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Arthur Archibald, born in 1946 at Springfield, Massachusetts is at present a freshman at OU. He graduated from Haddonfield Memorial High School, Haddonfield, N. J. He plans to minor in English and major in philosophy and later to become a chaplain in the U. S. Navy. Mr. Archibald's name will be engraved on the trophy donated by Madtson's as the Grand Prize Winner of 1965.

Annabelle Platt commutes to class at OU from Spring Hill, Kansas. She is a widow and a mother of three. She will be a sophomore at OU next fall and she plans to graduate with a functional major in psychology and sociology.

Grand Prize Winner

Winner Poetry Division

AN ENGLISH TOWN

Before the grey clamp of the factory, before gun powder,
A town sang under the mists from northern seas.
A town of fighting thanes with rasping flesh,
Of clanging swords, of wolves, and raw red meat,
Of blazing cottages harboring bold mead drinkers and hardy wives
Who swaggered forth amidst the dark dunes with blinding torches
Raising shimmering shields in defiance of the ice-filled wind.

After the steam driven wheel, after the mechanical loom,
The town sputtered beneath the leaden skies.
A town of lost serfs with pallid flesh,
Of sluggish furnaces, of goats, and fat flaccid meat,
Of dim pubs harboring confused foam drinkers and tired viragos
Who slouched amidst the rotting fungi of the streets
Raising timid hands against the sooty, relentless breeze.

—Arthur F. Archibald

MOOR DREAM

One warm and spring like morning
When the sky was pale and grey,
I heard a wild bird singing
On the hillsides far away.
And I saw the mist was sweeping,
Sweeping,
Sweeping.
I saw the mist was sweeping
And I thought I heard it say—
“Oh come with us, the bird and me,
For we know well the way.”

I ran across the hillsides
 Till I felt that I could fly
 And everything was silver
 From the grass up to the sky.
 And I heard the wild bird singing,
 Singing,
 Singing.
 I heard the wild bird singing
 As the wind went rushing by—
 And I felt that we were all one thing,
 The mist, the bird and I.

But oh, I felt a weakness.
 Why did I fall behind?
 (For magic things like mist and wings
 The world can never bind.)
 But everything was swirling,
 Swirling,
 Swirling.
 Everything was swirling
 Like dreams before a mind—
 All of heaven whirling
 While I sank, fatigued behind.

I only saw the silver.
 I was blinded from the grey.
 I only heard the dawning wind
 And didn't hear the day.
 And everything was flying,
 Flying,
 Flying.
 Slowing, sighing, dying—
 All the mist that blew the way,
 Flying
 From my fingers
 And the wild bird flew away.

—Arthur F. Archibald

Winner Essay Division

ON BECOMING

Thoughts were piling, like thunder-heads on a summer day, crowding and crowding and crowding, until the space inside my head was too small for them all. They kept repeating over and over, "Be careful; don't take chances; better safe than sorry. If you don't take care of yourself, no one else will." Life had trapped me in his snare of caution. But in this day and age, with the economy shaky as it is, with taxes increasing, and the shadow of the bomb, one has to be cautious if he is to find any security.

The heat of the late summer sun filtering through the gold-and-green leaves finally broke my gloomy reverie. As my awareness returned to me, my body seemed as weary as my tired mind. I had been wandering, unseeing and unfeeling, in the woods, with my thoughts so in control I was not conscious of my surroundings. An old, weatherbeaten log that had fallen in the thick, lush green grass beckoned temptingly to my exhausted body and I dropped to rest in the cool shadows. A fleeting movement on the log beside me attracted my attention—no, there's nothing there that I can see; my eyes are playing tricks on me. There it is again! It isn't trickery; there is something there! It's a small bark-colored cocoon, filled with struggling life of some sort.

As I watched the quivering, writhing object, my mind turned again to thoughts of life and security. "Whatever you are inside, don't you know it will soon be cold? You'd be safer if you let well enough alone and stayed inside." A tiny slit appeared and opened in short little jerks like a two year old unzipping his jacket. "Now you've done it; your security is gone, silly creature!"

The thing that emerged from the snug enclosure was quite revolting to see—all wet and folded and ugly. For a time it just lay there, motionless and without visible sign of life. "Oh, you should have stayed inside where it was safe and warm."

It's moving again! Such effort and struggle, "Why is life so important to you? What are you going to be? You look like you need help and I suppose I could help, but you might as well learn now to look out for yourself; no one else will. Before long you will wonder why you hadn't stayed in your ready-built house."

"Why, I can tell now what you are. You have wings that are beginning to unfold like a young lady flirting with a bright Chinese silk fan. How did all of you ever get inside that tiny house? Oh, be careful, you're still so weak and shaky and wet. There, the sun is peeking through the leaves and plays hide and seek with you. How strange that your colors are the blue of brightest noon sky and the black of the darkest midnight sky. Try those beautiful wings now that the sun has dried them. See you can flutter them—faster, faster, faster! You want to find where the sunbeam leads, don't you? Try just a little harder; there you go!

But what of the birds that are waiting to eat you; and there are little boys with white nets, and clouds might come, bringing rain and hail and strong winds. Soon it will freeze. Why didn't you stay where you were safe? You are so beautiful, but you can't last long in this cruel world; soon your life will be over and wasted.

