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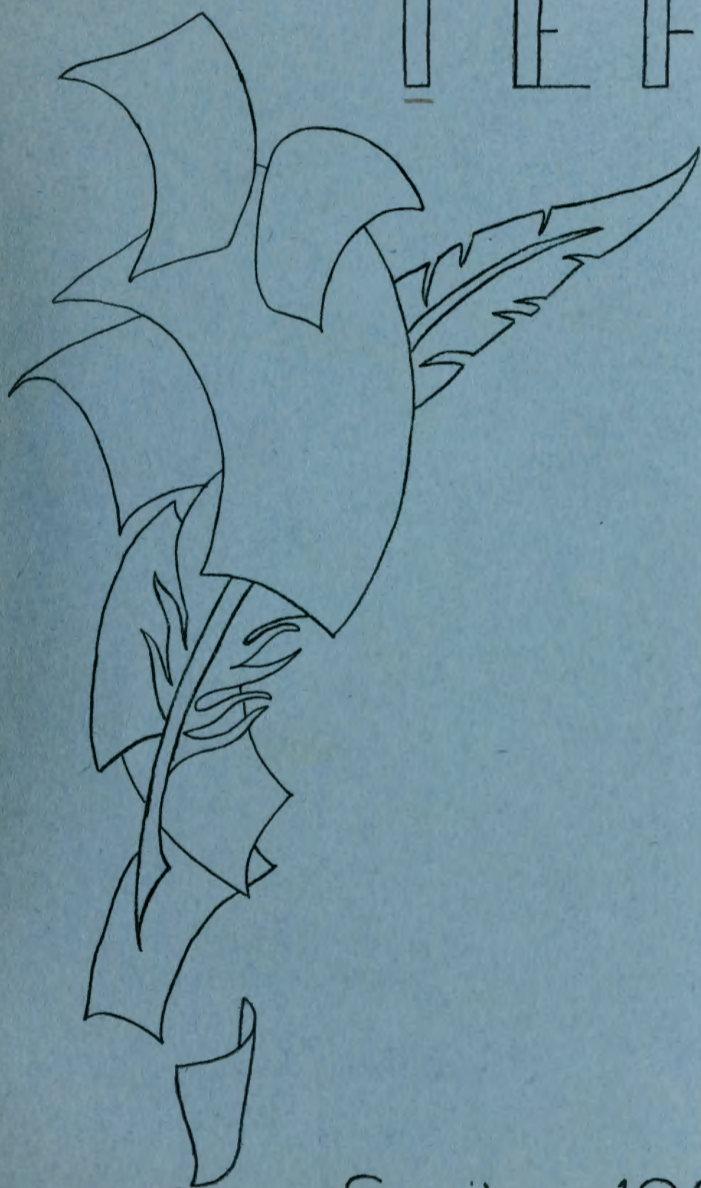
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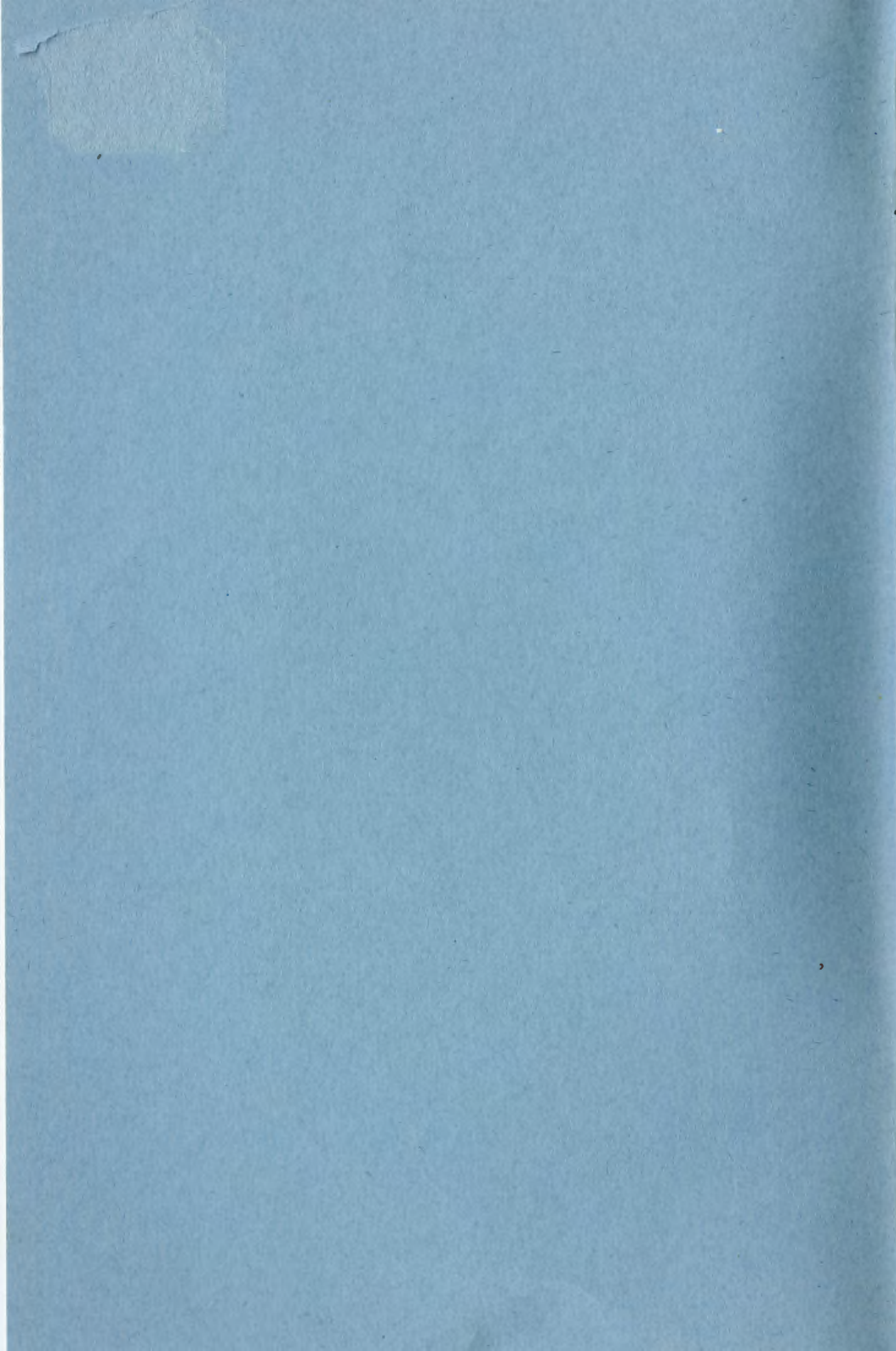
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TEF



Spring, 1955





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Prologue

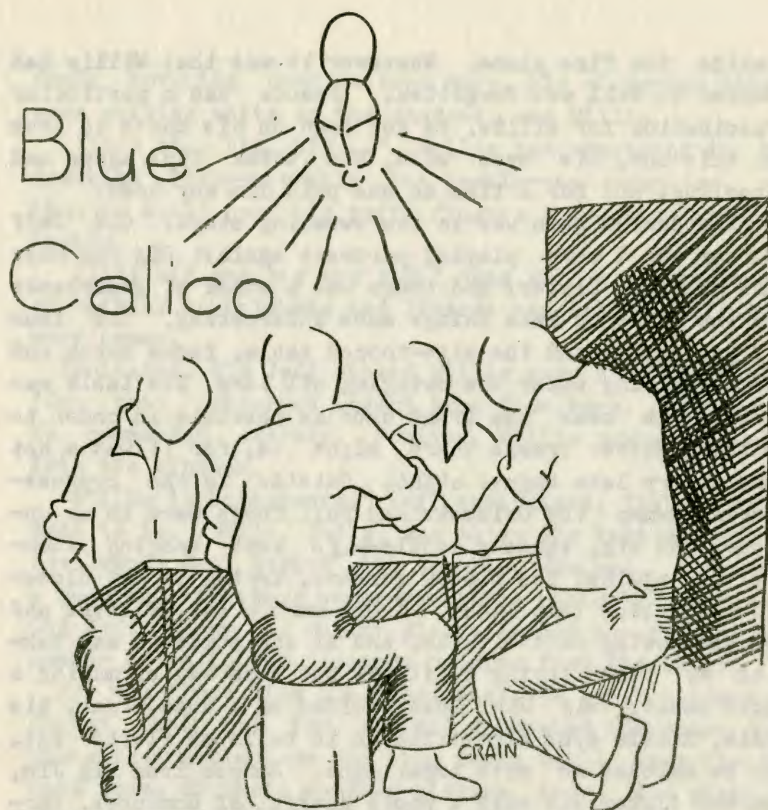
*The roar of lapping waves on idle strands,
The blinding lightning flashing in the sky,
The forest beasts that prowl in aimless bands,
The shrill night cry that chills the passer-by;*

*The sighs of star-crossed lovers, playful wiles
Of sirens, fairies dancing on the green,
The painful cry of troubled souls, the smiles
Of children playing in the rain, the Queen*

*Of Nile, the jolly rascal matching wits
With Hal, the madcap prince, the impish Puck,
The sisters weird, the hapless king who sits
And hears sad tales of kings and life's ill luck;*

*With themes like these we've made a little book
For your applause. Now, gentle reader, look.*

Thomas E. Ferguson



Well aren't you going to play, Sid, or ain't you?

By *Neal Murphy*

About eleven-thirty Willie Glover came lumbering into the parlour to stand over our domino table watching us, his big, pink face alight with some bit of new and choice information that he was itching to tell.

"Thuh cellar," said Willie. "Somethin' in thuh... thuh..." and his slow, foolish drawl drifted off into an indecisive mumbling. Willie wasn't very bright. His grass-hopper mind was ever jumping from one thing to another, incapable of holding one particular thought for more than a second at a time. Amused, we looked up at the big fellow, waiting for him to continue, but Willie's quick little eyes had fallen upon something more interesting to him—a beetle crawling along the floor

beside the fire place. Whatever it was that Willie had wanted to tell was forgotten. Insects had a particular fascination for Willie. He got down on his knees to look at this one, his eyes wide, his thick lips agape and drooling; and for a time no one paid him any heed.

