

Fall 1957

## UA68/6/2 Voices, Vol. II, No. 3

Western Writers

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VOICES

Vol. II, No. 3

Fall 1957



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In the winter edition of Voices, we devoted a section of that issue to Eastern literature in an effort to create among student readers a better understanding of a less known culture. We intend not to let die the interest created; so from time to time we shall review current books from the Eastern hemisphere and the less known countries of our Western hemisphere. In this issue we present Treasury of Asian Literature and Mano Majra.

Western Writers would like to express their appreciation to Dr. Earl A. Moore who, in the absence of Miss Justine Lynn, has unselfishly given his time and advice to the club and to the publication of Voices.

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When the golden sword of Autumn  
Draws the emerald blood of Spring  
And the hollow sound of dying  
Echoes 'round on morbid wing....

Death-in-Life comes swiftly stalking  
Through the meadows swathed in green.  
Where his footsteps touch or linger  
Amber deathdews coldly gleam.

Here he lingers by the windmill;  
There he stops where lovers meet;  
Then he hastens 'cross the valley  
To fan the flame of bittersweet;

Taints the ashen lips of summer  
With a burning kiss of red;  
Lures with golden smiles the flowers  
Who before his wrath have fled.

Gusty breaths of rippling laughter  
Strip the robes from bough and vine;  
Leave them standing, gaunt and naked,  
Shamed, debased and left behind.

Hasten on, O Clown of Seasons!  
Life-in-Death again will reign.  
This is but a fleeting sadness....  
Each must die to live again.

Obeying the command of Aunt Em, Jed ran into the yard to summon Uncle Matt to dinner. He rang the big dinner bell with all the might an eight-year-old could muster. Jed enjoyed this part of his day because he was important for a few minutes, and too, because he liked to jump up and down and swing back and forth on the rope. His cries of delight could not be heard over the bell's loud clang-clang-clang.

Then, in order to walk back to the house with his uncle, Jed ran out across a fallow field and into the new ground where the morning work was being done. Spring ploughing, particularly in new ground, is always difficult; therefore the progress for the day had so far been slow. Hearing the call to dinner, Matt stopped ploughing, unhitched the team of flea-bitten grays from the clevis, and drove them to a shady spot along the creek bank where he loosened their collars around their necks, and removed the bits from their mouths so they could roam and drink freely. He wiped the sweat off his brow and with squinting eyes turned and contemplatively surveyed the slow progress of the morning and then headed toward the house. Jed had reached his uncle by this time. They walked fast, stumbling over the large clods in the unharrowed earth. Matt's main thought on his way to the house was whether he could finish the ploughing before the approaching storm.

Pausing on the back porch to wash up with the water Em had heated for him, he leaned his tall iron-like frame over the small pan to wash his sun-burned face and slick back his black hair. He raised his head up and with keen eyes looked sternly at Jed and said, "What you been doin' with

yourself all mornin', boy?"

"Been down Obbie's," answered Jed, watching his uncle finish drying himself. "They're goin' to town this afternoon."

By town Jed meant Grady, a place about four miles down the creek just large enough to have stores on each side of the road. Jed wanted to go with Obbie and he was dropping his uncle a hint, hoping he could be given permission to accompany Seth Jenkins and his family into town to buy their weekly supplies. The Jenkinses lived up from the creek on the adjoining farm and their son, Obbie, frequently played with Jed.

"They're leavin' right now in a few minutes. Reckon I might go?" As he fiddled in his pocket for his buckeye luck charm Jed listened for an answer, and finally his uncle said, "Guess ya might, if you can get enough stove wood in for supper tonight. Of course too, now, you gotta get home in time to do your night work before it gets dark. You understand if you don't, you'll have to do it after night?"

"Yes sir," shouted Jed, giving his buckeye an extra hard squeeze.

"Come on," called Em in her usual commanding voice. "Everything will get cold and I've got work to do."

Jed jumped to his feet from the back porch railing and scrambled toward the door. When he passed his aunt, who was standing in the doorway wiping her hands on her Mother Hubbard, he glanced at her feet to see if her heels had popped out of her shoes yet. She platted her long blonde hair so tightly against her head Jed expected to see her small stature pulled out of her shoes any time. Determined to make the trip into town, he hurried to the table and commenced eating without the customary blessing. He gulped down a few bites and headed for the woodhouse to do his work and be ready when Obbie came by. A little stove wood was

not going to stand in his way.

"I don't know what we're gonna do with that boy. He's just like a worm in hot ashes and won't do nothin' I say," said Em with a look of concern. "He don't want to do nothin' but stay down at Obbie's all the time in that cave and lay in the creek. Don't make no difference if I have kindling or not."

