


Winter 1955

et cetera

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**ET  
CETERA**

**1955 TEN CENTS**

# ET CETERA

THE MARSHALL COLLEGE LITERARY MAGAZINE

WINTER

1955

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# CONTRIBUTORS

Jeannine Hensley, Senior and our capable Editor, has given her talents to translating for this publication...

For the fine art work in Et Cetera, we owe everything to Ralph Rowlette, Senior, Art Editor, and Nina Watts his capable assistant...Nina is a Junior, as is Dorian Linton, a psychology major who offered her part...

Seiglinda Werner, Marshall's student from Vienna, Austria, offers a true-life story from her own experience...

And our Freshman and ex-GI, Charles Piersall, we are indebted to for his delightful poetry...

Bob Johnson, Freshman and member of the Editorial Board, and Heibert Dawkins, Huntington Senior, have also added their work to this issue...And oh, yes, of course, there's Charles LeSuer, Charleston Senior...

Several of this issue's selections are left by students who graduated earlier...Lois Ann Green, now teaching at Annapolis, Maryland...and Helen Milton, now teaching French and Latin at Huntington High School...Thanks to all of them!

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# OCCUPATION MEMOIRS



by SEIGLINDA WERNER

"Stop fighting", shushed my mother, but we five children were still quarrelling about whose turn it was to look out between the heavy curtains. We were not allowed to pull them aside because "they" might see us.

It was the beginning of May 1945 and the American Troops had crossed the Austrian border coming from nearby Berchtesgaden. The German Broadcasting system had collapsed several days before and the Americans had taken it over, announcing that everybody had to stay inside in order to avoid bloody clashes.

Bruck, my hometown, looked as if it had fallen asleep. All the windows were shut, the curtains tightly drawn together. Nobody was out on the street, not even a dog sniffing around doorways. People inside the houses moved around with scared expressions on their faces. I remember my mother, very pale with dark ringed eyes, always reminding us children not to annoy anybody by jumping around.

My brother Volker, who played the sentinel at the outpost, suddenly yelled, "A car'." A brownish green jeep raced through the town. Four soldiers, heavily armed, were driving it. That was all we could see of the Americans. Then followed another twenty four hours of nervous waiting. The stores stayed closed-- there was nothing to sell anyway. Even the sky showed dull gray clouds, and a cold wind blew. The winter dragged slowly that year. It was already May, but in the Alps it might even snow in August.

Finally, the next morning at about nine a.m. a group of soldiers marched on the square. They looked extremely happy. Some of them sang, the others slapped their friends' shoulders. Later on, we found that those GIs came directly from a nearby castle, the seat of high Nazi officials. After capturing the Nazis, they celebrated the "liberation" of Austria in the castle's winecellar.

From that moment on the soldiers marched, or more accurately, walked around on the town square; we followed them with our eyes as long as we could see them from our windows. My mother guessed their age, and she did not miss it much in shouting out: "Oh my, these are just boys, nineteen or twenty years old."

They inspected curiously our Gothic church, and grinned when they looked at the closed windows of our homes. More and more jeeps parked on the square and out of all the soldiers crystallized little groups going from house to house. Just about three houses from ours lived Frau Thurner. She was noted as especially anti-nazi but communistic and at the same time she gave the Americans the most hearty welcome. With wide open arms she caught the first soldier she could get hold of. But Frau Thurner worked after a scheme: she figured if she would be "nice" to the Amis (a short way to call the American) they would show their appreciation.

One of those small groups of soldiers marched first of all to Frau Thurner's villa. Thanking her for her friendliness, they asked her with courteous manners of move out of her home because from now on soldiers would sleep in it. We were rejoicing to see the old fat woman raging about Amis and expressed greatest satisfaction. Then we turned around and our mouths stood open for a few seconds. A colonel and his companions were already inspecting our hall.

