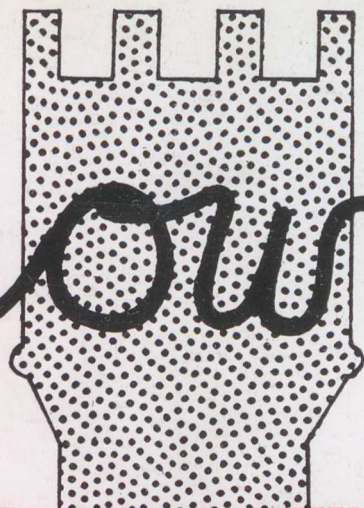


Towers



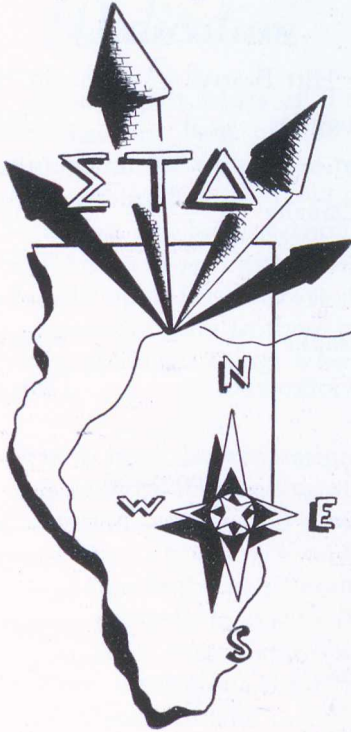
1956

The Towers

PRESENTING THE WORK OF STUDENTS

of

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SIGMA TAU DELTA

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Dedication

Going back through past issues of TOWERS, we see that the precedent has not been one of dedicating the book. However, this year we would like you to know to whom every year's publication of TOWERS is most indebted. This dedication has been occasioned by the fact that TOWERS and Sigma Tau Delta will no longer be able to lean so heavily upon her generous and dependable support — ever present not only in those big projects but also in those innumerable little things which are so necessary for success.

This is the year to mark her retirement and to culminate her many years of work in founding and maintaining Sigma Tau Delta and TOWERS on Northern's campus; therefore, we would like to have every student realize our gratitude to her — shown in the most meaningful method we know of. And so, not only to express the appreciation for this wealth of guidance, but to show the affection we have all gained for her, we dedicate the 1956 TOWERS to our much loved Dr. Maude Uhland!

Foreword

With the coming of Spring, it is said, a young man's fancy turns to thoughts which girls have been thinking about all year. We, the members of Sigma Tau Delta, cannot testify to this fact, but we do know that in the course of the year many thoughts, experiences, observations, and general transformations take place in the life of the average student. Some forget about these things, others do not even know that they exist, and others record them. We are interested, primarily, in the latter.

It is the pleasure, the responsibility, and often the grueling task of Sigma Tau Delta to read and re-read the material submitted in order to present to you the best material available. We are governed in our selection, not by subject matter or literary type, but only by a very ardent desire to present to you a pleasurable experience in good literature.

This then is TOWERS magazine for 1956. We hope that you will enjoy it, not only for one reading, but also in the future when another Spring will bring back memories of the hopes, wishes, and aspirations which you had in 1956.

BARBARA LINDBLOM
ROY HOWARTH
Co-Editors

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Prematurity

*Spring came, but only for a day;
The sky was clear and blue,
The sun was hot on the jacketed
Backs of the people,
There was a breeze — soft and gentle —
Smelling of thawed ground and melted ice.*

*The grass seemed greener than it had the day before
(Snow fell then — or was thrown
From the sky, rather than fell),
In sunny sheltered places
Sprouts of spring flowers peeked
At a world not quite ready.*

*Breathe deeply of the spring air,
Little sprouts, before you pull
Your heads below the earth again;
Eagerness is good, but readiness is better;
Nature has still some winter left
To spread around her playground.*

*Tomorrow the sun will pull
His flannel covers over his head,
The wind will blow cold, chasing
The gentle breeze back to the South,
Soft flakes of snow will spill once more;
Spring came, but only for a day.*

— Omer Tolley, '58

Escapade

*A flirtatious feather
in this night doth seek,
With hairy legs
between toes to creep.
Searching,
Searching,
Stumbling a find!
Curious specimens
of each kind:
Hairy toes, bald toes,
Toes of aristocratic gent;
Sneaky toes, gnarled toes,
Hammer toes bent!
But coy toes and curling toes
these, doth it desire!
Inveigling laughter
is the scheme
Evoking sensuous fire.
But sometimes being stamped upon,
its satisfaction ends;
This romantic creature
finished,
maimed,
Its back reduced to bends!*

— Roy Howarth, '57

Life

*A worm slid silently o'er the muddy sod,
A robin perched attentively on a nearby clod.
Poor little unwary worm,
Awful hungry cannibal bird,
A hop, a squirm, a gulp . . . or two,
A worm and a meal; both were through.*

— Deborah L. Storck, '57

Semantics, Sanity, and Towers or Please Be More Explicit

It struck me as a rather generous offer; indeed, I could not help considering it a most amazing offer. "You are a fool," I said to myself and no one else in particular or general, "if you do not investigate the whys, wherefores, and otherwhises of this most singular liberality." The poster read: TOWERS, RESOLVE TO WRITE FOR TOWERS NOW. Towers? I mused, do not tell me that they are giving away towers now? Refrigerators, television, money — yes. But towers?" I was dumbfounded, tingling with effervescence, breathless with bewilderment and suffering from premature baldness due to a glandular condition.

Myriad questions raced thru my mind, but no answers were forthcoming. Where was I to write to in order to procure one of these towers? Was it a contest of some sort? Had the market on towers become overstocked? Should I or should I not have a go at Snyder's Magic Hair Growing Tonic? Dazed, I turned away from the ambiguous poster and made my way foggily home.

Little did I realize the devastating effect that poster was to have on my life. During the daylight hours I found myself constantly brooding over the enigmatic piece of pasteboard. At night I slept but little. When I did sleep, nightmares became my lot — terrifying nightmares in which I found myself surrounded by towers of every size and shape conceivable. There were thin towers, fat towers, short towers, tall towers, medium-sized towers — and every single one of them was evilly leering at me as it became half-human thru

some vague process of metamorphosis. I had to own one of those towers. As my avariciousness overcame me I would clutch desperately at them only to feel them slide oozily thru my fingers as if covered with tower grease or Snyder's Magic Hair Growing Tonic. The monstrous towers laughed at me and my clumsy desperation; it was an eerie, mocking laugh. But I was fortunate, for as the laughter crescendoed to an ear-shattering volume I would simultaneously drift back to consciousness.

But what was ahead of me? Nothing — — nothing but endless hours of sullen depression.

You see, I wanted a tower; I craved towers; I passionately loved towers. Life had become empty, meaningless, without pattern or purpose.

I had no tower.

Yet, somebody was giving away towers, or at least selling them. But the cryptic poster gave no information. Write for towers, it jeered. Fine! But where was I to write? The Department of Towers, Washington, D. C.? One would be better off dead, I thought, rather than suffer through life towerless.

As if things were not already bad enough, my friends began avoiding me. This was probably due to my malignant depression, which reeked of Snyder's Magic Hair Growing Tonic (I had taken a go at it). I tried explaining to them, though. "I want a tower," I would say. "Do you know where I can get a tower?"

What type of tower do you have?"

But they laughed at me. They even had the unmitigated audacity to deny that they owned any towers; furthermore, they claimed that they had not the slightest idea of where I could obtain one. Of course I directly accused them of lying. The fools. What did they take me for? Every single one of them owned a tower and I knew it. It was all perfectly clear to my keen mind that they were deliberately hiding their towers and doing their utmost to deny me the privileges and exquisite joys of tower ownership.

The possibility of suicide entered my thoughts. "I will show them," I said to myself. "I will eliminate myself from this selfish world; then they will see how much their selfishness has caused me to suffer."

I ventured to try and hang myself. However, I discovered that a rope around my neck induced discomfort and hindered my breathing. Realizing that suicide was out of the question, I put my keen mind to work and proceeded to develop a plan by which I, too, would come into possession of a tower. Actually, as the plan took shape in my mind, it all appeared incredibly simple. Dynamite, a crane, two and one-half bottles of Snyder's Magic Hair Growing Tonic, and - - - - but more of that later.

One day, as I waded thru the crowded halls of the Administration Building with visions of the Leaning Tower of Pisa haunting me, I espied another poster. The poster caught my eye because the word TOWERS was printed on it in big black letters. I hurried up to the poster, took my eye back, and began examining it for clues concerning the procurement of towers. After ex-

amining my eye, I examined the poster.

"Eureka!" I shouted. "I shall be plucked from the murky depths of towerlessness!" It was all perfectly simple. BRING YOUR MANUSCRIPTS FOR TOWERS TO THE ENGLISH OFFICE, read the poster. It was a contest of some sort. I probably had to write in 25 words or less why I desired a tower; and with my astute mind I could not possibly lose.

Shouting "Eureka" at the top of my voice, I turned and raced out of the Administration Building. People were staring and laughing at me. "Laugh, you fools!" I yelled, "I too, shall have a tower!"

I rushed home and wrote in only five words, why I desired a tower (incredible, isn't it?). Immediately, I returned to the Administration Building and submitted my entry at the English office. I was aglow with joyous abandon and Snyder's Magic Hair Growing Tonic (I had discovered that although the tonic did not grow hair it gave one a very pleasant glow if taken internally).

I floated home on a cloud of ecstasy. "Perhaps," I mused, "I will receive a tower patterned after the Tower of London."

That happened over a month ago. I have made repeated inquiries at the English office as to when my tower will be delivered. But they laugh at me as if I were jesting. People are always laughing at me. I cannot stand much more of it.

If I do not receive my tower by nightfall, I will put my plan into effect.

The plan? Oh, it's really very simple, although conceived by a bril-

liant mind. I have devised a method by which I will effect removal of the towers of the Administration Building. I would cheerfully outline the details of the plan if I felt the least bit cheerful. Anyway, I may want to use it again in the future to obtain bigger and better towers.

What? You laugh at me? You, too, think I am but jesting? Well, laugh — laugh until you can laugh no more. But I promise you, I will laugh last.