"He'll be awright," declared Matt. "You just don't understand 'im cause you ain't never had no babies yourself. Just wait till he gets a little older and you'll see. He'll make a man, for his is the kind that'll do it. You'd be better off yourself if you got out more instead of stickin' so close home so much. Can't do it all, Em, gotta have people."

Changing the subject Em opined, "I'm afraid we're goin' to have some bad weather."

"What do you mean?" asked Matt with surprise, so as to conceal his own concern. "We're goin' to have a little rain on account of that cloud up there, but that's all. It won't last no time."

Finishing his dinner Matt got up from the table and said again, "No real rain in sight. Guess we'll have a little. Reckon I'd better get back to my ploughing." Matt again paused on the back porch for a cool drink and then started out into the field, turning over in his mind Em's prediction of bad weather and looking up into the sky.

Just as he started ploughing he looked toward the road and saw Jed and Obbie riding along on the back of Mr. Jenkin's waggon dragging their bare feet in the thick yellow dust in the road. Seth waved to Matt in a very friendly way, but Matt waved back only half-heartedly. "Don't really know them people," said he to himself, "Seem nice, Em's such a home-body. Don't seem to need nothin' 'cept work."

Turning his mind to Jed once more he thought, "Yes sir, that boy is goin' to be awright, He'll

need a lot of helpin' 'cause the world ain't with him, just like its not with nobody. It seems to me though like it's less with Jed than it is with the others, but yes, sir, he's goin' to be okay."

Matt walked steadily behind the plough. He remembered how he and Em both had been reared in this neighborhood. He had always lived on this farm and Em just down the road. His great-grandfather had fought in the Revolution and after that purchased a thousand acres of land in Kentucky and took up farming. His grandfather had not been an ambitious man and did not clear any new land for farming; he did not even cultivate the already cleared land. He raised a garden for his family's food and when he needed money he sold off a tract of land.

His father had been a Confederate soldier. He returned from the war disabled and could not farm. He had followed the same course as his father and when the farm was turned over to Matt soon after the war, only eighty acres survived. Matt was disappointed that his ancestors had not cared to work the ground, as he was doing, to get out of it what God had placed there for them. Matt figured that man and God were partners in the creative processes of tilling the soil, that the tilling and care of the soil are man's God-given tasks and privileges, and that in the end man's life rests on God's goodness in giving vitality to the sown seed.

He was working hard to bring the farm up to par after generations of neglect. This was a real task. What ground remained that could be cleared was sloping and rather rocky. It was difficult to rotate the crops each year because some of the best land would be put into inactivity. Matt had, the previous year, finally succeeded in replacing all of the fences, but this did not improve the neglected land. Also, Goose Creek ran through the middle of the farm with the land sloping to it, causing great concern during spring rains. Progress was be-

ing made, but the biggest and most important step yet remained---to tear down the old log house and build En a new frame one, like he promised her when they married. He wanted this one to be away from the pine thicket and on higher ground above the danger of the creek. En was important to him and it was important to her that this be done.

Matt had Jed to think of too. Jed was his own nephew, his sister's child. His father had been killed in the Spanish-American War and his mother had died soon after the war, leaving Jed an orphan at the age of four. According to his sister's wish, her son was to be reared by Matt. Matt knew she would be satisfied if she could see how the boy was enjoying every minute here in the home she had chosen for him.

As Matt circled the field once more the spring air and the fresh, clean smell of the torn earth hit him and he thought, "Soon it will be warm enough for the dogwood to bloom and when it is, the fish will be biting and me and Jed will go fishing."

It was almost dark and just as the last strip was ploughed a light mist began to fall. Matt hurried to the barn to bed down and feed the horses. As he finished and started to the house from the barn, he met Jed, who had just arrived from town. Matt quickly forgot his warning to him and sympathetically helped him do his chores. They finished just in time for supper.

As the family sat eating supper Jed was telling of his experiences that afternoon, Matt was thinking of going to bed early, and En was grumbling because Jed had been late with his night work and Matt had taken no corrective measures. Jed's constant chatter and Matt's gloomy silence were finally broken when En declared, "It's stopped mistin'. The night ain't gonna be so dark. Don't reckon it's gonna rain much. God knows we don't need it. Jed, soon as you finish your supper go

wash your feet and start gettin' ready for bed." When En spoke everyone listened.

Soon supper was over, Jed was in bed, the kitchen was cleaned up, and Matt and En had moved into the front room for their nightly hour or so together before retirement. Hardly anything was said this time. They were both tired and after a while Matt suggested they go to bed.

