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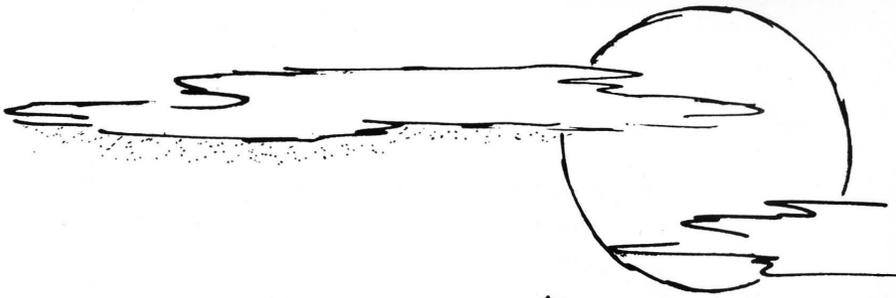
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# TWIN

By  
ARTHUR JONAS  
'64



Past the stars, beyond the darkness, in the land of the night lies a valley bordered by steep cliffs. At night the valley is cloaked in velvety black; the cliffs, dark and mystic, guard this peaceful paradise. The sky glitters with thousands of twinkling stars, each one a pinpoint of brilliance. A gentle breeze sifts through the long grass of the valley floor. On the eastern horizon, the huge, red moon lifts itself above the rocky crags into the star studded celestial canopy, silhouetting on the cliff two young wolves, a male and a female. As the rising moon changes from red to gold then to silver, the two creatures, one a glossy black, the other a soft grey, wind down the cliff and quietly enter the grassy haven.

A bright noonday sun set in a deep azure sky entices the spring flowers to bloom and the trees to push forth their leaves. Soft breezes blow the fragrance of the flowers over the entire valley and into the den which shelters the two wolves. The young lobo lazily stretches, then goes back to sleep. His grey mate stirs by his side in her slumber, perhaps dreaming of the times to come in this Shangri-La. Outside the breezes blow and the silver

stream gurgles eternally.

Spring passes, bringing summer with its warm days and tranquil nights. After sunset, cool gusts from the mountains invade the valley, ruffling the fur of the two wolves playfully romping over the plain. Their big paws thump the ground rhythmically as they race and chase each other up and down the valley. Sometimes the glowing black one rolls his companion over and over. Sometimes she flirts with him, playfully nipping and jabbing at her companion, daring him to catch her. Taking the bait the chase is on. Dodging and darting they race up and down the hills, in and out of the clearings till finally, their fur matted thick with sweat and dust, they both plunge into the coolness of the stream.

The hours pass and the night insects begin their final encore. The winging meadowlark happily awakens the placid valley to a bright new day. As the fading moon swiftly plunges in the western heavens and the rising sun gingerly lifts above the horizon, the two wolves silently glide across the valley returning carefree to their den to sleep.

The days swiftly come and go; all too soon the balmy sum-

mer weather gives way to the chill of autumn. The stream is now too cold for swimming. The locusts have begun their ultimate crescendo and high overhead the geese fly to the South; cool winds blow down from the mountains sending the red, yellow and orange leaves tumbling to the ground, at first only one by one, then in ever increasing numbers. Carpeted in dull brown, the valley has gradually acquired a barren melancholic atmosphere. The cliffs do not glow as brightly at sunrise and sunset as they used to. The wolves, nearly full-grown, have lost much of their puppy playfulness. Occasionally the grey she-wolf tries to romp with her wild mate, as they once did, striking playfully at him with her paw; but the black lobo, having taken a more serious turn, now ignores these promptings. Often he prowls alone in the mists of the valley, watching the flocks of birds winging through the grey desolate sky and mournfully calling to each other. Brown limbs, once camouflaged by thick green foliage, are now bleakly silhouetted against the grey overcast.

Black clouds fill the heavens and a few dismal flakes fall

menacingly toward the cold terrain. The cliffs are stone-cold, damp and bleak. The whistling of the wind rises above the icy tinkling of the stream. When heavy night comes, the grey wolf awakens, finding her mate missing. Dashing out into the cutting wind, she sees him defiantly atop the east cliff. He howls once, telling the world he is untameable and unchainable. Then he is gone.

For several hours the she-wolf keeps vigil. Brown, dry leaves blow across the dull grass making dry crackling sounds. Dark, fuzzy clouds sweep the sky, hiding the moon and stars. Hemmed in by towering, barren cliffs, the valley is bleak and lonely. Then the cold, white moon breaks through the gloomy clouds, revealing the grey one still standing on the west cliff. She longingly looks down on the valley. Summer has fled carrying with it the warmth, beauty and friendliness of the valley. Raising her head she howls, long, lonely, wavering howls. Her sad cries float away from the valley, out of the land of night, beyond the darkness, past the stars to our own world where they echo still in the breast of every broken-hearted lover.

# WANDERLUST

Give me the wind  
That I may ride upon it  
Into unknown lands.

The sun-warmed grass,  
The wide, rippling waters,  
The mysterious forests  
Beckon me.

The dark of the earth—  
Subterranean chambers  
Where few have trod  
Beckon me.

The pulsing city,  
The faces of humanity, and  
The bright, blinking lights  
Beckon me.

It is a driving force within me—  
A living thing  
That will not be satisfied.

MARIBETH SCHUBERT, '63

# *The Awful Loveliness*

ELSYE MAHERN, '65

As a poet, Percy Bysshe Shelley elicits not so much words as sounds. For this reason one wishes that he might rather make a recording of Shelley's poetry. Take, for example, his "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty." When his shadow falls on the reader, shrieks of ecstasy, coos of delight and cries of despair are not unknown.

Shelley felt inadequate before his vision of pure Beauty.

He prayed

That thou . . . O awful Loveliness,  
Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

As he besought the aid of Beauty to close the gulf between himself and her, I must petition the help of Shelley to close the chasm between myself and him.

