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Eastern Kentucky University, The Canterbury Club

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Belles Lettres

*Eastern Kentucky
State College*

1949

Belles Lettres

An annual anthology of student writing sponsored and published by the
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at Richmond, Kentucky.

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VOLUME FIFTEEN

NINETEEN FORTY-NINE

Contents

LONG HAVE I WAITED.....	Zenaida V. Natividad	3
THE MISTAKE.....	Harold Richardson	3
ON BOOKS AND SIGHT.....	Patricia D. Boone Miller	3
REQUIEM.....	Robert C. Points	4
LAST REQUEST.....	Virgil Hudnall	5
LOOK TO THE HORIZON.....	Harold Richardson	5
DIMENSIONS OF A DILEMMA.....	Jack Kerley	5
BY THE LAKE ON A MISTY MORN.....	W. William Starns	7
COMPARISON.....	Josefina Angustia	8
IN MEMORIAM.....	Evelyn Fugate	8
EVENING RAIN.....	Gerald S. May	10
A THREE-LETTER WORD MEANING 'HAIL'.....	Edwin Carter	10
OBLIGATION.....	Jim Barrickman	13
TIPPING.....	Edward Casebolt	13
AUSPICIOUS SILENCE.....	Charles L. Combs	14
SCHOOLROOM MEDITATIONS.....	Mary E. Moore	15
SOMETIMES.....	J. L. Watson	15
LINES FROM A CYNIC.....	Robert C. Points	15
MIDNIGHT.....	Jim Barrickman	16
SNOWFALL.....	Laura Virginia Roberts	16
NEW ORLEANS.....	Marjorie Combs West	16
REGRET.....	Laura Virginia Roberts	17
INVITATION.....	Leonor B. Adams	17
HER FIRST LOVE.....	Jovita R. Varias	18
REFLECTIONS.....	Joan L. Willenbrink	20
THIRTY DOLLARS A WEEK.....	Anne Epperson	20
WHY BOTHER WITH BEAUTY AIDS?.....	Clara Watts	21
THE MONSTER.....	James Wert	22
OPERATION 6—10—2.....	Mary E. Moore	23

FOREWORD

With the aim and standard of previous volumes in mind, the editors present the fifteenth annual volume of *Belles Lettres* to the many readers among their fellow-students, the faculty, and other friends of the college.

LONG HAVE I WAITED

Zenaida V. Natividad

(This poem was written by Miss Natividad in memory of her father who was taken prisoner by the Japanese during the occupation.)

I sat by the doorstep—
 And waited for you,
I sat alone, and thought of you and you alone.
 I waited long—
So very long till twilight came;
 It came, it passed, but you never came.
The moon had risen—
 And the crickets had begun to sing;
Yet I sat there all alone—
Ever waiting! hoping! expecting!

Every twilight
 I never miss to hope,
I never to miss to wait,
 I never miss above all to pray
God, the Almighty, to bring you back to me.
 Yet so many twilights have come and passed,
So many lonely moments wasted in hopeless waiting.
 So many tears shed unseen—
Till one bitter night, I felt you came;
 I knew then you were gone forever into eternity.

Now—whenever twilight deepens
 And the memory of you lingers by—
I feel my heart is weakened;
 I whisper softly:
“Be brave, my heart, be calm, be still.
 It's God's will, not mine. His will be done.”
And mournfully I bow my head
 With only God to hear my prayer—
And the twilight to witness my sighs,
 My tears, and my loneliness.

THE MISTAKE

Harold Richardson

A question, a hope, your admonishment
Were our weapons that day you sent
A small thing crashing on a bitter rock
And left the thing a hollow mock
Of what it once had been eternities
Ago, when . . . well . . . that's another tale
That you would scoff like one who sees
Statistics, black, cold, but cannot smell
The fragrance of a flower.

ON BOOKS AND SIGHT

Patricia D. Boone Miller

If one should be forever consuming books
 what would he discover?
Not the earth's passion throbbing beneath
 a scarf of grass;

Not the tree's music lifting up their
throats for a melody to pass.
Not these eternity-dipped diadems for
sight of which cicada sings,
These embodiments of holiness to which
the Soul's lips cling
Can be found, or clutched, or kept if one
must look
His whole journey through into the
leaves of a book.

For tho' a book can walk a candle
through the halls of the mind,
He cannot harbor God or Love which
self must find.

Still if one would put aside the tome for sight
then he must see
Both the silence of the hills as they
fold against the skies
And the thought of the Lord
which within them lies;
What good is there to gaze at
daffodils' golden light
Unless, in considering, one glimpses
the rhapsody of life?
For as we feel the rough plank
to visualize the door,
So in creation must we hold
purpose and creator.

REQUIEM

Robert C. Points

I saw an oak leaf
Fall upon the ground.
I thought: Little leaf,
Why did you fall down?

Could it be you know
Who gave you birth,
So you now have returned
To your mother earth?

But now you are dead,
All withered and browned;
All your life you've fed
From that life-giving ground.

And now your debt is paid,
You've returned from whence you came;
Yet fear not, nay, be not afraid;
The beginning and end are just the same.

As on the tree of life,
We all yield to the strife;
And even though He counts our worth,
To us, death is just the price of birth.

LAST REQUEST

Virgil Hudnall

I left my home at battle's call,
I left my home, I gave my all;
I bled my blood, that others would not die.
Now they say "Move" from the place where I lie.

I crossed the ocean, to fight a cause,
I crossed and fought, without a pause,
I lost my life, the other proved best.
They say I must move. Oh, let my body rest.

I fought long and hard for this plot of ground,
I fought and worked hard, to help the morrow found
A much brighter world, a more cheerful band;
But now I am dead, let me lie in this land.

It is not my home, the place where I lie,
It belongs to another—one greater than I.
But I bought it with my life; this land I'll never sell,
Do not bother now my grave; let me rest where I fell.

LOOK TO THE HORIZON

Harold Richardson

Look to the horizon afar,
To the east, casting a red glow.
Ominous rays that quickly sew
The seeds of fear and strife which mar
The peace, and spread with scarlet hand
Death, waste, the infamy of man.

Look to the horizon afar,
Shade your eyes from redness and see:
Bugles, sounding taps for the free;
Drunk, trumpet-tongues men shouting, "war";
Fair children dying in the land;
The vanished footprints in the sand. . .

DIMENSIONS OF A DILEMMA

Jack Kerley

I'm a mathematical genius. Upon first examination you might say this was a barefaced lie, but, to the contrary, I'm a real, dyed-in-the-wool genius. You can say—Well, so what? It must be nice to be so smart; but Hell no—I wish I'd been born an idiot, or, better still, I wish I'd never been born at all. If I'd never been born things would have been vastly different. That woman—bless her sweet soul—who kneels there in front of the couch and sobs her heart out would now be happy and carefree—the chances are. And that green blanket would never have been placed over the still form lying on the couch . . .

