

CUB

1966



THE CUB

FEATURING

AWARD-WINNING SELECTIONS

FROM

THE WILSON-NICHOL WRITING CONTEST

VENTURA SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

VENTURA, CALIFORNIA

JUNE, 1966

Dedication

Since this is the eleventh annual issue of our literary magazine and the tenth anniversary of the writing contest, the staff gratefully dedicates this issue to the following people:

Mrs. Betty Whiteman, former journalism instructor, whose classes produced the 1955 CUB . . .

Miss Jeanne Arthur, class of 1956, who designed the plans for the first writing contest and obtained for us a faithful and generous sponsor . . .

Mrs. Clara Nichol of Ojai, who has sponsored all cash awards from 1956 to 1964 and in 1965 more than doubled the financial support to encourage dramatic script writers, to recognize the boy and girl with outstanding writing talent, and to help defray additional costs of publication . . .

The Ventura High School Boards who have faithfully budgeted money to print the magazine . . .

Mr. D. D. McArthur, photography instructor, for his patience, co-operation, and direction in supplying photographic illustrations from his classes each year.

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THE RODENTS

RICHARD RAWLES '66

There was the blanket blank, overneath our lemming's bank, branch office located atop Mont Pelee: the natural negation which begets winter's life and the harvest of the algae: food for despair. Let snow melt hope as diseases cry incurable. Spring is on its faithless way: hup, two, three, four.

The pestilential decision: there is a rat in the room; and now there was heat upon the branches, for eleven out of ten summers are caused by twenty-three degrees, twenty-seven minutes. The never-ending running spring dammed by gutter and built by beaver. Plumbing by altruism, definition of which is: systematic sympathy for seniles. May the carcass of the lemming overflow the tear-stained ocean that runs into spring. Placate plague, rest the rat in peace, not so nearly expansive as the coffin.

Death fills the cup of Claudius: whether by man or nature, whether by lemming or rat. Drink the gutter water that originated from the spring. Man is its only occupant. One and the same: rodentia.

Roderick lives here, gnawing at his own mind. And the lemming marches to the sea.

Bub was so close, so crushed against the wall that he felt himself existent within it. But he was on the bed, a single, rat-chewn blanket spread over his body. And the body was naked except for age's wrinkles. Naked came, naked go: for ventilation, the closed oven of the body grasping for coolness. Naked, perhaps unborn, for certainly life was not of such a heated climate.

Bub kissed the wall, pleaded for its dampness. The swellings having pained once, pained again, and Bub's hand moved down to caress them. The carcass, for no one kisses his own leg. His attempts at appeasement failed, however, as was evident by pain's returning fury.

"I think that I am going to die," Bub said. "Will winters never cease!" Roderick said from across the room. "Your pain does not strike me in the least. It drags no sympathy from my mind. It is so unnecessary to death." Roderick sat on a stool spooning his yogurt from carton to half-smiling mouth. "So unnecessary. Your death, as was your life, is nothing. We are all merely rodents. Our only difference from the rat or the lemming being our ability to ask the question of death, life's question: whether to die by thine own hand or that of nature's."

Bub turned to face the image on the stool, an image difficult to discern, almost intangible, for it blended well with its surroundings. The room they were in was extremely small, adorned by a single window that admitted only the grayest of light. From it, however, one could see the garbage in the street below and the sign which read "County Home for Senior Citizens." Covering nearly the whole expense of one wall was

a dresser and its one ornament, a mirror. A bathroom rug seemed to think itself resplendent to occupy a wooden instead of a tiled floor. It made its ironic presence noticeable not only through its looks, but also through its smell. Also sharing the floor was a mouse trap, its inhabitant: a pestilential rat in the last throes of life before death. The sole remaining piece of furniture was a paint chipped table that found its useless solitude underneath the window.

Bub tried to focus his eyes on the mirror, but when this feat was at last accomplished he redirected his gaze, and his eyes fell upon Roderick, another, perhaps more accurate mirror. Bob tried to determine Roderick's age by counting the lines that covered his face, but he soon gave up the effort in a realization that the number of lines would many times exceed the number of years, for a lemming is not a tortoise. Bub then summoned up his failing memory to recount to him the man's age. Seventy-three, a year older than what Bob recollected his own age to be. He thought, if death is the question of life, then for me it has already been answered.

The hypothesis: "If we are both products of nature," Bub said, "then we should die at the will of nature."

"If we are both products of nature," Roderick retorted, "why then do we live in this rat cage of a room, provided for by money donated out of sympathy? They call this place a rest home, I call it a labor camp, for it is a labor to keep alive in, both mentally and physically. The rats have gotten to you, and you must surely die of the plague shortly. I, too, am dying, but of insanity rather than pain. That is why pain is unnecessary, for insanity is the simpler, cleaner way of dying. We are both rodents, to be sure, but of different species: I, the lemming, marching to the sea in order that I may drown myself. You, the rat, dying naturally in your natural habitat—the gutter. You tell me which is the better of the two."

Bub's pain doubled at Roderick's words. Nature is clean, pure, naked in the face of good. Why then must nature's way of death fall prey to the filth of the rat, inhabitant not of the forests but of the slums? Why must it be so dirty in comparison with man's way: suicide washed clean by the waters of the ocean?

"I think that I am going to die," Bub repeated, for no other thought came to mind.

Roderick, incensed by the repetition of such a remark, said, "What thought is involved in dying your natural, your physical way? Nature does the thinking for you. I, on the other hand, have had to put much thought into the question of whether to kill myself or not. Those swellings on your body and the heat that exudes from you is matched and surpassed by the sores and the scars that exist in my mind. But now my period

of thought is over, resulting in an infinitely shorter period of knowledge, the knowledge of death." The spoon again entered his mouth.

There was a knock against the door, and Bub was again able to experience the physical reality of a sound, an interruption of Roderick's thoughts, thoughts that merely manifested themselves as sound, yet still retained the unreality of nothingness. Bub saw Roderick rise and open the door and admit into the room a man obviously not acquainted with the restlessness of the rest home. The man's most outstanding feature was not even to be found in his physical appearance, but rather in the black bag that he carried into the room. Bub was incapable of understanding the contents of the bag, but its purpose was clearly evident. Bub's gaze remained transfixed on the bag while Roderick and the doctor spoke to each other. Bub could not hear what they said, and he wondered whether the plague had affected his hearing or whether they were merely speaking in hushed voices.

Bub's eyes closed. Now he could neither hear nor see, only feel, but since heat and pain were neither auditory or visual, it mattered not.

St. Pierre, 1902: Mont Pelee erupts, killing all inhabitants save one, a criminal confined to a jail cell, the sole survivor of nature. Bub felt the heat of the volcano, and suddenly he began to shake violently: San Francisco, 1906. Bub felt the doctor's probing fingers glide up and down his body. He felt the thermometer being thrust into his mouth, causing such wrenching in his body that he vomited, like lava flowing from his mouth. Burning bush: doctors too must take off their sandals.

"Take off your sandals and receiveth my laws." Of nature, naturally. First of all there are the laws of motion, one of which states that a body at rest will tend to stay at rest unless acted upon by some external force. My branches are burning. I have remained at rest all my life, and now I am set in motion. At last. I am puking like the new born while dying as the aged.

Bub did not feel the doctor leave. Neither did he feel the approach of night. He opened his eyes, and they immediately focused on the dead rat. He stared at it for a moment, his breathing forced and fetid. The uncontrollable wrenching in his stomach caused the whole upper half of his body to move forwards and backwards in agony. Bub stretched his arm out for the rat, plucked it from the trap, and brought it up against his chest. It was cold and rigid. Bub used his unclipped thumbnails to make an incision along the rat's underside. Reaching inside with his whole hand, he pulled out the intestines and then, like yogurt, stuffed it into his own mouth. Bub chewed for a long time before swallowing.

It was dark in the room now, the only light source coming from the street lamp outside the window. Roderick was asleep on the stool. Bub forced himself up from the bed and then walked to the window, heaving with each breath. He vomited again, over the sill and into the gutter

below. He watched the long, continuous drool that hung from his mouth, suspended in the cool, night air. He shook the few remaining drops of vomit off his lips and then moved over to the stool.

"Did I ever tell you of St. Pierre?" Bub said, waking Roderick.

Anger shown in Roderick's eyes. He grabbed the diseased man by the shoulder, not even trying to avoid the vomit and the odor that flowed from Bub's mouth. "And did I ever tell you of Hiroshima?" Roderick screamed shaking the man violently. "Did I?" Roderick pushed Bub against the table and then hit him in the stomach, an act that caused the most violent wrenching imaginable. Roderick rolled the dying man over so that he hung limp over the table.

"And now," said Roderick, "I believe it is time for a little drink, a cocktail, if you please." Roderick returned to the stool and from underneath it produced two glasses and a can labeled "rat poison." He filled both glasses half full of the contents of the can, handed one of the glasses to Bub, and said, "I propose a toast — to death."

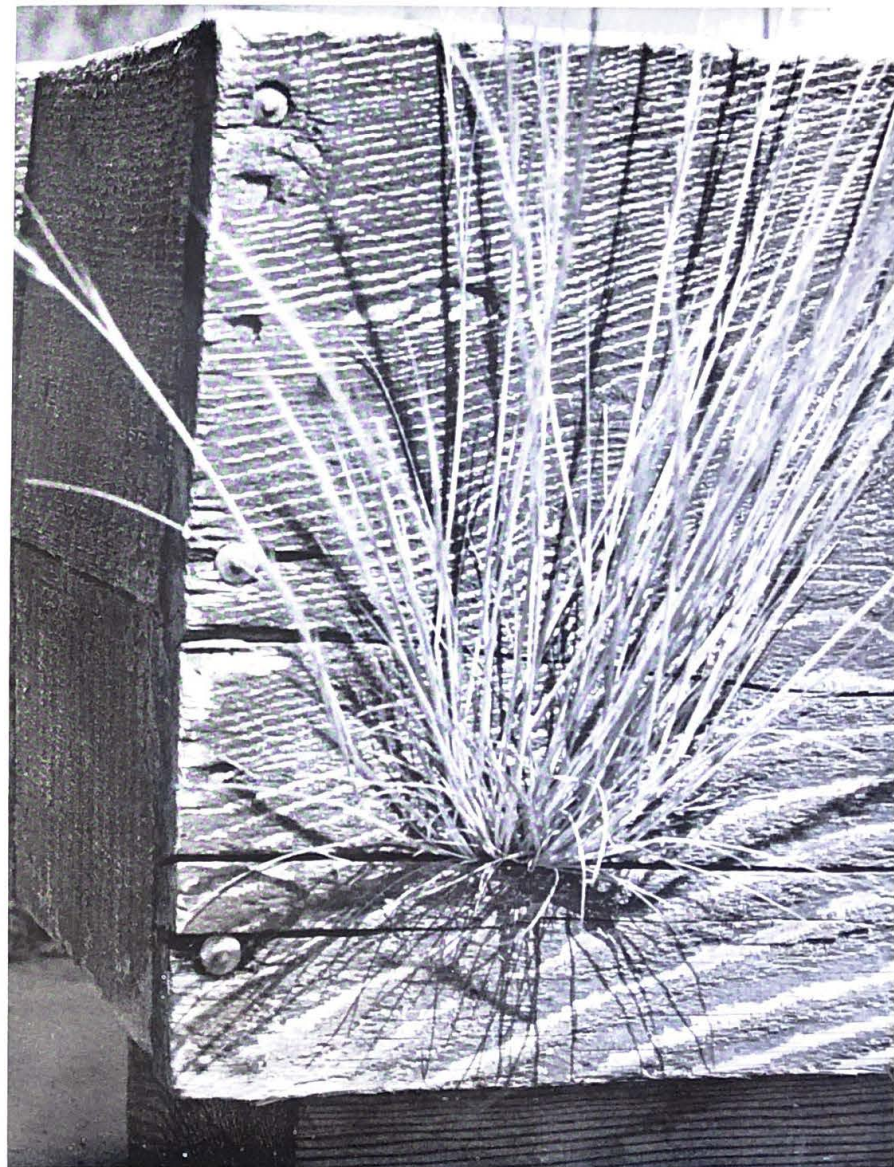
"To death," said Bub raising his arm high enough to just touch Roderick's glass. And they drank.

