

Marshall University

Marshall Digital Scholar

Et Cetera

English Student Research

Winter 1957

et cetera

Marshall University

Follow this and additional works at: https://mds.marshall.edu/english_etc



Part of the [Appalachian Studies Commons](#), [Children's and Young Adult Literature Commons](#), [Feminist, Gender, and Sexuality Studies Commons](#), [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

CONTRIBUTORS

Joan Adkins
Teresa Jean Battlo
Hilbert Campbell
Marjorie Cappellari
Carole Compton
L. Jane Cox
Judy Dunkle
Patricia Fannin
Drema Hall
Frances S. Miros
Bill Moran
Tommy Morgan
Dave Peters
Harry Peterson
Charles Piersall
Nancy Sparks
Ronald L. Stone
Nancy L. Thomas

Table Of Contents

Hot August Night	2
Imagination in Astronomy	2
Sonnets	3
Burgundy	3
Lovesong	3
World Affairs	4
Journey to a Distant Star	4
Tail of a Cat	5
The Sled Ride	5
Introspection	6
My Pine Island	6
Remnants	6
Skyscrapers as a Result of Emotion	7
England Past	7
Home	7
The Winning Way	8
Avressa's Aria	8
The Torpedo	8
Pianists	8
Dearly Beloved	8
Mannequins	9
Memoirs	9
This Is My Home	9
Prairie Incident	10
Out of the Void	10
The Carpet	11
Blame It on a Tree	11
Three Blind Mice	12
Seven Silver Charms	12

Staff

Editor-in-chief	Patricia Fannin
Art Editor	Gretchen Border
Editorial Board	Marjorie Cappellari, Bill Moran, Bryan Compton, Hilbert Campbell, Linda McGhee
Production Staff	Nancy Marples, LaDonna Crockett
Faculty Advisors	Marvin Mitchell, John Stender, John Marvin

Editor's Note

Who can express the feeling that a writer experiences when he sees the fruit of his labor in print for the first time? The words that he puts on paper are the children of his mind and he is the loving parent. After the holy marriage of mind and imagination has been effected, the seed of an idea is sown. From its conception throughout the period of development the writer passes through various stages of elation, fear, and frustration. When the idea becomes ripe, the labor of love and pain commences. The air is rent by the cries produced by the seemingly fruitless search for the "mot expres" and is interspersed with silent periods of the tender nursing of corrections and more corrections. At length the ordeal is ended and a new literary achievement is born.

Arduous labors of this sort should be rewarded and, by the publication of a campus literary magazine, everyone in Marshall College is permitted to share in the joy of the birth announcement while the happy parent hands out cigars. Et Cetera is proud and happy to give this opportunity to the budding literary geniuses on campus.

There are many more creative people in our college than most people realize, as may be witnessed by the remarkable number of articles that have been submitted. The editorial staff feels that special stress should be placed on original material that is of a more creative nature. For this reason Et Cetera is offering a first and second prize in the fields of short stories and poetry. However, translations and essay-type material have not been ignored.

This year, for the first time, there will be two editions of Et Cetera. After the public has read the first issue of the 1957-58 year, the staff feels that the second issue will be awaited with eager anticipation. May the reader bear in mind the words written by John Milton in *Areopagitica*: "Read any books, whatever come to thy hands, for thou art sufficient both to judge aright and to examine each matter."—THE EDITOR.

HOT AUGUST NIGHT

By **NANCY THOMAS**
Charleston Junior

She sat in the large overstuffed chair, her feet resting on a dilapidated footstool, and listened to the music coming from an old victrola. It was a sad song. One which brought back many memories. She shifted her gross hulk in the chair, which was almost too small to accommodate her huge figure, and reached for the half-empty bottle of bourbon on the small side table. She poured herself a drink and settled down in the chair again. God, but it's hot, she thought. Even for August it's hot. And stuffy. Even with the window wide open. But that's part of living in this part of the city where the houses are stuck together like cards in an old deck. She looked around her at the dirty, squalid apartment she had lived in for the past five years. She glanced at the clothes strewn about the room, at the dirty, peeling wallpaper, and the single unshaded light bulb hanging from the ceiling. And yet, she seemed to be looking at them without seeing them. How, she wondered, had she gotten in this rat hole?

