


Spring 1956

et cetera

Marshall University

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ET CETERA



THE MARSHALL COLLEGE LITERARY MAGAZINE

Spring 1956

Ten Cents

ET CETERA

THE MARSHALL COLLEGE LITERARY MAGAZINE

SPRING

1956

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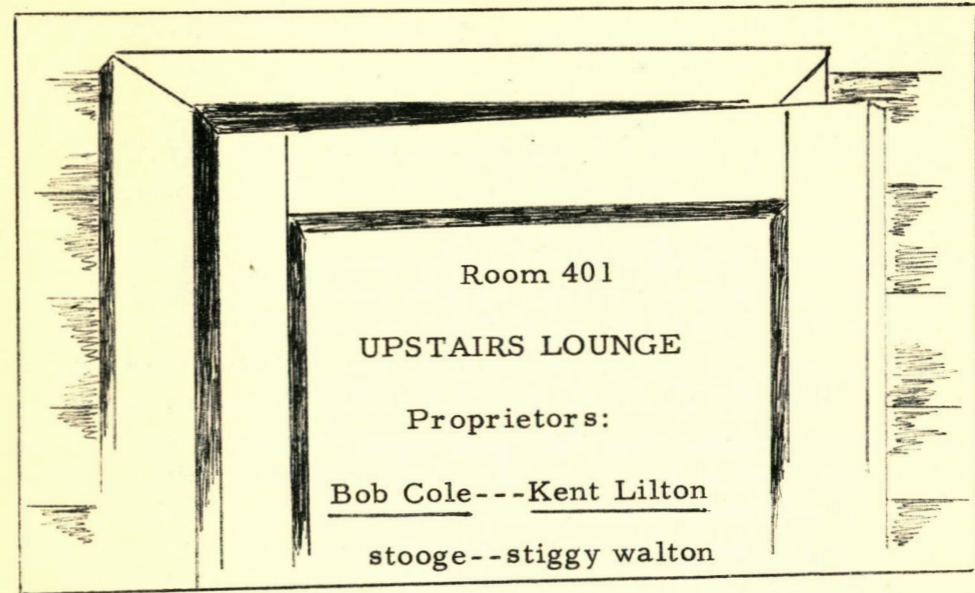
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Cover Design by Ralph M. Rowlette



BOB COLE

The above label is hair-waxed to the portal to pleasure that leads into Herald's Hall's top floor recreation center. (Actually, it's not stuck on the door with hair wax--it's been carved into the paneling with a sharpened shoehorn. But hair wax creates a better mood, and, so, once again natural selection prevails.

That shoehorn cuts a deep swath in our environment--but that's getting ahead of the story.

To understand why people (I mean men--there are no women in the dorm, except the housemother and the maids. These creatures fascinate us to the same degree we fascinate them--so that draws a blank.) are attracted to our little black and brown interioered bungalow, keep in mind that the 401 trio is composed of two extroverts and an ambivert. Thusly, at the beginning of the present year, when most freshmen were either cautiously cordial or going "gung ho" gregariously, we were

subtle in our attempts at amiable acquaintance-making. We kept our door locked--nothing like mystery to induce interest. The drawn shades added to the effect. . . .

Time passed (An inevitability--I'd hate to think it didn't.) and our frustrated desires for friends plus the curiosity of all the other guys on the fourth tier created a social phenomenon known as centralization of congregation. Soon, drawn by our charm and constantly outlaid carpet, the masses migrated to these crowded quarters. Average nightly attendance was not always consistent, but it was continuous. As everyone was always in 401, general bull sessions lost their savor and were, of necessity, replaced by more complex social functions such as liars' debates, hypnotists' shows, parties (even one for the president of the student body--pardon the neuralgia), and abstract analysis classes on such topics as "If a brown cow eats green grass and gives white milk and yellow butter, how many pancakes does it take to shingle a small doghouse?"