The domino game was in the sweating stage. Old Jeff Glover and I were playing partners against Big Jim Moss and Barney Slater, and there was a stack of greenbacks on the table to make things more interesting. The four of us sat around the pine-topped table, faces harsh and sweat shining under the swinging oil lamp. The table was placed as near the front door as possible in order to catch whatever breeze there might be, for it was a hot and sultry late August night. Outside in the cypress-break swamp the crickets and bull frogs were in an uproar, and big, squashy candle-bugs kept banging themselves against the window screens, trying to get closer to the yellow lamp light. There were a lot of fives and sixes showing on the table, and at the moment I was taking my time trying to figure out some way of making a good count. Big Jim Moss puffed on a dead cigar, his pale, little eyes almost hidden in rolls of florid fat, as he watched me with impatience. Across from Big Jim, Barney Slater sat with a whole handful of dominoes. Barney was sweating profusely and his chalky T.B. complexion was, if possible, paler than usual; he had just put his last five-spot on the table. Barney waited, watching me foxily, and wiped his streaming brow with a shirt-sleeve.

But I am not a man to be rushed, especially when I'm playing dominoes. I took my own good time, studying the board, figuring, and clicking my last two dominoes together speculatively.

Big Jim drummed his fat fingers on the table top. "Well, are you goin' to play, Sid, or ain't you?"

I grinned at Big Jim and clamped down a blank five that netted us fifteen points. Old Jeff Glover grunted, marking the count down in the "US" column. Barney Slater coughed and passed, and Old Jeff played a double-blank that made us fifteen more points.

"Well, damnitall!" Big Jim cursed and passed. I was about to play my last rock and domino when there, sud-

denly hovering over us once more, his close-set little eyes shining white in the shadows, was Willie.

"It's big, big, big..." Willie had something in his freckled fist—probably the beetle—and ever now and then he would open his puffy fingers a fraction and peep inside.

"It's big and big and big," sang Willie. He had a way of talking to crickets and lizards and things as if they were human.

Irritated, Old Jeff shoved Willie away from the table. "Get that consarned insect away from here, Sonny Boy," he commanded sternly. Pouting, Willie gawked backward into the kitchen.

"Willie is bothersome," Jeff apologized, "but he don't mean to be. While Sadie was alive she kept him out of devilment. Real striot with the boy, she was. Sadie was a good and righteous woman—a little radical, but good." Old Jeff threw a guilty glance around the room at the number of religious placards hanging from the walls.

For the first time I noticed that the large picture of Christ that had for so long decorated the space just above the mantelpiece had been taken down. From the ornate frame of their wedding picture above the piano, a veiled woman stared threateningly at us four men.

I played my last domino and caught four rocks from Slater and two from Big Jim and that amounted to enough count to put us out. There were twenty dollars in the pot, and Old Jeff and I wanted to quit while we were ahead, but Big Jim insisted on another game.

"Ah, come on, gents. Let's make it four out of five." He wiped his fat neck with a soiled bandana. "Four out of five and double the pot." As he staked Barney Slater with a ten-spot Old Jeff shuffled.

"Boy, it's surely a good thing she's not around here now!" Old Jeff giggled, catching, out of the corner of his eye, the omnipotent glower of the woman in the wedding picture. "A devot woman, Sadie; a real hard-shelled Baptist. If there was anything she couldn't con-done it was gambling."

"A good thing is right!" Barney agreed. "Bet she's turning over in her grave right now."

"God rest her stern and righteous soul," Old Jeff

added with veneration, while vigorously rustling the dominoes on the boards.

It was about three hands later that I first noticed it. To begin with there was only that strange feeling, that vague sensation of something amiss. It took several minutes for me to figure it out. Then as it dawned on me my lower jaw drooped lower and lower. Abruptly, I thumped the table for silence. "Listen!"

Old Jeff had been pondering a play and now he stopped, his gnarled hands poised just above the table.

"What in the Sam-hill bit you?" Big Jim grumbled.

But I was looking past him at the black doorway, lost in thought. In the yard outside, everything was still and silent—so silent you could have heard the movement of your own shadow.

"That's it!" I said. "It's too quiet. Seems to me as just a few minutes ago the frogs and crickets were raising Old Billy out there. Now it's as still as a graveyard outside. I don't get it."

We all sat there listening for a long time. But the frogs and crickets continued their eerie silence. Presently Barney's thick lips drew back from his protruding teeth in a smile of amused comprehension.

"You're a good one, Sid," he grinned knowingly. "I read your scheme all right. Trying to make me overlook this good play, you was, with all that talk of crickets and bull frogs. Well, neighbor, Barney Slater's not to be side-tracked so easy." With a flourish he plunked down his double-five and grinned at Old Jeff. "Mark us fifteen, neighbor."

Once again the dominoes raked and rattled on the table top. But from that point my game wasn't up to par. A curious sort of uneasiness, a premonition, you might call it, got hold of me and I couldn't keep my mind on the white spots. Instead, I kept listening for more candle-bugs to thump against the screen door—kept straining my ears for the familiar night sounds, hoping vaguely that they would start up again in the swamp. Maybe that was a trivial thing to give a man the creeps, but I surely enough had them.

Outside everything was very hot and still. After

awhile I shifted my chair away from the table and stood up, sweating. "Jeff," I said, "Jeff, do you reckon she would mind too awful much if I went into the kitchen and poured myself a great big jigger of whiskey? I'm not feeling up to snuff."

Old Jeff looked at me and winked. "Reckon she'd mind a lot, Sid—if she was here. Sadie was a war-horse when it came to liquor, same as she was about gambling—wouldn't allow a drop of the stuff in the house. But right now Sadie's up on Cemetery Hill under six feet of sod, and I reckon you can go right in there and pour us all a glass of whatever it is you got there in your hip pocket."

He winked again at Big Jim, who sat back in his chair and roared with laughter. "You tell him, neighbor." Big Jim slapped the older man on the back. "That woman never did know who was boss."

Glover looked down at his hands abashed. "Sadie was a good woman," he argued. "Kind of over-bearing sometimes, but good."

With that I headed for the kitchen.

The smell met me as I opened the kitchen door. Don't ask me to describe it. I remember only that it was sickening; I remember that it hit me full in the face in a thick, hot cloud so that for a moment I reeled there on the threshold, affected by an almost over-powering sense of physical nausea.

Over in one corner beside the big iron cook stove was Willie. The cellar door was open and the big fellow was sitting on the edge of the square black hole, sitting there with his legs hanging over into space and his great bulk bent forward, fascinated by something in the pitch blackness below. He didn't seem to mind the stench at all. His thick lips were open in a pink weal and every once in a while he would let out a slobbery whimper.

I walked over to him, feeling sick to my stomach as the odor grew stronger. I shook Willie's flabby shoulder.

"What in blazes is down there in that blasted cellar? Smells as if a whole herd of cows fell in there and died."

Willie looked around at me with pained, red-rimmed eyes, his face wrinkled up like a little boy's who was about to cry.

"Souldin'," he blubbered. "I got a—a souldin'." He repeated it over and over in his whining, parrotish voice.

It required a lot of coaxing to get Willie away from that cellar, but I finally managed it. Then, holding my nose, I slammed the trap door shut, and went around opening all the windows. Willie followed close behind me, picking at my shirt and mumbling incoherently.

When I had finished airing the room the stenoh was a great deal more bearable. I got two glasses from the cupboard and poured a couple of stiff drinks from my pocket flask. Willie took his drink in a hairy paw, smelled it, wrinkled his pink face in approval, and drained the glass in a single gulp.

"Now listen, Will," I told him kindly. "There's a dead dog or cat or something in that cellar. It smells bad... bad. I'll tell your paw and tomorrow he'll go down there and bury it. But in the meantime don't you open that trap door. Don't open...bad, bad." I lowered my eyebrows in an expression of severity, pointed to the cellar door, and shook a prohibitive finger.

"Bad, bad," Willie echoed, and giggled.

When I returned from the kitchen the domino players had quit the room and were out on the front porch watching the night sky. Over the swamp toward the south, lightning flashed intermittently and far-away thunder disturbed the pall-like silence.

The four of us sat on the door stoop and passed around the bottle. All about us the swamp lay still and waiting.

That peculiar sense of foreboding grew on me. The liquor did not help it; for some reason I kept remembering Willie the way I had found him, hovering there as though hypnotized over the black maw of the cellar. I kept recalling that awful smell of death and it seemed to me that a trace of the noisome scent lingered still in my nostrils.

Slowly the storm drew closer. We watched the light-

ning play around the white tombstones up on Cemetery Hill, and the black storm clouds billowing toward us out of the hot atmosphere; a sudden formless suspicion was born in me. It hit me with such a sudden and benumbing impact that the half-empty whiskey bottle slipped from my fingers and shattered on the bottom porch step. In the darkness I heard Big Jim's dismayed curse.



We watched the lightning play around the white tombstones up on Cemetery Hill, . . .

"Where's Willie?" I whispered. The three of them looked at me; faces slack, not understanding.

"Say," the old man looked at me squint-eyed. "What in Hades is eating you tonight, Sid. I never saw you so jumpity."

"A feeling," I said. "Just a feeling I've got that something's wrong. We Thompsons have always had a kind of gift. My Aunt Maudie had forewarnings—visions. And

you know how Grandmaw Thompson used to tell the future. Well, I just had a premonition about Willie. You'd better go find him, Jeff."

The lightning showed a mixture of amusement and incredulity on Old Jeff's wrinkled face. Somewhere in the darkness Big Jim laughed derisively.

"Sid, you got the spooks," he remarked. "That bottle has give you a case of the jumpin' Jimminies."

The thunder rumbled closer. On the step beside me I sensed Barney Slater shifting uneasily; and now and then Old Jeff would glance at the yellow doorway, cock his head to one side, and listen. I had planted a seed that grew and grew...

