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## THE UNINVITED

Alan Sutherland

He kindles at fusion time. He lowers as sky  
Jostles the trull hills, and the tide's full lips  
Suction the waiting shore. An only star  
Burns coldly blue, refused. (O Queen Leda

Do royal hands taut on the serpentine neck,  
Jeweled in the spasm of ash-white wings,  
Limber at the swan's vernacular hiss?  
Abased, you open as consort of the god.)

The celibate star burns coldly blue, knowing  
No fusion, stricken chaste, in a fixed pose;  
The moon pulls at the sea, the dawn at the sky;  
The god conceives his next disguise of rain.

## STREAMS

Robert Petty

Whose eyes are watching now your shadowed birth?  
Who hears the turbulent laughter of the earth,  
As from some rifted rock she bears you forth—  
Child of winter's tears and April's mirth.  
Somewhere, who comes, that aged, might renew  
A childhood's vow, or sense again its worth  
More tangent, feeling in your secret rendezvous  
The philosophic quietness of truth.

Out of your course, O effigy of man,  
The capricious features of humanity,  
Pure-born that dares the cataract's wild span,  
And feeds the shrinking flower unknowingly:  
Who hears as I, your twilight whisper now,  
And sadly bids you wander to the sea. . . .



# The Sap Rises

Tom Abrams

“GET UP, HAROLD.”

It was a pledge—the grumpy one. Harold always got the grumpy one, with the nervous, jabbing fingers.

“Time to get up, Harold. You left a call for seven-fifteen.” The fingers jabbed at his ribs again, probed and jabbed again. “I’ve already called you twice. You’ll be late for class!”

“I’m up,” Harold groaned. “I’m up, I’m up!”

The pledge clomped heavily across the wooden floor, swung the door open with such force it banged against the wall, slammed it shut, and clomped down the dormitory stairs.

“Get up, Harold.” He was back. “It’s eight o’clock.” Eight o’clock! Good God! Harold opened his sore eyes and tried to glare, but they blinked shut again before he had a chance. These damn pledges could never be depended on, had to be prodded like so many construction workers. Now he’d be late to class! He sat up abruptly and wrenched off the covers.

“I’m up!”

The pledge clomped out again. Painfully, Harold focused on the adjoining bunk. This was too much! He reached over and shook a cozy bundle of blankets and tousled hair. A weak voice rolled out of the covers. “What time did you wanna get up?” Harold asked.

“Ten o’clock.” The weak voice rolled back in and covered itself up with a mumble.

“Just thought I’d check,” Harold said cheerfully. He felt better.

He stumbled down the stairs to his second-floor room, wondering why in the world anybody would build a fraternity house with rooms on one story and beds on another. In his room, he turned on the lights and the radio, and with great stretching and yawning began to pull off his pajamas.

It was Monday morning, he had a nine-o’clock class, and—he was hungry. And as if that weren’t enough, his roommate walked in looking happy. The latter breezed by and opened the window as far as it would go.

“Close the damn window! Can’t you see I’m undressed?”

“I didn’t make a special point of noticing.” His roommate glowered back. “But you are, aren’t you?” He flounced out angrily and slammed the door. The window was still open. Harold thought, Just my luck: out of twenty possible roommates, I have to get the temperamental one!

He dressed hurriedly. The radio was getting excited about a record warm day for the first of March. Harold slammed the bureau drawer shut and walked over to close the window.

Beneath, cars were pouring into the campus and swarms of eight-o'clock students converged on a distant cluster of buildings. Directly below, a bus groaned to a stop, released another swarm and moved on. Harold cracked his face, yet stiff from shaving, with the first grin of the day. Professor Hardy separated from the swarm and headed across campus to the nearest building. Can't afford a car on his salary, Harold thought. He glanced at his watch, shook his wrist vehemently, and glanced again. Then he rushed downstairs for a hasty breakfast, slamming the door on Professor Hardy, noisy buses, temperamental roommates, and unreliable pledges.

\* \* \*

Professor Hardy attacked the March wind. Undaunted by a backward pull on the billowing hem of his overcoat and the chafing flutter of his trouser legs, he churned forward. There was something epic in the tight lips and narrowed eyes. Yes, a garrulous wife, the weak tea she made for breakfast—anyone who served tea for breakfast should be examined—an overdue bus, and the wind had all conspired to make him late for his nine-o'clock class. But they had failed; his punctuality record would go unchallenged.

Nevertheless, tilting his left shoulder into the blast, he shifted a balky brief case to the right hand and studied his wrist watch—all without breaking pace. Sure enough, he'd arrive in time to examine a certain young lady's record before class.

Face averted from the wind's rawness, he squinted over his coat collar. The grass, rusted by winter snows, made the campus grounds dun-colored and hard-looking, and a row of trees on either side of the walk were so many upturned roots. The words "bleak" and "desolate" occurred to him. He put them together and thought, What a bleak and desolate day! Goes well with tea for breakfast. That was it: it was a weak-tea day! He must remember to write that down when he got to the office; sounds like T. S. Eliot.

He overcame the door and, awarding an official "good morning" to passing students whose names had escaped him, entered the English office at exactly seventeen minutes before nine.

Just as he'd suspected, "Anderson, Drucilla, age nineteen," had a very poor record indeed. "C's," "D's," and what's this?—a "B" in Contemporary Poetry! Something must be done about Professor Jackson! Hardy replaced the record in its filing case and sat down at his desk. Yesterday evening, a Mrs. Anderson had called his home to inquire about her daughter, who, she confidently asserted, was really quite capable but for some reason seemed vague about Eighteenth Century poetry. The implication had rankled, but certainly Miss Anderson's record justified him—not that he was really worried.

Hardy looked up at the clock, then down at his watch. Hurriedly, he leaned over and burrowed into the brief case beside his chair. When he entered Room 330, his pace was leisurely.



"Anderson, Drucilla, age nineteen," skipped out of the house and into the first real day of spring. Oh, there had been a hint of it throughout the preceding weeks, a certain shyness in the wind, but today it was really here. She wanted to pin a note on the trunks of trees: "It's all right now, you can bring out your leaves," and sign it "Drucilla Anderson" for all the campus to see.

She left the cement walk and, pressing her small feet into the maternal softness of the ground, halted, statue still and with a listening look in her eyes. A little disappointed, she walked on parallel to the sidewalk. She had thought perhaps she could have felt the pulse and tingle of thaw beneath the ground or hear the gurgling of some underground spring let loose by softening earth. But, she guessed, it was all in her, the tingle and the gurgle and the softening as well.

She felt impish and wanted to do something funny. A bundled-up student, who had been walking in front of her for several blocks now, turned off and slunk into the college chapel. She wanted to dash in ahead of him and pin a note to the altar, reading, "Sorry, God is out today."

The campus grounds seemed quilted with fluffy-soft patches of spring grass, wide spaces of grey bristle, and scattered spots of mud that glistened in the sun.

On her left and directly above her, she heard a window slam and, looking up, saw a boy gaze contemptuously down at the campus grounds. She followed his gaze and saw Professor Hardy sweeping, head down, toward the English building. She wanted to grab a stone and throw it up at the window. But then she wanted to throw one at Professor Hardy, too, and she knew she wouldn't do that either.

The exciting rush of March wind made her sorry she'd had her hair cut short.

\* \* \*

Harold was late to class. That was bad on two counts: it had happened several times before, and it was Professor Hardy's class. Stealing himself, he opened the door and backed in, taking a seat beside a rather plain-looking girl with short black hair. The droning lecture voice seemed to take on a punishing hardness, and Harold thought to himself, Well, it'll never happen again!

The exertion of running to class made his heart beat loud and his breath come in embarrassingly audible gasps, and the rustle he made opening his notebook only intensified his self-consciousness. Though most of the lecture was addressed with machine-gun rapidity to a far corner in the back of the room, Harold managed to get the most important points down in his notebook. The voice droned on.

Harold's mouth tasted like eggs and tobacco, his seat was sore, his hand ached, and the side of his face itched. Why didn't she stop



staring at him? What was wrong with him? He jerked his face angrily into hers. She wasn't looking at him at all. She was staring beyond him, out of the window. Well, it's her grade, dammit! He re-buried himself in his notebook. What time was it getting to be? The voice droned on.

The bell would ring any minute now, any second. Harold continued to write, the silly girl to stare, and the voice droned on. In the back of the room, chairs began to creak, and there was a rustling of papers and zipping of notebooks. Though he'd been awaiting it with some anticipation, the sound of the bell made Harold start forward and rouse the dreaming girl from her trance. She looked around the room a little bemusedly and, to his profound annoyance, smiled at him. He rose and slipped on his coat. It would be necessary to inform Hardy of his attendance—not that his entrance wasn't obvious enough, thought Harold—or be marked absent. It was a ridiculous and embarrassing formality. This done, Harold left Room 330 and stalked down the hall.

He had not gone far, however, when he discovered he'd left his notebook behind. He turned with a sigh and stalked back up the hall. The room was empty and the notebook, still open, prominently displayed on his desk. What the . . . ! His eyes goggled and then screwed up as he bent over for a closer look. His first glance was confirmed, for on the open page of his notebook was inscribed, in a rather unsteady hand, "I love you." What the . . . , indeed! Who wrote this? Harold slammed the notebook shut and looked quickly over his shoulder. Only when he reached the main floor did he pause and, groping thoughtfully for that much-needed cigarette, begin to consider the problem with a cool mind. It was a plot! It was a joke! He mustn't let it throw him! Of all the—

Outside, he recalled the radio forecast and, unbuttoning his heavy overcoat, received the wind—not really cold at all and with a strangely pleasant smell to it. It must have been a joke, he thought. He glanced up at the weaving tree limbs—not really expecting any green sprouts there—and met the sky. Or was it? he thought. That sky was an ocean of warm robin's-egg blue. After all, who would play a joke like that?—on anybody? He breathed deeply of that good-smelling air; there was something about its cleanness that made him feel dirty, that made him want to open his mouth and gulp it in like a surfacing fish. What a crazy thing for anybody to write!—to him! With sudden decision he shed his overcoat and draped it casually over his right shoulder. Something in that unconventional way of carrying his coat satisfied a newborn impulse to waggishness.

Professor Hardy was standing at the bus stop. Harold wanted to laugh at the expression of grim intensity on the good doctor's face. Where was his brief case? Harold wondered if the old boy had forgotten it. Impossible!

Professor Hardy was fighting a losing battle with his memory. That morning—not an hour ago—he had thought of a metaphor. It had been something worthy of T. S. Eliot, he remembered that much, but the metaphor itself, no less than the context that had inspired it, he could not remember to save his life.

## The Fever

Robert Petty

WERE this the winter of another century, a homely gent in lace cuffs and knee pants, with lantern and bell might well proclaim, "Hail all ye citizens of sound mind, beware, for a fever approaches which shall befall many of those among us. Take heed, for it strikes without warning, and hope of cure is at least two months away."

What is this affliction that lies beyond the scope of modern medical science? Can it be cured? The answer is no, for one of its identifying characteristics is that it becomes part of your blood. It can, however, (in medical terminology) be arrested, be made to lie dormant for two, three, perhaps even four months out of the year, those usually being from late October to mid-winter. From there, it starts gradually as a faint burning in the mind, which advances slowly at first, then more pronouncedly with every passing day, pounding, surging, burning, invariably reaching a crisis with the first or second warm spring breeze that blows from the south. From here, if all fares well for the patient and conditions are right, the fever will retreat, eventually subsiding with the passing of the summer, thus completing its cycle. In most cases, infection dates back to childhood. The important thing to remember, however, is that it is chronic, reoccurring every year.

There have been great advances made in the treatment of this ailment. Treatment consists mostly of physical therapy. Tools and implements have been supplied by such famous concerns as Shakespear, South Bend, and Heddon. Literature on improvement of methods may be found in such publications as *Field and Stream*, *Outdoor Life*, and *Sports Afield*. Diagnosticians and technical advisors date from Isaac Walton to Ray Bergman, Jason Lucas, and Ted Trueblood.