There you go, up and away over the tree top, toward the sunbeam and the blue, blue sky that matches your shimmering wings. You seem smaller and smaller as up you go.

Wait! Oh, wait for me, butterfly! Wait, while I break out of my old cocoon of caution. Let me stretch my wings and go with you and fly with you into the distant, alluring unknown. Let me be free, not captive to safety and security. Let me soar with you and let my life be beautiful like yours —no matter if it is only for a little while.

—Annabelle Platt

SHE DIDN'T COME BACK

The quiet pool is suddenly and
Inexplicably disturbed by
Great and fearful waves.
To see the stars at an
Unearthly hour is to
Find them cold and
Uncomforting. The accustomed
Stillness is filled with
Discordant murmuring.
Fear sits beside the pool and
Dawn brings no
Comfort.

—Kathy Sharp

ACQUAINTANCE

We met once in
Laughter.
It was not a week
Later that they
Told me, "He is
Dead. Did you know
Him?"
Tears have a salty
Taste.

—Kathy Sharp

NIGHT PEOPLE

Tortured clouds on the
Edge of a windswept sky, but
Long, slender
Shadows against the moon.
A solitary star, a solitary
Figure with silent walk,
Face lifted to the wind.

—Kathy Sharp

Winner Short Story Division

SOMETHING TO BE ASHAMED OF

It really surprised me, I mean how chicken a person can be without knowing it. I'm not the kind of guy you think of as a punk. I mean, I haven't done anything heroic, but I've never done anything to be ashamed of. I'm not bragging, or anything but that's the way it is.

I've lived a pretty regular kind of life. I get pretty good grades in school, it averages out to be about a B minus, and I never get in trouble with the police, except for a speeding ticket. I'm not apologizing, just trying to fill you in before I tell you about it. I've got a car, it's not real fast, but I drive O. K. and I've been able to take other guys in it in drag races and stuff like that. It's like I said, it's a pretty regular kind of life. I dress good, sometimes I spend too much money on clothes, and I used to buy a lot of popular records and stuff like that.

And I had a girl. She never seemed too important to me, you know. I liked her fine, and we used to have a lot of fun together, but it wasn't anything great. Mostly, I had to have a girl in order to, I don't know, fit, I guess. Fit isn't what I mean. It's just that everyone else had a girl, and it was funny if you were the only guy that didn't. Sheila was a great girl, I mean she got along with my friends pretty good, and didn't fuss after me a lot. I never was too sure what went on in her mind, but she never knew too well what went on in mine either, so it worked out all right. Until later, but I'll come to that in a minute.

Sheila and I used to go around a lot together. We weren't going steady or anything like that. My friends would have really laughed if we had. No one goes steady any more. We just decided that as long as we liked each other we wouldn't date any others, which is a lot more sensible than going steady.

Well, anyway, last Saturday night we went out with my friends. It was the usual sort of evening. We went to a movie downtown, something stupid with Tuesday Weld in it, but I didn't mind it. I sort of liked it actually, but I don't think Sheila did. It was funny. She didn't like a lot of things that we did, although when I asked her about it she would always say she did, and I'd let her fool me because it was easier that way for both of us. But I always knew she didn't like whatever it was. I get sort of a kick out of going out with my friends, sitting around at the Hot Shoppes or something like that. Sure I'm not going to beat the Russians that way, but it's a lot of fun. Sheila had a lot of trouble talking to my friends. She tried real hard, but a lot of the time she just didn't care what they were saying. I can't really figure out just why she went with me. Honestly, sometimes I think it was just that I was a car, a regular date, a boy friend and that to me she was just a girl and a way to help me fit in with my friends. Maybe they feel that way too, about their own girls. I guess when we got our licenses

we all decided that it was about time that we had steady girls too, and went out and got the first girl we could get. None of the guys I know really care one way or another about their own girls. I guess they can all take them or leave them, and it makes me feel good to say so. Like they were very cool and no girl would ever make them do anything that wasn't cool, like caring or something. I mean it. I should know; that is exactly the way I felt about Sheila.

So anyway, after the movie, we went to a drive-in place to get something to eat and sat around and talked about the movie, and everybody went over the jokes we'd heard like they were their own and that kind of stuff. After a while, the others left to take their girls home or to park or something, and Sheila and I left too.

All evening I'd felt that she wasn't really with me. She kept on staring out the window and looking troubled and all that. I'd figured that she was worried about her grades or about her father, who had divorced her mother about six years ago and who bothered her a lot. I used to ask about what was troubling her, but she didn't like to talk about her troubles to me, and I never pressed it because I always felt better when we didn't talk about them. I always told myself that it wasn't any of my business, but it was something else that made me glad I didn't know her troubles.

So I started toward her house, going slow. It was raining, I remember, and the rain on the streets shined with the lights of the cars, red and white and black, like wet rubber. We stopped at a stoplight and waited for the green light.

"Stan?" She was still looking out the window.

"Yes?" I was still waiting for the light to turn green. I gunned the motor.

"Let's go out to the lake. I don't want to go home yet."

I was really surprised when she said that. The lake is where everybody in school goes to park with their girls. Sheila and I had been there before, but always when I asked. So I really was surprised. I'd always figured her to be very cold, which was all right with me, in a way, it made things a lot less messy.