Yes, looking back (By Buddha's navel, I can't stand to look to the future if I have to go through this again next semester.) I Really, I have no way to develop the preceding phrase, but I think "Buddha's navel" is cute, and I'd hate to leave it out just because it has no connection with this exposition.

In terminating, I must thank you for reading this far in hopes of finding another reference to the shoehorn. Did you really expect to find more mention of the shoehorn? No? Surprise, we do have one--and it does cut a wide swath in our environment. We use it to cut cake and spread sandwich material for our and our guests' consumption; we've coated it with foot fungicide to insure its being sanitary. Also, if you are wondering why one of my roommates is titled "stooge" on our door nameplate--it's because he is the lesser of three stooges. What other mental type would remain in this room?

The Great Host

CHUCK PIERSALL

Come my fellows and with your mugs
And spread you down on scarlet rugs
And I shall toss the clock afar
To boys who with their sorrow are
Where drink should do to heart and head
What rest can't do though they're a-bed!
Yes, come my lads, I'll fill your flask
And when 'tis empty simply ask
And we shall roll to see who pours
My loaded dice across the floors
And when they stop by five's and two's
It matters not, I'll lose, I'll lose.

TRUTH OF FAITH

SUE RIPLEY

Looking about us in this world,
Of what are we to think:
Of God in His great firmament,
Or of the Missing Link?

To those of you who believe that God,
Which, by all means, is feasible,
Created us from just a clod,
The first would be most reasonable.

But you who feel we came from nil,
From fish and apes and water,
Seem most inclined to ponder
How from these things we wander.

Yet, some still seek the truth of either,
But know not where to look,
So fail to gain an answer
From Nature or a book.

You say you cannot believe in God,
The Master of us all;
But, when a power you do seek, upon whom
Do you call--the first Neanderthal?

When you contemplate these things in
What you call your mind,
Do you consider the will and power
With which the mind combines?

If not, then you who think you do,
Have not the gift of reason;
For cannot He Who gave us this,
Likewise give us the season?

And can't you see that it is He,
To Whom we give thanks for life,
For the fineness of a husband or
The goodness of a wife?

Although God made us from a clod,
That is not all we are;
The immortal soul that in us dwells
Lives on beyond a star.

"Let's get the hell out of here! huh?"



Whose Heroes Are We?



ROBERT LYNN

The morning sun peeked over the humped back of Hill 207, giving the Communist-held Korean hill the appearance of an ever-watching black Cyclopean monster. I wondered if it might be the last sun I would ever watch rise. It could well be the last for all three of us that lay huddled in the deep dried-up irrigation ditch.

We were still breathing hard after fighting our way through enemy lines into no-man's land. I was practically certain that we were the only survivors of the seven man patrol that had

been sent behind the Red lines on a dangerous mission.

I turned and looked over at O'Hannahan and Bradowski, who were both panting against the other side of the ditch. They were peering through the river fog trying to locate the two Red machine gun nests that cut off the only means back to our lines. The silence was finally broken.

"Where are those choppers?" O'Hannahan blurted out in a low desperate voice.

"They should be to the left, between us and the river," I said. "We won't move until we know where the bastards are. I don't want to stumble into a hornet's nest." I then turned back to keep an eye on our rear.

I pushed my soft cap back and squinted at the sun that was now above the hill in the grey August sky. The daylight illuminated the black monster for what it was: a typical South Korean hill--dung in color with barren, ragged slopes that rose almost perpendicular from the valley floor. It was part of a chain that extended north to the Red-infested mountains.

A picture of this landscape was scorched vividly in my mind. Looking north, we were located in a low brush-covered area between the turbulent Hanou River that lay off to our left somewhere in the fog, and the hill, a half mile to our right. The hill pinched us in on three sides, leaving the shallow rapids as our only hope of getting back across the river to friendly lines.

I felt a tug on my jacket sleeve and turned to find Red O'Hannahan crouched beside me. Clamping his bony fingers tightly on my arm, he spoke.

"Tom. . . Bradowski and me have made out one of them choppers and it's smack in front of us . . . about three hundred feet out. Let's get the hell out of here, huh?" His voice almost broke. "This place gives me the goddamn creeps.

