

12-1-1952

Belles Lettres, Autumn 1952-1953

Eastern Kentucky University, The Canterbury Club

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Belles Lettres

*Eastern Kentucky
State College*

AUTUMN 1952-1953

Belles Lettres

An annual anthology of student writing sponsored and published by the
Canterbury Club of Eastern Kentucky State College
at Richmond, Kentucky.

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Volume Nineteen Number 1 Nineteen Fifty-two - Fifty-three

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FOREWORD

In the hope of promoting literary efforts and encouraging worthwhile reading, we, the Editors of BELLES LETTRES, take pride in presenting this, the first issue of our nineteenth volume.

SPRING RAIN

MARJORIE BURT

The soft misty drizzle began to change into a fine rain. The steel-gray sky deepened into a sullen black, heavy and threatening. Cars going in a steady stream through the business section of Freeport switched on their lights.

Janet Dedley felt a slight chill through her soft spring coat. She tilted the plaid umbrella against the wind, and clutched her bag of groceries closer. Her fingers explored dubiously the outlines of the cans and vegetables that became more and more evident through the damp paper. As her heels clicked on the wet pavement, she mentally placed the contents of the bag on the neatly arranged shelves of her pantry and refrigerator.

In her mind she walked through the rooms of the lovely French Colonial house she had shared with her husband, Roger, during the four years of their marriage. She always felt a glow of pride and self-satisfaction each time she walked up the graceful curve of stone steps, and entered the living room. Pale green walls, polished oak floors, deep green furnishings and drapes—just enough contrast in the bright yellow shag rugs, and the multi-colored books in the shelves flanking the fireplace.

Janet was known throughout Benton Terrace as a model housewife. Her home was always ready to receive the most important guests. Yet, without apparent effort, she still looked much as she had when she first became Mrs. Roger Dedley—wife of the city's youngest District Attorney.

Janet had been secretary to Roger's partner, Mark Atherton, a quiet, thoughtful young man who had dated her for almost a year. When Mark's partner suddenly began centering his attention to Janet, Mark withdrew his attention. Janet and Roger were married three months later. They had to postpone their honeymoon when Roger was suggested as a candidate for District Attorney.

Janet's business methods had been transferred to homemaking. She and Roger lived, ate, worked, and visited on a rigid schedule. Even Janet's menus were chosen from a carefully prepared card file of well-balanced meals. Tonight they were having menu Number Seven—Roger's favorite.

Through the rain, which was now a steady downpour, she saw that the clock in the jeweler's window said 5:20. She would have to hurry the remaining blocks. She had spent too much time talking to Mary Lothrop on her way into town.

The rain was beginning to soak through her shoes, and she felt really cold. As she turned toward home, she glanced at the brightly lighted windows of the small restaurant on the first floor of the modern office building that housed the offices of the District Attorney. Perhaps she should go in there, have a cup of coffee, and call Roger. She could ride home with him in the car. He was working until 6:00 tonight. By preparing broiled steak instead of the roast, she could still have dinner at the regular time.

At the thought of Roger, her throat tightened. She could see him at his desk—collar unbuttoned, sleeves rolled up, dark hair ruffled as he bent in concentration over a sheaf of papers. She felt a sudden warm glow of affection for him. After four years of marriage she loved him, perhaps more than ever. She hadn't been showing that love as much as she should have lately. Just little things, really, were what made the difference.

Suddenly she thought of how she used to go back to the office with Roger when he had extra work during the first few months of their marriage. Those evenings together had been so good. Two people, working in cooperation, enjoying just being with each other. Laughing, contented, as they rode home. Why not again. She could still take dictation and type with competent speed. She smiled, and straightened her shoulders as she reached the restaurant.

As she hesitated, readjusting the load in her arms, she glanced through the huge windows. The rain, sluicing down the glass, made it difficult to see the interior. Somehow, dimly seen through the curtain of water, it occurred to her that it was much like her own home. Modern to the final degree,

bright with the gleam of fluorescent light on chrome, white linen, and polished floors. Yet, for the first time, she sensed a lack of something—warmth or friendliness, perhaps. She hesitated for just an instant, undecided about going inside. She moved forward, reached for the door and stopped—staring, incredulous!