And then the boiling storm clouds were hovering directly above, the crackling bolts of lightning prodded the tops of the big cypress trees in the front yard. The four of us sat on the porch steps, glued there, afraid to move...waiting, listening... You know the jumpy kind of a way a person waits for an expected pistol shot, all nervous and dited up inside? Well, I began to feel like that. I began to have that same sick feeling in the pit of my stomach and the flesh on the back of my neck began to crawl.

But when finally it happened, this unknown thing that we had been awaiting, it did not burst upon us in some sort of explosion. It came, on the contrary, with insidious casualness. There was no scream, no warning of any kind; just that big, disheveled shadow suddenly blotting out most of the yellow rectangle of the open door.

We whirled—and there was Willie—and yet not Willie either, but rather the pulpy and mangled mound of flesh that had once been Willie. And there was also that sickening, clammy smell; the smell from the cellar.

At my elbow, Old Jeff gave a choked gasp; Barney Slater let out a shrill, womanish bleat of terror.

For a long time there was a paralyzed silence as the thing that had once been Willie Glover sagged at the threshold, white eyes glaring at us out of a strange, misshapen countenance; then the torn lips opened and a voice incongruously amused, repeated parrotlike:

"And the zeal for my house..the zeal for my house

shall eat me up."

After that Willie Glover sagged to the floor, his words growing blubbery and indistinct like words spoken under water. Presently the crushed mound of flesh trembled and was still.

Walking in slow motion Old Jeff approached the inert mass on the threshold, bent down and removed something gingerly from the bloody left hand. A flash of lightning showed the old man gaping chalk-faced at a particle of cloth in his hand.

"Blue calico!" he whispered. "SHE was buried in blue calico. She... She..."

There was a burst of close-by thunder. I saw the bit of cloth flutter from the old man's grasp. Old Jeff was listening again, his head cocked to one side in that peculiar way of his. His face was slack and quivering. Like men in a nightmare, the four of us waited as the footsteps, the quick, and inexorable determined footsteps reverberated from the kitchen...

THE END

Fantasy in Rum

By Charlotte King Smith

*Dark earth, chasm of infinity,
Wicked shadows cast monstrous claws
To pierce my dream bubbles,
To destroy dream bubbles
I blew from a silvery mist.
Intangible beauty, forever evasive,
Return now, return now;
Are you captured only in tears?*



The Educated Wolf

By *James Ray Johnson*

Years ago, when I was guidin' in the Big Thicket in East Texas, I took a party of three sports, and one of them was a ventrilo—a ventriquo—well, one of those fellers that throws their voices and makes dummies, talk. I knowed he was a ventrilo—I knowed he could do it, but the other fellers were strangers and they didn't know it; so I looked for some fun.

Well, sir, we were out four days lookin' for white-tail deer and we didn't find any, and everyone was disgusted, includin' me. Fourth night we were sittin' in camp when a big, gray wolf comes up to the edge of the clearin' and squats there, looking at us. Then he pipes up and says, "What you fellers out fer?"

Everybody looked dumfounded includin' the ventrilo—the guy that could throw his voice. But I was wise to his tricks; so I says, "After deer, bud. Whitetails. Got any dope on 'em?"

"Sure," says the wolf. "You passed up a good spot to-day. Tomorrow you backtrack for about four miles till you come to that stand of blasted Black Jack Oaks; then turn west and go up Dead Man Creek. You'll find some good bucks in there."

"Thanks," I says to the wolf. "We'll leave you a little veal when we get finished."

So off the wolf goes. The sports acted like they were drunk or hearin' things, but I kept a straight face.

Well, next day, still serious, I took them on the

backtract, and be dadburned, if we didn't find some good
bucks up that creek!

Back in camp I called the ventrilo—that feller that
could throw his voice, to one side and said, "I know you
can throw your voice, but how in tarnation did you know
there were deer up that creek?"

He gave me a kind of sick look and said, "Throw my
voice? Say, when that wolf came up to camp last night,
I was so scared, I was speechless!"

THE END

I Am an Artist

By *Thomas E. Ferguson*

*A sculptor stood beside a rough-bewn stone,
And with an artist's cunning eye and mind
He saw within the shapeless mass outlined
A form serene and fair to gaze upon.*

*Forthwith he carved, and soon with shape and tone
Emerg'd a statue, beautiful, refined,
Full-fledged, complete, a poet's dream, designed
To stand through time a work of art, alone.*

*I am an artist too who saw within
The hazy multitude a shadow dim
Of one I knew anon was loyal, true;
Straightway with eager hand I took the pen
And clearly, boldly brushed away the film
That hid my dearest friend, and lo, 'twas you.*

The Last Week

By

Flb Alexander

I had studied unusually hard on my lesson that Monday morning, so I was almost annoyed when we hardly discussed it.

"Oh, I don't know what to say about the lesson this morning," the little professor said. "I really don't know what to say." And after a few moments of discussion on one of the poems assigned, he began talking on his favorite subject.

"Do your level best," he was saying. "When you work, work your level best; when you teach, teach your level best; when you play, play your level best. Whatever you decide to do in this life, do it your level best."

I've heard all this before, I remember thinking, and yet, as he talked I seemed to detect a difference. Was I just imagining it, or was there an urgency in his tone?

He seemed to be able to read that meaning into the words of so many of the authors we had studied lately. I hadn't been able to see it until he pointed it out.

I looked around at my classmates. They were sitting with those far-away looks which seem to mean they are paying no attention.

Little man, you are wasting your breath here, I thought. The seeds you plant on this barren soil will never thrive. They'll just dry up and blow away.

After class was over a friend walked down the hall with me. "Did you get anything out of the class today?" she asked.

"Well, I didn't learn anything from the book, I'll admit, but somehow, I think I'll be a better person. I will try more diligently to do my best."

"I hope that will help us to pass that test he is going to give next week," she laughingly replied.

little professor did not actually care whether or not we passed that test. He was going to be grading us on more than the knowledge we gained from the textbook. He was trying to prepare us to pass greater tests in life;

On Tuesday I stopped by his office to tease him as I sometimes did. He had once told me that everything we saw during the day stayed with us.

"If you see a bird early in the morning or hear a bird sing, that memory will go with you the rest of your life. If a bird's song is sweet, you will be sweeter because of that song."

It became a personal thing between us. When I felt gay and eager for the day's work, I would tell him I had waked to the song of a mocking bird. That morning I was not in the best of spirits.

"Guess I must have wakened to a bluejay's song this morning," I said. "I can't find a thing good about this day. I'm tired; I don't feel well; and I wonder if it is worth the effort I'm putting into it."

"Sit down," he said gently. He always had time for me, or for anyone else who wished to confide in him. "You're working too hard, but of course it will be worth it. You're really doing what you like to do, aren't you?"

I had to admit that I was, and after visiting with him for a few minutes I felt refreshed, as though I had wakened from a long, restful sleep.

On Wednesday the lesson in the text was forgotten again.

"Get the most you can out of life," he said. "Of course you have to put something into it. Yes, you do. Did you know that you can be anything you want to be? You—you can be superior in anything you really wish to do, if you want to do it badly enough."

Watering those little seeds he tried to get planted, I thought. And I felt rather sorry for him. He seemed to be trying so desperately to make us see that life was important and that the way we lived was even more important.

With his gentle smile he peered at us over his spectacles, ran his hand through his hair with a familiar gesture, and said, "You may not know it, but each of you

has a talent. Yes, you have an outstanding talent—something which you can do better than anyone else. You can become great in whatever you decide to do if you only do the best you know how. Maybe your talent is washing dishes, but you can be the best dishwasher in the whole wide world."

We all laughed. There was never anything dull about his classes. He never allowed anything to be dull.

On Friday I was worried about him. He's wearing himself out on us, I thought. And it is so useless. These youngsters will not remember what he says until they get to the next class.

"Live each day as though it would be your last," he said again as I had heard him say before. "Put your very best into each day. Do the things you would want to be doing if you knew you would not be here tomorrow."

There was more, and again I had that feeling I had experienced earlier in the week. He was so insistent, so persistent—so determined that we should know the philosophy which was his—the wonderful ideals he would like to instill in us.

When the bell rang he seemed reluctant to let us go. "You're so nice to talk to," he said. "I get to talking and we never get through with the lesson. But I promise you we will talk about the lesson Monday." And he gave us a new assignment.

On Monday morning the Dean of the College came into the room with strained face. Quietly he picked up the cards and called the roll. Just as quietly we answered.

"Tomorrow there will be a new teacher," he said.

There was a stunned silence. Our little professor was gone. He had died as he had lived, gently, peacefully. It had happened just as he would have wanted had he known it would be his last day—by the side of the woman he had loved for so long, after a satisfactory day of work.

I could sense that the rest of the class felt as I did. He would never be back in person, but his presence would always be in this room. With his gentle smile, peering at us over his spectacles, and running his hand through his hair in a familiar gesture, we could still

hear him say.

"When you work, work your dead level best; when you teach, teach your level best; when you play, play your level best."

The seeds the little professor planted had taken root.

THE END

Away to the Open Sea

By *Bettye Todd*

*Oh! How wonderful it would be
To fly away to the open sea,
To live the life that the sea gulls live,
And enjoy the peace such a life could give,*

*To breathe the fresh and salty air,
To go my way without a care,
To feel the spray upon my face,
And live the day at a lazy pace.*

*But my day goes at a hectic speed,
Without the sea paid the slightest heed,
For my work is lost in the city's rush,
Instead of caught in the sea's quiet hush.*

*I am but one in a numberless mass,
Watching the days and weeks as they pass;
But while I am watching, I'm counting the time
Until I can live that life sublime,*

*Until I can hear the roar of the waves,
And build my home in forgotten caves;
And when that day comes, ready I'll be
To fly away to the open sea!*

He Was Hers



He was a good band director but

By Charlotte King Smith

The smell of bacon and coffee awakened her deliciously. Had some fairy godmother waved a magic wand? Mama wondered, half dreamily. No doubt. Breakfast did not cook itself.

Were those odors wafted closer?

Footsteps approached and the door sailed open. There stood Papa—Papa with a breakfast tray in his hand, smiling that shy grin she loved and looking thoroughly pleased with himself. How could she suspect him of disloyalty! She forced the gossip she had heard from her mind.

"To my lovely, lovely wife of twelve springs. Happy anniversary," he said gaily, setting the tray before her.