Laugh as you will, but look about you. That chap over there with the vacant stare in his eyes, whose wrist jerks intermittently; that professor at the pencil sharpener, turning the crank over and over as though he were waiting for it to lunge from his hand; that man you saw staring at the goldfish in the pet store's window, are all victims of the fever. Being a victim of long standing, let me offer a suggestion. It is one of the best I have found to date. Mind you, it



is no cure, but it does offer temporary relief. I should warn you, however, that in many cases the after effects are a bit toxic, leaving the patient with the previously mentioned vacant stare, and in some cases producing a reoccurring mumble, intelligible only to fellow sufferers. In any case, I proceed as follows.

Along towards the latter part of April, when the wind is from the southwest, the barometer doing its best to reach thirty, I get up about five o'clock and race the sun to a winding stream a few miles north of town. There is something nostalgic in the early morning murmur of a stream, something disconsolate yet gentle, taunting as if to say, "Follow me." Seining for minnows, however, almost always results in a trip in over my waders, and the chill of April water inevitably puts a damper on the tranquility of nature. Great expectation soon brightens such discomfort, and with a few crawdads thrown into the bucket I start upstream in search of a likely looking spot that might well bear a sign, "Smallmouth Cafe—Big Chub Minnows Served The Way You Like 'Em." There is the spot, over there where the ripples run out into a long hole as they lap the trunk of that fallen tree. The water is unusually clear for April. It will take a light leader—3 lb. test and five feet long. I reach into the bucket and bring out a minnow, a big one that will look like hotcakes and sausage to a hungry bass. With the minnow hooked through the lips, I throw him far up into the riffle, letting him swing down wide over towards the fallen tree. Suddenly there is a sharp tug, the instinct to jerk back, but not yet. I strip out line, faster and faster. "Give him a yard, five feet, ten feet—now is the time. Yank hard! Then . . ." This is the moment. This is the thrill: a taut line cutting the water, a flyrod held high, bent near its breaking point, a bronze flash that boils the water, sending rings to quake the arrowleaf in the shallows . . . But here I leave the story unfinished, for rightfully it is always unfinished. Unfinished as long as there are bent pins and willow poles, dry flies and split bamboo. Yes, unfinished from farm boy to purist, for this is the eternal fever. Say, that reminds me. It isn't long till April.

## After the Toast and Tea

Maurice Kenny

**A**UNT MAY stood close to the bleeding hearts and plucked the dead blooms from the fat bushes. Slowly she began to lift a spray of the pink flowers and smelled the faint perfume. The May flowers were dying. Most of the pod-like blooms were wilting on tufts of grass, while only a few were nodding on the stalks toward the green. The air was scented with the delicate smells of lilac and purple snapdragon, and golden sun rays



drifted aimlessly across the old-fashioned garden paths. She bent her round back, stooped to pick a withered violet that had bloomed a month too late, and heard a boy's voice on the breeze coming from beneath the stout maple tree. He sat beside the trunk reading poetry to his sister who looked up at the dancing leaves. The woman straightened, turned to face them, and noticed the thick leafy branches majestically shadowing and cloaking the children with rambling arms as though to ward off all evil.

The boy was twelve and his sister a few years older. He read and she dug into the ground with her fingers as she listened to him. The girl was pretty with long black hair that rippled down her back. Her nose was small and delicate, her mouth was red, her eyes were black and expressed nothing but contentment. Though the boy was younger he seemed her twin. Both had the same coloring of hair and eyes; both their cheeks were high and prominent as though Indian blood flowed through their veins. But the girl's complexion was an olive hue while the boy's seemed white as though he were anemic.

'Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease has all too short a date.'

Aunt May pushed back the brim of her garden bonnet and smiled, forcing the pinched face to wrinkle. Her mouth formed a hub for lines that flowed across her face. The old woman's nose was short, snubbed, and covered with beige powder to hide the sand-sized black specs that dotted her skin. Her eyes were large and round like fish eyes, but sparkled with a childish joy.

"How lovely they look," she thought to herself. "Innocent, sweet . . . though somewhat pathetic. A body'd never know the girl was any trouble. Oh! if it could always be like this . . . quiet, peaceful. No disturbance. I hate to follow around watching like a beady-eyed hawk to see she doesn't fall in the well, or break my china. But what else *can* I do?"

'So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this and this gives life to thee.'

Aunt May smiled again and turned back to her garden chore . . . the clipping, pruning, plucking, and the smelling of the various blooms that flowered in neat thin rows about the cobblestone paths. She brushed an ant from a paddle-like petal of a sunflower and sighed. "Funny they didn't grow higher this year. Enough rain and lots of sun. Seeds must be wearing out. Like me. Mother planted them when she and Papa were

first married. They've lasted pretty good. More than likely will outlast me. Lucky if I see five more springs," she thought.

A bird winged over the garden trees, and she watched it soar off in the azure sky towards the cottony-puffs of clouds that roamed noiselessly over the emerald hillsides and sun-bright valley. Her tanned, withered fingers rose like those of an Indian scout to shade her eyes from the sun's glare, as she scanned the sky and watched the black spot vanish beyond the puffs. She wet her crinkled lips that seemed violet in the day-light with her pale tongue and once more bent to pull the weeds that forever flourished in her garden.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "my back! I must be filled with the cramps," she said aloud rubbing the rolls of fat near the spine just below her ribs. "Cup of tea might do me some good. Might put some spunk back in me. It's the hour anyway," she said to herself. "Let's have some tea," she called to the children. "Come and bring Susan, Frank. I'm going in to put the kettle on. Hurry now."

"All right, Aunty," the boy called as he closed his book.

"Don't be long," she said hobbling off towards the house like a brave wounded soldier.

"We won't be."

As Aunt May approached the house she noticed the morning glories with their pastel petals clinging with closed lips to the grey strings that crept from stakes, wedged into the rich loam, to the chipped eaves of the weather-beaten house. She saw a shutter sagging, flapping against the sideboards in the light breeze that quietly swept across the stilled lawn. "Going to paint you some day," she whispered to the aged house. "Can't right now," she shook her round head and her red-tinted pin curls jiggled. "There's no money. Maybe. If I could get another pupil I would have it. I guess you won't run off to somebody else before I can get to you," she murmured. The woman stood there a moment, breathed the clear air, and waited as though the warped boards might answer. "You'll stay," she said and mounted the wooden steps that creaked and groaned from her weight. "Can't take all this flesh, can you?" she asked the steps. "I'm getting too fat. Like a round tub of butter. Too many preserves, I guess." She grasped the faded skirts that hung to her mud-spotted boots in her tanned fingers and slowly climbed, wobbling upon each step like a baby learning to walk, to the slanted porch.

Her blind cat sat in a rocking chair sleeping and sunning itself. She stopped and stroked the blue-black fur that shimmered like velvet, and the animal rolled over on its back purring softly but still asleep. "You old dear," she said tickling its grey belly. "You old, old cat. Come on now an' I'll give you a plate of milk. Come on now. Get up, pussy. Too sleepy? Too old?"



So much of us is old around here. Old and dying, or dead. Thank God for Frank. What would we do without his funny little laugh and capers? Eh? The child's a true blessing. Like his reading, too. Eh, pussy? Reads like a charm. 'Tis a charm. Indeed. Ought to be an actor when he grows up. Shame his Mama can't hear him read. She'd be proud. Poor dead woman. Well. Come on now. We're neglecting the tea."

The cat stirred, stretched its knobby legs, and jumped from the chair to follow Aunt May into the parlor. Blind as it was, it made its way easily across the thin layer of carpet towards the kitchen, following the musty geranium-smell that clung to his mistress' skirt. Half-dazed by the light of the outdoors, yet capable of seeing a film of dust on the center table, she walked through the parlor. She passed her pudgy finger across the mahogany top and shook her head. "My goodness," she said aloud, "what a poor housekeeper lives here!"

Everywhere were little figurines: girls and boys on tip-toes, black horses and earthen brown horses; china flowers, red barns and thatched cottages, old peasant women with long flowered aprons and white caps, and young men with blond moustaches and patched breeches. Pushed to every wall, shelves held the purest crystal vases and precious china on knotty boards.

"Better get the duster out," she said to the cat.

The room was furnished with high leather chairs and a long, deep-maroon horse-hair sofa. Floor-length laced curtains, torn in places at the hems, hung from the ceiling, and a carpet, walked to its yellow threads, stretched from one end of the room to the other showing only remnants of dulled green leaves and orange and red poppy petals. A huge marble hearth, cold and ivoried with age, faced the porch door. There were plants and leafy ferns of various shades of green, in ash-colored pots, upon the mantel. Before a window, on the right side of the room, sat a rocker, and near it was a pile of muddy drift wood collected from the river shore, and a bouquet of dead buttercups. In the center of the room, a huge, brass-based chandelier, with a pink globe speckled with blue dots, dangled from the ceiling on frayed cords. On the opposite side of the room from the rocker sat a table bearing another oil lamp, its glass globe smudged with bluish soot.

"Let's have strawberry jam?" Aunt May said to the cat. "And cinnamon toast with the tea. That should be a treat." The cat purred and rubbed its furry body against the old woman's skirt as if to agree with her. "Then after tea we'll let Susan sit in her chair by the window, and Frank can read to us." As she passed through the room her foot accidentally brushed a piece of glass and sent it across the floor. "Oh! my. What's this? My Pollyanna! Broken! Oh! no, not Pollyanna. Did you do



this, ol' puss-an'-boots? No, no, of course you didn't. It was that girl. That girl!" Slowly she went to her knees to gather the fragments in her apron. Tiny specks of tears clung to her lower eye-lashes. "My poor, beautiful Polly," she moaned and cried like a child with a broken heart. "She's got to go," she said rising. "She's just got to go now."

The children closed the screened door and, laughing gaily, found chairs in the parlor.

"We'll go to the creek tomorrow," Frank said to his sister who took the rocker by the window. "We can see the frogs there. You'll like them, Susan. They'll hop all over you if you can catch them. But you must promise not to squeeze them too tight."

Aunt May wandered through to the kitchen without speaking to the children. There she laid the fragments upon the table, and walked about filling the kettle at the pump, pulling a bottle of jam from behind the cookie can, and shoving kindling into the stove. "Nothing's safe anymore. Body might be murdered in her own bed some night. Good Lord! Papa's fine house might be burnt down on our very heads. She's got to go. Soon," the woman said to herself while working about the kitchen and listening to the girl rocking and the boy reciting a poem.

A few minutes later the water was bubbling in the dented kettle and warm smells of burnt bread filled the room. She set out the teapot and three cups, a bowl of jam, three soap-white napkins initialed with large Gothic M's, and a plate of sand-colored buttered toast on a tray.

"Frank," Aunt May called, "come carry the tray to the parlor, please."

"All right."

The boy rushed to the room, his cheeks flaming with the sting of the sun and his black curls falling down his wide brow. His eyes sparkled with delight when he saw the sweets, and his tongue traced along the edge of his tenuous lips. "Jam, Aunt May? Good."

"I thought it might be a nice treat. But sister can't touch it. She's been bad again."

"Another doll of yours?" the boy asked, bowing his head and shoving his hands into the deep pockets of his corduroys.

"Yes."

His smile disappeared and the happy glow in his eyes faded. "She didn't mean it."

"It's still bad, Frank. She must be punished."

"Don't know it's bad."

"Course she does," said the old lady stressing the does. "She hears. She might not speak with sense, but she can hear well enough. How many times I told her not to play with them!"

If she could write and read, I'd make her translate the whole of Cicero. Pollyanna was my favorite."

The boy stood motionless wanting to plead for his sister, but not knowing how, or daring. His brow became a mass of little lines, and his lower lip sagged. He stood there holding the tray, his mind filled with excuses and explanations, his tongue refusing to move. Finally the iced fear melted. "You won't send her away will you, Aunty?" he asked kicking the table leg with his shoe. "You won't, will you, Aunty? Please, say you won't. She's sorry, and I won't let her do it again. Honest."