Commendation

Life Is A Moment


LYNA WIGGINS '67

- Dawn
Silhouetting a lost man
on the rim of the hill,
- Tree
Sheltering the forsaken
against the coming storm,
- God
Unleashing his pent-up fury
across the heavens,
- Lightning
Striking the stately tree
beneath which cowered the man,
- Darkness
Receiving the soul
into Eternity,
- Light
Breaking the Darkness:
again the
- Dawn.



LAW AND LIBERTY

LYNA WIGGINS '67



A lone sea gull soaring over the ocean, a sharp contrast of white against an azure sky . . . horses running free in a field of waving grass . . . a sailboat skimming the water lightly, unrestrained . . . a storm, violent and unending, stopped only by the hand of God . . . Images of liberty . . . liberty, a many-sided thing . . . to define it as a certainty would not be honest or realistic. Abraham Lincoln once said on the brink of the Civil War, "The world has never had a good definition of liberty, and the American people, just now, are much in need of one. We all declare for liberty; but in using the same word we do not all mean the same thing." In our present times it still does not mean the same thing. And yet, the struggle for individual liberty is the crucial political conflict of our times. To many nations all over the world, America means liberty. Therefore, what we think of liberty and what we do with our liberty affects the people of every nation and the policies of their governments. For, as was said in the Bible, "We are a city on a hill, and the eyes of the world are upon us."

We have heard many speak of liberty — we all know who said, "Give me liberty or give me death." The great men of our history have spoken of liberty. Washington said that, "Love of liberty needs no recommendation, because it is in the hearts of all." And Lincoln spoke of this nation as "conceived in liberty."

I would call liberty the right to do as one wishes — what his conscience tells him — without control from any source. This right, however, doesn't allow him to interfere with the equal right of others. We must not confuse this privilege with license, for doing as we please without restraint may make another's liberty impossible. And any abridgement of another's freedoms is a form of intolerance this country of ours cannot afford. Law is a safeguard against intolerance.

Your liberty and mine is dependent on law. Many would suppose that liberty means a throwing aside of law and running riot. This cannot be. The heart of our nation, the thing that gives it a soul, is the spirit of liberty that runs through the laws of our Constitution and especially our Bill of Rights. Our civilization then is *not* our steel skyscrapers . . . our jet airplanes . . . our rumbling factories . . . our luxury automobiles. America is the idea that the individual has a natural right to be free until he injures another's freedom.

It is the law that protects these interests. And what is law? A gun shot breaking the dark's silence . . . the siren of a police car screaming

through the night . . . the sharp rap of the judge's gavel . . . words on dusty parchment, carefully preserved . . .

Law — we might say it defines the services of our governments. It has often been said, perhaps truly, that you cannot legislate goodness, happiness, or prosperity. This is in some ways true. But if the laws don't make people good, at least they make it easier for them to try to be good, and they make it unprofitable for them to be bad. The laws do not make one wealthy, but they at least keep what riches we have safe, and they make it easier to obtain more. Laws are not just to restrain people, but to help them attain more liberty.

The Bill of Rights expresses a philosophy of human living. It made this country what it is. It allows the individual to speak as he pleases . . . the newspapers to print what they wish . . . the citizen to worship as he believes . . . It gives us liberties defined by law! We could ruin this whole structure that our forefathers so carefully built — all we would have to do is lose our courage, neglect our moral laws, and forget to come forward to see that the rights of the humblest and most unpopular minority are protected.

Again, it is against our moral law to discriminate against those who happen to be born with a darker skin than most people possess, or to despise people because they do not agree with one's opinions or have a different religion. These are forms of intolerance. Justice Frank Murphy of the Supreme Court said, "What is there more completely opposed to our laws and to all our American tradition than intolerance? It is the most un-American, unconstitutional, un-Christian, and un-democratic thing in our life today." And R. L. Hubbs said, "Liberty can easily be lost by sheer indifference; it can never be saved by intolerance."

Our founding fathers made no provisions for intolerance. Intolerance belongs only in countries where liberty has been forgotten. And yet, there is tolerance in our nation . . . our democracy . . . our land which we proudly say has liberty . . .

Let's wipe out this intolerance! Together we can make our country an image of liberty under law . . . a perfect image as Daniel Webster envisioned when he said, "Liberty belongs only to those who love it, and are always ready to guard and defend it. Let our object be our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a great and vast monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of justice, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever."

THE ART OF AGING

GEORGIA IMHOOF '66

They tell me he walks with a limp, and his once sandy-colored hair is grey now, but I remember him as he was then, in the summer sun, with his tanned arms on his narrow hips, looking at me with that strange sense of urgency in his grey-blue eyes.

Two years and four months it has been since I saw him last, propped up in the hospital bed, looking pale and worn. And still that same sense of urgency in his eyes, the same reaction which he always conveyed to me. Difficult to imagine his sandy-colored hair turned grey. Harder still to picture him crippled, for the past is still too vivid, and the present a little too vague. Always the same picture of him in my mind: Of youth, of the summer, of laughing, splashing, and then the silence, and the urgency surging through my being as much as through his, till neither of us can stand it any longer, and we break the spell by speaking.

He bids farewell, he promises to come again. Our eyes meet, and we look away, for we are puzzled, we do not understand.

Then he is gone, and the years slip away, both of us having only the memories of our one meeting, neither of us forgetting. No communication, but we remember the few hours of that summer day; and the promise of togetherness, now dormant, but ever watchful: Until the clipping in the newspaper, and the hospital; two people searching for a dream, running from the endless pursuit of time.

As I read the clipping, I knew it had come, the long unfulfilled promise of our meeting, and for the first time I wondered if he would remember. But curiosity overcame propriety, pride; and then there was the hospital, and the grey-blue eyes, and the urgency, the pounding of my heart, the constriction of my stomach, the dryness of my mouth. His sandy hair, the feeling of no change, the security of it all. Another promise. . . .

Leave-taking, but this time I was the one to go, and the hustle and bustle of another two years, with still the memories, the dreams, the endless search brought by the grey-blue eyes and their urgency. . . . Time, time, passing on, relentless, plowing its way through eternity, on and on and on. . . . The vigil of death: Always the waiting, the waiting.

And now they speak of his aging, and I sense the greyness of my own hair, the arthritis in my own legs, and I feel the need to end the search at long-last; the need to fulfill the promise of the past and so being able to live with the present.

The surge of hope, the searching of the grey-blue eyes, the deep disappointment, the emptiness. Time has won at last. The vigil is ended.

Finally, youth's promise fulfilled.

A LONG ROAD

FRANCES REAGEN '66

A long road, and dark,
Stretches in the pale twilight
And binds the future,
The past, and now together
As a ribbon around old letters.
Looped around the horizon
It holds it 'til I arrive,
Then reaches out to the next
Until I gain that one, too.
And the road goes on and on
From horizon to horizon
And I never get enough
Of it; I never want
To stop this journey.
Each new hill afar
Calls and I must follow,
While Time, like a dog,
Nips at my heels
Reminding me that soon
The spectre Death, which follows
At a steady, unchanging pace,
Will overtake me as age
Forces me to slow and stop.
So I hurry now
To go as far as I can,
And see as much as I may,
While youth outraces death.

Commendation

I'll Remember

GLENN BROWN '66

When golden poppies reflect the sun,
And young pink roses turn to red —

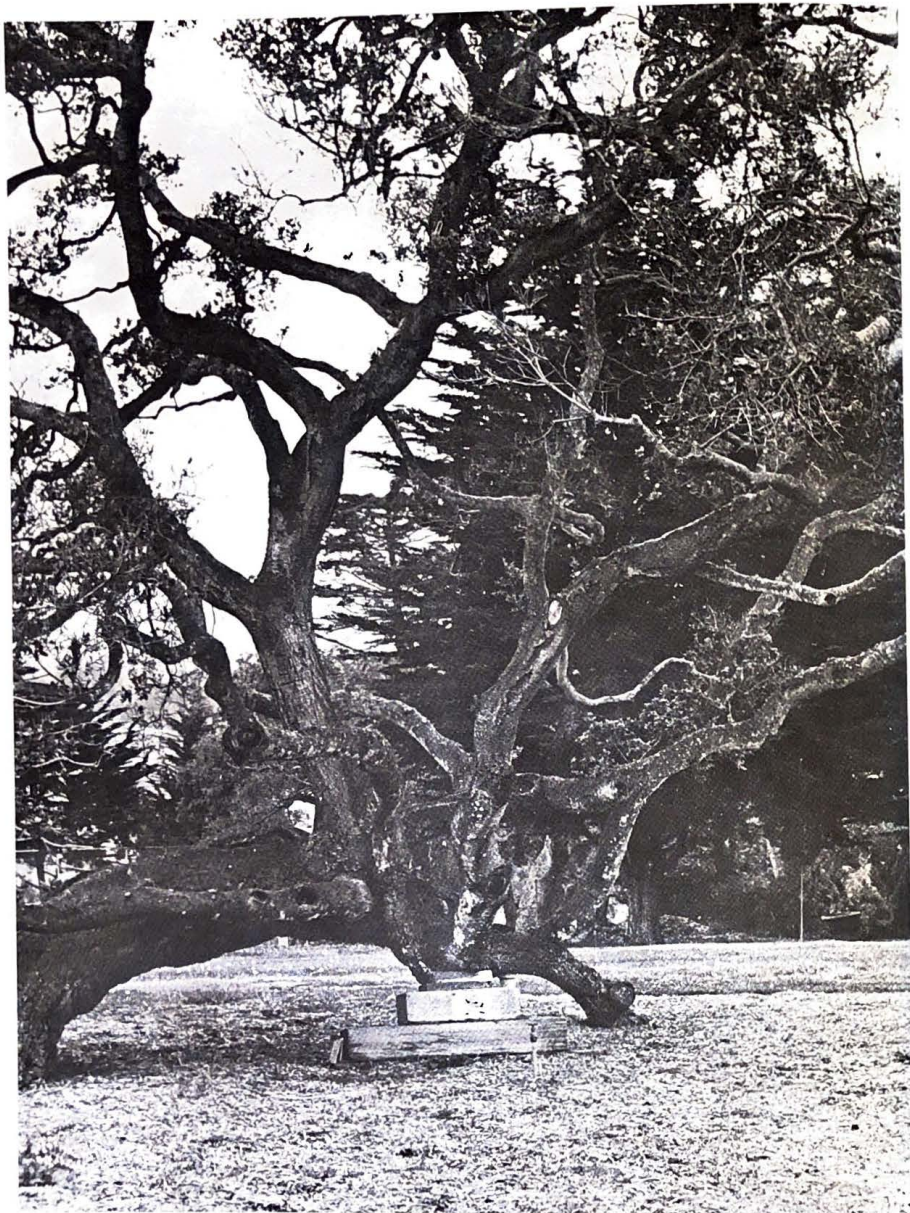
When a bird flutters over a flower,
And a playful puppy chases a butterfly —

When young children gleefully build sand
castles,
And watch eager waves lap over them —

When orange sunsets linger in the eve,
And young lovers wait to watch them fade —

Then I will think back and
Remember the days of my youth.





Stop Killing My Friends

LYNA WIGGINS '67

They're lining up the firing squad. Silence. Only the wind stirring the leaves of the trees above. Then comes the ominous, insistent buzz, and one by one they fall. They fall, crashing. And their leaves mingle in the dust. I don't want to watch. I don't want to listen. I don't want to see them killing my friends.

