


1959

et cetera

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A. M. Lyson

ET CETERA
SPRING · MCMILIX



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From The Editor

Each year Et Cetera, the literary magazine of Marshall College, is published under the direction of the English Department for the purpose of providing a creative outlet for the students. We are proud to provide them the opportunity of seeing their creations in print.

Many contributions were received but, as too often the case, our budget limits the size of the magazine and we were only able to publish a few. A first and second prize in the fields of short stories and poetry will be awarded and the winners will be announced at the time of publication.

We wish to express our appreciation to the Student Government for their aid in financing this publication and it is with great pleasure that we bring you the 1959 edition of Et Cetera.

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Midnight

By V. R. Osborne

The clacking of the typewriter stayed just out of reach, and as Margaret struggled up out of the cotton wool sleep, faded off into silence. She turned her cheek from the pillow and strained both ears for some sound, but only her husband's deep regular breathing broke the stillness. Of its own accord, her hand crept out to touch his comforting warmth, but she drew it back sharply.

Nonsense! It was only that dream again. Why should anyone be afraid of a dream? She hadn't even been frightened the first time, only surprised and amused that her feeble attempts to write had invaded her subconscious. No, she hadn't been frightened---

Until the second time. The second time---only a week after the first---she had felt it even while she was still asleep---not so much fright really, as a feeling that a beloved friend had suddenly unmasked to show a monster's face. She had fought her way to unconsciousness to escape from it, only to find it had changed to terror with reality. What was it that magazine article had said about dream repetitions? Was it something about neuroses? No, it couldn't be. She had nothing to be neurotic about. No big worries, thank God. Just the little ones that everybody had, that were a part of living. But hadn't she read somewhere that it was the little ones, the "tremendous trifles"---where had she heard that term?---which caused the neurotic personality to become demented? Oh, no---now, really! That was going too far. Why, she was perfectly normal in every respect. In fact, she didn't know anybody any more normal. Come to think of it, though, hadn't she read somewhere that people who were going insane never never even suspected that they weren't absolutely perfectly normal?

"You read too much!" she had muttered savagely to herself. "Shut up and go to sleep."

Tom had chosen just that moment to roll over in his sleep and put his arm about her waist, and as always, she had felt herself relaxing within the curve of his body---so safe---so right---so wonderfully normal---how could she ever have let all those wild

thoughts go through her mind?

This time, she would behave like a sensible adult. She wouldn't turn to Tom like a child running to his father. This time, she would simply relax and go to sleep.

She turned again to the pillow, pulled the blanket closer around her shoulders, and had just closed her eyes when she heard the small click of the doorknob. The door opened almost imperceptibly and the whisper of bare feet found its way to her bedside.

"Mother" it was a half-apologetic murmur, with the urgency of fright behind it. "I had a bad dream."

Margaret raised on one elbow and put the other arm around her young daughter's waist.

"Baby-doll," she soothed, "want to lie down here a minute and tell Mother about it?"

"Yes" whimpered Barbara. She crawled under the blanket and put her head on her mother's shoulder. "I woke up and I was scared. I dreamed I heard your typewriter and it woke me up and I was scared."

A thin shred of fear jumped again in Margaret's chest, and the thing she had been refusing to remember jumped to the surface. After the first dream—the next morning—the sheet of paper between the rollers—the words that weren't words—random letters lumped together to form senseless words—Barbara had stoutly denied playing with the typewriter.

With the dull taste of dread in her mouth again, Margaret strove to keep her voice calm, "What else did you dream—before you heard the typewriter?"

"Nothing" Barbara was still whimpering. "I just dreamed I heard your typewriter and I woke up and I was scared."

Margaret lay for a few minutes with her arms about the child postponing the moment that had to come. How easy it would be to waken Tom. No—she couldn't! It would sound too childish—and

he'd just cuddle her up close and she'd go back to sleep—and wait for the next time. No. She had to go now. She had to prove to herself there was nothing to be afraid of.

"Feel better now?" she asked. "Yes, I'm not afraid with you," came Barbara's trusting voice, already sounding sleepy again.

Determination beat against fear, and Margaret tried to sound enthusiastic. "I'll tell you what! Why don't you sleep with Katy the rest of the night?"

"Can't I stay here with you?"

"Sweetie, you know how it crowds Daddy, and he needs his rest for work tomorrow."

"Well—o.k., but I don't take up much room," Barbara grumbled in her disappointment.

Margaret slid her feet into the slippers beside her bed, but her robe eluded her searching fingers. No matter. Better go while she had herself persuaded.