"Too late. Polly's broken. There's only one place to send her to, boy." She always called him boy when he was in wrong or when she wished to be firm.

"Where's that?" he asked, his fear returning.

"You know, the place we talked of before."

"Oh! not there, Aunty. They'll beat her like Pa did, and shut her up in a dark room. Not there, please."

"Well, carry the tea things in, and I'll think."

As they sat drinking the tea, they were interrupted by a slight knock, and when Frank opened the door he found Caroline Parker standing on the roofless porch. Her babyish face was puckered in a frown, and her hand rested on her side just above the hip. Her foot tapped nervously upon the loose floor boards, and she swished her dangling curls back and forth for the attention she knew they would get. The strawberry-blond hair, hanging to her plump waist, was caught in the waning rays of the sun as it slowly dipped behind the hills, and the hair seemed like the red-gold of the sky itself.

Aunt May loved the girl's baby beauty, admiring the china-like features that would have blended well with the ornaments on the shelves. Her forehead shone like a mirror, and her model's chin and cheeks were as smooth as glass yet to the touch as soft as the petals of a flower.

"Come in, Caroline. What are you doing here now? No lesson to do. Ah! You've brought me a letter. From your daddy?"

"Yes."

The girl stepped into the room, careful not to dirty her purple dress upon the dusty door. She walked past Frank, nose in the air, straight to Aunt May sitting before the tea table. Immediately she caught sight of Susan and backed away, nearly tripping over the cat who was humped upon the floor licking his paws.

"My daddy, the Mayor, sent me," she said emphasizing the Mayor. "I've a letter for you. Want to know what's in it?" she teased. "I know. I'll tell," she said spying the red, plump strawberries in the bowl, "if you let me have some jam and toast."

"Of course you can, child. But the letter is mine whether you get jam or not."

"It's about me," she said lifting her head high and patting daintily at the curls by her small ears. "It's about me and Susan."

"They're always about you," Frank said angrily.

She twitched her shoulder at the girl in the rocker, and swished around to face Frank who had retired to the sofa at Caroline's entrance to the parlor. "You'll be sorry for being so smarty with me, an' lettin' your sister tear my sash."

"But she only wanted to touch the silk," he said. "She used to have one like it."

"May I have the letter?" asked Aunt May reaching out for the envelope, eyeing the child coldly.

"I suppose so, but I know what's in it. Daddy's mad. I got a new dress though, even prettier'n the other one. Mother said I looked so cute she could eat me."

"I wish she had," Frank said.

Caroline turned her back to the boy. "Daddy said that Susan oughtta be put in a bug house, and that Frank needed a good horse whipping."

"Oh!" exclaimed Aunt May not caring for Caroline's chatter.

"That's the very words he said, too. Susan oughtta go away to the *nut* house, and Frank should be horsewhipped," she repeated.

The girl in the rocker began to play with the glass globe of the oil lamp on the table near her. She stared through the window at the brilliant sky, not knowing she was being spoken of.

"Did he now?" Aunt May asked.

"Oh! yes," the girl replied. Her eyes enlarged with excitement.

"It should be you," Frank remarked.

"Is Susan really and truly batty?" she asked, turning to stare at Susan as she tittered in the rocker. "Mother said she saw her eating dirty ol' grass one day," she said, handing the envelope to Aunt May.

"She never did," Frank snapped.

"Don't be silly, Caroline," Aunt May answered opening the fat letter. One-dollar bills slipped from the paper and fell into the woman's lap. She counted them twice; there were twenty-five. Aunt May thought much more of the Mayor's money than she did of him or his daughter; after all, it was more or less the roof over her head. Finally she got to reading the letter, and as she read her face flushed with anger.

July 16, 1951

Riverton City Hall

Dear Miss Graves,

This letter is to notify you that my daughter Caroline shall not be attending your morning sessions henceforth.



The notorious actions of your niece, Susan, has so frightened my child that she could not eat her dessert at dinner the night before last, or last night either. Your niece, it seems, snatched at my daughter's red sash, and yanked it savagely from around her delicate waist, causing a red burn on her skin. She was badly hurt. When she begged your nephew, Franklyn Tanner, to retrieve the said sash he ill-manneredly refused, stating that his sister wanted the cloth. It was not her's, and she had absolutely no right to it.

My wife and I have both agreed that your niece should be placed away in the safekeeping of the proper attendants so that she may not frighten or harm other little girls or boys. Also, we have agreed that Franklyn deserves a sound thrashing. If you are not capable of doing the deed then send him to me and I shall have my gardner do it for you.

Enclosed you shall find twenty-five (\$25.00) dollars. That should well pay us up. I am sorry that our relationship should end so abruptly and under such mean circumstances; but you, learned as you are, shall understand the position of a father whose only desire is to protect his innocent daughter.

Yours truly,  
J. W. Parker  
The Honorable Mayor of Riverton

"What's he said?" Frank asked his Aunt.

"Well!" she exclaimed, dropping the envelope to the floor. The cat nonchalantly walked to it and perched upon it. "Of all the nerve," she thought to herself. "All the nerve of that fat stuffed shirt." She could see him sitting on his tub-like bottom dictating the disgraceful letter. She could see him pushing his cigar with his lecherous tongue from one brown corner of his mouth to the other, and patting the dear child's head, sympathizing, spoiling her, and verbalizing for revenge. Aunt May's heavy eyes fell to her apron and glanced at the money. The last. The crispy new bills seemed like the end of the world, the end of her life. What would she do with no more coming from the Mayor? The councilmen would take their two lanky boys away too, and then nothing, nothing at all would be coming in to put the bread and meat in their mouths.

"Is he really mad?" Frank asked.

"Of course he is. I told you so," Caroline said.

Aunt May glanced at Caroline, saw her sticking a finger into the bowl of jam, and longed to strangle the little tattler. She wanted the red sash to slowly squeeze the breath from the saucy girl's body. Throwing the money and letter to the floor, she walked toward Susan.

"Oh! Susan, you fool, you idiot," she said gently. "You've done it good now. Done it good. What am I to do with you?"

I can't trust you a second, not even with Frank watching." The tears ran slowly, one at a time, and they shone like a dribble of yellow dew on her powdered cheeks. "There's only one thing to do, even though your Mother did beg me to take you. She said to love you, and I did, like a girl-child I've never had. She said to do for you, and I have. She said to . . . she said too much. I can't do anymore. You poor miserable thing. Miserable thing," she repeated and bent to brush back a strand of the girl's black hair.

"You aren't going to send her away, are you?" Frank asked, remaining on the couch.

The woman evaded the question.

"Where'll she go?" inquired Caroline.

Feeling the light touch upon her head, Susan smiled childishly at her aunt. "Dance," she said. "Dance, dance, dance," she laughed idiotically. "Ha ha ha ha ha. Dance."

"Yes, child, you'll dance, but not to the tune you think."

"She is batty, isn't she," shrilled Caroline, jumping with glee and clapping her jam-sticky hands. "She's batty as a loon. Look at her, Frank. Ain't she funny! Wait 'til I tell Mother. Ha ha ha ha."

"Stop laughing. Stop laughing, I said. Stop it. She isn't funny," he hollered, running to his sister's side.

The girl continued to laugh, highly amused by Susan.

"You may go now, Caroline." Aunt May's voice was harsh. "You won't have to come back anymore for school. I'll send Frank around to pick up your books."

"Mayn't I stay and play with batty Susan? She's a scream, really."

"She isn't," Frank shouted while holding his sister's hand.

"That's not necessary. You've played your last game together. Now run along home and tell your father thank you for the money and instructions," Aunt May said.

The girl started to leave but first walked to Susan, who sat laughing, believing she was waltzing. Caroline stuck out her tongue at the laughing girl. "Good-bye, you crazy loon," she said.

"Stop it. Stop talking to my sister like that. She's not crazy. She's not."

"She is so. Look at her. Making believe she's dancing. She's crazy as a cooty."

The boy sprang from the floor, tears streaking his white face, and grasped the girl in his hands. He shook her, and the girl's dangling curls fell loose.

"Let me go. Let me go, I say."

"I won't."

"I'll tell my daddy how you're hurting me. Let me go," she said, her own eyes clouding with tears.

He shook her once more and then turned her loose and walked to the sofa where he fell flat on the coarse cloth, and sobbed with his back throbbing.

"I'll tell. I'll tell what you did, Frank Tanner. I'll tell daddy and the whole world," she cried, running from the room and slamming the door behind her which did not catch, but opened once more.

Aunt May had stood by, not speaking, enwrapt with her own thoughts, not caring whether Caroline told her father or not. "What difference would it make anyway, it's all over now," she thought. She glanced at the boy's bobbing head, heard his cries, and looked toward Susan, who still remained in the chair enchanted with her imaginary dance.

"Don't cry, Frank."

Slowly he sat up and looked at his aunt without saying a word.

For a moment they stared deep into each other's eyes, and the old woman saw his pleading face, agonized, tear-streaked, and her heart skipped a beat and then began again to pound ever faster. She thought she would either die or faint and wished she would.

"I have to tell him," she thought to herself. "It's meant to be. He'll be brave. As he is with everything. I know it. That's what makes it so difficult. It'll hurt, and he'll cry, and beg. Finally give in. But he won't forget. He won't forget that I did it. He might understand, in time, but he'll always remember that it was me who sent Susan away."

The cat hopped from the floor into the old woman's lap and began to purr softly, rubbing its head against the white apron. Aunt May stroked its face and fingered the cat's long, grey whiskers until it fell asleep.

"Do I have the heart to do it?" she asked herself silently. "Can I shut her away from the world, and a brother who loves her?" She glanced down at her lap at the cat. "Could I do it to you, ol' cat. Tell me, pussy. What should I do? Keep her or eat? Or send her away and break his heart? We like to eat—no, we've got to eat." She knew Frank would ask if God approved, and she would be forced to lie and say, "Yes, lad. He'd approve."

"Frank," she said softly, "take Susan upstairs."

He sat upon the sofa waiting silently, biting back the tears that were forming over and over again in his red eyes.

"Help her pack her box." The boy stared deep into the old woman's eyes. "Don't look at me, boy. Not like that," she said dabbing at her own eyes with the apron's hem. "We've got to eat, haven't we?"



# Kathy

Shirley Jo Waltz

“MILDRED! Come quick! The baby’s sick. Awful sick! Hurry, Midge, hurry!” He cuddled the soft, round body of his baby daughter in his arms and stood helplessly looking down at her. If only she would make a sound, or groan, or move a little bit! Her face looked so strange! Quickly, he tried to think of something he could do for her. First Aid. That was it. First, you place the victim in a horizontal position. He strode quickly across the room and placed her on the soft green couch.

“Midge, please hurry; I don’t know what’s the matter with her! For God’s sake, hurry!” That was the trouble. He didn’t know what was wrong. How could he help her when he didn’t know what to treat her for? But there must be something that someone could do. He wiped her white little forehead with his handkerchief. Her face was as white as a piece of china, yet little drops of perspiration stood on her forehead.

Mildred stood in the doorway, her usual calm, collected self. “What’s the matter, Jim?” His jawbone juttred in and out nervously. He nodded toward the little limp figure lying on the couch.

“The baby is sick, Midge.”

“Don’t call her a baby, honey. She’s almost five years old, you know. She’s not a baby anymore.”

“For Christ’s sake, let’s not argue over trifles, Midge. Don’t you understand? The baby is sick! Just look at her Midge—look at her!!!” He jumped up and paced back and forth, his hands pressed down hard in his pants pockets.

“Oh, Jim, she *is* sick. Call the doctor, quick! . . . I’ve never seen anyone look like this. Whatever is wrong? Please hurry, Jim. The number’s in the front of the directory.”

The next few hours were confusion for Mildred and Jim. There were those horrible moments of waiting, waiting, and then the sirens and squealing of the ambulance tires. And always there was that numb, paralyzed feeling.