My Uncle Peter and my Aunt Peperl owned this very lovely

mountain resort hotel where we were all staying because it was safer in the Alps than in Vienna. All my relatives came also from the big city and nobody could believe how many uncles, aunts, cousins, nephews, and nieces suddenly showed up at the hotel. How pitiful everybody looked, even the young people seemed to have forgotten the sound of laughing. The following days friends and more cousins and aunts flocked and the whole hotel didn't have a single bed left or an empty couch. Perhaps it was the most realistic discovery we made to count the members of the family. In the evening the high council of aunts under leadership of stout Aunt Peperl decided to use the most effective feminine device to confront the Americans: crying! Frau Thurner was unsuccessful with kissing whereas my aunts gained prestige by crying.

But here stood a colonel looking boldly at us and turning around and around. His expression was mean and each of us had already a nick name for him - "wild man".

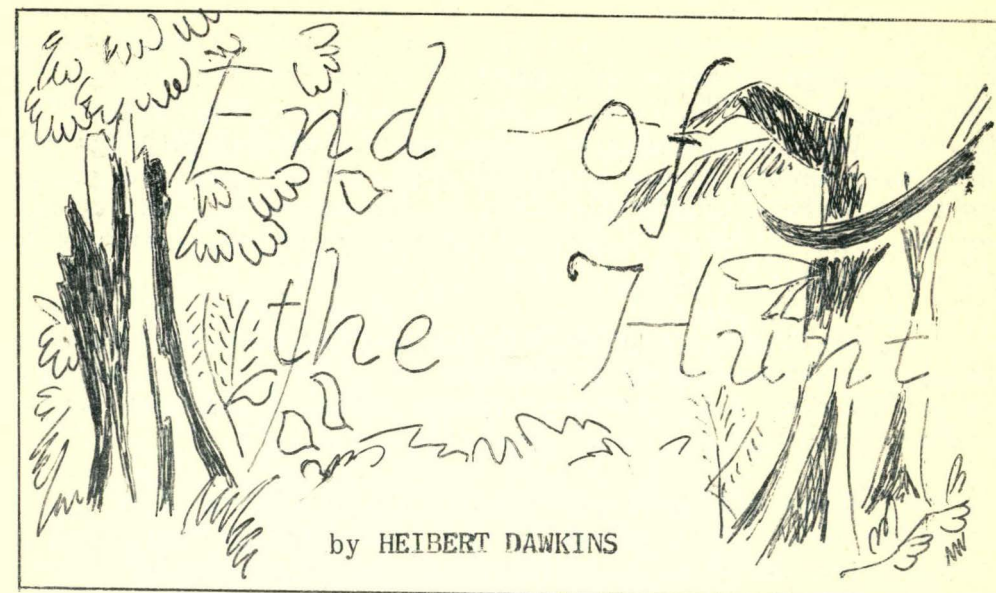
"Within four hours we are moving in", he said dryly and ordered a young American Private: "translate, please!" this very moment Aunt Peperl snapped her finger and started sniffing and sobbing and so did all my cousins and my aunts. Then the translator told us his name, John Wittman, from Columbus, Ohio. He looked desperate; he was but a boy of nineteen and all those tears broke his heart. Then he started to count the members of my family; it seemed to him impossible to fulfill his order. Trying to compromise, he said confidently to leave the hotel kitchen and the first floor to the occupation troops but otherwise not to step a single foot out of the house. We accepted gladly his decision, although the colonel argued a whole week with John afterwards. From now on John W. was only known as "angel" on the second floor of the hotel.

Immediately after the colonel commanded us to leave the house, he started to investigate the place, searching for arms. Upstairs leaped the wild man and two soldiers armed from top to toe. My mother rushed behind him and so did Aunt Peperl and suddenly Aunt Mitzi, Cousin Lisei and all my brothers pushed behind. We were all suspicious of the Amis and they were of us.

