

We'll do it at 3:00. Be here." I was there, and the next day I was back sitting at my desk, filing cards, sharpening pencils, and smiling at general nuisances.

June, 1945—

Today, I was presented with my Sheepskin and received my A. B. degree. I felt so strange as the members of the class walked past the president for their diplomas. It was like seeing a hundred dreams and fulfilled hopes file past one by one. I saw the parents looking happy and proud. I saw mothers cry because they were happy, and I wanted to cry too; but I could not. I saw fathers strut and boast, and felt warm inside. A great milestone has been turned. Now, we are to set the world aright. What a tremendous task! We, who are swimming in idealism must come down from the clouds and start to shape the world anew. We can build buildings, pave roads, and construct cities; but can we give souls back to bodies? The

future is up to us and others like us. (Oh, How I wished Johnny could have been here, today. Please keep him safe.)

December, 1949—

Three years have passed since the War ended, and little did I dream I'd be here at this studio as a woman announcer. Those horrible years seem distant and far away now; yet the years in school seem like yesterday. Strange what memories can do for you. Johnny and I are looking forward to the time when we can have our own television station. It used to be only a mythical dream, especially after Johnny came back from the Navy; but now it seems more like a reality and gives us hope. Johnny is an excellent station director for the rival studio here in the city, so I have to be on my toes to keep up with him. Johnny has adopted the phrase, "Ah, youth I adore thee," as our slogan and byword. As long as we keep young, we will win our goal and keep our dream.

ALONE IN THE FOG

TOM WAGLE

I DROVE On forward into the fog — the gray, swirling, all enveloping fog. The peeping street lights appeared uncertain and dim on my either side as they feebly lit the hazy mist with an eerie, sleepy light. Often fingers of fog would reach out and suddenly snap about them, dimming them, shutting out yet more light. Queer, crazy, racing shadows leaped from nowhere in the all covering fog about me. An opening would yawn wide and inviting before me, my car lights would stab into it, I would follow. Slowly I drove on. Yet the fog, the fog — I, I couldn't escape it. It was everywhere — in all outside, reaching, surrounding, descending on all, cold and uncompromising. It filled me with a

mood; swirled through my brain leaving a mood.

A mood that can't be put on paper. A mood, an unfathomable mood — one of another world, the uncertainty of which I find no words to describe. My thoughts were wild, seemingly everywhere on the great shuffleboard of human emotions. I vaguely remember thinking. Thinking of what? I can't recall exactly. My mind raced wildly. What's in a fog that makes one think in strange ways? It's infinity, it's depth, it's uncertainty? My mother, her graying hair—that should have troubled me. But the fog running on and on, the hazy world more hazy still as I sat there moving on and on. Gray? Gray hair,

what was gray hair to me? The fog was gray, gray and horrible. I must have thought of my future, but what future? What was future? A long ride in the fog? Hazy, misty, milling slush filled my brain. School? No, I didn't care. Diminished blotches of light appeared to me, struggling to be master of their power. People in the haze, struggling for what? A place in the world? A place in the fog? God, what thoughts came to me. What was working? Thoughts that I never knew existed came and went as the coming. Came as the wildly flaying strings of mist beat upon my car window; left as the echo of a murmuring baby dies when sleep overtakes it. My thoughts — angry ones, bright ones, deep thoughts — crowding, fighting for release, for recognition. Fog deep, crowding, fighting to surround all in its infinity. A train wreck, vague, struck me; I had shuddered before at it's memory; but I left it in the fog. It was as nothing. It was no more than the sudden opening of the fog and less than the inevitable crash of

the billowy wafting walls when it closed again. I saw nothing save all dismal as I drove on.

Yet it wasn't a dream; I think I was awake. I think I am awake now. I was in a fog. Fog stops. Fog goes on. I stop, I go on. My destination was somewhere beyond the fog. I knew the way. Others had traveled it. But why couldn't I leave the choking fog? Why? The shadows made by my lights were probably beautiful. I think they were. Yet I was in the fog; fog that reached out and everywhere; devouring the all of everything; swooping, gently flowing — everywhere that fog that should have choked but didn't. It was huge and gray and awful in it's duration.

The small beauty of my lights apparently did not affect the fog. But I couldn't turn them out because I knew they didn't affect the fog. They were for me, not the fog. Why turn them out? They were guiding me. I suppose they were guiding me. I arrived home with them at any rate.

AUGUST EVENING

KEITH WHITE

IT IS Dusk, almost dark: the fire flies are glowing intermittently as they flit over the wheat stubble; the sun has receded over the horizon leaving only a dull glow of color in the west; in the east the harvest moon is peeping through the blasted tops of beach trees. The mists are rising down in the river bottom and ease like ghostly ships up the creek bed while over to the south choir practice begins. The sonorous bass of the bullfrogs, the vibrant tenor of cicadas; the squawk of water fowl as they rifle, single file up the creek; the bawl of cattle, bedded down on the distant hillside, their clean, white faces, crests, and flanks visible through the ascending vapors from the

swale between; the distant barking of a stock dog or the baying of a hound, and the sudden, frightened squeals of pigs as they noisily masticate their corn, vague, black, hulks against the dusty, trampled earth; all blend together in perfect harmony.

The milk cows string single file down the path to the spring lazily batting flies and languidly chewing their cuds. The layers straggle across the yard and loiter in to roost, while over by the well house the horses jockey for positions at the water trough. The big, black mare threatens nastily, with gleaming teeth, retracted ears, and vicious eyes, the childish gelding, who nips playfully at the gangly, young, foal