinking of picking up a few hundred shares."

Johnson glanced at the paper, "Their figures look very good. I've heard a lot about that outfit. I think you've got a good idea."

Then it happened. It was the summer of 1958, July, to be exact. Everyone had known John would be off the job during July, since he had been using this month for his vacation period for the past ten years. He would never have told them, but one or two knew that he always went to a favorite retreat at Lost River, deep in the heart of the Adirondack Mountains in upstate New York. Here he came faithfully each year to spend his time fishing and enjoying the seclusion away from the crowds and the hustle-bustle of the big city.

With their unfailing source of gossip away, there was at first much speculation among most of the passengers as to where it spent its vacation. "You know, Sara, I think Conductor Clay spends his vacation by locking himself in a closet." A perky young thing in white linen snickered.

"Now, May, let's not be so harsh on the poor fellow. What he needs is a good woman." Her companion was just as amused, but more charitable.

"You could have something there, but who'd try to rope him?"

"Age or not, he's a good provider and I'd wager he has plenty of money stashed away."

"You're right there. He'd have a heart attack if he spent some money on any form of enjoyment."

They missed Clay, but July is a long month, and the daily conversation of the passengers soon became either whose ahead in the American League or I wish my wife would learn how to budget the money. As the month passed, everyone looked forward to August 1, when Old John would again be at his daily post.

Well, August 1 came. It was 5:55 a.m., and Number Twenty was loading on track six at Lynchburg. John was at his old position helping people board the train. He gave the familiar cry "ALL ABOARD." The platform was deserted, as 6:15 was departure time. He threw the footstool into the vestibule and closed the trap. Two longs on the whistle cord, two shorts in retaliation from the head end, and they were on their way. The passengers were moving along slowly.



"Tickets please. Have your tickets ready. I'm sorry, Madame, I can't honor this ticket. It expired a month ago. That'll be one dollar and eighty-five cents."

"But, Conductor, can't you accept it?"

"Sorry, Madame, rules and regulations. One dollar and eighty-five cents, please. Wish I could make it less." She could see he actually meant it.

"All right, people, let's take your regular seats and not crowd the aisle." Conductor Clay was herding the crowd gently with gesturing arms.

"What's with him?" said one commuter.

"You got me," replied the person in the next seat.

"No standing in the vestibule, gents." Clay smiled affably.

"We always stand here and catch a smoke."

"Sorry, fellows, if you want to smoke, the lounge car is the place."

"But—"

"There's no buts about it. You can read the signs. Sorry, I didn't make the rules or put up the signs."

"What's ailing that Clay?" The man in the grey flannel suit came out from behind his newspaper.

"I don't know. I've never seen him act this way. Full of chatter, isn't he?" The man in brown was lighting a cigar. He watched Clay bow to a secretary going over her dictation notes.

"Good morning, Miss Smith."

"Why good morning, Conductor Clay."

"Beautiful day."

"It certainly is." Nonplussed Miss Smith had lost her place on the page. She held her pencil and waited Clay's next maneuver.

"Morning, Mrs. Simmons. How's the new addition to the family?"

"Just fine, thank you, ah-a—" Mrs. Simmons stammered, but she managed a smile as she gathered up her belongings.

"Station stop is Waterford. This way out, please. Have a nice day."

"Why thank you, Conductor."

"All right ahead."

"All aboard. Station stop is Bismark. Next stop is Bismark. How many did we take on, Joe?"

"I don't know. I didn't count them."

"You're a member of this crew, aren't you? It'd be nice if you kept your mind on the job. The idea — paying so little attention to these people who ride this train every day. You ought to know."

Joe gulped. He couldn't imagine "Mousey" giving anyone any attention. But Clay was beaming at a little lady asking a question. "What time do we arrive at Bismark, Conductor?"

"Seven-fifteen, Madame."

"Thank you."

Joe's eyes popped. Clay was actually helping the men with their brief-

cases. "Howdy, gents," he was saying; "how's everything in the big city?"

"Fine. How was the vacation?"

Clay's eyes lighted. "Wonderful beyond words."

The man in grey and the man in brown were walking off together. "Have you ever seen a guy change so much? I can't figure it. I've been riding this train for five years and this is unbelievable. Clay was the meekest guy in the world. Why he never said a word to the train crew, let alone the passengers. For a while I thought I still had some after effects of last night's party."

