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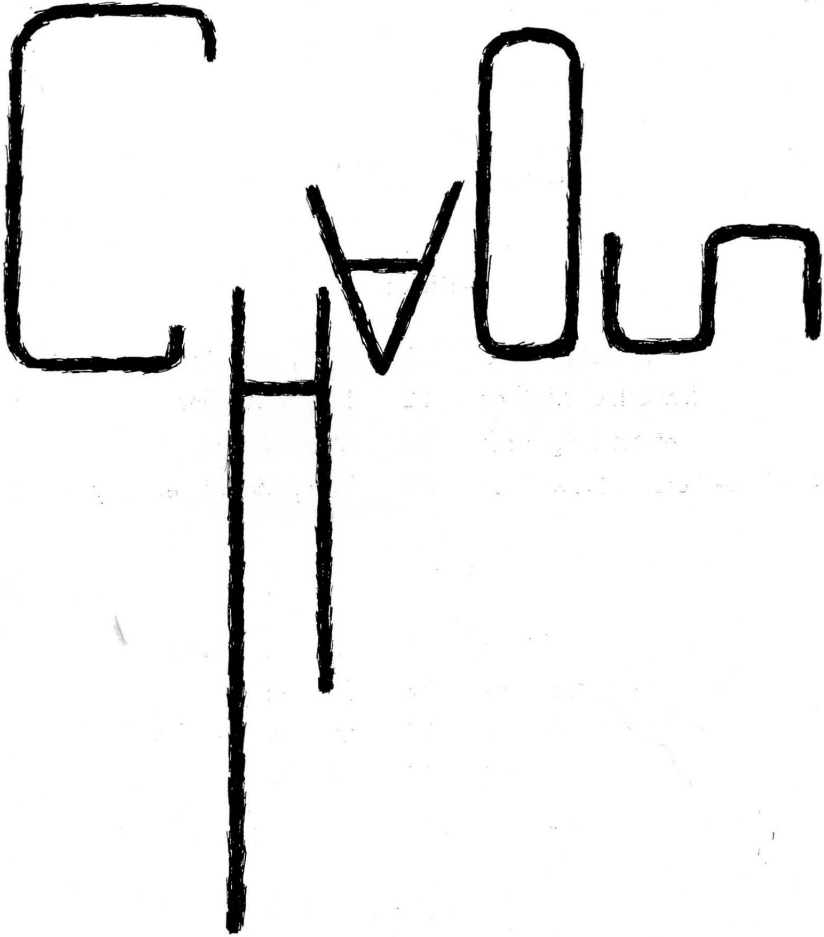
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Stretching up from the moist earth,
I ripped away from their primeval beds
A handful of the brightest stars;
Clutching them in trembling hands,
I pressed my ear to their hearts
And listened to the pulse of the Universe—

Chugging metal monsters
clawing at the cracked earth,

Snorting their carbon breaths
from steel-lined lungs
into the cancerous sky;

Giant radioactive mushrooms
springing instantaneously
from the blasted desert sands,

Leaving gaping pits and invisible death
after they die.

Feet, feet—pounding, pounding;
Conscience, conscience—hounding, hounding.

Two-legged ants
swarming across the giant anthill of the earth,

Dragging their burden of lies
from labyrinth to labyrinth to oblivion.

Sweating planets
fleeing eternally from the scorching sun,

Finding no palm-treed oasis
among the sands of timelessness.

Wheels, wheels—turning, turning;
Souls, souls—burning, burning.

Rusty old moon
 crying Roquefort tears,
Falling through a Pumpernickel sky
 in the dead of night.
Cement and steel monoliths
 rearing their angular heads
 high above the asphalt,
Staring into the black
 with a thousand sightless eyes.

Water, water—flowing, flowing;
Sins, sins—growing, growing.

Pot-bellied bigamists hiccuping—
 hiccuping across their martinis that

Love's like an open manhole—
 strolling along, one falls into it.

Empty beer cans
 babbling drunkenly from triangular mouths

About the evil effects of alcohol
 on the intoxication of men's minds.

Girders, girders—straining, straining;
Satan, Satan—gaining, gaining.

Impatient seconds, begot in the future,
 pausing reluctantly in the present,
 then screaming into the past,

Dragging everyone and everything
 along with them.

Magnetic cities,
 connected by shining lines of steel force,

Pulling protoplasmic robots
 across copper-plated continents.

Leaves, leaves—rushing, rushing;
Lies, lies—crushing, crushing.

Steel-shod giants
 striding across the Universe toward earth—
 the nearest outhouse.

Human shadows
 running to sharp-edged corners,

Hiding in the convergence of angles,
 where cold, geometrical arms embrace them.

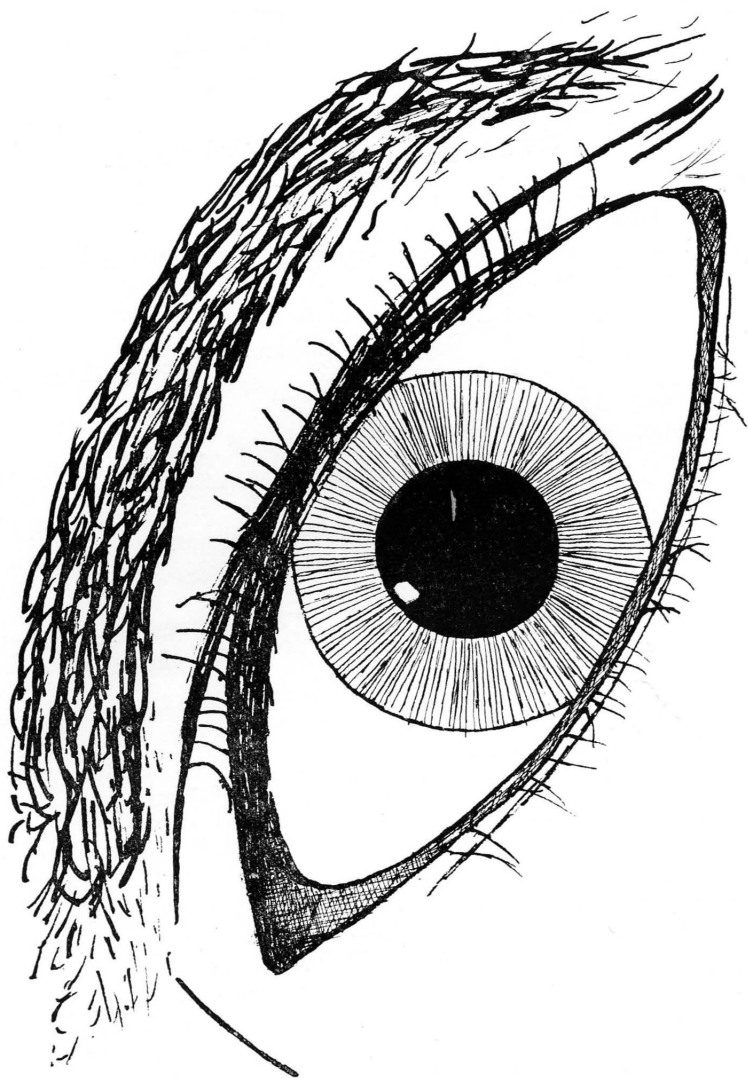
Man, Man—hating, hating;
Hell, Hell—waiting, waiting.

