



june penmans palette 1959



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THE FLEA MARKET

Harry Glaser '66

In the Northeastern section of Paris, near Port Clignancourt, every Saturday, Sunday and Monday, rain or shine, one finds the now world famous "Marché aux Puces"--in English, "the Flea Market."

When I lived in France, near Paris, I visited this fascinating market whenever I could. To get there, I always used the Metro (a subway train system). Riding the Metro to the Flea Market is half the fun, and a bargain in itself, as one can ride quickly from one place to another in the city for about seven cents. In addition, all the other characters traveling to the same place are exciting.

The Flea Market was started in the late Nineteenth Century by raggickers. These raggickers, or chiffonnieres, as they are natively known, who, even today, comb the city's trash cans and dumps every morning, made their headquarters in a collection of rough shacks just inside the northern walls of the city. The Flea Market got its name from them and their wares, both of which abounded in vermin--and still do!

Thrifty French housewives got in the habit of visiting the Flea Market to look for items hard to find in regular stores, such as a baby carriage part, a scrap of material to patch Junior's pants, a screw, spring, pot or pan.

Shortly after the turn of the century, the Flea Market came to the notice of foreign

travelers, who found it very amusing. One told another, and soon the Flea Market was a popular tourist attraction.

Paris antique dealers, seeing the potential gold mine, moved in. Now the Flea Market contains what is probably the world's greatest collection of antique furniture, porcelain, crystal--and junk! It is estimated that the shops gross more than two million dollars a year.

The Flea Market is so large that you can go there ten times and never see the same thing twice.

The most famous part of the Flea Market is the Rue d'Antiquiti. Here, all the most expensive collections can be seen. Beautiful period suites of furniture for living room, dining room or bedroom, some dating as far back as Louis Fifteenth, some worm-eaten pieces even older, capotries, Limoges china, Meissenware, Chinese Art, chandeliers which once held hundreds of tallow candles--jewelry, so tarnished and dusty, yet with a glow or gleam enticing the gambler or the romantic shopper. Some of these items are really rare and authentic--true treasures--, but some are fakes, and the same thing can be found in duplicate, triplicate and "multicate" further back in the market for a much smaller price.

When I mentioned the word "Junk," I meant just that. Many stalls are filled with old auto parts, tarnished rhinestone

jewelry, old clothes, slightly used false teeth, old eye glasses, tattered silk top hats--at least a broken part of almost anything you could think of or imagine. The intriguing thing is that sometimes in the midst of this rubbish, you find something valuable.

One shop sold beautiful gowns from the court scene of some ancient era, no doubt. (Though more likely the cast-off wardrobe of the Casine de Paris, of Follies.)

My favorite shops were those that specialized in old arms and armour. At these I hovered and browsed, sought and searched, dreamed and wished--and finally invested, or was "took."

One day I saw a Napoleonic breastplate. I drooled! At last I knew I had to have it!

"How much is that breastplate?" I asked the sneaky-eyed vendor.

"8,000 francs, monsieur," he said in a slippery slur.

"Vous et fou! Vous et casse!" I stormed, assuming the haggler's stance. "Deux milles!"

"7,500 francs!" he shouted, waving his arms as though to decapitate me.

"Deus milles!" I stuck my chin as close to his garlic scented face as I could.

"Tiens! It will destroy all my profit, but I will give it to you for 7,000" he howled.

"I'll give you 2500 for it, you robber!" I yelled.

After a bit more such abuse and haggling, we struck a bargain of 4,000 francs. Both of us rubbed our hands. I turned over the money and faced the problem of carrying my bulky purchase. Gleelessly the vendor suggested I wear it, and helped me into it.

As I marched through the paths between the stalls, people I passed hit the armour, laughing and calling to each other as its merry ring pealed through the air. Soon everyone seemed to know I was coming.

One vendor just knew I wanted a six-foot flink-lock rifle. He made the price so tempting that I bought that, too. In armour, and carrying my big heavy gun, I decided it was about time to go home. I weaved my way through the people looking for a way out.

Suddenly I spotted something that made my heart sink! There, in shining splendor, was a finer, shinier, perfectly conditional armour! The vendor stopped before me eagerly.

"2,000 francs, monsieur!"

I was broke! I'd blown every franc I had, except Metro fare on the heavy thing on my aching back.

With heavy heart as well as load, I finally reached the Metro. When the Official saw me, he screamed, "C'est la guerre! C'est la guerre!" and at first would not let me get on. Then, finally, after making sure my gun was not loaded, he pushed me into a corner of the car and made me stand there the whole trip. I couldn't sit down or slump. The only thing that could bend was my ego, and that was very

badly bent. In fact, it was quite crushed!

Many people swear by their "finds" in antiques. One man polished the old head of a cane and found it to be pure gold. Two years ago a young couple found a necklace that had been Josephine Bonapart's, and they sold it for \$20,000. Someone, someday, may find Princess Anastasia's blouse buttons in which she hid a fortune in diamonds.

The vendors of these many items are all odd characters, male and female. Often they sit outside their stalls, whether they are selling grand pianos, old swords and guns, or little families of mechanical, musical dolls, and cook their lunch on little one-burner oil stoves, flavoring the entire market with smoke blended with the oil and garlic aroma of the food to which they seem to be so partial.

There are small booth or shack restaurants throughout the market where tourists or natives can eat moules, a small mussel taken from the Seine River. Accompanied with wine and warm French bread, which is automatically served, these moules are delicious.

Music is everywhere, especially on a sunny day. The vendors sit outside their stalls, playing a piano, banjo, mouth-organ, or perhaps happily singing through a comb to attract attention to their wares, or just because they have no inhibitions. In the cafes and shack restaurants someone is usually playing an accordian. Thus, the odors, the sounds, the characters, the bazaar items, all give the Flea Market an exotic atmosphere.

One thing that intrigued me in the tiny cafes was the vast supply of alcoholic beverages they displayed. In one place, the whole wall was covered with bottles of every size and ranged from the cheapest Algerian wine to 1914 Cognac. Oddly, the waiter in this place didn't know what root beer was when I asked for it.

The Flea Market's best bargains are found on a rainy Monday. Then there aren't many people shopping. The prices rise with the weather. On a sunny day, crowded with wealthy tourists--the shop keepers know that all Americans are millionaires!--the prices go up, because there is a good chance of selling just anything to some stupid tourist. On a cold, rainy day, not many people shop. The vendor must then sell his wares for what he can get, or he doesn't eat lunch.