A dark-haired young man in a gray suit was seated with his back to the door, leaning toward a girl whose face Janet could see clearly. She wasn't really beautiful, just pretty in an ordinary, rather pleasant way. The blond hair around her face had curled from the dampness until it was almost untidy. Her eyes were intent on the young man's face. As she eagerly related something, he reached across the table and took both of her hands in his. Janet felt a dull, stupid numbness creeping over her. That man—the shape of his head, the gray suit, the way he leaned forward in his chair. *It couldn't be Roger.* Yet, how could she be mistaken?

Then her mind began to function more clearly. It was foolish to stand here in the rain, watching a couple whom she had never seen before. At least, she was certain she had never seen the girl before—and the man? Well, it couldn't be Roger. She remembered his saying he was working until 6:00. Something to do with a legal tangle over the new factory site.

The rain running down the window made it almost impossible to see the two now, and she reached for the door again, this time determined to walk inside and call Roger from the phone booth at the back of the restaurant. As her hand touched the wet coldness of the door knob, a thought popped in her mind like a tiny explosion, "What if it were Roger?"

If she left now, she might never know. If she opened the door, there would be no escape. If it were Roger, she would leave him. If not, then she would have the knowledge always that she had not trusted him.

She clutched the brown paper bag, now tearing in places from the rain, held the umbrella more firmly in her other hand, turned and started up the street. Her shoes made small splashing noises as they came down on the wet pavement. Wrinkles from a frown of worry marred the smoothness of her forehead, and her brown eyes mirrored a hurt bewilderment. She bent her head to look at her watch—5:37. She would still have time to fix the roast if she hurried.

Perhaps she'd wear that blue crepe dress Roger liked tonight, a touch of perfume, and a little more lipstick than usual. She could just as easily write those letters tomorrow, and stay with him while he watched television.

Upstairs in the office, Roger Dedley stacked the finished pages on his desk with a smile of satisfaction. He grabbed his coat and felt in his pocket for the car keys as he waited for the elevator. He'd missed Janet more than usual today.

As he dashed out the side entrance toward his car, he almost collided with a small figure under a plaid umbrella. "I'm sor— Jan, honey, what are you doing here?" he asked. Janet, without a word, let him take the bag of groceries. She shut the wet umbrella as she climbed into the car. Roger ran to his side, and as he slid in beside her, she reached up to smooth his ruffled hair.

Just as the car passed the restaurant, a dark-haired young man and a blond woman came out the door.

The rain had almost stopped.

EACH AND ALL

GWEN JONES

Escape from reality isn't just sought
By poets who write of the past,
Or preachers who teach of a life after death,
Or a drunkard who lives by a flask.
Each human being, no matter what rank,
Fate in this world has given a part—
Has his own secret stream, some small spot he can dream,
Half concealed by the walls of his heart.

NO WAR

JAMES A. SNOW

Slowly the column straggles along the road.

"All right, you guys, close it up if you want to get your goddam heads shot off."

There is a grumbling among the men. They are dirty, cold and hungry. A V of F-80's zooms overhead.

"Lucky bastards! They get all the gravy; one little mission and then they get to go back and crap out on a nice warm rack while the most that we can hope for is some place to put our sleeping bags and hope that we get a long enough break to get a little use out of them."

They reach the top of the hill and before them they see a large valley.

"Displace and set up here. Put that B.A.R. up on that ridge there. Jerry, you take your fire team over there on that knob and act as lookout. Scotty, get that ammo up here. You guys dig in deep. We may have company anytime and we will be here quite a while, so if you want to stay with us keep your butts down."

The day turns into night, and the men get more restless as the blackness of the Korean winter seems to smother them. Then it starts. The gooks with their bugles and firecrackers begin to play their game of nerves with the jarheads. No sleep tonight, you think. Then slowly the fatigue in your body overcomes the screaming of the bugles and the blast of the firecrackers, and you drop off to sleep. You think that you can sleep through hell, you are so tired. The trumpets stop. Everyone awakens with a start. It's too quiet, and that is even worse than the noise. Johnny Simms, 18, Indianapolis, Indiana, caresses his M1 and thinks of the time in boot camp when his D. I. said, "Take good care of that rifle, lad; one of these days you will find that she is the best girl friend that you have ever had."

The men peer out into the blackness, trying to see something, anything that will break the suspense of waiting. Then it starts. The gooks open up with their mortars. You can't hear them coming; they are there all of a sudden and there is nothing you can do about it but pray. Pray that your name isn't on one of them.