The old hall clock chanted its steady cadence, and furnished a solemn background for the living sobs which punctuated the dead stillness. Through the sitting-room archway a woman can be seen kneeling in front of a couch who weeps the dry weeping of one lost in grief. Her slender fingers run helplessly over a light green blanket, as if trying to breathe life into the simple cloth cover, which outlines a human form. Her hands knot into small fists and she breathes, "Why—Why—oh, Jerry—oh-h-oh. . . ."

Oh, yes—you ask what bearing this has on my tale. Well, here's how it all came about. I'm Gerald Markham. . . . Sure, you've heard all about me. I'm the one all the pictorial magazines have ballyhooed so much. You remember—Markham wins World Academy Science prize—Gerald Markham, bright new star in the Physics firmament—Dr. Markham, rising young scientific wonder, discovers new atomic conversion method. . . . You've read it all and more, too. Well, Jerry Markham, that's me—the head brain of Chemical Horizons, Unlimited, and I guess I'm all they said I was and maybe more too. Brilliant—that's me. Yeah, I guess I was a little too brilliant. I became a physicist because I loved science, and because I loved it so much I also chose math and physics as hobbies. I'd sit around in my spare time and just mull over complicated little formulae. I used to get quite a kick out of doing this, just like someone fishing, or bowling, or something, and many of these hours of so-called relaxation paid off in many new scientific discoveries. Take for instance that—oh, but that's another story. Well, like I was saying, I concentrate on **my own** type of problems in my spare time. I wasn't getting paid for that thinking and therefore worked on whatever I wished. You know, most scientists have a pet problem, the answer to which mankind has sought for ages, and which they alone dream of solving. You know what I mean. Simple little jobs like squaring the circle, or perpetual motion, or maybe even trisecting an angle. Well, my pet dream was the fourth dimension. I guess it just fascinated me from the start, and I used to lose myself for hours on end musing over what it was, or where it was, or even if it was—and **how mathematically** I could reach it. I guess no one ever thought any more on a single subject than I did on that. It started on me somewhere way back, around my sophomore year in high school, I guess. It grew on me like an obsession and I'd work on it and think about it any chance I had. I don't imagine that many men's minds could even grasp the concept of fourth dimension, but one day I was **sure** I had it. It was so terribly complicated it was almost simple, and the hugeness of the thing terrified me. But I had to try it out—projecting myself . . . **ME**—into a fourth dimensional world. One day I was sitting in our living room with Dot—Dot's my wife, you know—and was paging through a science magazine to which I paid no attention. All of a sudden I knew I had to try right then and there to project myself into the fourth dimension. I began to concentrate mightily . . . I concentrated and concentrated and I was

A knock sounded on the door. The kneeling woman straightened quickly and wiped her swollen eyes with a sodden handkerchief, hurrying to the front door. She opened the door to face two neatly dressed men. One stepped slowly forward, hat in hand. "Mrs. Markham"—she nodded briefly—"we're quite sorry. We're —" "— Yes, I know," she said and stepped aside to allow them entrance. She trembled all over, walking.

walking up the avenue toward our house. Yes sir, that's where I was, and trying to figure out how the hell I got there all of a sudden. Mrs. Runyan came down the street. I tipped my hat, but she said nothing, nor did her eyes waver. Mrs. Runyan always liked me, so I couldn't quite figure this one out at all. But the incident passed my mind quickly when I saw the neighborhood kids playing ball over in the park.

"Hey, kids," I yelled, "how's about an eagle-eye ref?"

They never even looked my way. This puzzled me but I walked on, and so engrossed was I in my thoughts that I almost bumped into genial old Mr. Black, my favorite neighbor.

"Mr. Black, how are you?" I smiled.

He turned away and looked up at the sky.

"Mr. Black!" I repeated and jumped in front of him. I might as well have not been there at all for all the—

Oh, my God, I thought, I'm in the fourth dimension. I must be. I looked at my watch. It showed fifteen minutes earlier than in the house. **Then** I noticed the second hand. It was describing its slow circle backwards! Time ran backwards for me! A slow chill of horror made me somewhat faint, and

I rushed home. The front door was closed, and I couldn't remember opening it, but all at once I stood in my living room. Dot was screaming and I could see her bending over someone lying on our couch. I advanced and—IT WAS ME! I WAS LYING THERE! I couldn't understand. I asked Dot what it was all about, but she didn't seem to hear me. I screamed at her, but there was no response.

Then all of a sudden I got it. I was in a different dimension from hers! Sweat broke out all over me and I screamed to her hoarsely, but I knew it would do no good. I knew it all then. The phantasma of me was here in the fourth dimension, while the third dimensional remains could never follow! My head swam with the magnificent horror of the situation. To her I had died. I hadn't figured on anything like this at all.

Well, that all took place about two hours ago, or two hours from now by my watch. The doctor came in and checked me over and pronounced me dead and there's nothing at all that I can do about it. You see, I figured a way into the fourth dimension, but I forgot to find a way back out, so now I'm dead there in the third and alive here in the fourth dimension.

The men wheeled a stretcher into the room and efficiently picked up the still form, taking care not to peel back the pale green blanket before the dull eyes of the young woman—depositing it carefully on the contrivance and wheeling it slowly toward the . . .

Yeah—that's right. They're taking me out and I guess that soon they'll embalm me. Oh, well—it was a good life. . . .

BY THE LAKE ON A MISTY MORN

W. William Starns

I walk by the lake on a misty morning,
Before the sun has cleared the fog away,
And the sky is red like a firebrand burning.
The birds are up chirping, greeting the day.

A noxious mist still hugs the lake.
The sun has cleared the wooded hill,
And shining on the dewey grass make
A field of diamonds thieves cannot steal.

A big morning star looms high in the sky,
So lonely, so peaceful and bright,
A squirrel scampers nervously by,
And a lark takes a solo flight.

I walk by the lake on a misty morn,
And talk to water nymphs there.
Those beautiful creatures, water born,
With long dark wavy hair.

Our conversation is an airy one.
We never have cause to weep;
I tell them of my joy and fun;
They tell me mysteries of the deep.

It seems my stroll has just begun,
When it's time for it to cease;
I leave the scene quiet as a nun;
My heart full of joy and peace.

The sun is higher in the sapphire sky,
As I turn and look at the scene below;
I'm deeply moved as I say goodbye;
"TO ALL MEN BEAUTY DOES NOT SHOW."

COMPARISON

Josefina Angustia

The ways of Fate are inscrutable, just as much as the dictums of Love, mysterious.

Inescapable are their sharp, far-reaching clutches; inevitable are their consequences.

Fate decrees destinies and even designs courses for the life of man.

Love demands passion; most often, severs reason from the minds of men.

Fate plays on lives. How true! Twists men with this and that at pleasure. Love gambles on hearts. How tragic! Turns feelings from joy to pain with content.