— Robert Rund, '56

To Nowhere

Steps . . .

steps . . .

steps . . .

just steps!

Steps to where?
just steps.

Where?
Steps to left?
Steps to right?
No, just steps.

Steps toward east?
Steps toward west?
North? South?
Up? Down?
No, just steps.

If just steps
and nowhere aimed,
they're just steps
to nothing gained.

Just steps.

— Keith Sack, '57

Seascape

Born
To feel
The surging pulse
Of wind and wave and war
As elements of nature sweep
In swift crescendo towards the distant shore
The breaker mounts to giddy, frothing, high-flung crest
To slam with crashing, thund'rous roar against impassive rock . . .
Then shatters into arching iridescent spray
And rainbow splinters pierce the awestruck air
That trembles still in echoed fear
Of wave with heart to dare
The ancient wall
Of blank
Despair

— Dorothy Johnson, '56

A Sonnet

The Charmed Hours of Sleep

To sleep, my son, is nature's blessed way
Of easing hurt and soothing troubled minds.
When naught but fading scar remains, the day
Again does steal through softly opened blinds.
In dark of night, a gentle hand has healed
The crushed and trampled meadow where you played.
And see! The purple clover stands revealed,
As if it were a king no more afraid.
The gay, flirtatious waters in the brook
Have polished all the pebbles shiny clean;
And as we passed the garden, did you look?
The peas have sprouted leaves of tender green.
Unspoken love, both merciful and deep,
Surrounds the world, in charmed hours of sleep.

— Dorothy Johnson, '56

The Decision

All he could see was his ten bony toes, covered with wet sand and dirt. All he could hear was the continual, "One...two...three...four..." whispered by the young man kneeling not ten feet in front of him. All he could feel was the glare of dozens of pairs of eyes, indirectly focused on him. Jimmy stood motionless, as if in a daze, on the weedy grass near the lake. He knew that just ten minutes ago he and Terry were playing together on the pier, and now Terry was lying on his stomach with some man pushing down on his back and counting, "one...two...three...four..." He was oblivious to all else except his dirty, bony toes and the dozens of pairs of eyes. I was only trying to help, Jimmy thought. People always said that if someone didn't know how to swim you should push him in and he'd learn. He was only trying to help Terry learn how to swim! A shiny black ant tickled him as it crawled across one bare foot. He wiggled his toes in an effort to scare it off, but did not dare to move any other part of his body because of the watching eyes. Some of the dry sand slid down between his toes. The ant crawled down and up again, over his other foot. Jimmy wondered if he had told a lie. It was true, Terry did fall in the lake, but Jimmy hadn't told anyone that he had pushed him in. It hadn't been a very hard push, though, he thought. Terry just lost his balance; he did fall in!

"Why doesn't that inhalator squad hurry?" sobbed Mrs. Martin. "My son's dying! Can't we do something to make them hurry?" It couldn't be true, she told herself. Terry wasn't really dying. Of course not. This was the beginning of a wonderful vacation — the vacation they had been looking forward to all year:

two weeks of leisure with the family. And Terry had been so excited about it. Are we going wa-ay up North, he had asked her countless times; and she had always replied, Yes, Terry, way up in the woods where all you can see are miles of pine trees and the beautiful lake. And is that where the Indians used to live, he'd inquire. All kinds of them, she had answered. And they used to hunt and fish right on the spot where the cabins are now. Then Terry had built a tepee in the back yard out of some clothespoles and an old paint-splattered tarpaulin and danced in circles around it. She remembered how she scolded him when he hollered like an Indian. For days all he talked about was how jealous the boys would be when he brought real flint arrowheads back to the Cub Scout meeting. He might even get an extra badge or medal or something for it, he used to say. And then he asked her how long they would be gone and when she answered, two weeks, he began to worry about how lonely he might be. He begged her to let Jimmy, the boy down the street, come along with them. She hadn't thought too much of the idea, she recalled, but Terry pleaded and she felt sorry for him. Her husband thought it was all right and Jimmy's mother didn't seem to mind. Of course, with four small children, she was probably glad to get one out of the way for a while. Then, too, Mrs. Martin had thought of the responsibility involved in taking Jimmy — the responsibility of having something happen to him; and she was hesitant to take him along. Now she thought of the ironic twist. She had been so worried about Jimmy and there, lying on the ground, was her Terry! She wondered why she had ever consented to bring Jimmy along.

If the two hadn't been playing together, she thought, Terry might never have been on the pier and he never would have ... they were probably playing some silly game. But she had told the boys to be careful and not to go out to the deep end of the pier. She wouldn't have been surprised if Jimmy had coaxed her son out to the end and they had had a fight or something. And now Terry was lying on the ground with the lifeguard trying to revive him. He couldn't die; she had seen people saved before at the beach; they never died! She turned her head and glanced hatefully at the awkward young boy who stood on the grass, wiggling his toes and staring at his feet.

The hot sun made Jimmy's head tingle. He wanted to scratch it but didn't dare; he felt the eyes on him. Instead he twisted his thumbs behind him. He heard the rhythmic "one... two...three...four..." whispered by the man pushing down on Terry's back. Jimmy wished that Terry would jump up and say, "Ha, ha, I was just fooling," and they would run off together and play again. But he could still hear the counting. He wondered why the man was counting. Maybe after he counted to four, five hundred times, Terry would be better; maybe that was how long it took for artificial respiration to work. But then, why didn't he just count higher, instead of saying one, two, three, four, over and over again? Jimmy's legs were tired from standing still and he shifted his weight to one foot. Then he thought that maybe Terry would hear the man better if he kept repeating the same words. Jimmy was hungry. He wondered what Mrs. Martin would have for supper; he wondered if Terry would be up by then or if the man would still be counting one, two, three, four. He hoped that he wouldn't get a

spanking from Mr. Martin. But why should he, he thought. He didn't tell them he had pushed Terry in. A black and yellow bumble bee flew dangerously near his face and Jimmy shut his eyes tightly. It brushed against his ear and buzzed over his head. Then it was gone. Jimmy looked down again. Terry would tell on him, though. He knew that when Terry woke up he would cry and tell his mother that Jimmy pushed him off the pier; Terry was a cry-baby. Jimmy thought that maybe he should tell the truth after all.

"...one...two...three...four..." the lifeguard rose up and down. The sun was hot and he was breathing hard. His body began to ache. Wish the kid would snap out of it, he thought. He looked anxiously at his watch and wondered why the inhalator squad didn't hurry. He glanced at Terry's face and thought, poor little guy! He looks awfully pale. It'd sure be a shame if . . . Damn kids!! What did they have to go fooling around on the fishing pier for, anyway? If he doesn't pull out of it I'll take that other kid and really knock some sense into him. He continued the movements on Terry's back.

I must be practical about this, Mr. Martin told himself. Everything's going to be all right; they'll have that truck out here any minute. He thought of the new fishing equipment he had bought for Terry and how he planned to teach him how to use it. He thought of how he had finally gotten Terry away from that congested neighborhood and those rowdy boyfriends of his, except for Jimmy. But Mr. Martin liked Jimmy; he was a sensible boy. He thought of how, at last, he had the chance to get away from his job and enjoy his family. Nothing would happen to spoil it now. He lit a

cigarette and paced back and forth on the grass. If that truck would only come, he thought. What the hell is keeping it?

Jimmy shifted his weight to the other foot. He wondered what to do; he felt uneasy just standing there but he didn't know where to go. He wished his mother had been there, but she wasn't. He wanted to run away but he was afraid he couldn't find his way back; and then how would he get home? He wished that Terry would hurry and wake up. "...one...two...three...four..." That man certainly must be up to five thousand by this time, he thought. He wondered what the Martins would say when Terry told that Jimmy pushed him in. They'll call me a liar, Jimmy said to himself, and maybe even spank me! Would someone else's parents spank him, he wondered. And then he thought, probably, since they were at a cabin in the woods, far from his own parents. He screwed up his face and wiggled his toes and twisted his thumbs behind his back, all at the same time. It would be hard to tell Terry's parents that he pushed him in, but it would be better than having Terry tell them later. He dropped his hands at his sides and straightened his legs. He lifted his head and looked over at Mrs. Martin, who was staring at him. I'd better tell her now, he thought.

A siren pierced the silence of the crowd and everyone looked up. The inhalator squad had come at last! All at once there was a mass of confusion, with men carrying funny-

looking instruments about Terry and moving him around. One of the men turned him over and felt his arm. Then he felt around his chest with another instrument for what seemed like a long time. Finally, Jimmy saw him nod to the other men and all the activity stopped. He'll get up now and tell on me, Jimmy thought, and I was going to tell them myself. He ran over to Mrs. Martin and she started crying aloud. Mr. Martin came over and put his arm around her; he was crying, too. It was the first time Jimmy had ever seen a man cry. All the people around were turning away and lots of the ladies were crying. The men covered Terry with a cloth and put him in the ambulance. Jimmy didn't understand what all the people were doing. He was going to ask Mrs. Martin if Terry was going to the hospital, but she was still crying on Mr. Martin's arm. The ambulance drove away and Mr. and Mrs. Martin got into another car and followed it. Most of the people were gone.

"Hey, kid, come on! I'll buy you an ice cream cone," said a voice beside Jimmy. He looked up and saw that it was the man who was giving Terry artificial respiration. "Too bad about your pal, kid. He should have known better than to rush out on the pier all by himself when he didn't even know how to swim." He started walking up the road. Jimmy followed him with silent steps ... one...two...three...four...

— Jeannette Huntman, '57

The Forlorn Unicorn

A unicorn was quite forlorn
Because of what nature 'ad done—
Other beasts 'ad a pair o' 'orn,
While 'e 'ad only one.

One bright morn the unicorn
Went out into the world
To seek a mate for 'is one 'orn,
Be it crooked, straight, or curled.

'E searched and searched to no avail,
'E couldn't find an extra 'orn;
'Ome 'e went with dragging tail,
A more forlorn unicorn.

Finally on the next morn
'Is search bore fruit at last,
'E found an empty, unused 'orn—
No doubt a billygoat's in the past.

'E stuck it on 'is lofty 'ead—
'E was so proud and 'appy—
'E turned and ran to the old 'omestead
To show 'is unicorn pappy.