Sleep came fast to the weary couple and they slept soundly for a few hours. Suddenly they were awakened by a loud thundering roar. Matt woke first, then En. "What is it?" En shouted as she sat up in bed startled.

Matt, who was already at the window by this time, answered "The creek's rising fast."

En rushed to the window beside her husband. They saw the swirling waters of little Goose Creek come crashing on to a small embankment, sending a four-foot wall of water into the lower section of the barn lot, and taking the tool shed with it. The shed was struck with such force some of the logs were broken loose and thrown high into the air.

"Get Jed, Matt!" cried En, "Get him quick!"

Matt whirled toward Jed's room, but Jed had alerted himself and was standing in front of Matt before the latter could completely turn. He grabbed Jed up into his arms and cried, "Out the back."

Within seconds the surging flood waters left the banks of the stream and carried all before them in a tide of destruction. It was a flash-flood caused by a cloudburst far up stream in the mountains.

The avalanche struck so quickly, the main march of the waters was past before the overflow reached the edge of the front porch. By this time all three had fled to higher ground behind the house. As they reached the peak of the hill to safety, they for the first time turned to look back. Then the family stood in silence watching the deluge as it inundated their land.



As a light rain began to fall, the night grew darker and they could hardly see. Matt broke the silence and said, "Let's go get under the big elm; we won't get so wet there. We can see about what's left in the morning."

At long last the rain ceased and the clouds drifted away, allowing the sun to appear over the hilltops. The trio moved slowly down the hill to where their home once stood. The first glimpse was sickening. There was nothing left. Matt's mind flashed back for an instant to the time when he was a youngster on this farm and to the time when he brought Em here. All the old familiar things were now gone.

Suddenly Matt said, "Now is a good time to start building that frame house I promised you. We got the timber. I can have it cut and fixed down at the saw mill. Not got quite enough to replace everything, but I can almost."

"I can help," said Jed. "I can do a lot of things."

"Yes," declared Em, "We'll all have to help. We'll all have to do a lot of things. If we get through this, we can get through anything and Jed, a lot is going to depend on you being as useful as possible."

"Don't worry about him, Em; he's gonna be aw-right," insisted Matt.

At this moment the Jenkinses appeared at the top of the hill. Seth called down, "We want you to come home with us and stay as long as you like. Ma is a fixin' breakfast for you now."

They had not thought about what they were going to do immediately, but as they turned and saw Seth and Obbie silhouetted against the dawn sky a look of surprise and gratitude came over their faces. They wished they had known their neighbors better.

Silently he stands there  
Surveying the passer-by,  
Each joyful, happy, laughing face,  
Each sad, dejected, forlorn face,  
Each angry, disgusted, moody face.  
He, too, has known these emotions.  
But now he stands in utter peace--  
Not frowning, nor yet smiling,  
But simply in peace--  
With himself and with the world.  
He speaks: "Be joyful, my people;  
Have faith, courage, patience;  
Be strong in your ideals--  
Life holds much,  
If you but seek to find."  
But few stop to heed him  
As they hurry on--  
He is only a statue carved of stone.

HOW TIME DOTH SWIFTLY PASS AWAY

Edith Ginger

How time doth swiftly pass away;  
How brief the journey of today!  
Have I some deed of greatness done  
Throughout this orbit of the sun?  
Have I some knowledge this day learned.  
As Time's great hand the hourglass turned;  
Of time that I cannot detain,  
Have I one moment lived in vain?  
If so, it now belongs to Fate.  
Past moments now have closed their gate.  
Have I their proffers grasped---too late?

THE LOOTING OF THE GOLDEN THREAD

Edith Ginger

How oft is heard the groan of unmerciful toil,  
Of feverish men upending rock and soil;  
Lustfully facing nature's wrath, or death to gain  
Possession of earth's yellow vein.  
What base characteristics of man unfold  
By the morbid sect which reputes but gold;  
Obeying neither nature nor the laws of man,  
Leaving chaos to trail their caravan  
And there to show where once they tread  
Is the scar-filled face of a river bed.

THE BOIL

Noel Coppage

Danny, who was eleven and in the fifth grade, sat in his hard wood seat near the window and squirmed and tried to look out the window at the same time. Danny always squirmed near the end of the school day but now he had a special reason. He had a boil on his hip; at least that was what his mother said it was. He could not see it, but he could feel it. It felt like a boil all right. He knew one thing--it sure made sitting uncomfortable. He had to sit sideways and cross his legs but that made his legs cramp, or he could slide very far down in the seat till he was almost reclining on his backbone, but that made the back of his neck hurt. So he alternated between the two positions, making the changes often enough so that the cramps did not have time to set in. In this manner he had gotten through the past few days with a minimum of discomfort although the frequent frowns aimed in his direction by Miss Fern told him that this sort of thing could not go on too much longer.