"It sure beats me," replied his fellow commuter. "Have you noticed all the orders he's given? You talk about a person changing. My son's Psyc 100 class would have a field day with this guy."

Conductor Clay was bustling busily about as the train approached Richmond. "Station stop is Richmond; end of the line. This way out. Watch your step. Have a nice day, folks." He was watching Jim Parker, the flagman coming through the coaches to take the train back to the yard, and as Jim approached the little conductor thumped him on the back good naturedly. "Jim, he said, 'after you take the backup over to the South yard, meet me in the yard office and we'll go downtown. I need your advice on a little matter.'" The other trainmen present exchanged startled shrugs. They followed Clay with their eyes, wondering. Everybody, in fact, wondered.

Fifteen minutes later in the office, the yardclerk and brakeman were wondering. "What's the good word, Phil?"

"There isn't any, Jim."

"You see Clay around?"

"He's changing his clothes."

"How was the trip down, Jim?"

"All right I guess. I don't know what's come over Clay. He's acting awfully funny. I can't believe it's the same guy."

"Now that you've brought it up, I noticed the same thing. Here he comes now." Clay was bouncing along as if he had springs in his heels.

"You ready, Jim?" asked Clay. "I haven't got all day."

"Let's go."

"I want to go to a good jewelry store," said the conductor.

"For what?" replied Jim.

Clay nudged his friend in the ribs. "I'm going to let you in on a little secret."

"What secret?" Jim patted the nudged spot. Clay had never before shown such intimacy.

"I'm laying off tomorrow to get married."

"You married!" The trainman broke into laughter.

"What's wrong with that?" asked Clay.

"Nothing, except I never figured you for the part."



Excitement raced in Clay's voice. His face lit up like a Christmas tree. "I met her up North on vacation. She's terrific."

"She must be, seeing the change she brought about in you."

"What change?" snapped Clay.

"Skip it, here's a good store. How much you figure on spending?"

"The sky's the limit, nothing but the best."

Jim laughed and said, "You've got it real bad."

They were in the shop now and the clerk approached enquiringly. "Let's see some wedding sets," said Clay. The wise clerk set out five sets, neatly concealing the prices. John Henry fingered his choice. "What do you think, Jim?"

"It's beautiful; notice the price?"

"Forget the price. I'll take it."

The clerk hid his smile. "Very good, Sir. May I compliment your excellent taste?"

Jim Parker was getting dizzy. "Wait till everyone hears about this," he said. "John Clay getting married. I can't believe it."

"Whether you believe it or not, it's true. Let's go have some dinner and take in a movie."

Jim nearly dropped in his tracks. He had been under the impression that Clay had never heard of movies and lived without eating. "That suits me fine," he gasped.

And he was still gasping the next day when the yardmaster put him on to fill Clay's vacancy on the run. It was 5:55. The station master announced, "The Beeliner; loading on track two. All aboard, please."

"What time you got, Joe?"

"A minute to six; fifteen," replied Joe.

"Have we got everyone?"

"Here comes Mrs. Leigh running down the ramp."

Jim was quite a smooth talker with the ladies. "Take your time, Mrs. Leigh," he said as she approached the coach.

"I thought you'd go without me."

"I don't want those two little boys to be without their mother tonight. We'd have waited for you. All right, Joe, let's go. I'd like to know who qualified that engineer. He handles this train as if he were pulling some empty box cars. I'll remind him about it when we make Richmond. Make sure the markers are lit. It looks like rain."

As the train moved away from the station, Jim looked at his watch. He could almost hear the wedding bells.

"Now about transition, we were saying. . . ." Jim wasn't paying much attention to Joe. He was wondering.

## SONNET TO C

Susan Grafton Flood

Long hours I spent in whispering your name  
Imagining your face, your hands, your smile,  
Hating you because you knew no shame  
Til he was gone. I could not reconcile  
Myself to Love remembering his past;  
Remembering the many hours you spent  
With him. But he grew tired of you at last,  
Discarding you as youth's experiment.  
And now I find it easy to forget  
That you were his. Perhaps I hope that I  
Can help erase the guilt and the regret.  
And someday I'll forgive you with a sigh.

I cannot help but think you suffered too  
I know that he loves me because of you.