Jim walked down the hospital corridor. For some silly reason, he noticed the speckled floor. It was gray and white with a spattering of green here and there. Funny, the things you notice when under a strain. For some reason, the confusion of the pattern nauseated him. He turned right at the second door.

“Hello, Midge. How is she?” Although he spoke softly, she jumped. Drawing in a long breath, she shook her head and looked down, her lips pressed tightly together. He wondered how she could remain so composed after going through such a strain. Midge was that way, though. She had always allowed her head to control her emotions. But how long could she keep that up now?

“The doctor wants us to see the X-rays now. He’s sending a nurse in to stay with Kathy till we get back. Come on, honey.”

"Okay, but how soon will the nurse get here? I hate to leave Kathy alone."

"She's right down the hall. Let's go now. Dr. Barton's waiting for us, Midge." Up the elevator to the fifth floor they went. Past the children's ward, past the man in the wheel chair, past the room with the strong smell of ether and the white carts on rollers. The elevator rocked as if it were floating in a rising tide. Up, up, and up. Jim felt unsteady as he once again stepped on solid floor. He turned to help Midge off the elevator, but she was already off.

Dr. Barton was deep in thought as they entered the room, so they sat down silently and waited for him to speak. Finally he turned his head and smiled slightly.

"Hello, Jim, Midge. How was Kathy when you left her?"

"Just the same," Midge answered quickly.

Dr. Barton began a technical explanation of the illness. While talking, he brought out the X-ray and held it up to the light, pointing out various points in it while talking. Why didn't he just get down to the part they wanted to hear, Jim thought. The details could come later. Of course they wanted to know all the details, but just what was wrong with their baby, and what could they do about it? Still the doctor droned on and on. Finally Jim could stand it no longer.

"Dr. Barton, just what is wrong with Kathy?" Dr. Barton looked at him, hard, and then back at Midge. He chewed his lip for a minute and then leaned forward in his chair.

"Well, Jim, it seems that Kathy has a brain tumor. It is very unusual in one so young, but it does happen. Nature is funny that way. She plays some strange tricks on us at times, and this is just one of them."

"Is it fatal, Doctor?" Midge said weakly. How she could come right out and ask such a horrible thing so calmly, was hard for Jim to understand, and he held his breath waiting for the answer.

"Yes, I'm afraid it is, Midge. I'm so sorry. I thought perhaps the X-rays would reveal something of another nature, but everything points to what I feared it would—brain tumor."

Midge closed her eyes, weaved forward, and fell out of her chair. Moving mechanically, Jim caught her and with a hypnotic expression laid her on the floor. Dr. Barton was holding ammonia under her nose, and soon she came to and lay there staring at the ceiling. Nobody spoke, and Jim suddenly realized what Dr. Barton had said. Why, he said that Kathy was going to die! Kathy! Their baby! Dr. Barton had just told them that she was going to die!

"But, Dr. Barton, you don't understand. She can't! Why, she's just a baby. She hasn't even *lived* yet. We've planned so much for her. Don't you see, Doctor, she just can't die!" Jim spoke like a wild man, his eyes blazing. Dr. Barton eased him back into a chair.

"Easy, Jim. Take it easy. I know this is going to be hard on both of you. But you must bear up under the strain for Kathy's sake, if no other."



Midge looked dully at the wall and said nothing.

"But, Doctor, don't you see? You've got to do something. Anything! There must be something, with all the new drugs and medicines, that you can do for our baby. Surgery! Yes, why not an operation? That should do it!"

"I'm sorry, Jim, but an operation can't help Kathy. She has gone beyond that stage."

Midge's face twisted as if in pain and then suddenly her entire body heaved and jerked as tears streamed over her face.

"Jim, Jim, can you ever forgive me? Ever? It's all my fault. I should have known something was wrong!"

"Mildred, what are you saying? A brain tumor is never anyone's fault." Dr. Barton spoke quietly.

"She complained of headaches several days last week. But, Jim, I . . . I . . . really didn't realize how sick she was. Oh, Kathy, Kathy . . ." She sobbed out loud. Jim spoke as if talking to a fourth person in the room.

"How can God take away what isn't His to take away! She belongs to no one but Midge and I. We created her. We produced her." He clenched his fist. "She's ours!" He swore loudly. Directing his words to Doctor Barton, he shouted, "You know of course that Kathy is our only child, and that Midge can't have any more! You know that of course! And yet you stand there and tell us that we're going to lose that one thing we both love! Something that can't be replaced!"

Dr. Barton nodded his head. "Yes, Jim, I know. I delivered Kathy. Look, why don't you and Midge stay here for a while? I have to go into surgery in just 20 minutes. Here are a couple of sedatives. Give one to Midge and take one yourself." He patted Jim's shoulder gently and started toward the door. He turned and pointing toward the desk, added, "There's something in that top drawer of my desk that might help." The door swung silently to.

Jim walked over to the desk. What could help? What possibly could ever help now? His shaking fingers pulled open the drawer. There in plain view lay a Bible with gold letters impressed in the soft white leather. Angrily he banged the drawer shut. How funny! Yes, it was funny. "Ha, ha, ha." He laughed loudly and harshly. Funny to think that a book, a ridiculous, leather-bound book could help them now. He laughed again, even louder than before. Midge looked at him and screamed. The laugh died on his face, and he threw himself across the desk, sobbing.

## II

They took Kathy home the next day. She came out of the coma and seemed almost to be recovering. It was encouraging, but Dr. Barton had told them that she would seem to recover, but that the headaches would become more and more painful. Each one would be followed by a coma, and then finally—one last coma.



"Wead me a tory, Daddy. Pease."

"Sure, honey, sure. What would you like to hear?"

"Da wun in da gween book."

His mouth read the words in the book, but his mind was on the body which was but a shadow of the child he had once read stories to. Her once-bright eyes now were set in black hollows and flitted about the room like a restless spirit. The vitality of life which once had sparkled in her every movement was gone. She was like a shell with all of the living matter scraped out. She was asleep now. He closed the book, bent over and kissed her forehead. The kiss seemed to disturb her. She opened her eyes and frowned.

"Daddy, who tooned da wight off? Daddy, daddy," she screamed. "It's so dawk!" Jim grabbed her up in his arms and rocked to and fro.

"Now, baby, baby. Daddy's here. Everything's okay. Everything is fine." His voice cracked on the last sentence, and he looked up to see Midge come in the door.

"Jim, what's happened? What's wrong?"

"Mommy, Mommy. I can't see oo. Pease toon on da wight. I'm afraid of da dawk!"

As Midge and Jim looked at one another, the horrible truth was written on their faces. The tumor was slowly accomplishing its terrible work. Kathy was blind.

Days of intense physical pain for Kathy followed and horrible mental pain for her parents. Midge tried to cook special dishes, and they took turns feeding her. Quite often she would awaken them at night with a shrill scream. And always she was afraid of this new, dark world into which she had so recently been tossed.

Jim rebuked himself a hundred times a day for sharp words he had used with Kathy. And Midge hated herself for the times she had said "No" to Kathy's harmless little whims. The tension was beginning to show in them too. They almost never smiled, and the lines deepened in their faces.

As the days passed, the headaches grew more and more painful. At times Kathy didn't even recognize them. Her eyes were open and seemed to stare at something behind them or above on the ceiling. Still she cried out of her fear of the dark. Her fear seemed quieted if one of them would hold her hand.

On a Thursday of that week, she seemed to improve remarkably. Her headaches were gone, and she sat shakily in her bed and smiled weakly when they spoke to her. Just to see her smiling again was as if a genie had suddenly been released or set free. Their happiness was shortlived, however. And the headaches began again with such intensity that she writhed and threw herself from one side of the bed to the other. The sedatives were used till they lost their power, and pain was constantly pulsing through the thin little frame.

Midge stretched a cool, wet cloth across Kathy's forehead. How feverish she was! She really should take her temperature, she

thought. But it was all so futile. There was nothing more she could do. The cloth had lost its coolness already. She dipped it down into the pan of cold water, squeezed out the excess and placed it again on the little forehead.

She wondered if Kathy was conscious of all this present pain, or if through some mercy of God, she was being spared from a little of it. Kathy opened her hot, swollen eyes, and Midge caught her breath. She recognized her!

"Kathy, Kathy girl," she whispered softly, eagerly.

But no, there was not even a flicker of recognition in those deep, dark eyes. Midge laid her head on the pillow next to Kathy's. Even the pillow was warm from the fever. Why couldn't she accept the inevitable? So tired! . . . so tired. But no, she couldn't break down now. They all needed her too much. She pulled herself up straight in the chair. She mustn't let Jim see her like that. Must remain strong. Her thoughts wandered back to Kathy now. She wouldn't die. Not really. Kathy would always live within her. When Jim came into the room, she seemed calm and resigned.

Although knowing what the final result of the illness would be, Jim was still stunned and shocked as daily Kathy's body shrank and unbelievably withered. He felt as if his own body were rotting and distributing the poison through his system. His brain felt feverish. He couldn't eat, and sleep just wouldn't come. Fatigue, nervous exhaustion and tension were building constantly within him. Having neglected to shave or get a haircut, he gave the appearance of a caged animal. And constantly his mind was striving to find a solution to this living hell.

The doctor had said for certain that Kathy couldn't live. But was it human to let her suffer like this? Nothing could be more cruel, Jim felt sure. He remembered reading in the paper not long ago about a mercy killing. He also remembered thinking at the time how wrong it was. But he had not been capable of judging then. Now he was. How could anyone look at Kathy now, and say that mercy killing was wrong! He had to do something to relieve her pain! If death were the only way, then death it must be. He lay awake at night, his eyes burning feverishly, and tried to think of the best possible way. Midge slept fitfully, and he wondered if she knew what he was planning. He must carefully conceal his plans. She might not agree with them. Now he was afraid to sleep for fear of revealing the secret in his sleep. On and on, he drove himself. Racking his brain for the best plan to follow. If only Midge would understand! If only she would forgive him. She would, someday, he was sure. He was positive that she felt almost as strongly about watching Kathy die as he did. But still she remained outwardly calm.

Finally Jim hit upon what he considered to be the best possible solution. Kathy's fear of the dark and of being alone haunted him. His heart twisted whenever she cried out in fear. He couldn't bear to think of her going into the realm of death alone. While perhaps



he couldn't share in her world of darkness now, he could go with her into death. Above all, she must not go alone.

That night as he pretended to sleep, he began to plan. He heard Midge get up and go to Kathy when she cried out once in her sleep. And then a semi-consciousness drifted over him. He awoke to find the sun peeking in the room, and Midge sitting at the dressing table, fully dressed, with her head in her arms.

"Midge, Midge, what's the matter? What's wrong?"

Her face looked aeons older as she turned toward him. Her eyes were dry.

"Kathy's dead," she said quietly. It was as if she had said, "What would you like for breakfast?"

Jim buried his face in the pillow. No, oh, no. The baby had gone alone. No one to comfort her or be with her! She would be so afraid!

"Why didn't you call me, Midge? I'd like to have been with her." Even Jim seemed quiet now. It was as if the sunshine had cleared away all the shadow and darkness, and a restful peace prevailed. Midge covered her face with her hands in a weary manner.

"I didn't call you, because I gave Kathy an overdose of her medicine. It was much better that way, Jim. She just went to sleep."

"Midge!"

"She was smiling, Jim. I know the pain was gone, because she was smiling. Now it's all over for her. No more pain or being alone in the dark."

In an impulse, she threw herself across the bed, and the dry, chalky face broke into a soft, wet one. The two wept softly.

"I suppose we should call someone, Mildred. The doctor or coroner or someone."

She nodded. The tears were still pouring from under her half-closed lids. All the tension of the past weeks was released in those tears. Before they had a chance to move, the telephone rang. Jim hesitated to answer. It sounded almost as if coming from another world. Finally he held the receiver up to his ear.

"Hello! Jim?"

"Yes."

"Good morning, Jim! This is Dr. Barton. Sorry to call so early in the morning, but I think I have some news that you and Mrs. Easton will be happy to hear."

"Yes."