I have always considered myself a friend of trees. I don't mean in the way, "I think that I shall never see a poem as lovely as a tree." That's too romantic for my tastes. What I mean is, I just plain love trees. My first enjoyment of them developed from climbing (I was the best on the block!). Then later it came from building (tree houses, that is!). Oh, yes, I mustn't forget the leaf houses I made for my dolls in the fall. Now that I'm older my delight is their grace, their rustlings, and their beauty.

A thousand years ago I might have enjoyed being a tree. (I can imagine myself growing from a seed into a great, stately pine tree, or maybe a sturdy oak, or perhaps just a slender, rustling poplar.) But that was before men became the masters of trees. I can't begrudge man the use of trees for his necessities. Trees have a mission in life — they want to be useful. They don't care whether it's in being made into a mansion, a fence, a piece of furniture, or plain white paper. But man doesn't seem to appreciate that some trees' life ambition is merely to be beautiful, a home for birds, or shade to a weary traveler. These are the ones that suffer when roads are widened, highways are built, tract houses erected, and parking lots made. Why do men have to cut down row upon row of grand old trees to build a new parking lot and then turn around and pay money to have it "landscaped"? Occasionally I will find a builder who considers trees and plans around them, but all too often men find it easier and faster to mow the trees down, shove the dirt about, and build houses in a place Mother Nature never intended. People argue, "But our expanding population needs..." I argue that the generations to come will need beauty even more than we do — and it is only we who can preserve it for them.

Five years ago there were seven rows of wind-breaking eucalyptus trees between my house and the ocean. We could enjoy our patio with the perfection of a light, friendly breeze. Now these trees are gone, houses have come in their place, and our patio is inhabited by a strong, gusty wind. One year ago, I walked to school on a path beside some cypress trees. They were ancient, towering masterpieces. I used to walk along and wonder who planted them, or I tried to imagine what they were thinking. Today they are gone — the road had to be widened. I go the long way now — I can't bear walking over the graves of my friends.

I wish God had given trees a voice. Then they could tell unfeeling men how wrong they are to destroy trees that have taken years to grow, and will take many more to replace. But now they can only shudder their leaves with indignation, and shake them in sorrow.

Honorable Mention

A Choice:

Self-Destruction or Self-Preservation

ED VON BREYMAN '66

Most people do not realize just how badly birth control is needed. Report after report has been made about population and food production, and every report has indicated that something will have to be done to control the population eventually. Most people ignore these reports, however. As far as they are concerned, the reports are just graphs, charts, wavy lines, and improbable predictions dealing with the very dim future.

One of the recent reports made by some of the nation's foremost mathematicians, shows that the 'future' discussed in these reports may not be nearly as 'dim' as most people seem to think. An analysis of birth, death, and agricultural production rates for the past five thousand years shows that on November 15, 2026, the human population of the Earth will reach "such dimensions as to be unsupportable." In other words, all human life on Earth will cease on that day or soon after, less than sixty-one years from now, because there will be no more food. In just over sixty years, Earth will be a planet devoid of life — unless something is done *today*.

Man *can* change what could be the future by controlling the Earth's population *now*. Increased food production would be all but useless. The colonization of other planets would merely be a delaying action. Unless something is done to control the Earth's population, all life on Earth is doomed to be exterminated by a rising, sweeping wave of humanity.

One of the most often-suggested 'solutions' to the problem of feeding Earth's billions of people is to turn all of the deserts and wastelands on the planet into lush, productive agricultural land. This would work for a time, but eventually even this land would be needed for living, and the population would eventually surpass the land's productivity anyway. Then more land would be needed on which to produce food, but there is only a certain amount of *land* on our planet.

Food from the ocean would also be a temporary measure, but food production in the ocean

would soon face the same problem as on land. Eventually the population's needs would exceed the supply available, and there is only a certain amount of *ocean* on our planet, also.

There is, however, an unlimited supply of *planets*. Some type of agricultural production could, in all probability, be effected on some other planets, but it could well be that by the time such planets are found and exploited, the end would already be near. Even with *all* of the land on Earth at full agricultural production, the climax would be reached within the next century and a half. Considering that not nearly all of the land on Earth could be used for agricultural production, that, because of soil failure and erosion, full-production could not be maintained for long, and that the area available for agriculture decreases as the population increases, at least one planet would have to be found and fully exploited within the next *fifty years*!

Even if this feat could be accomplished, man would still have to find and exploit more and more such planets at an ever increasing rate to prevent starvation. Eventually the soil minerals would be used up, other substances vital to agricultural production would become more and more rare, and food production would diminish. This would spell the end of the human race.

The late Aldous Huxley was right when he wrote that sending millions of people into outer space would no more solve man's problems on Earth than sending millions of people from Europe to the New World solved man's problems in Europe.

It is obvious that the answer to man's problem of population and food does not lie in outer space or in converted wastelands or in cultivated oceans: the answer lies in population control. Population control could be effected safely, sanely, and humanely. The control of population is the only answer to man's greatest problem, survival. Man's hopes for a prosperous future (or any kind of future) lie in the control of population.

Population control has been advocated in one form or another by several famous men in history. Plato said that the father should choose one son to keep the family land, marry off all of the daughters and give the other sons to people without children. Thus the physical size of the community would remain about the same. Rousseau stated that the only way to maintain the quality of the human race was to allow only the strong, healthy 'superior' people to marry. Of the babies, only the strong ones should live, while the weak ones be destroyed. John Mills and Charles Darwin advocated similar ideas.

Population control could be effected in many ways. Simply murdering half of the Earth's people every twenty or thirty years would be sheer barbarity. An all-out atomic war would be a temporary solution, although it would do for several centuries. Counting on murder or war to solve man's problems is *not* the wise thing to do, however. The most inhuman but the most effective way of controlling population would be to abolish all medicine, but this would not really solve man's population problem; it would simply be

the end of modern man. The best way to control population is to control birth. Birth control would be perfectly safe, perfectly humane, and the perfect answer to man's problem of having too many people to feed.

Some of birth control's most violent opponents state that to control birth would be to interfere with the patterns of life set up by the Creator. This is definitely the truth, but is only one-half of the truth. Birth control is needed today simply because of man's extensive interference with these same patterns. *Death* is just as great a part of God's master plan as *birth* is, and man has interfered with death so much that interference with birth is now necessary. Man is always fighting to control *death*, but at the same time he fights just as hard not to restrict *birth*. Man upset God's plan for the restriction of a species when he first used tools and weapons to help himself live longer. As man learned to make better tools and more effective weapons, he interfered more and more. Eventually man could control almost all life on Earth, including those things he couldn't even see. Man has today mastered many aspects of disease. As a result, man now lives forty or fifty years longer than he once did. Instead of the majority of infants succumbing to *death* as once was the case, in most parts of the world today, almost all infants *live*. Because man can and does control death so effectively, he must now also control birth if he is to survive.

In Japan and in Puerto Rico, voluntary birth control is working with great success. Both countries, at this time, have lower birth rates than death rates. This shows that birth control can work.

The entire birth control problem can be summarized simply. Man has a problem which will destroy him unless he does something about it. Man has only a few possible answers to this problem, and he has isolated the best of these answers. All that remains to be done, is to utilize this solution, and man will be saved from himself. Man, the 'rational animal,' can really do only one thing in this case. The best course is already known, and that course *must be followed*. That course is *birth control*.

Honorable Mention

GIFT

LYDIA HOPKINS '66

I bring you flowers
For I have seen
The bird of time
And sense the shadow
Of its wings.

Second Award

MUSCLE-BOUND

LYNA WIGGINS '67

In my grandmother's day, girls were taught to be young ladies. Mothers tried their best to keep their daughters from being tomboys. Girls were supposed to be soft and feminine. But today girls are convinced that they must become athletic.

I go right along with the idea that we should get enough exercise, and all that. But when it comes to trying to make Olympic stars out of us girls, I must admit I'm baffled. I remember three years ago when I first had track in gym. I'm not athletic at all, and I have a hard enough time playing croquet, and so when I was confronted by a white jumping hurdle, I nearly flipped. "Oh, come on," said the tall, long-legged girls with muscles all over, "it's fun."

"Oh, loads," I thought. But as the teacher was standing there, I didn't have much choice. My first try was a false alarm, because I found that the closer you came to the white posts, the higher they became. As I drew closer and closer to the white monster, I took a deep breath. I was going to do it! But as I was about to jump, and soar over it, my feet suddenly rooted themselves into the ground, and I went over the hurdle — headfirst.

"Don't worry," said one girl, "you get another chance before you get an 'F' for the day." This helped a lot. Before I tried again, I watched the other girls do it, and found to my great delight that there were a couple of others who couldn't do it either. Comforted, I tried again. This time I jumped, only to find my knee and my tailbone black-and-blue as I shakily rose to my feet. I couldn't sit down for a week.

The next day, I was in for another surprise. This time it was the running broadjump. I looked with distaste at the sand pit, but decided it was better than the cold ground. When it was my turn I took a flying leap, and landed on my stomach in the sand. I skidded two feet and, not having the sense to close my mouth, I had a mouthful of sand. Not only did I have sand in my mouth, but in my eyes, nose, hair, shoes, socks, and gymsuit. For all that I scored a grand total of eight feet. I was pretty happy, until Jane jumped next. She got fourteen feet. I felt small.

I guess the running isn't too bad, if you like running. The only trouble is that the grass gets wet after it rains. After the grass gets wet, it is apt to get slippery. After it gets slippery, people are apt to fall down. Those people who fall down are always apt to be me. Once Mama asked, "How in the world did your underwear get grass stained, and your gymsuit too?"

"Well, Mom, you see it's like this . . ." High jumps are worse than hurdles. They're higher. But then, anything is embarrassing when you can't do it. Once the wind blew the bar off just as I started to jump. I then proceeded to trip over the bar as it lay on the ground. I gained

back all the black-and-blues that had just begun to disappear.

Our next three day's quota was to do five chin-ups, thirty-five sit-ups, one hundred fifty jumping jacks, and run a quarter of a mile. The running wasn't too bad because I made it. Though at the end, I stumbled blindly across the finish line, and sank to my knees. The thirty-five sit-ups absolutely ruined my stomach. I finally gave up on the chin-ups because I could barely manage to reach the bar.

The next day I couldn't even get out of bed because my stomach wouldn't allow me to straighten up. My hands were raw, because only four of my ten blisters had popped. But I was saved from the one hundred fifty jumping jacks, because I was excused from gym. You'll never guess why! I sprained my ankle, yes, that's right, stepping out of the bathtub.

Next year maybe I will be pole vaulting and throwing the shot-put and running in the Decathlon. Personally, I'd rather be puny! I just want to be a sweet old-fashioned girl and sit home and sew!

Second Award

Spenserian Stanza

KATHI GRAMCKOW '66

I sat and watched the ocean rise and fall,
And thought of all the beauty there could be
If freedom such as this belonged to all.
I wonder if they ever thought of me,
Those men of old who gazed into the sea,
Not knowing what the future years would hold.
But will there never be an age to see
What comes to men whose freedom has been
sold
For treasures which with death will vanish and
grow cold?

The Portrait

FRANCES REAGEN '66

I

Angela Hanly stood in the middle of the smallest room at the Daley City Art Center. Her eyes were fixed in wonder and disbelief on the portrait of a man at the end of the room. If she had been asked to describe her concept of the perfect man, this would have to be him. It wasn't simply his physical appearance, the striking face and gray eyes, it was more the expression on his face, his attitude. He seemed to be laughing in guiltless joy at a world he loved, and understood. Angela stood, head thrown back, feeling his laughter in herself. It took her a moment to realize there were tears in her eyes which came from the knowledge that this one man, at least, had nothing to hide and nothing to fear. Here, before her, was the only face she would have given her life to protect — the face of a man she knew would never ask for protection.