"Papa, you remembered," she exclaimed breathlessly. Usually he forgot. She felt like laughing and crying at

the same time, Dear, dear Papa! More handsome than when they were married. Tiny streaks of grey through his dark hair, brown eyes under thick brows and lashes, white, even teeth, and a positively illuminating smile which revealed two unexpected dimples. Naturally he would attract other women.

Papa had been one of the first veterans to come to the campus, and the first time she saw him her heart flopped right over. Circumspectly she had made inquiries and found he was twenty-six. At nineteen, Mama had thought twenty six rather ancient, but she was even more impressed. Three years later they were married.

Catching a glimpse of herself in the mirror Mama wondered again how Papa had ever chosen her from among the campus beauties vying for his attention. Compared with them, she had been nondescript. Viewed now, though, I'm not so bad, Mama thought. That is, by making the most of what is offered in the way of blue eyes, blonde hair, and parts fairly well assembled. She wondered if Andrea were as pretty as Willa said. Anyway Papa did choose me. That, in itself, is perpetual happiness.

"Papa, this is a lovely surprise. I'm delightfully overwhelmed."

"I'm glad," he said, smiling contentedly at her.

Mama felt happier than she had for weeks. Papa had been acting so strangely lately that she had been desperately worried. And that gossip she had heard did nothing to help matters either. But this morning he was the Papa of old, not the strange, preoccupied Papa of late.

"This exquisite package. I can hardly wait to—"

"No opening it until you eat."

"I'll never be able to eat a bite until I see—"

"Eat first. Any time I produce a meal, consider it an event—much greater proof of my undying love than a gift. Whenever I wield a frying pan—"

Mama knew. It was only on rare occasions, and it took hours to clean the kitchen afterward.

Mama ate ravenously. For one so small, she had a whale of an appetite, especially for breakfasts cooked by other hands. Even that awful gossip didn't affect

her appetite. This was the height of luxury. Breakfast to eat without first having to cook.

"All gone," she announced. "Now for the package... Papa! The earrings I've eyed longingly these months! You angel! They're every bit as beautiful as they looked in Simmon's window."

She read the note underneath, recognizing Byron's words at once. "There be none of beauty's daughters with a magic like thee. So the spirit bows before thee—to worship and adore thee."

"Papa, you're perfection."

"Not nearly so much as you, little one. Now, badly as I hate to leave you, I must get to class."

Five years ago Papa had been offered the position of band director at the college and they had returned, happy to live where they had known so much happiness.

"Have a luncheon today so won't see you at noon," Papa called as he started out the front door. "I'll walk to the college. Here are the car keys on the desk."

"All right. Bye. I'll be waiting in front of the Science Building at five."

Mama did all her household chores floating over a cloud. They hardly seemed like chores at all. Then thump. The cloud dumped her, and the old torment of the past weeks returned. Papa had behaved in such an odd, unusual way the last weeks, she had almost become convinced he was gravely ill, yet trying desperately to keep her from knowing it. He seemed so distracted and vague. Intermittent expressions of pain glanced across his face. Nights he had to be at the college with his symphony group he seemed to feel it necessary to convince her his absence was legitimate. He made such an effort at casualness when he had to be away evenings.

Despondently Mama dropped into a chair; anniversary, earrings, breakfast were forgotten as she remembered that conversation with Willa Dugdale in the beauty parlor the other day. Her brain had whirled ever since in an effort to ferret out the implications Willa had made from the actual words said. Staring fixedly at her toes, Mama went back over the words, separately, together.

On a couch in Mr. Dee's dark, green waiting room, she

and Willa sat waiting to get their hair done.

"Don't I look a fright?" Willa had asked.

No worse than usual, Mamma thought. "I need a wave, too," Mama had said. "How is John's rat research coming along, Willa?" Dr. Dugdale taught in the Science Department.

"My dear," Willa said, "that's all John thinks of. Rats! Ever since he was appointed by the Atomic Energy Commission to test the effect of atomic radiation on rodents he has lived and breathed rats. Honestly, the few hours we're together I actually don't believe he knows me from a rat."

From what I've heard, he's spending his time with something a lot better looking than a rat, Mama thought. "I know you do get lonely." Mama forced sympathy into her voice. "There's no house so empty as the one expectantly awaiting footsteps, listening for a car in the drive." Why, that was sincere, Mama thought. I must be sympathizing with myself.

"Don't tell me Timothy Evans would let a house listen for his car and footsteps! Not a house with Mama in it," Willa ventured coyly.

Now that Mama examined this remark minutely, she detected sarcasm.

"I've always thought it so oute and frivolous of you and Timothy to call each other Mama and Papa," Willa continued.

"It sort of grew into a habit from the very first, calling each other that."

"My dear," Willa had said abruptly, "have you seen Andrea lately? That child has blossomed, literally blossomed, under that stepmother Henry brought back to her from his vacation last year. Of course the woman must have been desperate to accept Henry. I've known him all my life; I can't imagine why anyone would want to marry him. But she is redeemed, literally redeemed, by what she has done for Andrea. Braces off her teeth, darling clothes, new hair-do. Andrea seems crazy about her new mother, too."

"No, I haven't seen her. Papa has mentioned her, though, and how talented she is in music. He says his symphony group would be nothing without her."

"He told you Andrea was in his symphony group?"

"Why, yes; was it supposed to be a secret?"

"Oh, no-o-o-o. Of course not. You probably go with Timothy often anyway and listen to the practices," Willa remarked inquiringly.

"No, I don't.

"Well, my dear, you should. You really must."

She acted, Mama thought, as if something terrible went on at the symphony group that I should know about.

"How is Timothy?" Willa asked.

Her face and entire attitude, not the words, had impressed Mama vividly. That little all-knowing look had said, "I certainly wonder if you have any idea what is going on—if you have noticed any changes in Timothy lately."

Mama certainly had noticed some changes in Papa lately. But she hadn't attributed them to anything clandestine such as Willa implied. Just what had Willa been insinuating? It made Mama furious that anybody would make any sort of implication about Papa. That Willa should make assumptions! Well! Everybody on the faculty knew Dr. Dugdale was seeing the new physical education teacher. Willa might think he was seeing rats, but everybody else knew he was seeing Miss Hext. Then to think Willa would go around making snide implications about a husband like Papa. As good, sweet, and honest as Papa. Mama knew Papa wouldn't do such a thing.

Or would he?

By five, Mama sat in front of the Science Building. At ten after, she impatiently began twisting the radio dial, not actually hearing anything. Late again. Papa used never to be late for anything.

Mama raised her eyes. Here he comes now. Good heavens! Who—? That was Papa. But—that gorgeous creature almost skipping along trying to keep up, hanging adoringly on every word he was saying. Could it be—? It was, Andrea.

"Good-bye, Mr. Evans." Ravishing voice, too. And Papa was at the car. Mama sat frozen.

"Hello, darling. Think I'd never come?"

"Yes, no, yes. I mean—"

"What's the matter with you, Mama? See a skeleton in the Science Building? You're pale as death."

I wish it had been a skeleton, Mama thought. "No ghosts. Must have left my rouge off."

Surreptitiously Mama studied Papa's face. Guilty. He looked guilty. There was not a doubt in her mind. Hot shame flooded her. How could she have been so blind!

Mama's heart sank lower and lower. Her surface remained bright and cheerful. Papa must never suspect she knew.

Two of Byron's lines whirled aimlessly through her mind. "We madly smile when we should groan." "Alas, it is delusion all." Anything she could have stood. Anything but this. Papa was her world. This the end. How could she have been so sublimely happy just this morning? It seemed a thousand years ago.

Somehow they got home, out of the car, and into the house. Everything seemed unreal, a dream. Dream nothing, a nightmare.

"Dinner ready soon? I have to get back to the band hall early. Symphony practice tonight."

"I'd forgotten. Papa," she said brightly, "I think I'll go with you tonight. I'm dying to hear the new number you're doing." That was it. She would see for herself what was going on.

That look on his face. Alarm? He didn't want her to go? She was desolated. How could she act happy another minute when she was about to fly to pieces in agony!

"Have you forgotten it's your bridge night, Mama?"

In swift relief she grasped this fact. It was her bridge night. And he had not really looked alarmed at all. It was her imagination. Willa had deliberately planted suspicions. It's all her fault, Mama thought.

"I can think of nothing I would like better than to have you go with me, darling. You know that. I'll be home by nine, before your bridge game is over I'm sure."

Such groundless fears. How could Papa love anyone else?

Concentrate now. On bridge instead of Papa. Nobody dared say a word in a game with Agnes. Bridge was her

passion. They played silently and steadily.

The clock chimed. Nine already? Mama did wish they had not voted for two rubbers. Any minute now Papa would be here.

"Deal, Willa."

"I haven't had a hand all evening."

"Girls, do you know I've lost six. Can you believe it? Six pounds on the diet Dr. Cholate put me on. He is—"

"Play, Willa. If you start on that diet we'll be here all night."

"Telephone. Dummy?"

"Hello... Yes... All right. Be there in a few minutes," Jane said. "Sorry, dear; I must run. That was Lucille. Symphony practice is over, and I have to pick her up. Hurry and let's finish the hand."

"I came with Jane," Agnes said. "We might as well quit."

"I'll just stay here and wait until Timothy comes home. John is at the science lab, and I don't have any reason to hurry."

Your voice slithers, you snake, Mama thought. What you really want is to make sure I'm worried about Papa. Well, I'll show you.

"Want to play some honeymoon bridge, Willa? Papa will be home any minute now."

And they played. Game after endless game. But Papa didn't come.

Suddenly the phone at Willa's elbow jangled. She answered it.

"Hello... No, this is Willa Dugdale. Timothy hasn't come home yet... Yes, she's here. We're playing bridge. Do you want to speak with her? All right."

"My dear, that was Henry," she said portentously.

"So?"

"Don't you understand what this means?"

"What?"

"My dear, we might as well face facts."

"Face your own facts, Willa; I'll face mine."

"But, my dear, these are your—"

"Never mind, Willa. Play. It's your turn."

"My dear, as an older woman, and your friend, I feel

it my duty to—"

"Play, Willa."