“What manner of goat is this?”
'E asked, looking at the funny 'orn.
“Or are you some sort of deer or ibis,
For surely you're not a unicorn.”

Alas for our poor 'ero—
'E removed the borrowed 'orn,
And managed a faint “Cheerio —
I'm really a unicorn.”

The moral learned by the unicorn
Is easy for me to paint:
Don't wish for the horn
 With which you weren't born,
 And don't try to be what you
 ain't!

— Omer Tolley, '58

The Course of Human Events

*Heat waves parch my groping mind.
Blasts of cap guns shatter
My wild and inadequate thoughts.
Constant hum of tires,
Screeching of well-worn brakes,
Rakish blaring of horns,
Pungent smell of hot oil and gasoline,
The babble of human voices,
All blatantly proclaim
That pleasure-hungry hordes
Chase madly here and there
To seek holiday entertainment.
While here in my dungeon
I vainly struggle
To escape the claim
Of the exacting lord of poetry.*

— Flo Finkboner, '56

The Withered Rose That From the Book Did Fall

*The withered rose that from the book did fall,
Lies brown and dry and wrinkled at my feet.
No longer does it wear the summer's blush,
Nor penetrate the air with breath so sweet.*

*Now lost, the velvet texture of its dress,
And gone the airy lightness of its kiss.
No longer does it give a soft caress
That (lightly) makes the sense aware of bliss.*

*And yet, there is a small, faint, ling'ring scent
That slowly finds its way beneath the flesh.
Diffusing to the heart's most inner soul,
It softly slips through Time's close, fine-spun mesh.*

— Nancy Peterson, '58

Two Minutes

*Myriads of lovely words and ponderous thoughts
Brew swiftly in the musing spot
And dance and leap and seek to reach
The mill which fed by will
Grinds and shapes them audibly,
For these are live, my dear?
For to your ear they find the way, and you are sure
And they are done, they die.
Memories of dead words that surged and grew and sang
One furious song remains
And thus expressed were gone before
You could touch the real things and see and taste them.
Expression is short lived.*

*And then — those thoughts that leapt and danced
With so joyous an intent,
When they swirled with the weight of sound,
How to be sure that they were as carefree and as true
on the ballroom of your musing spot?*

*Here, the oral mill is powerful and famed;
But this, lost in another sphere, is one most vigorous and deep.
Nourished by half will and love, it takes my thoughts
More gently, more serenely.
It molds them more perfectly and changes them so little.
It but caresses them and shows them silent exit
As tenderly as a doe nudges her fawn to point to him the way
Where cool springs lie.
Reaching it, they do not hesitate to fly, to float, to spring
Before you and for you.
The time is not limited — there is no one great effort.
But eternal they are born and so they live.
Hear the great symphony, and touch the music; taste the harmony.*

— Roberta Simone, '56

A Sad Tale

I can't understand why at least nine-tenths of the American public insists on carrying the grand fraud of so-called New Year's Resolutions any farther. Already this practice is the subject of much humor and ridicule. These resolutions would be a marvelous thing if only they could be made with the serious desire and the earnest effort of keeping them. But take, for example, the usual type of resolution made by the average individual who doesn't wish to commit himself on anything weighty or difficult to carry through.

"I hereby resolve not to raise my voice unnecessarily in scolding my dog. He's a nice dog — I'll go one better — I hereby resolve not even to speak to him harshly."

Well, that's a nice, safe, resolution, isn't it, chum . . . uuuhhhuummm . . . as long as there is nothing to compel you to stick to your resolutions, you're perfectly safe in any rash promise that you make. Of course, there is nothing to compel you to keep those resolutions, but let's just suppose that there was something to do so. Suppose the President was to suddenly take it upon himself to have a law passed which would compel every man, woman, and child in the United States to make at least one New Year's resolution each year and to carry it out to the letter.

Now this puts things in a different light, doesn't it? That dog is going to be able to lead a man's life for a whole year. It certainly wouldn't be hard to carry out this resolution if one had a mild tempered, gentle creature who never disobeyed, never irked the nerves — but who is so fortunate?

I can see myself sitting gingerly in my favorite chair with my charming lap dog at my feet. Did I say charming? Ah, yes. At my feet is right — chewing on the right one to be exact — the left already being a bloody stump so to speak. There he lies, the little dear, happily munching my foot. He looks so contented there. I really should say something to him about his choice of chewing material, but I can't bear to disturb him at this point — he's just getting well into the bone, and you know how dogs like bones. No sense in interrupting his enjoyment now. And besides, think of that beastly law . . . it is beastly, you know . . . strictly for the benefit of beasts, unless, of course, a man happened to be one and resolve to beat his hound every hour on the hour. In that case, the hound would be dead by now and I could be sitting in my easy chair enjoying my pipe instead of sitting in my easy chair and watching the hound enjoying my limb. It is rather inconvenient, as you may be able to guess, and promises to become even more so as my leg grows shorter and stubbier by the minute.

I hope Ike is enjoying his new law to the greatest extremes — my dog certainly is. I could be a lot worse off, though.

Take the man across the street. He really has a problem. He resolved not to argue with his dear wife anymore about the furnishings for their home. Consequently, his spouse has completely jammed an otherwise sturdy dwelling with all sorts of flimsy affairs, rickety chairs and the like. The unfortunate man hasn't even a place to sit down. I really feel sorry for him. That's why he's over here now. I invited him to

come and sit in my living room . . . so there he is . . . sitting on the davenport with a book on his knees . . . staring at the pooch crunching away on my left knee. Now I wonder why in the world that stupid dog has changed legs again. I should think that my right leg would be plenty tasty enough without having to sample the left again. But then, I guess dogs are fond of variety in their diets, too.

I really wouldn't know whether they are or not, though, never having conducted a survey on the subject. I do wish that I could do something constructive like conducting a survey, but I suppose that's quite impossible in my present state of uselessness. I've had plenty of time to think, though, and I've come to the conclusion that something is definitely wrong someplace. Either I am completely out of my mind, or the dog is. I rather fear it is the dog, for he is certainly taking unfair advantage of my obedience to the law. My father always told me that something horrible would happen to me

if I didn't obey the law — so I guess this pooch slowly gnawing me into oblivion isn't horrible. I don't believe I'll stand for it much longer. I'll be a man! Who does the President think he is anyway — condemning an honest man to such indecencies. I'll show him - - - !

Away, DOG!! You mean whelp!! GET AWAY, I SAY!! Now go ON!! Leave! NOW! . . . please? . . . heh . . . nice pooch? . . . heh? . . . heh, heh, heh . . . sweet doggie . . . little poochie woochie . . . please 'ould 'ou 'eave dadikins 'lone? mmmmm? honey pie??? I . . . ooohhhh! For Heaven's SAKE!! What's the use anyway — he looks so contented there, I just couldn't hurt his feelings . . . Well, friends, before I am chomped into sawdust, remember this tale and take heed. BEWARE of New Year's resolutions. Of course, there is nothing to compel you to keep them. But REMEMBER THAT THERE JUST MIGHT BE!

— Dorothy Kimbell, G. '56

To a Cafeteria Cup

*Little cup, why sit you silent
 Never telling, never telling —
 Never telling all you've heard?
 Which professor pulled a boner?
 Never telling, never telling —
 What fair maid has eyes on whom?
 Never telling, never telling?
 Never telling all the gossip
 All the learned conversations
 Never telling day on end —
 Would I had such trusted friend!*

— Dorothy Kimbell, G. '56

The Rape of Spring March 23, 1955

Spring came yesterday to our
town, setting
trembling and tentative foot on the
greening welcome
we had spread to give her
greeting.

The chorus had been practicing "Te
Deums" for weeks
and annunciated her arrival
with perfected, jewel-like
trills.

But for all rejoicing and promise
of the new reign,
she wept with fear, reluctant
to enter into her
kingdom.

The dispossessed monarch roared in
senile rage; his
head shaking like the aspen
leaf, he summoned his
still-faithful minions
concealed in Aeolus'
sack.

They grasped the young princess,
whirled her to the suburbs,
presented her fainting for the last
judgment of the dying
king.

Her helpless but radiant beauty
inflamed the near-gone
spark of rapacious lust.
With icy talons
he seized and ravished her —
(we had thought him impotent)
left her spent and bleeding on his
footstool.

The North Wind, shrieking in
horrendous glee,
covered her with a white destroying
blanket; the court
performed a last macabre
dance in celebration
of their king's brutish and shameful
victory.

*But we who watched on her coming,
anticipating deliverance
from the tyrant, have not
forgotten. We but wait our
time.*

*We will repair her wounds,
restore the rose,
nurse her back to life,
strength, hope,
forgetfulness.*

*We shall still set her on the
throne, do obeisance
unto her — yet dance on the
green and spangled
carpet nature has woven —
has prepared for her
coronation.*

— Irma G. Howell, G. '56

A Mottled Fabric

*Of what stuff is this life made?
The warp of sunshine
The woof of bitterness dark thread.
We weave out stint each day
By what unseen hand is our shuttle fed?*

— Jacqueline Logan, '56

Jewel Thief

Michael Todd stepped from his car into the bright noon sun. He squinted his myopic eyes, straightened his lean body and sauntered leisurely toward the iron embossed doors of the Art Institute. Upon entering the gloomy interior of the building, he hesitated a moment until his eyes became accustomed to the darkness. Then, seeing the guard, he presented his card and was led down the hall to a small, brightly lighted room.

The voices of the guests were subdued as they sat around the table, but there was an air of expectancy and excitement as they spoke. Michael greeted several of his acquaintances and seated himself between Mr. Vance and Dr. Marlow as the doctor turned to Michael and said, "I'm most eager to see the 'Star of Bethlehem' diamond. Incidentally, I consider myself dashed lucky to be invited here, too . . . don't you?"

Michael nodded and made the expected comments while his mind reviewed the expertly planned details of his part in the little drama about to take place. It was clever of Brass to arrange this as it would be a spectacular "switch" as well as a difficult one to trace. While thus musing, Michael watched John Carstens, the burly, efficient guard, as he paced back and forth in front of the low window. In case of a slip-up, the window would be his undignified means of escape.