The victrola spun out its sad, lonely song. Some lilting melody about love and youth and springtime. And she remembered that she had been young once. And pretty. But it was so long ago. She had been young and lovely and gay, not old and ugly as she was now. She had been full of life and ready to live every wonderful second of it. And she had fallen in love. Not once, but several times. Or at least she had liked to pretend that she was. But she knew now that she had only really loved once. And he had . . . he was . . . What was the use of remembering? It had been a long time ago.

The harsh scratch of the victrola needle told her the record had ended. She reached over and started the record again, cursing the layers of fat which made even this small task difficult to perform.

It was abnormally hot. The walls of the small room seemed to be closing in on her, holding her prisoner, trying to smother her in the hot August night. Gasping, she pulled herself from the chair and stumbled to the window. She threw open the curtains and breathed in the warm night air. In the street below, a young girl and a boy were laughing and talking as they walked hand in hand. She listened to their gay chatter until they were lost in the shadows at the end of the street. She tried not to remember but the thoughts came drifting into her mind as the warm summer breeze drifted in through the window. She thought about him. She remembered how they had danced to soft music and laughed and talked until early in the morning in the small Italian restaurant where they had first met. That had been the last time she had seen him. "I'll never leave you," he had said, and the next day he was gone. She never saw him again. It's funny, she thought, but I never cried. Even now I can't cry about his leaving. Funny how there are some things that are so sad you can't even cry about them. She remembered the little cafe that had been their favorite and she thought of the bar where she drank all her meals now. She remembered the sound of his voice when he had whispered softly in her ear, and she thought of the guttural sounds of the voices of the bums and luses who were her only companions now. She thought of the home they had planned together and he had promised to build for her, and she looked around once more at the dingy room she now lived in. It was a poor comparison.

It was odd how much clearer her brain was now. She hadn't felt this sober in years. Maybe it was the air or the music or the memories, or the almost magical combination of all three. She turned and started toward the chair, but changed her mind and walked toward the bathroom. She went to the medicine cabinet and took down the small bottle on the top shelf. She emptied its contents into her hand and looked at them for several seconds. Then she swallowed the small white pills.

The battered victrola spun the record around and around, and the scratching needle signaled its end, but there was no one there to turn it off.



Imagination In Astronomy

By **TERESA JEAN BATTLO**
Welch Freshman

As I look up toward the heavens, my thoughts run parallel to dreams. It is a dark, black night, bespeckled with starlight. Each star speaks of uncertainty. They are such intricate and complex things, that I sometimes compare them to the minds of men.

At this point the longevity of the universe adjusts itself in my mind. I wonder at the power that must be concentrated there to keep the seemingly small dots in their places. I am awed by the strength that blazes forth over thousands of miles of space.

These thoughts have all been reasonable, but at this point, my imagination engulfs my reasoning. I go back to the times of Homer. During the days he walked the shores of Greece, "dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before." This great man achieved much. His life has been a benediction to mankind. However, there were times when he too was bewildered. Some nights in the long ago, he looked at these very stars and wondered, "What things are these that genius does not comprehend?"

Napoleon at Waterloo! I see the small, but brilliant general the night before the battle. He

looks up at this grandeur and thinks. What does this man think at this crucial moment? The answer is with God and time, but I have my own design. I visualize his hopes, his dreams of the future, his pride in the past. I see him stand tall in conceit, belittling my stars, not heeding. Tomorrow: Destiny.

There is a college student somewhere in Italy. She is eighteen, has short black hair, a little too plump, but very pleasing.