Jerry yells, "Stand by, men. Here they come." The B.A.R.'s begin opening up, and by their staccato song you know that death is near by. There they are. God, look at them. They look like a tidal wave. No time for talking now. You pull back on the operating rod of your M1 and slam a round into the chamber. You peer through the sight and slowly squeeze off the round and send the messenger of death out into the night. Then the men all around begin opening up. The night is turned into what looks like a Fourth of July celebration at home. The air is thick with the smell of cordite, and your eyes burn with it. Beside you a man cries out and falls over, clutching his forehead. "Corpsman, Corpsman," you call. The boy in the blue dungarees comes crawling toward you with his bag over his shoulder. "Over there, I think Hank got it." He inches his way over the side of the fallen man and, taking hold of his wrist, feels his pulse. He lets the hand fall to the man's side, shakes his head, and shoves off to try to help someone else. You want to cry. Hank was your running mate in the States. You think of the nights that you spent in Pusan. It's too late to cry now; you are too busy trying to keep yourself alive.

Then a hot, searing pain enters your side and again you scream for the corpsman. Not for a buddy this time but for yourself. You look down and see the gaping wound in your side and you gasp. You don't want to die. The blackness closes in about you. The cold won't bother you any more, Johnny. . . .

"Dear Mrs. Simms. We regret to inform you . . ." NO! No war, but try to tell the men who are sacrificing their lives every day and the mothers, wives, and sweethearts that sit anxiously waiting for their loved ones and being afraid to answer the phone or door. No, there is no war—only the heartache and grief that accompany it.

OCEAN OF LIFE

BEVERLY WILSON

I may be a fool, or it's wise I may be,
Then perhaps only human and blind;
But I yearn to be free on life's wide open sea,
Sprayed with waves of the foamy brine.

I am weary of fret, and passions denied,
And I fear my dreams dead through time.
I want to sail high on life's turbulent sea,
Where green waters and white lace entwine.

I have ruled high in joy, and bowed low to pain,
Each memory's been placed on my shrine.
Now I want to be tossed on life's wild, fearless sea,
Where the crown of freedom is mine!

GWEN JONES

What interest to another man?
The cares I have must be borne alone
By me—no one else would rise and stand
And battle for the rights I own.

My griefs lie heavy on my heart,
They cause me pain, I clutch my breast;
But I, not thou, must grip the dart
And tear it out ere I have rest.

Don't say thy soul is stricken
That thy tears are shed for me,
That stream will ne'er wash clean this wound
Nor bring relief to me.

Thy tears are only for thyself
(I'm not condemning thee),
For the depth of my soul is so dark and deep
That thou couldst never see.

Thou nor nought else will understand
Why gladness I will share with thee;
But my sorrows are mine for my own private land
And not for the whole world to see.

OUT OF THE DARKNESS

GWEN JONES

I am listening to a warm breeze whispering softly through the leafy
branches.

It is a happy wind

And it inspires the tiny grasses to dance to its gay tune.

Yes, the tune it sings is one of love—our love, yours and mine.

The birds take up the song and carry it to their nests unfolding its calmness
to their young ones.

In our joy unknowingly we are bringing joy to others;

Our love is in its Spring; we are a symbol of the hope of the world.

Here on this lofty hill we listen to the music of nature never knowing it is we that inspire the symphony.

A cloud appears, a shadow darkens the heavens which only a moment before were of softest hue composed;

A gust of icy wind envelopes our soft breeze causing a discord in our sweet love song;

The birds, frightened, flee from their downy homes taking their families to far distant lands;

The leaves, once happily dancing with the grasses, are swept into a whirlpool of chilled air and are sent up, up, torn away from their dear Mother Earth.

A heavy gloom descends upon our hearts.

I fear the storm will sweep you from my arms like the leaves.

Our lovely music is now only a faint echo in our terrified breasts.

Above the roar another song rings out. The wild wind gossips, saying our love is dead, is gone forever, never to be recaptured.

Your hand slips slowly from my trembling fingers.

We turn, suddenly defiant of the raging turmoil, our eyes meet and, try as it might, that chaotic grip cannot tear us apart.

We stand on the same lofty spot, hair blowing, faces uplifted, and cast our tear-stained eyes toward heaven.

We have won!

The tumultuous clouds are forced apart by a kind of spirit, a spirit called Faith, a stream of light shines down upon us, triumphant, arm in arm, listening.

—There! Far off on the horizon—our winged friends are returning, the lusty gale, defeated, subsides into silence, and a light breeze follows, bringing with it familiar notes;

The birds, grasses, leaves, loudly sing, and our hearts leap up and join in the song.