 And,
As the chill wind swept through the red-gold leaves like
a thousand-fingered hand, a tear rolled down my cheek
 into the waiting earth—

High above, silver-gray clouds whipped across
an October sky, beckoning to the blue—
 so far, far, far—

And I cried for the Universe—
 so dead, dead, dead—

JOE KEMPF, '63



That

S P E C I A L

Day

CYNTHIA STOKES, '63

This was *the* day. I woke early; perhaps I hadn't slept the entire night. This special day had been on my mind for

months and months. It had been years in coming and now — here it was!

My skin tingled with excitement. The sun's rays penetrated and warmed me. For a while I lay there musing, feeling anxiety, feeling joy. I overflowed with anticipation. I felt wonderful and sad all at once. This day would never come again. It would bring its splendor or its sorrow, to be permanently imprinted in my memory. I must accept whatever it brings.

I wiggled my toes and pulled the covers up to my chin. Then I freed my arms and swung them out in front of me. I sat up. I lay down again. Oh, this is unbearable — the waiting, waiting, waiting. I had waited long years, ever since I reached the age of reason—I guess—from the time I was eight years until now. Now — ten years, four months, two weeks, and three days later to be exact.

There is so much I must do and such a lot of it depends on today. So many places and things to explore, high hills and blue skies and green grass in the meadows. Faces of people to meet and to read. Perhaps to see the Statue of Liberty or the Eiffel Tower or roam through Disneyland. I hear the

Grand Canyon is gorgeous. My head began to ache with thoughts. I imagine I lay in bed for hours just thinking and dreaming.

Today has to be wonderful, I said to myself. I must not have my hope crushed. Mother said not to count too much on anything. How impossible! I turned face down. Oh, stop these butterflies! I think I'll go crazy just waiting!

I sensed someone was in the room near my bed. I knew it was Mom, and there was someone with her, probably Doctor Benson.

"Terry," mother prodded me with her hand. "Honey, Doctor Benson is here. Wake up."

I was afraid now and sick at heart. I could hardly move. I uttered a soft prayer for success which was drowned in the turmoil of my mind. Funny, all I could think of was red. What did red look like? How I should like to use that word "look." Was red as Mrs. Lamb, my teacher, had said: warm, symbolic of loving hearts — was the sun red in the evening? Did the sun actually come up and go down red?

I turned as I heard Doctor Benson's reassuring voice. It was calm like at the time of the operation. His strong hands

unwound the bandages around my head. "Keep your eyes closed until I tell you to open them."

I heard mother draw the blinds and felt her good hand clutch mine. Around and around and now the bandage was gone. I had the wildest desire to touch those orbs. My fingers ached, but I was patient. Doctor Benson removed the wads of cotton.

"Now," he said to me. "Open them slowly, together."

I prolonged the action for a moment, while I reflected over many things — what this all meant to me.

"What time is it?" I asked.

"Why?—It's 10:15," Mom replied.

"Exactly?"

"Yes."

I wanted to know the exact time when this moment occurred. I would open my eyes and see this great, wonderful world for the first time at 10:16.

Slowly, in the anguish of fear and exaltation, I raised my lids. I opened my eyes.

* * * * *

At 9:30 that night—at the end of the special day—I sat down in my favorite chair and began to enjoy a good book—in braille.

General Store

MARY ANN ARMBORST, '63

Let's turn time back about a hundred years and visit a clap-board building which serves as meeting-place, post-office, and community center in a somnolent American village. The weathered sign above the door proclaims "Warren's General Store." It is a quiet, dusty August afternoon, and as we

approach the store the loafers, draped comfortably on the porch settle, shift their tobacco to the side of their mouths and gaze curiously for a moment before resuming their gossip and yarns.

A mixture of aromas greets us as we enter the store. The odor of kerosene mingles with the scent of spices, the smells of newness and mustiness are mixed, and over all is the lingering aroma of tobacco. When our eyes become used to the dim interior after the glare outside, what a fascinating jumble greets them! This is truly a "general" store.

In the middle of the room is the inevitable pot-bellied stove, surrounded by its chairs, empty now in the summer heat, for their occupants lounge outside and, of course, the checker board has followed them. The soda cracker barrel stands within easy reach of the chairs as does a shelf on which lies a ripe golden cheese and a sharp knife. On one side of the crowded room is a dry-goods counter heaped with drills, sheetings, calicoes brightening up the drap board, buttons, pins and needles, thread, and varicolored ribbons. Materials such as rainbow-hued silks and cash-

meres, less in demand, are on a shelf below the counter.

Large bins of varying sizes hold shoes for all ages; congress gaiters, factory-made shoes, high-buttoned ladies' shoes, all are jumbled in the bins.

The far end of the dry goods counter is given over to a hardware store, where cutlery, axes, rifles, kitchen utensils, agricultural implements, and nails all scream for attention.

Opposite this is a grocery counter displaying staple foods and luxuries such as white sugar, and perhaps even the brightness of oranges or bananas. A drug store is also given prominence on this counter with its array of formidable looking bottles and pill-boxes.

In the back of the store is a candy counter with its tempting array of colorful glass jars inviting the sweet tooth. Anyone have a penny for candy hearts, lemon drops, red hots, hoarhound, or licorice? A make-shift post-office is in one corner, an important part of the store, its official-looking cubby-holes proclaiming their owners' names.

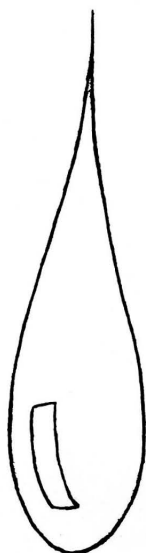
In the grey shadows of the corners are cooking stoves, kettles, gleaming tin washtubs,

plows, and a display of parasols, palm-leaf fans, the latest fashion in feather and flower bedecked women's bonnets, and a pile of men's broadbrimmed hats.

Clocks and watches are ranged with kitchen crockery, books, stationery, and paint. Brooms and coffee-mills decorate the walls, while the ceiling is garlanded with baskets, lanterns, horse collars, and ladies' bustles.

As we take our purchases to the store keeper in his rolled-up shirt sleeves with a pencil behind his ear, we dodge barrels of all shapes and sizes, containing such items as codfish, molasses, tea, and pickles. Mr. Warren enters the sale of our goods in his ledger, one ear attentive to our conversation and one listening to what is going on outside on the porch.

Blinking as we step into the brilliant afternoon sun, we notice a panting dog in the street stir at the sound of our feet on the planks of the porch and then settle down again. The men, bent on an intriguing checker battle, glance up briefly, shove back their hats, and are again absorbed in their game. "Your move."