They felt their way through the hall to Katy's room; Margaret tucked the blanket around Barbara's shoulders and kissed her goodnight.

As she turned away, a small hope nudged her. Barbara? Could Barbara have walked in her sleep? Well, of course. It happened to lots of people. As a matter of fact, now that she thought of it, she remembered her own mother telling her that she had done that very thing several times when she was small.

She drew a shaky breath of relief. That was it! There was no question about it. She shook her head in wonder at her own stupidity. Why hadn't she realized that before now, instead of imagining all sorts of crazy things. See? See how fear could make simple things grow into shapeless monsters? Well, she would demolish this monster right now. She would tuck the typewriter into its case and put it away.

Resolution stiffened her watery knees and she forced herself to move down the hall toward the living room. As she turned the corner, she could see the faint glow through the doorway and panic clutched again, only to be brushed aside by cool logic. Naturally, Barbara would have turned on the light.

Her timid self-control vanished before the resentment which welled up in her at the sight of the familiar, yet somehow strange, figure seated at her typewriter. "You're using my typewriter," she accused, keeping her voice low, "and you're wearing my robe."

The figure at the typewriter hadn't bothered to acknowledge Margaret's presence, but now she looked up, and Margaret watched her own lazy smile spread with hateful self-assurance across the woman's face. The woman didn't speak, but calmly pulled the sheet from the typewriter and handed it to Margaret.

Margaret knew, without looking, what was written there, but she couldn't keep her eyes from turning downward to the paper. She read the first sentence----"The clacking of the typewriter stayed just out of reach, and as Margaret struggled up out of the cotton wool sleep...."

She raised her eyes quickly, but it was too late. All she saw was the empty silk robe, just as it slid from the chair to the floor.

"What's going on in here?" The voice at the doorway jolted through her subconscious mind, and suddenly she found herself sitting before the typewriter, her robe snugly drawn about her shoulders and buttoned under her chin.

"Honey, what the heck!" Tom was saying, "You'll wake everybody in the house. Come on, let's go back to bed."

Without a word, she took the hand he held out to her and followed him down the hall.

Test Tube Chivalry

By Sandra Landfried

In days of here
When knights drink beer
And drive their smoking steed
It takes chemical guts
In the stomachs of nuts
To follow ambition's lead.

To chase oft to college
Chew courses of knowledge
Of reagents and test tubes, and paint
O'er his armor the knight watched
Till the page appeared blotched
And around 4 a.m. he felt faint.

Then fully arrayed
To the battle he swayed
His hand on the hilt of his slide rule
He fought long and hard
Became much inspired
And by a problem was felled in a duel.

Trembling and shaken
His soul all a quakin'
He knelt to his master, the King
Who eying wounds soreth
Drew his condensing tube forth
And knighted the boy with a "C."

Color

By Carol Reynolds

black and white
stand up and shout
at each other
while blue and green
only moan
red screams
brown wallows in agony
purple rises in a mist
groaning pushing out
grey meditates
pink shudders in icy
discontentment
orange soars
only
yellow
sings

The Shore Village and the Light House

By Laura Jane Cox

Some lights huddle close
Reach out warm fingers
Embrace----
Shut out a world of darkness
Live only in light.
Only those on farthest edges
Feel the winds or cold spray----
Others reach longer fingers----
Farther----
Higher----
Touch only darkness----
Sand.

Glisten the shells

Truth

Into the bodies of men,

By Jean Battlo

All ye, who for mankind stand.

Senators of greatness

And you our statesman,

Politicians, make bold your speeches.

Tell us why

The young must die

The babes must hunger.

Why the old must

Keep sad tears

And women from their men are torn.

Say democracy

or monarchy.

Say autocracy if it please you.

While we the common man

take up our arms to prove

that what you say

is truth.

Disillusionment of Ten O'Clock By Frank Enslow

Irving Rolden, after disposing of a well done steak, three slices of toast, two cups of coffee, and a large piece of pie, adjusted himself comfortably into a large overstuffed chair that had reigned majestically over the less pretentious furniture in the room since its installment in 1910. He filled the room with the aroma of his meerschaum, and reread the letter from his young friend, John Crane, who was attending one of the trade schools in the southern part of the state. The letter was casual and brief. John mentioned his classes, his room, a book he had read, and concluded with one of his usual salutatory, whimsical poems:

THE OBJECT THAT DEFIED DESCRIPTION
Vivid vermilion with fire red streaks
Small and spherical with a pointed head
It strutted in the center of an elaborate stage
Sticking its tongue out at Description
Who stood, smiling, behind a curtain
With a pipe in his mouth.