NOT GOODBYE

WANDA SMYTH

The rain was only a mist now. It had ceased to patter on the roof with vengeance and glee as if it were enjoying spoiling the picnic. Now, it seemed soft and caressing on the early flowers and soft grass in the backyard. It was just a spring rain, after all, and was trying to be helpful as it fed the thirsty, eager vegetation.

And the picnic was not ruined. The house fairly came to life with young people who seemed to take possession of everything from the food in the kitchen to the piano in the living room. They laughed and sang and played host by greeting those who arrived just a little late. Dr. Bach, who lived alone and was now everywhere and nowhere all at once, trying to supervise her energetic group of college students, should have relaxed. (Eventually she got wise and did let things ramble along in an easy way that made for happy relaxation for all.) The group needed no hostess, really; they entertained themselves.

A girl paused on her journey between dining room table, where she had just placed a large, attractively arranged relish tray in the center of the lace cloth, and the kitchen table, where more dishes were waiting for the transfer. The little window before which she stopped was in a tiny hall-way between the dining room and the kitchen. It looked out on the rain-drenched backyard, growing grey with dusk.

For a moment, a very brief moment, a feeling of sadness that was neither dejection nor depression, but rather a deep melancholy, took the smile from her face. Her mind's eye pushed away the greyness and mist—far away, it pushed them—and the sun, brilliant, warm May sun, came shining through and illuminated the scene with lazy warmth and content-

ment. A very soft breeze, seemingly lazy, too, rustled the leaves on the large trees and stirred the gaily colored paper streamers and wrappings on the *pinata* as it swung back and forth between them. The flowers—pink, yellow, and violet—nestled in their green leaves in the rock-lined flower beds around the back door and along the house and by the steps leading across into a neighbor's backyard, and nodded their heads faintly in the breeze as they greeted newcomers and smiled at all. From out the kitchen window came the spicy smells which told of experiments with foreign food; and then there were other smells, smells of browning buns and freshly baked cookies that were familiar and that brought sighs from those outside.

Some sat on the green, new grass, and others waited turn for the metal lawn chairs. She remembered that she had preferred the grass and that its fresh, earthy smell had made her homesick, momentarily, for the farm.

She remembered, too, that HE had arrived a little late, while they were taking group pictures. Even now she could see him striding across Dr. Bach's front lawn toward them with that light, arrogant swagger, smiling with that quick, infectious smile, and calling to them to wait.

Later, they had taken turns being blindfolded and twirled around and around until dizzy; then, with broomstick in hand, they struck at the *pinata*. She had been shy and cautious, reluctant to be in the limelight. When Dr. Bach had gone into the house to check on the food, the boy, at present blindfolded, had lowered the handkerchief and struck with weight and accuracy at the unsuspecting, brilliant paper bag. Then, shouting and laughing, all had made a mad rush for the cellophane-wrapped sweets.

She remembered the food, too, and where she had eaten on the grass near the rock garden with a girl friend. He, she remembered, ate, a little apart from the others, on some old wooden steps—now grey with rain—that led to an upstairs apartment.

The spicy, unfamiliar tastes of much chili powder and garlic had blended with the familiar ones of hot dogs and cokes and peanut butter cookies and added to the feeling of intoxication from warm sunshine and laughter and happiness. She thought that she had never known quite that feeling before—a feeling of strange elation and yet strange peace.

The feeling continued through a dreamy Spanish song, sung by assorted voices, some in harmony, others not, and increased while grey-green eyes squinted at the corners when the quick smile came for her and hands barely touched.

And suddenly the song was gone and the sun was gone or lost behind the false landscapes of smoke from factories and high buildings. Twilight had stolen in and forced away the music and sunshine and picnic.

Looking back, she saw a friendship too late begun and too early destined for separation by a religion so different, a cultural and economic environment so different that it was hard to believe they had met at all; separation, finally, across a thousand miles of mountains and farms, cities and towns, state and states—a thousand miles into forever.

Then school was out and she went home to the farm. The mountains that had once meant so much to her, meant only a trap that summer, a trap that defied her to dream of crossing them to find him. It was a strange summer of moods. One day she would decide to dare dream; the next she would torture herself with the hopeless question of "why." She turned from everything that reminded her of him, whether it was a religious article written by a member of his faith or a ball game played by a team from his city. "I will say goodbye, I will forget!" she promised vehemently.