A

EAR

A tear
is crystal clear
is joy
is sorrow
is life
is death
a tear
clear
clear

STEVE MOONEY, '63

JOE KEMPF, '63

I opened my reluctant eyes and stared at the rough-hewn, spruce logs that were the ceiling. Slowly, realization that it was cold in the cabin came over me and I watched the steam from my nostrils rush out virile and frosty into the biting air, only to die a few moments later. I thought I'd have to get up and put some more wood on the dying embers, and I could already feel the bark rough and cold against my fingers as I shovelled the logs into my arms. For a few precious seconds I experienced only an infinite numbness and a vast loneliness. Then it burst like an explosion within me, and I knew I would not get up to bank the fire.

Her flowing golden hair floated before me on a wisp of expelled steam and her loving blue eyes shone with a tender sadness as if from eternity. I longed to reach out and run my fingers through her hair and once again caress the soft curve of her lovely neck, but as my leaden arms struggled to rise from my sides, her glowing face faded in the thin, chill air, and a choked sob escaped my cracked lips. An overwhelming sadness filled my being, and there was only the ceil-

. . . of the Spectre

JOE KEMPF, '63

ing and my anguished breath swirling and fading before my eyes. Allowing my tortured self only another moment of bittersweet pain, I erased her from my mind, for it was to be never, never again - -

I got up from my bunk and rubbed the coarse, black stubble on my chin, again noticing the chill cold through my thin, wrinkled shirt. It was cold, but I didn't care.

It had snowed while I slept. Outside I could see new drifts of powdery white everywhere, and a few scattered flakes still whispered down. Through the single window with its icy

panes piled high with snow, I saw a rabbit bound jerkily into the opening, sniff the crisp air with twitching nose, and just as rapidly jerk from view. Unconsciously my eyes followed his tracks — the only violators of the otherwise unbroken white — and I wondered where the rabbit had been and where he would go. Not really caring, I turned away from the window.

Maybe I should eat, but I knew I wouldn't; I hadn't since that day I found her stiff and frozen on the path with the snow falling softly — gently touching her dead cheeks and lips with its icy kisses. That had been six days ago if this was Saturday — but I wasn't sure that it was. Undoubtedly I should eat, if I wanted to live, but why live? Yes, I thought, why live—?

I opened the door and the intensely cold wind ice-knifed my lungs and I shivered violently. Standing there in the doorway, my breath came out thicker and disappeared faster it seemed, now managing only a feeble swirl. Repeatedly I watched it spring to life and in a few fleeting moments die before my uncaring eyes, and I wondered if Someone likewise had watched me waken to life

and if He would watch me die just as disinterestedly as I watched the vicious cold drain the life from my breath. I thought maybe so, but I wasn't sure —

Stepping out, I started walking, not bothering to close the door behind me. The new snow scream-crunched beneath my boots, and I wondered what there was about that anguished cry that had always jarred the air in my lungs and arrested the blood in my veins. Now I thought maybe the snow was alive, and the crunch was its death scream as I stepped on it, but I wasn't sure.

The cold was so intense that it seemed to hang quivering in the frigid air and my spittle exploded before it reached the feathery snow. I spit several times and wondered at the unseen power of the numbing cold as I walked along, kicking the white into flying billows of frenzied ice creatures that whirled angrily around my boots. Darkness was closing in fast, I thought, and the landscape began to merge with the deeping shadows and grow indistinct about me.

Unseen ice-arms of the monstrous cold were draining the last traces of feeling from my hands and feet, and I thought

I would sit down and warm myself, but I only got colder, so I kept on walking. It was almost dark now and the stars were coming out, and I stopped to watch them winking at me through the wind-torn clouds. I wondered how far they were and guessed they were pretty far because nobody had ever got to one, but I wasn't sure—

My hands and feet and face were no longer vulnerable to the piercing cold—they were frozen, but I didn't care because I had only a little way more to go. It started snowing again, but I could feel no feathery touch on my hands or face, so I stuck out my tongue and caught a few velvety flakes. I felt them struggle feebly and then die there, and I wondered what kind of insane monster I was who had killed them. I didn't care and thought maybe they didn't either—

I saw it then through the silent wisps of snow, but it blurred for a second and I had to blink to make sure. Falling to my numbed knees, I groped clumsily toward the crude, wooden cross, trying to grasp its arms with my unfeeling hands. My fingers were dead from the paralyzing cold and

I couldn't work them, but it didn't matter because I knew what the cross felt like — I had made it.

Kneeling there with the cross in my icy embrace, I began to cry, but the tears fast-froze on my eyelids and I couldn't blink anymore because my eyes froze open and I stared unseeing at the snow-covered mound with the snow falling silently about me.

I wasn't cold anymore and turned over on my back and lay down stiffly in the feathery snow on the grave, and I thought of her lying cold and hard in the frozen ground below me. I thought of her soft, warm arms and how her blue eyes had laughed up at me. And I remembered her beautiful hands—like two white doves—and how they had been folded when I found her a week ago.

I tried to fold my hands like hers had been, but I couldn't tell the fingers were crossed and I had to look to make sure. Tears tried to cry again, but froze again, unspilt. I stared at the cold, black sky with its few grey clouds and somewhere to my right, a golden star winked at me from away off. I thought maybe it was she, but I wasn't sure —

MY

BEAUTIFUL

AMERICA

I wander in a wonderland
 As in a dream unending,
On breeze-swept coasts along the sea
 With tall palm trees bending.
Over barren, wasted desert-land
 Basking in God's sun;
In snow-capped mountains high and white,
 Where sparkling rivers run.
Beside the wide and deep blue lakes
 So silent and so still;
In forests green with new-born life
 And filled with nature's thrill.
To midland fields of corn and oats
 Golden, and smelling so sweet;
Down by the river swift and strong
 Where land and water meet.
All this I've seen, and so much more,
 With the greatest still to come it seems.
This is my America—
 The land of hopes and dreams.

DONNA BENTLER, '64

ALONE

MARILYN WEINBRECHT, '63

As I walked through the corridor, formed by the houses of brick upon the right side and the opening street and alley upon the left, it seemed as if the wind were speaking to me. I was in a hurry and did not stop to listen. It whirled down my neck and ran down my legs, chilling my toes, forcing me to hunch up in my coat as I strove to bring the collar up over the red tips of my ears.

I had the most peculiar feeling of being acutely alone. Perhaps I was alone. The homes which bordered my path gave forth no heat and all was dark; there seemed no living thing about. I hesitated and wondered what would happen if I climbed the steps of the dwelling to my left. Perhaps its occupants were in the lower section watching black and white waves take form. For some reason each house appeared boxed up and alone.

I increased my speed. The wind hurried after. I ran. It ran. Breathless, I stopped; hair blown and disarranged. I felt entirely free, and yet pursued. There were two routes open to

me; I could turn to the left and thus avoid the park; or, running on the right, skirt its edges. Strange that so familiar an object should hold such revulsion for me. So gay and warm in the summer, children laughing, playing over its surface. Now it stands ahead; wind howling, scraping paint from gray clapboards. Oh, Lord! The wind.