We can make the river. What'da'ya say. . . what'da'ya say, LeHarve?"

"I don't know, Red," I said, "I don't know what the hell to do."

I had a decision to make, and it had to be soon. We could try to cross now, under the cover of fog, or wait till night and take advantage of the darkness. Either way we had to sneak past the two machine gun nests. I remembered from the maps that the two Gook machine gun placements had been set up beyond their main lines to cover the rapids. They were one hundred and fifty feet apart, and the same distance from the river bank. This enabled the Reds to cover the seventy-five yard crossing with a crossfire. If we waited till night came we would get better protection from the darkness than the fog would provide for us now. But we would have to sweat out the nerve-racking hours that would lie ahead and take a chance on being discovered by Red patrols that would surely be out looking for us.

Red had dropped to one knee, shivering impatiently. I looked at his face. It was unnaturally pale and his mouth twitched; his eyes shifted here and there, seeing nothing. I could see Johnny Bradowski's face now. He was looking over his shoulder at me with his expressionless stare. His square jaw was set and his teeth were clenched. His dirty face was covered with a bushy yellow beard, and his eyes looked weary; he was a very tired man.

"Well," he said, "It's your move. What's the word, LeHarve?"

I felt a bead of sweat trickle down the side of my face into my beard. I knew they had been giving me time to think. My decision could mean the lives of these two comrades that I'd been with since our training in the states--a decision that could mean my own life also.

"The word is . . . wait," I said, swallowing dust. "Just wait for right now."

"How long?" Bradowski was still looking at me.

"Maybe till night," I said, meeting his stare.

" 'Til night! All right Shakespeare, you're doin' the quarterbacking now," Johnny said.

I glanced at Red--for a moment he seemed himself again --then the glazed look returned to his eyes. We lay still.

Lying in the silence, my mind reeled with what seemed like a thousand thoughts, and then they crystallized into these questions: What does this bloody struggle on a peninsula thousands of miles from home mean?--What are we really accomplishing?--Why are we here?--Exactly whose heroes are we?

The questions continued to burn in my mind until thoughts of future hopes and memories of the past took their places--memories of three men, all from Pittsburgh, meeting one another for the first time in Indian Town Gap, Pennsylvania, three days after the year 1951 was born.

I met Dick O'Hannahan and John Bradowski in our first week of basic training. We had been assigned to the same squad, and since we were from the same city, we were naturally drawn together. As the gruelling weeks of basic training passed, we became fast friends. I had a habit of studying people, and I learned many things about these two, whose personal make-ups were as drastically different from each other as they were from mine.

Dick O'Hannahan was a tall, slender, red-haired Irishman, who stood two inches taller than myself, at an even six feet. His face was thin, with a pug-nose and green eyes that were set deep under red, bushy eyebrows. He came by his nickname Red naturally enough, but the red-headed temper had been left out. His actions to avoid violence sometimes reached a comic stage. Red was the type of fellow that almost everyone liked immediately; he had an infectious grin and a whimsical humor

that put them at ease. Red liked the Army, and of the three of us was the only one that had joined voluntarily. He was eighteen when he left his home and a broken family to enlist. In the Army he felt a security and a sense of belonging that he'd never felt before. He could never understand my contempt for the service which was sometimes despair. The only big fault in Red's character was the bad habit he had of always taking the easy way out of things. I can remember many times during training when the company was on maneuvers, or firing on the rifle range, or having bayonet drill when Red would finagle he was on sick-call or sneak off into the woods to take a nap. There was this marked difference between him and John Bradowski.