"—make this situation clear to you. Not that John ever did anything like this, but having lived longer than you and seen more of the world than you, I—"

"Play, Willa."

Papa, how could you? If it were anybody but this viper. She'll have no-telling-what spread ten leagues deep. Oh, Papa, how could you! I love you so much. If you love Andrea instead of me, I'll leave. I want nothing except your happiness. But why haven't you told me? Why did you have to let me find it out this way?

"My dear, you must assert yourself. Now. Men are so easily led astray, you know. Not that John—"

If she doesn't hush I'm going to grab that vase and break it over her head, Mama thought. No, if she says another word I'll tell her what she doesn't know about John. No, I wouldn't do that to a dog. I couldn't hurt anybody that much, not even her, the old snake.

"My dear, pack a few things. Come home with me. Don't give him the satisfaction of knowing you were here crying your eyes out. Waiting."

"I am not crying, Willa."

"Oh, you poor, poor child. The perfidity of men. And you have been such a devoted wife. Come. We'll go to my house this instant."

She's enjoying every minute of this, Mama thought. She loves it. "We're going somewhere all right. In your car, Willa."

"But where?"

"On a little tour of the campus."

"My dear, you wouldn't—we couldn't—what if we met—together, I mean? Oh, we mustn't."

"Oh, yes, we must," she replied grimly.

This is one time her reports are not vicarious ones, Mama thought, almost dragging the reluctant Willa along.

"Now get in that car. I'll tell you where to drive."

"Don't you worry about this episode, my dear. Not a word shall escape my sealed lips. Your humiliation is safe with me. I shan't breathe a word of it to a soul."

She can hardly wait to go home and start telephoning everybody she knows, Mama thought. I can hear her now.

"Alice, I've told you all along Timothy was infatuated with Andrea. Now wait until I tell you what happened after you all left last night, etc., etc." I know every word she'll say.

"Drive by the Science Building, Willa."

I hope there's nobody there so she'll begin to doubt Dr. Dugdale, Mama thought. How I would like to see that smirk wiped off her face. But there it sat. Stolidly parked. Dr. Dugdale's jeep, and the smirk remained.

"Drive by the Band Hall."

Dark. No sign of life. But after all, it had been over two hours since Jane had left to go after Lucille.

Moonlight bathed the stately trees in beauty. Mama and Papa had both gone to college here. How many such nights had they wandered along these same paths, so in love, so happy.

It's happening to me, Mama thought. I never thought it would. Didn't believe it could. With a love like ours. I'm dying inside. Slowly dying. But if it takes every ounce of strength and acting ability I possess, the aches and tears will never be visible to that bundle of sadistic gossip-neuroses waiting like a vulture to devour what is left of me.

"There it is," Willa almost chortled. "Timothy's car. In front of that apartment house. Be brave now. Don't let him see you crying."

"I am not crying, Willa."

"So hard on those who can't cry. If you could just have a good cry on my shoulder you would feel much more like facing them."

"Willa, how do you know it's them. Will you please quit making insinuations about Papa. Just what do you know?"

"My dear, I've tried to tell you for a long time. Everyone—"

"What do you mean, 'everyone'?"

"Simply everyone has been talking about Timothy—"

"All right, Willa. Get out. If there's anything to see, I want you to see it. The reality could never equal your fancies."

"My dear," she exclaimed in a hurt tone.

I could choke her, Mama thought. If I ever do find Papa I'll choke him, too. If Andrea wants him, she can

have him. I'll go make her a formal presentation.

"Get out of the car, Willa."

"Oh, I'd better not."

"Oh, yes, you are. Get out of that car! I want you to see this. Looks can be deceiving. But if Papa is being led astray, and if Andrea is leading him, I'm going to give her such a shaking that that new stepmother will have to put the braces back on her teeth. Not anybody is going to take Papa away from me just by being pretty and a good musician."

Furiously Mama went up the steps, Willa following timidly. Music burst through the door as Mama jerked it open. She and Willa stood silhouetted.

There was a loud gasp. Did I do that? Mama wondered wildly. What on earth? It was Willa who had gasped. She had turned chalky white. Mama followed her fixed stare.

Oh, no! It was Dr. Dugdale and Miss Hext. Dancing madly. Neither had heard the door open. Mama knew that hysterical laughter was her own. This was priceless! Worth every minute of torment she had endured.

It was Papa's voice. "John, come here quickly. Willa has fainted."

He was at her side. "Mama, what are you doing here?"

"I might ask what on earth you are doing here," Mama said.

Papa looked sheepish. "All of us swore to secrecy," he said. "I've had a miserable month wondering if you suspected I was telling little lies. I hated the deception. But we're putting on this program at assembly tomorrow. Faculty members entertaining students. John and I have to do the Mambo. He's the woman, and I'm the man. I never worked so hard learning anything in my life. Thank goodness after tomorrow the torture will be ended.

"Andrea, you know my wife. Miss Hext, my wife. Andrea and Miss Hext have been very patient trying to teach two terrible awkward men the Mambo."

"Of course I know Mrs. Evans," Andrea said. "Your husband is a wonderful band director, but it's a good thing for the college all his talents don't coincide with his dancing ability," she added laughingly.

Andrea was every bit as pretty as Mama had thought. And Mama knew now she was the sweetest, most lovable child.

Dr. Dugdale led Willa to the car. She continued to regard him with a dazed expression.

Mama couldn't help overhearing as she and Papa walked out the door. It was Andrea's voice first.

"May I live to be forty and never teach any more old men to do the Mambo. How we survived is beyond me."

"You think Mr. Evans was bad. What if you had had Dr. Dugdale."

THE END

The Birth and Death

of a Day
By Roy C. Gandy

I am sitting in an eight-by-ten glass-sided room; yet I cannot see out. Four thousand feet above sea level, I am in a lookout tower on top of a mountain overlooking the sea in Oregon. Fog from the sea has closed me in. Looking out, all I see is milky white blindness. The stillness is broken only by the cracking of the fire in the wood stove and the scratching of my pencil. When I stop writing, the stillness presses down on me like a cloak. But this is not the beauty I brought you to see. Let's open the eyes of a sunny morning.

In the night the fog slipped back into the sea, leaving behind a million diamonds on the limbs of the Douglas firs below me. Everything has that clean-washed

look. The sun is rising from behind a mountain in the east. A few birds break the early morning stillness with their mating calls. Looking down the side of my mountain, a buck and his doe walk slowly and cautiously down the trail toward the water hole. Two little cottontails chase each other through the green grass, stopping for a moment to investigate the chattering of a noisy chipmunk. Thus a day comes into the world on top of my mountain.

Now let's skip the growing up of this newborn day and join it again in its last moments on this side of the earth.

It is late afternoon, and Ole Sol is well on his way down into the blue Pacific. A few clouds linger down on the water. Behind them the sun is setting. From up here it is hard to tell where the sky leaves off and the sea begins.

The sun is golden now, making the sky a brighter blue. The mountains are going to sleep, assuming dark shapes. In the valleys below it is already dark. Looking down is like looking into a dark, black pit, as if someone had thrown a black coat over the bright green trees, the silver thread of the river in the valley making a curving design on the coat.

Looking west toward the sea again, the sun has turned a glowing red, the sky three different shades of blue. Half of that blazing golden ball looks sunken into the blue of the Pacific, making the sea around it like lava from a volcano. The clouds are deep purple on top, shining gold underneath. The top half of the golden ball seems to stay above for ages, as if reluctant to leave this side of the world. But now it is gone, leaving behind on the clouds some of its golden color.

Into the sea the soul of the day has gone. Twilight comes to comfort me, bringing with it a large moon and stars that hang just out of reach. A gentle, cool wind caresses my cheek to dry the tears I shed for the passing of the day. In the stillness of this Shangri-La God whispers:

"Look not too long toward the west, my son; for in the east a new day is being conceived."

Throw Away The Books

By *Jerry Ellist*

Someone once said that a true psychologist is one who watches the gentlemen when a lady of inspiring proportions puts in her appearance. There are few true psychologists.

But, because of alterations in my marital state (a condition which has greatly hemmed me in, basted down my roving eyes, and put a few well-placed tucks in the fabric of my extra-curricular love life), I can now consider myself a true psychologist. I am married—completely, exhaustively, and eternally—a condition which can not but provide the environment conducive to the growth of marital fidelity. Being wholly and thoroughly faithful to my spouse, no longer do my eyes find the much-coveted opportunity to rove at will, nor to appreciatively exhaust the symmetrical beauties of free womanhood. In other words, I am a true psychologist. I look at the expressions of the lads when the lassies go by.

Indeed, one might come to the erroneous conclusion—because of my narrow definition of true psychology—that I am a man of limited intelligence. Of course, that is mere supposition, utter fallacy. I am quite aware that psychology is not a pseudo-science, but a true science, that it applies scientific methods, and that it is a highly complex study as it now stands. Of a truth, if I were desirous of impressing you with my great learning, I would make a more erudite statement such as: "The intricate structure of human behavior which psychologists seek to understand is determined by complex, interrelated factors which are partly sociological, partly biological, and partly anthropological." Having thus proved my omniscience in matters of psychology and thereby having won your utmost confidence in me as an authority and scholar in these matters, I shall respect your eager impatience to learn and shall proceed with my brilliant deductions.

Psychology, though intricate in its parts and proces-

ses, when shorn of these complications (as I shall shear it) is a highly interesting study. It is alive, vital, pulsating. Without a doubt, we are all "psychologists" of one kind or another. But there are numerous kinds and types of "psychologists" in this world. There is the Freudian psychologist whose hateful job it is—through the conflict-dissolving art of psychoanalysis—to rob writers of their cherished intimate subjects, their bread and butter, even the soul of their art. There is the Gestalt psychologist who, placing his thumbs in his suspenders, rears back knowingly and proudly as if he had deciphered the Mayan hieroglyphics, only to say advisedly and in great seriousness that "a person is a whole person."

Imagine that! What will man, in his unparalleled genius, discover next?