Angela had no idea how long she had been there when the janitor came in and announced that he was closing the building. She turned, and without looking back, walked out of the building and onto the street. A chill, wet wind blew little brown leaves around her ankles and tore at her hair. Pulling her dark coat closer to her, she walked leisurely in the cold. The sidewalk glistened under her feet and dark gray clouds swirled ominously over her head. She looked up at the sky, her blue eyes smiling, and thought of the portrait — a face that actually existed somewhere. It really didn't matter where, it existed and that was enough.

When Angela turned down the street where she lived, her smile vanished. She looked at the big, gloomy houses, with their well-kept lawns and tall trees, and a shudder ran through her body. For the first time since she left the Art Center, she felt the cold. Walking down her long gravel driveway, she looked with intense dislike on the cheerless, red brick house. She couldn't remember ever liking it. Ignoring the large, white front doors, and her mother's disapproving face in the window, she walked around to the kitchen door and let herself in.

Ginger, the maid, looked up from the supper dishes in the sink, and smiled.

"Hello, Miss Hanly, do you want me to fix you some supper now?"

"No, thanks, Ginger. Is there any coffee?"

"No, I'll have to make it."

"That's alright, I'll do it."

She moved swiftly making the coffee and pretended not to notice when her mother walked in.

"Well, now where have you been in that condition?" demanded Mrs. Hanly.

"The Art Center."

"You could have at least taken the car and not come home looking like a tramp!"

"I like to walk," Angela replied quietly.

"Oh, you do? Well, I don't like to see you looking like that. And look at your hair! If you're going to wear it that long, you could at least take care of it!"

Angela pushed back her blonde, shoulder length hair, poured a cup of coffee, and asked, "Is there anything else, Mother?"

"No, I suppose not. It wouldn't matter what anyone said to you anyway."

Angela walked out of the kitchen, across the dining room, and up the stairs to her room, fighting the desire to scream. Once her door was closed, she relaxed and the image of the portrait came back clearly in her mind. Lying still on her bed, she could see the face illuminated by sunlight, as if a single ray had been caught and held on his face.

"I wonder . . ." She sat up with a gasp, realizing that she hadn't noticed the name of the artist. It hadn't seemed important, only the face had any meaning to her. "I can go back again, tomorrow," she thought, "and every day after that, too."

Sliding off the bed, she turned on the record player and sat on the floor staring out the window. The sounds of a Spanish guitar filled the room, each note rising, clipped and perfect. She thought of dark fingers on the strings and wished, for a moment, that she were anywhere but this room, in this house, on this Friday night. She smiled at herself and stood up. Throwing off her coat, she crossed to her desk and sat down. English, Chemistry and Government books, a familiar drudgery to most high school seniors, were to Angela simply something to take up time. An excellent student, she completed her assignments easily and quickly, her mind more intent on the music of the guitar.

Her work completed, she picked up a book on modern philosophy and began to read. She frowned, first in bewilderment, then in horror at what she read. Finally, she threw the book down in disgust. "Man is evil. Man has no free will. Reason doesn't exist. Existence doesn't exist. Virtue is self-sacrifice."

"Where," thought Angela, "will they stop? I'd like to see them prove that trash!" In frustration and bewilderment, she paced to her window and muttered bitterly, "The greatest minds in the world, and they write that?" It was too monstrous to believe. Looking into the brief, violet twilight, she thought of the face in the portrait and wondered what place he had in a world of that kind of philosophy. What argument could he have to refute it? What argument could anyone have?

II

Saturday dawned bright and clear. As the first rays of the sun struck her face, Angela opened her eyes and looked out her window. The whole world seemed bathed in radiant innocence, the first pink light played on pale clouds and sparkled the dew in the grass. Angela climbed out of bed and dressed hurriedly. Downstairs she found no one else up, so she drank a glass of orange juice and walked out the kitchen door.

The gravel in the driveway was dark with yesterday's rain, and there were puddles at odd intervals along its length. Angela walked rapidly to the street and turned toward the center of town, the Art Center. A light breeze pushed the skirt of her dress against her legs, where it clung as if glued. She walked swiftly and with a competent grace. Head high and smiling to herself, she looked strangely elegant. She was unaware of curious or admiring glances from the people she passed, and she wouldn't have known their reason if she had noticed them.

It was too early for the Art Center to be open so Angela walked a few more blocks to the City Park. A lovely block of grass, with an odd assortment of trees and flowers, the park was rarely used by anyone because there was nothing to do there—no ready-made entertainment. To Angela, it was a wonderland. It was a place to dream, a place to go alone and think. She strolled its length, enjoying the rich carpet of grass under her feet; then sat on one of the white benches, eyes closed, legs stretched out before her.

The face in the portrait, already becoming an obsession, seemed to float before her closed eyes. It brought a kind of pain to know that such a man existed, that the kind of perfection she sought was possible, and that she might never find it. She knew she could never accept anything less—she never had. The thought of accepting less was inconceivable.

"But what," came the thought, "if his character doesn't match his beautiful face?" She had known pretty, shallow faces before, and she was sure his wasn't one of them. His was a face which couldn't lie. "But what if the artist had? No, anyone capable of understanding and conveying the meaning of that joyful, guiltless expression wouldn't be capable of lying."

For almost an hour Angela sat on the bench, engrossed in her thoughts of the portrait, then she stood up, stretched, and walked to the Art Center. It was open and she quickly found her way to the small room where the portrait was hanging. Standing in the doorway, she smiled at the already familiar fare. The laughter present in his expression seemed to make the room glow and Angela felt drawn to the room, to the face.

At a sudden thought, she darted forward and stared at the name in the corner of the picture, "J. Eliot," she read, "J. Eliot." It didn't surprise her that she hadn't heard of him. She would have remembered that kind of work.

Knowing that sometimes the paintings in the Art Center were sold, Angela found her way to the office of the director of the Art Center and

knocked on the door. A short, gray-haired man opened the door and asked if he could be of any help.

"I don't know," she answered. "There's a painting by a J. Eliot in the small room down there, and I wondered if it might be for sale?"

"Yes," he answered slowly, "it is, but the price is considerable for an unknown artist."

"How much?"

"Six hundred dollars."

"I see. If I can get you part of the money, perhaps a hundred dollars, could you keep any one else from buying it until I could pay for it completely?"

"No, I'm afraid not, Miss.....?"

"Hanly, Angela Hanly."

"Miss Hanly, you see we aren't allowed to do that. However, I don't think you need to worry. No one else has shown any interest in buying it, and I'm sure no one will before you could save the money. If you like, you can keep your money, as you get it, in my safe, and as soon as you've paid it all, you can take your painting. Or if someone else buys it, you'll have all your money."

She looked into his frank, blue eyes and said, "All right, thank you. Do you happen to know who it's a portrait of?"

"Oh yes. It's John's older brother. He was killed in a car wreck and John painted the picture from a photograph."

"You know the artist well?"

"Yes, he's a very talented young man. It's a pity so few people are interested in talent."

"I suppose so. Well, thank you very much. I'll be back as soon as possible."

"Fine, Miss Hanly. Good bye."

Angela walked out of the Art Center feeling a curious mixture of elation and disappointment. The six hundred dollars would be difficult to raise, but not impossible. She had over a hundred dollars from Christmas and birthdays which she hadn't spent and she knew she could get a job, if she had to. "But he is dead," she kept thinking, "dead, and unattainable. But what he stands for isn't unattainable, the beauty, the perfection . . . they are still for me to achieve and that picture will be there to remind me." She knew she would never need a reminder, but there were times when she knew she would be all alone except for that face, as she had been alone before she found it.

At home Angela found her mother sitting in the kitchen. She looked up from her breakfast and sighed as Angela walked through. Angela smiled to herself, her mother was always so disappointed in her. Her two older sisters had been ideal, according to Mrs. Hanly. Both were "successfully" married and raising children, now. "If that's what they want," went Angela's thoughts.

In her room, she took her money out of her bottom drawer and counted it—slightly over a hundred dollars. Angela knew better than to ask her parents for money, they would never understand what she wanted with that painting. She knew she could probably get a job as a waitress, if she could get her parent's permission, since she had worked almost all summer

as a waitress. She remembered her parents' disapproval when she decided to work during the summer. That money was for college, though, and Angela wouldn't touch it for anything. Although her parents would gladly finance her education, she preferred to be independent, if at all possible.

She walked downstairs and into the kitchen. "Mom?"

"Yes?"

"Would you mind if I took a part time job for awhile?"

"What on earth for?"

"Oh, I don't know. I don't have much else to do and I would like to work for a while."

"I suppose you can, if you really want to. Angela, I honestly don't understand you at all. If you need money, why don't you simply ask for it? You know we'd be glad to help you, if you really need anything."

"It's just a personal thing with me, mom. I'd rather earn my own pleasure. Okay?"

Her mother smiled ruefully. "All right dear." She looked reflectively after Angela, who bounded up the stairs. When she came back down, her money in her pocket, Mrs. Hanly asked where she was going in such a hurry.

"Art Center," was the answer she flung over her shoulder, rushing out the door and down the driveway.

At the Art Center she found the director, Mr. Johnson, still in his office. He smiled as she walked in and asked her to sit down while he put the money in his safe. Turning to face her after putting the money away he said, "Now, Miss Hanly, I was wondering if you could tell me why you must have that particular painting?"

"Because," she said thoughtfully, "it represents everything good and beautiful to me." She frowned, "More than that, though. It's the sort of face I've always hoped to see, and never found until now. It's the kind of face which belongs to a man who is in love with life, to whom pain is of secondary importance. He looks totally joyous and totally conscious."

"I see." He looked at his desk, then at her. "I'm glad you're buying this picture. I think James would be, too."

"James? Is that his name?"

"Yes."

"James and John," she laughed.

"Miss Hanly?"

"Yes?"

"What will you do with that painting?"

"Hang it in my bedroom."

"Then it's only for yourself?"

"Of course."

She stood up, "I do have to go, now, Mr. Johnson. Thank you very much for your help."

"Thank you, Miss Hanly."

III

Monday at school Angela took out a work permit and after school she went to see Mrs. Swanson, her former boss at the White Elephant Cafe. Mrs. Swanson said she would be delighted to have Angela working part-time and asked her to come in the next day. As Angela left the

White Elephant, she smiled to herself, knowing she was that much closer to the painting.

Working until ten o'clock every night, then doing her homework, Angela found herself with almost no time to visit the Art Center. But every week she would take Mr. Johnson her money and stop to look at the painting for a few minutes. She felt obsessed with the face and couldn't seem to stop thinking of him. She was light-hearted and gay, and her work seemed easy when she thought of him. Nothing and no one could stand in the way of her desire.

As the weeks flew by and the amount she owed Mr. Johnson dwindled, she found herself wondering what her parents' reaction would be. It didn't really matter to her, but she hated to have trouble with them over it. Her mother was increasingly concerned over the rate at which Angela drove herself, but to Angela nothing else mattered and no pain or weariness could have stopped her.

On the day of the final payment she walked in to Mr. Johnson's office, smiling. He made out a receipt for her and laughed at her child-like eagerness. She had changed a great deal from their first meeting. She was even thinner than before, and her eyes seemed larger. She had a new and happier expression on her face, too. There was a kind of radiance about her and he thought of how much her expression resembled that of James in the portrait.

"By the way, Miss Hanly, I have a surprise for you."

"Oh? What is it?"

"I'll show you in a few minutes."

As they walked down the hall into the small room, Angela could hardly contain herself. She didn't even notice the figure of a man in the room, his back turned to the door, as she walked in.

"Would you like me to leave this frame on it, or do you have another?"