Some shop keepers feel offended if you can speak French and don't haggle with them over the price of an article. He sets the price of most items at five times their value and thinks anyone who pays that is stupid and deserves to be cheated. It is really funny to see a shrewd bargainer haggle with an experienced vendor. Often they will stand for half an hour, shaking fingers at each other, as prices and offers fly back and forth. Gradually the seller's price goes down and the buyer's price goes up, until they finally agree on it.

About the only person who refuses to haggle is the man who sells roasted chestnuts. These cost from thirty to fifty francs a bag and almost everyone who passes the vendor finds the pungent aroma irresistible.



CYPRESS

Linda Gurley '61

Towering bleakly above its reflection
In the shallow water filled with fallen limbs
That are shrouded with trailing pond scum,
Stands the dark, dead cypress tree.
The night wind rustles the reeds in its feet,
And whistles through the quivering grass.
Large raindrops begin to fall, splashing the water.
They fall slowly at first, increasing with the storm's fury.
The tossing trees form faces
Against the darkening sky.
Suddenly from the black clouds a thunderbolt leaps,
Striking the tree with a powerful crash...

Storms shall topple this tree no more.
It lies half submerged in water and mud,
And turtles sun on it by day,
And fish die in the tree's shadow
Of the once erect and mighty trunk.

The FABULOUS PORTE-MONNAIE

PETE DALE '61

According to Noah Webster, the purse is "a small holder for money, to be carried in the pocket or in the hand." If Mr. Webster were ever married, it could not have been very happily. If, on the other hand, he never married, I can easily understand why not, for you show me the woman who uses her purse as a money holder alone, and I shall show you the Eighth Wonder of the Modern World! No female worthy of the gender would ever be so naive as to use her handbag solely as a receptacle for her spending cash when she is able to use it to "tote" about everything else under the sun.

They say, "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," but if angels carry purses, as most probably they do, (for where else would they keep their idle harps and horns?) I feel that I make a grave mistake. If, however, this is folly....well....come, fellow-fools, and tread with me as I scratch the surface.

The initial problem is always entry. I think purses must be made with these trick clasps, catches and fasteners for the sole purpose of foiling people like me. Ah! success! I have laid bare the contents of this phenomenon, the Purse.

What have we here? A compact--probably fitting--as one's feature's are constantly in need

of redecoration. Good grief, five tubes of lipstick and only one mouth. Next...confetti? Yes, one never knows when one will be invited to a party and must always be prepared. A protractor and biology notes.... studious soul. Hmm....some poor, foolish boy's I. D. bracelet. Grass! My heavens, she's growing a garden! Bubble gum wrapper complete with "Flier Fortune" and "Double Bubble Fact." Two fingernail files, one for each hand, no doubt. There follows in unbelievable confusion a football program with certain eminent names circled; a billfold containing more pictures and scraps than anything else; an unpaid bill from Woodward and Lothrop; a spoon stolen from Top's Drive-In; perfume; material for a formal; scissors; and eyebrow pencil (correction: two eyebrow pencils; here again, one for each eyebrow); a gigantic comb, and of course, the inevitable address book. Here we have sundry love letters and notes, pencils, pens, small change--gad, very small--and a gold pocket-knife for higher class waltzes. The tooth of a cow? A vet in her spare time, I suppose. Ah, the end is in sight.

Alas, 'tis not the end, but merely another compartment. I'm back again where I started and none the better off for my efforts. Oh woe, 'tis folly in deed!

THE PARADE

MANDY BULWINKLE '61

The battle cry dies out at last,
The roar of cannon now is past,
Ten thousand men are marching by,
No more to leave their homes to die.

They fought with courage unsurpassed,
That freedom ever more would last,
Ten thousand men are marching by,
No more to leave their homes to die.

Together, men and boys alike,
They trudge along the dusty pike.
Ten thousand men are marching by,
No more to leave their homes to die.

They tramp the roads with quicker step,
They hasten home with hopes they've kept,
Ten thousand men are marching by,
No more to leave their homes to die.

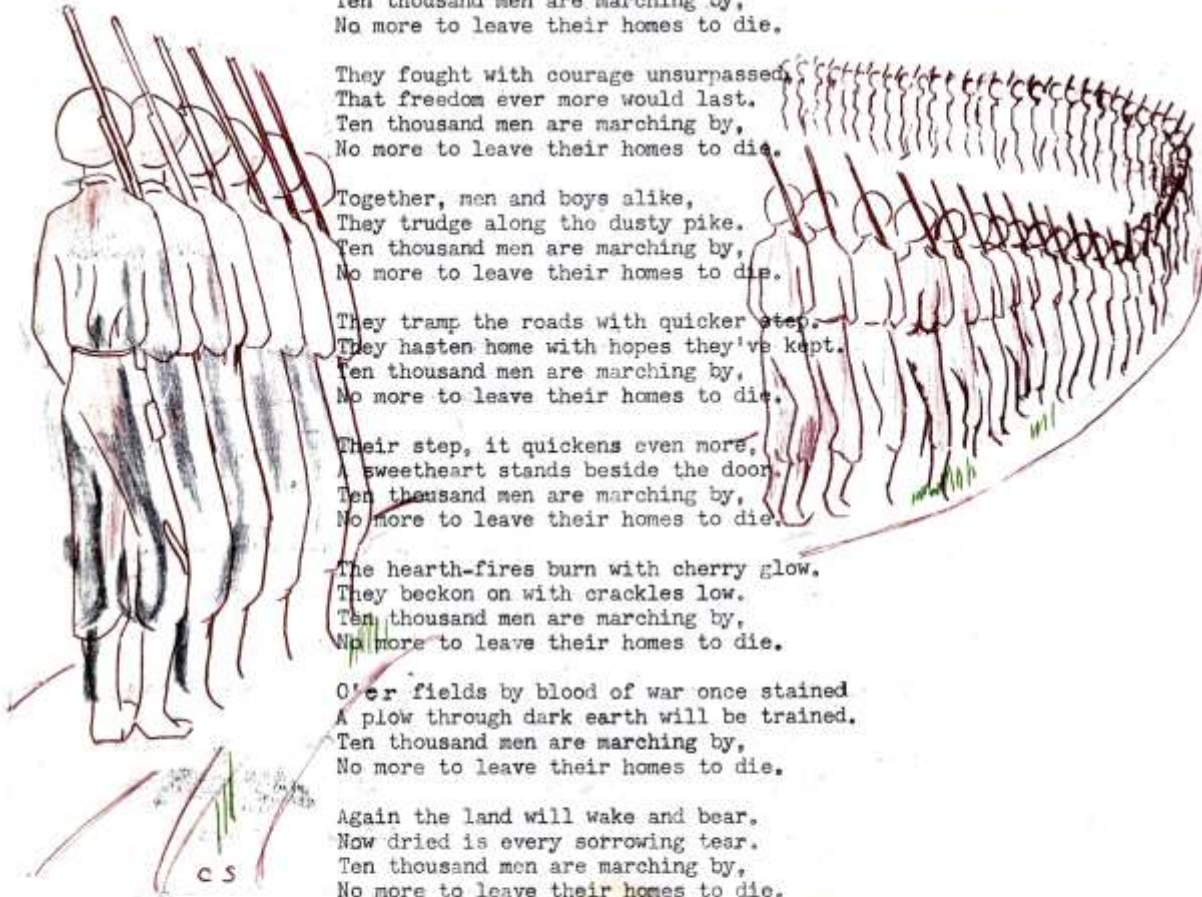
Their step, it quickens even more,
A sweetheart stands beside the door,
Ten thousand men are marching by,
No more to leave their homes to die.