Irving thought of the color poems of Wallace Stevens. As a youth he too had written scraps of poetry, but the frivolous Muse had departed as he approached thirty. He dropped the letter to the floor and picked up a magazine.

Three hours later an expectant hush filled the room. Irving closed his magazine out of respect to the anticipated moment. Then the clock in the hall chimed four distinct four-noted melodies and solemnly bonged ten times with the levity of a tone-deaf judge. He rose from his chair with a resigned sigh and plodded upstairs to bed.

Promptly at six a. m., the cheap alarm clock which was tucked under two blankets to smother the ticking exploded. Irving sat upright in bed, responding automatically to its shrill insistent clamor. Groping for the bottom through a somnambulist haze, his eyes were assaulted by a chaotic conglomeration of brilliant colors blazing fiercely in neon splendor from the walls of his

small room! He jumped out of bed and stared wildly. The alarm expired with a drowning mechanical gurgle. There were hundreds of shades of extraordinary luminosity, but no pattern, no order.

The colors assailed and drowned his sense in confusion. He walked hesitantly to the nearest wall and touched. It was constructed of small blocks! Each block was a half-inch cube, and each cube had one distinct color unlike the color of any other cube in the room. Astonishment changed to excitement. The individual blocks were beautiful. Memories of childhood flooded his mind--of wooden blocks and infant architecture, invincible castles isolated on plains of rug and impenetrable walls extending across half a room.

"I'll do it. I'll do it," Irving exclaimed excitedly. He rubbed his stomach. "After breakfast.....I'll do it."

He returned to his room and began arranging the blocks in the order of their brilliance. He stacked the most brilliant red blocks in three neat vertical rows which extended to the ceiling. To the left of these blocks he stacked three rows of the most brilliant blue blocks, and by the blue blocks the most brilliant purple blocks. Then he arranged, in the same order, the less brilliant blocks all the way down to the dullest colors. He completed the whole room in less than four hours.

Irving dropped to the bed. The room was still saturated with color, vivid and alive, but the confusion was gone. There was no mingling of unrelated hues; no fantastical incoherence of color. Every cube was in its slot. As Irving turned counter clockwise the more brilliant shades merged imperceptibly into less brilliant shades, descending in a chromatic progression down the color scale. The pleasant sanity of complete order refreshed his mind.

"It's perfect," he said reverently, "absolutely perfect. Pretty as a picture." The "Un Dimanche a la Grande Jatte" of Seurat floated through Irving's mind. Ten years ago in New York he had seen the original painting and had never forgotten its strange luminosity.

"What Seurat did in points I could do in blocks," he thought. "I could make a cubistic painting of the whole room."

He walked slowly downstairs to supper.

Back in his room he began to build his picture. He constructed a large darkbrown sofa and on the sofa he placed a dusky heavy-boned woman. He surrounded the sofa with a luxuriant green jungle speckled with orange, purple, and red floras, and intersected by yellow shafts which emerged at various angles from the upper foliage. To the left of the woman a square-faced lion gazed bovinely from the picture; behind the lion an eighteenth-century sailor gripped a cutlass and stared in amazement at the scene.

It was marvelous. Irving leaned against the bed, hot salty drops of sweat running down from his forehead and stinging his eyes. He felt as if he were on the brink of discovery--a discovery not of facts or meanings; a discovery that would involve surrender--and yet a victory.

The woman and the lion gazed complacently at Irving, like two brass Buddha's set incongruously in the center of a dining room table, oblivious to the drying, rotting, conceiving ever regenerating jungle which surrounded them. Irving experienced a kinship with the sailor, a brotherhood bound by the tie of a common relationship between themselves and the woman and the lion. A shiver of numinous dread traced its way up his spine. The sailor was inviting him to step into the picture, like a ghost inviting a scientist to a Halloween Party.

Irving rushed for the door, and stomped downstairs to dinner

After his second cup of coffee, he jumped to his feet and ran out of the house. He settled down to a brisk walk and in five minutes was standing in front of the downtown drug store. He walked in casually and stopped before the assorted gadgets counter.

"I want a rubber stamp--one with interchangeable numbers--ten bottles of black indelible ink, an ink pad, and a portable wave length perceptor."

"This what you mean?" the clerk said. He handed Irving a black box the size of a box camera, with a lens on one side and a window on the opposite side. Under the window a needle moved over a red, green, and blue background, that was graduated in numbers from 380 to 780.