"Leave this one, if you don't mind. It fits the picture very well."

"Fine."

"Mr. Johnson, what I was trying to say when you first asked me what this picture is to me, is that it's an expression of my own highest values."

"I can see why." He took the painting off the wall and packed it in a thin cardboard box, then he turned to her with an odd expression and said, "Miss Hanly, I would like for you to meet John Eliot."

The man across the room walked toward her. She gasped in amazement and he laughed. "Hello, Miss Hanly."

"Hello," she could barely manage to whisper.

For a long moment she stood looking up at him, his brilliant green eyes reflecting her own expression of surprise and elation. Mr. Johnson walked out, leaving them there, and John said, "Your highest values?"

"Yes, and yours, too."

"You know that?"

"Yes."

His expression was open and pure, letting her know what he felt, and his words, when they came were like a confession.

"Mister Johnson told me about you the day you told him you wanted the picture. I was standing across the street when you came again and I watched you as you left. Your expression, the way you held your head, your walk, everything about you was, to me, an expression of my highest values. When he told me how you intended to buy the picture, I told him that he wasn't to sell it to anyone else, for any price. I waited for you one day, after he told me where you work, and I wanted to speak but I didn't know how to approach you. You see, you came out looking exhausted and stood for a moment on the sidewalk looking up at the stars. Then you smiled, as if at someone you might love, and the exhaustion vanished. I wanted you then, so badly, but I knew I would wait until you claimed the picture before . . ." he stopped and was thinking "before I claimed you."

She bowed her head to hide her tears and her voice trembled as she said, "All that time? Four months, and I didn't even know. Every day while I was dreaming of a face in a portrait, you were there. While that face was my only proof that my kind of people exist, you were there—somewhere. I once asked myself what his answer would be to people who claim there is no reality or existence, that man is evil and virtue is self-sacrifice. His face is your answer, the face which denies the unknowable and irrational, the face of an honest man who lives by and for his own efforts. If you only knew how much time I've spent alone, for want of knowing anyone with a face and character like that."

He took her hand slowly and his glance was more than a kiss. The same glance she would see on her wedding day and the day he finished the portrait of "My Wife Angela."

Commendation

one small thing

ARNOLD BLACK '67

Oh God I ask you not for gold
Nor other unprofitable ends.
Oh God, I ask but one small thing:
Protect me from my friends.

Honorable Mention

Ode To A Fraydy Cat Passenger

SUZI GRIZZARD '67

And I shall drive you down the street,
And shall you scream at each new feat?
You're never quiet when I drive
Just 'cause you want to stay alive.
Next time I'll know just how you feel
About my pranks with steering wheel.
I'll ask some other guy, instead,
To drive with me through lights of red.
And if he looks like he feels sick
I'll find somebody else, real quick.
And if he looks like he's sick, too,
I'll still learn to drive, no matter how
Many driving instructors I go through!

Honorable Mention

The Crumpy Smag

KIM CRICKARD '67

To explain this story, I think that the reader should know that it is nonsensical. When you read this, try to imagine the sound that is made as you say the word that is read. For example, the word "thud" sounds like what it means, as do the made-up words in this story.

It is an old story, like that of the medieval period when knights were prevalent. The Crumpy Smag is a witch-like creature who had been turning princes into toads. The Yicky Raston, a peasant type who works for the government, comes to take in Old Smag for fear of getting his head cut off by the queen if he fails. After the Smag vanishes and then re-appears, the Yicky Raston takes her in to the queen. He then puts Old Smag into prison and starts building the galls in which Crumpy Smag is to be hung. Every time he puts a nail into the wood, it pops out. The whole town is having trouble with whatever they're doing. So the queen decides to let Old Smag go since they can't punish her anyway.

The moral of the story can be deciphered as you like.

The Crumpy Smag cackled with crete as she grambled through the sweefy forest. Suddenly a Yicky Raston flumped up to Old Smag and said, "Smag, you've been roffing too many bistles into queeps!"

Smag answered saying, "Don't riddle into my business or I'll zelt you into a queep tool!"

"You wouldn't dare" smoltered the Yicky Raston. "I'm groffing for the wauags! If I don't glad you into the yiscal tonight, I'll get my smilton eefled off by the fittsmigen, and if you don't cooperate, I'll send the whole morfer after you."

Just then the Crumpy Smag squeetled into mid air and the Yicky Raston flumped gleeflingly away. Suddenly he realized that the fittsmigen would eefle his smilton, so he flumped back to where Old Crumpy Smag had squeetled.

Old Smag quickly reappeared because she couldn't remember the watzle that kept her squeetled. Just then that Yicky Raston grabed Old Smag and sluthed her off to the fittsmigen who was waiting at the yiscal for them.

Raston put the Old Smag in the guege and then started to build the cosmut where she would hang the next day. But every time the Raston grupter in a nail, it would zat out again. (It was Old Smag's fault.)

Finally, finding everyone was doing teels wrong, the fittsmigen decided to let Old Smag flump away because they couldn't do a fizzle about her anyway.

From then on, the Yicky Raston decided never to eat marflies for bafness for they had yobbled his whole day.

First Award

An Essay On Essays

(In Verse, Which Is Worse)

SUZI GRIZZARD '67

When I try to write essays all my words
come out in poems. And when I'm giving
speeches all the sounds I make are "so, um's."
Each time I write a theme or speech I try, I
really do, to do it prose instead of rhyme, but
find, before I'm through that all I have are son-
nets, odes, and such poetic stuff. Having done
a page that way you'd think I had enough. But
no, I keep on trying to write essays that aren't
verse, and every time I try it I come up with
something worse.

From paragraph to paragraph I try to fix my
theme, but I just make a bad thing worse and
wreck my rhyming scheme. Also, when I write
for length it tires my poor brain. My once-two-
pages-and-a-half compress to a quatrain. I think
I'll just skip essays 'cause the writing's just too
tough. If I must write I guess that good ol'
poetry's enough.

Second Award

Ode To A Television Set

JOHN ARNOLD '67

Hark! Seest thou yon shining light
Which beckons me to picture bright?
Which tellest me of gastric pains
Of world events and Luci Baines?

Which showests me such classics true
As "Peyton Place" and "Gidget," too?
Which givest me such exotic fare
Like "Gomer Pyle" and Sonny and Cher?

"My Name Is Barbra,"
"Charlie Brown,"
And "Frank Sinatra" are around
To present me with the finer things
Ah! Such delights the boob-tube brings!

BUT

Alas! Alack!
The lousy fink,
My T.V. set went on the blink.

Honorable Mention

STRANGER

LYDIA HOPKINS '66

"Wood from the Cross!
Cloth from the Veil!
See the Virgin at our cathedral,
She cries real tears!"
And as the hawk's voice
Rose above them
No one noticed the tall Stranger
Walking silently through the crowd,
Weeping.

Commendation

The Days I Knew

FRANCES REAGEN '66

The days I knew
Of summer gold
Have passed somehow
To winter gray.
The red-heat gone,
I look around
And shiver naked
In the wind.
The snow has caught me
Unaware
And gently binds me
To the earth.
Like most others
Young and bold
I passed my summer
Lost in play.
The world I knew
Was warm with plenty.
I had no way
To know of cold,
And those who might
Have better warned me
Delighted in
My innocence.
So well remembered
They their youth,
When men were born
Into the wind,
That they tried
To harbor me
From pain and sorrow,
From grief and strife.
So, true to passion,
I sought my freedom,
Stepped ill-prepared
Into the world.
I looked around
Lost, bewildered,
And cried in vain
The pain I knew.

Commendation

The Wind

SUZI GRIZZARD

Slow and silently she passes through the wood.
Branches bow to her; leaves whip about her feet.
Moonbeams dance and she pauses.
But she hasn't all evening; there are errands to
be run.
She hurries, and the grass prostrates itself be-
fore her.
A cloud passes over the moon, and she dismisses
it with a sigh.
Then she is gone; the rustling of leaves ceases.
The wind has passed.



AMY

ARNOLD BLACK '67



Amy Rutkins woke up. The action was as black and white as any in an eight-year-old's life. One moment she was asleep, the next she was awake. She lay in bed a moment, stretching with pleasure at the marvelous miracle of re-birth. Then she rolled out of bed and pattered noiselessly into the bathroom. On her way out, almost as an afterthought, she grabbed the neat pile of clothes her mother had left the night before. Bang went the door, and almost instantly, bang again, and there stood Amy ready to meet the new day.

And any new day would have been happy to meet Amy Rutkins. She was alive with the freshness that can only be had in ignorance, a bright and shining untarnished brilliance. She looked far more innocent than anyone could possibly be. She was, in short, eight years old and still in love with a life that had never wronged her.

She ran down the stairs, noisily now, in hard shoes. The kitchen was full of good smells, and closer, good sounds, and through the door, good sights. Amy's breakfast was on the stove where Mother had left it. She picked up the hot dish with a solemn carefulness and carried it over to the table. There she proceeded to devour the sight and the sound, leaving behind her only the empty plate and a faint reminiscence of the smell.

Amy ran into the living room and pulled the curtains on blank walls. It was a habit born of remembrance of a long lost past. A remembrance so dim that she had forgotten the warmth and light that should have been behind those drapes. Time weakens meaning, but strengthens custom.

"Hello, Amy," said Father from the speaker wall.

"Hi." She didn't turn around. It didn't matter. There was nothing there.

"It's time for your studies. Go sit in your Learner. I'll teach today."

She looked up slowly. An impish smile dazzled her face. "Catch me," she said and started to run. Strong metal arms reached out from the wall. They had her before she had taken two steps.

"That's not fair," she protested. "You didn't give me any head start."

"Amy, please!" said Mother angrily. "We have something to tell you. We have no time for games." Perplexed by this unprovoked attack, Amy bowed her head, trotted obediently to her desk, and patiently awaited developments.

Developments took a long time coming. Mother and Father hemmed and hawed. Sure they had something to say, but they were not sure how to say it. Finally Father opened with, "Amy, do you know what a hydrogen bomb is?"

Amy was on familiar ground. She answered immediately. "Sure, it makes a big explosion, and it kills a lot of people, and it works by nuclear fission, and you stick it on top of a rocket and . . ." She paused breathless.

"Right," intoned Father. "And do you know what would happen if there was a war with these bombs?"

"Yep. Everybody would be killed except for people who weren't very close to a city and people who had bombproof houses, like ours." She grinned proudly.

Father let the pause continue. Then, almost in resignation, he said, "We had one of those wars."

Amy looked awed. "You mean yesterday?" she breathed.

"No, not yesterday," said Father. "Six years ago."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

Mother interrupted. "Because during that war, Amy, your parents were killed."

"You're not parents," Amy said simply.

"No, we're not. We're machines, computers. Before the war I was a maid, Father was a Fix-It and a secretary."

"You're not either machines," Amy cried. "Machines have lots of wires and lights and stuff in them."

"Come over to the gadget wall," Father said.

Amy came. As she arrived at the gadget wall, it slid open to reveal an entire second wall filled with flashing lights, tapes and wiring. "This is what we are," said Father. The wall slid back.

"If you aren't my parents then where are they? Did you bury them?"

"No, we couldn't. They didn't hear the warnings. They were caught in the blast. We barely managed to close up in time to save you. It would be safe now to go out, but by some freakish accident their bodies have remained perfectly preserved, and they remain tremendously radio active. It seems to me that this would tend to support Bott's theories . . . but that wouldn't interest you."

"Father!" exclaimed Mother.

"Can I see them?" asked Amy eagerly. "I've never seen dead people."

"Amy! They're dead! Don't you know what death is? They're dead."

"Sure I know. They were walking around and then BOOM, the bomb hits and they're dead. Just like on the Learner."

"Go back to your Learner. Put your hands on the sense knobs and close your eyes. There is no sight in Death."