Michael leaned back in his chair, casually acknowledging Carstens with a glance as his slim fingers searched for his black onyx cigarette case. While lighting his cigarette his gaze fell upon a beautiful girl seated directly across from him. Their eyes

met and held until Michael lowered his and nervously flicked the ash from his cigarette. He tried to become interested in the conversation around him, but he seemed uncontrollably pulled toward her; in return, her eyes had not left his face.

As Sir Barton, owner of the 'Star of Bethlehem', entered the room, conversation seemed to cease at once and the occupants at the table leaned forward as one. Sir Barton smiled upon the select circle and quietly began to speak.

"My friends, I feel deeply honored and pleased to be able to show to you diamond collectors the 'Star of Bethlehem.' You are all familiar with its history, so, knowing your anticipation, I shall show it to you without further comment." He removed the chamois covering from the velvet pillow to reveal the precious gem. The lights caught and played with the brilliant colors which flashed wildly from the large, perfect diamond.

Michael felt his throat constrict as he looked at the jewel. He touched his sleeve for reassurance that the duplicate stone was there in readiness. As the stone passed from one guest to another, the murmured comments had a quality of unreality to Michael.

At last he held the diamond in his hand; his tapering fingers caressed the smooth surface. He was about to make the "switch", but his eyes forced to look at the girl again. Her serene gaze upon him made his heart pound, his self-assurance leave, his hands shake. Michael Todd, gentleman thief, frustrated by a pair of blue eyes. It was so funny, he felt

hysterical. It was not that the eyes were in a beautiful face, but the fact that the eyes looked as though they anticipated the deed. Michael hesitated, passed his trembling hand over his moist forehead and passed the real jewel on.

As the group dispensed, still discussing the diamond, Michael watch-

ed the girl arise and walk from the room on the arm of an elderly gentleman. Michael turned to Dr. Marlow and asked, "Who is that girl?"

Dr. Marlow replied, "That lovely creature is Martha Miller, a rare thing of beauty, but blind."

— Anita Mooney, '58

On First Looking into the Government's "See the World"

*"Much have I travel'd" through your "realms of gold,"
And all your "states and kingdoms" seen;
Upon too many islands have I been
Which never were described as being cold.
The "wide expanse" I had been deftly sold
Was often quite a bitter drink and keen;
I never did inhale its "pure serene"
Which Uncle Sammy's posters had foretold.
Then I felt just like a pigeon blue
With oriental hawk in hot pursuit,
Or like that Spanish man who his hands threw
Before his face to stop the bites acute
Of all those wild mosquitoes that withdrew
To gain with Keats aesthetic substitute.*

— Donald Harrington, '56

My Last Boyfriend

*That's my last boyfriend hanging on the wall,
Looking as if he were dead; I call
His nose a touch of art. The pained look
Is his repayment for the ride he took
Me on. It's not my fault, I warned him twice,
But, the foolish boy did not heed my advice.
He had a way of noticing my friends
With a sly smile. Even now the thought sends
Me into fits of jealousy and hate.
I planned to tie him to the garden gate,
Where first he pledged his love for me alone,
And get the neighbor kids to throw one stone
After another. But, I discarded this plan
For one better. His head in the electric fan
Seemed a just desert for such a cad.
But yet, to mar his face seemed just too bad:
His handsome face I hated to destroy,
That lean and eager look so thrilling in the boy.
But his deeds were too dastardly not to avenge,
So I had to think of something whereby revenge
Would be sufficient, and he'd see his own
Mistakes. I told him I don't like to loan
My boy friends out to other girls, and when
He laughed, I quite calmly counted to ten,
Grabbed the letter-opener and pinned him
To the wall. And when Elaine would trim
A cherry branch from off the tree and beat
Him on the head — he felt it was a treat.
Me! The richest girl and cutest, too,
I told him that quite often. Well, Ann
Landers, it was good of you to plan
This visit. This new man must be quite blind,
Or almost. For me, that is the only kind.
Wil't please you rise, I will make some tea.
Notice that bust of Yossel, Chuck Hoenes modeled for me.*

— Daisy Huber, '56

— Roberta Simone, '56

Mopy Dick

"Hey Daddy O, where ya goin'?"

"I'm going over to Secor's to buy some books."

"You have your short here at school?"

"Yes, it's in the parking lot."

"How about dropping me by my pad?"

Sure Joe."

Walking leisurely toward the parking lot, I observed that Joe still dressed in suede shoes, pegged pants, and sport shirt, the way he had when we were neighbors in Chicago. In spite of the difficulty one encountered in trying to understand his language, Joe Metronome was a popular fellow. He was considered the hippest cat on campus.

We got into my car and I headed for town. Joe glanced at me and said, "Hey, Pops, when you have a little time, drop by and dig the crazy LP I just picked up by Basie. He's the swinginest!"

"With all these books I have to buy, I'm not going to have much time for records."

"How many books must you get?"

"Well, I have to get *British Poetry and Prose*, and — —"

"Panic time Man!"

"And *American Literature*, and Melville's *Moby Dick*."

"*Mopy Dick*? I read that bit, Man, and it's a drag. Say, I can

give you a run down from the top — might save you a little bread. Pull up in front of the house and I'll put you in the know."

So I parked the car, lit a cigarette, and listened.

"This book is about whales, and the thing that bugs me is there isn't one chick in the whole story.

"It starts out with a cat named Ish looking for a whaling ship. He finally signs on some bucket called the Pequod. This Ish is nuts about whales and is always yacking about them.

"The crew is a motley lot and they have a few jam sessions, but Jim, they don't swing. They are supposed to be whalers, but the only cat that wails is a little stud named Pip, who blows tambourine. Captain Arab is square and soon puts the sessions down.

"After they catch a couple of whales, Captain Arab flips his wig. He's really out of his skull, Jack. He has eyes for one thing, and that is to capture Mopy Dick. Now this *Mopy Dick* is the best thing in the book. He is a big, old, white sperm whale that minds his own business. The reason Arab is salty is because he came out second best at their last meeting. It seems Arab threw a harpoon at Mopy and the whale didn't dig the idea of playing pin cushion so he nipped off Arab's leg at the knee.

"Well Arab chases this Mopy Dick all over the world, trying to even the score, and during the chase Ish gives zoology lectures that last for whole chapters. He explains the difference

between sperm whales, right whales, left whales, and all the other whales.

"Mopy Dick is finally sighted taking a shower and minding his own business. Arab is eager to try for no legs. Starstruck, his first mate, tells Arab that this whale is murder, and asks if they can't forget about him and sail for home, but like I said, Arab has big eyes for this whale.

"The Captain has three boats lowered and takes after Mopy Dick. The whale plays with them for awhile, but he doesn't dig these harpoons they are throwing at him.

"He finally smashes the boats and decides the Pequot must go too. He lowers his head and comes on like Kenton, blasting a hole in the hull. That ship folded like an accordion.

"All hands went down with the ship, except Ish — he liked whales.

"There's your story. Oh! I forgot to mention that you'll probably be asked about the symbolism in this story, but don't worry about it. There are so many symbols that the instructors don't even know them all. You can pick out almost anything and say it is the symbol for something, and find a line to prove it.

"Well, Daddy O, I've got to cut out now, maybe I'll see you tonight. In case you have to buy *The Scarlet Letter* for that course, I can give you the word on that too."

"So long, and thanks Joe."

"Later Man."

— Richard Leiby, '57

Penelope '56

*Waiting brings anxious thoughts; these hours are long.
Had I a loom large as Penelope's
To work as she amid the wooing throng,
Still would my days become eternities
When you were gone. Nothing my hands can do
Will, for a moment, stay you from my mind.
No other suitor can my love renew;
No other lover do I wish to find.*

*Ah, sweet Penelope, teach me the will
To wait with uncomplaining patience rare.
Lay in my hands some magic work to fill
These endless days I find so hard to bear,
And may my husband's glad return soon be
Far swifter than Odysseus' from the sea.*

— Audrey N. Grandgeorge, '57

Red Light

The serene July morning caressed the liner, *Barbarossa*, as it moved deliberately from the Genoan coast into the wine-dark Mediterranean. Standing on the ship's crowded deck, a slight farm boy of fifteen clutched the rail tightly with his already-gnarled hands. His sun-browned face bore a contemplative expression as his eyes probed the nebulous ocean depths; perhaps, he was bidding his final farewell to the ancient quiet cathedral of Saint Annunziata or to the silent beauty of the olive trees which surrounded his father's tutelary hearth.

Although the world considered him a child, within his heart was ingrained the courage and determination of a pioneer ready to risk all the dangers and hardships of emigration in order to improve his own condition and that of his children after him.

Throughout the long voyage, a feeling of anticipation plagued his impatient spirit. Finally however, the *Barbarossa* docked at Ellis Island. Then later the same day, two scuffed shoes, journeying heedlessly toward Grand Central Terminal, wandered in and out of the scurrying New York crowd. As his eyes scaled the height of a building that was even taller than the Gothic steeple above Saint Annunziata, he stepped off a curb.

Suddenly, a tattered brown cap smacked across a spotted windshield, and a worn shoe flew high above the oncoming traffic.

Later, while a clean white ambulance raced to the county hospital, a burly policeman dispersed the curious, sophisticated crowd.

— Don Casalino, '58

Ode to Lin See Yu from Bill

*If I were freed of pigment's petty bonds,
If I could live under sack cloth covers
Vacuumed from hate-spiced tongues and
Green and blue greed — — — — —
— — — I'd love.*

— Guy Andersen, '58

Transition

*FEAR — the winter of the will,
Freezing action,
Solidifying reason,
Grinding,
Churning,
Impaling Hope on its
Frosty crags until
FAITH
Warm,
Splashing,
Gushing,
In crystalline streams
Dissolves the icy grip.*

— Roy Howarth, '57

The Star

*The whole world echoes a mournful wail
As mighty crowns, grim swords and granite faiths conflict,
Leaving women to grieve over blood-washed fields;
But the sun's light invades my quiet room.*

*The country struggles to obtain some prize
While grasping foreign fingers seek a tighter grip
And scandal lurks behind closed doors, content to wait;
But I can recall the smile of a friend.*

*Great cities receive the fearful news
Of violence done to man by his own kind
And of havoc wreaked by brutal nature's forces;
But my violets are in fragile bloom today.*

*Some there are who decry their lack of joy
While embracing the trivia of every day
And yielding themselves eagerly unto their woes;
But a Star blazed forth in the sky one night.*

— Esther May Bogusch, '58

Spittin' Stardust

Please let me introduce myself. I'm Angie Angel. My job up here in this star-studded domain is to keep disagreeable characters off the streets, rather the clouds, of our thriving metropolis, "My Blue Heaven." Also I would like to tell you what being a sheriff of a saintly city is like.