Well, that was all right with him. It would end tonight. His Mother had said that the boil would be ready to open by tonight and she would take a needle and open it and squeeze it and then wipe it off with a clean white cloth and paint it good with Mercurochrome and he would sleep on his stomach tonight and it would be all right tomorrow. His mother had promised not to hurt, but Danny knew it would hurt when she started squeezing. He had had boils before; so he knew that. He could not see this one, though, and that was good. He wondered if it was as big as it felt.

Then the bell rang and Miss Fern, as was her custom, tried to look twice as stern and demand twice as much order in filing out of the classroom

as she had all during the day. However, the children realized that they were free once more and, as was their custom, raised bedlam as they scrambled for the door. Danny was joined by Bobby Fulks, who was also eleven, but was six months older than Danny, and who needed a haircut. The two boys lived on the same street and were very good friends. They walked out the front entrance of the school and, taking a dare from a third boy, jumped over the hedge and ran down on the lawn, which was forbidden territory. Then they scampered across the grass and reached the sidewalk just as Miss Pooley, who was the principal, poked her hawk nose out the front door to see if all was well.

The boys walked along, not talking, and Danny kicked a tin can ahead of him. Bobby walked with his head down, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, and did not attempt to join the sport. Finally the can curved and rolled into the street and Danny gave it up and walked as if in deep thought.

"Mama's going to open my boil tonight," he said.

Bobby continued as he had been except the black fore-lock, which made up a great portion of his hair, slid down over his eyes. They were very sad eyes. Obviously, something was troubling him and this troubled Danny, because, when Bobby was troubled, he was no fun.

"You're not worried about us getting on the lawn, are you?" Danny asked. "Old hawk nose didn't see us."

"No," Bobby said. Then, suddenly: "Danny, I'm not going home."

"I am. Mama's going to open the boil."

"I'm not ever going home again. I'm going to run away."

"Oh, come on. Don't start THAT again!"

"I'm really going, this time," Bobby said and Danny says that he was going to cry. This had

come up before. Danny was the only one that knew---except maybe his mother, whom he had told about it---what Bobby had gone through. Bobby's father was always away and when he did come home, he and Bobby's mother quarreled viciously.

"Last night," Bobby said, "he hit me with his fist. Here---look here. He showed his jaw to Danny and Danny could make out a large blue spot that extended from the boy's ear down to his mouth. He also noticed the tears which were beginning to flow down the boy's cheeks. Bobby always cried silently, which made Danny sadder than anything he knew.

"And SHE was drunk," Bobby said. And he cried sobs that shook his whole body and choked off his last words."

"Listen. Come to my house," Danny said. "Tomorrow is Friday and you can stay tonight and tomorrow night; and Saturday maybe Dad will take us fishing."

"No. I'm going away, today. They don't want me. I can't stand it no more."

"Don't you want to go fishing with us?"

"It's not the same," Bobby said. "It's not the same. You don't know how it is. You don't have to go fishing with someone else's daddy."

They had walked past the drugstore, past the barber shop, past the beauty salon, and now they were nearing the turn-off corner that led them home.

"There's the street up ahead," Danny said.

"I'm going straight on," Bobby said. "I'm going across the bridge and across the farms and they will never see me again."

"Are you really going to do it?"

"Yes."

"How will you live? What will you eat?"

"I don't know. I don't care. Nobody cares."

Danny started to say "I care," but then a plan began to work itself into his mind and he

said, "You're sure getting selfish these days, Bobby Fulks."

"What do you mean by that?"

"All you think about is yourself and getting away from home. You never think about other people."

"What other people?"

"Me. That's what other people. It would be fine for you, running away from everything. But what about me? You're the only friend I've got. What do you think I'd do if you left? Me, with only a five-year-old baby sister for a friend."

"You'd still have your dad," Bobby said bitterly.

"Yes, after six and on week-ends. But what about through the week? What about that?"

"Aw...you don't need me," Bobby said, but Danny could tell that he was winning the battle. They had reached the turn-off and he had stopped at the corner while they talked.

"Well, how about it?" Danny asked. "You going to leave your friends? Just like that? Because I need you to---"

"What? What do you need me for?"

Danny's eyes narrowed. "Well," he said, confidentially, "I got this boil, you knew, and Mama's supposed to open it tonight. Only---well, I don't know whether she can do the job or not. Now, if you could kind of, you know, help her."

"Well---"

"It's her eyesight I'm afraid of," Danny said. "After all she's thirty-four years old, you know."