It's two blocks farther if I turn to the left. I resolutely wheel and make for the park, wrapping my coat tighter around me, quickening my steps, eager for the warm fire and the yellow light. As my steps hurried almost against my will I felt myself being drawn toward the edge of the water, bordering the park. I was moving, had been moving imperceptively toward the left side where the water rushes very quickly, eager for its destination.

In the summer a new dock was built. Sheryl and I would walk and talk down near the dock where, if it were a warm day, we would slip out of our flats and rest. Houses lined the other end at its origin, woods farther on. The moon was not visible. Even the wind which had driven me on now seemed

to subside to a whisper. Only a whitish haze illuminated the water. It was then I heard it! Hand upon the rough touch of a slim tree . . . I held tightly as if fearing for my balance. I gazed avidly upon the raw waters a little off from my feet. It was so slight a cry or sound that I first closed my ears and laughed at the frailty of my nature. When it came again, I became cold within and I turned to dig my saddles into the ground and leaves held fast by the frost. I ran uphill and stumbled, hardly noticing the throb in my knee.

The cold ground beneath my fingers snapped me into reality. The sound I heard was choking, as if someone's wind were being cut or smothered. I hesitated; my first impulse was to run to the river; yet, I took no step. Someone, perhaps a child, had slipped and was being swept along; or, and strange tales pushed into my mind, like the mountain lion which cries like a child as it lures well-meaning victims to a combat of which the end is swift and sure.

I drew breath deeply and tasted salt upon my lip, peering into the undergrowth beneath and over to the side of the dock. Oh God, I prayed

that it would not come again. Once more, and . . . hush. I jammed my gloveless hand into my mouth and bit down on the knuckles, stifling the cry which threatened to engulf my being. My mouth was completely dry and no flow of saliva wet the chords of my voice as I stood there, eyes held riveted to the appearing source of the sound. The wind picked at the corners of my collar and again started to lash against my throat.

We waited, the wind and I. Poised to run, I stared before me until I saw it, almost obscured by the wave-like flocs which tossed away and now retrieved, as a cat plays with the body of a bird, its victim.

Above the grotesque picture below, the moon slipped from behind its shield, withdrawing it to observe as a disinterested third party the combat below. "I can't," I cried to the wind. "Don't make me. Let the water have its plaything"; for I knew I could never reach aid before the last bit of precious air was pounded from the stomach of the victim, as bodily resistance sank to a minimum; and soon, there would be no resistance and only a limp rag doll would slip up and down under each ripple, brushing by the shore

upon the advent of morning. The struggle was waning and death would soon succeed in the third fall. I screamed! The sound ripped air and throat lining, impelling action.

The shock which can kill stunned like a bullet, as icy flows parted my hair to the scalp. As I spit forth the water which filled my mouth to climb above the murk and downward pull, I let my body flow with the current until I reached cloth and shoulder. Now, I couldn't let go! Our destinies were twins. I knew this now. This was what the wind had been throwing at me as it mocked. Warmed with the energy of fear, I struggled to maintain a foothold upon the plunging waters. As I fought, the struggle sapped my strength until my eyes became wide and staring like a frightened animal's. I tried with every ounce of strength to pull for the

shore. Now, the wind seemed on my side as it betrayed the water and pulled me on. I must have screamed, though I had no voice but a whisper. I kicked, I kicked so hard. I tried to keep his head up, too; but he was heavy and I was frightened. I brought my legs together again and again, but I couldn't get there. "I can't get there and it's so cold. If I could rest, just for a minute, let go and stretch my fingers, close my eyes for a minute, if the water would stop, please, stop." I swallow and swallow. . . .

. . . Now, my ears hurt, hurt so badly. They throb so I can't hear, and my lungs and throat burn from the gasping thrusts of the cold air.

They are trying to force something into me but I can't swallow. My cheeks are wet but not from water . . . I'm not alone.

Man

A few chemicals
A spark of life
Held together by lust
And physical satisfaction.
This is man.

BILL BEASLEY, '62

Reality is in anything that exists. Realization is the awareness and comprehension of this existence. For instance, the majority of people are aware of snow and understand its state of being—likewise, of a fire set off by excessive heat. Or, to be more personal, take as an example the love a mother bestows on her child—or, that brothers and sisters who grow up together have for each other. I sincerely doubt that a brother and sister, especially in their early years, tend to think “lovingly” of each other. Perish the thought! However, a common bond of affection grows stronger as the years pass: a bond that holds together and unites a family forever no matter how strongly any individual member of that family might fight it.

Many times, nevertheless, it is impossible for all the children of one family to grow up together. This can be due to a number of circumstances. The size of the family could be one factor. Another could be that the oldest has already left home to be on his own before the “baby” of the family has had much of a chance to get acquainted with him. Although we don’t often stop and think about it, our relationship with

My Other Mother

EILEEN MUELLER, '63

our parents and each brother or sister is a very deep realization in itself. Oft times then, objects or persons very intimately connected with our lives exist without our immediate awareness. It sounds rather silly, one would think, but the following is an example to illustrate my point.

Some twenty-three years ago, there lived a family of eight on a small farm in central Indiana. The oldest of the six children, a girl, was seventeen, while the youngest, again a girl, was one year old. In that summer, which now is hardly even remembered by the youngest, Dorothy, the seventeen year old, entered the convent. Despite this, just about everything remained as normal about *our* family as one might expect.

Some fourteen years later, at the time when I entered high school, I wanted, oh so much, to be closer to this sister—Sis-

ter of mine. The problem consisted of the seemingly unreal, but true knowledge that this Sister of Saint Francis was my real blood sister, yet I didn't feel the common bond of affection which truly ties and keeps a family together. At this time I was very much aware that anything which might have caused sorrow or joy for myself down through the years while Sister was in the convent made her sad or happy accordingly. In spite of this, I must admit that this Sister of Saint Francis was just another Sister to me.

Our family naturally went to see Sister as many times as was possible. And it was during these visits that I noted many of her sterling qualities: kindness, gentleness, her dedication to her calling, sympathy, an ever ready sense of humor, but above all, her seemingly unfailing interest in her youngest sister.

It wasn't until my second year in high school that I experienced the shock of true realization: the knowledge of actual blood relationship. However, the very fact that the realization had taken so long makes the shock more deeply appreciated and treasured. This

wonderful awakening was especially heart-warming because the interest displayed by my oldest sister during my entire life was very close to the interest one expects a mother to give lovingly to her children. The difference in years between us seems the most probable cause for such a feeling. Yet the tenderness with which she always received, listened, and talked to me far outweighs any probable cause. I shall never forget the radiance of her smile as she showed approval over one of my "big" achievements; the consoling thoughtfulness of her letters when I was sick; her avid concern for home when we had the chance of being alone for a few precious minutes; her good, deep humor toward the incongruous; the kindness and gentleness of her actions as she offered to remedy a hurt; the warm sympathy displayed over a tragedy; the unfailing devotion to her vocation; her "sister motherly" instinct which I have so recently (and always) experienced through her reassurance, her understanding, and her words of wisdom. This is indeed a treasure, one which shall be guarded carefully forever.

let
no
dog
BARK

MIKE NOLAN, '62

A dog may be a boy's best friend, but he certainly is a mailman's worst enemy. I have never harbored any hostility in my heart toward dogs until last summer when I worked as a mail carrier. In fact, until then, I was even friendly with several dogs.