Then there are the Structuralists and the Functionalists, both being concerned with the deep inner workings of man with the latter adding observation of man's behavior to the method of the former. But now, to my favorite of them all—the Behaviorists; for, under these psychologists I may classify myself, as well as countless other students of psychology who confine their interpretations of their fellow man's actions to what they see him do. It takes far less effort and much less study to accept conveniently the Behaviorists' theory. Of course, being analytical and scientific minded, we must not discount the importance of the inner workings of man, his hidden emotions, his subconscious motives, his frustrations, his inhibitions.

Therefore, calling upon my wide experience and knowledge in the field of psychology in dealing with these, we can say that whatever is inside a man will, most probably, rear its ugly head and make itself known in one way or another. So, if we are concerned with man's overt actions, we surely are, to a degree, also concerned with man's covert actions which often prompt and are a part of his overt actions.

I think this reasoning is undeniably pedantic and grandiloquent! Why in the world psychologists refuse to listen to me is beyond my comprehension. Why, I have solved all of their problems for them. There is really

nothing to it. I have thought, reasoned, and drawn from these a most intelligent conclusion. Did not Goldsmith say, "Those that think must govern those that toil"? I have thought. They have toiled. The inevitable result is that I have come upon the truth and those poor, misguided, disgruntled psychologists in deep research and weary, plodding laboratory experiments are yet in their dark world of toilsome error.

There is really nothing to psychology when one views it from the Behavioristic theory, for we all behave in one way or another, don't we? The true psychologist simply watches the behavior of man and interprets it as he wishes. Isn't any other way futile? For, we truly believe only what we wish to believe about others.

The true psychologist then is one who watches the Guys when the dolls go by. In this way he truly can learn much about the sociological and biological functions of man, and isn't this behavior of man what the psychologists are interested in?

It is so very simple. Why spend so many hours in tedious, controlled experiments? In taxing study? In research? Throw the books away and become a true psychologist. Watch the Joes when the Janes go by.

So, shorn of its complications, psychology is simply the study of the behavior of man. Where, may I ask you, can man's behavior better be understood than when he comes in contact with woman? Be a true psychologist of a true psychology, my faithful readers, and watch the dudes when the dames go by.

Wasn't it Montaigne who said, "No one is exempt from talking nonsense; the misfortune is to do it solemnly"?

Kissable

THE END

By

James Ray Swindell

Look at her! Kissable?

Then my dear man,

If it's permissible

Do what you can.

These Things I Love

By

Flo Alexander

These things I love...

*Streets swept clean by sudden April showers,
The cool, fresh green of new-born leaves;
Light winds, wrapping 'round me as a shawl,
Or murmur'ing through the crisper Autumn trees.*

These things I love....

*The lone, weird call of loons on a lake,
A flock of geese in swift, sure flight,
An organ's melodic, unrelated chords,
A mother tucking in her child at night.*

These things I love...

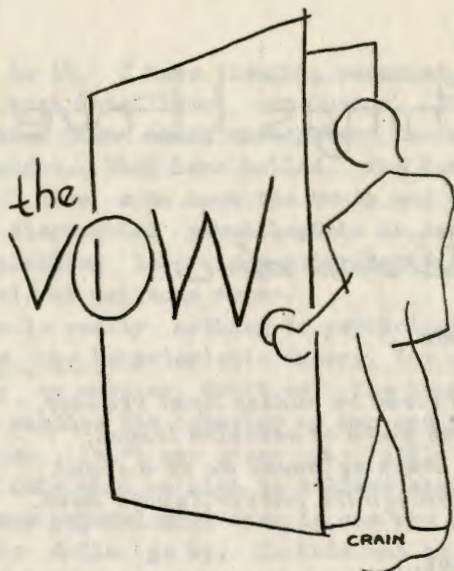
*Shady oaks and olive trees and twining tropical vines;
Yellow jasmine in a blue ceramic bowl;
The last gold tints of sun kissing the world goodnight,
The thunder and surge of surf in its mighty roll.*

These things I love...

*The consecration of Christians, tried and true;
The knowledge there is "One" who'll always care;
Calm and sweet assurance of a woman beloved,
A little child on its knees in prayer.*

These things I love...

*A quiet room beside a cheerful fire at night;
A book which lets me travel in my favorite chair;
A cat with motor running at my feet...;
And then...your eager footsteps on the stair.*



The knob turned silently in his hand and he pulled the door open.

By *Eather Hatgie*

How long he had sat in the blackness of the room he did not know. It seemed as if it had been years, but reason told him that it could not have been more than an hour. As he sat there he wondered what had brought him there. What weakness, what frailty had tempted him to promise to do this job tonight? Why had he not refused the proposition offered him? Why? Why?

But then he stopped; he knew why—money. He had needed money to buy a gift for his girl. Not an ordinary gift, but an extra special something that would show her how much he cared. He had expected a hard time of it when he accepted the offer, and yet the wretchedness of the anxious moment was more than he had bargained for.

Suddenly his body stiffened, and his hands grasped the arms of the chair in which he was sitting. Electrified he sat there, his body erect and his ears straining against the darkness. Had there been a whisper? He sat waiting. Would it come again? But when the calm stillness returned, he relaxed. It was then that he came to a decision; he must get out of that room! Twice before he

had tried and twice before a cry had pierced the night, halting him in his tracks.

It was strange, he thought; the door was only a few feet away, yet it seemed an insurmountable distance—a distance he had been trying to cover for the last hour. Anxiously he wondered if he would ever see light again, ever be able to walk freely, not having to carefully plan each hushed step.

Determinedly he decided to try again. His hands reached out and grasped the arms of the chair. Slowly, ever so slowly, he started to pull himself up. One tiny squeak of the chair might mean failure.

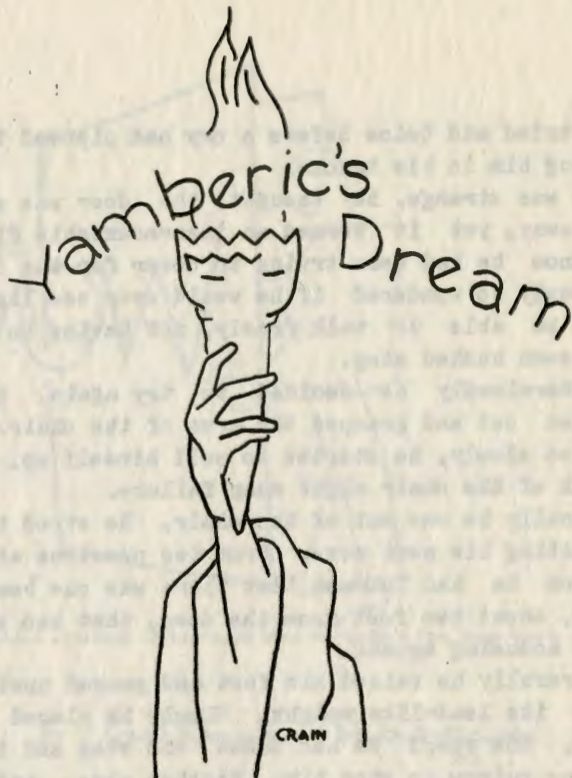
Finally he was out of the chair. He stood there contemplating his next move. From two previous attempts at freedom he had learned that there was one board in the floor, about two feet from the door, that had a terrifyingly accusing squeak.

Carefully he raised his foot and paused unsteadily to guide its lead-like weight. Slowly he placed it on the floor. One step! He had taken one step and there had been no outcry to stop him. Another step, and then another. Nervously his hand reached out and grasped the cold doorknob. With beads of perspiration standing out on his forehead, he stopped for a moment. He had come this far without detection; would he finally make it?

The knob turned silently in his hand and he pulled the door open. The light streaming through the opening seemed like a thousand flares to his eyes which had become accustomed to the darkness of the room. He pulled the door wider until the opening was large enough for him to slide his body through. Anxiously he paused for a moment. He was near freedom; it was too good to be true. Then without further hesitation he moved through the narrow opening and quickly shut the door.

The click of the closing door sounded like the roar of a cannon. He held his breath expectantly. Would the cry come again, forcing him back into that room. He waited. After a seeming eternity, when all had remained still within, he relaxed and began to walk into the living room. Turning he gave one long look at the closed door of the nursery and vowed that never, absolutely never, would he baby-sit again.

THE END



The vague image of a beautiful, soft spoken, woman flashed through his mind. . .

By

Sandra Garner

"Yoleta, Yoleta!" Yamberic cried as his wife rushed into the small, poorly-furnished bedroom where he was just waking. "Yoleta, Yoleta, I had a dream—a strange sort of dream. Do you remember the rumors we heard at the market about the place called 'America?' Well, I had a dream about that place and a soft, sweet-spoken voice—a woman's voice—kept saying over and over to me: 'Yamberic, save your copeks and go to America.'"

Yamberic, a poor Russian peasant in a small village near Moscow, was at first frightened by this dream of America. He let it pass for a few days but on the third day he had the same dream again. The same sweet voice said to him: "Yamberic, save your copeks and go to America."

At this, his comely, understanding wife said, "Yamberic, tomorrow when I go to market I shall get a jar and begin at once to save. I know it will take a long time to save enough for the two of us, but I, too, have had a feeling of this 'America.'"

The next day when Yoleta went to market, she was questioned about the jar; when she explained that she and Yamberic would someday save enough to go to America, she and her husband became the laughing stocks of the town. When they walked along the narrow, muddy streets of the small Russian village, they could hear the voices of the villagers whispering, "There go that Yamberic and his wife thinking about America again."

But Yamberic and Yoleta didn't give up although they were discouraged many times. Once when Yamberic was in the field, he became very hot and tired and called to Yoleta to forget about America; but as he raised his hand to wave to her, there appeared before him the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. She spoke again the oft-heard words: "Yamberic, save your copeks and go to America." Eagerly and diligently he resumed his work.

The years passed slowly but hopefully Yamberic and his wife continued to save. One day the long-awaited news arrived. Yoleta called to her husband, "Yamberic, I have counted the copeks three times and I still get enough to go to America. You count them so I will be certain." As Yamberic's strong, confident hands mingled with the coins, he, too, was certain that the time had come for their journey to America.