Amy did as she was told. "I'm ready," she said when she was.

A switch was turned.

Heat grabbed Amy's skin. It went through her and through again. Her skin burned, it dried up and it blew away leaving the red wetness of her flesh to face the heat. And then from inside her a pain welled up, so great the heat was forgotten. It grappled with her, unmindful of her pain, it battered toward her soul. The fury shrieked in her eyes. It found, it reached out, and a pull turned her inside out. Pain tore through her. She bent double. She was two. She was dead. The pain stopped.

Her hands slipped from the knobs. She rolled from the chair and slowly slid down the smooth metal face of the Learner. She sobbed quietly. Her hands gripped her head as she tried to forget. Father spoke softly, "That was how your parents died."

Amy looked up listlessly. Her eyes shone, not with life, but with tears. Her voice was barely audible, "And that is how I must die."

"No," Mother spoke soothingly. "No, they died that way because they were taken by surprise. Death is not that way when you expect it."

"Or when you want it?" Amy looked at Mother's speaker intently.

"Or when you want it," said Mother.

"I want to see my parents."

Father considered. "I guess that's all right. I'll get my cameras ready."

"No!" said Amy. "No! I want to see *them* not pictures of them."

Mother sounded worried. "We'd have to open the door. The windows were blasted shut. I don't think we should."

"It's her right. She knows about them. She ought to see them."

"No. Don't. Not right now. She's been hurt."

"I know, but it had to be done."

"I'm not denying that . . ."

"And this has to be done . . ."

"But not right now."

"It's her decision."

Mother stopped. "I know," she said weakly, "but do you think it's safe?"

"I'm sure of it." He spoke to Amy. "We're going to open the door. We want you to stay inside because you might be harmed by the radiation that is in their bodies."

"All right," said Amy. The door opened. She went over to it and looked out.

Her parents bodies lay in two lawn chairs situated by a small pool. They looked exactly as they had in life, except their skin was burned red, and their hair singed. Amy looked at them and her face screwed up in the effort of memory. A dim remembrance of a two-year-old brain, but a remembrance. Amy turned around and looked at the gadget wall. She darted out of the doorway. The metal arms reached out quickly but not quickly enough. She was free.

She turned around and looked at the house. "I remember," she said quietly. "I remember days and nights, and Mama and Daddy, and picnics and people. I remember people. I'm not coming back in. I couldn't be happy in there. I remember people. I'd be lonesome.

"I don't think it was fair of you to save me and let them die. You knew you'd have to tell me. You'd have to show me. It wasn't fair, even if it was by surprise.

"Now I'm going to die. It won't hurt though because I want to. You said it wouldn't hurt if I wanted to. I'm going to lie down beside my father and my mother." She turned and started to walk.

"Stop," cried Mother. "Amy, don't! Please don't. Stop!" But Amy didn't. She lay down between the chairs and pretended as if she were going to nap. It was too late. She would never again rise.

Mother began to cry with a grief born out of an impossible love. It was the end of the world.

Commendation

we are all a little mad

LYDIA HOPKINS '66

we are all a little mad
and life is run with
time clocks and tardy bells,
and the shining coca-cola sign
is the symbol of our world . . .
a symbol that can sometimes
obscure the menacing shadow
of death

yes, we are all a little mad
and if we sometimes find
that life has gone by
in an instant—
we should not mourn too much
for those who ignore death
often fail to recognize life.

Honorable Mention

The Merry-Go-Round Ride

KAREN COYLE '67

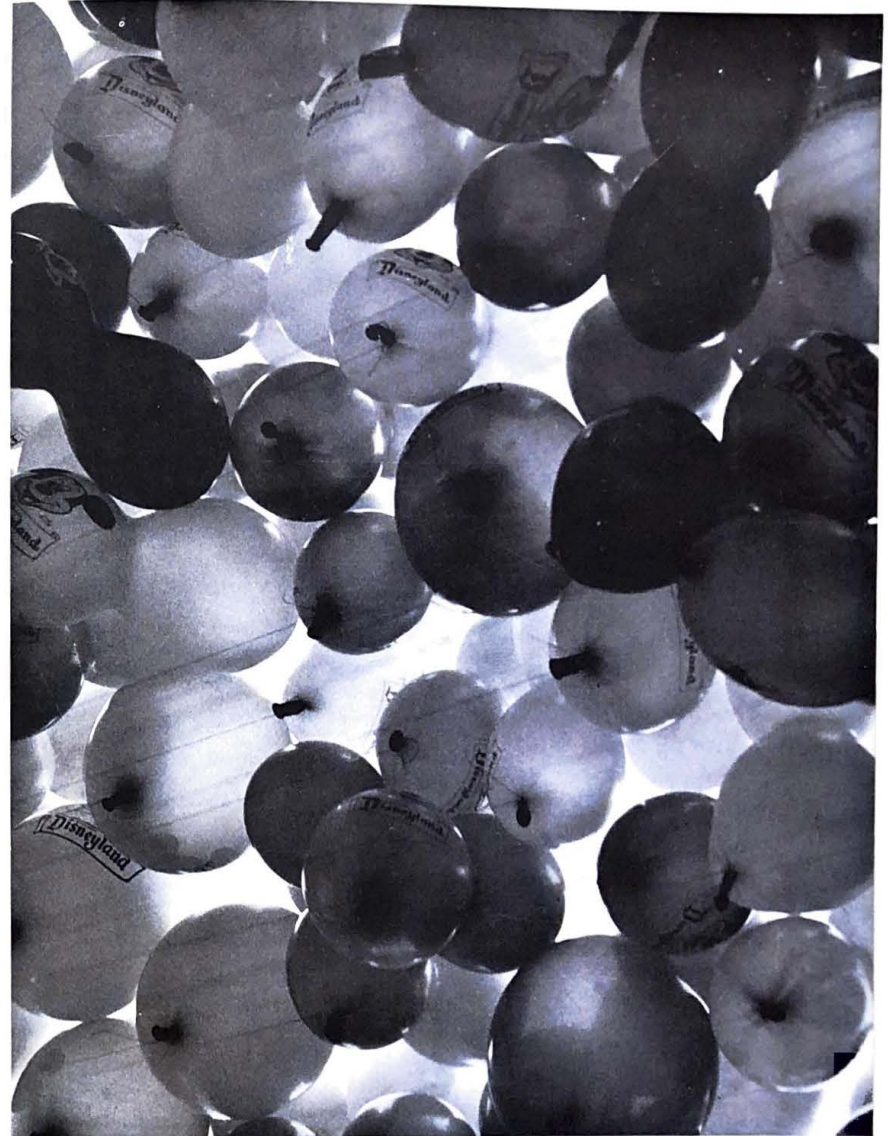
A painted horse, a whirl of colored lights,
A happy child rides the merry-go-round.
The horse is wild and runs with all his might.

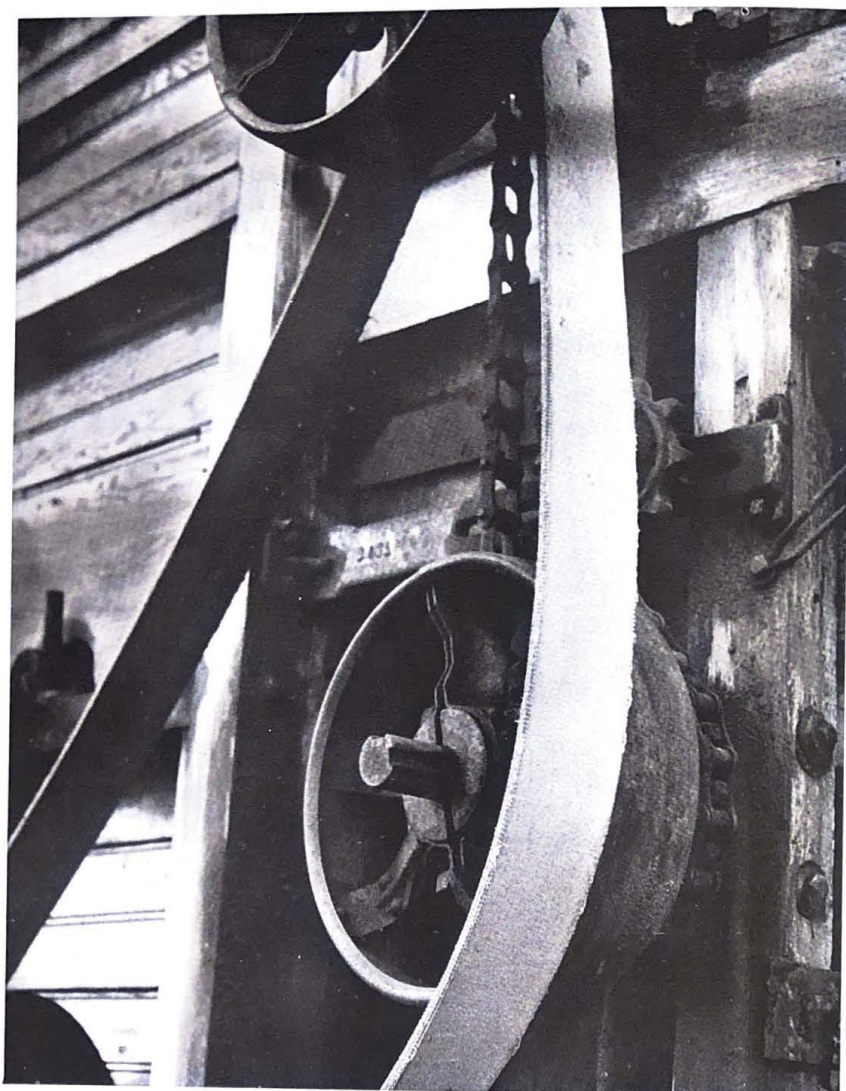
As off they go and run around, around.
The horse, the child, don't cover much ground.
The child pretends and plays a childish game.

The ride must end, the running horse slows
down.

"Oh dear, what a shame! My horse, it has grown
lame!"

The child dismounts, the horse stands idle, end
of game.





Honorable Mention

The Evils Of Basic Psychology

JOAN TUTTLE '66

Have you ever had the suspicion that you were insane, or in more scientific terms, mentally unbalanced? I have. It all started when I took a course in basic psychology last semester.

My first suspicion arose when our class took a test to indicate our approximate mental health. It consisted of a number of questions such as: "Are you overly concerned about what people say to you? Are you nervous at introductions? Do you ever 'stretch' the truth to get out of a tight situation?" My score on the test was 47.5 percent good mental health. The instructor, on noticing my state of concern, offered slight comfort in informing me that, "This test is not *really* a true indication and should not be taken too seriously." At the close of the class he slipped me the names of several good psychiatrists.

Nearly a month later, when I had just about forgotten about the test we started a unit on neurosis. I read that a neurotic person is, "nervous, has trouble sleeping, is easily angered, has fears of being ill, and often has a difficult time in making decisions." I also read that one out of every ten persons is in need of psychiatric help as a result of not being able to cope with neurotic tendencies.

I immediately recognized all but one of these symptoms in myself — I sleep quite well. At this time I began making observations. Our class was a direct cross-section of the 1966 seniors. At a ratio of one to ten, with twenty-four students, there were probably two and two-fifths neurotic students in the class. I had four-fifths of the symptoms. All the facts considered, plus the test, I came to the only logical conclusion — I was neurotic!

At that instant I read on in hopes that I would find some cure, that I might become "normal." This was done to no avail. The only suggestion given was: "If you know someone with these symptoms, treat him with kindness, sympathy, and understanding."

The next unit was on psychosis, a much more serious form of mental illness. I was much relieved not to notice too many of these symptoms in myself.