Last February was really the *commencement de la fin* of my love for *Canis Familiaris*. *Canis Familiaris* is the technical name used by people like Webster, with whom I've got a bone to pick—I mean grudge—which I'll explain shortly. Back to February. This was the

lull before the storm. I passed the Civil Service Exam. Then, suddenly last summer, the storm hit. It rained cats and dogs, particularly the latter. The storm hit in early June when I began to work for the Indianapolis Post Office. Indianapolis, a city of 600,000 people and 700,000 dogs.

Back to Webster. Webster (the naive romanticist) defines the dog as "a carnivorous domesticated mammal type of the family *Canidae*." Domesticated mammal! Balderdash! Is the Cardiff Giant domesticated? Is the Abominable Snowman domesticated? Is Khrushchev domesticated? No! And neither is the dog. Carnivorous? Yes. Domesticated? No. May the S.P.C.A. strike me down this instant if I lie. Mr. Webster was obviously not a mailman, nor did he understand the trade.

Back to the storm. June 13, 1960, I walked the streets as a United States Postal Carrier for the first time. June 13, 1960, I became prejudiced against dogs. On that day I found that there is an unimaginable variety of dogs. They whined and whelped and whimpered on every block of every street to which I de-

livered. I walked over five miles that first day, and by the time I joyously punched the time clock, I was dog-tired.

It wasn't long before I was obsessed by a fear of dogs. Every rattling metal sound, such as the metal chain on my mail bag, was a dog's leash. Every loud noise was a barking dog. Every low rumble was a growl. Every soft pitter-patter was the stalking of a hungry mongrel.

But there were some consolations, for instance, when a quiet bulldog would sneak up and wrap his bloodthirsty molars around my left leg. The consolation is obviously still to come. As I struggled to get free, an elderly woman would shout from her porch, "Don't worry, mailman, he won't bite." Oh, the inner satisfaction and feeling of superiority that swelled up inside of me when I could answer, "He already has, lady!"

The only way I could conquer my fear was by turning it into anger. When a vicious canine would start his charge toward me, I would swallow my fear, yell at the beast like an army sergeant, and swing my 30-pound mail bag in his direction. This didn't scare the dog away, but it strengthened

my arm muscles in case I decide to take up discus throwing.

After three months of fighting off four-legged fiends, I was elated when September arrived, and I could quit my job. I was not left without scars, however. My peace of mind was only complete when I was free from anything that would remind me of my furry foes.

I began my search for serenity by breaking my Elvis Presley record of "Hound Dog." I became a conscientious objector on the grounds that for me to join the army, become a dog-face, and wear dog-tags would be psychological suicide. Never again would I play golf on a course that had fairways with dog legs. Never again would I watch old war pictures that featured aerial dog fights. Never again would I go to a football stadium that had hot dog stands. I was even afraid to listen to debates for fear that someone would speak dogmatically.

The one, tragic lesson I learned last Summer was that mad dogs and mailmen go out in the mid-day sun, and invariably meet. What a joy for mailmen everywhere, if Shakespeare's plea had been heard when he said, "And when I open my lips, let no dog bark!"



MR. MORTON, PLEASE!

CLARA ANN DE BECZE, '61

He clutched at his chest with one hand, and slowly reached out with the other to pick up the receiver.

"Yes?"

"Morton?" the bulldozer voice of Kevin Brisco demanded.

"Who else?" he answered, relaxing against the back of the sofa as he eyed the bubbly Scotch and soda, which was slowly soaking into the carpet.

"All right, wise guy, what were you trying to pull today?"

Groping for the phone on the end-table, Morton knocked over his half-filled highball glass. This act of clumsiness, along with the insistent jangle of the phone, awoke him completely. He quickly sat up on the sofa, about to pick up the receiver, when a sharp pain in his chest stopped him short.

"Sorry, Kevin, I don't know what you're talking about." He took his free hand from his chest where the pain had somewhat subsided. Reaching into his shirt pocket, he pulled out a pack of badly crushed cigarettes and managed to light one as Kevin Brisco exploded a verbal bombast in his ear.

"For God's sake, man, do you want to lose your job, and make mine even less secure? You know I'm the only one who ever sticks up for you on the board, anyway!"

"Kevin, friend, I'd appreciate it if you'd tell me the reason for all this noise," he replied, exhaling the smoke through his nose.

"Don't play it so dumb," Kevin retorted. "You know I'm talking about that piece of idiocy you displayed in your History of Philosophy class today. You've got a keg o' gun powder in there with Cromolowsky and that gang. That fellow throws a lot of weight around with the student body, old boy, so I'd watch it if I were you. I've already heard from the Old Man. Says he wants to talk to me about something, and that something is sure-enough-you."

Kevin came up for air, during which time Morton propped his feet up on the coffee table, and blew smoke rings at a bust of Aristotle which contemplated Morton's feet. Morton was enjoying a mental image of the angry Irishman at the other end of the line. He could see red-faced, red-headed Kevin, rolling his cigar between his teeth while Morton, him-

self, sat calmly inhaling and exhaling great quantities of smoke at the Irishman's expense.

Kevin continued once more, "So, if you know what's good for you, lay off Christianity. I know you got no respect for God, but I'd think you could show a little for Old Nick. See you tomorrow," and puffing—Kevin hung up.

Morton laughed at Kevin's indignation and obvious sincerity. He hung up still chuckling over his friend's medieval respect for a mythological Satan. Resuming his prone position, his face took on a more serious look as he thought about the "powder keg" Kevin had spoken of.

He'd always had trouble with Cromolowsky, a hot-headed, second generation American, who let the phrase, "freedom of religion," go to his head. Morton had tried to restrain himself but today was too much. It had been a hot and humid day anyway, which had only served to make him more short tempered.

He remembered how he had stood facing the blackboard, gritting his teeth as he heard the whisperings and mutterings behind him. Slowly and deliberately he had picked up the

eraser, and wiped the diagram from the board. He could tell from what portion of the room the whispering came. There were also other scattered noises, coughing, and uneasy clearings of throats. The students were tense as they felt Morton's storm of temper about to break; he was not known for his patience.

Turning around, he avoided the section of the room which was particularly annoying him. His eyes directed toward the clock on the wall at the back of the room, he noted that there were exactly three minutes and forty-three seconds left. He began to speak.

"Along with this myth of the three worlds of after-life, we also hit upon the proposed theory that man, with his supposedly free will, can determine to which of these three worlds he wants to go." Morton ventured a quizzical smile in the general direction of Miss Hilliard, in the front row. She was one of the select few who enjoyed his most esoteric jokes.