I nodded slowly, still being cool, and went left toward the lake.

I kept on hearing the rain on the roof all the way out there. I was trying to figure it all out. She didn't want to make out; that was for sure because she was sitting way over on the far side of the seat, holding herself together with her arms around her shoulders, and smoking a cigarette in a very amateurish way. She didn't want to talk either, because she hadn't said a lot all evening and it didn't look like she wanted to say anything now.

The lake isn't really a lake, but a pond, and there are a couple of ways to get there. I took the longest path there, because since Sheila didn't want to make out and didn't want to talk, she probably had something else on her mind. I didn't know what else, but I wasn't in any hurry to find out. So I took the long way, concentrating on my driving, taking the turns very close to the curbs and listening to the tires squeak even though I wasn't going very fast, and not saying much, I felt sort of like I was about to do something especially difficult in gym and I wasn't sure I could do it.

When I finally parked under one of the trees that grow all around the lake, I didn't really know what to say. That always happens when I park. The quiet when the motor stops seems so big I just clam up. So we just

sat there looking at the rain falling on the water. After a while, Sheila started to talk to me.

"My mother told me that she was going to marry Hank." She said this very quickly but her voice didn't sound like she felt one way or another about it. Hank was her mother's boyfriend. He was a big hairy guy who spent all his time at her house. I ate with them once and all I remember about it was that Hank kept on slapping Sheila's mother on her backside whenever she went out to the kitchen. Sheila hated him. I mean hated, too. Not like you hate algebra, but like that woman in the Bible who killed her husband by driving a nail through his head. So you can imagine how she must have felt when she found out that this clod was going to be her new father.

Maybe you can't tell how I felt when she told me this. She just sat there, still smoking and staring out the window, without saying anything more. I felt sick to my stomach, scared and helpless. I know it's a silly thing to say, but I just didn't know what to tell her. What do you say in a situation like that? It seemed to me that there must be something to do that would make it all better. I didn't know what to do, and I am not too sure that I would have done it if I had known. But I'll tell you about that in a minute.

So there she was, just sort of sitting there. She didn't even seem to really be alive, but just there like the trees of the lake. I sort of tapped my fingers against the steering wheel for a minute and then I said, "That's really bad, Sheila." You see what I mean? I couldn't think of a thing to say. She put out the cigarette then and just sat there with her shoulders hunched and her arms around herself looking out the front window. She looked desperate, even though she wasn't moving, and her face was blank. She looked scared, about to run.

Once there was a fire in the chemistry lab and I was the nearest one to the extinguisher. I remember getting it and suddenly realizing that I didn't know how to work it. The teacher took it away from me and put out the fire, but I remember that horrible feeling when I knew that I could put it out if I only knew how to work the extinguisher, and knowing that I didn't know. That's how I felt then, like I could help, but I didn't know how. So I moved over to her and put my arms around her and she put her arms around me. Except, she didn't just put her arms around me but sort of clung to me.

This was a new thing to us. I'd never felt her hold on to me before. This had never happened. Before, when we made out, she would hug me tight and all, but she was trying to fool me. I always let her, too, because it made the whole thing easier if I didn't show that I knew.

This time she held on to me, and meant it, and I didn't know what I should do. After a while, though, I figured it out. I guess I'd known before, it's instinctive or we pick it up in books, or something.

She was trying to cry against me, and never quite making it. She was uncomfortable crying with me.

Well, anyway, I knew what to do. I should hold her a little while longer and then take her home. The next day, I should come around for her and take her out. And after that, I should spend as much time with her as I could, always being near her when she needed me. That's when I got scared. I mean really panicked, because all I could see was a long stretch of time where I would have to be very strong and comforting, and always with her.

It was like I'd have to really, I don't know, mix my life with hers for a while until all this was over. And when that happened, I felt that I'd always be bound to her because of her need. So, there I was, with this choice in front of me. I had a chance to really find some sort of love like you read about where they feel incomplete without the other person, or I could just punk out.

So I punked out, real bad. You know what I did? You know what I did? I patted her head a few times and said, "It'll be all right" even though we both knew that it wouldn't be all right, and then got back on my own side of the seat and said that it was late and I'd better drive her home.

She sort of sighed and nodded. She didn't seem too disappointed. I guess she never really had been counting on me, only hoping. She knew a lot more about me than I did.

It was one of those very uncomfortable rides. She didn't say anything and I couldn't concentrate on my driving and nearly hit a car coming out of a side street.

When I dropped her off I didn't kiss her goodnight, and she didn't seem to expect me to. We both knew then that I had decided to get out now that it looked like there would be more expected of me than the regular date.

I didn't put it that way then, I figured all that out later. On the way home, I felt like I had just done something stupid or chicken, like somebody had said, "Here is enough money to get through college and get a new car and just about everything else you want. All you have to do is jump over this ditch between you and me." But then I had looked at the ditch, and refused, even though I knew that I could jump the ditch, because it was such an unknown place on the other side.

—Arthur F. Archibald

JANUS

Transplanting flowers, from garden to garden,
Uniting lovers, under green trees—
This is spring,
This is happiness.

Transplanting flowers, from county to county,
Uniting lovers, in makeshift morgues—
This is spring,
This is tornado.