Thus the wheel of Fate goes; Puts you up today, brings you down tomorrow.

Thus the cycle of Love runs; Makes you happy this instant, keeps you wretched the next moment.

Which is more powerful, then?

Fate or Love?

Which gives the most happiness?

The most sorrow?

While from Love, men get the most joys, the most terrible pains; while from Love men taste the fullest of bitter-sweets, at the end it is always Fate who has the last say.

For Fate determines the end for which men ultimately accept and resign themselves to.

For Fate pronounces after men have struggled, after men have loved, what Life should be and must be.

IN MEMORIAM

Evelyn Fugate

R. E. F.

(Note: In memory of her brother who was killed on Okinawa, April 16, 1945.)

Come thou back to us, my brother
For without thee we are sad,
And it's only thy returning
That will ever make us glad.

Need it have been thy destiny
To die on a foreign strand
On a hill top in the morning
With thy country's warrior band?

But why am I beseeching thee,
Whose body, true, rests there?
Why am I at once less lonely?
Lo! Thy spirit now is here.

I remember you
When I was a child
And had been hurt.
You comforted me,
Then carved a doll's chair
From a box of wood.

I remember you
From tales our mother told
Around the fire,

Of the time when you fought
Boys twice your size and age
Who tortured your small dog.

I remember you
When you left school
To join the army.
Soon your letters came
Saying not to worry,
You were doing fine.

I remember you
On your first furlough.
You were handsome
In the strange uniform
But I was much too shy
To tell you so.

I remember you
When you came home at Christmas-time.
I awakened to the cry, "Ray's here."
We sat around the fire
Eating and talking,
Unaware this was your last Christmas.

I remember you
As you said goodbye.
I stood at the door—
You hugged me
And I fled, crying, to my room,
Overcome by the unexpected affection.

I remember you
When I was called, in the night,
To a neighbor's telephone.
I talked to your wife.
She said I must tell the rest
That you were dead. . . .

But that wasn't the end,
For I remember you
In the spring
When the violets you love spring up.
I remember all your kindness then
And all your lost dreams.

I remember you
When I see your son
Fast growing like you,
And he points to a picture
And says,
"There's my dad."

I remember you
When I see soldiers marching
In even ranks.
Isn't that funny,
I never saw you
In a parade?

I'll keep these memories
Locked within me
For they tell
Of all the good things you were,
And you will live always
In the world of my heart.

EVENING RAIN

Gerald S. May

Heavy clouds begin to thicken
As twilight falls fast about me.
Rolls of thunder—lightning's companion
Increase in waves of frightening fury.

The weeping willow bends its head still lower,
As if burdened by a heavier load.
And the autumn wind—spelling dolor,
Skips whirlpools of dust down the country road.

The first drops fall in greedy lust—
The advance guard of the storm. . . .
The drops fall faster, laying the dust,
And the country takes on a new form.

Melancholy sets in with the steady rain,
Replacing L'Allegro as the ruling monarch.
And with the rain steadily pelting the pane,
The wind slackens and blends with the dark.

A THREE-LETTER WORD MEANING 'HAIL'

Edwin Carter

It was August. It was hot. I wore my blue tropicals. The coat would hide the red paint on my old blue sport shirt, and I wouldn't have to put so much junk in my trousers. I met Arch in Stockton's; he was leering at a pretty girl in Life Magazine. He wore slacks and a T-shirt, but he wore the same T-shirt, or its twin brothers, all year round. I said hello and he blew a puff of pipe smoke at me. No believer in social convention.

"Seen Ansel?" I said.

"No. I think he went across the river."

"Where's Tommy?"

"He has contracted with his brother to ride herd on the younger generation."

"Poor little blighters," I said.

"Precisely."

We moved back to the soda fountain. After an hour or so one of the girls asked us if we wanted anything. "No," Arch said. I asked for a glass of water and got a half a glass. The rest went to cool off the counter.

We sat there a half hour, resting our backs on the counter, and listened to other people's nickels in the juke box. Then we spun around and faced the inside of the counter.

"Louise," Arch said.

"Yes," the counter girl said.

"Limeade. With a lot of ice."

"What's yours?" she said to me.

We went out and stood on the ledge beneath the plate glass window and crunched our ice. It took eight minutes to eat it.

I threw my cup and straws into the gutter. "Hotter than Hell."

"There is no Hell. Nothing could equal this."

I went in and got a pack of Camels. I looked over the two book racks and the magazine rack. There was nothing new. I went out. Arch was sitting on the fender of a car parked before the drugstore.

"Give me a cigarette," he said.

"You've got your pipe."

"Give me a cigarette and none of your lip."

"Let's go to the Sweat Shop."

"I'm in."

We went to the Sweat Shop. There was no one there. It was too early, only 9:45. We played the pinball machines. I made ten free games on my second nickel and between us we ran up fifteen games.

"Ah, the hell with it," Arch said on the eighth game. He lifted the end of the machine and banged it down to tilt it.

"Let's go," he said.

"Go where?"

"Crazy probably."

It was 10:38. The pavement was hot to my hand. We stood on the corner of Main and Second Streets. A new Buick sped down the street, heading south. A police car was parked across the street from us; it was headed north. A loose-limbed cop with a face that looked like it had been hacked out of cedar with a dull axe was sitting on the fender of the police car. He was chewing tobacco. He looked at the speeder with great surprise. Then he jumped into the Ford police car, his jaw champing mechanically as though it were not part of him. He spun the car around and went up on the side walk and knocked over an ash can. Finally he got organized and took off with siren at full blast.

"Fearless Fosdick rides again," Arch said.

"He won't catch him."

"Nah. That Buick'll be in Berea before the Keystone Kops are even out of town."

We ambled down Main Street. We stopped to look at a store window and Arch said: "I'm about due for a cup of coffee."

"Have you been in the cough-drop factory recently?" I said.

"No. Come to think of it, I haven't worked a cross-word puzzle in a long time either."

"What do you mean, cross-word?"

"Every time I go in there Jim Luden makes me help him with a cross-word."

"I guess he does have a lot of time on his hands."

"Yeah. Can't spell worth a damn though. Gets all fouled up."

"Let's go," I said. "I haven't had any of his coffee in a long time. It'll make me appreciate the good stuff."

* * *

The Perpetual Motion Cafe was like a box of dull aluminum, banded on three sides with windows. There were two signs on the ribbon of glass. One made the confident statement: PERPETUAL MOTION CAFE — WE NEVER CLOSE. The other read: CONEY ISLANDS 15¢. The diner was on a corner, bounded by a parking lot. Directly across was a deserted lot, part of the grounds of the high school on the hill.

It was still hot. It hadn't rained yet. Inside there was a fan going but it wasn't cool. The floor was dry and gritty and even the air felt gritty. All the fan did was pick up the air and move it around.