But she didn't. Still the grey-green eyes came to haunt her with the memory of a Spanish melody and a warm, spring afternoon.

So went the summer, and with the crisp, cool mornings of September and with the packing for her return to school, came the answer. The girl smiled, not with amusement, but rather with meditation, into the gloom. Yes, such a simple answer, but one that could come only with time, perhaps. Not goodbye. It was the wrong approach. It was impossible to weed from her association everything that reminded. Instead, the answer was acceptance and understanding. Everyone she met and for whom she had cared at all

became, in a way, a part of her, a part to be used in her future for the understanding of new experiences and to be looked back on with affection. Precious moments of happiness, then, could not always be continued, nor might that same moment ever again occur in the same way. But that picnic on a sunny May afternoon could and would be a souvenir, as would her first formal dance or her first plane ride. It was quite probable that they would not meet again, but she did not rebel now against the thought. . . .

"Hey, Kathy," called a cheery voice from the kitchen, "wanna serve tamales?"

"Sure thing, Jeannette. Be right there," she answered, and turned away without a sigh from the rain-soaked steps, thickening dusk, and soft mist which spoke of the past, to the warm, cozy cheeriness of the party—and Now.

LOOK, DAD. NO HANDS

HOWARD COOP

"Look, Dad. No hands," he cried,
As he came home from school
When he had learned to ride
His birthday bike.

He learned new skills each day.
With eagerness he ran
To show his dad the way
He learned new things.

His eighteenth birthday came,
And one day soon he got
A note that was the same
As others got.

He did not hesitate
To go or wonder what
Would be his star of fate,
But gladly went.

His birthday came again
As it had done before.
It rained a chilling rain
That afternoon.

He heard the people talk
And saw the stare as he
Went slowly down the walk
Toward the house.

The door bell rang—
In patriotic pride
He stood and waited—still.
"Look, Dad. No hands," he cried.

WHAT'S THAT NAME AGAIN?

ROBERT ALLEN POPE

If there's one thing I cannot do, it is to remember names of people to whom I have just been introduced. There seems to be one minor flaw in the way introductions are carried out today. Nobody remembers anybody's name. In case of mass introductions involving six or more people, a man is lucky if he can emerge from the confusion remembering his own name.

This is easily understandable, though. The man is so busy observing all the trumped-up niceties of the ritual that he can't be bothered with anything so unimportant as a name.

Though he may have the rest of the evening to parade his personality before the people, these niceties demand that he shoot the works all at once. It is usually very painful, as it involves muscles he hasn't used in years.

First there is a vigorous handshake to execute. It is universally accepted that you can't trust a man with a flabby handshake. Unless a man rearranges all the bones in your hand and a number in your forearm, he is put down as a potential criminal. Therefore our friend musters all of his strength and clamps down.

Just about the same thing applies to this eye-to-eye business. Our friend must remember to look the other fellow squarely in the eye, or eyes, depending upon his range.

A man with shifty eyes can't be trusted. He's usually hiding something, they say. It could be his right hand, as the fellow who is so intent on peering into the innermost depths of his eye sockets usually misses connections with it and winds up shaking a sleeve.

Naturally, there's the old personality smile to be turned on. It seems that the majority of men have a muscle that runs from their hands to their mouths. Every time that the hand is extended and shaken the mouth automatically flies open. When two people with extra nice teeth meet, it's hard to tell whether they are shaking hands or trying to bite each other. Then it's customary to conclude all this with a witty saying of some sort. Fortunately, these gems are always garbled or gurgled and remembered no longer than the names.

So there you have it. The two men are so busy Indian wrestling, trying to hypnotize each other, counting the other's teeth and mumbling *bon mots* that there isn't room on the program for anything else.

When a man meets a woman, it's even more confusing. Most men don't know exactly what the rules are for shaking hands with women. The man cautiously extends a hand, and just as he withdraws it, the woman sticks her hand out. The man sticks his hand out again, but the woman has changed her mind and withdraws hers. A few seconds of this and they look like a mixed doubles team in a log sawing contest.

And, too, some women think that they must flatter every man into thinking he is a great wit and automatically burst out with a shrill laugh at his very first words, regardless of what they are. He could say, "The pigs just ate your grandmother," and she would still give that cackle. Naturally, the names are forgotten in the excitement.

When women meet women it's perfectly obvious why names are skipped. They are too busy taking inventory of what the other one is wearing to be bothered. In all cases the real introductions come after they have been calling one another by the wrong name for half an hour.