The hearth-fires burn with cherry glow,
They beckon on with crackles low,
Ten thousand men are marching by,
No more to leave their homes to die.

O'er fields by blood of war once stained
A plow through dark earth will be trained,
Ten thousand men are marching by,
No more to leave their homes to die.

Again the land will wake and bear,
Now dried is every sorrowing tear,
Ten thousand men are marching by,
No more to leave their homes to die.

All daughters, mothers, wives and sons
Rejoice. There is no need for guns,
Ten thousand men are marching by,
No more to leave their homes to die.



My Handwriting and I

Virginia Gilmore '60

I have read that there are handwriting experts who can tell what kind of a personality one has by his handwriting. I have often wondered what such an expert would think of mine.

By the time one becomes a junior in high school, his handwriting should be legible and unchanging. However, every time I start to write, my handwriting seems to change. When I am in a hurry, or want something to seem longer than it is, my handwriting gets larger. When I am getting near the end of the month and my funds don't allow for any extravagances it gets smaller. Sometimes it looks like a stretched out wire, and sometimes as if it were pushed up against a brick wall.

Have you ever noticed the way some people cross their "T's"? Each tries to be different. Some try putting different types of tails on letters or dotting

One thing that is maddening to me is the way some people separate words so you can't tell where one begins or one ends.

No matter what kind of handwriting I try, it always looks like a second grader's. When writing in ink, I always manage to splotch the paper or smear the ink.

I can remember when I was in grade school and the teacher made us make ~~o's~~ o's and ~~z's~~ z's to improve our penmanship. However, mine never seemed to reach the top or the bottom of the line. When one hundred o's were supposed to reach the full length of the page, mine only reached halfway.

I have decided that the only way to help me solve this problem is to try to improve my writing.

Concerning Death And The Dead

Steve Hough '61

Why unflinch the bones or carve the skull and keep it in the house? Why eat the body or the ashes of the cremated? Why kill the wife, children, slaves, horses, and bury them with the master? Why bury with the dead, jewels, ornaments, money, food, clothing, tools and weapons? Why bury a victim of a disease one way, a suicide victim another, an executed man another, and a child still another?

Down through the ages these have been the customs, arising from superstitions which themselves arose from the fear of Death and of the Dead.

No one really has knowledge of death. No one knows whether death is horrible or pleasant, painful or painless. Everyone has many thoughts about death, which drives him to fear it, to fight it, and to mourn over the death of a relative or friend.

Primitive man used caverns and deep caves for the disposal of the dead, probably because he thought that darkness was a sign of evil and that the deep caves and caverns were openings to the Underworld.

The ancient Egyptians buried the deceased's possessions and various other things with him, for they believed he would make a long journey to a place similar to the Heavens, which Christians today believe in, and he would need these things.

When a Greek died, his eyes and mouth were closed by the net of kin. Then the body was anointed by the members of the family and then was clothed with clean garments. The body lay on a bier inside the house. Marjoram was scattered under the body, which rested on four vine branches. Cypress outside the door warned of the death within the house. The head was adorned with filets and garlands. On the third day the body was placed on a funeral pyre and cremated. The ashes and bones were collected by the son, and were enclosed in a box.

In Greek and Roman mythology, the Underworld is described thus;

Near Lake Avernus, a foul smelling body of water, was a cavern from which the road to the Underworld led. This road

was filled with terror. There were forms of the most horrible gods and goddesses all around. At the end of this road there was a most pitiful sight. An innumerable amount of souls were on their knees, arms outstretched, begging Charon, the ferryman, to take them to the other side of the River Styx. The old man only admitted a few and pushed the others away. Here the two great rivers of the Underworld met; the Cocytus, the river of lamentation; and the Acheron, the river of woe. The ones who were not admitted to Charon's boat were those who had not been properly buried. They were forced to wander along the shore for a hundred years without a place to rest. On the other bank of the Styx was a vicious dog who guarded the entrance to the Underworld. He had three heads and a dragon's tail. To get past him you had to feed him some cake. Then came the Fields of Mourning where unhappy lovers dwell. They were the ones who killed themselves. On arrival to the Underworld, each one is brought before three judges, who pass the sentence and send the wicked to everlasting torture, and the good to Elysian Fields. After the judges, the road forks. On the left is the region in which the wicked are punished

for their misdeeds, and on the right are the Elysian Fields where the great and good dwell. These fields are beautiful, with soft green meadows and warm rich sunlight.

Death as portrayed in early Greek art was a snatching away of the soul by ghosts, evil death demons. However, the Greeks themselves represented death as a pleasing, gentle, beautiful youth, by the name of Thanatos.

At one time death was represented on tombs as a friendly genius with an inverted torch, and holding a wreath in his hand; or as a sleeping child, winged, and with an inverted torch resting on a wreath. These representations were more adapted to relieve the minds of the mourners.

Achilles once said to Odysseus: "Don't try to explain away Death to me, for who knows whether Life be not Death, and what we here call Death be called Life there below?"

"Man should not be troubled by death--for when he is, Death isn't, and when death is, he is no longer here." Therefore forget about death, and wish for good health.



the mockery

claire walter '80



Now, I am young
And my life lies ahead,
I have ambition
Here is my world, conquered, settled
But out there, out beyond my reach,
Are many worlds, new, untarnished.
Now, I am young
And my life lies ahead,
I shall learn
And I shall grow in my knowledge
And...I shall conquer.
I will touch what no man has ever touched,
I will breath where no man has ever breathed,
I will smell what no man has ever smelled
I will see what no man has ever seen,
And...having reached those beckoning worlds
I will live as no other man has ever dreamed of living.
Now, I am old
And my life lies behind.