"Well, it's this way, Jim. We have a new brain surgeon here at the hospital. I've shown him Kathy's X-rays, and he thinks he may be able to operate quite successfully! I think it's worth a try, Jim. Jim? . . . Jimm? Still there? . . . JIM!!!

Dr. Barton turned to the young nurse at his side.

"Hmmm. Must have been disconnected. Try this number later, will you?"



# Jinks

Tom Abrams

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY: the jazz-crazy age, when a kid with a hock-shop horn and a keen ear lived well—too well. This is about one of those kids, a very gifted one called Jinks, Jinks of the pale face and the black eyes, Jinks of the golden horn. Here I tell only of my first meeting with Jinks.

We were a jazz band, a very good jazz band. We called ourselves The Bent Eagles, and we bent life to our liking. Professional jazz musicians, the off-scourings of Mississippi riverboats and water fronts, developing a new kind of music called Chicago Dixieland, wilder and hotter and more sophisticated than anything north of New Orleans.

Our chief Bent Eagle trumpet had bent himself into the wrong bedroom and departed by order of the management, the management that is of the night club where we entertained six hysterical nights a week. We advertised in a local paper and spent the following afternoon auditioning, but none of the aspirants had an ear for our kind of jazz. So about four o'clock we gave up and started rehearsal on a wicked little piece just out of St. Louis called "Wa Da Da." Frank, big chief Bent Eagle himself, played the trumpet part on a C-melody sax. We wound up the closing bars and were deep in a post mortem when I noticed a Chaplinesque figure standing almost in the center of the deserted ballroom.

The figure had one of those intolerably wistful faces you instinctively laugh at: large, sad black eyes; a complexion the color of paste; a soft, weak chin; and a mouth twisted up at the corners in a constant wooden smile. The ears and the shabby tuxedo were both several sizes too large. In short, the little guy—who couldn't have been over eighteen or nineteen years old—looked like an underfed albino monkey with black eyes, dressed in a black circus outfit and standing bewildered in the center of the ring. He held a stubby, scuffed-up trumpet case under one arm.

Gradually the chatter at the bandstand subsided as one by one we paused to look up at the strange new arrival. Then Frank said, throwing up his arms dramatically, "Well, Eagles, our troubles are over. Gabriel has arrived!"

But the humor was quite lost on pale Gabriel. He stared incomprehendingly at Frank.

"Wanna audition, kid?" Frank asked softly.

"I like that p-piece you just did," the small, high-pitched voice stuttered.

"Th-thank you, k-kind sir," mimicked Frank with a deep, theatrical bow. "We are all quite good, but I am the best." Then seriously, "Get out your horn, kid. Let's hear some scales."

"Whatcha call it?" Gabriel persisted.

"Why . . . why we call that one 'For Christ's Sake Potatoes!' Now are you here to audition or not?"

"Oh," was the only response to Frank's weird sense of humor.

"We play that too," said Frank. Then snapping his fingers impatiently, "Let's go, Gabriel. Blow thy horn or fly hence." He paused thoughtfully. "Get out 'Goose Pimples,' men. Charlie here must be able to read music, he's got a tux on. Come, be seated at yon music stand, your holiness, and uncase thy clarion."

Jinks seated himself, unsnapped the case, and pulled out a battered, tinny-looking cornet. Stretch, the banjo player, grimaced. "And in which heavenly pawnshop did you pick up that monstrosity?"

The pasty face grinned slightly and gazed down at the instrument as if seeing it for the first time. He adjusted the mouthpiece and laid the horn across his knees.

Seated next to him, I leaned over and pulled out "Goose Pimples" from the folder on his music stand. Frank grabbed his clarinet and shouted: "Let's go, Bent Eagles, one, two, one, two . . ."

We played about five bars, then one by one the instruments quavered out like a record running down. The drummer pulled up with a disgusted crash on the cymbals. Then silence. Frank stared hard at pale Gabriel, who sat granite still, the cornet lying untouched across his knees.

"Whatcher name, kid?" Frank drawled menacingly.

"Jinks."

"You play that sick-lookin' thing, kid?"

"Jinks!"

"Well! Pardon me if you please, your most exalted holiness Jinks! I'll try again. You play that thing, Jinks!"—his right eyebrow cocked a stormwarning—"or did you come here to sell it? If so, we ain't interested. And we're rapidly getting very bored with you, JINKS!"

"Play a f—f—few more bars, willya?"

"Oh for god's sake," Frank snorted. "His m-m-most ex-ex-exalted holiness would rather listen, Eagles." Then solemnly, "I'm gonna start this thing once more, KID!, and we're gonna play it all the way through. And if you're still sittin' there when we're finished, with that goshawful hunk of twisted pipe on your knees, so help me Helen, I'll wrap it around your neck."

Jinks met his stare, then glanced down at the sad cornet and began fingering the valves uneasily. Suddenly, his mouth flickered an impish grin. "Let's g—g—go, Bent Eagles!"

Choking to control his laughter, Frank counted off again: "One, two, one, two . . ."

The ferocity of a two-beat rhythm, the mood-making power of a simple melody, and the exhilaration of speed: mix them all together, and then boil—jazz. Jazz—a glorious, magic word to him who listens with his feet. Jazz: defy and forget. Jazz: the ugly duckling of music.



We broke into "Goose Pimples" with a vengeance, deviating from the written music now and then to heat things up. Frank on clarinet, Stretch on banjo, Jock on drums, Tram at the piano, and myself on trombone, we poured hot panic into that empty ballroom. Then, gradually, beautifully, there rose above this mad sound the clear bell tones of a cornet. His ex-ex-exalted holiness Jinks was putting goose pimples on "Goose Pimples."

With an intuition known only to Dixie devotees, all other instruments diminished volume. An occasional "run" of unbelievable speed and clarity, but otherwise it was "Goose Pimples" note for note. Yet every note distinct, every note a surprise, an inspiration in itself. It was all strictly legato, down in the middle register, as soft and throaty as a french horn, but fast, devastatingly fast.

Suddenly I was hearing something new. The old "Goose Pimples" became a pleasant memory. Jinks was playing something like it but infinitely better and infinitely sweeter. Frank's clarinet slid from his teeth; his mouth hung open. He stared over at Jinks with a puppy-like expression on his face, half-sad, half-sick, and all adoration. All eyes were on Jinks, but Jinks' eyes were popping and staring glassily ahead, as if he could see the notes that flew like rising bubbles of gold from his cornet bell.

Tram hopped from his bench and began pounding a rhythm on the piano top. I looked at Stretch, his spidery fingers working like a spasm on the banjo strings, the cords swelling and multiplying in his neck, his clenched teeth, his tight-closed eyes. A group of waiters, who had been setting up tables in a distant corner, were clapping their hands and rolling their eyes like idiot babies. Offhandedly I observed I wasn't sitting down any more. In fact I was standing bolt upright. In fact I was standing on Tram's piano bench, gesticulating like a mad impressario. Lord knows how I got up there. I think I must have been blown there. How clear things looked! How good I felt! How right everything was! The drum went boom, boom, boom, clash, clickety, boom, boom, boom, boom!

Then it was all over. At the logical moment Jinks stopped. Never mind what I mean by "logical moment." You just sort of feel it in your toes. Jock let out a banshee howl and tossed his drumsticks clear across the ballroom. Tram was spinning like a Dervish. "Keeriist Kate," he yelled. Frank stared reverently at the ceiling. The match flame palsied on the tip of my cigarette.

"Where," asked Jock haltingly, "where, oh where did you learn that kinda horn? I—" He shook his head and sighed violently.

"Let's p—p-lay that 'For Christ's Sake Potatoes' thing," Jinks stuttered. His face, pasty and pale before, was almost livid now and his black eyes shone like onyx.

"Here, you play it by yourself," Tram suggested, spreading the music for "Wa Da Da" on Jinks' music stand. "We'll listen," he added lovingly.



Jinks looked down at the music, lifted the cornet to his lips and began to doodle. It was a sweet, clever little melody, quick and spritely, but it wasn't "Wa Da Da."

"Hold everything," Frank interposed. "That's nice kid—I mean, Jinks—but that ain't 'Wa Da Da.'"

"It's 'For Christ's Sake Potatoes,'" Jinks grinned.

"It's for His sake you can't read music, you mean," exclaimed Frank.

And he couldn't.

## THE FAMILIAR

Ina Marshall

Not as a stranger do I come to love;  
 Not sighs nor midnight tears nor passion's rage  
 Will make me serve again as humble page  
 To any lord. Nor can ideals move  
 A heart drained ruthlessly by master hands  
 Of milk of kindness. Frozen now, I take  
 All roses freely sent, too wise to make  
 A wish, too self-contained to risk demands.

Think not that fire can spring in Dantean ice  
 Or smiles reflect a feeling long since slain,  
 Martyred on the Stone beneath the blade  
 That stops not short of total sacrifice.  
 Marvel not if empty glances rove;  
 Not as a stranger do I come to love.

## TO A GEOLOGIST FRIEND

Robert Petty

How often in our talks I hear you say,  
 That man should loom the less and nature more,  
 As though it were through some unravished shore  
 His stumbling feet forever plod their way:  
 That earth's still whispered vows shall not betray,  
 That in the dim-lit caves which you explore,  
 You never deem yourself inheritor,  
 Nor sense your destiny in their twilight clay.

Dear friend, the mist of birth is ever lifting,  
 The mountains of creation are at hand;  
 The boulders of their peaks have long been shifting,  
 And ever shook the jungles of the land;  
 Still to the clouds the echoed roar is drifting,  
 Listen—it is the avalanche of Man. . . .

**PREVIEW****Suzanne Ewing**

Beneath the deep encrusted snow,  
The earth awaits the springtime sun  
To coax with warm, embracing arms  
The tender grass blades one by one.

Soon slipping from its hiding place,  
The crocus in its lovely dress  
Will give an early preview of  
Its coming springtime loveliness.

The buds of maples, oaks, and elms  
Can hardly wait until they're due  
To burst their jackets wide with pride,  
To tell the joys of Spring anew.

**SKETCH****Nancy Richison**

I heard a child saying a bedtime prayer;  
A dog barked in the distance; a radio  
Carried a blues-song on the evening air.

The maple tree filtered the street light's glow,  
And a car horn blared sharply over the hill,  
When I saw the first firefly come and go.

Rapt at the window, watching the thing go by,  
I knew the sparkle of light troubled the dark  
Like a baby star that had wandered out of the sky.

**THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR****Anne Brown**

The spring had watched us come  
Together here.  
The summer eyed us laughing,  
Very near.  
While we were walking slowly  
Toward the bend,  
Came fall; the winter saw us  
To the end.



# Woes of an Athlete

William Keutzer

To say that I went to high school merely to play basketball would be a gross injustice; there was another invaluable attraction at the institution as well, namely, girls. But at the high school I attended these attributes were synonymous, for it was impossible to play basketball and not have a girl friend. However, I did love basketball and played it to the fullest extent until my senior year. At that time I was kicked out of school.

Although Bali High has never been known to produce any students of high esteem, they were noted for their perennial basketball championships. Naturally, our principal, Mr. Hoop (Celtics '25), was extremely proud of our athletic endeavors. He helped in every way to keep us in school. His job was not an easy one, however, for there were a few of us on the squad who were not academically inclined. We weren't stupid, mind you. We knew every basketball rule perfectly, but when we came to the superfluous things, such as Algebra and English, we ran into difficulty.