—Kenneth R. MacNevin

MOTHER WAS A NUT

An experience which occurred over four years ago is apt to be hazily remembered in part, even though the result is a constant daily reminder of the event. I found this to be true when I attempted to recall an interview held with a clinic psychiatrist concerning my son, Mark.

In August of 1959, Mark was four years old—a little cotton topped boy with wondering blue eyes and a sprinkle of freckles on his nose. He was supposed to enter kindergarten in September, but I hesitated. Not that I questioned Mark's ability—he seemed to a highly biased mother to be unusually quick and perceptive—but his birthday was not until December. Most of his classmates would be older than he; some of them would be a year older. As a former teacher I knew that "December Birthdays" sometimes encountered problems, especially the boys, who are normally less mature than the girls of the same age.

"Mark is small for his age," I told Myself.

"But he may grow," Myself responded.

"He was slow to want to go to Sunday School," I argued.

"Yes, but he loves it now," the argument was answered.

"Statistics show that the older children in a class learn more easily," I reasoned.

"But there are exceptions," came the reasonable reply.

What was I to do? I could not be objective about my own son.

When I heard of the Children's Clinic which would test a child's readiness for kindergarten, I was relieved. Here was a solution to my problem. I resolved to abide by the psychiatrist's decision, and thankfully sent for an application blank.

Page after page of forms to be filled out before an interview could take place were mailed to me. I recounted every phase of my pregnancy from morning sickness to delivery. Mark's every action as a baby had to be accounted for in the proper blank—feeding, sleeping, toilet training, teething, talking, walking. Inquiries as to the health and genealogy of the whole family were made. No detail was too small or too trivial for inclusion. It took the combined efforts of myself and both Grandmothers and a week's time to properly reply to the volume of information asked.

After the questionnaire was eventually completed and mailed to the clinic, we were given an appointment. When the afternoon arrived, a doubtful son and a nervous mother, falsely enthusiastic, went to meet an obscure fate.

The young doctor, very professional in a short white jacket and black horn-rimmed glasses, greeted us with hearty insincerity. He casually held the well worn application blanks we had sent. They seemed to have as little meaning for him as they had for me. His questions were of a general nature and my answers satisfied him I thought, since he nodded in agreement several times. Then the doctor took Mark into another room for examination. I was amazed at Mark's lack of protest.

Mark stayed in the outer office with the receptionist after the tests had been completed. "Why, Mrs. Coughenour," the young man told me, "Mark did extremely well. His answers to the three wishes he might have were very advanced. He knew about such-and-such and how so-and-so worked. He drew a man with a neck. Why did you question that he was ready for kindergarten?"

I attempted to explain to this young man, while he fiddled with his pencil, why an immature boy even though mentally capable could have trouble in school. I could see I was not getting through to him, because after all, Mark had wished for a motion picture projector.

The conversation returned to Mark's brother and sister. "He is the youngest child, is he not?" I was asked.

"Yes," I replied, "our family is complete because I can have no more children due to surgery."

Immediately he straightened his glasses and began to write. I attempted to explain further my concern for Mark's future, but he was not listening because by this time he had a THEORY.

"Madam," he told me, using scientific terms I cannot recall, "you have a perfectly normal little boy."

(This I knew.)

"He most certainly is ready to go to school."

(Well, if you say so.)

"You are a nut who is trying to keep your last child home since you can have no more."

(Oh, boy!)

I left the office, after paying the fee, partly relieved and partly steaming mad. I had said we would follow whatever advice was given. Although I was not convinced that it really was the better decision, Mark would begin school, if only to show that young man that I was no nut.

Four years later, I still question my decision. Mark's crew cut reaches the shoulders of his buddies. His grades are more B's than A's and he usually has a C in writing because his coordination was poor when he was learning to write. The other Cubs are working on their Bear badges, but Mark cannot begin on his until December. He must play Pee Wee ball, while his classmates are on the C team. Would it have been better for Mark to have been at home another year? Was I wise to let the young psychiatrist decide my son's future? Or was Mother a nut in more ways than one?

—Elizabeth Coughenour

HATE

Burning heat; black, sooty
Ashes. Uneasy darkness peopled
With shadowy beings, uncertain
Stirring of a treacherous wind.

—Kathy Sharp

DEFEAT

The homecoming was not much like the farewell parade. How proud the little California town had been when he had left for Tokyo and the Olympic games! Twenty-year-old Gregg Whitcomb had ridden down Main Street in the back of a new convertible at the head of the parade while the whole town cheered wildly.

For five years he had been working toward this goal. Every day for two hours before school and for two hours after, he had practiced the breast stroke, the back stroke, the Australian crawl.

Although the other fellows had given him a bad time about it, he had never dated. The coach had said, "To bed by ten," and Gregg had listened.

The hardest part had been Laurie's attitude toward his dream of swimming in the Olympics. She had given him a choice. "I like you, Gregg, but if you are always going to let the coach be your boss, don't expect me to be at home and in bed by ten, too."

The summer vacations they had spent together with their parents had been very special. Their fathers had been partners in a law firm and several times had gone together with their families on vacations—always to a place where there was water, once to Hawaii, once to the Bahamas, and the last time when Gregg was sixteen and Laurie fourteen, they had gone to Bermuda. Laurie seemed to understand then that if his dream was to come true it would mean work and discipline. She seemed to think he was wonderful to have set such a goal, and somehow Gregg felt that she'd wait for him and encourage him.