## SONG OF PENELOPE

Susan Grafton Flood

Forsaken Circe, still you sing your song,  
Forgotten on your time—eroded isle,  
And though your heart still whispers that you long  
For him, you beckon to new sails, you smile  
And cover up your emptiness with sand,  
Sea moss, salt spray, a gold and coral shell,  
A temple to an ancient god, you stand  
Surrounded by the loneliness of Hell,  
Searching for the face that haunts your heart.  
For all the fated beasts that you have charmed,  
The snarling sacrifices to your art,  
Howled in delight to see him go unharmed.

Forsaken Circe, though the man may roam,  
I too shall sing. Odysseus has come home.



Robert Penn Warren

Sylvia Middleton

Readers of Robert Penn Warren who have followed him through *All the King's men*, *World Enough and Time*, and *Band of Angels* have been eagerly watching for his latest novel. *The Cave* is both rewarding and disappointing.

"You have shown me a strange image, and they are strange prisoners.

"Like ourselves, I replied; and they see only their own shadows, or the shadows of one another, which the fire throws on the opposite wall of the cave?"

"True, he said: how could they see anything but the shadows if they were never allowed to move their heads?" — Warren quotes Plato, *The Republic*, Book VII.

No one seems to notice the others around. The man caught under a rock inside the cave has drawn all eyes toward the black hole that is the mouth of the cave. Each person's awareness of himself is a mere shadowy thought of what once was, what now is, and finally the life, the hope, the shadow that is to come.

Because of the vision of the shadow, Monty Herrick recognizes himself. With one boy trapped in a cave, Jack (John T. to his wife) Herrick knows he is real. He knows that even when he dies he will be real. Mrs. Herrick not only realizes herself, but lends a future to the Greek "Pappy" by merely saying his true name, Papadoupalous. The hen-pecked Mr. Bingham recognizes that he is a man when his shadow is reflected off the cave. The preacher at Johntown, Mac Carland Sumpter, sees his own shadow and the shadow of his own son. "Ole Mac," the man of God, sees these shadows and asks "Ole Jack," the ex-Hell-raiser, to pray for the two shadows. Thousands come to the cave. Some see for the first time, some sin for the first time, some hope for the first time, and others walk away to another cave, another shadow.

The most gripping hold of this book is the inward view of the private, confused, and dazed thoughts of the characters presented within its pages. Warren does not, in presenting the thoughts of his characters, excuse their actions by picturing the mind. He does not analyze the thoughts or the action accompanying the thoughts. He merely says here is life. Here is the way people think; here is the way they act. The thoughts seem a larger expression of what is than do the visual representations.

"You have shown me a strange image, and they are strange prisoners."

"True, he said: how could they see anything but the shadows if they were never allowed to move their heads?"

William Faulkner

James Skaggs

The Snopes trilogy is at last complete! *The Mansion* concludes the saga of that inimitable family created by Faulkner nearly thirty-five years ago. *The Hamlet*, first of the series, was published in 1940, *The Town*, the second, in 1957.

Flem Snopes, wealthiest and most detestible of the clan, receives his just deserts in a most unusual manner. Mink (Snopes) is provoked by his cousin into committing murder, for which the former is duly sentenced. Tricking Mink into trying to escape from the penitentiary, Flem gets his cousin's sentence doubled. Thirty-eight years later, Mink, pardoned, finds his way to Flem's post-Civil War mansion, and the resulting meeting amazes and astounds the most unconcerned of Yoknapatawpha County.

Numerous minor characters play many necessary and unnecessary roles in the novel, the best portraits being painted of Linda Snopes, Flem's step-daughter; Gaven Stevens, Linda's lover; and V. K. Ratliff, a friend of Gavin.

The story is thoroughly enjoyable, though there are spots where the interest is low and the narrative is temporarily postponed. The richness of the local color, however, and the vividness of the Snopes portrait ranks this with Faulkner's best.

## P O E M S

Reviewed by

Boris Pasternak

Gerry Kosler

This is a book of the finest poetry of Boris Pasternak, author of the highly controversial *Dr. Zhivago*. In this most interesting volume, Pasternak speaks philosophically of the Russia he knew as a child and later as a victim of the Revolution. He envisions the Russian countryside, the majesty of the rising sun, and the eternal spirit of man as only a true poet can. The poems encompass a great span in the author's life and the effect which the changing scene has pressed upon him. From his poems of the summer of 1917 to one of his most recent, "The Passing Storm," the reader can find the insight and beauty of a poet sensitive to his surroundings.