She is in her first year at college and is quite confused. On this particular evening as she returned from the cinema, she looked up at these stars. I know this happened because it was on this same evening, at this precise moment that I was looking at them. I know, because over the ocean, over the many mountains and many miles, we met. We sat side by side and talked to Homer of his "Iliad," to Sappho of her "fragments," agreed with Confucius on his teachings, told a peasant of the French revolution of our new ideas of democracy, and finally rode away in the chariot of Apollo.

As I look up toward the heavens, my thoughts run parallel to dreams.

Sonnets

By **HILBERT CAMPBELL**
Hico Senior

Of life with thee, my love, I'd be the thrall;
Not wealth or fame, or faith, or deeds of worth
Seek I, or learning great, or days of mirth;
Nor need I wonder what is beauty's all,
Or judge as true or false things that befall;
For ne'er was there or e'er shall be on earth
Of meaning that this strange world holds girth
That I see not, or that I may not call
My own when gazing into eyes of thine,
Where all depth, meaning, truth, and beauty lie.
For there revealed I see thy soul, more dear
To me that all; I would 'twere one with mine,
Fore'er to share a love, a bliss, a sigh;
Leave not, my soul, for I must have thee near.

Some men their lives in quest of comfort spend;
In Faith do some men seek to find their peace;
To other power seems the only end;
Their search for glory they do never cease.
To learning great do many give the praise:
All these are naught. Else I with life would do;
I'd ponder on God's works and on His ways;
I'd live and let live. These my wants be few:
A song of heart, a flower, the sun above,
Your gentle touch upon my fevered brow,
A book which tells of wisdom and of love,
Such simple food as nature might allow—
But most of all I want you for my wife;
Bliss then indeed would be my simple life.

Life nothing was before you came to me;
'Twill nothing be without you at my side;
Oh! bliss eternal if you'd be my bride;
More precious far than life to be with thee,
E'en than eternal life, if such there be.
The search for truth, distorted by the pride
Of man, has left me empty. To abide
With thee for always, and each day to see
Thy face, each day to place my hand in thine
Is all I want. If I my life may share
With thee, this heart of mine will rapture claim;
If go you must, you leave this heart of mine
An empty tomb, devoid of hope fore'er.
Till Death shall come and quench the feeble flame.

Burgundy

By **TOMMY MORGAN**
St. Albans Freshman

Everywhere! Burgundy! This horrid color! In every room of this house, climbing, shouting, crawling, on everything. Why she likes this wretched color I cannot for the life and soul of me comprehend. The portieres, carpets, the furniture, it is unbearable; I can hold myself to-



gether under it not a day longer! The drawing room, the dining room, library, all the bedchambers, they all cry out with it. Her clothes, her jewelry, even her, that frightful shade. Oh, for a moment's glance at a quiet white, a silent blue. No! It is this sickening, musty, vile color which she cannot live without, and for me, it is bringing me death. One more night, in that room, in that bed, with the bedding covering me in this brutal color, one more night and my mind will no longer be mine, but the mind of one possessed, one possessed with madness! Get rid of it, get it out, to be clean once again, pull out this incest, this is what I must do. But how? Oh, good God in heaven, how! She! She is its owner. It is she who lives this life of one color. When she is gone, it will go with her. It is the only way, my only alternative, my only way to rid myself of this murderous shade. This andiron! It will do. Now to wait here in the shadows at the top of the stairs, she will come soon, she must! I can bear it only a while longer, this color of every sin on the earth! She comes! One blow, only one, it will suffice! There!!! It is done. I am free of this color, this shame of beauty! What's this! This stain on my hands? From the andiron, no doubt, only her blood, here in the light I see it now. No! No more! Merciful saints above give me aid!!! The color on my hands! The burgundy!

Lovesong

By **NANCY THOMAS**
Charleston Junior

The human heart
A vibrant pulsing thing
Quivers in the bloom of life
Sings with the blood of life
Cries in the still of night
And breaks.

Like a violin string
Quivers like a living thing
Snaps with a hollow ring
Quivers no more
Lies broken.
This is my lovesong . . .