"Well, here's my old buddy, Arch," Jim Luden said.

He was working on a cross-word puzzle. He was a thin pale man in a yellowish panama and a green slack-suit. His pale, almost white, nose hooked over an uneven pencil line moustache. There was an unlit cigarette in the corner of his mouth.

"What'll it be, boys?" he said.

"Coffee," Arch said.

"Ditto," I said.

Jim Luden poured steaming India ink into two mugs. I put two spoons of sugar and a lot of cream into mine. Usually I take only one sugar and no cream but I had had coffee there before. Arch took his black. He had a Keg-Lined stomach.

"Worked any cross-words lately, Jim?" Arch said.

"Why, I'm working on one right now."

"Jeeze, you've got one of those Courier-Journal things."

"Yeah. And it's a sweetheart."

The phone rang, Jim listened and scrawled on a ticket with a greasy

pencil stub. "Four hamburgers," he said. "Three doughnuts. And two cokes. To go to the hall, room 69."

He handed the order thru the window to the cook. Then he picked up the phone again. "One hundred, please." Pause. "This is the Perpetual Motion Cafe. Send a cab over to pick up some stuff for the hall.

"Now, Arch, old friend, let's look at this cross-word."

"Give it here," Arch said. "I'll fill those words that are in all the puzzles. See, here's the South American three-toed sloth."

I tasted my coffee; it was still too hot. Outside it began to rain softly.

"Four-letter word meaning a sea-eagle," Arch said.

A car stopped and a cabby came in. "Got the stuff for the hall ready, Jim?" he said.

"Sure." Jim handed him a paper sack stained with grease. "Room 69. Have a cup of coffee on me."

"O.K. You pour it now and put it in the ice-box and I'll come back in a couple hours and drink it. I like my coffee just at the boiling point."

"Two-letter word meaning a Siamese coin," Arch said.

It was beginning to rain harder now. It was still hot. The fly-browned dial of the big clock read 11:45. The glass had been broken; a shard still remained.

A short fat man in a wrinkled linen suit came in and sat down by me. "Coffee," he said. He had a speech impediment. He tended to stutter and slur his words.

"Whatime ish id?" he asked me.

"11:47."

"The hell you say. Itsh 12:45 by my watsh."

"You're on fast time."

"Fasstime. Whaday ish thish?"

"It's Friday," I said.

"Friday? How can id be Friday? Thawas yesherdlay."

"Well, tomorrow's Saturday."

"No. Itsh affer twelve so **todaysh** Saturday."

"That's right. You've got to allow for the international date-line."

He stood up and slipped on an invisible banana skin. He caught himself on the screen door. "Thash ri.' Today ish today. An' tomorrow ish . . . tomorrow. Itsh alwaysh today," he sobbed. "It ain't never gonna be tomorrow."

"You've spelled this wrong," Arch said. "It should be c-u-r-i-e. You've got c-u-r-r-y."

"Do you get many like that?" I said.

"Not as many as you'd think," Jim Luden said.

"He had a hide full O.K."

"Yeah. He'll crawl over into the lot and sleep it off or else the Keystoners'll get him."

It began to rain harder.

"Looks like you'd get all the drunks since you're open all night," I said.

"Hell, they know better than to come around here. Arch, how we coming?"

Arch said: "We need a three-letter word meaning 'hail.' I have everythin' else in."

"A three-letter word meaning 'hail.'" Jim said.

"Give me another cup of coffee, Jim," I said.

"Ice," Jim said.

"Sure," Arch said. "That's it." He wrote it in. "I'll be damned. It doesn't fit."

It began to rain as hard as it could. It was still hot.

"We're marooned, Arch," I said.

"We are for a fact," he said.

"What in hell is that word?" Luden said.

I played Spike Jones' William Tell Overture on the juke box.

"That's that old Feedlebaum record, ain't it?" Jim said.

"Yeah. Look at it rain. If that drunk's out there in the lot, I bet he's having a rough time."

"Yeah," Jim said. "The only time I get many drunks in here is after those college dances."

"Anybody ever try to start something?"

"They know better. A guy gave me a big challenge the other night but—" he reached under the counter and brought up a .45 automatic—"I took this out and said, 'All right, you son of a bitch, let's go outside.' He took off like a big bird."

Rain. Lots of rain. We were in a glass box at the bottom of a water-fall. Jim came around the counter and put a slug in the juke box.

"Life gets tedious," the record said.

"It sure as hell does," I said.

"This bifurcated puzzle . . ." Arch muttered, chewing his pipe stem.

"That rain'll save me from washing off the sidewalk tomorrow," Jim said.

"The heck with it," Arch said.

"Give it here," I said. "Let's see . . . a three-letter word meaning 'hail.' Hale and Harty. Buy your hail insurance now. Hail, hail, the gang's all here. Gad, Watson, this is intriguing! Hail the conquering . . . Hail, Caesar. That's it. Ave Caesar! et cetera et cetera."

"What's the good word?" Arch said.

"Ave. Latin word. Amo amas amat. And there's your puzzle, Jim."

"Yeah," Jim said. "There it is. Durn 'em, why don't those people write their puzzles in English?"

"That's the breaks," I said. "What the hail."

"It's stopped raining," Arch said.

It had stopped. We walked up the hill toward the college. The streets were dark and shiny with the damp. It was still August. It was still hot.

OBLIGATION

Jim Barrickman

I love the ceaseless patter of the rain.
It drums its song upon the sleeping Earth,
As if to wash away all thought of pain
And end our striving. For the striving's worth
No more than just the price that it might pay.
I love the low soft moaning of the wind.
Its almost noiseless passage seems to say,
"Come, wander, leave Fame to its own dull end!"
The wind and rain may wander as they please.
I must, at lamps of Truth, my vigil swear.
For having strayed, I would, like one who sees
A flash, see nothing after save the glare.
There is no place for me on distant strands.
My place is here, where solid Knowledge stands.

TIPPING

Edward Casebolt

From the poor shoe shine boy on the neighborhood corner to the suave head waiter at the swanky Waldorf-Astoria Roof Gardens, a multitude of beggars harangues the people of the United States with a pestilence worse than any which ever swept across the plains of Kansas or Nebraska. Sticking out at them from every source are greedy hands and false smiles waiting for but one thing—the tip.

Consider the average day in the life of any American. He leaves his home in the morning just a little too late to enjoy the stroll to his office, so he must hail a taxi. This shouldn't cost more than fifty cents, but he must include an extra ten cents for the driver. Before entering his place of busi-

ness, he is greeted by a cheery newspaper boy to whom he surrenders—not too unwillingly—five cents with an extra nickel for the boy himself.