From 8 until 10 a.m., I sit on a fleecy white cloud and read about Venus de Milo while munching on a Milky Way. When a speck of dust from (pardon the expression) Earth happens to fall on a marshmallow house, I must brush it off and send it away. The rest of the day I look around for unwinged creatures loitering in town and send them to St. Peter, who in turn, locks them behind the Golden Gate.

At night, when all good angels are fast asleep, I turn out the North Star. Then I sit alone "By the Light of the Silvery Moon" and watch a couple sail "Down Moonlight Bay".

It is also within my jurisdiction to arrest and clip the wings of anyone or anything attempting to rob

"The First Angelic Bank." Our bank not only contains the golden wings of fallen angels, but all of the silver chips that fall from the little dipper.

"What do I eat?" you ask.

"Milky Way" candy bars and green cheese (which everyone knows the moon is made from), and there is always milk from the big dipper to sup," says I.

My friends are numerous, (not just angels, either). Some are Twinkle Star, the Man in the Moon, Mr. Sandman, and Mom Goose, who rides up to see me every once in a while on her Magic Goose. For recreation I have fun just riding on moonbeams or sliding down a rainbow. The birds and I fly quite a bit, too. My favorite instrument is the harp — all angels play harps, you know. "Please Mr. Sun" and "How High the Moon" are my favorite pieces.

Be seeing you soon; maybe I'll decide to visit you in a dream.

— Nance Thomas, '59

My Love

*He is there
Somewhere, waiting,
Reaching for me
Eagerly - - -
I am here
Wanting, waiting,
Searching for him
Endlessly . . .*

— Dorothy Kimbell, G. '56

My Beach

*When searching for gaiety, mirth, drama,
Love or hate, joy or tears,
Scenery, interest, children, aged,
Peace, noise, solitude or companionship
My beach is the only place I know
Offering this galaxy of moods.*

*On a sunny Sunday afternoon the epitome of human life
Is captured in one glance.
On a hot humid evening with stars just beginning to appear
On the horizon
My beach is an escape from the problems of life.
Far into the night
When the heavens are blacker than the still waters,
Lovers find a magic potion.
The thinker envelopes himself in solitude.
The lonely find a strange companionship.
My beach is a meeting place for all people in all walks of life.
At any time of day or night.*

*I basked in the sun many an afternoon
And acquired vast knowledge
By merely watching a human at work or at play.
When at play, the walls of restraint crumble
Under the warm caress of the sun.
Often in the evening I sat on the shore
Watching a few late swimmers relax the day's tensions
In a cool blanket of water.
Late at night I have gone there.
Sometimes with a companion in search for love, friendship.
Sometimes alone to dwell upon the complexities of life.
My varied searches inevitably dissolve
When the still, still water and the damp cool sand
Stretch before me as a mother would reach out her arms
To a lonely child.*

*The world becomes the sand, water, stars and tranquility to me
When I visit my beach at night.
The most twisted, contorted anxiety floats swiftly, smoothly away
On the gentle ripples of the peaceful water
Guided by the frail finger of a moonbeam.
The tense muscle relaxes.
The flame of hate burns out.
The loneliness eases.
Pain subsides.
Strong passions cease.
And the gentle emotion of love for life becomes evident.*

*A war is merely the fight of stone against water
As it skips across the cool liquid.
Speed is the pace set by a school of minnows
In search of amusement.
Business is the fisherman in his flat-bottomed boat
Patiently awaiting a bite,
Only to set his catch free again.
The noises of the world —
Personal conflicts, political arguments,
The explosion of a bomb, blare of a horn, screeching of tires —
Is subdued and channeled and emerges
As the chirping of a cricket,
The gentle splash of water against sand
And the faint rustle of gently swaying treetops.*

*This is my world.
To my regret, only an escape world.
The sand is my home.
The lake water my lawn.
And as I cool my aching body in its luxurious depths
I feel a wonder and greatness far surpassing
The man-made magnificence
Contained in the grueling pace of human life.*

— Paula Wolfram, '59

A Foggy Day — A Muddy Kish

*" A nothing hurried by the Kish
And felt unpleasantness.
He saw a damp and dirty Fog.
A river's dirty mess.*

*A student walking on the bridge
A moment stopped to ponder.
He queried "why" the hanging fog —
The mud, to him, a wonder.*

*And then a poet passed that way.
He long did stop and gaze
Upon a lovely, liquid scene
Mirrored soft in deep brown haze.*

— Nancy Peterson, '58

Clay Pigeon

I work in a filling station. Let me tell you, I hate working in a filling station. For one thing I'm allergic to gasoline. Just how long I'll pump gas I don't know. Maybe some day I'll go back to college. I'd still be there if it wasn't for two things — a ceramics course and a girl named Phoebe Dew.

Describing Phoebe Dew is no easy matter. Maybe if you combined all the alluring qualities of Cleopatra, Helen of Troy, Marie Antoinette, and Venus DeMilo and then added a dash of Ave Gardner, you'd have a reasonable facsimile. I don't know. Let's get this straight though — Phoebe Dew was a real doll.

It all took place during my sophomore year at Sweetwater College. I was pursuing my scholastic goal with the usual extra-curricular distractions, mainly wine, women, and song. I didn't sing too well, but my endeavors with wine and women made up for my shortcomings in the song department. Somebody had informed me that ceramics was a pipe course so, to keep pace with my social commitments, I signed up for the course. That's where I met Phoebe Dew.

The first time that I saw Phoebe she was sitting demurely upon a stool, up to her elbows in clay. I know why Adam weakened when he first encountered Eve. One glance at Phoebe's trim composition and my bones turned as soft as the clay she was patting with her tiny delicate hands. I sat down and just stared at her for a full five minutes. When the rest of the class began to send wondering glances in my direction, I finally picked up a large hunk of clay and attempted to make mean-

ingful gestures while I shaped the grimy mixture. I found concentration utterly impossible. Unconsciously, my eyes would flit back and forth in Phoebe's direction. Meanwhile, the clay would flit onto my canary-colored trousers and, at the end of the period, I bore a close resemblance to a barnyard sow. The instructor, a cork-screw shaped little man named Dr. Egan, merely sat in the corner, shaking hands with himself.

This went on for several weeks. Dr. Egan had outlined a series of projects for the course but, as long as Phoebe's ultra-feminine element was present in the same classroom, I was as helpless as the proverbial ship without a rudder. Things had reached such a drastic state that no longer would anyone share a table with me due to the fact that I had been deemed a calculated risk with a ball of clay in my hands. By mid-term I had managed to grasp the technique of rolling clay into an almost perfect spherical shape. I had fifteen little balls stored away in the damp closet but I had no idea what I was saving them for. Everyone else was hard at work on their projects, either fashioning pinch-pots, coil-pots, or elaborate sculptural pieces. Everyone, that is, except Phoebe Dew.

Phoebe Dew had never noticed me. If she had, she gave every indication of regarding me as having no more animation than a lump of clay. I had resigned myself to what appeared to be a hopeless situation. I had noticed two very important things about Phoebe during this period, however. First, she wore a class ring on a little gold chain which encircled her alabaster throat. Secondly, though it was not quite as evident,

she was as inept as I when it came to molding clay.

On the Friday before semester finals, I sat at my deserted table, dejectedly staring at my collection of little round balls which, by this time, had mounted to twenty-seven. There were several reasons for my despair. The next day was Saturday and marked the beginning of the annual Winter Festival. This was a highly anticipated mid-winter celebration which highlighted the school year. Such enticing items as an ice skating party, a hockey game, a ski meet, and the colorful Festival Ball were crammed into this weekend. Everyone always had a date for this event. I did not.

My second source of discouragement confronted me. The ceramics projects were due on the following Monday. Everyone in the class had completed their projects. Unless my twenty-seven little spheres were acceptable, I did not have one single item completed.

Hence I sat shrouded under a cloud of gloom. I sat unmoved at the end of the period while the rest of the class filed out of the room. Then I saw that Phoebe Dew had remained at the next table. I noticed three things. She had a collection of twenty-seven spherical shapes before her, she no longer had a class ring dangling from her neck, and she was crying.

I am a fellow who hates to see tears. I especially dislike feminine tears. To say that I was moved by her torment is an understatement. In an instant I was at her side, clasping her sobbing head to my clay splattered chest. While I stroked her fashionable coiffure in a fatherly manner, she proceeded to tearfully tell me the cause for her distress. It was really

quite simple. She had broken up with her boy friend, a muscular behemoth named Rex Rich who played fullback at State, because he had promised to escort Phoebe during the Winter Festival and, at the last minute, he had been forced to decline because he had been scheduled to engage in some sort of athletic endeavor on the same afternoon. This meant that Phoebe did not have a date to the Winter Festival. It might also be mentioned that Phoebe did not have a single clay project completed either.

As though I had just chanced upon the pot at the end of the rainbow, a sly little smile flickered across my lips. At the same instant my little black cloud popped into oblivion. I clasped my hands firmly upon Phoebe's heaving shoulders and, at the same time, exclaimed, "Phoebe, your problem has suddenly become as minute as a grain of sand. Until a few moments ago, I too found myself confronted with disaster. Now I am convinced that together we can hurdle this little obstacle and suffer no ill consequences in the process."

Phoebe studied me skeptically, her forehead creased with doubt. "Just what do you propose?" she asked.

"It's relatively simple," I answered in a suave undertone. "This room will be open at seven tomorrow morning. If we work all day, it will be a cinch to complete our projects. Before I was purposeless. I was a ship without a course. But now you have given me an objective. Doing these projects will be as easy as knocking over sitting ducks."

"Thank goodness", Phoebe breathed, "I'd be utterly doomed without you." She eyed me tenderly. "You're the most," she sighed. Then she reached for her comb and proceeded to brush my hands out of her permanent.