He reminds me of a holy woman who in her youth was granted a vision of God, and who ever after existed only for the brief moments when the clouds again would part and she would behold all that mattered. Shelley complains that Beauty is such an inconstant lover. If only she'd keep a "firm state within his heart," he'd be immortal. And the reader is tempted to add: he'd have to be immortal to bear the emotional strain.

The white skinned, blue-veined emotion is so predominant in Shelley's work, and it builds to such a pitch, that the length of the poem seems to be determined by whether he arrives at the breaking point sooner or later. The peak of unbearable beauty

is almost always reached in the last stanza or in the last save one. It is as though the holy woman kneels to pray—to pursue God. He comes to her—she swoons. End of poem.

I'm not being very logical and orderly. But Shelley defies logic as moonlight defies a laboratory. He was so far away from ordinary men as to be almost an abstraction of beauty himself. But as Plato thought that virtue could be taught, Shelley considered that beauty could be learned. In a certain sense he thought himself an ordinary man. At least he thought that other men understood and felt the emotions which he understood and felt. The differences which he did see between himself and other men he must have blamed on the inhibiting influence which church and state exerted over them. He longed to free

This world  
from its dark slavery.

But the freedom which he sought was the freedom to be good: freely and willingly good.

Shelley had experienced Beauty in a searing experience. It was more real than the shadows which moved around him. He thought that all men must experience what he felt.

It visits  
with inconstant glance  
Each human heart  
and countenance.

If the strain grew too great between the visible world and the real one, as it certainly did for Shelley, there was only one possibility of adjustment. The visible world would have to conform to reality.

Shelley experienced beauty but he also experienced cruelty and it is interesting to note how one affected the other. He longed to give beauty to the cruel ones. His love affair was with Beauty rather than with other men. Yet she hollowed out a place in his heart for all humanity. This is the effect of love: through one we learn to love all. But I doubt if it would have had such a total effect if he had conceived a hate for his fellow men in response to their cruelty. He must have lacked, even in his agony, not so much a desire for retaliation but the resentment that would prolong it.

It is annoying to discuss the morality of poets and artists but Shelley's preoccupation with the spiritual seems to demand it. If measured against an objective code of morality he is sure to be found wanting. But if the man is considered against his own code and vision, he is found to be so fantastically faithful to them that the word "sanctity" springs to mind.

He called upon the awful Loveliness to fill what was wanting in him. She responded by giving him the stigmata. We can touch beauty by touching Shelley.

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## *Railroad Tracks*

The tracks in the moonlight,  
    The tracks that you see,  
Are rivers of steel,  
    Which tempt you and me,  
Tempt us to travel,  
    To follow the streams,  
Of twisting rivers,  
    Which flow to our dreams.

EVELYNN LOONEY, '66



## the devil laughed last

DONNA TATROE, '64

Ted was awakened by the sound of loud voices from the kitchen. The shouts and profanities were not a pretty lullaby for a ten-year-old boy, but nonetheless they were sounds to which he had become accustomed. He leaned over and looked at little Nicky, who, despite the noise, was sleeping soundly. Creeping from bed, he moved silently toward the door and peered through a small crack into the smoky outer room.

His mother, a small but hard woman, was leaning over the table, yelling with the strength of a person twice her size. She was a typical product of the Mississippi swamp lands. Her skin was dark and leathery and seemed to be stretched too tightly over her rickety frame. She clutched a whiskey bottle in her yellowed hands and waved it wildly as she talked.

"What else can I do but drink, locked up in this snake hole all day?" she shouted. "You ain't ever gonna make no money out here. You're just too damn lazy to do any real work."

Ted squatted motionless by the door and let the words pierce into his brain. His hands were clutched tightly about his sturdy legs and his fingernails dug deeper and deeper into his flesh with each word his mother spoke. It was a spasmodic effort to transform his mental anguish into a physical pain which he could stop at will. Ted was almost a mirror-image of his father, who was sitting hunched over the table, with his back to the bedroom door.

Ted's father was a bear-like man with dark wiry hair and beard and black eyes set deep into his square tanned face. His shoulders, slightly stooped, emphasized his thick arms and over-sized hands. Despite his appearance he was a self-sufficient man, believing in nothing but himself, but attached by a dumb devotion to his wife, much as an animal to his mate. Consequently, an occasional grunt was the only retort or defense he offered against his

wife's accusations.

"Why doesn't he say something?" Ted thought. "Why doesn't he make her stop yelling?"

"Well, why don't you say something, stupid?" his mother screamed, becoming more and more angry at her husband's silence. She was drunker than usual tonight, but then she was usually drunk so it really didn't make much difference. The big man dragged his body from the chair and lumbered toward the door.

"I'm goin' for a walk," he said, his booming voice piercing the strained silence.

"You're staying here," his wife yelled, changing her complaining tone into a demand. She ran to the corner, and grabbed the shotgun, presenting a somewhat comical picture because of the gun's great size and her strained efforts to keep it level. Ted's father laughed and once more headed for the door, but his laughing was drowned out by a blast which shook the wooden hut. The woman began a wild shrill laugh which quickly changed to a hysterical sob as she threw herself across the bloody heap on the floor.

Ted was sick. The whole

room was spinning around him and he barely noticed Nicky who now was awake and crying. "We gotta get away," he thought and rushing to the bed he pulled Nicky by the arm and fled out the back door of the hut.

The air was cool and the ground was damp under his pounding feet. Half dragging and half carrying Nicky, he plunged deeper and deeper into the blackness of the swamp. "Gotta get away, gotta get away" — the words hammered in his head to the rhythm of his wildly beating heart. "Keep running — run faster — your Daddy's dead—run Nicky run — faster, faster," the trees screamed at him. As the two figures penetrated the dense undergrowth, the bushes seemed to reach out and grab them. "Let go!" Ted cried. "Run Nicky!" The vines were wrapping around their legs and finally with a futile lunge both boys fell exhausted, panting and crying, trapped by the green prison.

The swamp was quiet now, and clinging to each other the boys fell into a troubled sleep.