What have I done?
What have I conquered?
No new world, no untouched region.
I have lived my life as other men.
I have breathed and seen and heard as other men.
And, out there--still out beyond my reach,
Lie those beckoning but untouched worlds
beckoning yet.
But now, I am old
And my life lies behind.
Now, I am old

*
That old man,
I wonder....No
He is just searching Jupiter's mood.
Rheumatism, probably.
But what do I care for old, useless men.
How could they have felt as I do?
For, now, I am young
And my life lies ahead,
I shall learn
And I shall grow in my knowledge
And...I shall conquer



BNS

the wine cellar

Diane Wallingford

Light from a red-tinted window wandered across the room. It discovered the wall and illuminated the tapestry, making the rich colors warm and vibrant. A cherub sitting on the lowest branch of an ancient walnut seemed to squint and blush as the rays caressed its face.

Looking suspiciously behind him, the man closed the creaking oaken door as quietly as possible. He fastidiously locked it and placed the key in one of his many pockets. Completing this customary ritual, he padded noiselessly across the smooth marble floor. He thought with satisfaction that the ancient marble could never reveal his path although it had been traveled for hundreds of years by thousands of soft feet. The man stopped before the lowly cherub, his life-worn hand reaching upward to touch its burning cheek. Notwithstanding he had performed this act a countless number of times previously, he unceasingly expected to feel the delicate, blushing skin, so cleverly was the tapestry woven. As usual, he became aware of a feeling of disappointment as his fingers rubbed only the colored wool. Upon realizing a barely perceptible movement, all of these thoughts fled from his mind to be replaced by pleasant anticipation. The tapestry shifted slowly to expose a dark narrow doorway and dusty passageway beyond.

The man moved through the doorway and into the passageway now carrying a lantern. Assured that the panel had returned to its proper place, he continued along the short corridor which terminated at the top of a steep, narrow flight of stairs. During the next part of his journey, the man felt his way slowly, his hand passing familiarly over the rough stones. His eyes and lantern were of little use since the rays could not point the way down a staircase that wound so sharply to the right. Several minutes passed before he attained the bottom where he paused to brush the cobwebs and dust from his graying hair. Here another door confronted him and since he had never felt the necessity to lock this one, it sprang open at his light touch to reveal a room as ageless as time herself awaiting the muffled footsteps of her master. A beam of light from the man's lantern crept along the ancient masonry and at last came to rest on one thousand eyes which glowed dull red under its influence.

The lantern-bearer slowly crossed the damp earthen floor, his nostrils filled with a musty odor that was, as always, strangely exhilarating. Experienced hands moved over the smooth glass surfaces undecidedly and dropped hesitatingly on a large wooden cask. His mind, suddenly philosophical, surveyed his "favorite girl" in a new light.

Often she had comforted those who had sought her, crying in sympathy with many deeply hurt and disappointed. Her tears, rich and invigorating, had lifted them from the depths of despair to the heights of happiness. He wondered if anyone before him entering her fascinating embrace had left without her kiss on his lips, without joy flooding his entire being.

Distraught by such a saddening contemplation and by his distorted image mirrored in her understanding eyes, he pushed all thought from his brain and, with a deft twist of his hand, tapped her solacing resources. Then he took his accustomed place at the small round table standing in the center of the room. The deep amber liquid shimmered and reflected the lantern's light from its cut glass container in a dancing pattern on the table. Lifting the glass to his lips and draining it, he felt a warm tingling sensation taking possession of his entire person.

For many hours the man sat in the dusky, low-ceiling room. He stared absently at the long shelves lined with various shaped bottles and at the heavy casks resting on the musty floor, some nearly bursting their iron belts. He looked at, but did not see, a spider busily at work overhead and a cricket chirping merrily in the shadows. His thoughts became increasingly lighter and more buoyant with every filling of his glass. He was a squire... a knight in shining armor rescuing fair maidens from terrible dragons... a prince, lord over a thousand kingdoms!

After a while, a deep depression stole over his musings and brought with it a melancholy sense of despair. He realized he could not remain there indefinitely, that he must, summoning all his courage, return to reality. The man rose slowly to replace his glass in its place, longingly caressing its slender stem as he did so. He removed the empty wine bottles from the table and added them to the feet



growing pile in the corner, the movement silencing the cricket's noise. He forced his leaden feet toward the door watching the lantern's flickering light play on the damp uneven floor. He moved quite slowly up the first few steps and, holding the lantern high, looked at the wine cellar. She is so very like a woman, he thought, so proud and temperamental. Within the course of a few hours she had grown cold and uninviting. She seemed to turn her nose up at him and mock his attempt to rationalize. He grew aware of the lateness of the hour and of the decided chill in the damp air. His heart heavy, he turned his back on his comforter and ascended the twisted stone staircase. So slowly did he move that he noticed the intricate stonework, how ingeniously the steps had been made triangular so as to wind ever upward, and even how, over the years, the ever-present dust had collected in the corners. Unexpectedly, it occurred to the man that this task, climbing the stairs which he had passed over with pleasant expectation such a short time before, was being executed with not a little reluctance. He reasoned it should not be so, yet he could not convince himself that what he was headed for was to be pleasurable at all.

Now at the top of the staircase, he drew back the panel and stepped into the room with the tapestry. The sunlight no longer streamed through the window, and the cherub on the walnut nearly frowned as the lantern's feebler rays fell upon it. The man's feet, heavier, yet softer, than before, recrossed the elegant marble floor and passed beyond the oaken door with the

heavy iron lock.

Carefully relocking the door and disposing of his lantern, he paused some minutes to collect himself for the forthcoming ordeal. When he felt himself prepared, he joined his wife in one of the drawing rooms on a lower floor.

Although he had entered quietly, the big woman twisted in her chair immediately to face him and she cocked a saucy painted eyebrow in his direction.

"Well," she demanded.

"Well, what, Dear?" he answered innocently in a mild voice, but he started at the sound of her shrewish tone.

"Well, where have you been all day?" she retorted, pointing at him with a grasping finger decorated by a long blood-red nail.

Without a moment's hesitation he replied, "Hunting;" and walked toward the fire burning cheerily on the hearth. He thought, at least one thing was insensible to her nagging.