Our center, Bundy Waller, had more trouble in class than anyone else. The trouble wasn't entirely his fault either; it was partly the coach's. Bundy's biggest trouble was that he was clumsy. He was six feet eight inches tall and completely lacking in coordination. The coach took drastic steps to remedy this clumsiness and made Bundy practise skipping a rope for an hour each day. Also he gave Bundy an old basketball to carry with him wherever he went. "Just to get the feel of it," the coach said. You can readily see the effect this had on poor Bundy. English class immediately followed the rope skipping. Consequently, as soon as he had settled himself comfortably in his seat, he would fall asleep. Bundy's drowsiness did not worry Mr. Allgood, our English teacher, for he was proud of the fact that in all of his years of teaching he never had had a student fall out of a seat and hurt himself while sleeping. But you can imagine the disturbance caused in class when Bundy let go of the basketball in his sleep, and the ball dribbled unconcernedly down the aisle. Bundy never worried about tests in that class. He had a system. He would write the answers (given to him beforehand) on the cuff of his shirt and copy them during the test. Cheating never bothered the conscience of Mr. Allgood, because he was partially blind without his glasses, and every test day he would take them off and forget where he left them. This eventually proved injurious to Mr. Allgood, for one test day as he was groping his way to the rear of the room to answer a question, he failed to see Bundy's basketball lying in the aisle and tripped over it,

receiving a nasty cut on the head for his trouble. Mr. Allgood left school shortly after the incident.

We had one member of the team that fared somewhat better than the rest of us. His name was Boone Relis. Boone was so intelligent that he never had to resort to the cheating tactics in tests as we did. Probably the thing Boone is most remembered for is the philosophical poem he wrote:

It is far better  
To earn your letter,  
Than to exceed  
In learning to read.  
For who needs knowledge,  
And why go to college—  
For who needs to know how to subtract  
Just to sign a basketball contract?

These words of wisdom still hang on the bulletin board in the locker room, sage advice to aspiring young athletes.

My life went along smoothly until my senior year. Then fate frowned upon me. As well as being a basketball player in high school, I had won considerable acclaim as a pool shooter. In fact, I can say that there were few people who could outshoot me. So complete was my devotion toward the two equally great pastimes that I never suspected they would conflict. As I look back on it now, I can remember how happy I was living such a full life, playing basketball in the afternoons and pool at night. Then one day my world seemed to crumble beneath me. The coach, Mr. Boardback (Celtics '25), summoned me into his office. At first this delighted me, for I thought he wanted me to admire his collection of pictures of basketball stars, but I was wrong. How well I remember the scene that followed.

"Keutzer, sit down, I want to talk to you."

I did, and he did.

"Keutzer, I'm not at all happy with the way you've been shooting lately."

"Pool or basketball, sir?"

"Basketball, of course!" he replied, trying hard to be patient.

"What's the matter with my shooting, sir?"

"You haven't been making any baskets."

"Oh."

"Furthermore, I know what the trouble is."

"Oh?"

"Yes, I've been watching you closely, and, after giving it some serious thought, I've discovered that your pool shooting has been causing all the trouble. You see, you have been shooting pool so much these last three years that you have become musclebound in your right shoulder!"

I felt humbled in the presence of such a great mind.



"Furthermore, Keutzer, I have talked it over with the principal, and we have decided the only thing for us to do is advise you to give up your pool shooting or be dismissed from the squad. It's up to you, Keutzer. You can tell me your decision tomorrow. You may go now."

What a blow this was to me! Well, there I stood at the crossroads of my life, being forced to give up either pool or basketball. It was common knowledge at the school that if anyone was dropped from the basketball squad it meant automatic dismissal from school as well. In all fairness, was it reasonable to ask a boy to give up his sole means of support? For the past three years I had been making all my money shooting nine-ball for fifty cents a game, and now the coach was asking me to cast it out of my life forever, or else! What a decision to have to make at such an early age!

I shall never forget how difficult it was for me to leave old Bali High. But there comes a time in every man's life when he must make a serious decision. Possibly, my decision was influenced by my girl friend, who positively refused to marry me unless I had a sound means of supporting her, such as playing nine-ball. However, I must admit that it does give me a great deal of satisfaction to note that Bali High hasn't won a basketball championship since I left.

## I Learned From a Dime Store

Helen Tozier

A DIME store may seem to be merely a place where lower-priced merchandise is sold, but for me it was the place where I first opened my eyes to see some of the world as it really exists. It was my first job, and I was on top of the world when I was hired. To become a part of the working class just after my sixteenth birthday seemed something special to me. The glamour, at least I thought it was glamour, of saying, "I've got a job," appealed to me as did the pay envelope bearing my name and company number. Being able to perform a service, however menial, for my fellow man and being entrusted with money in large sums filled me with self-importance. I was the mainstay of the entire organization, or so I thought, until I reported for my first day's work.

My initiation into the working world opened my eyes to how business, small or large, is controlled by a few, and how the rest of the workers abide by the rules set down by these few. I came to realize that I was not the "director" running the show but merely one of the "chorus" who helped put it on. I learned right at the beginning the finesse of guiding a customer's buying ideas down certain lanes and of convincing her that she needed

something that she did not have, or something that I could sell her. I began to see that there was an art to handling all different kinds of people. Most important of all I learned that there are different types of people and that each individual has his own needs, which were to be satisfied by some merchandise I was to sell.

The idea that people are different was new to me. Then and there I began to grow up by observing the people whom I helped. In that store I learned to see through the cheap sophistication of an overly dressed woman, to sympathize with the poverty stricken person who wants to live just like others but by the standards of society cannot, and to understand the efforts of a deaf or mute individual who struggles to make his wishes known to a misunderstanding world. Mainly I learned that everyone is important and that the little word or action that says, "May I help you? I would really like to," can occasionally bring a little happiness into a life.

When the time came for me to receive my last pay envelope from this store, I felt that perhaps I should return the money in payment for what I had learned during my year and a half there. But I suppose nothing can actually be done to tell the people I worked with that I really appreciated the chance to grow up—a chance that many do not receive. Now that I have been away from that type of work for awhile, I have forgotten the tired feet after a ten-hour day, the disgust at having to miss a home town ballgame because of the late hours, and the insults of a few people who, so it seemed, were determined to be the worst customers on earth. I just remember multitudes of faces with a few standing out, such as the man at Christmas buying a sparkling tree ornament for the barefooted, bedraggled boy and the grinning glee on that little boy's face when he knew the ornament was his, or the lame woman at Easter buying a basketful of candy for the poor children. People like these made the long hours worth while. They taught me humility and pride, when to laugh and when to sympathize, how to question and how to remain silent, but mostly how to think of others; and they, the customers, are the reason for my saying that I can never repay that dime store for what I learned from it.

## Tientsin

James H. Cox

I WAS first introduced to Tientsin, China, in 1945 while on a tour of duty with the Marine Corps and was at once fascinated and awed by the city and its inhabitants. It is located in northern China and is not unlike St. Louis, Missouri, in area or topography but supports twice as many people.



Divided into four principal sectors, French, Japanese, White Russian, and, of course, Chinese, the city has the atmosphere of four countries in one. The Chinese and Japanese sectors, with their tea shops and restaurants, are quite similar. However, the Chinese lack the occidental flair the Japanese have acquired. The White Russians, as the Russian displaced aristocracy is called, have filled their sector with the grandeur of bygone days. Huge dining rooms with soft string music for atmosphere are extravagantly appointed. Carpeted floors, crystal chandeliers, and crisp, clean linens are standard equipment. The French sector with its sidewalk cafes and sidewalk artists is a bit of Paris. But no matter where you go, the mode of transportation is strictly Oriental, for the jinrikisha is everywhere.

Besides these main sectors, there are other smaller ones housing groups such as German, Jewish, and Mongolian, each observing the customs of his particular background. Strangely enough they do not attempt to sit in judgment on the actions or beliefs of their neighbors. They are, for the most part, content to live and let live. Thus, their cultures remain separate and distinct.

I feel that if I could spend a year with these people, living, studying, and trading, I could understand them better. Where but in Tientsin could one find such an interesting cross-section of humanity? Perhaps one could even discover the secret that nations of the world have sought for so long—the formula of living in harmony.

## The Noble Profession

Marilyn Mills

WHEN I was nearing the middle of my junior year in high school, I began to think seriously about what plans I should make for the future. For quite some time, nursing had interested me; so one afternoon I went to one of the hospitals in town and secured the position of a "ward helper." The following Monday I started on my new job.

My purpose in doing this work was to make sure that I was really interested in nursing as a profession. My job was very simple in itself; I helped the floor nurses with their general chores, helped feed those patients who were unable to do so themselves, and ran various errands for both patients and nurses. I had a great deal of spare time, and after several weeks, having gained admittance to any room on the floor, I learned to know many of the hospital routines.

When I first started to work on Main Fourth, the nurses were very skeptical as to whether I would be of any help. Since I had had no training whatsoever and could not, therefore, be classed as a Nurses' Aid, they doubted my usefulness. I was aware of their skepticism immediately and was determined to overcome it. I easily

gained the confidence of the nurses by doing my duties to the best of my limited ability and volunteering for as many extra tasks as possible, despite the fact that some of them were not at all to my liking. By the end of my first month of work, I felt I was capable of doing something really important, and my opportunity finally arrived.

It was seven o'clock in the evening, and I was just about ready to go off duty. I was putting the last prescription of penicillin into the large refrigerator in the ward kitchen when the night supervisor came in and asked me if I would mind staying to help with some emergency cases. I was thrilled to have such evidence of having won this faith in my ability. My job was to stay with a middle-aged man who had just undergone an emergency appendectomy.

The nurse took me to his room where he appeared to be sleeping peacefully, still under anesthesia. A long rubber hose ran from his arm to a large bottle suspended over the foot of the bed. This was an intravenous-feeding apparatus. The nurse showed me how to regulate the flow of the liquid from the bottle, and told me to take his pulse every fifteen minutes and record it on a chart. Then she left the room.

For the next hour my patient did not even move. Another half-hour passed, and the man on the bed began to be restless as his anesthesia wore off. He opened his eyes and attempted to pull from his mouth the brace which was holding his tongue in position. In doing so, he jarred the intravenous needle loose from his arm, and the blood ran freely from this tiny wound. This sight frightened him, and he tried to get up, tearing in panic at the bed clothes and the brace in his mouth. I was frightened and didn't know what to do with him, but was afraid to leave him long enough to find a nurse. I tried in vain to make him lie down again, but he only became more violent. I loosened the brace in his mouth, and finally he lay down and closed his eyes.

When I thought he was again asleep, I started to re-insert the needle in his arm. But I was too hasty, for he was not really asleep. Seeing what I was doing, he jerked his arm away, reached for a glass of water on his bedside table, and threw it at me. I ducked, but not quickly enough to escape a shower of water down my back. Now I was both frightened and angry. I went over to his bed, pushed him back down on it, straightened out his arm, and sitting on his hand, I jabbed the needle into his arm. We remained in this position for the next twenty minutes, glaring at each other the whole time.

Finally the nurse returned to relieve me and asked how I was getting along. She noticed my peculiar bedside procedure and grinned, "It's all in a day's work, and it's all for the good of humanity." I returned her smile, and left the room with a very happy and proud feeling inside.



# Beauty Within the Earth

Francis M. Hueber

WHEN I sit in the solitude of my room, I reminisce over the various things that I see there. I look at my Indian relics, knives, and drums, and remember my trips to Guatemala. I see the wood carvings and pictures of feather and straw, and I remember my trips to Mexico. Finally my eyes rest upon the display cases which house my rock and mineral specimens, and I think back to the beginnings of this, my hobby.

My collection began when I was eleven, with a modest array of seven mineral specimens which I bought in a shop in the lead-mining area of Missouri, and for which I gave the last thirty-five cents of my long-hoarded allowances. In the shop the hexagonal crystal prisms of the red ruby, golden beryl, green emerald, blue aquamarine, and purple amethyst were like ornate cells imprisoning the colors of the rainbow. There also were the lustrous cubes of galena gleaming like the most highly polished example of the silversmith's art, and the golden brightness of pyrite which is often labeled "fool's gold" because of its resemblance to the noble metal. There were more elaborate crystals each placed in a more complex classification than the hexagon or cube and each with what seemed to be an untold number of glittering faces. Many of the minerals on display were native to the locality, the metallic ores of lead and zinc and the associate minerals, but many others were from distant states and countries; the rubies, beryls, and emeralds had been imported to add further interest to the display. The variety seemed endless, for each shelf held a treasure of colors, the reds of the sunset, the yellows of the primrose, the greens of spring grass, and the blues of deep waters. It was difficult to realize that these objects were once part of the dark depths of the earth.