The sun was shining through the trees and the birds were calling when Ted awoke, and

for a moment he had forgotten the horror of the night before. He marveled at the transformation from the swamp at night, which had tried to swallow him, and the garden which in the morning light seemed to be protecting him. Nicky was sitting up amusing himself with a small toad which he had found in the grass. Ted jumped up with a start as he remembered why they were there and what had happened the night before. The hysteria was gone now and he was left with mingled feelings of fear and despair.

"Well, we can't just sit here," he thought. "Come on, Nicky," he said, and taking the boy's small hand, he began wandering aimlessly through the swamp trying to think of something to do or somewhere to go.

"Where we goin'?" Nicky asked, his short legs running to keep up with his older brother.

"I don't know," Ted snapped. "Poor little Nicky," he thought, "he's so helpless and I must take care of him."

"Ted, where's Mommy?" Nicky asked.

"At home," Ted answered, "but we can't go there." Ted

looked down at little Nicky. "He's so pale and thin," Ted thought, "I can see almost every bone in his body. He looks like Moth—. What a terrible thought; he's not anything like her," Ted decided.

"Ted, where's Daddy?" Nicky again asked.

"He's de—," Ted began, but quickly recovered and answered, "He's in heaven."

"Well, I guess we'll have to go there, then," Nicky concluded with the infallible logic of a six-year-old.

"Shut up and walk faster," Ted snapped.

As they wandered through the faceless swamp Ted turned Nicky's words over and over in his mind. "Let's go there—go there—to heaven—go to see Daddy," Ted thought.

The sun was directly overhead when the boys finally stopped to rest at the edge of a river. They had had nothing to eat all morning and Nicky had started to cry. No matter how hard he tried, Ted couldn't shake Nicky's words from his thoughts. "If we go to heaven we can be with Daddy and no one can hurt him or me anymore," he thought and on that note finally decided what they would do.

"Nicky," he questioned, "do you really want to go to heaven and see Daddy?"

"Sure," Nicky answered, now completely detached from the problem at hand.

"O.K., come on," Ted said impulsively, and taking the small boy's hand he waded out into the murky river. The dirty water caught them and pulled them under, churning the two small bodies over and over. On the last choking sob, Ted saw his father's face smiling at them through the darkness.

When Ted opened his eyes again the blackness had become filmy white and everything seemed clean and pure. Nicky was still clinging to his neck but all the fear was gone from his face. "Come on," Ted said, "let's find Daddy." The boys saw a tall man standing in front of them and as they neared he leaned down and stretched out his hands. "This is God," Ted said to Nicky as they let themselves be lifted up by the strong arms. "God, where's my Daddy?" Nicky asked with the unabashed forwardness of youth.

"Boys," the man answered, "I'm sorry, but your daddy is in hell."

# ELOISE



How do you do? I'm Eloise  
With stringy hair and knobby knees,  
With gossamer wings to wing me high,  
To kiss a bird, to greet a fly.

Bing! Bang! Bong! I always go.  
Vibrating eardrums never know  
That it's only me, Eloise,  
Riding bellclappers in the breeze.

I'm Eloise! I'm Eloise!  
With fairy teas,  
Three pekinese,  
And scarlet seas,  
And crystal keys,  
A siamese cat  
Whose eyes are green,  
And subtleties  
One only sees  
In the eyes of the beautiful children.



MARIE MASTRUSERIO, '63

# SKELETONS in the closet

CONNIE KNOLL, '66



It seems strange to be going through her belongings; but I suppose she would have wanted me to take care of these treasures that, for some reason, she stowed away in her closet. At first glance it seems to be a typical teen-age girl's closet. There are clothes huddled together getting wrinkled; some garments have safety pins where buttons used to be. Shoes are scattered around the floor amid traces of dust. The hooks just inside the door are loaded beyond capacity with things she just never found time to put on hangers. In one corner on the shelf are shoe boxes and hat boxes, their contents peeking through the lids that are at half-mast. Hanging from the light cord is a mouse trap baited with a sign which reads, "I'd like to help you out. Which way did you come in?" In the far corner of the closet are numerous stationery boxes which tell what their owner was really like; for in-

side them are bits and snatches of her life. The boxes, carefully labeled and decorated with choice Christmas cards, were an attempt at the orderliness she could never seem to achieve.

The first is a box of envelopes of various colors and sizes; she wrote such long letters that she could never keep a supply of paper, but she always had envelopes to spare. In another box is a booklet entitled *It's Fun to Write Letters*. I wonder what she was doing with that? She didn't need to be convinced of the joys of letter-writing; she was always writing to someone. If she had ever learned the rules of correct letter form, as indeed she must have, she completely disregarded them in favor of her own peculiar style. She used to ramble on saying anything that came to her mind, giving wild descriptions that made everyday incidents seem bizarre. People found her letters extremely amusing. She must have shared their opinion; under the booklet on letter-writing is a large pile of letters that she herself wrote. She collected them from the recipients whom she visited. Apparently not all of her cor-

respondence went through the mail; she also saved some notes written in class during her sophomore year of high school, and she tied them up like a bundle of love letters.

She certainly did quite a bit of writing! In addition to all her letters, I see a portfolio of English compositions written during her senior year of high school; tucked away with them are her first term paper and a bibliography on cremation. She was always repulsed by the idea of being buried.

Her reading interests were rather unusual, or so I surmise from the pamphlets and magazine articles in another box. Here are: *Simplified Parliamentary Procedure* and *How to Get and Hold the Right Job*. (That's funny! She never had a job.) Still more interesting are: "How Will Women Look 100 Years From Now?" "Ten Danger Signals of Mental Illness" (she insisted that she had all ten), and *Miles Kimball of Oshkosh* — a mail order catalog. In the same box, where she could neither lose them nor use them, are her retreat notes and spiritual reading pamphlets. Well, she must have had good intentions. And lastly, she enclosed two

crossword puzzle books complete with answers on the back pages; as I recall, she cheated on most of the puzzles.