A passage from one particularly enjoyable poem, "Definition of Creative Art," reads:

With shirt wide open at the collar,  
Maned as Beethoven's bust, it stands;  
Our conscience, dreams, the night and love,  
Are as chessmen covered by its hands.  
And one black king upon the board:  
In sadness and in rage, forthright  
It brings the day of doom.—Against  
The pawn it brings the mounted knight.

Eugene M. Kayden translates ably and provides an important introduction.



THE APE IN ME

Reviewed by

Cornelia Otis Skinner

Susan Moses

Cornelia Otis Skinner, a humorous and delightful writer, in this her newest book, tells us of her unusual and rather embarrassing habit of aping people and situations. The "moral" of her unrelated chapters is quite simple: Enjoy yourself and be yourself. Her adventures doing just this belong on your bedside stand.

LET ME BE AWAKE

Reviewed by

Stuart Mitchner

Kay Anderson

Stuart Mitchner, a twenty year old college student, shows great promise in his book about a young man, Vince Reed, just out of high school, who is caught in the cold unfeeling world of the intellectual and neurotic and cannot get out. Mitchner uses words well, and his description shows a fine degree of insight into human nature not usually found in one so young. The author obviously knows his material and tells his story interestingly and well. The novel won the 1958 Thomas Y. Crowell College Novel Contest.

HUMAN NATURE AND THE HUMAN CONDITION

Reviewed by

Joseph Wood Krutch

Barbara Bennett

*Human Nature and the Human Condition* probes the innermost problems of the twentieth century. Its author, Joseph Wood Krutch, has been well known since 1929 for four kinds of books: his study of dramatists and the theater; his works on the eighteenth century; his books on Nature; and his works on man's present situation. This, his latest book is indeed an exploration of our society today.

Dr. Krutch admits that we who live in the United States are amazingly well fed, well clothed, and well sheltered. Yet, he wonders whether we are happier than were the Indians. Is our society so bored that we are only relieved of this boredom by gossip columns, television, and movies?

The author deplores the fact that advertising plays such a crucial part in our lives. He complains that the advertiser appeals to man's lowest tastes and vulgarest appetites. He fears that through advertising, the American public can be led to buy or do anything.

This book deals with many other controversial subjects of our age. Other topics which Dr. Krutch discusses are "the high standard of living," the human surplus, the problems of prosperity, and the question of more leisure. He treats each of these subjects in an original manner, often disagreeing with other leading thinkers. Through this book Joseph Wood Krutch reveals himself a modern humanist who brings alive the enduring principles of humanity. It would be hard to find a more thoughtful and provocative discussion of considerations needing just this probing.

ACT ONE

Reviewed by

Moss Hart

Patsy Gray

The autobiographical *Act One* by Moss Hart is an interesting new book based on his early experiences in the theater. Unfortunately, this subject has become time worn from overwork, but Mr. Hart has given it a new treatment. Each time a tired cliché creeps into his writing, his light touch easily wins our pardon.

He tells of his progress from a job as clerk in a music store in the slums to an exalted position as office boy for a theatrical agent. Then, after several seasons as a summer camp social director, he finally got a script accepted and began his climb to Broadway.

Most of the book deals with his collaboration with George Kaufman on *Once in a Lifetime*. Although Mr. Hart is a most vital character, his role seems often secondary under the dominant personality of Mr. Kaufman. Together they suffer many disappointments and seeming failures, but the play is an eventual success.

Moss Hart is a legendary figure in theater today. He has had numerous hits on Broadway: *You Can't Take It With You*, *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, and *Lady in the Dark*. His latest effort was the direction of *My Fair Lady*. All of these would have made interesting reading, but that was not Moss Hart's intention. He was writing of a love affair, a love affair he has carried on with the American theater for twenty-five years.

THREE PLAYS

Reviewed by

John Osborn

Walt Langford

Probably the angriest—and certainly the most promising—of Britain's "Angry Young Men," John Osborne has brought to the stage, and now to the reading public, a shockingly powerful picture of a post-war generation in ireful rebellion against a callous world where people neither feel nor care. Three plays—*Look Back in Anger*, *The Entertainers*, and *Epitaph for George Dillon* (the last with Anthony Creighton)—have established him in England and America as a box-office success and a playwright demanding considerable critical attention.

This book of three plays, published by Criterion Books, was chosen by the Mid-Century Book Club as a recent selection, where it got a startled warm review from one of the club's astute founders and reviewers: Lionel Trilling says, "I don't think that I overestimate Mr. Osborn when I say that he stands in the tradition of Chekhov."



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