"Well---"

"Come on, we'll be late for supper."

Ten minutes later the two boys were seated at the table and Danny's mother was serving them roast beef gravy. They ate heartily and Danny, despite his one-sided sitting position, enjoyed the meal thoroughly. Bobby ate in silence and, from time to time, came close to tears which he covered up in

advance by pretending to wipe his face with his napkin.

Later, Danny was in the living room with his mother, preparing the tools for the boil opening (which was a great ritual with him) while Bobby was in the play-room looking through Danny's enormous collection of comic books.

"Did you see the blue spot?" Danny asked his mother.

"Yes," she said, and looked very sad.

"You've got to let him help you open the boil, Mama. He was going to run away---really this time, and it was all I could do---"

"I understand, darling," she said and put her arms around him and held him very tightly for a long time.

"And ask Dad, when he comes in, if he'll take us fishing Saturday. O.K. Mama?"

"Yes," she said, and held him again. Danny could hear his friend in the play-room, his sniffles mingling with the sound of rustling comic book leaves. And Danny felt very lucky and very sad and a little more grown-up.

Occidental interest has long been centered upon the politics of the East, but recently, as more scholars and readers have become aware of the vast richness of her writers and teachers, a trend of literary enthusiasm has developed.

In A Treasury of Asian Literature John D. Yohannan, a Persian by nativity and an American by adoption, has compiled and edited the choice selections of Arabia, Iran, India, China, and Japan. Each country is represented by the type of literature in which it excels, the story, the drama, the song, or the scripture. There are selections from such works as the Koran, the Analects of Confucius, the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, and the Thousand and One Nights, all of which are familiar to us. It is interesting to find how many of the passages and stories in this Asian treasury are well known to us, but how little awareness we have of their Eastern sources.

For the benefit of the reader this volume contains a table of contents by country and by literary type, chronological charts and bibliographies, and the selections contain headnotes giving information concerning the work.

Because of its arrangement and selections A Treasury of Asian Literature will be of great value and interest to any reader with cosmopolitan interests. Mr. Yohannan has stressed the fact that each selection has been translated from the original language and not from other versions and, as he states in his introduction, "The premium has been placed upon literacy rather than literalness, and upon the esthetic rather than historical considerations."

Engrossed readers of The Hamlet will be anxiously waiting for Novel laureate in literature 1950 William Faulkner's second Snope family novel, The Town. The irrepressible drive of Snope, the natively wise V. K. Ratliff, the Mallison Family, Lawyer Gavin Stevens, the De Spains, the Varners, and two women Eula and Linda all prominent in Yoknapatowpha County have proliferated through and beyond the bounds of the county until they have outmaneuvered and have overpowered a society and a culture that had little defense against their invincible ambition, rapacity, and power.

William Faulkner's twenty-second novel creates a unit which can be appreciated as complete in itself in The Town. But if readers have already been introduced to the Snopes in The Hamlet, it makes them eager to visit with them again.

MORNING

Allene Dooley

Golden shafts of sunlight  
Pour down  
From behind fluffy, white puffs of vapor  
Resting in the infinite blue,  
Upon the eternal hills and plains  
Through the quiet peace,  
The cool stillness,  
Of a summer morn.

Mano Majra written by the young Indian writer, Khushwant Singh, has its setting in India during the turbulent period of 1947. Set in the background of the emergence of Pakistan as a nation, the story tells of the efforts of a young social worker, Iqbal Singh, to bring peace to the small Indian village of Mano Majra.

At the time of Pakistan's separation from India there were innumerable political murders and forced migrations. The inefficiency of the Indian police is brought out in the confused arrest of the young social worker for a local crime. He was later released with the explanation that the police thought he was a member of the militant Moslem League.

Mr. Singh's treatment of the book's climax and conclusion makes it well worth any reader's time. The author, currently a specialist in Indian affairs for U.N. E.S.C.O. in Paris, was born in India. His background makes him the ideal author for this short but explosive novel.

SUNSET

Allene Dooley

Red fleece  
Hangs in curls  
On a dark background  
Beneath it--  
Gold.

Black silhouettes  
Of bare trees  
And buildings  
Are revealed  
Against the setting sun.

The two ladies had picked a most gloomy afternoon for their Sunday School class visitation to the shut-ins. As they came down the steps of the old-fashioned brick house, a grey misty wind softly swirled around the Victorian wrought iron and made a comfortless whistle as it passed. The ladies tightened their scarves against the tug of the wind as they moved out toward the street.

"I'm sure glad that's the last place, Nora. It'll be dark before I get home despite all I can do," Ina Melton remarked as she searched through her purse. "The kids'll have the house torn up." She stuck the purse haphazardly between the top bars on the fence and began a search of her pockets.