Johnny first made his presence known to me and to our platoon the second night of our sixteen-week infantry training period. He abruptly halted what could have been a fight between a bully-boy and a mild-looking Italian kid. Mr. Bully-boy must have figured there wasn't much sense in arguing with a man who could hold him rigid at arms length while blasting him verbally. Johnny was very much the athlete, with short cropped blonde hair, a physique like Achilles, and a prominent jaw that seemed never to move. He had the strength of a young steer. Johnny was pleasant enough until someone pushed him, but on rare occasions when he did get mad he was almost uncontrollable. Twice during training, after pulling extra duty for sleeping late, he slipped out of camp, burning with indignant rage, and didn't return for several days. Only an understanding company commander kept him from serving bad time. And so he was and remained for me--a kind of combination all-conference tackle and Achilles. During his freshman year at college, three years ago, he married his high school sweetheart. On the day he was inducted, she was two months pregnant.

After basic training ended, all three of us were placed on the same set of orders to the Far East. I went home during the delay and revisited my old campus. Sitting in the old campus

promenade, I thought of the waste and futility of war--the horror of it all. I thought of deserting. My heroic French ancestors probably turned over in their graves at this thought. But on May the twenty-eighth, our reporting date, I walked through the gates of the California debarkation camp.

Within a week after our arrival in Korea, Johnny and I were sent to the front lines. Red was assigned to a supply depot in the rear echelon at Pusan. Johnny and I had been on the front lines for forty-seven days when Red was assigned to our company as a replacement.

Yesterday afternoon, the ironic events that led us here began to take place. The company commander called for five volunteers for a daring patrol. As usual, Johnny stepped forward, and Red took this as his cue and followed suit. I became the N. C. O. in charge, since no other sergeants volunteered and my turn for patrol was up. We were to accompany two demolition specialists behind the enemy lines and destroy an ammunition dump. Last night before we moved out, I told Red that he shouldn't have volunteered; he needed more combat experience. He told me that he'd read a lot of war books lately and besides, Bradowski and I needed someone to look after us.

At twenty-two hundred hours we moved out of our trenches into the darkness, down the hill and across the rolling flats to the river. We crossed the Hanou in two rubber rafts, and the patrol managed to infiltrate the Communist lines without being detected. After one swift silent struggle with two of the guards at the ammo dump, we were able to accomplish our mission. We had run about five hundred yards from the dump when the sky lit up behind us and the ground shook beneath our feet as if the earth had suddenly shrugged. We were knocked to the ground by the concussion. We moved on quickly.

We had almost made our way back to the river when the Gooks spotted us crossing a ridge and opened fire. Four of us dived to one side of the ridge, and two fell to cover on the other side. One of the demolition men remained on top in a

crumpled heap--dead. The two men on the other side had no chance to join us. The Reds had the ridge covered with small arms fire. I shouted to these men to try to make it back to the rafts and we would meet them there.

A hand of irony continued to dangle the three of us like puppets on a string; Bradowski and O'Hannahan had tumbled down my side of the ridge. We three, and the remaining demolition specialist, fought our way back towards the river. Near the river the specialist was instantly killed when a slug from a burp-gun caught him in the face. We then managed to shake loose the Gooks that had been pressing down on us. Moving cautiously, we worked our way back to the bluff that overlooked the sand-bar where we had hidden the rafts. The other two men had gotten there ahead of us, but the Reds were hot on their heels. When we looked down the bluff we could make out about twenty of the yellow demons overrunning the position where the two had tried to dig in. There is a remote possibility that they were taken prisoners.

The three of us moved upstream toward the rapids as the dawn broke. That was an hour ago.

The rumble of the Communist howitzers, starting their morning barrage, shook me out of my momentary daze and back to the present.

Red had moved down along the ditch away from Bradowski and me, and was staring across the flats to the near bunker. Both of the menacing cavities could be plainly seen now; the fog had suddenly lifted. This left me with no choice but to wait for nightfall.

"Watch Red!" Bradowski shouted.