Everytime we turned a corner the soldiers slowed down and reluctantly put their feet forward. The colonel, of course, looked disapproving at this poor soldiers but even he hesitated each time he opened a drawer. They were convinced that some

place perhaps among pants and slippers or socks we had hidden a booby trap. Hours went by with opening drawers, looking in closets, under beds, behind curtains and on tops of lamp shades, beneath easy chairs and inside ceramic stoves. From out one messed-up room into another one, we arrived finally at mother's bedroom which my sister and I shared with her at that time. We used to call it the "Drei Maederlhaus" after a light Viennese operetta. The wild man stepped in. He stared at the wall. But he did not realize the furor which seized him. He pulled his pistol and put his finger on its trigger. Since neither my mother nor anybody else of my family understood, it came like a chorus from us "Nix verstehn" and Aunt Peperl was ready to snap her finger again. The man pointed at a picture of my father who had died five years before. It suddenly did not matter that we did not understand the flood of American words which the colonel poured over us. We started to grin because we grasped that my father's complexion made him think it was old Adolf Hitler just because he wore a typical German mustache under his nose. Private John interfered with peaceful intentions. "Lady", he said, "take this Hitler photo down, we had enough of him!" All talking was vain. Mother climbed up on a chair and took father's picture down. I guess she felt pretty good holding him so close to her: she smiled a second and then she stood straighter than before. The colonel and his GIs were puzzled but moved on mumbling about "dirty Nazis".

Having toured the sights of our rooms the colonel intended to leave and come back with his clothes to move in. --Glatterde boom-- it was as if all hell broke loose. Soldiers and colonel fell flat down, ready to fight. They ducked their heads in. They whipped their pistols out. We rushed behind doors..... An ominous stillness settled over the hotel. Four-year-old cousin Annelies broke the quiet. She let go with one of her long drawn screams. What happened now? Was she shot or wounded? Everybody peeked slowly out from behind the doors and suddenly we all burst into roaring laughter. Several big empty milk cans stood near the stairway up on the second floor. Little Annelies with her tottering run had pushed against one which fell against another one and three milk cans bounced down the stairs loudly rattling. "This is the planned attack!" flashed through the colonel's brain and he mistrusted us twice as much as before. Our laughter must have sounded victorious to him.



The night was dense with heavy layers of fog. In the stillness the seeping fog drifted hauntingly through the trees. Suddenly the quiet was shattered by the coarse bark of our hunting dogs. They seemed to sense that they were going on a chase. "Old Joe" was barking wildly as I stepped outside to open the pen. I pushed back the gate, letting the over-anxious dogs squeeze through. With my flashlight in my belt holster and my rifle under my right arm, I followed the dogs into the darkness of the woods.

It is a long way down to "Coon Run", especially if one is on foot. We crossed Little Mill Creek and had started down the hollow when "Old Joe" broke into a run. About five minutes later the mellow tone of his bark rang out in the night.

My flashlight made bright splashes of yellow light on the path ahead as I moved farther into the woods. I listened as "Old Joe" read the varied odors of the earth. He was a good dog--maybe a little young and inexperienced--but, all the same, a good dog.

Then the barking died out momentarily. All at once he got a nose full of "hot stuff" and was on a trail, his bugling loud and clear on the night air. As I listened to the dog's bark fade out of hearing, I decided that he was after an old coon--a smart coon. The old coon made his circle on the opposite side of the hill, "tapping" a couple of trees as he went, and then started back. Upon approaching me, he made a sharp turn and headed for the creek.



Instantly I was racing in the same direction, arriving just in time to see him hit the water with a driving splash. I switched on my light, raised and aimed my rifle, and was about to squeeze the trigger when "Old Joe" came frantically splashing into the water. The coon immediately went under, leaving "Old Joe" swimming aimlessly in the middle of the creek. I threw the beam of my light on the opposite shore, expecting to see the coon come out and start up the bank. Instead I saw "Old Joe's" head snap from the surface of the water.

I could tell from the boiling and churning surface that something frantic was going on beneath it. Shortly the coon came up, sucked in air, and then made another dive. Again "Old Joe" went under. This time he didn't come up.