"Again? Before we were married I remember your saying you didn't know one end of a gun from the other, and about two months afterward you became a hunting fanatic. As usual, I don't suppose you got anything?"

"I'm afraid I had bad luck, Dear." He paused to pick up the paper while she took a deep breath.

"That's another thing. I really can't understand why, after twenty-five years of practice, you have never brought home

anything."

"Well, I..."

"Don't interrupt," she snapped. "I should think you'd get something, at least once in a while. And another thing--I can't stand living in this old, run-down, medieval castle one more minute. You know I loathe dampness and high altitudes. It makes me stiff all over."

He observed her generous form, which would have been stiff in the desert.

She went on, "Something has got to be done about the heating, and the lighting too, for that matter. I abhor the acrid smoke from that abominable fire." She paused to take a breath.

"Well, Dear, my mother did give...."

As usual she ignored him, "In addition, I have a few more things to discuss with you..."

Her words, as they did every minute he was not "out hunting" came at him like bullets from a machine gun. He pulled his chair close to the fire with its high back to her. He knew he could never exist, as long as he had her, without his "hunting expeditions," his flashing cherub, or his favorite room and was thankful for them. His thoughts melted into oblivion and, under the hypnotic influence of the dancing flames, he allowed her steady verbal barrage to lull him to fitful sleep.

Summer's Last Jewels

Jewels of vain summer's past,
Have come to haunt the lake again;
The dragonflies...old woman's last
Gems to deck her fading vanity.
Summer is past, summer is past;
Youthful autumn is coming in.
Give up your faded garments;
You cannot win
Against encroaching time.
And only the jeweled dragonflies
Are left for you, old woman,
With which to deck your vanity.

Lynn Crane

A personal essay," said my English teacher a dreary January day, "can be about any topic at all. It can be on anything." And most essayists, experienced and potential, choose as the topics of their personal essays many varied subjects; subjects serious and humorous, concerning any and every thing, person, place and situation imaginable. However, since I fancy myself a non-conformist (and unfortunately not as talented as those writers discussed above,) my literary effort shall be on nothing.

To discuss nothing thoroughly is much more difficult than one might at first imagine. When we consider for a moment, we realize that nothing is rather an ambiguous term and can mean more than just no thing.

Nothing is the standard reply of the modern American teenager to such questions as: "What are you doing?"; "What did you say?"; and "What is that?" (the latter referring to anything from a photograph of one's latest steady to a borrowed cigarett).

Another and more widespread meaning of this infamous word is: nought or a nonentity (courtesy of WEBSTER); or to put it so that the layman can understand, nothing absolutely at all whatsoever no-how!

Of further interest to the etymologist is the fact that almost every language, not just English, contains this allimportant word; although in no tongue has it become so widespread and

significant as in our own. The Spanish say nada, while in France it can be expressed in two ways --well, I've always known the French are pretty clever.

However, in science and mathematics, nothing really comes into its own. I still don't understand why zero times something is really nothing. Furthermore, I would be willing to wager that you can't explain off-hand what a perfect vacuum is. (Not that one has ever been produced.)

If you still cannot fathom my jargon, this last thought may help. The best way for someone to become a NOTHING is to tell people that their character is unsubstantial, vacant, vacuous, empty, void and nil; say their ambitions will vanish, evaporate, fade, dissolve, and disappear into nothingness; and express the opinion that everyone is a nihility, nought, blank, hollow and nonentity.

WHAT IS MORNING

Foggy Forcia '60

Yesterday morning, when
the world was still
misty and gray-shadowed.
And a few embarrassed
stars twinkled,
Yet guarding the ever
retreating night,
I arose hastily,
For I had resolved
to discover
what morning is.

Morning is an infinite
amount of droplets of dew,
Glittering on small bent
blades of grass,
Scattered there by
Nature's careless hand--
Each a tiny mirror
reflecting the gray
dawn
In a hundred different directions.

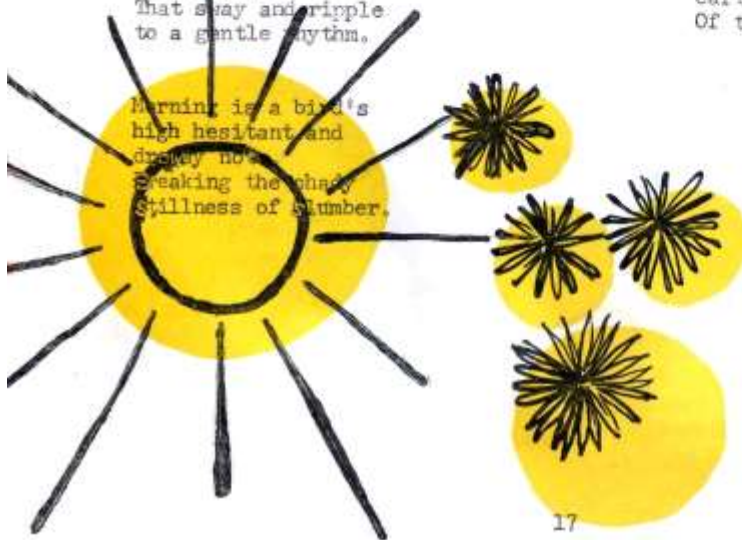
Morning is a cool murmuring breeze
wafting chintz curtains
at a slightly opened
window,
Or darning in a field
of dandelions
That sway and ripple
to a gentle rhythm.

Morning is a bird's
high hesitant and
draggly note
breaking the shady
stillness of slumber.

Morning is a sleepy,
gurgling brook
Trickling over polished
pebbles
And singing to its
banks, the trees,
And echoing back
As it passes under
the old stone bridge.

Morning is the sun
finally gathering its
courage
And rising over the
rooftops,
Sending trails of bright
silvery beams to the
street
And sending the last traces of gray
scurrying away.

My resolution was fulfilled,
My heart at peace,
For I, like many
other people, had
awakened
In time to see
God hand out
his tapestries of
beauty on the
Silent and solemn
earthworks
Of the world.



Storm

Jim Scott

Mountains dry,
Clouds cry.

Thirsts arse,
Waters rave.

Earth pales,
Torrential rains.

Waters more,
Rivers roar.

Light flashes,
Thunder crashes.

Wind blown,
Trees groan.

Rain flows,
Sunlight shows.

Storm resists,
Life exists.

RUNNING

ON

A

Storm

The thunder roaring, bellowing,
Claps its hands in delight!
Flashing its yellow teeth in mockery,
It laughs at my fearful flight!