I heard a scrambling noise to my left; it was O'Hannahan climbing out of the ditch. He headed across the flats toward the river like a rabbit flushed from a thicket. Bradowski started to go after him and I grabbed him and yelled, "Stay the hell down." Then I shouted after O'Hannahan at the top of my voice, "You damn fool. . . hit the dirt." But Richard O'Hannahan

wasn't stopping for anyone this morning--God or man. He made it about half way to the river when I heard the clatter of the machine gun in the nearest bunker. Puffs of dust kicked up about twenty feet behind him. Red ran as if just reaching the river would somehow magically deliver him from danger and all violence. Another round of shots erupted the ground ahead of him, but short. The third burst caught the crazed Irishman at the river's edge. The slugs that weren't for Red spit up dust at his feet and shot up spirals of water in the river, but the remainder smashed into his body. Red O'Hannahan stumbled and crashed to the earth. He was probably dead before he struck the ground.

The pounding in the distance of the Communist cannons continued.

I felt Bradowski's six feet-four inch frame tighten under my grip. He suddenly whirled towards me, knocking me off balance. Reaching out, he ripped a hand grenade from my bandelier and I saw his eyes, empty with rage, and the look of agonized disbelief on his face. I knew what he was going to do, and I reached out and grabbed for the front of his field jacket. He shot his clinched fist against my chest, knocking me over backwards. With a pitiful whine that rose into a blood-chilling scream, Bradowski turned and bounded up and out of the ditch. The big bull charged toward the nearest bunker screaming all the way.

The Gooks seemed to be having trouble swinging their gun around. The bunker on the far side could offer no support, for its view of Johnny was obstructed by the near bunker itself. Then his challenge was answered by a hail of bullets that whistled over his head. The next burst found its mark, ripping into his middle. He buckled only an instant and lumbered on. The Reds must have been perplexed for a moment and didn't fire again until he was on top of them. They couldn't miss at that range, and he was hit again across the shoulders. Twisting around, he crumbled at the foot of the bunker and lay motionless on his side. For a moment everything was silent.

Then slowly he raised the still tightly-clutched hand grenade to his mouth, pulled the pin and tossed it over his head into the open bunker. One Gook had gotten to the top of the bunker when the grenade exploded. The shrapnel caught him in the back and spun him crazily to the ground.

Then Bradowski rose to his knees and dragged himself into the bunker. He stood over the Gook bodies an instant--his front was dark with blood.

I finally shook myself into action. Grabbing my carbine, I moved out of the ditch and started toward the bunker. I didn't believe he could live, but I had to get to him.

Bullets screamed over my head, and I seemed to be running into a valley of death. I looked toward the bunker and saw the big Polock firing at me. Again he fired at me, and this time the rounds fell short. He was telling me to go back; he wanted me to head for the river. I kept running toward him and he cut loose with a burst that ripped up only fifteen feet in front of me. This time I took him at his word and veered toward the river. As I ran I could hear the two machine guns barking at one another.

I reached the river's edge with little care and for a second hesitated to look down at the remains of Richard O'Hannahan. His blood-stained body was torn by gaping holes and his eyes, opened wide, were staring motionless at the shifting clouds. I looked back once more toward the bunkers, and I saw the muzzle of Bradowski's machine gun pointing silently skyward.



I splashed into the rapids and started across the river; the rushing water swept me off my feet time and again. The Gooks, who were unopposed now, trained their sights on me--bullets ricocheted off the water to my left; they hadn't found my range yet. Red and John were dead--a feeling of guilt spread through me, and I didn't want to live. As I drove myself across the river, I hoped a Gook bullet would find its mark. I wanted death. I reached the other side and stumbled toward a clump of trees. Then a blinding pain shot through my side. It was like a wish granted--the first touch of death. A hot flame jabbed my stomach; my eyes stopped focusing; I staggered a few feet, and then my knees gave way and blackness closed in.

My senses slowly returned--the ides of March had erred. I had to get to the trees. I rose up quickly; my stomach felt as if it had ripped to pieces. My eyes blinked at the whiteness--the whiteness of the walls of a room. A man clad in white standing beside me eased me back down. Before I could ask him any questions he walked away down the aisle past the other cots and out of the room. My stomach felt tight, and I ran my hand to a bandage that encircled my middle. I felt another bandage about my forehead.

A moment later a short man with sad eyes came to my cot-side--a doctor.