Speaking of cheating, another treasure I find here is some information on the "Eat-a-Treat Diet" and Jack La Lanne's Glamour Stretcher instruction chart. (The Glamour Stretcher is hanging in the corner.) The reason she never had any results from these is evident; she had conflicting interests. Another box contains two blue ribbons for cooking. With those awards are, among other things, one for making a parasol and one for a piano-playing contest—a gold medal attached to a blue ribbon. When she received the latter she declared that it resembled a dog tag. I see that she eventually got around to putting on paper the "May Song" she composed when she was five. She had a weird sense of humor; she used to play her piece while standing with her back to the piano.

However, she didn't provide all the entertainment; she often enjoyed plays and the like. In one of her boxes she has numerous programs from the symphony, music recitals, and plays, some of which I know

she never attended. It is very clear that she held on to anything that would bring back pleasant recollections; a mimeograph copy of the senior play script, a leaf collection from high school biology, and her English class autobiography.

She must have had some reason for saving these: eighteen "Kennedy magazines"; a Washington, D.C., newspaper which carried the complete coverage of the last inauguration; a department store box filled with newspaper and magazine clippings about the Kennedys; forty issues of a weekly news magazine which had possibilities of containing more information about—of course—the Kennedys. Perhaps she was thinking of writing a book about them. Another collection! Here is her private art gallery: 64 collectors' items executed through the years.

This must have been her junk box where she kept such precious articles as these newspaper pictures; one of Richard Burton and the other of the wedding scene from the movie *West Side Story*. Here is a roll of developed film; it has pictures from President Kennedy's inauguration. I remember that she never made prints

of this because when she developed the film she found that the pictures, taken off the television screen, were barely visible. However, she saved the film since, when she held it at a precise angle, she could almost make out the faces. Appropriately enough, this box also contains two Kennedy campaign buttons and—where did this come from?—an Ike and a Nixon button. This box of Christmas cards brings back a memory. She bought them to send to her friends; but they were so pretty that, in the true spirit of Christmas, she kept them. Ah! Something that no one should be without: instructions for making a

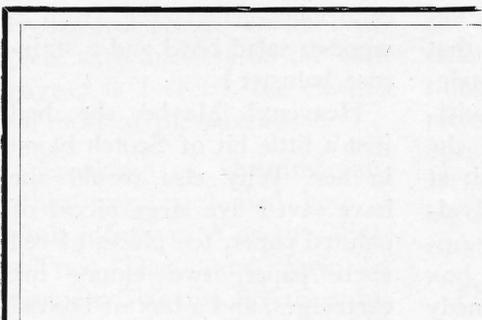
candelabra-centerpiece from a wooden salad bowl and a staircase baluster!

Heavens! Maybe she had just a little bit of Scotch blood in her. Why else would she have saved five large pieces of painted paper, ten pieces of red shelf paper, two empty ink cartridges, and a box of boxes? What was she going to do with six popsicle sticks and three leaky pens? I'm afraid these questions will remain unanswered; the one person who could have answered them is gone. Or is she? Is the silly teenager haunting the things she left behind, or has she actually left? Have I really changed so much in one year?

## *Reflection*

A blasted ruin is all that remains,  
Yet the moss keeps on growing,  
And the rain keeps on falling,  
And men keep on quarreling  
Where is New York?

EVELYNN LOONEY, '66



# MELANCHOLY

Not even the sight of well-remembered paths,  
or hallowed nooks that hint of  
promises made, nor flowered meadows,  
nor sunlight sifted through the  
overhanging boughs, can serve to ease  
my melancholy.

Now they only bring a tear,  
a pang of nostalgia, an emptiness  
that heaven alone  
can fill.

What promise life held for me!

What happiness heralded on Titian rays  
of setting sun! Eternity seemed a trifle,  
unparalleled with my new-found joy.

I turned a deaf ear to whispered remonstrances.  
I cast aside those who would have  
loved me; I yielded; I fell.

Such was my ecstasy in the summer  
of my youth.

But oh! how swiftly the promise faded,  
more swiftly than the petal plucked  
from a flower and cast into the stream.

Churned about, rocked, buffeted  
by the ever-flowing tide of life,  
presently it has gone, leaving only a  
ripple, a memory.

Is there yet no hope for me in  
this, the autumn of my despair?  
Is there to be no end to my sorrow?  
Where am I to go, to whom can I turn?

The shadows ever lengthen and close in  
about me, and I feel no comfort,  
surrounded as I am by the ghosts  
of a suppressed other-life.

Can nothing, will no one lift from me  
this melancholy?

THERESA MEYER, '64



## The House

THERESA MEYER, '64

A cold red October sun was just sinking below the tree-lined horizon when a taxi pulled up to the curb and stopped. After several minutes the door slowly opened and a young girl got out. She hesitated for a moment, her hand still on the car door, and glanced uneasily at the house in front of her.

"That'll be \$1.10, lady," the driver called impatiently. The girl turned, startled.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she apologized. "I didn't mean to keep you waiting."

Slowly she counted out the money. Then, taking her suitcase from the cab, she slammed the door and started up the walk. Once she paused and looked back wistfully at the taxi, which presently turned a corner and disappeared from sight.

The House was old and dilapidated. There was not a trace of paint on its weather-beaten sides. Crumbling chimneys leaned precariously toward the edges of a patched roof. Three stories of dark empty windows stared down at the solitary figure trotting up the walk. Most of the first floor windows had been broken by vandals and were replaced by rotting boards. Somewhere in the semi-darkness a shutter banged loudly against the gray clapboard. The figure paused.

"Lord! this place gives me the creeps!" the girl whispered.

And indeed, even the most dauntless heart would have quavered at the scene which confronted the visitor. Trees

and shrubbery grew unchecked, and in the gathering darkness seemed to shroud the house. An impenetrable thicket of tangled vines had been allowed to cover the entire front porch. A full moon, just appearing from behind a mass of clouds, added an eerie glow; and the girl, who had now reached the bottom of the steps leading onto the porch, stopped and surveyed her sinister surroundings.