Jane Whitfield

FOR THE BIRDS

by Gary Martin, '59

GARY MARTIN '59

Once upon a time, as all good stories must begin, there came into being on this earth a Fiend contrived by social discourse, poverty and misery, and sired by the Crow of propaganda and the strong, crafty, dictative Raven.

This Fiend, newly hatched, and just beginning to feel its way into our glorious world of unrest, floundering about as any baby bird would do when first trying to get on its feet, waddled out of its nest and ventured to the edge of a great cliff. He saw other birds around him and found himself quite large as compared to them. Large indeed. Even larger than the great War Hawk, which he saw attacking a sea gull's nest. The mighty hawk flew with great fury into the nest, crushing the eggs and he wounding the gulls, which tried as best they could to fight off the intruder. The Fiend thought this was very brutal, and though he was larger than the Hawk he hoped it would not cast one of its murderous eyes his way. So he struggled back to his den as fast as he could. Here he settled down to rest.

A while later he was awakened by a horrible noise. Anxious to see and learn all he could about this wondrous world he had been born into, he moved to the mouth of his lair to find the cause of the clamor. Upon reaching daylight he observed an awful sight. The blood stained War Hawk was making vicious

attacks on Mother Eagle, the inseparable mate of Father Eagle who was king of all the birds. Father Eagle stood idly by observing the fight with great interest, wondering if his mate could defeat this supposedly invulnerable enemy. Mother Eagle was having a hard time of it and was obviously getting the worst of the fight. But fortunately she was able to fight back with more authority than the gulls. On the rock above Father Eagle, the Fiend saw Mother Hawk perched ready to pounce at any opportune minute. Father Eagle, not aware of the over-shadowing danger, just paced around the fight eyeing the proceedings. Every now and then he would squawk harshly at Father Hawk, but Father Hawk just ignored it and kept right on fighting. Then out of nowhere came Mother Hawk in all her fury, pouncing viciously on the back of Father Eagle. This threw him off balance momentarily but he soon got back on his feet and retaliated with sufficient power. Father Hawk's attention now left Mother Eagle and he jumped on Father Eagle. Mother Eagle now stepped in beside her mate to even the odds a little. Two and two and the fight was on. At this point all the Fiend could observe was a muddle of confusion.

After about two or three hours of this violent struggle, Father Hawk slipped away from the fight briefly. Very mad and in a state of hatred toward everybody, he, noticing the weak looking Fiend standing by, took

a swipe at him with one of his huge claws. This gouted the Fiend deeply. Driven by a desire to make use of his new-found potential strength and taking a quick estimate of his over-grown size, to say nothing of the fact that he would be fighting beside the Eagle, the most powerful of all birds, he attacked the Hawk. The Eagles, who were probably powerful enough already to overcome the Hawks, now made short work of defeating them with the help of their new-found friend and ally. While Mother Eagle and the Fiend held Father Hawk pinned against a huge rock, Father Eagle dealt an earth-shaking blow to the heart of Mother Hawk. Having quite defeated Mother Hawk and throwing her into his dungeon, he returned to the battle to help straighten out Father Hawk. When he arrived on the scene he observed the Fiend devouring the War Hawk. Even as he, Mother Eagle, and one of the gulls protested, the Fiend kept on consuming the helpless War Hawk. Together the three were able to pull about a third of the torn body of Father Hawk from the greedy jaws of the monster. Then the Fiend, still hungry with greed, continued on and consumed the War Hawk's nest and all of its possessions, while the Eagles were busy trying to revive Mother Hawk and what was left of Father Hawk.

To the Eagles this was now a time of Restoration. To help the Hawks get back on their feet and to create a harmonious feeling between the birds again, were the objectives which they set for themselves. But victory had affected the Fiend in a very different way. After consuming these goods, the Fiend found himself to have grown immensely. He was now many times bigger

than even the mighty Eagle. To the warped mind of the Fiend it appeared that since the icing of victory had tasted good, now he wanted to consume the whole cake. He wanted to be all powerful. This meant consuming the entire bird kingdom, including the Eagles. Yes, mainly the Eagles.

One day, while Father Eagle was out attending to his daily chores, the Fiend paid a very unwelcome visit to the Eagles' nest. He slipped up very quietly behind Mother Eagle and upon reaching the nest he tapped her on the back. She was startled so that she literally jumped from the nest into the air with a great shriek. As she jumped from the nest he snatched an egg from under her and ran quickly down the hillside. Father Eagle, who was just returning, swooped down on the fleeing Fiend. Father Eagle tried his best to recover the egg. He dealt deathly blows to Fiend, who just flinched a little and continued on down the hill. A short distance from his lair the Fiend took a wrong turn and came face to face with the great cliff which overlooks the pit of destruction. So he began to fight back at the Eagle fiercely. Both had shed a great deal of blood when the Fiend stepped on a soft piece of rock which crumbled under his feet. Assisted by a swipe of the Eagle's wing, down he fell into the pit, or so it seemed, but just as his outstretched claw passed the cliff, the Eagle, pitying the poor helpless creature, grabbed the claw and pulled the Fiend back to safety. The Fiend, grateful for his life, returned the badly crushed egg to the Eagle and crawled back to his lair to soothe his wounds.

Next day the Fiend returned, of course at the same time when Father Eagle, who, thinking he had taught the Fiend a lesson, had left his nest unguarded. This time the Fiend snatched two of the eggs from the nest of the protesting Mother Eagle. Again, hearing the call of his mate, Father Eagle came to the rescue. He demanded that the Fiend return the eggs or he might cause trouble. Fearing the potential of the Eagles, the Fiend agreed to return one of them if they would allow him to raise the other himself. The Eagles saw nothing wrong with that as long as he raised it right and didn't consume it. The Fiend agreed and left with his egg. Immediately, upon returning to his den the Creature consumed the egg.

Next day was the same, the Fiend took two, gave back one



and consumed the other. The Monster was getting larger and larger with each of these meals. The Eagles were dubious about how long it would be before he took all of their eggs and whether or not they would be able to stop him if he were to attempt such a feat.