From the shelves of minerals I shifted my attention to a display of fossil remains of many animals and plants long extinct. Here were rocks that gave silent testimony to the life that had once flourished upon the earth. There were shellfish and crustaceans from localities once covered by great seas that are now hills, plateaus, or mountains. The plant fossils were from localities once covered by great swamps which are now the areas of the coal mining industries. The slabs of shale and limestone bearing these remains of former life were like pages from a great book of history, a book so immense and covering such a great span of time that in comparison man's entry is but a single letter.

I am hardly the first to realize the importance of stones and their relationships with man; for as long as man's history has been traced, stones have entered the picture in one form or another. The earliest man found them to be the most convenient weapon to protect himself and his family from the attacks of wild beasts or unfriendly neigh-



bors. As man progressed he found that certain stones lent themselves to being fashioned into sharp instruments which were more efficient weapons and useful utensils for daily life. In man's search for stones, out of which he was to fashion these weapons and utensils, he found many brightly colored ones, some of which were very hard and resistant to wear.

These stones were to become the first treasured jewels of man. Certain of these were to gain importance as symbolic fetishes or were to be attributed with healing powers. Here color played a great role in the choice of stones. A green stone was the symbol of health and happiness, for plants were seen to be green when healthy. Later the green emerald was a symbol of immortality to those who were able to afford such a noble gem. The red garnet was recommended as a cure for heart ailments, possibly because of its blood-red cast. The sapphire was to royalty a symbol of divine consideration because of its heavenly blue color. Amethyst, the purple form of quartz, was considered a protector against intoxication. As far back in history as one wishes to go, there will always be found some supernatural powers attributed to stones possessing certain colors or qualities. The chatoyancy of such stones as the star sapphire, moonstone, precious catseye, and opal was believed to be the dwelling of spirits which would protect the wearer from evil influences and bring great luck. At present, however, the opal is supposed to bring bad luck to those who can not claim it as their birthstone, for they are not protected from its evil enchantment. This belief in evil enchantment has been attributed to Sir Walter Scott's novel, *Anne of Geierstein*, in which Lady Hermione, an enchanted princess, wore a particularly beautiful opal in her hair. This opal sparkled brightly when she was gay, and flashed fire-red when she was angry; but when holy water was sprinkled upon it, it faded, and she swooned and died. The enchantment of the stone was broken, and the following day nothing but a pile of dry ashes remained of the Lady Hermione. Scott had not intended a superstition to spring up and spread as it has, for he had used the opal as the magical stone only because of its iridescent qualities. Such superstitions associated with stones are great in number, and there is not a stone that does not have, somewhere in the world, a quality of good or evil associated with it.

Stones have had bizarre uses through the years of man's history. It is related in the biography of Nero that he possessed an emerald of great size which had been fashioned into an eye-glass through which he observed the gladiatorial fights of the Coliseum. It seems a strange use for such a gem so highly prized in the present day. It is thought that Nero obtained this emerald from the mine where Cleopatra obtained hers, for her collection of jewelry was made up of great numbers of these noble gems. Cleopatra was known to have used two stones as a source of her cosmetics. Lapis lazuli, a soft blue stone used extensively for the manufacture of talismans and amulets, was pulverized at her demand and mixed with certain fats

to produce a cosmetic used for eye shadow. Malachite, a green copper mineral, was similarly treated to produce a green eye-shadow.

From weapons to utensils, utensils to charms and jewelry, and jewelry to an eye-glass and cosmetics, all this is but a small part that stones have played in the history of man. The study of these uses of rocks and minerals and the perception of their great beauty have instilled in me a greater realization of the wonders of the earth itself. Little did I suspect when I purchased those seven mineral specimens in the small roadside shop that I was to gain a new insight. I was to realize that all the loveliness of the world is not to be found in the flowers, trees, streams, and animals *on* the earth but that there is great beauty *within* it, a beauty of rock and minerals, as old as the earth itself.

## Hay Day

Diane Shoemaker

**T**HE air was still cool at four in the morning, but I knew that today might be the day if rain did not fall before seven, so I dressed quickly and hurried downstairs. Aunt Jean and Uncle Max were already in the kitchen, my aunt mixing biscuit dough, my uncle rinsing a pail in preparation for milking. I set the table, waiting anxiously for the word. After breakfast I cleared the dishes while Uncle Max gazed out the window: "Call the boys," he said. "We're going to put up hay." My heart pounded as Aunt Jean rang for Cunningham's. Haying time was here again.

About nine-thirty I took my position at the corner door. Uncle Max had forbidden me to go any closer to the barn, but I really did not mind, for I was close enough here to see everything that was happening. As the first load arrived, I immediately noticed the sweetness and freshness of the hay, as the fragrance floated and danced past me toward the house. Doc and John set the hay fork and unloaded; Harold scattered the loose hay in the loft; Mr. Webster, his son Norris, and Uncle Max scattered and piled hay on the wagons; Check and Darrell Gene drove the tractors, while Preston Webster drove the horse. Whenever hay season came, the neighbors always traded a day's work. Tomorrow my uncle might help Check, but today everyone was working for him, each performing his individual task with care and pride, even though the work was not for himself.

John Marion was the individual who amazed me. Even though he was in his eighties, he worked as hard as any of the younger men. Wearing long underwear in the summer and letting his mustache grow to cover his lower as well as his upper lip were just two of his idiosyncracies. I was official water-boy, so to speak, and kept the water jar in my shadow. To my unasked question, John told me



that drinking ice water on a hot day made a man sick enough to have to quit working. This particular day John had just climbed upon the wagon, when he gave a shout and, grabbing a pitchfork, flung a snake out of the hay to the ground. Hearty laughs from Check indicated he had known about the snake all along and had remained silent so he could see John's reaction. The old farmer ranted and raved quite vigorously and refused to set another fork the rest of the day.

In the shade to my right were Preston and Molly, the horse with hooves the size of dinner plates. She would plod straight ahead, pulling the fork and load into the barn, slowly turn, plod back to the barn, and slowly turn, ready to start out again. Preston would amble along behind her in much the same listless manner. About every third trip he would come over to get a drink. He was new in the neighborhood, thus fascinating. I admired him, but not because he was handsome and sweet; on the contrary, the way he handled the mare was the marvel about him.

Soon it was time for dinner, and the men came in from the field and the barn. Gathered in a group around the pump, they talked about corn and cattle as they splashed cold water on their faces. Doc was chewing on a piece of straw; Darrell Gene lay on the ground under a tree swatting at the pestering flies; Harold scratched and shook the chaff from his shirt; Preston winked. The delicious odors of chicken and fresh bread emerged from the house, competing for first place with the fresh, sweet smell of the hay. After filling my plate, I moved out into the yard away from the backdoor. The droning of the voices, mingling pleasantly with the clinking and tinkling of dishes, reminded me of the hayloft filled with new hay and the soft splatting of the summer rain on the tin roof. I finished eating and wished that Preston would finish too.

## Mr. Angelo

Byron G. Massialas

THE first time I met him was on the Simplon Orient Train; I was going from Turkey to France, just a year before the last World War broke out. He was a tall man of thirty-three, blond, gray-eyed, and very good looking. I was just a child, and the things that impressed me the most were the two young girls—secretaries—that accompanied him, usually taking dictation and sending cablegrams from every station when we stopped, and the innumerable valises he had in his coupé, together with such items as portable typewriters, and dictaphones. His name at that time was Mr. Angelo, and we were informed that he was a great businessman.



The next time I met him was in Montreux, Switzerland—a miniature of Monte Carlo. I was visiting the casino with a friend of mine when I saw him in an inside room which had the sign “Private” on the door. He was gambling on a roulette table, and although twelve years had passed since I had met him for the first time on the train, nothing about him had changed. He didn’t have very good luck that night, but a chip of two thousand francs didn’t seem to impress him at all. During the hour I spent watching him, he probably lost about fifty thousand francs, but he never lost his ironical smile, which seemed to mean, “I don’t care whether I lose or win; I am only enjoying the excitement of gambling.”

One year later I was visiting Haifa on the *Filippo Grimmani*, an Italian ship, and upon our arrival in the port, the police came aboard for control. They were afraid of the Arabs, as they still are, so the control was very tight. A tall man, dressed in a military, British-made uniform, seemed to be in charge of everything, and I was greatly surprised that I recognized him to be the very same person I had known thirteen years before by the name of Mr. Angelo. He was now “Chef de Police” and a man of authority, as he always had been. His characteristic ironical smile was again on his face, but I thought he didn’t mean to be cruel. He only enjoyed the fact that he was a policeman.

Once again I saw him, last July on my way to the States. I was coming through France to get the *Queen Elizabeth* from Cherbourg. When I stopped overnight in Paris, I stayed at the Claridge Hotel. I was having supper late at night at the night club-restaurant of the Claridge when I met his eyes. They were not the eyes of an oriental businessman, or of a Swiss gambler, or of a “Chef de Police.” They were just the eyes of a rather typical Parisian “maitre d’hotel” who was looking to be of service to his clientele. He had an army of waiters and waitresses under his command, and he was as excellent at his post as he had been excellent at every phase of his life.

## Are Women Superior to Men?

Sue Burris

IT is, indeed, sad to relate that the evident superiority of the female over the male is not universally accepted as fact, but merely looked upon as the statement of an egotistical female. Although I am classed as an egotistical female, I should like to settle, forever, the question of who is superior to whom.

I do not, of course, allow my sex to influence my attitude, and do not base my conclusion on mere hearsay. I refer only to specific events in history and do not arrive at my conclusion in

the hare-brained manner which is said to be symptomatic of my sex. I employ only the scientific method in reaching my deductions and developing my proof.

Down through the ages, one statement has been consistently true: "Behind every man, there was a woman!" Eve was the first woman behind the first man. It has been suggested that Satan also was on hand, but obviously Adam could not keep Satan behind him, and even if he had, it would be impossible to determine the sex of Satan by scientific methods. Hence, I pass on this matter briefly. Nevertheless, it was Eve's act of temptation which led to the expulsion from the Garden of Eden, which led to the development of an ancient society, which led to the development of a modern society, which led to the development of television. For this reason alone, man should bow in humility before the shrine of "womanhood."

## Old Man

Jane Barbman

THE rain came softly and ran in little rivulets down the window until it reached the sill and dropped with a splash. Here an old man sat stiffly and solemnly watching the storm. Each drop of rain seemed to increase the pounding of his heart and the nagging fear in his brain. He had decided not to let his anxiety show outwardly. Things like this had never bothered him before and they wouldn't now. It had all started one spring day a year ago.

His thoughts traveled back along their worn path, and his body slumped perceptibly in his chair. He had been walking home when some children playing nearby noticed him and laughingly ran to him. He had smiled at their merriment and gone on. But their laughs turned to taunts as they pointed to his clothes, his hair, and his funny, worn-out shoes. This, then, had been the first awareness. As he had gazed at the toes of his shoes, he had wondered at their shouts. They were not good shoes. They had never been expensive, and because he had no overshoes to protect them from the rain, the leather had begun to split, and the soles had begun to curl up at the toes. His trousers were too short, for he had a tall straight figure; his coat was too short in the sleeves and not very warm. His clothes had been given to him by his brother, so he had known they would be too small, but it was useless to argue with his brother.

On that day long ago he had finally become old because of the taunts and his brother and that persistent little fear. On that day he had finally realized and understood what his brother was



trying to do, and the memory of it brought the old man up to a straight position again.

He turned from the window and surveyed the room in which he was sitting. It was not gay and cheerful as his wife had kept it. It was hard for an old man to know what to do, and so he had closed off all the rooms but the kitchen and sitting room. His brother had been indignant. His brother was always indignant, and it was useless to reason with him. And of course it is not really proper to argue with the person who brings food and clothing to you. This provision was not necessary, of course. But again, reasoning was something he left to other people who liked his brother and thought he was a fine, charitable man.