Phoebe and I were at the ceramics room at seven sharp the next morning. I grabbed a handful of clay and sat down at a table, my face a set mask of grim determination. By noon I was still pinching my first pot. Through the window, Phoebe and I could see the crowd beginning to gather at the lagoon for the hockey game. Phoebe was beginning to fidget nervously and distinct uncertainty had crept into her eyes. I found that, try as I might, it was getting increasingly difficult to keep my eyes from the growing throng on the banks of the lagoon. Finally I threw my hands in the air with a gesture of helplessness and turned to regard Phoebe with lowered eyelids. She was watching me silently, biting her lips while deep pools began to well up in her eyes.

"Phoebe", I said quietly, "let us resign ourselves. I thought yesterday that it would be a simple matter to do these pots. But, let's face it, you just can't do a semester's work in one day. We have but one course left to follow. Since we are destined to flunk, let's make this a weekend to remember. Let us dance, jump, and sing so that this weekend will forever stand out in our minds when we think of our college days." I held out my hand. Reluctantly, she grasped it and followed me from the classroom.

We went to the hockey game. Then we went to the ski-meet. I could see that my plan was working. By the time we left the ski-jump, Phoebe was singing at my side and dancing with reckless abandon. All this time I was pretending to remain oblivious to the envious glances I was receiving.

I called for Phoebe at eight. She was dressed like a fairy princess. She was wearing a sequined dress with a scoop neckline which dipped in the back and revealed three-fourths of her backbone. Even my sanforized collar wilted. I was unwittingly smug when we got to the Ball. I think the ceiling could have fallen in without my knowing it. If anyone was ever smitten, it was I on that evening.

Midway in the evening I excused myself and made my way to the punchbowl. I had secured two bowls of punch and was threading my way through the crowd when I suddenly stopped in my tracks while my eyes bulged out of their sockets like a pair of ball bearings. Phoebe was about ten feet from me. At her side was a hulk of a figure who made King Kong look like a leprechaun. The gold class ring was back in its familiar position around Phoebe's neck.

"Joe, I'd like you to meet Rex Rich," Phoebe said excitedly. "Rex drove two hundred miles through a snowstorm just to be here tonight."

The mountain of flesh extended its hand and crushed mine in a pincer like grasp. "Pleased to meet you, kid," it rumbled.

Well, I've got to pump some more gas. Like I said, maybe I'll go back to college some day. In a way, I'd like to see Phoebe again. She is still in college. She didn't flunk ceramics. On the following Monday she turned in all of her projects. How did she do it? Did you ever hear of the Rich Pottery Works?

— Joe Little, '57

Principle of Sufficient Reason

*Softly I opened the wide gate
Which led into the yard
Paved with cinder and broken tile.
Before me gaped
An orderly group of O's
Which could not speak
Though made of hypocrite clay
Re-formed by hammer blow of fate
And burned in hellish heat
'Neath rounded domes of fire;
Vitrified, strengthened, changed
From sullen-grey-dead to fired-brick-red
In awesome stillness
They wait.
Wait for life?
Life is here!
Here, within this hollow O
A rank an draucous starling
Guards her precious nest.
And I am here
To see and think and feel
Though made of clay.*

*False clay
Which has never known life
Holds life
And builds for life
And forms a premise for that which is life
And will soon be clay.*

— Dorothy Johnson, '56

To Blackhawk in Defeat

*High on a hill, great hulk of stone,
Illuminated by ghastly, man-made light,
Grotesque against the darkness,
This form was made in your image
And placed where once you stood
To search, from this vantage point,
For approach of friend or foe.
You looked out over the abundant valley,
Where gentle waves washed against its shores,
And swift craft moved over dark surface.
Content with peace unbroken,
You crept away into the darkness
To escape, as you thought, the eyes of the stranger,
Who now exhibits you in garish light.*

— Flo Finkboner, '56

The Site of the First Lincoln-Douglas Debate

*The trees stand watch around the city square.
I walk between them as though on sacred ground.
My eyes are focused on a huge, lone, boulder.
As I read the bronze plaque on the stone,
My spirit swells with pride.
Here I stand on the very spot where Lincoln
Once did stride.
I look around — how unconcerned the people in
The park are,
Laughing,
Shouting,
Reading papers, and gazing into one another's eyes.*

*Only the tall proud trees seem to realize what a
Historic place they guard.*

— Charles Hoenes, '56

On Looking Through The Bars

I am a monkey. My name is Horace. I live at the Brookfield Zoo Monkey House in a cage surrounded on three sides by bars. There are many of my kind in this cage with me; in fact, it is very crowded. Our occupation is supposedly to entertain people; but if they only knew how much they actually amuse us, they would be very much surprised. When we become tired of eating, sleeping, and climbing around, there is always the leisurely pastime of simply watching people.

Don't laugh! Instead, let me introduce you to a few of the types I see day in and day out. Then you can decide whether or not you still want to laugh.

First, there is Junior, a typical spoiled brat with red hair, freckles, and a terrific temper, who is being literally dragged around by his indignant mother. She feels that it is her duty to interest her son in animals by making regular trips to the zoo. Junior doesn't think so, and that is why there is such a fuss. He usually comes equipped with a sling shot for use when Mother isn't looking. When she does look, he is quick to explain that he is simply using it to get the peanuts closer to me — *the little darling*. Actually, he throws them where I can't reach them, merely to be ornery.

Then, there is the middle-aged man in bermuda shorts and socks with an expensive camera slung over one shoulder. I class him as the nature lover or the camera bug since he varies from time to time. He stands around for hours checking his light meter, setting up his equipment, and fussing with every lever on the camera. Then when he is all ready,

he discovers he has forgotten the film or else the sun has gone under a cloud; and so he has to begin all over again. He is usually a nervous person and his face is always red. Whether it is from rushing, high blood pressure, or sunburn, I haven't as yet been able to figure out, but it is an ever-present characteristic.

Next, there is the young couple with a young baby, their first, which is usually not more than a few months old. In any case, Junior is not old enough to be enjoying a group of strange, unknown creatures, especially when the sun is beating down furiously. Then, too, he is hungry and tired. The couple are, of course, enjoying themselves thoroughly and forget about the baby until he begins to cry — very loudly. Then as he is disturbing everyone, they decide they had better head for home, quickly.

Oh yes, I must not forget the lovers who are always wandering along hand in hand, or arm in arm, with eyes for no one but each other. It is beyond me why they come, for they never really see anything. Someone probably once told them that a zoo is a very romantic place and also inexpensive.

My pet peeve I have saved for last as it really upsets me or rather it amuses me the most. These are the people who make all sorts of faces and weird noises. Why they do it, heaven only knows. So many times I have wished I had a camera to capture these prize specimens. In fact, I think they deserve a cage all their own for their originality.

Of course, I must not leave out

my favorites, the perennials, who come every year purely for enjoyment and relaxation. I enjoy performing for them, but personally I would rather sit back and let the rest of them make fools of themselves.

Excuse me, I think I just heard the dinner bell, but before I go I would like to extend a cordial invitation to you to come up anytime. I enjoy having you around.

— Willa Mae Price, '59

The Lonely

*The City sprawls beside the lake — brazen, loud, noisy,
Trying with sound to hide its loneliness.*

*Four million people meet day after day —
and never speak.*

*They ride the subway, the streetcars, the buses —
and though the faces become familiar,
they never speak.*

*It is possible to become a part of this mass of humanity —
for that is what is becomes after a while, not individuals,
but only faces, floating atop bodies down the street —
and still suffer from cold and bitter loneliness.*

Lonliness, what is it?

Only your inability to find friendship.

*Or fear — for which of the faces can you approach without
possible rejection?*

*Lonliness — it follows you home in the evening after your
work is done, rides beside you in the subway, moves silently
ahead of you to await you in your empty room.*

Lonliness is like a dog which follows you home one night.

*You don't intend to keep him, but you become accustomed to
finding him wherever you are and you cannot let him go.*

The lonely people sit in rooms, looking out windows.

Lonliness sits beside them,

sipping a cup of tea.

— Betty Irwin, '59

And Thus Shall It Be

*When walls seclude a patient, forced to lie
In travesty of death, no hope of gain,
The savagery of oft repeated pain
May twist the bravest countenance awry.
What good to him, the sapphire of the sky?
The racing wind that sweeps across the plain,
Or bracing sun that shines on mellow grain?
What good to him, who only waits to die?
What is the plan? A plan must surely be!
For patience grows from pain, we're told, and hope
Must follow soon. What good is hope, when death
Awaits, to crush from tortured lungs all breath.
Imperfect man, with pain of life must cope,
Content at last to die, and dead, to see.*

— Dorothy Johnson, '56

A Sonnet

*No more the screams in weird cacophony;
The fires die out and embers, ashes yield;
No longer lie the dead unpleasantly
In Daliesque positions on the field.
They have been laid in regimental tombs —
In soil still tainted with their needless blood,
Or perhaps were sent on journey to their homes —
No homes to them, but now insensate clods.
But not in vain the modern day crusades,
The battle ceased and with cessation came
The shouts of victory, speeches, and parades,
Dross medals to the victims of the game.
The heretic is lone in having said,
What is the use of glory to the dead?*

— Edith Stevens, '55

Christmas for Dakee

Afraid and cold, the little pup whimpered as he settled down into the stable straw. He longed to join the larger animals and gain warmth from the shelter of their bodies, but he dared not. Last night he had lain down beside old Mata and cuddle close to her, but, having had no patience with him, the aged cow had angrily thrown him, with a thrust of her head, into the dark stable corner.

If only his mother were there beside him to warm and protect him from Mata and the other animals. The innkeeper, tired of seeing Dakee's thin, brown mother skulking about the inn-door in search of food, had thrown a lethal black rock at her. His aim had been true. Dakee, the pup, could still see in his mind the vivid picture of his mother sinking silently to the ground, never to rise again.

He had ceased his stable-yard frolic and had run to his mother's still form. He had nosed her furry side, but she had not raised her head and licked his small ear in reply.

The moon shown brightly down from above and created a scene of silvered sands and moon-dusted adobe. To Dakee, the night had possessed no beauty. His world was dark as he settled down upon his haunches beside his dead mother, pointed his muzzle to the sky, and sang her memoriam. The burly innkeeper was brought to his adobe door by the pup's plaintive baby wail.

"Bah, Devil spawn," the man growled hoarsely. "Be gone, or you'll get the same as your mother before you."