"Carrie Bainbridge, you're a fool!" she reproached herself. "After all, whose idea was it to come here in the first place? Who was it who wanted to write about great grandfather's famous law career? And who wanted to disprove the local legend that Jesse Stark had placed a curse on The House and its occupants? Well, now you've got your chance!"

Carrie shivered involuntarily, and began to mount the steps. Setting her suitcase down in front of the door, she fumbled through her purse for the key. When she had found it she glanced around again, inserted the key shakily into the lock, picked up her suitcase, and opened the door.

She caught her breath sud-

denly as a strong gust of wind greeted her.

"Someone must have left a window open," she murmured, struggling to get the door closed. She stood in the darkness with her back to the door trying to summon up enough courage to go on again.

"What we need around here is a light," she said aloud, hoping the sound of her voice would drive some of her fears away. It cut through the silence like a knife, and echoed eerily in the empty darkness.

"There must be a light switch around here somewhere," she murmured, groping her way along the damp wall. Suddenly she uttered a terrified shriek as something soft and warm and alive scurried across her hand. Abandoning her search, Carrie scuttled fearfully back toward the door, almost tripping over the suitcase in her haste.

"Now, why didn't I think of that before!" she exclaimed joyfully. "I knew that flashlight would come in handy!"

Hastily she rummaged through her suitcase, spilling clothes all about her as she did so. When her hand touched the cool metal she breathed a sigh of relief and immediately

flicked it on.

The sight which greeted her eyes was far from cheerful. In the dim glow of the torch the pieces of furniture took on grotesque shapes. Somewhat encouraged by this feeble light, Carrie began to examine the room.

It was a large room, probably a reception room at one time. The furniture was done in heavy Victorian style. In the center of the room stood a large mahogany table, empty save for a bronze paper weight and a rusty quill pen. One of the chairs was pulled out, ready, it seemed, to receive a long-awaited guest. To the right of the table was an immense fireplace. On coming closer Carrie saw that it contained a number of pine logs, just waiting for the touch of a match.

"How thoughtful," she laughed aloud. "I think I will start the fire; it's getting cold in here. Anyway I could use some more light."

She took a packet of matches from her purse, touched one to a piece of paper she found on the hearth and set it to the logs. In a few moments the fire was blazing cheerfully. Carrie's spirits lifted as the

logs crackled and snapped and the flames grew higher. She sighed contentedly, then pulled a comfortable looking arm-chair up to the hearth.

"Funny," she mused sleepily. "All the other chairs in this room are covered with mildew and their upholsteries are rotting away. But this one is in perfect condition."

Her eyes wandered up the stone walls of the fireplace and over the large portrait hanging above the mantel. The woman in the painting smiled down at the girl. Her long auburn hair glowed radiantly in the flickering firelight. Her pale face contrasted sharply with the black velvet of her gown. Slender tapering fingers were folded over the back of a chair, the same chair in which Carrie was sitting now!

"Why, that must be great-grandmother!" Carrie thought excitedly. "Father always said I got my auburn hair from her. She certainly was beautiful. It's too bad she had to die so young. They say she was thrown from a carriage when the horses became frightened at the sight of a "car." Great-grandfather never did get over it. He locked himself up in this house and never

spoke to anyone but his son. He only left the house once after that, when his best friend Jesse Stark went on trial for murder. He died several years later when the balcony railing against which he was leaning gave way and he plunged to the floor three stories below."

Carrie looked dreamily into the fire for a moment, then rose and resumed her examination of the room. Near the fireplace was a door. Carrie tried the knob. It opened easily. She pushed it open and shone her light inside. The walls were lined with hundreds of books. Upon inspecting them closer she found that they were mainly law books.

"Great-grandfather kept a good library," she mused. "He was considered one of the best criminal lawyers in the country at that time."

She ran a finger along a row of dusty volumes, yellow and cracked with age. One volume, however, made her pause.

"This Bible looks newer than the rest," she murmured, "and it's not covered with dust either."

Her curiosity aroused, she took the book from the shelf and opened it. She leafed through it expectantly and ut-

tered a triumphant cry when she came upon the newspaper clipping.

The clipping was not dated but the headline told Carrie all she wanted to know: **JESSE STARK CONDEMNED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT.** Carrie read the rest of the clipping, although she knew the story by heart.

Jesse Stark was condemned to life imprisonment today for the murder of his wife, Emma. Mr. Stark pleaded innocent to the charge but was proven guilty, thanks to the brilliant work of Clarence Bainbridge, prosecuting attorney. A six-man jury returned two hours later with the verdict, "Guilty." Judge Albert Gregg passed sentence . . .

Carrie was elated.

"I ought to find more than enough material for my book right here in this library. Grandfather kept every clipping about his father that he could get his hands on. But I'm too tired to look anymore tonight. I'll start working first thing in the morning."

Carrie closed the book and returned it to the shelf. She left the library then and closed

the door. As she crossed the once-luxurious carpet toward the fireplace she recalled other incidents she had read or heard from her father.

"Jesse Stark was furious that his best friend had betrayed him and he swore he would get revenge. The legend has it that he put the curse on great-grandfather and on all his descendants, even on The House, and that they would all be destroyed in the end. And according to the local people it has pretty well come true, especially since my grandfather was killed with his own musket. It had been handed down in our family for generations, and he always kept it on the wall of the drawing room. It was never loaded, but one day he took it down to show his friends and it went off, killing him instantly. And then my parents were killed in an accident only two blocks from this very house. And now they say it's my turn, the last of the Bainbridges. But I'm going to prove they are wrong!"

With that she rose, picked up her suitcase and a candle she had found on the mantel, lit the candle and started for the stairs.

"I'd better get some sleep,"

she thought, "if I intend to go through all those books tomorrow."

The staircase wound up and up. The candle's feeble light failed to penetrate the inky darkness. The steps creaked and groaned beneath her weight. Carrie felt her fears returning.