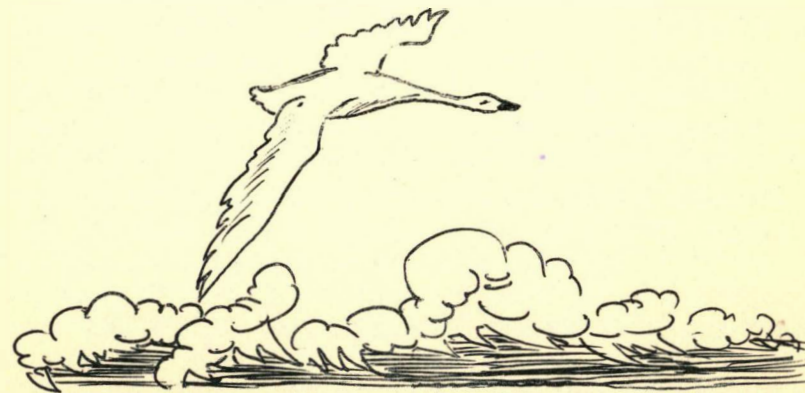
I threw down my light and gun, jerked off my shoes, and went in after him. After searching the depths for about five minutes I came across his limp, water-soaked body. As I dragged his body out of the water I could hear the coon crashing up the opposite bank. I laid the soggy body on the ground and began trying to pump the water from his lungs.

But it was no use--he was dead. Slowly I pulled on my shoes, picked up my flashlight and gun and started back through the mist-shrouded trees.

# NOT AGAIN

by CHARLES PIERSALL

Silent melodies flow over us  
As tiny wavelets sway the dead shells  
Back and Forth, back and forth on that shore  
Of nocturnal memories and shells.  
The melodies are the gratitude  
Violined from disappearing sin  
And the little shells are nothing but  
Empty containers of "Not Again".



# ENGLISH SPOKEN HERE?



by DORIAN LINTON



In the Southern Ohio village where I grew up, articulation and enunciation were unknown, not only as words but as concepts. Verbal communication was uncertain enough on an adult level, but to a child it was hopelessly incomprehensible. When I was fortunate enough to be included in an adult conversation (this was the children-should-be-seen-and-not-heard period), I listened closely, but the words didn't sound right. For example, I couldn't understand about chickens. I knew, of course, that the little multi-colored ones were called "banties" and that the white ones were called something that sounded like "legerns." But why, I wondered, would the red chickens be called rolled-out-on reds? They weren't flat. As I scattered cracked corn and sunflower seeds for them to peck at, I would closely observe the big brownish-red hens. They looked especially well-nourished, so why were they called rolled-out-on? Reluctant to ask questions from fear of appearing stupid, I puzzled about it for years. Not until I was in junior high school did I finally learn that certain breeds of chickens are called Bantams and Leghorns, and that my bewildering rolled-out-on reds are Rhode Island Reds.

The names of some of the vegetables growing in my grandfather's garden presented another verbal problem to my already overtaxed little mind. As I watched my grandmother peeling and slicing ingredients for her thick, savory vegetable soup, I

would wonder why the round white things were called turn-ups. They didn't turn up. Except for their green tops they grew under the ground. My grandfather pulled them up. Was that why they were called turn-ups? Why not pull-ups? No, there were other vegetables that were pulled up, too. Reddishes, for example. I brightened. At least I knew how they got their name--because they were red! No, that couldn't be right because the long white ones were called reddishes, too. My brain reeled.