"How do you feel now?" he said.

"Got . . . a hangover," I said without smiling.

"You've lost a lot of blood and got a bad bump on the head. You've been unconscious for two days." He crumpled and tossed away an empty pack of cigarettes. "You were picked up by some ROK soldiers who watched the whole thing through binoculars."

Before he left he mumbled something about Bradowski receiving a decoration. Then I was alone with my thoughts. I

could picture the scroll that would tell of John Bradowski's final act on earth: Private First Class John Roland Bradowski served above and beyond the call of duty

I thought then of John Bradowski and the many others who had died bravely and thought of how many more would die bravely in the future. But who cared? What difference how they died--if they gave their lives saving a whole company;--or died a sniveling coward's death;--or if they ran insanely to their destruction as Dick O'Hannahan had done;--or fell to death from a two story window in a slum hotel--a deserter? Could anything we did in this foreign country (how we fought, how we died) mean anything to the people back home?

I was the only person that really benefited from John Bradowski's last act, and it only prevented my body from being killed--for inside I had already died. Sure, he was my hero and this he would always remain. His wife and baby daughter will also remember him as a hero--it will console them little.

Are we also thought of as heroes by the fat politicians and the greedy tycoons of big industry that work hand in hand, whose pockets bulge with profits because of our presence here and the act we perform? Are we the heroes of the scalpers that hover about military installations like fat maggots? Do the people in the streets who never bother to look at the front page of the newspaper think of us as heroes?

Do we even exist as something real in the minds of the multitudes back home--as real, let's say, as the morning cup of coffee being sipped now in every home in America--as those unknowing people snuggle in the blissful security of their ignorance?

Then my brain began to cloud and became confused, but the throbbing of this one question beat upon my mind--whose heroes are we?--a question that will go unanswered till the end of time.

MY LIFE

SHIRLEY KATHLEEN WHITT

My life is small,
My talents few,
My fortune is my fate,
Yet I would not change
The whole of it
For the chance to be great.

The past is bleak,
The future bare,
Yet the sky is blue above,
The gladness in this day,
The happiness of life
It's existing that I love.

The Moon

PAUL BORDERS

The bright burning eye in the pale night sky
Glowers at the Earth, marking death and birth.
Never-changing face, staring down through space,
What is there to see int'resting to thee?

What Earthly revels, what raucous rebels,
How much blood did flow hast thou seen below?
Never-speaking sire, burning not of fire,
How doth thou find us: with malice, kindness?

Master of the sky, riding forth on high,
Do the great grey sails cross thy face like veils
To help hide from thee sights thou wouldst not see?
Or art thou too shy to watch lovers sigh?

FILE 13

RALPH M. ROWLETTE

(Here are some odds and ends--mostly odds--originally intended for the waste basket, but since that handy receptacle was already filled, we here submit them to any reader who will volunteer to throw them away for us. Tear along the dotted line. (The Editors)

The best thing about a popular song is that it isn't popular very long.

We like a man who comes right out and says what he thinks when he agrees with us.



Modern fiction, say the critics, runs too much to love. Yes, and modern love runs too much to fiction.

More proof that the world is getting warmer--Scandinavians have replaced Mediterraneans as the world's best lovers.

People who live in glass houses should know better than that.

The real college cheer is a check from home.

An eminent scientist announces that man can do his best work at fifty, and we'll bet that he is the same one who announced ten years ago that he does it at forty.

Movie screens have proved to be useless in keeping out trash.

Physicians say one million women are overweight; these are, of course, round figures.

A psychology professor once figured out why professors are so absent-minded, but he forgot the answer.

Women's styles change with time, but their designs remain the same.

A visiting British actor calls our critics the pan-Americans.

The modern dance has developed by leaps and bounds.

Old-fashioned wedding rings were larger and heavier than modern ones because they were built to last a lifetime.