As the couple marched up the gang plank of the small fishing vessel they turned for one last look at their native soil before boarding ship. They alone, among all the other passengers, were headed for America. The first part of their journey was fairly pleasant considering the weather and the condition of the boat; but when they reached port in Sching, Germany, they were put on a boat so small and crowded that only the women were put in the cabin of the boat and the men had to remain on deck.

After days at sea, never losing hope of reaching America, they were ship-wrecked. Frantically Yamberic searched the icy waters for his wife. Dazed and shocked

he wandered among the shivering passengers of the rescue ship, but he could not find her.

His faith in the wonderful place called "America" undaunted, Yamberic finally saw the Statue of Liberty. Reverently staring through his tear-filled eyes, he was thrilled beyond expectations. But the image of the woman who might have been beside him clouded his joy with longing emptiness.

With the few coins he had left in his pocket, Yamberic got a job as a street cleaner in New York City. There he worked through the lonely hours until he was eligible for citizenship.

The long-awaited day dawned brightly and from somewhere below his window, the song of a bird rose above the roar of the waking city and stirred him with memories—memories of a tiny cottage in a fertile field, a tender smile, and a hand he loved to touch.

Furiously he hurled against the wall the small book the authorities had given him to study. Not without her, he wept. Not without my Yoleta. It means nothing now! But then he stopped. No, he sighed; it is what she would have wanted. It was our dream and a dream half-fulfilled is better than none.

Putting on his tattered coat, he carefully picked up the little book, walked out to the street, and through the hurrying crowds. The vague image of a beautiful, soft-spoken woman flashed through his mind as he entered the large grey building to fulfill his dream. "Save your opeks and go to America," she had said.

Standing in the midst of the other hopeful immigrants, Yamberic mechanically repeated the words. "I pledge allegiance to the flag..." Glancing around the room, his eyes fell upon faces more happy than his, and he longed for that hand that might have been resting confidently upon his arm.

Suddenly his lips became immobile as he stared across the room. A spark so long smothered by the lonely hours burst forth in his heart as he gazed unbelievably into a face more beautiful than that of any image—a face

with the beauty of familiarity. "Yoleta," he whispered.
"Yoleta!" As if drawn by a magnet he moved to meet her
and felt again that blessed touch. Together their broken
voices joined the crowd, "One nation, indivisible, with
liberty and justice for all."

Winter

THE END

By

George Demeris

*Departing leaves softly whisper goodbye
to the trees that are bowing to Fall.,*

*The plaintive touch of the Summer's caress
has been brushed from the scene by the Cold. ;*

It's Winter., Again

*The gay, young moon who once laughed as he glowed
turns his face from a mystical call.,*

*The stars forget little secrets they've shared
and the Wind-Song is suddenly old. ,*

It's Winter..again

*When the Spring of Love was in blossom
our hearts were warm, and touched
by the petals.,,;*

*Your eyes were deep with dreams of the Winter
that came, and brought Snow. ;*

*The streams now find it harder to chant their
bright hymns to the Wine of the Sun.*

*The Crystal Air that breaks with each dream
breathes defiance at fools here below.*

It's Winter.,,again.

The Old Sailor

By GERALD HEFFERMAN

*I talked to a man in a tavern tonight
Who had sailed the seven seas. ;
He spoke to me of the feeling he felt
At the touch of an ocean breeze.*

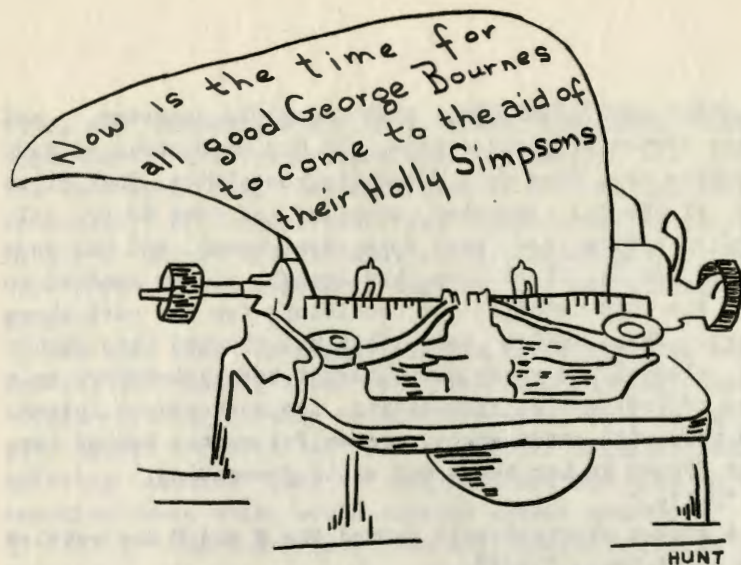
*A quiver came into this old man's voice,
And a gleam appeared in his eye.
"When I'm unable to sail again,
My time will have come to die. ;*

*"Whether I sail up or down
At present cannot be known,
For I've not been a virtuous man
And of times have been alone. ,*

*"In the years I've sailed the ocean wide
I have but one regret:
I've had no time for a woman's love,
For a home and young ones, but yet. . ."*

*At this the man fell to the floor
And his heart began to fail.
I knew that the man who had loved the sea
Had grown too old to sail.*

*Sail up or down? I do not know. .
The decision is not for me.
But I'm certain that Satan doesn't want
A man who has loved as he.*



Holly and the Ivy Leaguer

By *Harry Brown*

Holly Simpson walked eagerly into Dr. Ballard's office, placed her books and sweater on the filing cabinet, and smiled longingly across the room at the top of George Bourne's head.

"Hello, Mr. Bourne," she said as she uncovered her typewriter and prepared for another afternoon as student secretary.

"Oh, hello, Holly," George said, scarcely glancing up from his book.

"It's a lovely day, isn't it? I really hated to come inside. So springish and—everything,"

"Hm? Oh, yes."

She smiled again at his lowered head, rolled a piece of paper into her machine, and started typing. NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD GEORGE BOURNES TO COME TO THE AID

OF THEIR HOLLY SIMPSONS. With one whole semester and three months of another gone, she had made about as much progress as a flea on a descending escalator. That first day of the fall semester when she had gone to Dr. Ballard's office for her term assignment and had seen George for the first time had brought sudden meaning to all she had studied in sociology for the past three years. That sudden bolt that had flashed through her and electrified every nerve hadn't been heart-burn or a case of indigestion from eating too much peanut butter. And now, with seven empty, uneventful months behind her, that dynamo in her heart was still generating.

"Holly."

A sudden short-circuit jammed the N and M and rattled the shift key. "Yes?"

"Dr. Ballard won't be in this afternoon. He asked me to tell you to leave your term paper and he'll go over it tomorrow morning."

"Oh, good. I have it with me." She walked to her books, pulled her paper carefully from her note-book, and placed it expectantly before him on the desk.

"Just put it in that folder over there," he said, nodding with apparent disinterest.

The old feeling of rejection eradicated her smile as she dropped her paper not so carefully into the folder and resumed her seat. What do I have to do? she thought, giving the carriage an angry thrust. Typing with noisy determination, she took inventory of the past months.

There had been brighter moments—moments when George had smiled warmly across the room, his soft eyes seeming to hint of his unspoken recognition of her womanhood. But just as Holly prepared to casually say "yes" to any invitation, his smiles invariably faded into deep concentration.

She had been punctual, quiet, efficient, and diligent as a student secretary; she had never let the telephone disturb him by ringing more than once, and had always brushed her hair two hundred strokes every night to make it gleam under the ceiling light; she had been his slave when he was over-worked, his verbal punching bag when he was angry, and his buffer when Dr. Ballard was displeased; she had showered him with kindness, considera-

tion, and understanding. But there had been little opportunity for understanding, considering how little she knew about him. She knew that he had studied at the University of Connecticut, had transferred to get his Master's under Dr. Ballard, liked Oxford grey, never wore anything but hand-knit argyles, and was allergic to prunes.

But with that knowledge she had loved him with every breath, and had planned her evenings as Mrs. George Bourne—sitting quietly by the fire-side, with an Oxford grey cooker spaniel at her feet, her fingers busily knitting another pair of argyles, and her mind on the breakfast menu which would exclude stewed prunes.

"Holly." Another fuse blew and plunged her into the beautiful dimness of the glowing hearth. "I have to leave early today. Would you mind typing up these notes for me? I have to have them first thing tomorrow morning."

"Why, no; not at all," she replied.

"There're only thirty-two pages. I have to run down to get a suit pressed. Just leave them on my desk, and I'll pick them up before class tomorrow."

"All right." She stared wearily at the heap of scrawled notes he had placed before her, and looked up just in time to see him hurry through the door.

Only thirty-two pages, she sighed. I'll bet he wouldn't ask that coquette of a mail clerk that prisses in here every afternoon to do such a thing! What does he think I am—a machine? Tearfully Holly pulled fresh paper from the drawer and flipped a sheet furiously into the typewriter. And I can just see him asking the dean's secretary to type his old notes. "Miss Kennedy, darling," she mocked; "I just have to have these notes typed, and if you aren't too tired or too busy, I would be eternally grateful if you would help me. You don't mind? You're a doll. I'll sit right here beside you and hold your pretty little head so it won't become too weary."

Her fingers moving furiously, Holly worked steadily on the notes, vowing with every word not to help him again; at least not until he asked her. And to think, she muttered to herself as she rolled out the last page,

that those contriving, delineating females have the inexcusable nerve to ask him to take them out. He never— She paused in her angry deliberation and smiled with revelation. If all it takes is perfume, paint, and powder, she vowed, far be it from me to argue with success.

A hurried dinner and two hours in the library had increased Holly's weariness tremendously but had not wavered her conviction. She felt greatly relieved as she reached for the familiar knob and walked into her room.

"Hello, Joan," she said, then paused agape behind the brilliantly illuminated dressing table where Joan Deveron was laboriously applying another coat of make-up.

"Hi, Holly. You look tired," Joan said, dropping her lip-brush and inspecting her teeth.

"Gosh, you look nice. Where're you going?"

"The Beta formal," Joan replied as she stepped back from the mirror and adjusted her stole. "I swore that I wasn't going to ask anyone to our club dance this year, but when I saw that divine new graduate student, I rushed home to get my bid, took it over to his fraternity house, and he called me. You probably know him; he's working under Dr. Ballard."