Dakee did not understand the man's words, but he feared the innkeeper's gruff voice. The pup abruptly ceased his lament and quickly slunk into the stable.

It was three days now that he had been alone. His once-plump body had become emaciated, for the larger stable dogs had pushed him away from the scraps the innkeeper had thrown out of the door. Dakee mourned his hunger with each tiny cry and tremulous shudder of his night-chilled body.

He could not even find cold sleep, for tonight there was something exciting and different about the stable. There were newcomers; a man and a woman were in the stable. Alight, appearing to emanate from all about the two people, brightened the stable corners. The voyagers, with their patient gray ass, had just arrived. Dakee could sense that the people were strangers and, like him, had no one near that they knew.

Tucking his tail between his legs and fearing a rebuff, he crept closer to the woman who was resting on the straw. No harsh words were spoken by her, and no stinging slaps hit Dakee's ears. Instead, she smiled and touched his brown head with her gentle hand.

She looks tired, but she is beautiful just the same. I have never seen anyone as beautiful as she, the little pup seemed to be thinking.

"Come here, little one," said the man. "Mary must rest, for she has had a long journey." Dakee sidled closer to the man with the brown beard and looked up at him with his

trusting brown eyes.

"Thin one, you look hungrier than I, so you may have this," the man said as he held out what might have been his last crust of bread.

The orphaned pup tore ravenously at the crust with his small white teeth. His broad muzzle sniffed and rumpled the straw in search of crumbs that might have dropped.

"Thank you," he seemed to say with his eyes and the manner in which he wagged his tail. Tonight, at least, he would not go to sleep feeling hungry, and his inner organs would not scream at each other for food.

The little dog lay down beside the man who was sitting in the dusty, yellow straw. His muzzle touched the man's leather breeches. Dakee inhaled the odor, and it seemed to be the smell of good things to him.

"Ah, soon it will be," said the man to himself. Dakee did not hear because he was sound asleep. All was peace within the stable. The cows, lying quietly by the manger, were chewing their cud and the donkeys were nodding sleepy heads.

Dakee breathed a sigh of comfort, closed his eyes, and settled down to sleep. He had found a friend at last.

— Juanita Larson, '59

My Tribute

*If I could build a highway
In honor of my friends,
Your face would be outstanding
On this road that never ends.*

*If I could write a poem
About your friendly ways,
A poem full of meaning
Would take months, weeks and days.*

*A song or a concerto
Would be beyond my talents.
What could I give to you, friend
To make both our lives balance?*

*A poem, song or highway
I doubt if I could do;
So please, dear friend, do let me
Return friendship to you.*

— Terry Moscinski, '57

Of Love

*Should I be called upon to talk of love;
I would not speak of starlight high above,
and I could not use a reason for excuse
for loving; for reason is poor love's abuse.
I would speak of quiet in a thunderstorm,
and aloneness in its sweetest form;
of symphonies unplayed and ne'er heard,
the soft singing of an evening bird.
I might speak of words without sound,
of gentle flame and wonders now new-found.
I shall speak of peace and fullness,
of a complete being and of trueness.
Of these things might I bring
and show, my love, it is of you I sing.*

— Patt Van Dyke, '58

Cupid's Brew

*I taste a sweetness in my heart,
 Its flavor lingers there.
I think that lovely Juliet
 Had once this taste so fair.
Penelope, so good and true,
 This sweetness did she know,
And Ruth, I'm sure, did taste it too;
 This by her love did show.*

*And here I am, a nothingness,
 In nineteen fifty-six,
And I too may enjoy the taste
 Of Cupid's sav'ry mix.
Were they not kind, the Gods above,
 With this sweet, wondrous brew,
To scatter it o'er all the world,
 And not to just the few?*

— Nancy Peterson, '58

Einstein's Theory of Relativity

When the death of Albert Einstein stirred the people of many nations, I thought there must be a reason for his tremendous fame. Why of course, how could I forget his famous theory of Relativity. That must have done the trick. Speaking of relatives, I have quite a few myself. Not counting my two half brothers and my beloved step sister-in-law, I have up to date 210 blood relations. This may not seem too large a number for an average young American, but when our family reunion time rolls around we inhabit the countryside. This jolly beer slinging, hot dog eating festival is usually held in one of two places: a desolate forest preserve (about a hundred acres is sufficient) or my Uncle Rasto's chimpanzee farm.

Rasto isn't my uncle's real name. How this name stuck with Uncle Orlando nobody knows, but it's sheer poetry compared to "Balsy", my poor Uncle Edward's nickname. Some people acquire nicknames because of the long or difficult names they received from their parents, but this is not the case with my family. What could be nicer, shorter, or sweeter than the lovely title of Ann? "Weesity" is the answer my grandmother came up with, and to this day my cousin Ann is known to all as "Breesy Weesity". If you close your eyes when you hear her name you find yourself putting five dollars on her nose for the second race at Hialea.

My Aunt Blue is a person worth speaking of. She has three grown sons, one married daughter, and is finally finishing her college career. Have you ever heard your doorbell ring and when you answered it you found a boy selling subscriptions for

any magazine your heart desired? Well, change the sex and you have my Aunt Blue, working her way through college. She is fifty-one years old and is proud of the fact that she greets all of her customers with a smile. Once you have heard her version of that immortal saying "I only need five more subscriptions, sir" your heart gives way and you find yourself with a two year subscription to "Field and Stream."

My Great Uncle Kimberton is another nominee for the "relatives' hall of fame." He is of royal blood and takes much pride in the spelling, pronunciation, and articulation of his title which is Kimberton Clyde Aberdale Pinkney III. Behind his back we all call him "Pinky" but in front of him it is always the distinguished Uncle Kimberton that we voice. Uncle Pinky (since he is not in sight) married a rich widow with three children five years ago and has never been the same since. Before his encounter with the rich Mrs. Pinkney, he was just one of the plain farmers who till the fertile soil in DeKalb County. When he found that his grand dad had touched the coronation dress of Queen Elizabeth he suddenly found blue blood flowing in his veins, and his title soon followed. Mrs. Pinkney said that she knew a nobleman when she saw one and since both agreed that Uncle Pinky was the noblest man in the country, they became man and wife. The three children had their names changed from Junior, Henry, and Vera to something more becoming to members of a royal family. From that day on they have been known to society as the three R's: Rutherford, Rathelny, and Raphael.

The black sheep of the family is

my cousin Adeline who was disowned by her parents for eloping with an immigrant. After her marriage to Stanislos, an illegal entry to this country, she constantly found herself in the kitchen cooking gulash and matzaballs, his native dish. He was a man of strange and varied ideas, but she soon learned that his main interest was with the underground and not with her.

The underground always makes me think of the subway, and sub-

ways make me realize how many people there are in this world, the number of people always makes me think about all the barrels of herring that could have been stored in the salt water from the tears shed for Mr. Einstein and his great theory. I think I'll start a collection for a memorial to this great man. After all, not everyone could have developed a system for classifying relatives.

— Margaret Bokowy, '58

Death of a Swan

*The battered dressing trunk is dusty.
The spangles have lost their glitter.
Among the musty costumes sits an old
and withered lady.*

*She is all alone in the vacant theatre.
She clings to, and caresses a tarnished tiara.
There is no loud applause.
There are no colored lights.*

*For when a ballerina loses the fight of age,
She has nothing left but memories of the stage.*

— Charles Hoenes, '56

The Squirrel

I saw Dick Freeman today. I was downtown shopping, and I saw him standing on a corner, waiting for a traffic light to change. And suddenly in a kaleidoscopic jumble of memory came thoughts of lilacs, of the spring, and of Dick's squirrel.

I was a senior in high school the year Dick transferred from another school. I was having occasional growing pains at the time, running the gamut of feeling from exuberant joy to restless despair, and wishing desperately that I could be a poet or an artist. It was destined, however, that I should be satisfied with writing occasional stories for the school magazine, and accepting, with great relief, the removal of the braces from my teeth.

Dick was casual, nonchalant, and yet, his very indifference immediately attracted attention. The girls were painfully conscious of his presence, and carefully ignored him. The fellows were already familiar with his athletic achievements. Most of them had become acquainted with Dick during basketball tournaments and track meets, so he easily became part of their group.

As Dick's scholastic record arrived at the administration office, so, too, did his "social" record. The latter arrived via the grape-vine, and became a topic of conversation for many gossip sessions. His popularity was evident, and he owned a car, both of which combined to make him a very interesting figure.

I was typing copy in the newspaper office when I saw him standing at the door. He smiled, gestured for admittance, and walked into the room.

"I'm Dick Freeman, Shirley. I've heard a lot about you."

I sat at the typewriter, fingers poised above the keys, unable to speak. Not until that moment had I admitted to myself how important it was for him to notice me. Still I remained mute.

"I had hoped you would go to the dance with me Friday night." With this, he drew a cigarette from his pocket and lighted it.

I wanted to explode with happiness! I wanted to say something awfully bright and clever. All that emitted was a mumbled, "We aren't allowed to smoke in the building."

Dick glanced at me quickly, almost quizzically, then laughed and stamped out the cigarette.

"O.K. for Friday then?"

"I guess so."

It seemed a miracle! I can remember covering the typewriter and walking slowly down the hall. I didn't want to awaken and find it all a dream.

And so began our ride on the merry-go-round. That spring Dick and I were always together. We ran gaily toward an intangible "Something"—racing madly down country roads with gravel spinning under automobile tires, singing songs around picnic campfires, and once, while sitting in a darkened theater, I became aware of sudden tears choking my throat. The phrase "crying for joy" had always seemed to me to be a complete incongruity, but I unconsciously resolved never again to scoff.

While driving back to town one unseasonably warm evening, Dick suggested that the group stop at his home to hear some new records. Everyone agreed enthusiastically, and we were soon gathered about the phonograph on the screened porch. The music, at first quiet and soothing, became louder and louder, and the heavy fragrance of lilacs was all but overpowering on the small, crowded porch.

I opened the screen door and walked out into the yard. Selecting a grassy place, I spread my sweater on the ground and was barely seated when a brisk little animal scurried up to me. To my surprise, I discovered it to be a squirrel.

Hi, Shirl. I saw you leave the porch. Noise too much for you?" Dick stood beside me, silhouetted in the light from the house. "Oho—I see you've found a friend. This is Skipper. The crazy squirrel has been begging food around here for months — must think he's a house pet!"