"Lord," she whispered, "I hope I don't have to stay here long." She had reached the second floor landing now and stood looking down into the stairwell.

"This is where grandmother met her death," she murmured softly. "The hand railing was broken and before it could be repaired, she had slipped on the stairs and plunged through the broken railing."

Carrie shuddered and hurried on down the hall. At the first door she paused and set down her suitcase.

"This was great-grandmother's bedroom. I hope the bed is made," she laughed nervously.

She turned the knob. To her surprise the door opened easily and she stepped inside. Through force of habit she groped for a light switch on the wall.

"Carrie, you dope," she re-

proached herself, "don't you remember the electricity was turned off when your father moved to town after grandma's death?"

The room smelled of dust and mildew and rotting wood. Carrie crossed to the bureau and placed the candle on it. Then for the first time she looked around the room. It was small and sparsely furnished. Beside the bureau was a straight backed chair with several rungs missing. Near the four-poster bed stood a small vanity topped with a cracked dirty mirror. The curtains at the window had long since deteriorated and hung in shreds from rusty curtain rods. Carrie's gaze wandered back to the bed and she sucked in her breath in surprise. The bed had been neatly made with clean white bedclothes and topped with a thick coverlet!

Carrie forced herself to be calm as she went to unpack her suitcase. But her hands were shaking so badly she could hardly open it.

"This whole thing must be some horrible nightmare," she muttered to herself. "It has to be. If one more thing happens tonight I'll scream! I know I will!"

Hurriedly she undressed and put a robe on over her pajamas. Then wrapping a blanket around her, she lay down on the bed and tried to sleep.

Soon after Carrie lay down the wind started to blow violently and the tree branches scratched and clawed at her window pane. Half-asleep, Carrie fancied she heard the wind sighing her name. And all through the night rats kept up a constant tattoo on the floor above her. She shivered, partly from cold, partly from fear, and finally settled into a fretful slumber.

Suddenly she sat bolt upright in bed, a cold fear gnawing at her heart. From somewhere below came the unmistakable chiming of a clock.

"That's impossible!" she cried. "Great-grandfather hated clocks that struck the hour! He never allowed one on the place!"

Carrie sat huddled on the bed for several moments, wrestling with her fears. The sound had died away, leaving only the usual night noises and she felt her courage returning.

"I won't sleep a wink until I find out where that sound came from," she muttered.

Hopping out of bed Carrie slipped on her shoes and, groping her way about in the icy darkness, found the candle, lit it and started down the stairs.

The wind kept up its mournful wailing and the house trembled under its powerful blast. Carrie was halfway down the stairs when a shutter, torn loose by the wind, banged noisily against the house. The sudden noise caused her to start. The candle slipped from her grasp and in the semi-darkness she groped frantically for the handrail. Carrie struggled to maintain her balance, but in vain, and with a helpless scream plunged headlong down the stairs.

\* \* \*

Next morning the local paper carried the following article: "The old Bainbridge mansion, 4301 N. Melbourne, burned to the ground last night. Authorities say the cause has not yet been determined. . . ."

# LONELINESS

To be lonely in a crowd  
is regression from those who dare.

To be lonely among friends  
is distrust of those who care.

To be lonely with one's own  
is selfish, for they gave their share.

To be lonely when alone  
is only that which is fair.

To be lonely in the presence of God  
can only lead to despair.

PAT GOLEY, '63

# an EXTRAORDINARY life

ELAINE GRAFEN, '63

My name is Opalina. I am a one-celled animal and make my home in the stomach and intestines of a frog, amid many varieties of partially-digested insects. It is an easy task to summarize my simple composition. My body is flat, oval, nuclei-abundant, and iridescent. It is covered with a fur of flagella, which enables me to meander through the water. I have no mouth, but this handicap is compensated for by the porous membrane surrounding my cytoplasm.

Early in my life—I was still encrusted by my shell—I was fortunate enough to be swallowed by a tadpole. My cyst dissolved, and I began producing new nuclei in my minute body. This new home, the tad-

pole's intestine, was remarkably capacious. Many types of appetizing foods passed down this two-foot coil — decayed leaf tissue, black mud, and algae. All of my time was spent eating these nutrients, listening to the flow of water through my host's gills, and scrutinizing water life as it passed by me.

After a few short weeks, my home shrivelled and twisted, and my leisurely living came to a close. I lay in total darkness, unable to hear the familiar swirl of water or enjoy an abundance of food; I became dejected and gave up all hopes for survival. My anxieties vanished when, after a sudden jerk, a live millipede appeared in my kitchen. From this time

forward every sudden jerk brought some type of animal upon which to dine.

A day came, however, when this similar twitch was not followed by the familiar food supply. Instead, another leap and another leap resulted, accompanied by a vehement convulsion, a struggle, and peace.

I am now in a slide under the powerful microscope of Mr. William Beebe. He disclosed that the causes of my disturbances were the subsequent attacks of mammal, bird, reptile, and fish. His studies of my life began by obtaining a yellow-headed vulture as a specimen for his studies. After shooting the vulture, he examined it and found an owl in its grasp. Around this owl a snake had wrapped its body.

To satisfy his curiosity Mr. Beebe dissected the snake and discovered that it had swallowed a fish. This fish, in turn, had swallowed the frog in which I lived. So, by these series of events, I have been labeled by the brilliant biologist as the most important link in a chain of jungle life.

But the water surrounding me on the slide is slowly evaporating; the liquid in my cell is diffusing outward, and I do not have much longer to live. In these last few moments I just want to say that in the past I had never realized my reason for existence. Now thanks to the good scientist, this purpose has been revealed to me and offers a real satisfaction to be cherished as long as I . . .