"Provided, of course, his meddling parents didn't have him baptized as an infant. Naturally, this would eliminate the poor fellow from Limbo; he'd have to settle for heaven or hell."

Miss Hilliard laughed openly and a few others giggled. The rest sat perplexed, stealing uncertain glances at one another. Only the "radical section" at the rear of the room jumped about in their seats, madly waving their arms above their heads. To Morton, they were so many chicken wings fanning the air. Exactly like ignorant, stupid chickens, he thought, picking on everything and when nothing was left, they began on one another, excommunicating the weakest from their sect. Chickens, chickens kept in a Vatican coop.

Eyeing the ceiling, Morton clasped his hands behind his back and took a couple of paces as he resumed his lecture.

"Mr. Morton!" a voice demanded from the rear. He couldn't ignore them any longer. Cromolowsky was now standing and the class had all turned towards him as he spoke. Morton, too, was forced to give him attention. The young man's voice oozed with sarcasm as he addressed the teacher, Morton.

"You deny God, you deny man's free will, but truthfully, don't you think there's a hell?"

The blood rushed to Mor-

ton's face, but the dismissal bell rang and for ten seconds he had to restrain his temper, as he and Cromolowsky shot electricity into each other's eyes.

"Hell," Morton replied, when the bell stopped, "exists only for those Christian fools who choose to go there, Mr. Cromolowsky!"

Not waiting for the mixed reactions of the class to subside, he walked out of the room.

Now, Morton recalled with enjoyment how good it had been to leave Cromolowsky standing there with his feathers ruffled. All the way down the hall he could hear the arguments raised in the classroom he'd just left.

Just then Morton remembered the spilt highball on the carpet. He sat up slowly, recalling the acute pain of a few minutes ago. It was just heartburn. As long as he kept up those pills, which he took faithfully every day, there would be no danger of recurring heart trouble. Of course, it was well past the time to go back for a checkup but there had been no reason to go until now. He was fine; just too much garlic at lunch.

He'd only noticed a slight contraction in his chest after class. Coming home in the car,

it had been most annoying, but the relentless heat of the day had irritated it. By the time he had parked the car, the contraction had developed into actual pain. Walking from the garage to the front of the apartment seemed interminable. The heat burned him to the soul, if he had one. His shirt was completely sweat-soaked and the soles of his shoes fried his feet. When he pulled back the heavy glass door at the front of the apartment building, he felt a welcome rush of cool air. He walked into the air-conditioned world that lifted the heat from his body, lessening the pain in his chest.

He checked his mail box; the metal was cold to his touch, and he reveled in its coldness. As he opened the empty box, he leaned against the marble wall, trying to absorb more of the coolness into his feverish body.

Moving towards the elevator he saw a strange sign posted on the doors: OUT OF ORDER. Hell, he thought, before he could recall there was none. Laboring up three flights of stairs to the third floor was a task he felt unequal to at the moment.

On the second floor landing

he stopped for breath. There he met Mrs. Carpenter, the elderly lady in the apartment across the hall from his.

"Hello, Professor," she greeted him. She looked cool and crisp in her pastel dress and white gloves.

"Very hot out," he remarked.

"Yes, but I won't be out in the heat long. Mr. Carpenter had the Mercury air-conditioned, you know. Oh, that reminds me, the air-conditioning on our floor blew out this morning. I don't understand it and neither does Mrs. Jackson down the hall. A man's coming tomorrow, I understand, but Mrs. Jackson can't take the heat so she's moving downstairs with Mrs. Barbor for the night. Mr. Carpenter and I are spending the night with Jane and her husband, so things ought to be quiet on the third floor. Too bad you'll have to face the heat alone." She sighed, "Shame about the elevator, too. Won't go up or down. It's in the basement now, and there's the strangest man down there working on it, but he says it's not serious. He promised to have it done around five. Well, good-by, Professor." Having given him

the bad news, she moved on down the stairs, leaving a smell of lilac in the air.

Once in his apartment, Morton sank onto the sofa in the living room. He'd left the door leading out to the hall open, hoping some stray breeze would wander in. A drink, he thought, Scotch and soda.

After he had fixed the drink he pulled off his wilted jacket and threw it on a chair. Settling himself on the sofa, he took a long drink. Immediately his body began to relax. He set the glass on an end-table, and rolled over on his back. Closing his eyes for just a second, he let his thoughts run rampant. Scotch. Cool.

He had slept until Kevin's call had awakened him. Now it was time for another drink.

Slowly he got up and bent down to pick up the glass. There hadn't been much left in it when he'd fallen asleep, so there was no use trying to mop up what little had soaked into the rug.

Walking out to the kitchen, he glanced at his watch; twenty-two after four. He'd slept for not quite an hour. Not time to eat yet, he thought, so a drink would certainly be in order. He must do something

to abate the heartburn which was increasing.

In the kitchen he got out the Scotch bottle again, which was less than half full. Sometime this week he must replenish the supply. Although, it would be all right for now, and for tomorrow. Kevin drank only beer, so he could finish the Scotch himself. Tomorrow night Kevin would come over after meeting with the dean to tell him what was in store for him. There was enough Scotch left to get him through Kevin's tirade. And when that was over, the two friends would sit and smoke, and talk late into the night. Morton hoped the air-conditioning would be back in order soon. It was dreadfully hot.

Just as he put the ice cubes into his drink, the phone rang again.

"Mr. Morton, please," a nasal female voice said.

"Speaking," he answered, and took a quick gulp of his drink.

"One second, please." During the pause which followed, Morton heard the asthmatic breathing of the female at the other end. There were a series of clicks, then a smooth male voice began.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Morton. You don't know me, and if you don't mind, I'd rather remain anonymous at this time." Morton stole another gulp. He wondered if the unknown man at the other end of the line could hear the ice cubes tinkling in his glass. The smooth voice continued, "From a certain source I heard that you've been voicing some rather unorthodox views in one of your philosophy classes." Word travels fast, thought Morton. This man would probably be an irate parent, or a minister, or even a faculty member. This would be a long and tedious, one-sided conversation, Morton decided, so he balanced himself on the arm of the sofa. The voice had paused as if waiting for Morton's response, which was uttered mentally.

"Isn't this so?" the voice asked.

"If you are referring to the opinions which I made known in my one o'clock class today, I suppose some people would call them radical."

"Ah, yes," the voice agreed. "Mr. Morton, I do hope you won't brand me as one of the uneducated, but I'm afraid I can't quite agree with you on some of your issues."

Maybe, thought Morton, this was Cromolowsky's uncle, who was a lawyer.

"You see, my reason for calling, is that I'd like to hear your side of the story."

No, this was a board member; might be Miller, the one who fancied himself an intellectual. After taking another drink, Morton answered.

"That's very kind of you, I'm sure, but won't the board give me an official hearing?"

"Oh, Mr. Morton, I'm not a board member," the smooth voice flowed on, rolling over the words, and savoring the sound of each. Here was a man well-versed in the art of persuasion, Morton thought; a talker.