"A very precise instrument, sir. That'll be fifteen dollars and six cents."

Irving laid the change on three five dollar bills, picked up his purchases, and strolled from the store.

He returned to his room, sponged the ink pad, and laid it on a small dressing table. After setting the stamp at 380, he picked up the wave length perceptor and focused it on a dull violet block. The needle swung all the way to the left. Irving stamped a large 380 on all six sides. The next block rated a 381, the next 382, et cetera.

When he reached 510, he noticed the colors were becoming indistinguishable. He couldn't differentiate between a block that registered 490 and a block that registered 500. Irving looked at the label on the perceptor.

"Sylvania," he muttered. "Well, it must be good." He returned grimly to his work.

Two hours later, Irving picked up the block that registered 700 and looked at it petulantly. It didn't seem brilliant at all. In fact, it didn't look any different from the 380 he had started with. He sat down on the bed frowning at the perceptor.

"Damn it," he grunted, as he dropped the perceptor into a waste basket. The ink, the pad, and the rubber stamp followed. He glanced at his watch. Ten o'clock.

"It's bedtime anyway," Irving muttered mournfully as he crawled into bed and pulled the covers over his head.

The Voice of the South

By Judy Pullen

I am the voice of the living South,
The echo of Antietam, the cry of Chickamauga
The cry that lingers forevermore
In the depths of the Southern heart.

I lift my voice from the hills of Kentucky
And it rings to the mills of Birmingham.
It booms from the cotton fields of Georgia
And echoes to the fertile plains of Texas.

I am the spirit of the new South,
The mighty infant born in the shackles of defeat
Bathed in blood and tears
Suckled on the glory that was Jackson.
The glory that was Lee.

My voice shall be heard in all the land.
It shall tell of busy fingers,
It shall sing of willing hands
Building, shaping, molding the South
Into a fruitful land.

It shall tell the tale of freedom,
The death of tyranny, the birth of free thought.
Its leaders once again shall call
And the Nation shall rise and follow.

Oh, hear me, Marion, for I am strong.
I am the voice of the living South:
The echo of Antietam, the cry of Chickamauga
The cry that shall ring in the Southern heart
As long as the earth endures.

Life Begins With Beauty

By Tom Ross

(Inspired by the theme from Addinsell's "Warsaw Concerto")

I could not see
A stately tree
Or field of grain.

I could not know
How lovely snow
Or soothing rain.

I could not say,
O! What a day,
My heart does sing.

I couldn't recall
A fruitful fall
Or joyous spring.

I had no heart
For a work of art,
If it wasn't mine.

I could not love,
The stars above,
Though they do shine.

No gay lark
Or campfire spark
Held my devotion.

I could not hold
To warmth or cold.
I had no emotion.

A forest glade
No difference made,
Nor drop of pearly dew.

I could not cling
To a beautiful thing
...till I met you.

I Fear

By Mary Jean Robbins

Temo

I fear the soft eye;
The warm touch;
The loving mouth;
That would lead me,
To a thousand heavens
Or a thousand hells.

Temo el ojo suave;
La mano caliente;
La boca ardiente;
Que me llevaria,
A mil cielos
O a mil infiernos.

Gravity

By James E. Jones

Oh, little parachute on my trembling back,
Why dost thou not open in flight
To calm the air we disturbeth so?
Why dost thou not erupt into all your
magnificent splendor?
I sorely fear the Earth shall soon greet us
With outstretched deadly hands.
My faith is vested in you,
Sweet, adorable, beloved parachute.
Wouldst thou fail me, that faith would be
destroyed,
As well as I.
We are falling downward,
Rapidly descending, swiftly gaining momentum.
Yon Earth comes nearer, nearer, nearer.
Damn Sir Isaac Newton!

green----everything

On Conformity

By Carol Reynolds

that's wrong
green is for god-things what is rhythm
the more or less recurrent pattern of
the green floor floating up and ever up
green walls
closing in
green halls
running in
squeesingpackingsardinescigarscigarettespipes
khakesbeltsinbackcrewcutscrudenesscollegelife
so what
who cares
it's so hot
who dares
violate the code
he who will not attend football games shall perish
this means you
big brother is watching you
brutus is an honorable man
he who will not go greek shall lose his social position
this means you
the deans are watching you so plan ahe
ad

I've Changed My Mind

By Marclan Walker

I don't know because I'm only a little girl seven years old but I don't think there is much good in little boys and it is most awful too bad that I have this feeling because just last month I was loving all boy babies and all brothers and all little boys too because of my big girl cuzzin.