Then there had come the plane crash and his father had been killed. Gregg was crushed; his dad had been his friend too, and had encouraged him in his swimming. Gregg's determination to reach the goal was strengthened — he felt he'd be doing it in part for his father. His mother became withdrawn and seemed to lose interest in life. Laurie began to change, too. Now there were no more summer vacations together, no more evenings shared as their families got together for barbeques or beach parties.

It was when Gregg left for college that Laurie had given her ultimatum. Still Gregg believed when he won the Olympics, then Laurie would realize why he couldn't stay out late at night like the other fellows, and she'd be proud of him and glad he had restricted himself. Anyway, he didn't see anyone at college that he liked half as well as Laurie. There really wasn't time to look, with class work and the constant practicing.

In the meantime Laurie was keeping her word. Bedtime was hardly ever before two in the morning. Her father was a successful lawyer, becoming more prominent each year, and he never denied his only daughter anything. The last two years of high school, after Gregg left, had been a constant whirl of parties. Laurie was the prettiest girl in school, and with a father who complied with her every wish, no wonder she was so popular!

College had proved too dull and demanding for Laurie; one semester of its discipline had been enough for her. There were too many ex-

citing things to be done while young to spend those bright hours in a dreary classroom with nose in a dull book. Now Laurie's only occupation was seeking fun, and it was a full-time job for all those in her crowd.

Laurie had been in the crowd that day when Gregg left for the Olympics. Surely she still cared or she wouldn't have bothered to come! The trip to Tokyo had been all Gregg dreamed it would be. He had so much in common with all the other members of the team. No longer did it seem he was alone with a crowd of strangers the way it did at home. These were his own kind; he understood them and they understood him.

It was on the plane to Tokyo that he first became aware of the pain in his right side. It would go away, he thought. Nothing dared stand in the way now, after all his years of work. And so for three days he swam, getting accustomed to the strange pool, and always trying to surpass his own record.

Instead of getting better, the pain had gotten worse. About eleven the night before the swim contests, Gregg had awakened, burning with fever. The pain in his side was intense. The team doctor examined him, rushed him to the hospital, and by midnight his appendix had been removed. The day of the races was the most miserable Gregg could ever have imagined! Five years, and all for nothing! He called himself a fool and wished he had spent his nights dancing with Laurie.

Coming home had been almost as bad as not getting to swim in the Olympics. Gregg's widowed mother felt that he should spend all his time with her, trying to comfort her in her loss. She blamed her dead husband for having encouraged Gregg in his swimming so much. He knew when he came home that she had been drinking again, but she had only told him if he would stay home with her, she wouldn't need to drink. This hardly made him happy—he might as well have stayed home, anyway. And there had been no sign of a parade of welcome or any cheering crowd.

This was one night that swimming and going to bed by ten had no appeal for him. He'd always wondered what it would be like to go to "The Shack" where the gang hung out almost all night every night. Maybe Laurie would be there—how would she feel about seeing him again? Gregg soon found himself outside "The Shack" with its flashing neon sign of the hula-dancer in the green grass skirt that seemed to sway as the lights changed. Inside, the brightness turned to smoky darkness. He stood there at the door for a moment while his ears became accustomed to the throbbing, pulsating beat that emanated from the juke box, and his eyes adjusted to the dim red and blue lights.

He recognized Laurie at one of the tables at the edge of the dance floor. Her companions were three of the "idle rich" young men of the community. When she noticed Gregg, she smiled and beckoned him to their table. She's glad to see me, he thought as he almost floated toward them. "Hey, fellas, look who's here! Gregg just swam all the way home from Tokyo!" Her laugh was too loud and everyone turned to stare.

His face burning, he turned and left as quickly as he could. Why hadn't he had sense enough to call her; it wouldn't have been the same if they had been alone! He walked and walked, humiliated and bitter. Finally he found himself at the end of the long pier. A long time ago he and Laurie had sat there together, and she had thought his dreams and ambitions were so heroic. Now he was lonely, lonelier than he had ever been,

as he sighed and leaned back against one of the posts. The moon was full, the tide was in, and the white-capped breakers rolled up on the beach. As he sat there the rhythmic lapping of the waves and the cries of the gulls began to soothe him. It was a good time for thinking and sorting out the tormenting feelings that stirred within him. Gregg thought to himself, "After all I'm twenty years old, and who am I, really? Where am I going? What are the things that are important? Have I just wasted five years?"

A convertible threw sand as it slid to a halt on the beach below. It was filled with surf-boards and bronzed young bodies in bathing suits. They climbed out, squealing and laughing, and ran with their surf boards toward the ocean.

As Gregg, rudely interrupted from his serious meditation by the commotion below, watched he realized it was Laurie and the three young men from "The Shack." They swam out, climbed on their boards and swayed with the waves as they rode toward the beach. All except Laurie, that is. She yelled just once for help as she fell.

To Gregg it seemed as if she had called to him, directly and personally. She needed him, and without remembering that he shouldn't swim yet for another week, he dived off the pier and swam naturally and easily toward the place where Laurie had gone down. Her white bathing suit made a bright target in the moonlight and it was no difficult task for Gregg to tow her in.