"I was thinking that perhaps we could get together, and, if you would allow me to refute some of your theories, I might win you over to my way of thinking. You see, I'm a philosopher, too, you might say."

Definitely a minister, Morton thought. Suddenly he stood up, once again wincing as the pain shot up into his heart. Maybe he wasn't a minister; he might be a priest, or worse, a Jesuit. Cromolowsky was a Catholic. This would be just

like him to call in one of those professional debaters the Catholics were so notorious for.

"A second, sir," Morton threw as much sarcasm into the "sir," as he could. "I'm afraid that would be impossible as I'm all booked up for the next few weeks. I really must go now; I'm to speak at the Unitarian Supper Club in an hour, and after that I'm to give a talk on pre-natal baptism at the Rosary Altar Society. Just crushed for time. See you around sometime at the Eucharistic Congress!" He slammed down the receiver.

It had been fun, but he was breathing hard, and really, he was quite angry now. If the Cromolowsky gang didn't like his class, they could get up and walk out. Why they had to go running for help to some crackpot theologian was beyond him. He had his rights as a teacher. At least, he wasn't speaking dogmatically, but he was speaking the truth. The truth that could only be learned by reason and careful thought. Of course, even he had had his doubts.

Back when he was just a boy, sitting there, in the first pew of the Evangelical Reformed Church, the love of God had been pounded into him not so

much as the fear of hell. Even in his days as a young student at the university, the memory of a childhood devil-vision had risen up in his mind, and it had been all he could do to suppress it. But reason had won out, and now he was free.

Free of everything but this ungodly pain and contraction in his chest. He sank onto the sofa and finished the Scotch in a gulp.

It was really too bad that the air-conditioning had gone out on a day like this. The sweat was pouring down his chest and back, and his face and hairline were moist. With the increasing of the pain, the sweat oozed out even more freely. He tried to get up, but found himself breathless and weak. Best to rest awhile, and then get up and take a pill.

Once again, through the thick pulse beats which resounded in his brain, he heard the phone ring. The receiver was within easy reach.

"Mr. Morton — now don't hang up." It was the smooth voice again. Even through the physical pain, and dizziness from the Scotch, the voice flowed in unobstructed.

"Really, it wasn't very nice of you to hang up like that,

without giving me a chance. In just a little while you're sure to see things my way," the voice laughed. "I knew all the time you wouldn't be busy this afternoon, and I really must see you soon." Morton made a feeble contradictory sound.

"Please don't interrupt me. I know it's an effort for you at this time. That heart attack must be excruciating." Despite the sharp jabs at his heart, Morton drew himself up and stared out the open door into the hall.

"Who in hell are you?" he whispered into the receiver. The voice chuckled.

"How clever of you, Mr. Morton, to have guessed. I knew I could convince you of my point of view." The voice changed suddenly, and the smooth audible mask fell away to its true sinister nature. "But it won't take me a minute to get up to your apartment," it hissed.

A click was heard, but Morton continued to stare out into the hall at the lights above the elevator door which flickered one by one, until they stopped at his floor. He was still standing there, clutching the dead receiver when the elevator door opened.

NO RUZ —

PERSIAN

NEW YEAR

TERRY MEHDI TEHRANY, '64

NO RUZ, the beginning of the New Year in Iran, is celebrated on March 21, the first day of spring and the sun's vernal equinox. The Iranians have celebrated the arrival of spring for many centuries as is evidenced by the long rows of sculptured reliefs at Persepolis showing groups of people from every part of the mighty Achaemenid empire bringing their tribute to the ruler of Iran on this occasion.

Preparations for *NO RUZ* begin well in advance. Fifteen days before the festival, each household plants in a shallow bowl seeds of wheat or lentils which by the proper time have sent up thick fresh green shoots several inches high as

a token of spring. Several days before *NO RUZ* the small villages are treated to an amusing spectacle. The "man-who-burns-fire" parades through the streets, accompanied by a masked troupe of performers wearing high hats and cloaks of many colors to which are fastened small bells. The troupe may include a tightrope walker, wrestlers accompanied by a trained monkey and a dancing bear. One of these performers strikes two boards together and repeats:

The fire maker has come.
He comes once each year.
I am poor one day each year.
Intestines and guts have come.
Whoever was not here has
come.

These processions are held only on the last Wednesday of the old year. This last Wednesday is a special festival called *CHahr SHANBEH SOURY*. On the eve of this day each family prepares bundles of dry wood to make a bonfire. Everyone in the house then jumps over the flame while he addresses these verses to the fire.

I take your redness

You take the yellowness from me.

I take your warmth

You take the coldness from me.

The fire should not be breathed upon and the dead ashes are to be scattered at the cross-roads. Since our buildings are not made of wood, this fire is not dangerous. I should tell you that this custom is a survival of rites which were performed from very ancient times.

For the feast of *NO RUZ*, household servants and minor government employees receive an extra month's wages, and everyone wears new clothes. On the eve itself, lights burn in every room of the houses and a special table is prepared. The centerpiece of this table consists of a mirror and candlesticks, and grouped around this mirror and candlesticks are

a copy of the Quran (Koran), a large sheet of bread, a bowl of water in which floats a green leaf, a glass of rosewater, nuts, fruits, candy, eggs, chicken, and fish, and between these a large and long platter of *HAFT SIN* (seven S's): any seven articles whose names begin with the Persian letter S—wild rue, apples, garlic, vinegar, a part of malt grain, greens, and sumac are the easiest to find among the articles the initial letter of which is S.

As the time of the vernal equinox approaches, all the household is grouped around the table to await the exact moment of the New Year, said to be marked by the moving of the surface of the water. In large towns a cannon is fired to announce the New Year. But not all the customs and ceremonies associated with *NO RUZ* are now performed in the towns.

The New Year begins a period of five days of official holidays devoted to social calls. During the first two or three days the eldest member of the family remains at home to receive calls from friends and relatives, and large sums of money are spent on the entertainment of these guests. Return calls are paid, and the at-

mosphere of these days is one of contentment and rejoicing.

On the thirteenth day of the New Year, the bowls of green shoots grown in the houses are thrown out into running water and everyone troops out into the open country for a promenade in the green fields. Each family takes along as elaborate a supply of food as its means permit and spends the entire day in the open.

The people believe that in this way they do not only welcome the spring but carry the bad luck associated with the thirteenth day away from their homes.

Of course there can be no substitute for seeing and experiencing the festivities of *NO RUZ* for yourself. Perhaps someday you may be able to visit my land, Iran, during this time of year.

m

I would rather not know the news of tomorrow—
the joys,
the sorrows,
the raptures,
the tears.

u

s

i

n

I would rather live by the measure of today—
with resignation,
with prayers,
with hope,
with dreams.

g

s

I would rather retain the promises of yesterday—
the meaningless,
the phantom,
the forgotten,
the unfulfilled.

DEANNA METZNER, '62

Life

What is man?
What does he seek?
Is it happiness
Which he longs for?
No, it is escape.
Death is his longing.

He hurries.
He toils.
He says
He works to an end,
But whatever he thinks or does,
Death is his longing.