You see my big girl cuzzin gotten herself married last year to some ugly fella and by the way I was so meanly jealous of her for a while because of all the people who were looking at her and smiling at her and so highly loving her by giving her hundreds of presents that were gorgeous until it made me sick but then she told me I was to have the special privilege of being her flower girl at the wedding and then I wasn't mad no more and scattered flowers for her instead.

So I helped her get married and so she did then the ugly fella went away with her and we didn't see them for a long time and I thought they was unfortunately dead until she and that same ugly fella came back to town to the hospital with a very new baby which was a teeny tiny darling boy.

O how everyone was so happy and went smiling around not saying nothing about why we was so happy because it would have been dreadful mean to say we was glad that the boy baby didn't look in no ways as bad as that ugly fella so we kept our mouths shut about it but I must have been most happy of all on account of I was secretly planning to marry and have lots of boy babies myself because I loved my big girl cuzzin's boy like everything.

Then it was last week that I changed my mind . . .

It was after lunch and there wasn't nobody around and nothing for me to do but step on ants and I gotten tired of this after I stepped on a million thousand ants so I set down on the front steps and crossed my legs and pulled my dress down like a lady.

And I was setting there no long time when my terrible little brother came into the yard with this empty box in his hand and he

was frowning something awful and was very mad because all of his rocks was gone so I asked him just like I didn't know already where had he been and he said that it was none of my business and he said it real nasty like so then I said that I didn't care where he had been but I only wanted someone to help me step on some more ants because there was millions of them still walking around and besides I was very dreadful lonesome by myself.

Then my brother he stuck out his tongue and said he wasn't even the slightest interested in stepping on any old ants and he only came back to fill his box with rocks again because he had finished throwing all the rocks he had into the sewer and so I asked him why he threwed rocks down the sewer every day because it couldn't be interesting but he said it was interesting because one never knew where the rocks landed and that some sewers was digged so deep that the rocks went all the way to hell maybe but I said that I still didn't see what fun it was to throw rocks down the sewer even if they did go to hell and he said that he didn't see nothing enthralling about stepping on ants neither.

So we argued a while about which was most fun sewers or ants and soon we started calling each other all kinds of bad names like melonhead and crowfoot then all of a sudden my terrible brother said say I forgot to show you what I brought home in my box and he looked at me real slyly like and said he wasn't going to show me if I didn't stop calling him names and I said I'll stop please show me what's in your box and he said he didn't think hed show me anyway so I yelled at him and called him a big cross-eyed knock-kneed dirty half-witted green toad so he said he'd show me anyway in spite of the fact that I didn't deserve no kindness because I was using unladylike language.

And then he tooked the top off of his box and reached down in it and pulled out his hand all closed up in a fist and he said close your eyes and count to ten and then open them so I did and when I opened my eyes there in his hand was the most biggest most ugliest most nastiest catterpillar I ever seen and I screamed and screamed and ran all the way to the back yard with my terrible brother chasing me with that awful thing in his hand.

I runned and runned until I couldn't run no more then I layed

down on the patio under the kitchen window only it wasn't a patio it was just some bricks my father spread out like a floor to keep the garlic weeds from growing next to the house because garlic weeds made my father sneeze when he smelt them and everytime he pulled them garlic weeds up they grewed right back so finally he put the bricks on top of them.

And while I was laying there on the patio with the air coming out of my mouth in big blows because I had runned so much my mother who was in the kitchen stopped singing rock of ages and yelled out the window what was the matter with me and I think she was annoyed because of all the songs in the world my mother liked rock of ages the best and when she sung it she always liked to sing all the verses straight through real sweet and holy without stopping.

So she came out into the back yard and I told her that my most terrible brother had chased me with a big worm that must weigh ten pounds at least and she looked at the catterpillar and asked my brother was he chasing me with that thing and he looked all sweet and good and said why no he was trying to give it to me and he didn't mean to scare me he only meant to give me the catterpillar because he thought I wanted it and my mother said why would he think I wanted that awful thing and he said he didn't know why I wanted it but I asked him for it and I yelled I did not ask you for it and he smiled very sweet and said I did and that just a few minutes ago I had begged him for his catterpillar

But my mother said she was sure I hadn't asked for any three inch long catterpillar and would he please take it far far away where we'd never see it again and my brother he looked at his hand kind of surprised and said that everything was o.k. and that my mother didn't have to worry about the catterpillar no more.