With a peace of mind that he has done right with the world, this average man works quite contentedly until he is interrupted by an invitation to go to lunch. This is where he really feels the sting in his pocketbook and begins to wonder whether his hard-earned money is being relieved of him for a worthy service. Including the twenty-five cents he left for the waitress who smiled at him in the restaurant and the quarter he gave to the pearly-toothed Negro who put an "extra shine" on his shoes, he was allowed to escape rather easily. Perhaps he will be free from reaching for his small change for the rest of the day—that is, unless his wife decides to take him dining and dancing for the evening. Not to be tabbed as a "piker," he will give of his own free will and accord, not having to be coerced or under duress, at least ten per cent of the total bill—a dollar, let us say.

Poor Mr. Average American goes to bed that night about two dollars less the richer just for the sake of having the reputation as a "good guy" in the minds of a few petty beggars who each year obtain billions of dollars from the pocketbooks of our nation's citizens. And they do this because most of us are too spineless to think twice and recollect that the fellow who is holding out his hand is being paid a salary which, more than likely, is equal to what the rest of us are earning. More than one of these waitresses or caterers has a shiny automobile and a beautiful home in which to live.

There seems to be no Moses who will lead us out of these conventional doldrums of passing out money to everyone who doffs his hat, smiles, and pays us some compliment while he does some menial service which we could do very easily ourselves. Consequently, I will continue to follow the masses and reach for my pocketbook every time you do when we leave our table in the restaurant.

AUSPICIOUS SILENCE

Charles L. Combs

Silence is a peaceful place,
Where dreaming children futures plan;
Where every man who is a man
Has wrestled quietly with his fate.

Silence is a place of rest
Where men retire in gentle sleep
When darkness on the day does creep
And all the worst turns for the best.

Silence maintains every soul;
And calms temptation's raging storm;
It mends the spirit when it's worn
And helps each mind to bear its load.

Silence is the mind's laboratory
Where ignorance looks but may not see;
Just wonders how things come to be
And never knows of glory.

In silence my mind and soul find ease
As I wander on the leas.
Such a wonder cannot cease;
Leaving God and All to me.

Let not it sear your tender heart
When clay will press my lifeless form
Without me cocks announce the morn
And of silence I become a part.

SCHOOLROOM MEDITATIONS

Mary E. Moore

Greyhound buses, a hurrying car,
Oh, how lucky I think they are!
Those scurrying people on the street
With their aching bones and tired feet
Probably wish, too, that they
Were on that bus, running away
From humdrum life, and sorrows, and care.
Caring not they go, nor where.
And I, seated here in my schoolroom seat,
Wish I could be one on the street
Who stands and watches with nothing to do,
Instead of working here shut from the view.
Lessons and tests—how hard they seem!
But I, I sit in my seat and dream.
Of the day when I, too, will be out of college
And then I, too, for all my knowledge,
Every time I pass this building by,
Will look up at it and give this sigh—
"Oh, how I wish that I were there,
Seated in class, in my old scratched chair!"

SOMETIMES

J. L. Watson

Why do I sometimes ponder
And lose my thoughts to lightly wander
Across these lovely hills and dales
To find repose in homey vales;
To wade and play in shallow brooks,
And search for gold in crannied nooks;
To hold the bands of childhood friends,
And look for Indians in the glens;
To pluck the violets so blue and bold
And lady slippers of burnished gold?

I found pure gold in that crannied nook,
And from those vales I carefully took
The memories of the childhood friends
That loved to romp in shady glens.

LINES FROM A CYNIC

Robert C. Points

Standing upon a mountain peak,
Looking down for what I seek,
I turn my gaze to and fro,
Seeing only what I saw below,
Reaching for the vaulted sky,
Finding it is much too high.

Oh why, why, should I climb
If it's only wasted time,
If life is but a pantomime?
A wasted life is the greatest crime.
Seek success—embrace the penny;
Lofty ideals are not for many.

MIDNIGHT

Jim Barrickman

It's midnight—
The cold, blue-silver moonlight covers
the frosty, sleeping world.
I write—
Because my mind will give my body no
rest.
I wonder—
With the mind's disregard of distance, time.
The places I have seen, the people I have met,
and known, and loved—
The things that I have said, and done.
The things that I must say, and do.
They must be perfect.
I cannot fail.
Too many have climbed toward success, and
light
And then have fallen with their goal in sight.
Oh God! Help me!

SNOWFALL

Laura Virginia Roberts

Outside—(I cannot see it, but I know—)
The snow is falling heavily,
Collecting itself into a blanket
To cover my world.
To cleanse my world perhaps?
No, to cover it.
The white flakes gather themselves
Glistening, and fall upon the world
And hide the ugliness;
The hillsides—the trees—cease to be bare;
An intended garden—a garbage heap—
Become a frosted wonderland and
A gem-encrusted obelisk;
A squalid cabin is the gingerbread
Cottage—sugar coated; and a
Poor man's yard or two of lawn
Is sprinkled with diamonds.
The snow falls silently
And covers the ugliness—
It does not cleanse.

NEW ORLEANS

Marjorie Combs West

We walked down the too-narrow streets and alleyways. The old brick buildings sitting flush against the street with their second floors hemmed in by worn iron fillagree housed the Cajuns, the French, the Spanish, and the Mulattoes and Negroes of New Orleans.

The French markets were a block long with concession stands, meat markets and fruit and vegetable markets owned by Mr. Montagne, Mr. Martini, and Mr. De Silva. The stench of the markets formed a convincing atmosphere for the cries of "Fresh shrimp," "Mackerel," and "Herring." Low utterances of "Oui," "Sil vous plait" and a gruff "Vaya usted inferno" in complaint of the high prices made the market New Orleans' Tower of Babel.

We walked on past Arnaud's, Antoine's, and The Court of Two Sisters.

It was almost unbelievable that these apparent warehouses could house the restaurants and patios peculiar to New Orleans.

The modern neon-lighted sign of the Old Absinth House flicked on and off in the distance in contrast to the worn brick building with its unpainted and unhinged shutters. The classic French architecture and degradation of the building offered a convincing argument for the legend of Washington's and Lafayette's frequent visitations.

Just up Pirate's Alley and to the left we found the Museum of Natural History. The glass-encased costumes of many past Mardi Gras kings and queens brought visions of pre-lenten festivities—floats that made the four-lane Canal Street look over-crowded, men that had exchanged their modern masculinity for satin and velvet robes, beautiful women—their beauty complemented by the dress and customs of an old French court, papier-mache dummies, confetti, noise-makers and the mobs of people fighting and pushing for a glimpse of all these.

On to a haven for all the Mallorys, O'Houlihans, O'Haras and Maloney's—Pat O'Brien's in the central part of the French Quarter. The patio, the Spanish music, the wishing-well, and the dimly lit walkways were a reflection of the French influence rather than that of the blarney-stone.

As we walked away from the French Quarter and down the brick-paved sidewalk, a streetcar rumbled by with the placard marked D-E-S-I-R-E. It was the "Streetcar Named Desire" that Tennessee Williams has made immortal in his play of life in the French Quarter.