Dick was still standing beside me.

"Go on, Skip — stop pestering." He shook his foot at the squirrel, but the animal remained motionless.

I watched intently as he placed his foot on the squirrel's back.

"Can you believe it? Look how much he trusts me."

My lips moved, but the appeal caught in my throat. His foot pressed the animal to the ground. All was quiet. The squirrel was limp, not grotesque in death, but pathetic and small. Dick's whimper broke the silence as I managed to struggle to my feet.

In that brief moment before I started to run, the stifling fragrance of lilacs was an impenetrable covering — heavy and warm.

Never again has a spring seemed as carefree as that spring of my senior year.

— Barbara Scobie, '57

Rondelet to Six-legged Ants

*Six-legged ants
Are not only delightful to
Six-legged ants.
It's said a flea simply enchants
Another flea, and this is true,
But entomologists pursue
Six-legged ants.*

— Robert Franke, '56

I Alone Am Unique

*I say that I alone am unique in my creation.
That I alone have walked through empty nights,
and over wind-swept plains have seen God's demonstration
of lightning and power, and heaven's ethereal sights.
That evermore is my right to stand on a hill
and watch the moon rise and hear the wind sigh
as it stirs the long grass and drinks its fill
of the starlight with a sudden and deep cry.
It is my privilege to waken to a new snow
and move my feet through fallen leaves,
and pass a cloverfield that someone has begun to mow;
and it is for me to find baby wrens hungry under eaves.
These things are mine alone, in my own way.
All these things make my empty world
that yet grows fuller with each day,
as my opened eyes see these wonders unfurled,
and now I find it true and whole,
for as the world grows — so the soul.*

— Patt Van Dyke, '58

End of Summer

*The lonely beach stretches its tawny length to the west.
There the fretful whitecaps tip their faces to the sun,
Seeking the comfort kindled by his last incendiary kiss.*

*I, too, am left alone, a solitary figure casting one dark silhouette
against the painted evening sky.*

*The lights no longer play along the waters by the dancehall
'cross the bay.*

*The evening breeze is cold tonight and bears no music,
no laughter, no muffled voices.*

There is only silence and the sighing of dark pine boughs overhead

*The secluded benches here along the walk have been deserted by
their lingering lovers.*

*The pier lies barren and the lake grows dark and mysterious.
Gone are the friendly lights of the fishermen and silenced
the heady throbbing of distant motors.*

*I shiver, sigh and turn toward the friendly lights of town
For summer is ended and you are gone my love.*

— Jacqueline Logan, '56

Green Leaves

*When God brushes out the haze that covers
The blue powdered sky and pushes forth
A blushing sun who breathes his glory everywhere;
And when He smiles at the Earth,
And frightened budlings smile back and reach for Him;
And green fields spring from dull brown plains;
And Zephyrus hums sweet warm breezes
Through the hair of strolling girls
Who sigh and sigh and grope for words
Not difficult for flitting birds;
When trees are in their short-locked youth
And bend with every gentle breeze
And drop no leaves;
And He so clothes the lilies of the field;
Then clothes He us — our spirits,
Sends us Spring to give us a new inward birth each year.*

— Roberta Simone, '56

The Moon's Benediction

*The pond glowed in the cold, calm night;
No skaters' skates sparkled on the ice;
The trees, their branches leafed with snow,
Preserved the scene in nature's frame.*

*In the clear pavilion of the sky
The Moon smiled on the earth below —
White-blanketed and pure — untouched by man.
All was cold and crisp and calm.*

*Suddenly the serenity of the scene
Was broken by the sound of footsteps
Crunching through the snow —
Man had broken nature's peace.*

*A boy and girl came through the trees
And paused, hand in hand, by the pond;
The Moon bathed them in her light as if
They, too, belonged to the natural scene.*

*The lovers left, not realizing they'd been
Blessed, not thinking that their
Inner-glow came from above — from
The blessing and kiss of the Moon.*

— Omer Tolley, '58

The Big Three

How often have you men sat in your cold drab rooms on weekends and wished that you might have that intangible something that attracts the fair sex to more fortunate males?

This desire for popularity, fun, music and prizes can become an actuality. It is not a matter of chance that enables those other fellows to succeed where you fail, it is merely a matter of approach.

Normally, these techniques are available only in plain, unmarked envelopes, but realizing that the gravity of the situation is approaching catastrophic proportions we are publishing them so those in need may benefit.

After years of intensive research, we have observed three (3) categories of approach that have been proven infallible. Each of you men will fall into one of them by virtue of natural aptitude or diligent practice.

Once you have mastered one of these approaches and/or techniques; success, romantically speaking, is inevitable.

The first is known simply as the *athletic technique*. It is based on the assumption that women admire a gladiator; more specifically, a football player.

With this firmly in mind the rest is relatively simple. First, go out for the team. Whether or not you can play or intend to learn is irrelevant. The main thing is to get your name on the team roster and get that uniform!

Watch your teammates closely. Learn how they are able to walk

athletically. Learn how they are able to talk athletically. Notice the way their noses are broken. Scrutinize these things carefully, for their importance cannot be over-emphasized.

Now you are ready to put the technique to practical application in a coeducational environment, the classroom. With your particular feminine objective firmly in mind, wait until the last bell has rung and the class has settled down for work. Open the door and walk athletically to your front row seat.

As you walk, smile enigmatically at the girl and flex your biceps a bit. — your triceps if you wish. When you are seated, remember she can see your every movement, so a few well-executed chair calisthenics are in order.

There is a remote chance that this may not do the trick and impress her. She may not have realized that you were walking athletically, flexing and doing chair calisthenics. She may have thought you were a spastic.

To prevent any recurrence of such irrational ideas, you must then use step two. The next class period come swathed in bandages, liberally doused with strong liniment, and limp in late to your front row seat.

Moan periodically. The instructor will then ask if there is anything wrong. Turn around, smile enigmatically at the young lady and reply in a harsh raucous voice, "Yes, dere is . I wrenched meself in da big (emphasize big) game last Sader-day."

This declaration will accomplish a two-fold purpose. It will clarify

your athletic prowess to the young lady and will cement a good grade in the course, for by then you will know full well that the instructor is in mortal fear of the consequences of giving an athlete a low grade.

Now step two has been known to fail in a few isolated cases. If it should, then you will use the "clincher". It has never failed.

The bell rings. The students are quiet. The instructor is about to speak. You open the door athletically, stand with feet wide apart and look triumphantly at the gasping multitudes. Why are they gasping? Because you are dressed in full uniform, complete with cleats. As you jog athletically to your front row seat, making sure you stamp the wooden floor with fervor, explain that you have been involved in early morning scrimmage in preparation for next week's big (emphasize big) game.

Since you have had the foresight to remove your bridgework, you can now smile, and it now no longer will be enigmatic. The young lady will get the message. You have succeeded!

For those of you who are not athletically inclined, there are still two techniques to choose from. One of these is the *intellectual approach*.

For it to be used to its full effectiveness, there are a few basic materials necessary. First, visit your family optometrist and procure a pair of black-rimmed glasses. Next, purchase a pocket dictionary and a small Roget's Thesaurus. Carry them in a prominent place on your person at all times. Never be without them, for they are the tools of your trade.

A prime requisite for the intellec-

tual approach is a large vocabulary. Learn to cleverly insert multi-syllabic words into your classroom and social conversations. If you can't remember big words, use double talk.

For example, approach strangers with, "Napidly obnascious day, isn't it? There's quite a ristan in the surmentate, don't you think. It was blasmatic this morning, but it sure became ignobilous later. Do you think the flavid zinkan days are here?"

This will stupify your listeners. They will begin calling you a 'curve-setter' and all sorts of other things. The girl in question will come to you for help with her studies.

Walk around the campus with a number of imposing volumes under your arms and quote obscure well-memorized literary passages. Get yourself a Latin phrase for your motto. Descarte's "Cogito, ergo sum" is a good one to use.

Constantly have a pipe in your mouth. Tobacco isn't necessary. Just the pipe. It adds to the over-all effect.

When asked where you live, smile enigmatically and say, "In the library, of course." This really gets them.

Certain pertinent questions as to your probationary academic standing may at first cause you some anxiety, but a proper retort will stop any further inquiries. Simply state, "In my philosophy, grades are no indication of education."

The intellectual approach is a rather uncrowded field, and the possibilities for expansion are limitless. It might be well worth investigating.

If you should find the above techniques distasteful, then the final approach is made to order. It is called the *Activity-man* or *joiner technique*.

The first step is to join as many organizations as humanly possible. It is not necessary to attend their functions or meetings except when the yearbook photographer is there. This is important, for you'll want to have a variety of flattering poses liberally sprinkled throughout the annual.

If you wish to go all-out, it might be wise to become an officer in several of the organizations. The cleverness in doing this is vividly demonstrated when you are introduced to a young lady. You can then say, "I've been wanting to meet you, Eursela, but I've been tied up with the presidency of the Abraham Lincoln League, the vice-presidency of the Athletic Subsidation Society, and the chairmanship of the Committee for the Advancement and Preservation of Draft-Dodging."

Learn to remember first names. The more people you can call by their first names, the better off you will be. And when you see them on campus and call them by their first names, always flash that well-cultivated phoney smile. This will instill the idea that not only are you a campus leader, but you're a hell of a nice guy to boot.

Clothing is important for the activity approach. Wear gray flannel pants, a cashmere sweater with your fraternity pin, rep ties, button-down shirts and white bucks, properly dirty. Get a crew-cut. The activity-man must appear collegiate.

If finances permit, get a convertible. The masters of the activity-man technique all have convertibles. A touch of subtlety is to put your fraternity and honorary Greek letter stickers on the windshield, being careful not to obscure your vision.

Learn to be the life of the party. When at a local bistro with coeducational company and the topic of discussion is current events or something equally as boring, liven things up by delving into your vast repertoire of college songs. Start singing 'Boola, Boola' or 'Mimi, the College Widow'! You'll be a sure hit with the girls.

That just about covers the essentials of the three techniques in use today. By following one of them faithfully, you too will be able to get dates and hold them.

A final precaution. When using these techniques avoid people with weak stomachs.

— David H. Buswell, '57