World Affairs

By **BILL MORAN**
Huntington Senior

Last night I dreamed about a small, insignificant town called World-Affairs. To be sure, this dream is of little concern to anyone. I would never have mentioned it, except that in this dream there were a few characters, who, I think, are worth noting. World-Affairs' two chief citizens, who were extreme rivals in city policy, were E. Pluribus Unum and B. Olshevick. Ironically enough, they lived on the same street separated only by the house of a certain Mr. Winnie. As we can easily see at first glance, this was hardly a delightful situation. Mr. Winnie, a conservative old gentleman whose bankroll had seen better days, tried to play the role of confidant to each neighbor, thus hoping to be remembered in each of their wills.

Here it might be well to explain why Mr. Winnie was not so well off financially. Long ago when he had no powerful neighbors, Mr. Winnie had worked very industriously at the Mud Plant where he operated the Muddling Machine. Since he was by far the most efficient operator of the Muddling Machine, Mr. Winnie received a very good salary. Now that he had financially well-off neighbors, however, Mr. Winnie spent so much time in trying to please them, that he had no more time for the Muddling Machine.

In my dream the City Fathers proclaimed, since there was nothing else to proclaim, that there should be a snowman-making contest. The reward of a turkey would go to the citizen who would build the highest snowman. Since Mr. Winnie didn't feel that he knew how to build a snowman (the only thing he knew was how to operate an efficient Muddling Machine) and since the other citizens of World-Affairs had more profitable things to do, the only contestants were Unum and Olshevick.

Now Olshevick was rather a newcomer to World-Affairs. He had spent most of his life in the North and was, therefore, well-acquainted with the finer points of snowman-making. Using this knowledge to good advantage, Olshevick immediately set out to win the turkey. He worked all that day and night gathering snow. By the next morning he had collected a large amount of snow in his front yard. When Mr. Winnie and all the City Fathers saw the huge mountain of snow in Olshevick's front yard, they ran around chanting:

"La-la, le-le, li-li, lo-lo,
Olshevick's the greatest builder of snow."

Thus it was with greatest surprise that Unum looked out of his window the next morning and saw Olshevick's gathered snow. Unum had gone to sleep the night before complacently confident with the idea that he might spend his lunch hour the next day building the winning snowman. After he saw Olshevick's mountain of snow, however, Unum lost his complacent attitude. Immediately he started drawing up papers to take a leave of absence from his job, so that he might devote all his time to snowman-building.

Olshevick, meanwhile, had started packing his snow. He worked so quickly and so determinedly, that he had finished building the lower half of the snowman's torso by the time that Unum had gotten his leave of absence.

Now full time snowman-building had come to World-Affairs. Both men began to hire other citizens to help them. Each accused the other of stealing the other's ideas, of destroying the other's work by night, and of carrying in snow from other areas. Soon World-Affairs was split in half by argument and strife. All business and commerce stopped and eventually the city destroyed itself.

This morning, when I awoke, the thought struck me that if Unum and Olshevick had built one snowman together instead of trying to build two separately, both could have enjoyed a turkey dinner, World-Affairs would have been saved, and Mr. Winnie could have gotten back his job at the Muddling Machine.



Journey To A Distant Star

By **NANCY THOMAS**
Charleston Junior

O saddle me up my fiery steed,
For the night is bright and clear.
The stars are high in the midnight sky
And the moon is soon to appear.

Fleet of foot and strong is he
To carry me o'er the hill.
The wind's in my face as he quickens his pace,
Sets my heart beating fast at the thrill.

Beneath the sheen of his satiny coat
His faithful heart beats true.
He will carry me far to a distant star
Where we die and are born anew.





Tail Of A Cat

By MARJORIE CAPPELLARI
Point Pleasant Senior

Once upon a time in the land of Dexter County, Missouri, there lived a very old and very ugly old lady. She lived in a creaky old house on top of what was probably the closest thing to a hill in the whole county.