We walked slowly and regretfully on as the familiar strains of "Do you know what it means to miss New Orleans?" were heard from a honky-tonk nearby.

REGRET

Laura Virginia Roberts

I think upon the springs
that we have wasted,
And made into desolate winters:
I think of gentle words
That you have failed to say,
And songs I failed to sing;
I think on all the gay notes
Turned to dirges,
And all the smiles we turned to tears.
I ponder on lost words and smiles
And songs unsung,
And weep again for wasted years.

INVITATION

Leonor B. Adams

Can you recall Kentucky in the spring,
The crimson flash of Cardinals a-wing,
The dogwood's starry-eyed frigidity,
And hazy-purple shower of red-bud tree?

Can you revive that sensuous delight
When lilac-scented air perfumed the night.
And moonlight filtering through the maple leaves
Made harlequins of two beneath the trees?

Do you not miss this resurrection-spell
In that one-season land where now you dwell?
Come back, and of this magic essence, drink.
Return, my dear, it's later than you think!

HER FIRST LOVE

Jovita R. Varias

"Ramon," she said in a soft, happy tune, "you have inspired me to write and . . ."

Since Flora had blossomed to her teens and outgrown the elementary school in her home town, her aunt in Manila took her to the city to study. For several years she was not allowed to go back to the province until the death of her grandfather. During the *pamisa* or nine nights of prayer traditionally observed by Filipinos after the burial of their dead, the relatives and friends of Flora's late grandfather came with their friends and acquaintances. While their elders talked of economic disorder as they played cards among themselves, the young boys and girls grouped in a corner for a game known as "The King of Paris has lost his crown." The participants were given such romantic names as *Irog Ko* (My Dear), *Ikaw Kaya* (Can It Be You), *Nasaan Ka* (Where Are You), etc.

It was there that Ramon and Flora first met. Flora, now a typical Filipina beauty wearing her hair in two long braids that almost reached her ankle, looked very innocent and beautiful in her sheer black dress. During the course of the game, Flora or *Irog Ko*, as she was named, was most often called, especially by Ramon. At the end of the game, those who were caught were made either to sing, declaim, or tell anecdotes. Flora giggled and laughed with the other girls as they listened to the songs and jokes of those who were punished.

Ramon's turn came. He was asked to sing. As he stood up and smiled good-naturedly, Flora became aware of his handsome face, dark curly hair and tall, slim body. Her laughter ceased, for she felt a mysterious leap in her heart. Ramon began singing a *kundiman*. His eyes strayed to the audience and rested at Flora. There was a deepening blush in Flora's lovely face.

After his song, Ramon found a seat beside Flora. "Are you studying?" he opened a conversation with her.

"Yes, in one of Manila's public high schools. How about you?" she returned the interrogation.

"I'm taking medicine," he said. "What are you going to take after graduating from the high school?" he asked, somewhat encouraged this time by her frankness.

"I'll take either voice culture or journalism."

"Fine, I like any of the two. So you too love music. How did you like my song?"

"It was beautiful," she said, crimson rushing to her cheeks again.

"Thank you for the compliments," he said, quite flattered.

When Ramon said goodnight to her, he felt, as they were shaking hands, that Flora's soft fingers were slightly trembling.

The next day, Flora packed up for the city. She was to catch up with her classes, for the time was early in June. The memory of the previous night kept lingeringly haunting her.

"Is this what Dorothy Dix calls 'mere infatuation'?" Flora paused and asked herself. Only a leap in her heart that brought her back again that night's scene answered her own question. She knew then definitely that cupid had pierced an arrow into her young tender heart, and for the first time.

The school year was over. She went back to the province. Home again. One evening, she and her sister went for an after-supper walk "just around in the next corner."

"Good evening," came a voice from behind where the hedges were high. It surprised Flora, and when the owner of that voice came out where the moonlight revealed his becoming face, she could hardly believe her own eyes, for to her it seemed a dream at first, but it was really Ramon now catching up and walking beside her.

"Well. How did you happen to . . ." Flora could only gasp. "We did not notice the hiding place from where you emerged so suddenly."

"I came with the breeze, when the moon calls me not. This is a lovely evening. And here we are." Flora heard him sing, not say, every word of it.

Overhead, the pale moon seemed to enchant the night, and as the three walked slowly homeward, the fragrance of *dama-de-noche* filled the cool evening air.

"Good night. I hope to see you soon again," Ramon bade them as they reached the fence gate of the house. Flora took a step up their yard which was elevated from the street. Ramon came near her just below the step. His oval face beamed with his characteristic smiles as he looked up to her. That was the last she saw of him during that vacation—a closeup of his oval, smiling face.

Flora went back to the city again, this time nursing the memory of that night in the pale moonlight. Secretly, and alone, she knew that she was in love now with Ramon.

Flora's inclination to writing had found an opening petal in her first flowering experience of love. One night, after a hard try on her first short story, she retired to bed. Just as her tired eyes were ready to close, she overheard the boisterous voice of a relative from the home town. He talked of Ramon's approaching marriage.

To Flora's tender heart, that harmless piece of news was a painful stab. She tried to laugh in spite of the pain. After all, she was not really his sweetheart—there was no definite understanding between them as yet. "In fact, he has not even told me so if he loves me," Flora tried to reason it out in defense of herself. But despite all of it, she could not abide with that reason. She could not sleep now. She remained tossing over her pillow, each time to be choked by her tears. And she was able to sleep only after she reversed her pillow, and prayed . . . prayed hard for him, too.

She was determined to keep her trouble to herself alone. She tried to maintain her high spirit, but her fingers unconsciously betrayed sadness in the feeling of their master as they sought sentimental notes on the piano keys which had become her constant companion more than ever now. It was there beside the piano that she tried to find solace one late afternoon.

There she was very lonely. In broken whisper, in blurred eyes bedewed with tears, she was saying, "Why did you come to disappear too soon, to build a fire and then put it out with your own cruel hands." To which only the sad, dying notes that her own fingers had produced from touch that revealed protestation from their master, replied to remind her of solitude. But with the pains in her heart, there was a mingling sweetness that she was willing to bear.

She rose from the piano stool, and went to the window. Her eyes strayed down the sidewalk. There was the colonnade of *dama-de-noche*, that reminded her of scented night, of pale moon overhead, of a stroll around the corner . . . and Ramon, way back in the province not long ago. This recollection had taken much of her concentration, and when her slim bosom heaved to breathe the fresh evening air, the memory had slipped back, lost again in her sigh, and she was alone there again against the thickening dusk of twilight.

When Ramon was scanning the pages of a weekly magazine, his attention was attracted by the title of a short story, "Her First Love." He gazed intently at the picture of the author at the upper left corner of the page. "Flora," he greeted the picture; then glancing back below the title, he read aloud, "Her First Love, by Flora de Gamaliel."