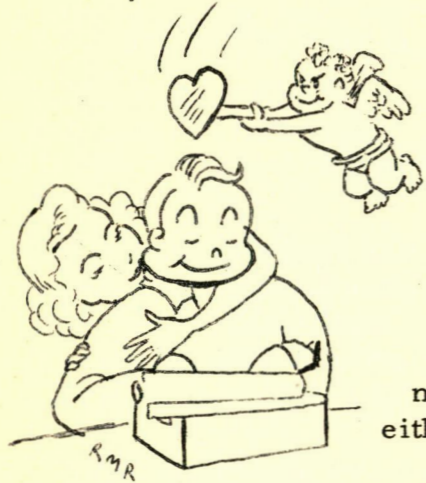
If all the serialized novels in magazines were placed end to end in this world, they would have to be continued to the next.

Historical note: By the middle of the twentieth century civilization was extended to all peoples with resources worth stealing.



If you are in doubt whether to kiss a pretty girl give her the benefit of the doubt.

Dry humor can never be real wit.



A tax cut is the kindest cut of all.

A little woman is a dangerous thing.

A college education consists of the transference of a considerable amount of information from a professor's notebook to the student's notebook without this information going through the heads of either of them.

People who say puns are the lowest form of humor can't think of a good comeback.

Edgar Allen Poe must have been learned to talk at an early age--it is said that he cursed the day he was born.

A HUMMINGBIRD'S CONFESSION

FRANK BOURNER

I loved the nectar of the Lily,
this we both confess;
I loved the nectar of the Lily,
the Trumpet, Lilac, and all the rest.

The Lily to me seemed immature,
this I know you knew I thought;
The Lily to me seemed immature,
but now I know that it was not.

When your petals to me would close,
I didn't take time to pray;
When your petals to me would close--
another flower another day.

I've seen the blues, yellows, and reds,
my fickleness I now confess;
I've seen the blues, yellows and reds,
but the Lily white is by far the best.

Fall breezes whisper, "Hummingbird fly south,
distance means not your love must stop;"
Fall breezes plead, "Hummingbird fly south,
White Lily will forget you not."
Fall breezes will forever whisper for thee,
"White Lily, White Lily, Ich Lieben Sie, Ich Lieben Sie."

TRANSLATIONS

ANCIENT DRINKING SONG

The black earth drinks;
The tree drinks the earth.
The sun drinks the sea;
The moon drinks the sun.
So why do you criticize me,
When I want to drink?

Translated from the Greek
by KLORIS ANN DRESSLER

EPIGRAMS

MARTIAL

If when you show me a hare you say,
"Eat it, you'll be pretty for seven days!"
If you don't joke, if it's true what you say,
Then why haven't you eaten yours today?

Translated from the Latin
by CAROL HUNT

Professor! Professor! I've heard that you said
That excellent poets are ancient, or dead.
If now is the time when pardon you're giving,
I ask you please to forgive me for living.

(With apologies to the poet Martial)

Translated from the Latin
by JEANNINE HENSLEY

ECSTASY

VICTOR HUGO

I was alone near the waves, one starry night.
Not a cloud in the sky, on the seas not a sail.
My eyes were plunging further than the real world,
And the woods, the mountains, and all nature
Seemed to question in a confused murmur
The waves of the seas, the fires of the heavens.

And the stars of gold, infinite legions,
Aloud, in a whisper, with a thousand harmonies,
Were saying, bending over their crowns of fire;
And the blue waves,
That nothing governs and nothing stops,
Were saying, in bending back the foam of their crest:
It is the Lord, the Lord God!

Translated from the French
by BILL KORSTANJE

IN THE FOG

HEINRICH HESSE

Strange, to wander in the fog,
Lonely is ^{each} bush and stone.
No tree sees another, ~~one~~
Each one is alone.

The world for me was full of friends
When life was light.
Now, since the fog descends
None of them is visible.

Truly, no one is wise
Who does not know darkness
Which inevitably and quietly
Parts him from everyone.

Strange, to wander in the fog!
Life is solitude
No man knows the other one
Each one is alone.

Translated from the German
by SIEGLINDE WERNER

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.