"What are you looking for, Ina? Have you lost something?" Nora Page inquired.

"It's my car keys. George promised to leave the car for me at the corner. If I ever find the keys, I'll offer you a ride home," she answered as she began stuffing a variety of articles back into her coat pockets. "I just told George I wasn't aiming to walk in this weather."

"Your keys are in your change purse," Nora said as she reached for the purse as it started to fall through the fence. "That's where you put them after you dropped them at Mrs. Carty's."

"Good grief, I've got George's hardware list in there, too. That's another place to stop before going home. I never will get supper started." She looked at Nora, and saw a neat, precise woman, the kind who never lost or forgot anything. Nora was as methodical as a machine, utterly abnormal. Well, she thought to herself, a lone woman can take time to be methodical, but I've got a husband to look after and three kids.... But out loud she said, "I

never can thank you enough for coming with me. I don't mind the visiting, really, but I hate to come along. I mean, those old ladies need cheering up and all. I just feel like I ought to do something to help pass away a little of the time for them. I know how Mother is."

Ina talked on as they walked around the corner. The car, a rather bedraggled though late model, was parked by the fence. The front seat was littered with toys and empty popcorn boxes. Ina shoved them off the seat and invited Nora to get in. "Just kick that stuff out of the way. We took the kids to the drive-in last night. Takes a month to get things straightened up. You know, Billy wouldn't go unless he could take his tricycle tire with him--- why I don't know. He drags that crazy thing around all the time."

Ina kept up the conversation as they drove along. Nora said little, and such comments as she did make were seemingly out of duty and not out of interest.

".... just take poor Mrs. Kavanaugh. Doesn't she just break your heart. All day long, day after day, she sits and dreams about that boy of hers. Really, as it's just a crying shame. Of course, I guess it's just as well he died before he got a chance to do something that would really hurt her. She can't seem to remember a thing mean he ever did to her. Lads, my mother can tell you the dozens of times she saw Mrs. Kavanaugh in tears, literally broken-hearted over that Johnny. And now---you'd think he was a saint."

Nora turned toward the street and stared out the window. "Naturally," she commented. "Mrs. Kavanaugh remembers Johnny as she wanted him to be, not as he was. She loves him that way."

"Well, that's true, of course," Ina conceded. "And you, Nora Page, never loved anything. No wonder you run a lonely book shop, Ina said to herself. How would you be knowing? "But then, I guess I'd feel the same way about Billy."

They rode on in silence for a few blocks. Ina hummed a tune to herself. Nora began straightening her belongings---the shop was not far away, a block or so.

"Nora, do you remember the time we were working on the set for our Senior play, and Johnny made a ring out of one of those long nails? Said he was going to give it to the girl he loved best---I thought I would die at such a sight---the girls chased him for a week trying to get it. I never did find out who he gave it to. My, my, my. That Johnny was a cute one, but the way he carried on, my goodness."

Nora was fumbling with the front of her coat. Her hand had moved to her throat in a sudden jerk.

"What's the matter, Nora?"

Almost embarrassed at being noticed, Nora drew her head away, and replied dryly. "It's nothing. I have on my grandmother's cameo brooch, and I thought it had come undone. It's so old it doesn't have a safety clasp on it."

"I was noticing it this afternoon. It's so lovely---those old things are, and so precious. You ought to take it to Williams'. They do lovely work on old jewelry. Mr. Williams put a new clasp on Mother's pearls, and if ANYBODY could satisfy Mother, you know they're good. She wouldn't trust those pearls with the President."

Ina stopped the car in front of a near shop whose attractive window display was inviting enough but not overly boisterous in its decor.

"Well, Nora, here we are. Thanks a million for going with me. You just can't imagine how much it means."

"Quite all right, Ina. I enjoyed it."

Ina stuck her head out the window as Nora turned away. "Oh, Nora, I almost forgot---I'll be over next week about those books for the kids. Connie is seven and doesn't care a rap about reading. Surely there must be something to tempt her."

"Please do come. I have some beautiful books for her age group."

Nora watched as Ina drove away. Something cold and wet slid down her cheek. It was raining, and turning cold. So dark for the hour of day. Her hand moved to button her coat, and even through the thick wool she could feel the dime outline of a gold chain and the precious burden it held a bent nail.

#### NEGLECTED MOMENTS

Janice Hale

This moment gone!  
To the other side of the veil.  
And what did it accomplish?  
What thought worthy of its  
Having lived.

So much to be done.  
So much to know.  
So much to live.  
And yet it died unfulfilled.