And my mother looked kind of surprised too and said why not and my terrible brother held his hand up for her to see and said that he got excited and accidently squeezed the worm to death and it was mashed all over his hand and now all he had to do to get rid of it was to wipe his hand on his T shirt and O how that catterpillar was mashed and as soon as my mother looked at his hand she ran back into the house and slammed the door and then we

heard her singing rock of ages all the way from the beginning again and she sung it real slow and sad.

So then my brother wiped his hand on his T shirt and asked me if I would like to help him find rocks to fill his box with and I said no with my voice sounding real mean and he begged me to help him and said if I didn't he never would get back to the sewer and he had to go back because he had dedicated his life to the sewer and I should feel honored to help him gather rocks for such a noble work so I said I had dedicated my life to something too and he said what and it's most peculiar but all of a sudden I didn't want to tell him that my life was dedicated to marrying and having dozens of boy babies so I told him my personal life was none of his affair and so he gave up and finally found all his rocks by hisself and went back to the sewer at last.

So now there wasn't nobody around again and all I had to do was step on ants so I stepped on ants until I had stepped on all the ants there was almost so then I set down on the steps to rest and think and there I decided that when I grow up and get to be a most famous housewife all of my babies will be sister babies and I'll never never never have any old brother babies.

And this thought makes me very sad because there may be some good in little boys after all.

* * *

"All that mankind has done,
thought, gained or been: it
is lying as in magic preservation
in the pages of books."

Thomas Carlyle-
The Hero as Man of Letters

Wander Lust

By Jean Battlo

The water rushed onward, onward, onward.

and I stood there and watched them pass me by.

My heart began to ponder

on the destination

of the seas.

To Uruguay or India,

to Greece, Chile or Spain

onward, onward, onward

these torrents of the rain.

I thought perhaps to fling myself into the endless seas,

and go where ere they chose to go

such beauties then I'd see.

But wise men all around me scoffed

and jested;

"I was mad."

and so for them,

I walked away from rain

and ne'er once more looked back

Yet when the night is cold

and all the world lies sleep

I hear the distant waters rushing,

onward, onward, onward.

I No Longer Wait For Your Return

By Laura Jane Cox

I no longer wait for your return.

Living in timelessness and marking time,

I see the day creep in

With grey fog that fills my valleys and hides my hilltops

Where the morning star once hung.

With no high sun to mark the halfway place

The day drifts by uncertainly as raindrops down the window;

Such is the day from dawn till dusk

When I and the night watches in the wall

Count dark hours marching by

In slow, terrible tempo.

Requiem For a Cat

By Beulah Virgallito

Last night when all was dark and still, I thought I heard you jump from mantle to the chair and from thence to the old table which rocks on its casters. I heard the dull thud as you hit the cushion and bounced a little. Was it you, or was it my wishful thinking playing tricks on me in the middle of the night? I'd like to think that it was you coming back to take your place among familiar things, to sit at the window peering out into the darkness at some imagined enemy, to sleep contentedly in the warm hollow of your favorite chair.

Did I imagine fresh scratches on the table top when I dusted this morning? Either you are getting careless, or you are not yet sure-footed in your ghostly state, for you used to make all sorts of improbable jumps from floor to table, to chair to mantle, with the greatest of ease and grace. Remember how you would lie with your tail curled around the doll heads on the mantle? Only you and I knew that they were quite safe with you. You broke only things which you disliked, didn't you—things like cluttered ash trays and cups of coffee left carelessly on the tables. You were a fastidious housekeeper!

Did you notice the new slip-cover on your chair? Did you approve the pattern, the texture? I wish I had realized sooner that you sharpened your claws on the old green upholstery because you loathed its faded shabbiness. Remember how we rebuked you, and gave you a scratching post for Christmas? We wanted to leave it in the basement because it was not very attractive, but you said that if you were to use it we must leave it on the hearth. How wise you were! When you were tempted to scratch the furniture, the post was conveniently near.

Now that you are gone, we remember so many things about you—your varying moods, passing quickly from happy playfulness to unapproachable dignity, to angry stormings and disdainful pouting. We remember the warm feel of you when you curled up beside us, the contented rhythm of your purr, and your cold, moist nose when you nudged us for attention. But, most of all, I suppose we remember your great beauty. People who are supposed to know about such things called you a blotched tabby. Blotched is an

inaccurate description of the perfect butterfly swirls at your shoulders: of the wide, glossy, black stripe which ran down your back; of the variegated circlets around your legs; of your shiny fur so immaculate and unruffled. We loved the wide M on your forehead and the tiny symmetrical lines which curved your face. Your eyes were topaz, we said, and your nose and paw pads midnight velvet.