The water had sobered her some, but the smell of alcohol was still strong. "Look, fellas, it's Gregg again. What do you know! He's still all wet." Again her laugh was too loud.

Gregg carried her to the convertible, deliberately and calmly placed her on the seat, looked once at the three young men who seemed embarrassed, awkward and foolish, and turned his back on them all.

As he walked toward home in the moonlight, some of his earlier turmoil was gone. Life was somehow beginning to make sense; some of his questions were answered; he even started to whistle.

—Annabelle Platt

AWAKENING

The sun peeked through
From behind a cloud,
And teasingly woke the branches,
While beholding the sunlit morn,
Jostled the sleepy buds.
The buds and branches
Stretched lazily upwards to heaven
Until they tickled God's toes.

—James Stevens

THE WORK OF MY LIFE

The old man sat humped and aged over his wheel.
His hands, calloused and caked, yet they could feel
Every groove and mis-shapen edge of the vase
He formed and molded and rounded and smoothed.
Night and day with toil and sweat and love he sat erect,
And in his hands he formed the work of his life;
And he breathed into that vase the breath of life:
And it was perfect.

Master molded, that vase he gave to me
In all its beauty and loveliness and perfection,
To keep my flowers in; to ornament my house;
To do whatever I wished.
I kept my flowers, and beautified my house,
And all who saw knew its perfection.
And I did as I wished, and in doing I dropped it—
And it was shattered.

—Linda Burnett

MOURNING DOESN'T BECOME ANYONE

Death brings rest only to the dead. The living
Are restlessly required to go on about their grieving.
They come in flocks, these carrion crows,
Blackening the sky for miles without my windows:
Hoarding down upon the pale, cold
Flesh that they wait to beak, and claw,
And rip, and tear. When they find a vulnerable vein they hold
—They hold all respect, and praise, and fond memory in their jaws
And viciously spit them out in clattering caws
That echo in my ears;
And bring tears.
And then they go, after all the flesh is picked clean, and just
Remain the glistening white bones in the dust.
.....These they bury.

—Linda Burnett

THE QUITTING EAGLE

The Quitting Eagle

"I've quit football," my teenage son announced as he slammed through the front door. The declaration brought a hush of surprise that soon burst forth in a single word—"Why?" There had to be a reason, or reasons, for this youthful decision, and I couldn't believe it was because he had laughed at the wrong time, an inherited maternal fault, and had riled the coach into insisting on ten laps around the field after regular practice. Deliberation produced four causative factors that could answer the question.

The essence of living for my fifteen year old boy is to have an unrestricted license and to own a car. The passing of another year would achieve the legal age for the license, but the automobile must be purchased by money earned from various and irregular work opportunities connected with the farm harvesting season. Since there is no monetary return for gridiron work, there was the temptation of spending after school hours in the hay field instead of on the football field. Thus my son chose to truck cow feed rather than to train with the pigskin.

Fifty-five boys are out practicing for the opportunity to be included in the eleven chosen to move the ball toward the goal line when the rival teams meet. Many a five foot, five inch, one hundred forty-five pound sophomore has worked and trained to the point of such exhaustion that he is unable to crack a book or lift a pencil. When Friday night comes, the spectators, band members, pep club girls, cheerleaders, announcers and officials are all ready and waiting for the boys to trot out onto the field. Among the Eagles is my suited, padded, eye blackened, liniment reeking underclassman who takes up his position on the bench. As the fateful moments are clocked, the upperclassmen are playing their usual losing game. Thus my impatient adolescent never even gets the opportunity to test the possible benefits of his daily rigorous training. The only moments of actual play he has ever experienced have been those practice games between underclassmen teams of rival schools and the annual school watermelon game between the freshman-junior and the sophomore-senior teams with the losers paying for the melon. But these few experiences are rare and of a short duration because of the large number of boys who are training and eager to be involved in the action on the turf.

The cheerleaders chant, "We've got the coach," and we have. He knows football forward, backward and inside out, but he hasn't learned when to kick verbally or when to pass the condemnation. It's time out, but he's still tackling one of the boys for some fumble. He's "offsides" with his square jaw working like a humanized ensilage cutter. All of this is part of the show that the spectators have paid to witness. During his short experience of actual game playing, my aspiring hero has been clipped by the coach and he doesn't appreciate the fouling.

"We've got the team," the cheerleaders yell. "We've got the pep, we got the steam." The W.H.S. boys are just as big, intelligent and full of pep as the boys in the rival schools. It is the steam that plays out.

Since they have lost so many games, they count it a time of celebration if they can tie one game a season. Their morale is as low as the ten yard lines that are chalked on the field turf. Consequently, my bench warming guard finds a habitually losing, demoralized team rather unchallenging.

Will my son ever return to football? A different coach for next season would be the best incentive. It would help, too, if the Eagles could win a few games. In addition, a car, a birthday and an upperclassman status may help swing the pendulum of decision toward further gridiron activity. Only time will tell.