Although I was naturally a shy child and obedient to the "silence is golden" precept of my elders, I wasn't always able to conceal my distorted word impressions. On one occasion I disclosed my failing in a manner which led me to the heights of six-year-old embarrassment. In spite of my normal reticence, I did like to sing. Therefore, when I was taken to church, I would listen admiringly to the ladies of the choir as they sang the lovely old hymns such as "Rock of Ages" and "The Beautiful Garden of Prayer." I would form the words and silently sing with them as they enthusiastically and sincerely poured forth their melodies. Although they had no formal knowledge of music, their soprano thrills sounded delightful to my young ears. They held their weekly choir practice at the homes of choir members. Since my aunt was a member of the group and was aware of my admiration for them, she allowed me to attend the practice sessions when her house was their meeting place. When I was asked to sing for them one day, my delight was almost unbearable. I did admire them so much! I decided to sing my favorite hymn, "The Beautiful Garden of Prayer." To me it had always given such a beautiful picture of a sun-drenched garden with Jesus waiting there to comfort all who came to Him. I began the song, finished the first verse, and went on to the chorus. The last line of the chorus is, "There my Savior awaits, and He opens the gates." When the choir ladies sang it, they always sang, "and He o-pens the gates," since they held the o note and slurred the last part of the line, I had heard the line as "awaits at the old Ponson Gates." I had even cherished a mental picture of some picturesque, decrepit old gates. "Old Ponson Gates" is what I sang then in my clear, piping falsetto. Usually the kindest and most considerate of women, the ladies were unable to suppress their natural laughter at my chirping about those old non-existent gates. I was stunned. They were laughing at me. I burst into tears. Immediately their laughter turned to comforting words, and one kind lady led me from the room and gently explained why they had laughed and what the line really said and meant. I sang no more that day. Afterwards I listened with

more care than ever before so that I might hear correctly and understand what I heard. I was in high school, however, before I learned that the ailment which I thought to be new rousey was really neuralgia and that to be "doubtful" is to be "dubious" and not "joobous." But that's another story.



# PSYCHOANALYSIS

by DORIAN LINTON

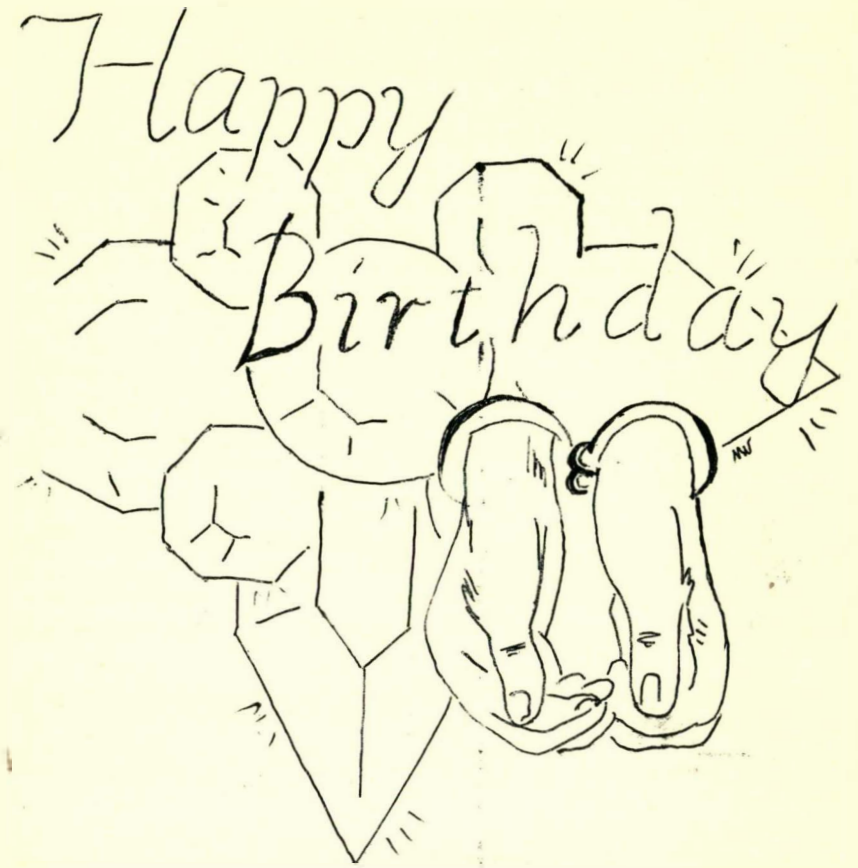
Dredged from sunless, depths, discarded memories  
Drowned in yesterday's tears  
Live again a transient hour  
Then sink without a trace  
Gripped by dark dispelling rationality.