The house overlooked the tiny town of Dexter, and the old lady had lived there for as long as the oldest citizen in the town could remember, and they swore that she was old when they were knee high to Dexter County's famous grapevines.

Maxine, the old lady, lived all alone in the creaky old house. That is, she lived reasonably alone, if you could discount Harry, the huge gray cat who shared her humble abode.

Funny thing was, Harry wasn't really Maxine's cat. He had just appeared one day on the hearth of the big stone fireplace and had been there ever since. That really hadn't been too long ago, either. Harry was a relatively new event in Maxine's life, and after she had gotten used to him Maxine loved nothing more than to sit by the fire and drink gin and pass time of day with Harry.

Harry had taken a little getting used to. He had often remarked after they became better friends that he had been a little dubious about taking up with a female, especially a female who drank gin. Harry didn't drink, himself.

After careful consideration Maxine had decided not to tell anyone down at the drug store about Harry. Heaven knew there were enough rumors floating around town about Maxine without confounding the populace any more by trying to explain Harry. Could you imagine, there were people in town who

even thought she was a witch! Imagine that! Just because she was old and ugly and lived all alone they had tagged her as a witch so many years ago that she was almost used to it. She and Harry had often had a good laugh imagining what the good people of Dexter would think if they knew about him.

There was one person who did know about Harry, however, and that was a beautiful young girl named Georgia. Georgia had long golden hair, and Maxine had met her one day quite by accident. Maxine had been making her way down Main Street one day on one of her frequent jaunts to the drug store to pick up some shampoo, and she had glanced in the window of the local candy salon and had glimpsed Georgia dancing madly to something called "All Done In," by Melvin Presslie. Since "All Done In" was Maxine's favorite song at the moment she stopped to listen, and while she was leaning on the counter taking it all in Georgia came up and said cordially, "Boy, you're awful ugly. Were you always this way?"

Maxine was a little taken aback, but, appreciating the girl's honesty and forthrightness she immediately began to relate some of the events of her days as a chorus girl in San Francisco.

At first Georgia had refused to believe her, but, intrigued she accompanied her home to hear more. She was still a little dubious of the truth of the whole thing, but when Harry swore that he had seen Maxine numerous times when she was the toast of Frisco, Georgia was convinced.

After that Georgia had become a regular visitor at the house.

She would bring her rock and roll records and spend the evening listening to Harry recount the tales of his days with Bismarck and later with Hitler. He had even been a close confidante of Attila the Hun, but that was so long ago and he had been so young and foolish . . .

Harry was wise, though, and told them many things. "You'd better listen, Maxine," he repeated often, "because one of these days, very soon, I'll be gone. I'll just walk up the chimney and disappear. But I'll leave you my tail to put on your bulletin board. I like you, Maxine."

"Everyone in town is leaving earth tomorrow and they'll never come back," he told them one day.

Maxine abruptly set down her gin bottle and sat up. Georgia rolled over on the floor and looked at him with tears in her big blue eyes.

"Why?" they asked simultaneously.

"Oh, the same old six and seven. The grass is always greener on the other side," he muttered. "Tomorrow some green men from Saturn will land in their flying teacups in front of the court house and convince everyone that they should come away with them. They'll go. People are always looking for better than they've got. They'll go. I've

seen 'em do it time and again. Attila, Hitler, they all swore they had something better to offer. Now the green men from Saturn will try their hand at it. You never miss the water till the well runs dry," and with that he got up and stretched, and Maxine and Georgia watched blankly as he walked up the chimney.

"He left me his tail," Maxine murmured with tears in her eyes. "Just like he promised."

The next evening about dark Maxine made her way down to the candy salon and stood surveying the empty streets. Never had the place looked so quiet, what with everyone placidly winging their way toward Saturn and God only knew what.

"They wouldn't listen to me," she said as she dropped down in the booth beside Georgia. "You know, for a while I almost went myself."