That moment is offered but once.  
Twice never:  
On the other side it takes its leisure,  
Empty, lucrative, ludicrous, molded forever.  
You could have in that moment been a creator.

#### POETRY?

Carol Zerfoss

Quiet has settled throughout  
and is broken only  
by the soft music of my radio,  
and the steady ticking of the clock.

Cool night air slips through the window  
bringing the fresh, clean smell of the trees,  
the grass, and the earth after the rain.

The mood, yes, even the moment,  
is set for dreaming,  
thinking, and planning.

Something within me is surging,  
seeking to be expressed

My appreciation for beauty  
love for life  
and dreams for the future  
are at their height.

I must write these feelings  
to quiet my spirit.

Oh for the gift  
to express beautifully, magically  
what I feel so keenly.

Could that be poetry?



The crowd was at the finish line,  
the winning team to cheer,  
Many a poke was bet on the race,  
and some the work of a year.  
Moccasin Bill was stern of face;  
his eyes were fixed on the trail,  
He had wagered enough on the race  
to make Old Mi~~as~~ wail.

From out of the crowd, a voice yelled loud,  
"Boys, it's Jake and Keans!"  
As streaking down the course,  
swept two of the favorite teams.  
Nose and nose they tried to pass  
each other on the run.  
A ghost hush fell; the crowd was waiting  
to find out who had won.

The judges from the crowd withdrew  
so each could give his view.  
They turned and looked from eye to eye,  
and said, "Between us few,  
We've found when they went by  
the leaders' noses made the tie;  
Therefore, the muzzle of a dog  
decides who wins this vie."

A tape was called for from the group  
and a tailor came to view.  
He measured each dogs's nose three times  
but never gave a clue.  
Murmurs escaped the lines of men  
who watched with hopes and fears.  
He strode back to the officials and  
spoke a name in their ears.

A judge stepped forth, and raised his arms  
for silence now to fall,  
"I'll say this loud so each will know---  
the champ is Jake McKall."  
A roar went up. With face aglow,  
proud Jake moved out and spoke,  
"Credit where credit's due, the honors  
go to my lead-dog Taskoke."

The throng moved on the Eagle Saloon,  
led by Moccasin Bill.  
He ordered drinks for half the town,  
then motioned out to Lil;  
A turkey, stuffed and toasted brown  
was brought into the crowd,  
Jake's eyes got bright, he wet his lips,  
he clapped his hands aloud.

Bill looked about the room and started  
speaking with a smile,  
"The winner ran without a bite  
over many a weary mile,  
But he'll get his fill tonight.  
He saved my poke and like Jake spoke  
'Credit where credit's due,' the turkey  
goes to lead-dog Taskoke."

Comme la Terre est lourde à porter! L'on  
 dirait ..  
 Que chaque homme a son poids sur le dos.  
 Les morts, comme fardeau,  
 N'ont que deux doigts de terre,  
 Les vivants, eux, la sphère.  
 Atlas, ô commune misère,  
 Atlas, nous sommes tes enfants,  
 Nous sommes innombrables,  
 Toute seule est la Terre  
 Et pourtant et pourtant  
 Il faut bien que chacun la porte sur le dos,  
 Et même quand ie dort, encore ce fardeau  
 Qui le fait soupirer au fond de son sommeil,  
 Sous une charge sans pareille!  
 Plus lourde que jamais, la Terre in temps de  
 guerre,  
 Elle saigne en Europe et dans le Pacifique,  
 Nous l'entendons gémir sur nos épaules lasses.  
 Pouscant d'horribles cris  
 Qui dévorent l'espace.  
 Mais il faut la porter toujours un peu plus  
 loin  
 Pour la faire passer d'aujourd'hui à demain.

How heavy the earth is to carry! One might  
 say  
 that each man has its weight on his back.  
 The dead, for their burden,  
 have only two inches of earth.  
 The living, they, the sphere.  
 Atlas, O common misery,  
 Atlas, we are your children,  
 We are innumerable,  
 The Earth is all alone.  
 And yet And yet  
 Each one must carry it on his back,  
 And even when he sleeps, still this burden  
 Which makes him sigh at the top of his  
 slumber,  
 Under a peerless weight!  
 Heavier than ever, the Earth in time of war,  
 It bleeds in Europe and in the Pacific  
 We hear it moaning on our weary shoulders  
 Which devour space.  
 But it must always be carried a little further  
 To make today pass to tomorrow.