—Virginia Chesbro

Big Deal

A young man, in purchasing a "new" car, examines the vehicle from bumper to bumper to be sure he is getting full value for the sum of money he has to invest. He is sceptical, perhaps, of the claims of the dealer and is satisfied only after a thorough scrutiny that the car is in actuality as represented to him. And if he can wheedle a set of seat covers or white side-wall tires from the car salesman, the buyer congratulates himself for being a shrewd businessman who made a good deal.

There are many students on the Ottawa University campus, however, who are making the poorest deal of their lives. They seem to care little for the amount of money and time and effort invested in their educations. If each hour's credit costs \$25.00, then one lecture should entitle the student to knowledge worth \$1.40. How many university customers are concerned with whether they received full value today? Too many sit idly in class, sighing for the bell to ring, while they wonder if they dare cut tomorrow's lecture. The professors patiently spoon-feed information into the vacuum of their minds, hoping for a spark of challenge, a desire for proof, or a sceptical attitude arising from an inquiring intellect. Too few demand that for which they have paid, much less bargain for any additional knowledge. There is such stigma in being a Brownie that a conference with a professor is avoided as a prospective car buyer would an Edsel. A car gets regular maintenance—washing, waxing, grease jobs—but only on the night before an examination do many students worry about the condition of their education.

While each student may have the opportunity to purchase several automobiles in his lifetime, unfortunately most of them will have only one chance to attend college. It is too bad that so many are such poor shoppers and have such a little regard for a good deal.

—Elizabeth Coughenour

JIM

Jim was a colored man who swept the floors at the barber shop four blocks from the house I lived in until I was eleven. Above the buzzing of the electric clippers and the fragrances of Wild Flower After Shave Lotion and Talcum Powder, it was Jim's whistling that struck my senses when I pulled open the door. He whistled through the space between his two front teeth. The rest of his teeth, yellowish and elongated, haphazardly overlapped each other. When he wasn't whistling, Jim's lips pressed down over his teeth. His upper lip always sat slightly to the right of the lower one, giving his face an appearance of imbalance.

If anything revealed Jim's reaction to everything that clicked and did not click around him, it was his eyes. They were nearly always wide open, the black nuclei swimming alertly. I even thought I felt his eyes, or some small part of his awareness, focused on me at times. It was difficult bringing myself to turn and see if Jim were watching, but when I did, he was usually turning toward the front window, his eyes swelling to vacancy, it seemed, far beyond the window and the sidewalk and street, and even beyond the tops of the buildings opposite.

He was a gangling man. I often wondered exactly what his joints were made of—certainly not the same substance that mine were. Sometimes when he swept he would handle the push broom nimbly, thrusting it under cabinets, around chairs, in and out of coat racks with a flick of his wrist. Other times, when he had a clear space ahead, he would hold it stiffly and, as if he were the broom's bristles, almost leaning on it for support, bobble himself into a jig step with impeccable rhythm, the unwavering broom sweeping the air with him.

There was one other job for which Jim was responsible. When the men stepped down from one of the barbers' chairs, their clothes were usually speckled with clipped hair, and Jim had to see that they were whisked clean. The men hardly ever expected this service, so just when Jim was finishing up, as the men were getting change from their dollar bills, they would press a coin into Jim's free hand. Jim would back away and slightly nod his head several times, murmuring, "Thank ya very much."

He had never bothered to whisk my clothes after I got a hair cut. Perhaps, I thought, it was because he knew I had only enough money for the barber, so I could not give him a tip. I wanted to know. After a time, I had watched Jim clean the stray hairs so often that I knew his every movement. I knew well the swishing sound of the whisk broom and the order of his deft movements. From the time I entered the shop until I slipped my money to the barber and self-consciously made my way to the coat rack and out, I thought of Jim and his whisking. Eventually, my hope to be whisked existed like a secret, and slowly my awareness became a dread of coming to admit the dream inside me. It was those get-aways I worried about more than anything else—that stretch from the cash register to my jacket, through my wriggling into it (and the left sleeve was always pulled inside out), to the clanking of the door as I

wheeled around it and the slip click of it as it shut behind me. Of course, while I was sitting up in the chair, the opposite of what always occurred flew through my mind and I was paralyzed with the eventually-so-familiar feeling of anticipated joy mixed with sickening trepidation.

But he had never done it. So, when I came into the barber shop that Saturday afternoon three days before my eleventh birthday, my thoughts were quite ordinary. In fact, the idea of having my clothes whisked by Jim had become so fantastical that the possibility of it seemed incomprehensible; it was merely a vague knot in my stomach by then. As I stepped up into the chair, I began thinking of being grown up—only, though, in connection with the time Jim might notice me—now that I was going to be eleven.

I had not really noticed that the buzzing vibrations were gone until many moments after the barber took the clipper away—when he touched my face with the thick, warm lather from the electric machine on the counter behind me. I recognized it immediately even though I couldn't see it. The barber spread the suds around behind my ears and down the back of my neck, and then he walked over to the sink to wash off his hands. I sat erect in the chair, feeling as though I might fall out if I looked away from my many-mirrored reflection on the wall opposite me. It seemed that a hundred eyes were watching me, and I could hardly bear the warm nakedness of the lathering. If only I had known of it, or even actually thought of it, before. With a towel the barber wiped the suds away from one side and, after sharpening the straight-edged razor on the leather strap attached to the chair, began to scrape away at my skin. The blood rushed to my head, and, not able to bear the sight of my mirrored coloration, I closed my eyes tightly. When he had finished with the razor, the barber went back to wash it. I opened my eyes and noticed no external difference in myself. But my skin burned and, after the barber had spread talcum powder all over the raw parts, I wondered perhaps if I was changed inside.