But in the night:

Sharp shafts of memory, unsought, unbidden,  
Bright-piercing, brain pricking,  
Churn Lethean tides of tears  
And leave black lines of pain,  
As sea waves leave sediment upon the sand.



"What a bunch--with a stupid miller, a knight, a nun, an old widow, and a government official, this is going to be a dull, uneventful pilgrimage to Canterbury."



by C. J. LE SUEUR, JR.

When I walked into Bellamy's on Fifth Avenue, I braced myself against the physical impact of the place--the neat rows of display cases with their moistly glittering jewels, the expensive hush that seemed to breathe from the soft grey pile carpeting underfoot, the elderly clerks whose frock coats and striped trousers touched them with a dignity in keeping with the place and its reputation.

One said quietly, "Good-afternoon, sir," and declined his chin, though with no effect of servility.

As I removed my midnight-blue Homburg I nodded curtly, brac-

ing myself once more to maintain my pose, reflecting that after all this was my fortieth birthday and I owed myself a present. Even Dunning at Headquarters would agree with that. "I'd like to see a diamond brooch," I said casually.

The silver-grey clerk glanced politely at me. "If you could give me an idea of what you wish to pay--"

"Oh--anything up to ten thousand." I dipped a hand into my pocket and fingered the last ten dollars I had in the world. Business, my business, hadn't been good lately; people were becoming cautious.

The clerk sat opposite me, and presently I was examining four exquisite brooches. One in particular caught my fancy; its cluster and pendant were perfect. "Personally," I said, "I like this one, but I'll have to bring the lady here so that she can make the choice."

"Of course. And may I say, sir, that I must agree with you on your selection." He looked past me as if he were daydreaming. "You must have had a good deal of experience with jewels."

He was so right.

I shrugged. "May I have your card? And also the tag number of the brooch."

The clerk gave them to me, rose. "Thank you, sir." He escorted me to the door, showed me out.

On Fifth Avenue, I strolled for a few blocks before I went into a drug store, put a dime in the phone and dialed Bellamy's. The phone rang; once, twice, three times. I could picture a clerk crossing the display room to where the phone stood. Finally, I heard the sharp click of the receiver being lifted from its cradle. "I want to speak to Mr. Bellamy," I said, trying to inject a note of superiority into my voice.

"Who's calling, please?"

Roughly I said, "This is Mr. Andrews, B. J. Andrews."

Almost immediately, Bellamy was on the phone, "This is indeed a pleasure, Mr. Andrews. What may I do for you?"

The note of urgency in his voice told me that he was anxious to serve B. J. Andrews.

"See here, Bellamy, I'm plagued by a short memory. My secretary informs me that it's Mrs. Andrew's birthday and I want to do something, naturally."

"Of course, Mr. Andrews."

I had the feeling that he was taking notes. I guessed that everyone took notes when B. J. Andrews spoke to them. "I'm tied up now, but last month after I returned from Europe, I was in your place--slumming." We laughed easily together. "A diamond brooch caught my eye, and I still have the number of it." I cleared my throat, spoke the digits slowly. "If you could send it round to my house today, I'd appreciate it."

"Why certainly, Mr. Andrews," and Bellamy repeated the number.

I breathed on my fingernails, "Gift wrapped, of course."

"Why really, Mr. Andrews?" Bellamy laughed again. "The firm's name on the box is gift wrapping."

We both laughed, I said goodbye and hung up. I wiped the moisture from the palms of my hands and went out into the fresh air again....

An hour or so later, fortified by a stiff drink, I invested another dime in a telephone call, this time to B. J. Andrew's house. "This is Bellamy's" I told the butler. "Can you tell us if a package arrived for Mrs. Andrews?"

The butler was silent, as if he were looking around the hall. Then he said, "It came about twenty minutes ago."