Ramon was so engrossed in reading the story that every now and then he drew short, irregular breaths; for he was the hero in the story, and the author herself the heroine. He was the faithless man. Flora, the innocent victim of a broken heart.

"But at last, she has succeeded in writing," he muttered. "All that I have been expecting from her." Ramon hurriedly went to dress. He tucked

the magazine under his arm. To Flora's house he knocked at the door, gently—no, quite excitedly.

"Come in," he heard a voice as the door simply opened. "Oh! why . . ." Flora was pale, almost frightened.

"Flora!" he exclaimed, handing the magazine to her. "I always knew you could do it. I mean, that you can really write." Then holding her arms, he drew nearer.

"Thanks," she said, drooping her eyelids where they became more beautiful as sadness expressed their mute language. "It's very kind of you coming here and still manifest your interest in the things that I do even though you are now a married man," Flora said, retreating and trying to free her hands from his hold.

"Flora, but I still . . ."

"I heard all about it. Please go."

"Believe me, Flora, please. I am not married. It is my cousin Ramon C. Ramasanta who married Julita Conde. Not me—I am Ramon D. Ramasanta."

Ramon's eyes were searching hers. Flora became immovable, but her eyes were wet. "You're crying, Flora. Don't you believe me that I love you? That's why I have come?"

"Ramon," she said in a soft, happy tune, "you have inspired me to write."

"I am glad that I have done one thing for you, Flora," he said, and their eyes met.

REFLECTIONS

Joan L. Willenbrink

I suppose I must now face reality!
All hopes of reconciliation
Have been shattered
Like a broken mirror—
The reflection gone,
Except for the images left in our hearts.

THIRTY DOLLARS A WEEK

Anne Epperson

"Hurry, John," Mary rushed nervously around the room gathering shirts and socks to stuff into his overnight bag.

"Damn!" came a yelp from the bathroom.

"You haven't got time to cut your stupid self, now hurry."

John rushed into the bedroom with a piece of tissue paper on his chin. "Get the car out. I'll finish dressing on the way to the station."

In a few minutes Mary had the car sitting in front of the house and John, tie and socks in hand, was running down the path.

He jumped into the car, slammed the door, and Mary flung the gear into second.

"John, why in blazes did you ever decide to move to the country? I know you are going to miss the 12:04 and another express doesn't leave until 1:32 and that will be too late to catch your plane."

"Will you stop yelping," said John as he turned the mirror to see to knot his tie. "I couldn't stand the smell of your cats in that three-room apartment."

"Country, bah! Fresh air fiend," muttered Mary as she screeched around a curve on two wheels.

"Look, honey, we'll never live to see the station if you don't lift your sweet little foot off that accelerator."

Mary glanced at her husband. "That vice-presidency may not mean anything to you, but an extra thirty dollars a week sure would ease the budget."

As John tied his shoestrings he thought, "Nag, nag, nag. Seems like she ought to be grateful for what I've done for her—pitiful though my attempt. She got this stinking job for me, and now she wants me to own the company. A modern Lady Macbeth."

"Put on your coat; we're here."

Pulling on his coat, John ran to the ticket office. As Mary came up to them she saw the station master shake his head and point to the north where 12:04 was disappearing around the bend of the hill.

They walked slowly back to the station wagon. During the ride back John glanced at his wife. "From the expression on her face," he thought, "you'd think I paid to have the train leave at 11:59, just so I'd miss it."

The ride was made in silence. Back at the house John changed his clothes and ruefully examined the cut on his chin. He went down to the living-room where Mary sat knitting, fast and furiously.

John groaned inwardly. "That's a bad sign. When Mary knits, Mary's mad."

"Look, honey—," he started.

"Shut up," she snapped. "If you had told me sooner that you had to catch that train, all this wouldn't have happened."

"But, mary," he began again.

"Please, John, I don't want to talk about it. It's easy to see thirty dollars a month floating out the window on your fresh country air."

They sat there for an hour. Mary knitted and John glanced through *Esquire*. He chuckled every now and then to make her think that he didn't care whether she was mad or not.

Finally, Mary jumped up and turned on the radio. The announcer's voice rushed into the still room. "Ladies and gentlemen, we interrupt this program to bring you a special bulletin. Six persons were killed and fourteen injured when the northbound express which left Willow Springs for Big City at 12:04 collided with the southbound Mockingbird, which was bound for Washington. The collision occurred at 12:30 this morning. We have no further—."

Mary clicked off the radio. Slowly she turned to face John and tears began falling over her nose. When he saw the horror on her face, he rushed and put his arms around her.

She looked up at him. "Oh, John, this is the first time I've ever thought of not having you."

Suddenly he knew there would be no more nagging—for awhile. "Why," he thought, "if she smiles now and then, I may even be able to stand her cats."

WHY BOTHER WITH BEAUTY AIDS?

Clara Watts

As knights in the days of old, women are also conducting a quest, not for the Holy Grail, but for youth and beauty. The limits to which we go in order to reach, or even vaguely approximate, this goal, produce situations worse than trial by ordeal. Oh, that we might find that magical elixir believed to be the Fountain of Eternal Youth!

The department stores of our cities lie in wait for us. They line their shelves with creams, lotions, and mud-packs designed to brighten eyes, tighten skin, and prevent a double chin. They beguile us with rouges, powders, mascara, and even eye-lash curlers. We are tantalized by perfumes guaranteed to bring that Man reeling to your side, insensible of everything except your amazing appeal. And we accept most of them as the basic essentials of proper dress. Would any of us venture out without lipstick on except in case of fire?

Because a good figure is another essential of society today, dieting is a form of self-torture in which women indulge. We pass by sweets, starches, fats, and, in fact, all of the good foods in favor of wheat breads, lettuce, and fruit juices. We increase our discomfort even more by strenuous exercises

guaranteed by their originators to give us figures like those of Turner and Hayworth.

It is not enough to have a lovely face and figure. It is our duty to bake ourselves slowly on all sides in order to achieve the sun-tan that convention says is a must at this time of year. Only after much burning and peeling do we feel we can face life in the New Look dresses.

Perhaps the most horrible trial that we undergo for beauty is the permanent wave. Permanent waves come as cold waves, heat waves, and machine permanents. The Inquisition torture devices were hardly comparable with a permanent waving machine. After having had our hair cut, shaped, and bathed in lotion, we are attached to the machine. The curlers are let down to be attached to our heads, but after attachment they spring back up leaving us in a more or less Absalom-like attitude. During the steaming process we usually get burned on the neck or (and) one or more fingers.

Next comes the waving, or setting, naturally in an ultra-modern style. After that, we are once more placed under a heating apparatus, this time known as a drier. If we haven't been burned by this time, we will be now.