When I got down from the chair, my legs were like cotton, and it was not until I had taken about three steps toward the cash register, fumbling ridiculously through my pockets, that I felt the steady stare of Jim's eyes upon me. And as I gave my money to the barber, into the corner of my ken ambled Jim, his whisk broom swinging irregularly from two fingers. I acted as though I did not see him and started toward the coat rack upon paying the barber. On my shoulder I felt a strong grip and I stopped. He wasn't hurting me. His grip was just very firm, and I reacted like a bench-warmer who secretly yearns to be in the midst of the struggle, but who is terrified when the prospect of it is breathing on him.

At last my clothes had been whisked and it was all upon me at once: my burning face and neck and my clean pants and shirt. What had he been thinking while I was up in the chair? I looked up into Jim's face. At that moment, as he stared down at me with his ever widening eyes, he seemed to understand everything. And I wanted to make all the things around us stop. I tried to force my mind to halt and to capture this moment, but suddenly, my thoughts gave way. I remembered: I had no money. Not knowing what to do, I looked away and then turned toward the coat rack. Then I looked back at Jim and smiled, and I reached down to the bottom of my pockets and, with an exaggerated gesture, pulled the insides out. Jim frowned. I pushed hands back into my pockets and rushed to the coat

rack. As I squirmed into my coat, Jim shuffled over to me, still frowning. He bent down over me and gently put one hand on the back of my neck. "It ain't your pockets," he said. "It was before that that's important. Now don't you pay no mind to nothin' else. It was just that second that was important. D'ya understand what I'm sayin'?"

Lying, I nodded vigorously. I made my way out the door as naturally as I could, trying to leave my thoughts behind me, locked up in the barber shop. But the cool wind made the sides of my face and my neck burn again; and they still burn.

—Arthur F. Archibald

CATHY SAMMUELS —AGE TWENTY YEARS

One autumn afternoon, I stood in a sunny field where the wild grasses grew waist-high. The wind whipped and beat the grasses until they bowed before its strength, their heads scraping the ground on all sides. In this field, at the summit of a hill, all the winds of the world met in a rush and flurry, as it they were trying, for one last moment, to catch summer. The back of my head and neck warmed to the sun, and my lungs filled with the fragrance of dry warm grass. To the left of the field lay a fence broken from age; and beyond it, a small cemetery, at the edge of a grove of trees. A forgotten little cemetery, known only to those who happen upon it as I did. Among the stones, prairie grass grows thick and high as in the field. Some of the stones are blackened by lichens, others worn smooth by uncounted rains.

A cemetery is sometimes thought of as a resting place. In the earth where Cathy Sammuels' body was laid, this meaning has validity. Over her body, the tall grasses move in time to the wind's song. Her tombstone is weathered and almost unreadable now, but in April, 1878, when she was placed in her grave, it was clearly legible. No one comes to see her grave, save for a few who leave her, I would like to think, as I did, a little enriched by the thought of the perfect quietness of her sleep and her silent immortality.

Peace flows from her grave in waves that engulf you and stop your heart. There is no Europe or China, no Cuba or Berlin. You can only stand gazing at her grave, the wind pulling and tugging at your clothes and hair, until even the wind is gone, and the field becomes your world.

Cathy Sammuels lies beneath the symbol of man's unwillingness to die—a tombstone. For as long as that stone remains, her death is not complete in the sense of an ultimate finish. It proclaims to all who see it that there was once a woman whose name was Cathy Sammuels. Those who erected the stone did so, because they did not wish her to be forgotten; and in a sense, as long as one person knows of her, she is alive.

But, the real Cathy Sammuels is dead, although many imaginary Cathy Sammuels' may live in the minds of those people who have seen her grave. And, therefore, man's self-styled immortality is hollow, a shallow victory at best. For those who now know Cathy Sammuels' name will soon lie beneath their own.

—Jody Keese

RAIN AND SPRING

I like the sun in springtime
It's vanquishing and vain
Showing off its radiance
To all the world again,
Calling out the shy young buds,
Loosing winter's chain,
Warming now the long-cold world—
But, more, I love the rain.

The soft gray clouds are gathered.
Beneath the gray wool skies,
No longer dark and leaden,
A mellow mist now lies.
The tiny raindrops falling
With the gentleness of sighs
Give all the world the aura
Of teardrops in one's eyes.

I feel a certain kindred
With the melancholy mood
Of a rainy day in springtime
When all things seem to brood;
The sadness and the softness
And the wind that's now subdued;
But on these dreary feelings
Rain's promises intrude.

"I bring new life," it whispers,
"And wash again the old
And clean away the dirt and grime
In which the world is rolled
To make it fresh with love again
With joy and peace untold,
A silver preparation
For all that spring may hold."

I'll stand and let it wash now
The worry from my face,
The trouble and the heartache
Leaving joy within their place.
The sun may bring its brightness
And all the shadows chase,
But rain can lift my heart up
And all my cares erase.

—Sarah Sutton