**and a**

**HAPPY**

**death**

# **dweller in green caves**

(A moralist's escape within himself from a  
society in moral disintegration)

For me  
The quiet breaking of glass among the blades of grass  
When it rains smears the green on the panes  
And blots out the sun until Monday.  
Hollow shapes grow black and the thunder cracks  
Its way through the lightning slits in staccato bits  
Hurling me to my knees in the dampness of leaves,  
And I go sighing and dying to the green caves.  
And crouching there with my hair all down  
Without the sound of pursuing hounds  
Creeping into my deep-smiling sleep,  
I escape the weight of my human shape  
Amid swirls of green whirling and curling about.  
Outside the joyous mirth of my new-born birth,  
The chorus-girl world dances and prances,  
Cavorts and jumps, grinds and bumps along—  
Waiting for Monday that never comes.

JOE KEMPF, '63

# WHITE

## fingernails

SANDY WALSH, '66

The floor was the shiniest in all the world. You could, Nancy knew, skate on it almost like on the ice on the lake. She shuffled her feet tentatively and aimed an inquiring glance at the fluttering woman beside her. Her grandmother absently grasped her arm tighter and Nancy knew she needn't ask to play the skating game now.

Somewhere down the long corridor, a door slammed. Nancy felt her grandmother jump. That was an important thing to learn about grandmothers. They were nervous about things like spilling milk and slamming doors. Nancy had learned this quickly enough, since she had begun to live with her grandmother.

Another thing she learned was that they usually had blue

hair. Sometimes, when she was much littler, Nancy used to wonder about this. Then, one day, grandmother took her uptown in a cab to a brick and glass store called Ralph's. She had tried not to fidget while she watched Ralph and a girl with white fingernails turn grandmother's hair grey and white speckled, and then back to blue again. If she were a grandmother, Nancy would like Ralph to make her hair pink, like the roses that used to grow in her back yard. But not the girl with the white fingernails! She had laughed at Nancy in an unnice way.

Some people, like her daddy, could laugh right at you, but in such a nice way that you would feel warm and safe. But the girl had made her feel stupid and too young. It was usually all right to feel young,

but it was unbearable when you felt too young. Nancy felt too young now. She shivered.

"Too immature . . ."

"Never should have . . ."

"It's always the child who suf . . ."

A wave of whispers surrounded them and splashed for attention. Grandmother grew stiff beside her, but Nancy hardly noticed.

"It was all her fault!"

"No, he was too stub . . ."

"She is such a pretty child, too."

Nancy was aware now. These people were talking about her! What was that they were saying? She strained her ears. What fault? Who was stubborn? Oh! How she wished they would speak up just once, instead of forever whispering! Nancy sighed as loudly and tragically as she could manage and settled herself on one of the wobbly chairs.

Everyone was talking at once, but no one spoke to her. An unfamiliar lady with brown shoes and a green dress began talking to her grandmother. Nancy stared at the brown pumps. The heels were splendidly high, but the toes were pointy. Mama used to say that pointy toes were bad for your

feet. Shoes must be loose enough to let your toes wiggle. Nancy wiggled her toes. She wiggled all her left toes, then her right toes. You could even make a pattern! It was hard to move the middle toes and yet keep the others still. Maybe if you held the little toe very stiff . . .

Everyone jumped up like so many puppets on a string. A big-stomached man in a black robe came in and sat down behind the desk on the platform. Studying him, Nancy thought of Dracula. Oh, she supposed it was the black robe, she wasn't that silly, yet there was something else, something vaguely frightening . . .

Recognition struck like a thunderbolt. He was the same man who had been at the other court, the one called Divorce Court. Nancy knew what that meant. Grandmother had explained to her that it was a place where married people who didn't love each other any longer go to get unmarried.

Nancy could not understand this. It seemed to her that love was for always. She knew she would always love her mama and daddy and grandmother. Everyone had really tried to help her understand. But

Mama had cried too much when she tried, and Nancy had cried too much when Daddy tried. Grandmother would only tell her that she would understand when she grew older.

Nancy had thought about this a lot. She decided to hang on tight to being a little girl for as long as she could. Being grown-up must hurt a lot, she reasoned, if you can't love people and if nobody can love you. She thought of the suffering grown-ups she knew. Even the girl at Ralph's seemed pitiful when one realized that no one . . .

But now the man who was named Bailiff was reading her daddy's and mama's names off a stiff sheet of paper. Nancy was surprised to see her mother step up from one side of the room while her daddy came from the other. It was still hard to get used to seeing them apart. Always, they had been together.

Now Mr. Bailiff called her name in a ringing voice. She started to stand up, wavered, and finally focused pleading eyes on her grandmother. Nancy could feel the old, but steady hand at her elbow guiding her to the platform. Dracula looked at her.

"Well, child, have you made your decision?" He appeared weary and rather bored to Nancy.

"His gown must be very warm," she thought. The room swelled to bursting with silence. She forced herself to look at her parents. She met their eyes, each in turn, and found anxiety there. These people loved her, she knew, and yet she could no longer bask securely in that love. After all, hadn't they loved each other . . . once?

It was an impossible decision that they asked of her, and yet, with all the wisdom of her seven years, she knew what she must say. Resolutely, deliberately avoiding their searching eyes, she looked at the judge.

"I want to live with my grandmother," she said. Someone, it sounded a little like her mother, gasped.

"The poor baby!" A strange voice behind her said. Yet Nancy was no longer a baby and she knew it now. In that instant, she realized that feeling too young would no longer bother her. Now the only pain she felt, the pain that racked her soul, was that of someone too old.

# *The Ballad of*

## *the Rainbow's End*

There was a rainbow in the sky  
of every shade and hue;  
"And at the end," said Mom to Will,  
"There waits a girl for you."

With anxious heart fair Laura felt  
The summer's sun grow cold;  
As Will departed on his quest  
To seek the rainbow's gold.

He travelled long through fall's array,  
When leaves turn red, then brown;  
The time when crispness fills the air,  
And Nature wears a frown.

"The rainbow cannot shine again,"  
A hermit said to Will,  
"Till you perform a hero's deed,  
By righting wrong and ill."