I released a stored-up breath. "We're sorry to trouble you, but it was delivered by error. We're sending a clerk over to pick it up." I glanced at the name on the card I'd been given in Bellamy's and read it aloud.

"Very well, sir," the butler said.

I walked uptown toward Andrew's house, humming softly. So far, so good. Neat. Air-tight. It had taken some research, but all big jobs did. I'd cased B. J. Andrews for a month, more intensively than I'd ever cased a mark in my life. I knew all about his credit accounts, his clubs, his travels. Those things can be gleaned, in my business. And I knew what his voice sounded like, how he cleared his throat roughly at times, how he bit off his words and fired them out fast. I learned this by listening to him twice and at length: when he made a speech over the Allied network in defense of capitalist enterprise in today's world, and more recently when he'd come out of one of his clubs in jovial humor and had to be assisted into a cab. I know, because I had assisted him, I'd waited night after night for just such an occasion, and as he settled back into the cab with a happy grunt, he handed me the ten dollars I still had in my pocket.

Nearing his house now, I hailed a taxi, climbed in and gave Andrew's address. When we reached it I said, "Wait. I won't be a second."

The grilled doors swung open and the butler looked questioningly at me. I presented the card that the clerk at Bellamy's had given me, and said off-handedly, "We called before. It's about the brooch that was delivered by mistake."

"Oh, yes." The butler wheeled majestically and entered the huge hallway; presently he was back again, holding out a neatly wrapped parcel, oblong, small, and light.

I carried it down the steps to the cab and climbed in. My knees were tallow, my hands had no strength.

"Drive south," I croaked. "I'll give you the address later."

But the driver just sat there. Then the door I'd just closed opened swiftly and Dunning from Headquarters ducked in and plumped down next to me.

"Almost, eh?" he greeted me, and gave the precinct address. He snatched the parcel and clicked on the bracelets with two smoothly-continuous cross motions of his quick hands. Then he said,

"I almost forgot--Happy Birthday!"

"Thanks," I said in bitterness as I tugged instinctively at the cold steel bands biting my wrists. "Where'd I slip?"

Dunning snorted impatiently. "You won't be around to try this again for a long time, but if you ever do try again, remember to do a better casing job."

"But I---"

He waved me to silence. "Never forget this: nice ladies don't have two birthdays in the same week."

Finis

humanum est errare

# MELLOW WOOD

by ROBERT JOHNSON

So shiny, so bright,  
So glistening in the light,  
Look how it gleams!  
How beautiful the glow,  
Of age so old.

# TRANSLATIONS

# SPRING

# SONG

By FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA

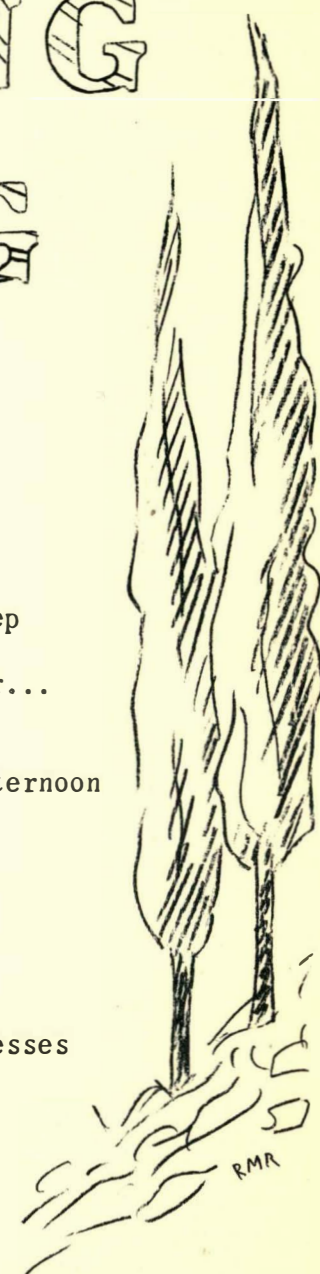
I

Singing, the small ones  
Come out of the school,  
Laying on the gentle air  
Of April songs as gentle.  
What Happiness lies in the deep  
Silence broken in pieces  
By laughter like bright silver...