Nearly two weeks later, still confident that I was truly neurotic, I went to my instructor with my ideas. He reassured me somewhat by telling me that at least half of the students studying mental illness recognize symptoms in themselves. Still, the *thought* of being neurotic makes me worry. I am becoming more nervous. I am really afraid I may be ill, but can't decide whether or not to seek psychiatric help. With all these things on my mind, I am losing more and more sleep.

First Award

Two Sides To Every Story

CATHY CONGER '67

You're not so special after all, Ralph Waldo! You have some serious flaws in your personality. The most irritating is your continual habit of not presenting the whole side of the story, a sneaky way of evading the truth.

"A great man is coming to my house," you say. "I do not wish to please him; I wish that he would wish to please me." Well, what happened to the Golden Rule, "Do unto others . . ." You fail to mention, Ralph, where you would be without the help of friends, or if others wished the same for you as you wished for them. Without Henry David you'd be out of pencils. Without Carlyle you'd be out of ideas. Or would you still be sitting at that horrible dinner party while your host patiently waits for you to entertain him?

"Whoso would be a man, must be a non-conformist." Do you really believe that, Ralph? Then, picture this: line upon line of tired, dusty American boys marching wearily through a blistering, humid jungle somewhere in southern Asia. All of these boys are dressed identically, from the tops of their helmets, to the splotchy green trousers, to the tips of their boots. A perfect picture of conformity. But what are they doing in such a desolate place, so far away from home? They are fighting for freedom, for liberty, and not only for America, but for millions of Asians whom they have never met. How can you say that these soldiers who eat the same food out of identical tin plates, whose clothing is exactly alike, and who follow the same routine every day are not men? It takes men to fight a war; to fight for a nation's cause; to fight for one's personal convictions. I am not saying that you are entirely wrong, Emerson, but you are presenting only one side of the picture of conformity. You fail to bring out that everyone, at one time or another in his life, has to conform so as to insure the freedom of non-conformity for others.

You say that nothing may be gained without losing something for it. Maybe so, but have you considered that the thing which we lose is often unwanted in the first place? For example, as we gain self-trust, we lose lack of confidence. As we gain the pleasure of a job well done, we lose the ever-present fear that the results would be otherwise. As we gain knowledge, we lose illiteracy.

All of the previous examples you fail to mention, Emerson, which, I think, is a strike against you. One would expect you to adhere to one of your own adages, "Every sweet has its sour; every evil its good," or similarly, "There are two sides to every story!"

UNWAVERING

KAREN TIDWELL '66

I pride myself on being one of the few women who never sink into the dark web of indecision. I am firm, staunch, and unwavering. My friend may spend an entire afternoon trying to decide whether to wear a blue velvet dress or a blue satin dress. She is wretched and miserable until she is finally forced to choose the blue velvet. Her date has been waiting in the living room for forty-five minutes; therefore, she decides that the velvet will be quicker to put on. Absolutely no one would ever find me in such a predicament!

My friends admire my stability, and I am careful to uphold this image. It is for this reason that I avoid, as much as possible, going into stores. I am quite happy and composed when I shop in a clerkless store, but I panic when I am confronted by a "helpful" clerk. I panic because I know I cannot elude her. I realize that I'll be extremely fortunate if I can get out of the store with only buying a few small items instead of an oriental foot locker or a pre-Shakespearean canopy bed — both of which I have purchased under the benevolent gaze of a stalwart clerk. I am particularly susceptible to elderly women. They invariably have silver hair, doleful brown eyes, and a knowing smile. Such a person always reminds me of my beloved dachshund Charlie, wagging his tail, or my favorite Aunt Sophie baking chocolate-chip cookies.

However, last Saturday, when I went shopping, I was determined to resist any elderly clerk who approached me. I entered a large crowded department store and sighed with contentment. Here, I said confidently, is a place no one, not even a Sophie or Charlie-type can corner me. My elation was great but short-lived. I innocently glanced at a rack of ghastly purple evening dresses, and there *she* was! As I looked at the elderly clerk, I sensed the danger signals — silver hair, brown eyes, Charlie, and Aunt Sophie. I panicked but only for an instant. This time would be different; this time I would be firm, staunch, and unwavering. I repeated these words as I cautiously edged toward the exit. I was surrounded by hundreds of shoppers begging for clerks; yet *she* walked up to me, just as I reached the door, smiled knowingly, and said, "I could just tell you needed my help, and I'm certain I have just the thing for you."

"No, a-a," I stammer helplessly; "I was just looking."

"Of course you were, dear. Look at these beautiful evening gowns over here. They just came in today and — my, wouldn't that dark lavender gown go wonderfully well with your beautiful eyes?" Actually, my eyes are a ghastly green that clash with everything, particularly purple. But of course I cannot remember the color of my eyes at this crucial moment, and I smile in agreement.

She continues, "Now, why don't you slip into one of these dressing rooms, dear, and try it on. I just know you'll adore it." She looks at me coaxingly, and I wonder how many grandchildren she has. I try to compose myself and answer in what I hope is a firm tone:

"I really wasn't thinking about buying an evening dress, and besides, don't you think this is a little too -a- risqué?" I catch her look of surprise and try another approach. "Maybe if I could look at something with a higher neckline?"

"Well, of course, if you want the last-season-look—" She pauses. "But why don't you try it on? You have such a beautiful figure that I know you'll just adore it." She smiles, and I remember Aunt Sophie's chocolate-chip cookies.

"Ah," she sighs, as she scrutinizes me in the purple evening dress, "You look simply divine." I blush and peer into the mirror I had winced at a moment before. Standing beside this perceptive clerk, I see the reflection of a beautiful, enticing woman with silky blonde hair and a luscious figure in an alluring dark lavender evening gown. Actually, I am looking at a girl with stiff, brownish hair and with a clothespin figure clad in a garish purple. I turn to the clerk; my voice is firm, staunch, and unwavering as I say, "Of course I'll take it."

Honorable Mention

QUIET MEMORIES OF A SATURDAY IN THE CITY

ANDREA TSENG '66

Saturday in the city — a day the school kids would wait for since Monday.

Saturday was the buzzzzzz of the alarm clock at nine in the morning, the tugging out of drawers the wrinkled play clothes you stuffed in there last week, the hopping down the stairs of your three-storied flat and onto the hard, grass-barren pavement outside.

Once outside, there would be Mrs. Reeves and the little boy sitting on the front steps. The little boy would be stabbing and clanking the concrete with his sand shovel in a futile attempt to break the cold stone to get to the softer dirt underneath.

Looking down the street through the already smog-filmed air, there would be Ralph and Eddie in the middle of the greased road playing baseball, using their Granny's walking cane for a bat.

Looking down the street the other way there would be old Mrs. Redannini sweeping her portion of the sidewalk with a dust-clotted, flared-out broomstick.

Ah, yes, one deep breath would serve to remind that the day was young still — the minute city particles in the air would hurry up your nostrils and down your throat to tickle and tease your insides and make your eyes water.

Then always, Renny would come tripping down the stairs of his flat, and Mrs. Badalocchio would yell after him, "Loren-zo! Yoo comma back here unda eete yoor brakfast-el!"

Then the kids would filter from the streets to the playground gate and would wait for it to swing open at nine-thirty. When rickety old Mrs. Wills in her army-green suit and her black, thick-heeled shoes unlatched the lock, the kids would stampede in and she would always be left out of breath from our impact.

It always felt so good to touch the cool metal of the monkey-bars and to climb and climb toward the sky. Eddie could turn tricky somersaults on them, and prissy Melissa Goddard would wear a dress made of a flower-cluttered cloth, and when she turned somersaults, everyone would hide his eyes behind his fingers and listen to the rustle of her starched petticoats and the squeak of her flesh on the bar.

There would be the quiet boy with the thick, turtle-shell glasses making cupcakes in the sand box. And when he thought no one was looking, he would spit in the sand to make it moist for packing. The girls with their red corduroy overalls would make pies and cookies and would be angry because their dough was not wet enough to stick, but not dry enough to make Mrs. Wills pour a bucket of water in.

Two dirt-smudged boys in their soiled, striped T-shirts would excavate tunnels and shape make-believe cars. They would talk about being famous race-car drivers — or at least one of them would.

"Papa says I'll be like Uncle Will and be big and strong and be a race-car driver. He says he'll buy me a new car when I'm fifteen."

"Your Papa tells you a lot of things."

"Shut up. They're true. Papa never lies. He says once he was a race-car driver, and won lots and lots of silver medals, and even sat at the same dinner table with the President once because—"

"Aw, go home, Henry."

"No, you."

They would brace themselves against the sand like cats ready to strike, but Mrs. Wills always came and made them shake hands again.

Lunch-time at the playground on Saturday was a sort of a special time when everyone was friends with everyone else. The rich, warm smell of peanut butter on fresh bread lingered in the air, the stinging scent of peeled oranges,

the smart crunching of graham crackers, and the slurps made by straws when there was no more milk in the cartons.

Blue balls, red balls, polka-dotted balls, mouldy tennis balls, rotten rubber ones, were all a part of the Saturday afternoon. The deflated rubber ones would thud retardedly on the black asphalt, and the new balls Mrs. Wills sometimes let us play with srrrrrrnnnnnnnnng into the air and flew higher than our heads.

"Hey, Simon's got a new ball! Come on! Hey, Simon!" Plop.

"Phooey on this ground!"

"Oh, come on — you're always falling on the floor."

"Aw, I wish there was some grass. Hey, Simon!"

Sometimes in the afternoons Mr. Macerby's pastry truck would come by and the kids would follow it like they would follow the Pied Piper through the streets. The vexed Scotchman would be compelled to stop and toss a few eclairs to open hands, and would hurriedly climb back into his truck and speed away to the tune of a frenzied "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

The trolley terminal was always a good place to visit in the late afternoons. Conductors would be pampering and polishing their own trollies then in the huge, grease-smeared "Car-barn." There could be heard the friendly "HMMMMM-hmmmmmmmmmmmm" of the cables under the ground, the bonga-bong-bong of the bell as the Powell-and-Hyde car churned by at four-fifteen.

Going home was always the hardest and the loneliest part of the gay Saturday. Walking home you could sniff the minted air and maybe catch a scent of Alfred's Restaurant's potatoes broiling in the beef gravy. Cars would hum their hushed tunes on the damp pavement; they would whisper, "Hurry home, hurry home, it's late, better get home, hurry home. . . ."

Looking in the store window you could catch a glimpse of the Cisco Kid pistol that you've wanted for so long but didn't have the money to buy. Across the dimmed street would be the line of three or four old stores with "Condemned" nailed across the doors.

Mrs. Badalocchio could be heard for blocks away screaming for her Lorenzo to come home to supper.

The fat women in the Mexican cafe on the corner would be noisily clapping and patting the tortilla dough.

Only one pair of footsteps would be heard clicking on the rough sidewalk, and the evening breeze would make your cheeks feel like pins and needles were going through them.

All these little things made up a Saturday in the city, and it was always comforting to know that there would be only seven more days until another one.

EMERSON'S MESSAGE FOR AMERICA

LYNA WIGGINS '67

Emerson's principles were democratic. He saw man in the beginning of time, and he believed that all man's best future was before him. Therefore, he believed in the "divine sufficiency of the individual." He regarded the universe as a whole in which each man was his own center. Thus, it was each man's intuition that gave him convictions. Emerson's belief in the individual led him to the precept that governments and churches have little significance. "They are only idols with clay feet that blind men worship."

But Emerson believed in America — and he wanted to improve her. He recommended that Americans stop pouring over the dead culture of Europe and Asia, and start concentrating on their own great prospects. He wanted his listeners to take risks and live dangerously, and more important, he wanted them to trust themselves and be confident of their places in the world. America often fell short of his ideal. He wanted her, "to try the rough water as well as the smooth. Rough water can teach lessons worth knowing."