Suffit d'une bougie  
 Pour éclairer le monde  
 Autour duquel ta vie  
 Fait sourdement sa ronde,  
 Cœur lent qui t'accoutumes  
 Et tu ne sais à quoi,  
 Cœur grane qui résumes  
 Dans le plus sûr de toi  
 Des terres sans feuillage,  
 Des routes sans chevaux  
 Un vaisseau sans visages  
 Et des vagues sans eaux.  
 Mais des milliers d'enfants  
 Sur la place s'élancent  
 En poussant de tel cris  
 De leurs frêles poitrines  
 Qu'un homme à barbe noire,  
 --De quel monde venu?--  
 D'un seul geste les chasse  
 Jusqu'au fond de la nue.  
 Alors de nouveau, seul,  
 Dans la chair tu tâtonnes,  
 Cœur plus près du linceul,  
 Cœur de grande personne.

A candle suffices  
 To lighten the world  
 Around which your life  
 quietly makes its round,  
 Slow heart to which you are accustomed  
 And you know to what,  
 Serious heart which contains  
 In the surest part of yourself  
 Lands without foilage  
 Roads without horses  
 A ship without faces  
 And waves without water.  
 But thousands of children  
 Rush out on the square  
 Uttering such cries  
 From their frail chests  
 That a black bearded man  
 From where did he come?  
 Expelled them with one gesture alone  
 To the top of a cloud.  
 Then, alone, once more,  
 You grope into the flesh,  
 Heart nearer to the shroud,  
 Heart of a grown up.

La Aurora de Nueva York tiene  
cuatro columnas de cieno  
y un huracán de negras palomas  
que chapotean las aguas podridas.

La aurora de Nueva York gime  
por las inmensas escaleras  
buscando entre las aristas  
nudos de angustia dibujada.

La aurora llega y nadie la recibe en su boca  
porque allí no hay mañana ni esperanza posible.  
A veces las monedas en enjambres furiosos  
taladran y devoran abandonados niños.

Los primeros que salen comprenden con sus  
huesos  
que no habrá paraíso ni amores deshojados;  
saben que van al cieno de números y leyes,  
a los juegos sin arte, a sudores sin fruto.

La luz es sepultada por cadenas y ruidos  
en impudico reto de ciencia sin raíces.  
Por los barrios hay gentes que vacilan insomnes  
como recién salidas de un naufragio de sangre.

Dawn in New York has  
four pillars of slime  
and a hurricane of black pigeons  
that dabble in the rotten waters.

Dawn in New York grieves  
on the immense stairs  
seeking on ledges  
pangs traced upon nard.

Dawn comes, there is no mouth to receive it,  
because here there is no morning nor promise  
possible.

At times coins in a furious rabble  
drill and devour abandoned children.

The first that go out know in their bones  
that there will be no paradise nor unleafing  
loves;  
they know that they go to the slough of  
numbers and laws,  
to games without skill and sweat without  
profit.

Light is buried in chains and alarms  
in impudent challenge of knowledge without  
roots.

In the suburbs there are people who hesitate  
to sleep  
as though recently escaped from a bloody  
disaster.

O, Lady, in quiet dignity  
 Casting a spell  
 Of verdant loveliness,  
 You weep.  
 The world is gay!

Think you of centuries gone  
 When laughter reigned?  
 You too were young,  
 Without despair,  
 In straight and slender sapling days.

Neath your boughs cherubs play  
 Swing from your branches,  
 Sail high into your realm of solitude,  
 Spirits soar.  
 Happy not your sylvan tears?

Empty the childhood swing.  
 A love seat embraces your trunk  
 Verdurous tears gently caress  
 Venus's proteges  
 Making promises of love.

Death respects not  
 As you now know,  
 Cherubs have cherubs.  
 Burdens forgotten  
 Under your tranquil rustle.

Happy hours. . . Happy thoughts,  
 All that exist,  
 Swingers, wooers, reminiscencers  
 Of yesterday  
 As only you remain.

Decades past. . . Childhood gone  
 Friends departed  
 Lament you for sadness, or the  
 Unrestraining joy  
 Of conquering over all?

STILL NIGHT

Shirley Ennis

Still night.....dark sky....  
 Silver stars glide by....  
 Lazy breeze barely stirs....  
 The night's voice is like hers.

Vast peace....lonely lane....  
 Vacant dreams come again....  
 Neither worlds nor miles nor years  
 Keep the lonely from their tears.

Stone bench....ocean view....  
 Shadow faces seem true....  
 Neither death nor earth's embrace  
 Drives her from this cherished place.

Pale moon....reverent glow....  
 Phantom visions of her grow....  
 Eternal love keeps its tryst;  
 Gently the hours become mist.

Gold dawn....drab sky....  
 Sullen clouds speed by....  
 Crisp winds arouse the sea.  
 Night is gone.....so is she.

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