II

I go along the road in the afternoon  
Among orchards flowering,  
Leaving in the little lane  
Tears of my sadness.  
On a lonely mountain,  
A village burying-ground  
Seems like a field  
Sown with seeds of skulls  
And there are blossoming cypresses  
Like giants' heads  
With long greenish hair  
That with empty eye-sockets,  
Pensive and sorrowful,  
Contemplate the horizon.  
Divine April, which comes  
Carrying sun and essence,  
Filling with nests of gold  
The flowering skulls!

Translated from the Spanish  
by LOIS ANN GREEN



# VERLAINE'S POEM

by VERLAINE

This weeping in my heart  
Is like rain over the city.  
What is this languor  
Which burdens my heart?

Sweet is the sound of rain  
Upon the earth and the roofs!  
To a heart worn with weariness  
Sweet the song of the rain!

The heart will give no reason  
For weeping when it is torn.  
There was no betrayal--  
This sorrow lacks reason.

Truly it is pain  
Not to know why,  
That without love, without hate,  
My heart knows such pain.

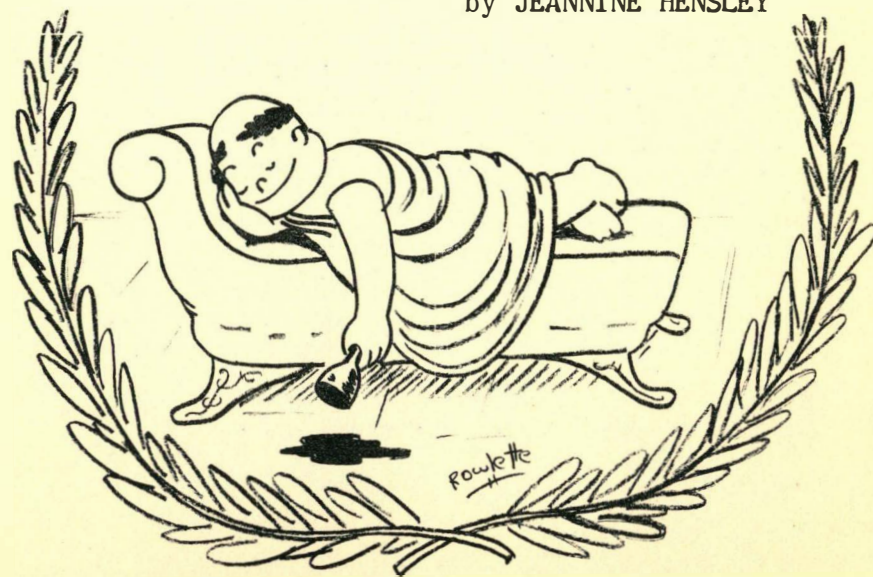
--Translated from the French  
by HELEN MILTON

# MARTIAL'S EPIGRAM TO HIS FRIEND JUNIUS MARTIAL

by MARTIAL

To Martial, happiest of all by far,  
The things which make life pleasant are  
Not wealth acquired by labor's merit  
But that which he might well inherit.  
No wretched field, but hearths a-burning,  
No suits at law, or mental yearning;  
Inborn strength and great well being,  
Widely simple, with friends agreeing,  
Easy friendship, a simple dinner,  
At night carefree, but not a sinner;  
A modest life, but not afraid.  
Sleep, which makes the shadows fade,  
Never a wish for another lot,  
And Death, neither feared, nor yet sought.

Translated from the Latin  
by JEANNINE HENSLEY





ET CETERA is a literary magazine, published first on the Marshall campus in the spring of 1953. The purpose of the magazine is to foster and encourage creative writing among the students of Marshall College. Acceptable are poems, short stories, essays, drawings, articles,

ETC.

