

# AT THE CONCERT

ROBERT BREEDLOVE

When Sevitzyk approached the podium, there was loud applause from every part of the house, and some of the ladies rose to see him better. My companion, a young musician, seemed to devour him with his eyes. Sevitzyk had a dark, sensitive face, though it was smooth shaven and tired looking; his temples were high, and his hair was thin on the crown of his head, though the rest of his hair was dark and wavy. His dark eyes gleamed and seemed to reflect the footlights. He had a straight nose and an expressive mouth, which was rarely still, but twitched with many imperceptible movements. He was tall, and held himself tensely, like a runner on his mark, waiting for the sound of the gun. He conducted smoothly and lithely, with his whole body swaying, like his music, with gestures, now caressing, now sharp and jerky. It was

easy to see that he was very nervous and his nervousness was reflected in the music. The quivering and jerky life of it broke up the usual apathy of the orchestra, calling forth greater depths of volume and tone than they had ever produced before. At the end of the performance there was a storm of applause and cries. The whole audience was enthusiastic, fascinated by the success, rather than by the compositions. Sevitzyk's face was wreathed in smiles as he bowed and turned to the concertmaster, motioning for him to stand and receive a share of the acclaim. As the applause continued Sevitzyk turned to the orchestra, and with a wave of his hand, they stood as one, to receive the recognition they so well deserved. Thus was born greater appreciation of music in the cultural life of our city.

# THE OHIO

JOAN HAYDEN

Flowing peacefully between green banks and fertile cornfields, the Ohio winds slowly on its way to the Mississippi. A hot midday sun beats down on the brilliant blue of the water, casting a glare into the eyes of a drowsy fisherman on the bank . . . . Fish bite easily on a lazy summer day . . . . Trees along the bank make shadows on the water, as the sun sinks toward the west. When twilight comes, the busy hum of the mosquitoes and monotonous croak of the frogs tune up for the evening's concert. Couples stroll along the bank, waiting for the moon. Romance is part of the river tonight, as the silvery, rippling moon path over the water beckons to lovers. The twinkling lights of the ferry boat and the noisy voices of nightbathers are dim in

the distance. This summer Ohio is happy, lazy, peaceful.

Crawling between frozen banks, the Ohio struggles on toward the Mississippi. Icy winds chill the few pedestrians on the river road. Trees on the bank are gray and gaunt against cloudy skies, casting no shadows now. At dusk the ice-clogged water seems scarcely to move except for a small ice-free path in the center. There the fast-moving current fights on toward the Mississippi warmth. A million diamonds glitter, as the moon shines on the desolate beauty of ice and snow-covered banks. This winter Ohio is cold, lonely, sad.

An angry, rushing torrent pushes the banks aside sweeping everything before it in a mad race for the Mississippi. The