Do you remember when we two met? You were a skinny, half-starved little thing wildly chasing autumn leaves along the ground. You came when I called, and gladly crawled into the warmth of my coat, and quite willingly went along home with me. You inspected your new home with a critical eye that first afternoon. You examined closets and cabinets and desks and drawers. You did not miss a thing! Finally, you walked into the dining room and stood under the hanging lamp. You sat and sat and looked and looked and, finally you said "That is the only thing I have not touched." You did get to touch it later, remember? When we brought the step-ladder in for spring cleaning you sat on the top step and stretched up until you could examine it for yourself. Then you were satisfied.

We were all enchanted with you and wanted to name you at once. We could not agree on a name until Vince said that you should be called Lucia because you had brought light and joy into the house. It was much easier to call you Lucy. You liked your name, didn't you?

The telephone was a new and wonderful instrument to you. When it rang, you ran from wherever you were to answer it. It did not take long for you to distinguish its bell from the doorbell. You had a rare intelligence to match your perfect beauty.

We always said you were very discriminating in your evaluation of people. You knew which people were kindred spirits, but why did you have to hiss and growl at people who disliked cats? Remember the night we locked you in the basement because we had a guest who said he was allergic to cats? You howled at the top of your lungs and scratched madly at the door. You might as well have stayed in the living room, for our guest sneezed all evening long—from the cat hairs which clung to the furniture, he said.

You were always jealous of the children. You should not have resented the time we gave to them, but you would sit in the hall outside their bedroom complaining in a most aggrieved tone that we were taking too much time over prayers and bedtime stories. You wanted us to go into the living room with you to read or listen to our favorite music. We have bought a television set since you have been gone. You would not like it because you never were one for change and the pattern of our evenings has changed.

You liked nice things. Ecstatically you clawed the needlepoint on the little rocker, and bore deep into the hooked rugs. But why did you take the quilting out of the old appliqued spread which had been handed down for generations? And your sleeping in the old turkey platter on the hutch! It must have been cold and hard but, I'll admit, it provided a handsome background for your dark sleekness.

You knew more about flower arrangement than I, but it took me some time to appreciate your taste. I like to throw a profusion of flowers into a pitcher and let them fall where they will—a casual sort of arrangement. You pulled them out every time, leaving perhaps one lone blossom arranged at an odd angle. Every time I see a stiff, formal flower arrangement I think of you.

We appreciated your subtle sense of humor, too. A long time after you left, I found a steel wool pad in a pair of seldom used evening shoes. Was that your idea of a joke? I found your secret cache, too. Quite smart of you to know that the book case is not moved very often. You were a pack rat, weren't you—catnip mice, rubber balls, paper clips, hair pins and trading stamps—they were all there.

We remember your naughtiness too—the time you stole the cream puffs. Two you ate, and two you mangled, leaving a trail of cream filling, powdered sugar and flaky crust from the kitchen to the living room. And the time, how I can ever forget it, when you so forgot yourself as to fish green beans from the pot in which they were cooking! We caught you, my dinner guest and I! You were selfish too. You refused to accept the tiny black kitten which I brought home one day. He, like you, was an orphan.

He needed us and might have grown into a pleasant companion for you. But no, you stalked him in anger; you would not let him eat or sleep, and finally he had to be sent on his way.

You did not like for us to leave you, and we did not like to, but sometimes it was quite necessary. We tried to tell you that if you would ride quietly in the car you might go along. You did, at first. You rode with one paw on my shoulder, eyes wide open to take in the sights. You sang as we rode along, and never once did you become afraid...not until we took you to the veterinarian. We could not have prepared you for that ordeal or for the pain afterward. Something went out of your trust in us after that. At least you would not ride in the car again.

We have often wondered if what we offered you compensated for what we took away from you—the right to romance and the right to motherhood. We tampered with your basic nature but all in your best interests, we reasoned. People can be very selfish you know and never more so than in the name of love. We thought we owned you, but you knew that you owned our hearts.

Last night, when you were wandering around your old haunts you probably did not look on top of the new television set, did you? If you had, you would have seen two tiger kittens fast asleep. If you ever do see them, you must not be jealous. They have come to live with us and to be loved by us. They have made their own particular niche; they are not filling yours. For us, there will be only one Lucy.

* * *

"Reading maketh a full man,
conference a ready man, and
writing an exact man."