As for himself, he had his garden. How he loved the garden and the tender green plants he nursed so carefully. Suddenly more than anything else, he wanted the sun on his back and the feel of the earth in his hands. How sweet it would seem. But that pleasure was gone. He was getting stiff, and though the sun felt good to him, it was easier just to sit and not worry about the garden.

He again turned to the window. The once verdant garden was brown and wet. The dead leaves and grasses lay soggy near the forgotten rake. The trees swayed in the wind, and their branches hung low. The room was growing dim now. It was hard to make out the outlines of the furniture, but it was not necessary; he remembered it all. He always would, even if they took him away. There, he had said it. There was nothing but the rain to hear him. He had thought that perhaps he had no pride left. He cared little for his clothes or food, and even the fact that his brother provided for him had ceased to pain him. After all, that really wasn't necessary. But this, this disgrace. Perhaps they would listen to him just this once. In a few months he could have a garden again. He would have to make them see that he couldn't leave.

Suddenly the old man stiffened. There was a step on the porch and a knock on the door that echoed through the closed rooms. Then came the old fear. He was too tired to fight it, and he leaned back exhausted. The pounding on the door became loud and insistent. Still he didn't move. He looked at his gnarled hands folded quietly like an old woman's; once strong and artistic—now old and rheumatic. Never to feel the rich earth. Never to watch tenderly each plant as it grew straight and tall to the sun.

Still the knocks came. A tear rolled on a brown hand, unnoticed. The old man was dead.



# The Hunter and the Hunted

Richard Johnson

**A**LTHOUGH the ride to Kimberley was a jolting one, the scenery was beautiful. Mountains were painted distantly on a sky of deep blue, and every color of the spectrum shone vividly in the sunlight. But Jake's car was a constant distraction from the scenery, for every half hour or so we would have a puncture or the radiator would boil. Hot, tired, and very dirty, Jake and I arrived in Kimberley ten hours after we had left Capetown. We finally found lodging for the night in the rear of a tavern. Jake carried my things in while I inquired about Henry Kingsley, owner of a trading post which furnished guides and supplies for lion safaris. My friend and old ship-mate, Charles Crocker of Capetown, had given me his card to present to Kingsley.

After breakfast the next day, I looked him up and settled on the fee for the fourteen day safari. After bickering over a price, the robust gentleman then turned to the door and shouted something in a dialect. Turning back to me he said, "You will leave for the lion country in two days, but before you leave I want you to meet your gun bearer and guide."

At that moment a black giant entered the office. The Negro, wearing nothing but a breech cloth, rose well over six feet five inches in height. His physical appearance was nothing short of overwhelming. His shoulders and arms were enormous and beautiful to behold. The taper of his chest to his waist revealed his excellent physical condition. A cat-like grace was apparent in every movement of the sleek, rippling muscles. I sat fascinated by the man. Kingsley blurted, "A splendid beast, isn't he?"

The Negro surprised me by speaking in clear, unbroken English. "Thank you, gentlemen. May I sit down?"

Kingsley said, "Mr. White, this is your guide and gun bearer, Indigo."

The Negro smiled. Kingsley then went on to say that Indigo was the best tracker in Africa, but a little too brave for his own good. The Negro smiled again.

While Kingsley detailed jobs to Indigo which had to be done before the safari could start, my eyes surveyed the giant once more. I was going to like him. Kingsley finished with: "That is all, gentlemen; you will leave in two days."

I rose from my chair and walked from the office. Once I was outside the office Indigo said rather shyly, "You go to your place and make things ready for the safari."

"Very well," I said, "I will see you in two days." I watched the fluid movements of his body until he was out of sight.

The first two days on the safari had produced nothing for me but a sunburn and two antelope shot for camp food. Indigo kept repeat-

ing, "Be patient, Mr. Ed. We will find a lion soon." The third day passed, and it got hotter. The fourth and fifth days passed with nothing to remember except the heat and the suddenness of African nightfall. Six days from Kimberley, Indigo and I found a zebra partially devoured. Indigo said excitedly, "The zebra is not long dead, the lion is close by." My blood quickened, and, much to my dismay, I shook slightly. Indigo went back to the main group and returned with a dog of nondescript pedigree. Upon reaching the zebra's carcass the dog began a staccato bark and ran into the waist-deep grass. Pointing to a tree Indigo said, "You go over there under the tree and wait; the lion will come that way." As I made my way to the tree, ten or twelve of the bearers began to run through the grass yelling and beating sticks together. No sooner had I reached the tree than the lion came into view. Automatically, I raised my rifle to shoot, but I could not. Perhaps it was the sudden resemblance of the lion's savage beauty to Indigo's. For twenty seconds or more the lion stood motionless, sniffing the breeze. Finally, he turned and ambled off into the tall grass. Only then did I pull my rifle down.

Indigo's voice surprised me, "Did you see him, Mr. Ed?"

"No," I lied. "I didn't see him."

Indigo then stated prophetically, "He will be easy to kill; his belly is so full his ears are dull. We will kill him this day."

After a light mid-day meal Indigo cleaned my rifle. The rifle did not need cleaning, but Indigo insisted on going over it once more.

"Do you like that gun?" I asked.

He replied, "A gun like this does not miss. I shall buy one when we return to Kimberley."

I stood up and said, "If you like the gun it is yours."

Instantly, Indigo's chest swelled with pride. "I will pay you for the gun."

"No," I replied, "it is a present from me to you." I offered him my hand, and he clasped it warmly.

Indigo threw the lion dog a piece of meat, rose from his seat, and said, "Come, Mr. Ed. We are going to kill a lion."

We had walked three or four miles from camp when the dog began to whine and tug at his leash. Indigo turned to me and whispered, "We are down wind of the dead zebra; it is the zebra the dog smells."

Not quite two hundred yards farther the dog began his staccato bark. Indigo turned him loose and motioned to the bearers to follow the dog. He was going with me this time. Now I felt sure he knew I had lied to him. We both walked to a slight rise of ground which was barren of tall grass; but all we saw was the kinky black hair and gleaming chests of the beaters, who were making an ungodly racket. Suddenly, the dog stopped barking, and the Negroes disappeared as if by magic.



Indigo whispered, "The lion will show itself soon now. Be ready and do not miss the heart."

My eyes scanned the clearing, but I could see nothing. Indigo poked me and whispered again, "I see his head over there."

First the head became visible, and then the lion sprang ten feet or more into the clearing. Indigo said calmly, "Let him turn broadside to you and aim behind the foreleg where the bone sticks out." I nodded and brought my gun to my shoulder, sighting carefully on the spot directly behind the foreleg. Hesitation gripped me. For a full half-minute I held the sight and then squeezed the trigger. At once the lion roared, jumped and twisted into the air, and landed on his back, then lay very still.

Indigo jumped up and ran toward the lion. Just as he was putting his foot on the lion's side for a victory yell, the lion rose from the dead. Sunlight reflected from Indigo's slashing knife as he screamed for help. Once again I put the rifle to my shoulder, took careful aim, and emptied the magazine into the lion's body. Now both the lion and my friend lay very still.

As I reached Indigo, his breath was coming in short gasps; his once proud body was now maimed beyond belief. At my first sight of him, my immediate thought was to turn and run, but I could not. Instead, I got my first aid kit out and sprinkled sulfa powder on the exposed bowels and on the torn stump of his right leg. From the extent of his wounds, it was apparent that Indigo could not survive. Only then did I recall Kingsley's statement, "He is the best tracker in Africa, but a little too brave for his own good." And then I saw Indigo's smile of pride.

## Tide

Carolyn Crowner

THE night is blacker than usual, or maybe it just seems to be. The clock on the night table reads 2:00 A. M. Could it be just an hour since it said one o'clock? Its ticking gets louder and louder in the tortuous stillness, but its hands move slower and slower. Each distant sound echoes through the still blackness: an occasional cry of misery, or the hushed whispers of the nurses as they efficiently perform their duties. I wonder how many others up and down the lonely corridors are wide-eyed in the darkness, and I wonder what they're thinking. In six hours the doctor will come, and I'll know my fate. Why can't I use these long but precious hours to make plans for my family in case the verdict is negative? Or, if not that, why don't I reminisce about a lot of things? Why do I go over and over it?

A cottage on Pemaquid peninsula and, most important, a boat. I had dreamed all my life of owning a cottage and a boat on the rock-



bound coast of Maine. As I walked out the door, I drank in all I saw and hungrily breathed the ocean air.

The fog had lifted, and the sun shone bright. The sea was like glass. The rapid and erratic coming and going of the fog amazed me. Just a half hour earlier the water, a hundred feet from the door, was invisible. When I had looked out of the window upon awakening, my disappointment had been almost unbearable. I had looked forward to this day for so long, my first sail on the Maine coast. Now the day was clear, and I was thankful and excited.

The wind wasn't strong enough for sailing, but I wasn't disappointed as I walked to the dock. The boat was equipped with a small motor, and a calm day afforded a perfect opportunity to acquaint myself with the coast. As I untied the boat and shoved off, I was filled with childish joy.

For hours I explored the shoreline familiarizing myself with the rocky terrain—valuable information on days when the sea would be rough. Gulls flew lazily overhead, and the sun became warm as it rose above me. By mid-afternoon I not only had covered the shore of the peninsula but also had visited nearby islands. This country in my mind had a beauty and an atmosphere which could be found nowhere else.

As the sun began to sink in the west, I decided to start home. It would be dinner time when I landed; thus with a feeling of satisfaction, I turned the boat toward my own dock.

I had seen the fog lift instantaneously only a few hours earlier. In my enthusiasm it hadn't occurred to me that it could just as rapidly reappear. With no warning whatever I was suddenly engulfed in a cloud. In effect, I was blind with my eyes open, for even the bow of the boat became invisible. I was suspended in a cloud of gray and was only conscious of the few square feet upon which I was seated. I tried desperately to remain calm, but I could not subdue the panic clutching at my heart. The world became as still as death. Only the gentle splashing of water against the side of the boat was audible. I knew well that the magnificently beautiful rock-bound coast could mean violent death. I had no idea how long I drifted in that senseless world.

In my experience I had also forgotten the tide which roars like thunder into the rocks each day. My state of blind and silent suspense quickened into one of uncontrollable rage. I was at the mercy of a roaring, angry sea: a sea which tossed the boat mercilessly in every direction. Its roar was deafening and its violence terrifying. I well knew that the cold, unrelenting, rocky shore was only minutes, perhaps seconds, away. Frantically I clung to the boat—clung to a stability which had vanished in the face of overwhelming might. And then, with an impact matching the power of the sea and the might of Maine's coast, I hit land.

It seems strange that human beings can shun death in the face of overwhelming odds only to be trapped by freak accidents which

strike one in a million. The dawn is creeping into the blackness now. In a few hours the doctor will walk in, and I'll know. Why do I think of that storm again and again? It's as vivid as if it had been only yesterday instead of six years ago.

## EBONY FUR

Sandra Robertson

Ebony shadow of feline grace with amber slits for eyes.  
Sooty whiskers and a trace of sable tail that lies—  
around your feet.

Nothing quite so soft as that dusky coat of fur.  
Haughty air, tail aloft, a vague hidden purr—  
as proof of love.

Beware, playful friend, of those needling little claws.  
Hide and tuck them in, make soft those little paws—  
that catch my skirt.

A sleek flash,  
into the sun,  
and you are gone.

## HARVEST

Nancy Richison

Plant a penny! Will it grow  
Into a gay meadowlark?  
Will a shower of diamonds turn into soft snow?

Plant a beam of steel! Will it grow  
Into a tall, stark mountain range  
Over which the wild winds sing and blow?

## THE NEW HORIZON

Robert Petty

To send the mind, full-armed into the shadows  
To slay the pagan warrior christened Doubt,  
And feel in awe its swelling verge of triumph  
Turn green the field of intellect's long drought.

To see God in the molecules of science—  
Dewed footprints winding out of rusted years;  
Across the barren plain and to the hills,  
To seek the promise of unconquered spheres. . . .



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