It finally happened. Father Eagle was detained too long by some freak happening, which was arranged by the Fiend. Upon returning to his nest he found that the gluttonous Fiend had not only consumed the rest of the eggs but had devoured Mother Eagle as well. There he sat licking his chops. The enraged Eagle flew headlong into the Fiend attacking it in all his fury. He tore into the side of the Monster. The Monster retaliated sending a hard blow to the head of the Eagle, who came back with a powerful blow to the mid-section of the Fiend. A twisted muddle of confusion and hatred, they rolled about on the ledge. The sound and power of their blows shook the entire bird kingdom. Soon the huge, powerful Monster had the Eagle under partial control, holding his back to the ground and pinning down his powerful wings the Fiend bit off and swallowed the mighty claws of the Eagle. A crippling blow indeed. Now the Eagle seemed helpless, all he had left was his strong beak with which he kept pecking at the Monster. Pinning down the ever menacing wings, the Fiend opened his mouth wide to devour the rest of the Eagle. Then like a streak of lightning it hit him. A pain. No! A stomach cramp. He had stupidly eaten too many things that disagreed with him. The Fiend tried again to swallow the

Eagle. His bloody mouth opened wide and then it hit him again. That pain! That awful pain! It burned. It grew in magnitude until it was unbearable. He released the Eagle for a moment to rub his aching stomach. Taking advantage of his momentary freedom from the oppression of the Monster, the Eagle gave one last mighty stroke with his powerful wing and sent the Monster in agony over the side of the cliff and into the pit of destruction.

Crippled and torn as the Eagle was, he returned to his nest to gather the remains of his crushed eggs. Upon reaching the nest he laid down to rest and thanked God that he had won.

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

If taken for face value, this story would be strictly "for the birds," but if it were re-enacted on the Stage of the World Theatre, the play bill would read something like the following:

THE EVIL OF COMMUNISM STARRING

The Fiend in his
most hideous role.

Cast

The Fiend, Communism; Father Eagle, The United States; Mother Eagle, Great Britain; Father Hawk, Germany; Mother Hawk, Japan; 1st Gull, France; 2nd Gull, Poland; Gull Eggs, Small European Countries and North Africa; 1st Eagle Egg, Korea; 2nd and 3rd Eagle Eggs, Quemoy Islands and Matsu; Rest of Eagle Eggs, Formosa, South and Central America, Cuba and the rest of the unsettled World.

ETERNAL EXISTENCE

by Jack Kuritzky, '59

We were medics returning from our war service in South America. While in flight our thoughts were only of home and comforts, when engine trouble developed. Bailing out seemed the safest and most sensible idea, though instant death would have been a blessing for what we encountered.

While trying to find the river, we came across an uninhabited native village, which we decided to look over. In one of the huts we found the most astonishing sights we have ever witnessed. There, human heads topped bamboo shoots, but for some odd reason, they were not dead. As we examined them closer, we found that one spoke English. Here is the unbelievable story that we were told!

Many years ago, I started forth into the jungle of the Amazons with a party of explorers. There was a story of a serum which could keep a person alive, even though his body was separated from his head! It was our job to see if this was so!

We started soon after the long rainy season, so that it would be easier traveling. We were a party of five, two doctors, two bearers, and myself. We were going into an area called Mayu country, where the natives are supposed to have this valuable serum. As we got deeper into the jungle, our bearers seemed to get restless, for they said that we were looking for



something which is forbidden to go out of the native tribes. The deeper we went, the more restless they got. Then one night, as the two doctors and I were talking, we heard strange cries in the clearing not far from us. When we went to get our bearers, we found that they were gone! And of course, they were gone with our supplies! We then decided that it would be best if we stayed together and tried to find our bearers, and our supplies, or both; in the morning. The first thing we started out into the clearing to see what had happened. To our surprise, we saw that there had been some sort of a sacrifice, a human sacrifice!! All around were the headless bodies of little babies, all painted with a green and blue paint. It seemed as if they were done up for some sort of ritual for they all had beads around their wrists and ankles. It was then that a handful of natives came out of the brush and surrounded us. They then took us to their camp, where we saw what had happened to those little babies!

They led us down through the center of the camp to the witch-doctors hut, which was covered with all sorts of heads--still alive!! Not only were there babies, but there were old men and women, hanging by their hair! As we walked, we saw men and women shouting at us, throwing rocks and heads as though they hated us for some unforeseen reason. We were then put into a hut, with three guards at the door. The guards were all scarred with cuts from their neck to their ankles. From their waists hung small heads, on bands, with the neck, eyes, and mouth sewed up, and yet they seemed to be making some sort of sound, a low

ghastly growl!

At dusk, we were brought food, of which we were quite leary, but we hadn't eaten since morning, so we ate a little of it. That night I was awakened by a shuffling in the room. As I rolled over to see what was going on, I saw that one of my companions was being dragged out of the hut into the center of the camp. There he was given some sort of liquid, which he was made to drink. Then he was brought back into the hut!

He seemed to be drugged with something which I have never seen before. As he lay there, he mumbled consistently without meaning. He didn't seem to be awake, but more or less in a trance because he lay just where they had left him. Later that night, he came to his senses, and tried to tell us what it was like. All he remembered was being taken out of the hut and into the center of the village. From there on, he was a blank. As time went on, it seemed as though he needed no sleep!! It was then that the other doctor and I began to wonder. Between us, we set up a shift to watch him. As we had suspected, he didn't sleep at all!!

(It was then that I decided that if I were given the drug, as soon as I could recover from the trance, I would make a run for it.) I would try to reach civilization!! I didn't have long to wait!!

On the night of the next full moon, the three of us were taken out of the hut and brought into the center of the camp. There the doctor who was drugged was taken from us. With this

motion, a frantic beat from the drums began, shouts of savage natives rang in our ears, and as we watched, we saw a drama which was incomparable!!

From one side of the village came a small but heavily built man, all done up with knives and pokers. At first we thought that it was going to be a quick killing, but our hopes were wrong!! From the other side of the village came a group of natives with fire sticks. As they walked to the center of the village, other natives were tying the doctor to an upright bracket, from which five ropes extended. They connected his arms to the two ropes on each side, his legs to the ropes on the bottom, and his head was inserted in the rope coming from the top. The rope must have been fixed so as not to choke him. When they were finished he was suspended as though in mid-air. Then the fire bearers came to him, walking as if this was nothing to them, just another killing. With one bold movement, they all stuck their fire spears into him. To our surprise, he did not cry out! Next the man with the knives and pokers came up! This was the worst thing I have ever seen! With the pokers he plucked his eyes out, and yet still no cry from the doctor, but he was still alive! Then he slowly sliced all the meat from the arms and legs, throwing them to the dogs which lay snarling all about! He then cut off his legs, then his arms, and with one powerful swing, he disconnected his body from his head!

We then thought that this was the end, but to our astonishment it wasn't. For some mysterious reason, the doctor wasn't dead. All at once he

started shouting, "Look what you have done to me!!" It was then that the natives started to laugh, and howl and shout. The witch-doctor arose. He walked over to the head and started talking to it.