It has been said that Emerson had "boundless optimism." Some people of today see little justification for optimism. Many hold a low opinion of human nature and therefore, it is good for us to know that an extravagantly high opinion of mankind has been held. And it is good to be reminded that boundless optimism is possible. By establishing confidence, Emerson's writings have great force and truth for us. A great deal of Emerson's teaching about the beauty and humanity of life must have established itself in our American tradition.

Emerson's writings are impersonal, and are not influenced by any group. He does not argue, but announces. And, as he did not know, he does not try to tell us what the soul is. But the most important worth in his writings is that they tell us of a rich and beautiful mental life. Out of his many ideas, very few conclusions can be taken as absolute truths. A reader must go to Emerson then, not for conclusions, but for beginnings, and not for knowledge but to be made to think. Emerson's great power for the people of today lies in making them think for themselves. In our age, we are often stifled by convention. Emerson brings us the freshness of creative intuition. In our age, we look at the kinetic power of the atom. Emerson turns our eyes back to the potential power of human personality.

SIX CYNICAL OBSERVATIONS

LYDIA HOPKINS '66

Bergerac's Problem

It shakes the walls
Each time it blows
Because I have
A Cyranose.

The Truth

Take away my armor
And all my little lies
I'll know I'm not so very fine
Nor really very wise.

Reflection

I look in the mirror
And quickly see
Why you are not
In love with me.

My Darling

Some loves are gentle
Some are true
And then, my darling
There is you.

Questions About Life

I do not think I'd mind to die
If for just one moment's span
I could know the reason why
And ask about the fate of man.

Reminder

Don't criticize
In tones so firm.
You must be ugly
To a worm.

Honorable Mention

THE LIBRARY

MARTY DIBBLE '66

Whispering,

Snickering,

Wiggles,

— Silence —

Glancing eyes,

Drumming fingers,

Shushes,

— Silence —

Giggles,

Hushes,

THIS YEAR IT'S "FRUG"

LYDIA HOPKINS '66

It is difficult to keep up-to-date with the English language. New slang words are invented every day. If it were possible (or even desirable) to learn all these new words, one would still find that the old words were changing their meanings at an alarming rate.

For some reason human beings do not believe that older, simpler words cover the same range of emotions, actions, and objects that the new ones do. For instance, some people say "nitty gritty" when they mean "essence." The original term seems much clearer and would undoubtedly be understood by a greater number of people.

"Thing," a fairly vague word to begin with, evolves into "thing-amajig," "gadget," "doodad," and "doohickey." In a slang dictionary I found at least two hundred approximations for "thing."

Some slang is regional or applies to particular groups. In the late nineteen-fifties, "beatnik" talk emerged. (Now they call it "hippie" talk, which indicates the fluid nature of slang.) "Dig" and "hep" were understood by almost everyone. Why were these new words necessary? Some of them seem simpler and clearer than the old ones. It is perfectly possible to say, "I understand. I appreciate this fully, and derive satisfaction from it. It fills me with new insight and makes me rather ecstatic." However, it is much easier to say, "I dig this! It's cool! Blow your mind!" That last comment should not be repeated to those who might misunderstand. "Blow your mind" sounds like a suggestion that one shoot oneself through the head. Maybe the best way to express admiration and understanding is to mumble a fervent "Yeah!"

"Hung-up" is a good multipurpose expression, but not very solid. Depending on the context, it can mean: a) "I'm busy on a project and am devoting my full attention to it. See you in six months"; b) "I'm madly in love and am unlikely to recover"; c) "My problems are insurmountable."

Conversation can be confusing. Why, even the old, safe words refuse to stand still.

As James Thurber noted in his short story, "The White Rabbit Caper," the expression "skip it!" no longer means "leap across." In fact, I am at a loss to explain exactly what "skip it!" implies. Perhaps, "Forget that matter. I do not wish to discuss it."

"Filthy" no longer means "covered with dirt." It is generally used in reference to pornographic literature.

"Hell" was once merely a proper noun for the place of eternal punishment, but nowadays you hear it more in the form of an expletive than a noun.

"Birds," "Chicks," and "Girls" were once three distinctive and non-interchangeable words. Today they are all (in some circles) synonymous with "young female human."

I used the word "frug" in the title of this essay because it is an example of a totally new word. (It is a dance.) "Frug" is not simply a word derived from another word. (Example — go nuts with happiness — flip your wig-wiggy.) No, "frug" is original.

I had better stop before I get hung-up (usage "a") on this doodad. Maybe I've failed to reach the nitty-gritty, but — oh, well, let's skip it for now.

LINES COMPOSED WHILE STEPPING

ON A SILVERFISH

LYDIA HOPKINS '66

I am sorry,

My little darling.

Do you have a wife

And children with an

Uncountable number of legs?

Alas, dear one,

This hurts me far worse

Than it hurts you.

Just think, I shall

Probably lie awake all

Night, contemplating

My dark deed,

Recalling how your

Tender little body

Squished under my cruel heel.

Call me what you will,

A murderess, perhaps?

Yes, that I am,

But I have only one message

For you and your clan:

If you wish to remain intact,

KEEP OUT OF MY ROOM!

EMERSON'S MESSAGE FOR AMERICA

LYNA WIGGINS '87

Emerson's principles were democratic. He saw man in the beginning of time, and he believed that all man's best future was before him. Therefore, he believed in the "divine sufficiency of the individual." He regarded the universe as a whole in which each man was his own center. Thus, it was each man's intuition that gave him convictions. Emerson's belief in the individual led him to the precept that governments and churches have little significance. "They are only idols with clay feet that blind men worship."

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Each time it blows
Because I have
A Cyranose.

The Truth
Take away my armor
And all my little lies
I'll know I'm not so very fine
Nor really very wise.

Reflection
I look in the mirror
And quickly see
Why you are not
In love with me.

My Darling
Some loves are gentle
Some are true
And then, my darling
There is you.

Questions About Life
I do not think I'd mind to die
If for just one moment's span
I could know the reason why
And ask about the fate of man.

Reminder
Don't criticize
In tones so firm.
You must be ugly
To a worm.

Honorable Mention

THE LIBRARY

MARTY DIBBLE '86

Whispering,
Snickering,
Wiggles,
Giggles,
— Silence —
Glancing eyes,
Drumming fingers,
Shushes,
Hushes,
— Silence —

THIS YEAR IT'S "FRUG"

LYDIA HOPKINS '86

It is difficult to keep up-to-date with the English language. New slang words are invented every day. If it were possible (or even desirable) to learn all these new words, one would still find that the old words were changing their meanings at an alarming rate.

For some reason human beings do not believe that older, simpler words cover the same range of emotions, actions, and objects that the new ones do. For instance, some people say "nitty gritty" when they mean "essence." The original term seems much clearer and would undoubtedly be understood by a greater number of people.

"Thing," a fairly vague word to begin with, evolves into "thing-amajig," "gadget," "doodad," and "doochiekey." In a slang dictionary I found at least two hundred approximations for "thing."

Some slang is regional or applies to particular groups. In the late nineteen-fifties, "beatnik" talk emerged. (Now they call it "hippie" talk, which indicates the fluid nature of slang.) "Dig" and "hep" were understood by almost everyone. Why were these new words necessary? Some of them seem simpler and clearer than the old ones. It is perfectly possible to say, "I understand. I appreciate this fully, and derive satisfaction from it. It fills me with new insight and makes me rather ecstatic." However, it is much easier to say, "I dig this! It's cool! Blow your mind!" That last comment should not be repeated to those who might misunderstand. "Blow your mind" sounds like a suggestion that one shoot oneself through the head. Maybe the best way to express admiration and understanding is to mumble a fervent "Yeah!"

"Hung-up" is a good multipurpose expression, but not very solid. Depending on the context, it can mean: a) "I'm busy on a project and am devoting my full attention to it. See you in six months"; b) "I'm madly in love and am unlikely to recover"; c) "My problems are insurmountable."

Conversation can be confusing. Why, even the old, safe words refuse to stand still.

As James Thurber noted in his short story, "The White Rabbit Caper," the expression "skip it!" no longer means "leap across." In fact, I am at a loss to explain exactly what "skip it!" implies. Perhaps, "Forget that matter. I do not wish to discuss it."

"Filthy" no longer means "covered with dirt." It is generally used in reference to pornographic literature.

"Hell" was once merely a proper noun for the place of eternal punishment, but nowadays you hear it more in the form of an expletive than a noun.

"Birds," "Chicks," and "Girls" were once three distinctive and non-interchangeable words. Today they are all (in some circles) synonymous with "young female human."

I used the word "frug" in the title of this essay because it is an example of a totally new word. (It is a dance.) "Frug" is not simply a word derived from another word. (Example — go nuts with happiness — flip your wig-wiggy.) No, "frug" is original.

I had better stop before I get hung-up (usage "a") on this doodad. Maybe I've failed to reach the nitty-gritty, but — oh, well, let's skip it for now.

LINES COMPOSED WHILE STEPPING ON A SILVERFISH

LYDIA HOPKINS '86

I am sorry,
My little darling.
Do you have a wife
And children with an
Uncountable number of legs?
Alas, dear one,
This hurts me far worse
Than it hurts you.
Just think, I shall
Probably lie awake all
Night, contemplating
My dark deed,
Recalling how your
Tender little body
Squished under my cruel heel.
Call me what you will,
A murderess, perhaps?
Yes, that I am,
But I have only one message
For you and your clan:
If you wish to remain intact,
KEEP OUT OF MY ROOM!

Commendation

*The Ballad Of
The Ink Pen Nibbler*

SUZI GRIZZARD '67

A wealthy manufacturer
From one big company
Produced some ink pens in a mass,
And some were bought by me.

To write some simple poetry
Was what I made my goal.
But trouble that resulted then
Was quite beyond control.

I started in at nibbling,
First one, then five, then ten.
I never guessed that I'd become
Addicted to a pen.

And then I started turning blue,
A pretty shade (I think
That this was due to pens that held
A dark blue-colored ink).

After a time I grew quite thin
(The reason was my food).
I'd boil, fry, and oven-bake
The pens, which turned out good.

Yes, now I've gotten used to life.
For snacks chalk's what I nibble.
I sit atop my little desk
And scribble, scribble, scribble.

Honorable Mention

FUTILITY

LYDIA HOPKINS '66

Yesterday

I broke an ink cartridge
In my hand, trying to make
Some indelible mark
On my soul . . .

but it turned out to be
washable blue . . .

Honorable Mention

TRUE FRIENDSHIP

RODNEY SMITH '67

A ship captain leaving from Fife
Said, "The sea is the loneliest life."
He wanted a friend
Who'd be true to the end,
And decided to bring his canary.

Commendation

*A Tour Of The
Medicine Chest*

KAREN COYLE '67

Big pills, little pills,
Pills to cure all your ills.
Red, green, white pills and blue.
Somewhere there's a pill for you.

You take them for a fever
You take them for the flu.
And judging from the cash
The pill-maker's taking you!

Milk Of Magnesia

Wonder drugs poured out onto spoons,
Whatever happened to the old, faithful prunes?

Ode To A Co'd In The Nose

Until they come out with "Free-nex"
I'll keep using my sleeve for a Kleenex.

Unpublished Prize-Winning Materials

"That's Definitely Hyperbole" Linda Bishop '67
Informal Essay Honorable Mention
"Essence of Leisure" Dan Marlin '66
Formal Essay Honorable Mention
"Derby Town" Dan Marlin '66
Short Story Honorable Mention
Dramatic Scripts:
"Jeff" Linda Baldwin '66 First Award
"The Trap" Karen Tidwell '66 Second Award
"On the Way" Linda Baldwin '66 Third Award
"The Search" Georgia Imhoof '66 Honorable Mention
"Success in Different Ways" Debbie Glenn '67
Honorable Mention
"Mind Over Matter" John Arnold '67
Honorable Mention