Francis Bacon-
Of Studies

Be Sure To

By Don Markey

Be sure to...
Buy Sam's,
Don't miss...
Have you ever...?

Almost commands. Some
smart uprights scoop rewards, Buy
home, buy wife, 14 cars and adopt
a jaguar. hi-fi...?

He's probably tone deaf...
(the jaguar howls over 20,000)

then he ages and ventures

to prove to himself to
himself to whom...

I'm still a capable man he says,
I own 50,000 acres and my valet
calls me SIR sir. I am a
capable man, build a lake, show
my rowing ability, buy a stable
kick some inferiors about,

better still let's beat the
woman:

The (woman) about this time wonders
what the value is
after all.

50,000 acres and a 4 year-old husband.

That too can be remedied...
swish--13 cars
seeking...

how compatible they seem
when on the same slab of
granite...

time to make the serious motions
woe, woe

another neon sign
flickers.

Love

By Laura Jane Cox

Love is a white spire

Reaching up to high heavens

Far beyond grey smoke from brick chimneys

To sky-fields where red cloud-poppies

Toss in turbulent winds

Or showers stroke mist anemones

With gentle silver fingers.

Ugly

By Cora Profitt

The street stretched out in the dust of hot summer. The dilapidated buildings rose from the sidewalk, each a silent, decaying monument to an era long since gone. Between the pieces of fallen timber and debris, the dog picked her solitary way.

From where Billy and I lay behind one of the more substantial doorways, we could watch her. To our ten-year-old eyes, she was a great yellow monster stalking prey. She raised that ugly head and sniffed. A thrill slithered through our bodies, the thrill that grasped us whenever we spied her saffron shape.

Everyday, for about a month, while Pa nosed around up at the old mine, we had sneaked down into town. While never uttering a word or making a gesture to her, we had considered her ours. She had remained aloof, never recognizing our presence. It had developed into quite a game—our pretending that she was hunting us and her pretending that we weren't there.

But today differed. She gradually sidled up to our doorway. Her shadow filled the threshold. We didn't dare breathe; we just trembled in anticipation. She closed in. Our hands reached out to pet the ugly head that had eluded us for so long.

Pa's voice shattered the still air. When we leaped up, she bolted for the street and disappeared. We dashed up the middle of town and onto the hill. If Pa even knew we'd played down there, he would have whipped us good. He had warned us again and again; until today we'd managed to return before he missed us.

We breathlessly explained that we fell asleep on the other side of the hill. He glowered at us for a moment, then climbed in to the pick-up. We scrambled in and started home. The road led back through town. Billy and I scrutinized every doorway for a sign of her. Then she ambled into the street. The truck jogged along, mercilessly. We felt the sickening thud and heard her death-filled cry.

Pa cursed momentarily. We wept silently.

About Our Authors

JEAN BATTLO, who has had other contributions in previous publications of Et Cetera, is the author of "Truth" and "Wander Lust."

LAURA JANE COX, also a previous contributor, wrote "Love," "I No Longer Wait For Your Return," "Shore Village and the Light House."

FRANK ENSLOW, author of "Disillusionment of Ten O'Clock," is a senior whose major is English.

JAMES E. JONES is a junior majoring in business management. He contributed the poem "Gravity."

SANDRA LANDFRIED, who wrote "Test Tube Chivalry," is a junior. Her major is medical technology.

DONALD MARKEY, author of "Thoughts," is a junior and is majoring in music in Arts and Science College.

MRS. VIRGINIA OSEORNE wrote the short story, "Midnight," for Mr. Stender's creative writing class.

CORA PROFITT is a freshman majoring in French and English. "Ugly" was written in Mr. Hogel's class and later submitted to Et Cetera.

MRS. JUDITH PULLEN, Barboursville sophomore, is the author of "The Voice of the South!" and plans to keep writing as an avocation.

CAROL REYNOLDS wrote "On Conformity" and "Color." Her two great interests are the theatre and writing.

MARY JEAN ROBBINS, who submitted the translation "I Fear" is a junior majoring in Spanish.

TOM ROSS, a freshman journalism major, has been writing since he was sixteen years old. His contribution—"Life Begins With Beauty!"

MRS. BEULAH VIRGALLITO, wife and mother of two children, still finds time to write. She is the author of "Requiem for a Cat."

MARCLAN WALKER, a senior and author of "I've Changed My Mind," had her autobiography published in Ebony magazine. Her fight against the dreaded disease, Sickle cell anemia, was also featured in Time.