"You are probably wondering why you aren't dead. The reason is that the drink we gave you was a mixture of plant juices which keep people alive for an eternity. This way you will spend the rest of your unnatural life on the end of a stick." With this the head was cut down from the rope and taken by the witch doctor. We were then brought back to our hut to sit and wait.

The next few nights were horrifying. We both had the fear that we could be the next to go through Hell. I had not long to wait for my turn. A week had passed and I thought that the natives had decided that we weren't worth the trouble of making another bracket....but to my dismay, they hadn't.

One night of the second full moon, I was pulled out of my hut to the center of the camp. I knew what was going to happen, and I was ready for it. For some strange reason it didn't happen the same way.

They brought me to a large table which was filled with all sorts of strange meats and vegetables. I wasn't forced to eat any of it, probably because all of it had some of the liquid in it. Then, as did the doctor, I fell dead asleep.

When I awoke, I found my only companion dressing my head with cold banana leaves. He told me that I was in a coma for

three days. So far everything was perfect for my plan. I came out of the coma and I had needed no sleep for a week. It seemed as though any night I might be taken through the same fantastic ritual as had been the doctor.

On one moonless night, I decided that this was the only chance that I would have before the next full moon. Tonight was the night of my escape. After all was quiet in the village, I started tearing at the sides of the grass hut. To my surprise, the sides gave quite easily, and I was able to crawl out making little noise. Once out of the hut, I started running. I ran without tiring, the reason I thought, was the serum which I was given. All that I could picture in my mind was reaching civilization, and living for eternity.

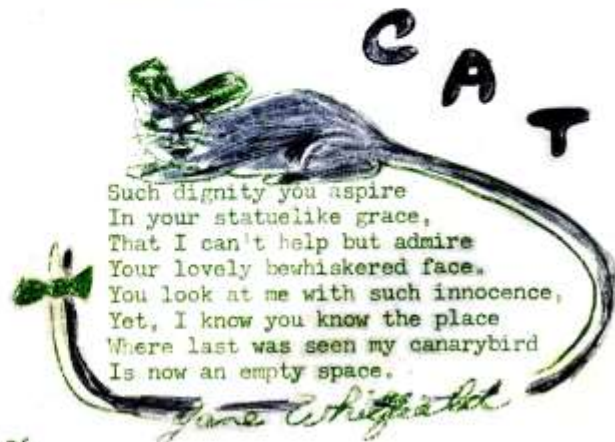
As I was running down a path toward the river, a huge poisonous snake reached down from a tree and gave me a terrible bite. A bite like this to any other man would kill him instantly, but it didn't even daze me. And yet for some odd reason, I gave out such a scream, that it told every native within miles where I was. It was then that I truly believed that I had taken the fluid of everlasting life!

Panic then overtook me. I started to wonder what it would be like if they captured me. Would they kill me instantly? That I doubted, for the doctor hadn't done a thing, and look what they did to him. No, if I was caught, I would live the rest of my life in eternal hell!

It was then that I heard the beating of the drums. They

seemed to surround me on all sides. As I ran on, I still heard the beating of the drums getting closer, closer, Then, when I stopped for a minute to get my bearings, the world came to an end. All around me was a circle of fire, not a brush fire, but the fire of torches, dancing in the moonlight. It was then that I wished I could die, but I couldn't even faint!! From all sides came the savages; shouting, laughing, dancing in a frantic tempo.

I was then tied and carried to the edge of their camp. There was a small dark cave there on the side of the hill. With a sudden thrust, I was thrown into the black hell. Once inside, it seemed to me that it was just a cold dark cave, but that thought didn't last very long. From the ceiling came the first one, digging its jaw into my ear. Then, as if he was the leader of the tribe, all the rest followed. From all sides came huge, crawling, hairy spiders! At first I tried to crush them with my bare hands, but they came upon me too rapidly. They were crawling all over me, biting into my flesh, chewing on my fingers, and yet I still couldn't die!



Such dignity you aspire
In your statuelike grace,
That I can't help but admire
Your lovely bewhiskered face.
You look at me with such innocence,
Yet, I know you know the place
Where last was seen my canarybird
Is now an empty space.

Jane Whitfield

by Jane Whitfield, '60

Then, after what seemed eternal damnation, the rock was moved aside from the cave. Was this the end? As my eyes got accustomed to the light, I glanced at myself. All my fingers and toes were chewed from the bone. My arms and legs were raw meat, and my ears were gone! They couldn't do much more to me! And yet, they still were taking me someplace else to live out my eternal hell!!

I was then led to the river bed, where they did all of their crabbing. Then I knew what was in store for me. They set me in a basket, of which only my head was protected. I was then submerged into the water. With my open wounds, it didn't take long for the crabs to find me! All I could feel, was the crabs chewing at me. I could feel no pain or suffering. It was just like being on a cloud, without a fed-

ing in the world. After about three days, I saw a group of natives come for me. It was then that I started to wonder what I was like!! I didn't have to wait long.

Instead of two men coming to pull me out, only one old man came to me. With a knife, he cut the cords of the basket so as to let me out. It was then that my mind cracked! Instead of me staying together, my whole body started floating down river. From my neck down I was nothing-----everything was eaten away by the crabs, and now all that I am is a head!!

The old man took me in his hands, and carried me to the witch doctor's hut. There my eyes, mouth, and nose were sewed up and I was stuck on a pole! Here to spend the rest of time..... to live forever!!



The kiss

CAROL CLINE '59

The sea reached out her gentle hand
And softly caressed the shore;
The sea reached out her loving hand
And bade us wait no more.

The salty breezes gently blew,
Their calling filled our souls;
The salty breezes laughing blew
Our loves' hearts are briny rolls.

The sea reached out her soothing hand
And gave us eternal bliss;
The sea reached out her joyful hand
And gave us love a kiss.

c. c.

A man in a long, light-colored robe with a blue sash stands on the left, looking up at a starry sky. The sky is filled with several blue, multi-pointed stars of varying sizes. A large, bright shooting star with a long, blue and white tail streaks across the sky from the upper right towards the lower right. The ground is indicated by a few red footprints and a small patch of grass.

UNIVERSAL RICHE S

Kathryn Middleton '61

If you believe my riches are few,
A sample of these I will show to you.

Look into a midnight sky,
And you will see how rich am I.

Clusters of diamonds, emeralds, and pearls,
In deep purple velvet swirl.

What earthly wealth can match this sight
I have before me every night?