BOOKS

MARJORIE BURT

Books, books, and more books,
Long shelves of books,
And each one looks
As if to say,
Read me—today!
Books, books, and more books.

History books with covers dull,
And all in all,
Both short and tall,
They pompous seem.
You wouldn't dream of
Tales of heroes and castle's fall.

English books so stiff and prim,
Tho' the page is dim
You still get a glim,
That the rule's the rage,
Through every age,
You'll soon know whether it's "he," or "him."

Books of fiction with colors bright,
They catch the light,
Though not the height
Of education,
(Some seek sensation)
To many readers they're chief delight.

Encyclopedias are wise and fat.
If the size of a gnat,
Napoleon's hat,
The work of a bee,
You want to see,
You'll find it in volume this or that.

Music, art, and geology,
Psychology,
Geography,
World history,
Some mystery,
The shelves hold all, for you and me.

In everything you want to know,
If you seek to grow,
Whether fast or slow,
There's no better way,
Than to go today,
And choose from the book shelves, row by row.

Books, books, and more books.
Long shelves of books,
And each one looks
As if to say,
"Read me—today!"
Books, books, and more books.

ONE YEAR TO LIVE

SALLY E. FUGATE

The other day a group of students were sitting around a table in the grill drinking coffee, cokes, or tomato juice. The talk drifted from the ball game, various subjects that were being taken, the merits of different teachers, the newest couple on campus, to Tom, Dick, and Harry's drunkenness, and Betty's and Joe's split-up after their long courtship. Some were leafing through books pretending to study while the inevitable pair was whispering the latest gossip.

From the next table could be heard the boasts and complaints commonly voiced by typical college students. Yes, it was just another dull afternoon.

A boy walked up and, after a "Hi" to everyone, pulled up a chair and sat down. This one was different. He was an ex-G. I. who had served two years in the army. He had contracted a disease while in the service, and although everything possible had been done for him, he had been given one year to live.

All his life he had wanted to go to college. With one year to live and nothing else to do, he decided to fulfill his ambition if for no other reason than to take his mind off his inevitable end. Although he was only twenty-two years old, he was cold and hard. His grey-blue eyes showed nothing but hatred. He despised all that was beautiful and full of life.

All of the students present knew about the boy, and with or without malice, the conversation mysteriously drifted to the subject of death. The ex-G. I. spoke low and tired, but everyone listened to his words.

"When I die," he said, "I want to be buried between two murderers."

The group gasped but fell silent as he continued to speak with a sacrilegious tone.

"I want to be buried at midnight when all is dark and everything is silent except evil souls. For pall-bearers, I want six staggering drunks. Instead of a singing choir I want seven girls dressed in unhuman costumes to do the devil dance. In place of preaching, I prefer a lecture on Communism, and I want a soloist tossing 'Blues in the Night'."

The expression on the boy's face now became almost immoral. His eyes rolled back and closed. Slowly, he continued to relate his preferences.

"I request a bottle of 'Four Roses' placed at my head and slimy dice in my hand. I don't want flowers or tears, but, instead, laughing, smoking, gambling, and drinking."

Someone coughed. The ex-G. I. opened his eyes, looked at his watch, rose to his feet, and began to walk away.

Looking over his shoulder, he said, "Hell of a day, isn't it?"

SUMMER, 1952

MARJORIE BURT

Heat waves shimmering, weaving, rising
From the sidewalks and macadam,
Like a thousand swaying cobras,
Ghostly, pale, and misty cobras,
To the sound of summer's flute-song.

Winter warmth is welcomed, sought-for
As we stretch our hands to catch it,
Use the means we know to guard it,
Now, the coolness of the winter
Seek we in each breeze and shower.

In the summer, heat is victor,
Cold is master in the winter.
In the spring and fall together
Try as friends to make concessions,
But as always comes the struggle.

Spring, then summer, fall and winter,
Eternal rhythm of the seasons.
One, two, three, four, time is marching
On his journey never ceasing.
Each man watches as he passes.

Summer nights, warm air caressing,
Stars like diamonds on black velvet,
While night's yellow eye above us
Lights the path we knew in daylight—
Touches it with soft moon-magic.

Moments of pure happiness are
Like a painting in the memory
That completed shows some sadness.
For each instant as it passes
Is forever lost and hidden.

And the summer, just beginning,
Carries to us all this message,
"Live each hour to the fullest,
Love today, know that tomorrow,
Yesterday will be this moment."