He fed the hungry, healed the sick,  
The rainbow still not seen;  
He thought he'd better get on home  
To see how Mom had been.

Arriving there, he greeted friends,  
Then over Laura Dee,  
He thought he saw, he knew he saw,  
The rainbow glowing free!

MARY JO BOYLE, '65



# 13

## STORIES

JOE OSBURN, '64

Ashley Smith was a frail, unassuming individual, who had been nudged, like everyone else, into his own cozy, monotonous rut. After leaving college, he married Alice Hamilton, a girl from a wealthy Connecticut family who were friends of his mother's. She had always told him that Alice would be a respectable catch. After all, her father was rather well-to-do and they were such charming people anyway.

When the war broke out,

Ashley was shipped to the Philippines, where he received an injury to his left leg which left it partially lame. Even this was not very heroic. A load of cement blocks had slipped from a trailer he was helping push up a grade and crushed his knee. He didn't receive a purple heart for this but he was discharged.

When he returned to the States, he went to work as chief-accountant for his brother-in-law. He had been a faithful employee of the firm for the past eleven years. In the back of his mind, Ashley suspected that Alice had something to do with his position, but he never questioned her about it. Besides it wasn't very important. He had a fairly good job and felt as secure as anyone else.

It was seven o'clock Tuesday morning; the alarm was screaming. Ashley rolled out of bed, stumbled on the lamp-cord and reeled into the bathroom. The party last night was late and he hadn't had much sleep. Still feeble with grogginess he attempted to shave himself.

"Ashley, must you make so much noise? I don't feel well and I've got a terrible head-

ache."

"I'm sorry, dear. You like some coffee?"

"Yes. My cigarettes are on the bureau." Alice never felt well so early in the morning. She liked to sleep late but Ashley thought it was nice to have coffee together before he left for work.

"Ashley, remember to tell Peter you won't be in tomorrow." Tomorrow was the day before Thanksgiving and they were going to have dinner at her mother's. Alice's mother was an overbearing woman who had the unpleasant habit of reminding Ashley that he should have gone much farther in Peter's firm in the past eleven years than he had, and if he had any sort of real ambition, he would have by now. But Ashley had always tried to show her the necessary civilities. He knew she was only thinking of Alice. Besides they only saw her twice a year, at Christmas and Thanksgiving.

"Remember now," Alice reminded him. "Randy will be so disappointed if we miss the play. It's such a long trip, and we can hop over to Mother's afterwards."

Randy was their fourteen-year-old son. He attended the

Wharton Cadet Academy in upper Connecticut. Ashley hadn't liked having him away from home so much, but Alice insisted and Randy had really wanted to go. She said the city schools were much too shabby, and the Academy was so much more selective. Besides they could afford it and it would be very good training for the military.

The bus jerked across Twenty-Second Street and was slowing for the stop at the Avenue of the Americas. Ashley never enjoyed asking a favor of P.V. He always tried to make you feel as if he were bending over backwards. But the trip meant so much to Randy and it would be necessary to take the day off.

Ashley swung off the already departing bus, a pirouette he had learned to do quite masterfully even with his bad leg. He entered the gray building, stepped into the elevator and pushed the button marked thirteen.

"Good morning, Mr. Smith."

"Good morning, Mrs. Blake," Ashley unconsciously rattled to Hamilton's secretary. Mrs. Blake was an efficient woman who had been with the

company even longer than Ashley.

Ashley entered his office and took off his hat and coat. He sat down and began to adjust his Eversharp.

"I'll ask him right after he comes in this morning, before he has a chance to get wound up about anything," he reasoned to himself. "After all he is Alice's brother and he'll think I've gone behind his back if she mentions it to him." Ashley tried to convince himself that it really wasn't such a big thing and he shouldn't give it any more thought. P.V. was a bit staunch, but he liked Randy and would probably tell Ashley to say hello to the kid for him. After all, P.V. wasn't actually a bad sort, and sometimes Ashley even admired the cold business-like manner in which P.V. conducted himself.

"Mr. Smith," came a voice from the box on Ashley's desk, "Mr. Hamilton would like to see you."

"Thank you, Mrs. Blake, I'll be right in."

Ashley adjusted his tie, flipped a bit of dandruff off his shoulders and walked into P.V.'s office.

Hamilton was seated in a large leather chair. With his

elbows on the desk, he was studying some papers and supposedly didn't notice Ashley enter.

"Good morning, sir," Ashley said rather nervously. "I'm glad you called me in. There's something I wanted . . ."

"Don't sit down, Smith; this won't take long. Smith, do you realize that this is the second consecutive week that your balance sheet has been incorrect? I didn't mention it last week because it was only a small amount, but this week it's off over thirty-two hundred dollars. You think I run this organization on ignorance."

Ashley was stunned. "But, Mr. Hamilton, that's impossible. Why, I even stayed late last Saturday to work on the books."

"I know you stayed late last Saturday. That makes it all the more inexcusable."

Hamilton rose from the chair and walked over to the window. He looked down and watched the huge revolving mouths across the street devour one person after another.

"I—I'm sorry sir."

"I don't want apologies, Smith, I want preciseness. There must be ten thousand

accountants in this city and I'm certain I can find one who knows how to add and subtract."

Ashley wasn't listening any longer. He knew why he hated P.V. He had a thousand little habits that grated on him. Habits like turning his back to a person when he is talking to him. When he was talking to you he gave the impression that he was yelling at you. Ashley even hated his voice. It sounded exactly like Alice's. He walked over to the window.

"Listen, Smith," Hamilton was screaming, "if it wasn't for my sister, I'd never have hired you. You hobble around this office like a baby bird that's fallen from its nest. It gives the clients a bad impression. People don't like to see cripples."

Hamilton's voice sounded like his mother's. They all sounded alike: P.V., Alice, her mother. They were always screaming at him. He would make them shut up. He would make them all shut up. Ashley knew that the scream he just heard would be the last one. It only lasted thirteen stories.

Hamilton ran to the phone. "Operator, operator . . ."