Later that night we carefully dress, add make-up, and give a last minute fluff to our hair. We are ready for the arrival of our One and Only. We eagerly anticipate his reaction to our store-bought beauty. Does he give us the desired result? Not him! Most likely he will say, "Say, honey, I liked the way you wore your hair last night."

I ask you, why bother with beauty aids? Darn men, anyhow!

THE MONSTER

James Wert

For three long days the blizzard had howled around the little cabin high in the Sierras, piling snow roof-high on the windward side. For three long days the twisted pines had creaked and groaned in protest against the heavy blanket of snow and ice that slowly overwhelmed them. And now in the hush that follows the storm, everything lay white and lifeless. Only in the cabin was there life—the fireplace cracking as it consumed its pine logs, the two hunters watching tensely from their hiding places. Yes, only the cabin held life—life and the Monster.

It was Dave who first saw the Monster. At the first approach of the storm, Dave had been stacking huge piles of firewood by the door of the cabin, and he swore he had seen the Monster's long, scaly tail slipping through the door. Ben ridiculed the idea. It was impossible. Where could it hide in the bare unfurnished cabin? Under sleeping blankets spread on the dirt floor? Behind the meager supply of groceries cached in the corner? As they carefully chinked each crack against the ever-growing fury of the wind, they agreed that the Monster was non-existent.

Yet on the next morning both men knew that he did exist. The tear in the flour-sack, the gnawing of the bacon slab were mute evidence of his presence. But not until that night did he make himself visible. This time it was Ben who saw him. Ben, rising on elbow from his blanket, saw the Monster looming large and ferocious against the background of the flames, with its long scaly tail twitching from its furry body and its large coal black eyes gleaming evilly at the men prone on the floor. Ben with the instinctive motion of the hunter hurled his hunting knife with force and accuracy at the Monster. It was a direct hit, Ben insisted, but the Monster was gone and no trace of blood stained the knife-blade. Then it was that Ben christened this existing, non-existent creature, the Monster.

As the raging of the storm kept the men snowbound the second day, they made a minute search of the cabin. Dividing the small cabin into sections, they made as painstaking a search as if the Monster were an ant, which could hide under a speck of dirt, a grain of pepper. With the cabin chinked so tightly that not even a breath of the howling blizzard could find its way inside, the Monster had disappeared. Yet in the night he reappeared.

Again Ben saw him against the flames, again he hurled his knife, again the Monster simply disappeared.

The Monster was there! Dave saw him momentarily in the early morning light. Confined to their cabin by the cruel winds outside, the men planned a new search of the cabin. Their few possessions were moved and carefully examined. The very pine needles on the floor were inspected with microscopic carefulness, and ridiculous as it seemed, there was no trace of the Monster. The Monster was a myth, yet it was real—real because he came again that night. This time Dave hurled his knife unerringly at the target and once again the Monster disappeared.

Now, in the calm that followed the storm, the men carefully laid their plans. No fear of the Monster motivated them. These men were hunters, trappers, wanderers of the lonesome mountains, and the Monster represented a challenge that must be met. Its apparent invisibility was a reflection on their woodcraft. Only death or capture could wipe out this stain upon their hunting ability. Since it appeared only at night, Dave took his position on a plank laid on the crossbraces of the rafters. With shotgun in his hand he commanded the entire area in front of the fireplace. In a far corner out of Dave's range, Ben, waiting tensely for the appearance of the Monster, leveled a rifle at the fireplace.

Night came, minutes ticked slowly into eternity, then suddenly the Monster was there. Neither man saw him come, but unbelievably there he stood, with one foot placed tentatively on Ben's new hunting boots that had been set to one side of the fireplace. The two guns roared as one, as both men became aware of his presence. The Monster lay dead and the stain on the hunters' woodcraft had now been removed.

"You know, Ben," drawled Dave, "I'm sorry we killed him. He gave us something to do during the blizzard.

"Well," answered Ben as he carefully examined the tattered remains of his new boots, "it would have been a dern-site cheaper for me if we had remembered to bring a mousetrap."

OPERATION 6—10—2

Mary E. Moore

Gosh, women are silly! They think housework and taking care of the baby is hard. Why, I could do all Mary does in half a day and play golf in the afternoon. Taking care of the baby is a plain pleasure—Oh! I guess I spoke too soon.

There, there, darling, your bottle's almost ready. Please don't scream so. I know you're hungry. Oh, what a mother you've got! Why isn't she back yet? The Navy didn't train me for this.

"The bottle's in the icebox," she says. "Do you know what to do with it?"

"Sure," I says.

This is what I get for being so cocky. Serves me right.

Oh, darling—sweetheart—Gregory! Why do you have to do this to me? You never screamed at your mother like this. O.K., O.K., O.K.—I'll get your bottle. Only take a breath, will you? The neighbors will think I'm killing you.

Let's see, you test it on your wrist, I guess. Shake it like this—ou-u! Hm, too hot. Well, put it in cold water. Oh, baby, baby, will I be glad when Mother gets home! Maybe if I shut your door—Whew! He just yells louder—that milk ought to be cool by now—I'm coming, darn it!

All right—come to Papa, sweetheart. There, there, calm down now. Here, try this for size. Well, close your mouth on it, you little nut. How do you expect to get anywhere screaming your lungs out? Ah—got a taste of it, did you?

Noisy son-of-a-gun, aren't you? I might as well teach you better manners while I'm at it. No time to start like now. You're sucking at that nipple as if it were your last meal on earth.

Every time you do that I'm going to take the bottle out of your mouth. How do you like that? Uh—perhaps we'd better postpone the lessons until you're a little older. I said we'd postpone the lessons for today! Take this darn thing!

I'm sorry, honest—I didn't mean it. Shucks, I know I'm just your father, but don't make an issue of it.

Let's see how much you've taken. Um—two and a half ounces, and four is all you get. Aren't you supposed to burp, or something? Oh, yes. Well, over my shoulder you go. Stop screaming—you'll get the rest of it.

What are you waiting for? I'm patting your back like crazy. Come now, a nice gentlemanly burp—tch, tch, tch, that was enough to have me thrown out of the mess hall, but we'll forgive you. Now, here's the rest of the bottle.

What's the matter? Have you gone "on the wagon"? You screamed bloody murder for this a second ago. Open your mouth, doggone it. You're going to finish this if it finishes me. Oh, thank you, your Lordship. It's darn decent of you to nibble at this for me. Hmph! I don't make much of an impression on you, do I?

Well—that's it, fella. That's all there is—there isn't any more, as the saying goes, so scream your head off.

Doggone, I'm talking to myself. Look at the little darling—asleep right in my arms! Isn't he beautiful? You know, I think Mother was right. He does sort of look like me at that!

Exhausted from his trial, Paul could hardly drag himself to his favorite chair in the living room. Mary found him there asleep when she arrived a short time later.

She smiled as she noticed his disheveled hair and tired look, and wondered if he still considered her job a "snap."