You there!
Where are you going?
What do you seek?
Are you searching for happiness?
If death is happiness, yes;
For death is your longing.

BILL BEASLEY, '62

Of Ghouls

A strange old family was ours. Looking now over the letters and memoirs of my since-deceased relatives, I recall one of the oddest events to happen, even for us. It had to do with my Great-Aunt Matilda.

She was quite old then, and I was quite young, about sixteen. However, even at that early age, I was able to discern certain eccentricities. For instance, all the doors of her house were well secured with a great number of locks; all the windows of her house were boarded-up on the outside. It was perfectly easy to see the impossibility of either entering or leaving without her knowing it. Each night as I passed the house on my way home from the drugstore, where I earned some little money, I

would notice a faint, red light coming from one of the rooms on the west side. One night, my curiosity more aroused than usual, I stole up to the house ever so quietly, being careful not to wake the hound sleeping by her back door. Finally, reaching the house in a state of anxiety, I discovered it possible to see inside through a crack in one of the boards. There she was, my great-aunt, bent over and kneeling on the floor counting the most money I'd ever seen up to then and never after. It was hidden in an aperture in the floor covered over by a swinging door and a rug which was now thrown back.

She appeared as I've never seen anyone before. A weird

and Men

JEROME J. VOLLMER, '61

smile disfigured her face, and she had the strange habit of frequently looking behind her, as if to see if anyone was there. She was stacking coins in little even piles and when quite satisfied that it was all there, replaced everything neatly and left the little room, taking the light with her.

Upon returning home that same evening, I related my exciting experience to my father in the library. He explained to me that many years ago Aunt Matilda, or Tilly as she was called then, was disappointed in love. It seemed that the man she married was interested only in her money and was believed to have run off; no one knew where, for she never spoke of him. I obtained permission to see Aunt Matilda the following day to see what I could do for her.

Rising bright and early, I arrived at the old house about ten o'clock. Despite the brightness of day elsewhere, there was still a rolling mist hovering about the place. At first glance I decided to turn back, but then, reassuring myself that that would be childish, I strode up to the door and banged on it with the huge brass knocker. Apparently Aunt Matilda had

seen me coming, for the answer was prompt. The door opened slowly and noisily.

"Ah, ah, re— remember me? I'm your nephew, Robert."

"Oh yes, yes. What is it?" She had a very annoying cough.

Startled, I was not sure what to say. "Well, I'm rather good at odd chores. Perhaps you have something for me to do?"

"Why, how nice." She opened the rust-hinged door still more and beckoned me in. "I'm afraid I can't pay you."

"Oh no, ma'am."

"Perhaps you can fix that old chair there for me. You'll find some tools in the basement. Excuse me now please. I'm very tired."

It appeared to me strange that she should depart so soon after meeting me. And the strange cough, now that I think of it, seemed all the time not at all like that of other women her age. The thought which this brought to my mind horrified me. But what, besides the money, could she be hiding?

When she had disappeared from the room, I examined the old chair and then looked around the room. I was greatly astonished. The uncovered floor was composed chiefly of

rotting wood. The room was amply furnished, however, not only with the old armchair I was to fix, but also with several other chairs like it. In the direct center of the room was a quite long dinner table set for two. "Two?" I asked myself. I brushed my finger across the plates to see if any dust had accumulated there; to my great astonishment there was no dust at all.

I did not stop to think long, for I decided to repair the chair and leave as soon as possible. Going to the other end of the table, I immediately noticed three doors; the farthest left was to the room in which I had seen Aunt Matilda the night before; the middle door must be the basement door. I quickly approached it and was about to turn the handle when I heard singing; it was a woman's voice and sad. I began to open the door and it creaked; I noticed that the singing had stopped at the same time, so I ran through the door and down the steps very much excited and pale, looking back up to see if anyone was there.

The basement was damp and dimly lighted by two small windows high up on opposite walls, one by the tool room and the

other near a wine cellar. The place was rather untidy; however, I entered the tool room and gathered up what I thought was necessary and turned back toward the steps when I heard the same low-toned singing coming down through one of the ventilators. The basement door opened, and I heard footsteps much like those of an old man. I hurried behind one of the walls of the tool room to keep out of sight. The heavy steps stopped when they reached the basement floor. Do I dare look? I thought. I trembled all over and felt my brow moist with perspiration. I heard the door open; I decided to look. What I saw horrified me. I could neither shout nor move. The man was dead—a monster, a ghoul! Whatever he was, I flew up the steps and slammed the door behind me, leaning back on it and panting heavily.

The scene before me was no less strange than the one from which I had so hastily departed. There was Aunt Matilda gathering up the dishes. She neither heard nor saw me as I looked at her in wonder. As I approached her, I heard a strange, yet familiar melody, whose sense seemed to convey that she was lonely, but not alone.

*The
Tragedy
of
M. Pauvrhomme*

I

We are, my friend, in 1810

Near Barrington, by the sea.

On Nova Scotia's rocky tip

A M. Pauvrhomme we see.

A fateful day once changed his life

Some forty long years ago.

Since then there's been a fearful debt

That no one but he could know.

Externals showed no difference;

He still was the businessman

Going to work at half past eight
And leaving ten hours from then.
Hard honest labor, six days full,
He rendered punctiliously,
While on the seventh he would rest.
A really good man was he.
And tithes he rendered to the Church
Where he on the Sabbath went,
And not once in those forty years
Could one find him negligent.
He intermixed in politics
And made sure the best was done
To pass decrees that aimed to please
The interests of everyone.
At Peint Street's end in Barrington
(The closest one to the sea)
He lived a solitary life,
His pseudo-Gethsemane.
For here his mind did labor much,
Externals all torn away,
And contemplate the shameful deed
Relived by him every day.
So much it tore his mind
That oftentimes did he pray
That he might never bear the terror
Of living another day.

II

How, on that August day
 So long ago,
How did he let her die
 Whom he loved so?
A picnic on the beach
 Shared just by two,
As sunshine warmed the chill
 The cold sea blew.
'Twas here that she confessed
 What was her dread,
"It is Victor, not you,
 That I will wed."
He died within himself,
 But was this grief
Enough to let her go
 When, on that reef,
His boat jolted so hard
 That she was thrown
Into the foam, and help
 Was him alone?
That he should row away
 And let her cry?
That he should row away
 And let her die?

III

And now M. Pauvrhomme's alone
To die within this cave of stone.
He now awaits the rising tide
To provide for his suicide.
He thinks, "How long I've known the day
Would come when I this debt must pay,
For I have seen a thousand times
That Felons must repair for crimes
They've done against Society;
And so it is the same with me.
I'm ready now to expiate
And to surrender to my fate."

IV

He sees the lights outside
As slowly they subside.
And in this gloomy noon,
Which soon him will entomb
In dying words are heard
Of the curse self incurred.

V

"And now 'tis me
As once 'twas she
Death
. . . from the sea.

VI

The echo resounded throughout the cave
And died with him in the watery grave.

DENNIS DONAHUE, '63