"Oh, George Bourne," Holly muttered miserably. "I didn't know that you knew him."

"Well, the truth of the matter is—I didn't until he called to accept. I hated to do such an impulsive thing, but since I already had the dress and everything—" Joan paused in her self-appraisal and looked around uncomfortably. "Well, after all, Holly, it isn't as if I were chasing him. I'm not doing this for myself, you know; it's for the sorority. I'm not doing anything wrong."

"Of course not," Holly dropped her books on the bed and sank wearily into a chair. George Bourne. Did she know him? How could she tell a room-mate, especially beautiful Joan Deveron, that she was in love?

"Joan, will you tell me something?"

"If it's anything academic you're wasting your breath. The closest I ever got to the dean's list was the night I wrestled around the dance floor with that idiotic son of his."

"No; it's not that. Joan, I'm sick and tired of sit-

ting around studying all the time. I want to have some fun and go out. What can I do?"

"Well, the first thing you have to do is let your hair down," Joan replied.

Holly touched the tight bun on the back of her head. "But it keeps it out of my way."

"I don't mean just that. Let yourself go."

"I'm not like you, Joan," Holly said, rising from the chair and pacing nervously across the room. "I can't just let myself go. And I'm not asked out the way you are." Holly paused before the mirror and surveyed her reflection. "I just don't have the right equipment."

Two short blurts came over the buzzer and Joan went quickly to the door to ring back. "That's George," Joan said. "I don't want to seem too eager, so I'll keep him waiting a few minutes."

Holly stepped back from the mirror to make room for her room-mate's final check. She stared down at Joan's glossy black bob, trying hard to fight back the rising envy in her heart. George Bourne. He could be calling for me, she thought. A gilt-framed picture flashed through her head—a flowing gown, a crystal-ceilinged ballroom, and George's arm around her.

"If it's equipment that's bothering you," she heard Joan saying, "I'll let you in on a secret." Joan turned and smiled impishly. "Go down to Kimmel's Department Store tomorrow, honey, and your worries are over. I'd better dash; I don't want to keep him waiting too long. Help me with this stole, will you, please? I want everything to be just right."

Holly adjusted the stole, straightened a stray curl, and stepped out of the way as Joan swept through the door. "Good-bye, honey. Don't study too late," Joan called from the hall.

"Have fun!" Holly stood in the door-way and watched the last fold of satin flip around the corner. "Have fun," she repeated, trying futilely to fill her emptiness with words.

Cautiously Holly settled into the chair before the dressing table. Her reflection stared back at her coldly, its disapproval written in every line. Slowly she pulled the pins from her bun and let the rich, auburn

hair fall softly about her face. It does help, Holly thought. She gazed admiringly at her oval face which before had seemed so peculiarly round, and wrinkling her nose, she moved closer to the mirror. It's much too small, she sighed with disappointment. Tilting her head, she smiled as she remembered Joan smiling. Ah, those narrowed eyes do the trick. My face does have possibilities. My face, yes, but the rest of me. And to think that Audrey Hepburn—

Lazily she stretched across the bed and opened her history book. With her eyes on Napoleon and her mind on George Bourne, she planned her entrance into the realm of the glamorous.

The echoes of the noon bell had scarcely faded when Holly walked into Kimmel's Department Store and strolled determinedly to the ladies' department. She felt a radiant, scarlet glow envelop her face as she disclosed her secret to the saleslady, and she couldn't help glancing nervously about as she fingered the merchandise she sought. But the decision could not be rushed, and she thought carefully before making her selection.

"I'd like to charge them. Will you make out the ticket for 'hunting equipment,' please?" Holly asked as the saleslady started writing on her pad.

"What?" the amazed saleslady exclaimed as she straightened her well-proportioned sixty-two inches.

"Maybe that isn't what you'd call them, but—well, it'll be easier to explain to my father when he gets the bill."

The saleslady frowned disgustedly as she tore out the carbon and made separate tickets, and a sly, knowing smile crept over her face as she handed Holly her package. "Thank you, and come again," she spoke through twisted lips.

"Thank you." Holly turned hurriedly and raced between the counters and past the accusing clerks. As she passed through the door and into the sunlight, she felt suddenly relieved to have escaped from the gaze of the saleslady. I'm on my way, she thought triumphantly.

Twenty-four hours of preparation had done little to

calm Holly's nerves. "I just can't do it," she moaned as she turned from the mirror.

"Of course, you can, silly. You look absolutely wonderful."

Holly, only half-reassured, gazed back into the mirror. There was a great change, but it failed to please her. The penciled brow and painted lips looked strange and violent, and the soft waves of hair about her face had already proved themselves a tickling nuisance.

"Well, I'm ready," Holly said finally. She stood before the mirror, took a deep breath, and shuddered in horror at her image. "Oh, Joan, it's horrible."

"No, it isn't. Now you go over to Dr. Ballard's office right this minute. You're almost late for work. Oh, Holly, I can't tell you how wonderful you look. Now stop worrying. Remember: 'Nothing ventured, nothing gained.'"

Limply Holly held on to her purse as Joan steered her forcefully toward the door. "Now one more thing, Holly. For once in your life, act dumb. Nothing repels men faster than a walking encyclopaedia. They aren't interested in brains."

"Well, what are they interested in?"

"Oh, really, Holly," Joan moaned with amused impatience. "Sometimes I wonder about you."

With Joan's forceful about-face, Holly turned and walked boldly down the hall, but at the head of the stairs, her courage failed her. Turning back to the room, she met Joan's determined gaze, smiled weakly, and started down the stairs. She sighed with relief as she passed through the lobby and noted its appreciated emptiness.

Holly had never noticed how spacious and open the campus seemed. Before, there had always been trees behind which to hide or walls to block the view. Self-consciously she strolled by several crowded benches and through a group of surveying students, but no one laughed. They didn't even look. They're just too busy, she thought as she hurried on. Just wait until they don't have their noses in books.

The door to Dr. Ballard's office was open and Holly stepped through, forcing her rehearsed smile. Her heart

took a sudden dip and then bounced as she saw George Bourne sitting behind his desk, deeply absorbed in a book.

Nervously she cleared her throat and George glanced up. "Hello."

"Hello," he repeated warmly, rising from his chair.

Feeling suddenly limp, Holly braced her knees. "Is Dr. Ballard in?" she asked, in spite of the gentleman's obvious absence.

"No, I'm sorry; he's out for the afternoon. May I—" George's smile faded abruptly and he stared at her questioningly. "Good Heavens! What have you done to yourself?"

"Oh, nothing," Holly laughed with awkward casualness.

"Well, I'll be—I've seen everything now." He stood before her, his hands on his hips, as his amused grin gave way to a deep frown. "What are you trying to prove running around like that? This isn't a masquerade party! Now wipe that junk off your face and let's get to work." Turning, he marched back to his desk and slammed his book sharply as she ran through the door.

Wiping her mascara-streaked cheeks, she started back across the campus. That does it, she announced to herself. Of all the cruel, beastly, inhumane things to say. I'm through, I'm through, I'm through. Not only with you, George Bourne, but with men in general.

She sailed through the disinterested surveyors, before the unconscious students, past an amazed trio in the lobby, and into her room, resigning herself emphatically to a state of spinsterly bliss. Before she could finish her explanation to Joan, her plain, round face stared back at her as she hurriedly replaced the last pin in her bun.

Staring through the rain-spattered window, Holly watched the hurrying students dodge the deepening puddles. It's spring, she reflected, and even without her sociology, she knew what that meant.

Her excursion two days before hadn't caused the commotion she had expected. At least, she reassured herself, that beast has had sense enough to keep quiet. "Nothing ventured, nothing gained," she repeated to herself, not-

ing the inevitable twosomes that passed below her window.

The sudden, startling blurts from the buzzer brought her out of her depths of self-pity and propelled her toward the door. Enviously she gazed at the small button. It must be for Joan, she sighed as she rang back, but I'll go see who it is.

Straightening her skirt and giving her bun a firm squeeze, Holly walked along the hall and started down the stairs. The old, familiar feeling of weakness swept through her as she saw George Bourne, wet and dripping, standing in the middle of the room.

"Hello, Holly" he said hesitantly.

"I'm sorry, Joan isn't in" she replied coldly.

"I didn't come to see Joan." Holly paused in her retreat and looked at him, confused. "Can we sit down?"

Nodding a proud head toward the sitting-room, Holly walked hesitantly before him, lowered herself stiffly into the corner of the sofa, and tried to appear disinterested.

"I'm sorry, Holly, about what I said."

"It doesn't matter."

"Yes, it does. I had no right to say those things. It's just that—"

"You needn't bother to explain," she interrupted.

"But I want to explain." Holly stared steadily at him and tried to seem indifferent, but her heart melted and flowed to him.

"Before the other day, Holly, I looked forward to my work. Even when I knew that I had piles and piles of books to read in that office, I didn't mind because I knew you would be there. I never seemed to get tired; there was something refreshing about your sweetness, your simplicity." He swallowed hard and looked helplessly at his hands. Blinking her wet lashes, Holly relaxed and dropped her head. All these past tenses, she thought with dismay.

"And then the other day," he continued, "when you came to the office with all that paraphernalia—" She felt his hands touch her, warm and strong. "And when you didn't come to the office yesterday, the hours seemed to drag and nothing made sense. I was — just helpless.

Holly."

Holly wanted to laugh, to cry, to sing all at once, but she merely stared from her sweet, round face, into his searching eyes. His lips moved, as if to speak, but no words escaped them.

Suddenly she was in his arms, and then, as he kissed her, she knew why the birds sang and the flowers bloomed and the trees blossomed. And when he kissed her again, she opened her eyes to make certain that he was there, then closed them again as she felt a soft, pink cloud close about her.

THE END

Complications

By *Jack J. Wilbanks*

*When there's a four-year old
Who has big brown eyes with long lashes
And hair that needs combing
And a very wide grin
Under a little nose with a black smudge on it,
Who would like to play,
It's awfully hard
For anybody
Who wants to write a poem
To do it.*

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