"Me too," wailed Georgia. "They wouldn't listen to me and went dancing up the ramp laughing and planning . . ."

"Yes, I know. I saw them. I could see from my window. They wouldn't listen to me either. You were too young to know what you were talking about and I was too old, I guess. And Harry was a cat. None of them would ever have listened to a cat. Not even if he know what he was talking about."

The Sled Ride

By L. JANE COX
Harrisville Sophomore

Bright chatter of friends,
Bright pool of light,
And warm laughter envelop me.
You sail away
Leaving me unbalanced from the push I gave you
I am alone in a dark, cold night
With only a street light to warm me.

Introspection

By **BRYAN COMPTON**
Huntington Senior

To the Circular Table,
Infinite,
Came a young, famished man;
And he sat himself down,
Bellowing
For food to sate his hunger.
And he chose the richest,
This Epicure,
Gorged upon the rarest fare,
For many years heaped his gullet,
Rav'nously,
Grew wondrously, wheezed, and slept
When dawn smote the lids of his
Obese face,
He rose, stretched, flexed his vast bulk,
Stood immense before the Glass,
And appraised
His volume, admired his stature:
"A giant, a Colossus,"
He declared!
Two images, one of glass,
Looked long into loving eyes,
Together
Enjoined in sweet self content.
Into the dolls' world he strode,
Wondering
Why so few fled before his wake,
Scorning the bumpkins, blind, dumb,
Ludicrous,
Who failed to heed his wisdom.
He cried out, "See me, hear me,
I am wise!"
But the people who heard him
Circumvented his person,
Embarrassed
For him as for the depraved.
He wept for them in deepest
Sympathy,
For those undeserving fools
He wept, and found his sorrow
Ecstasy,



Enraptured thus in timeless
Compassion, then with a hand
Delicate
And wan as a Lunar wing
Reached for a cathedral spire,
There to lean,
Grasped instead the lowly pike.
Through the dusk raced the gaunt man
The pale Wraith,
Scrambled up the rugged slope,
Stumbled up the stairs of the
Mountain Hall,
Staggered through the corridors,
Gazed heartsick at the Table,
Infinite,
At his chair towering high,
And cautiously, painfully
Ascended
And humbly resumed his place.

My Pine Island

By **DREAMA HALL**
Beckley Freshman

Deep in the distance I see the line tears itself away from the
rose and gold of a Florida sunset reaching fingers of the marching
on the Gulf of Mexico. Shafts waves and uncertainly drags its
of translucent light pour from jagged ripped outline out of
openings in puffs of soft silver-lined clouds.
Closer in, the waters come on the last rays of the sun. Occa-
sional trees, ashamed of their presence, apologize, gripping
and frayed with creamy crocheted spray, march onward forever in broken ranks.
Choked and tangled with slimy Dry-mouthed, the beach gives
grey-green seaweed, the shore- and receives the prodigal sand.

Remnants

By **JUDY DUNKLE**
Barboursville Freshman

Yesterday I walked along the river's edge
And saw the slender poplars nod their heads
And felt the sun-warmed sand beneath my toes
You were mine!
Today, I walked again the river's edge
And watched the poplars shake the teardrops
from their leafy folds
And felt the clammy mud between my toes,
You were gone.

SKYSCRAPERS AS A RESULT OF MOTION

By **JOAN ADKINS**
Barboursville Senior

Translated from the Spanish

Oscar Wilde once went to the Rocky Mountains to give a lecture to a group of cowboys. Above the piano in their gathering room was a sign which read: "It is requested of those present that they do not fire shots at the pianist when he makes a mistake."

Wilde talked to them about Benvenuto Cellini whose adventurous life filled the cowboys with enthusiasm. Several times they shouted, "You must bring this man Cellini here and introduce us to him." When Wilde said that he would like to but that Cellini had died a long time ago, they asked who had shot him. It seemed to them much more natural to be killed with revolver shots than to die of a heart attack or of pneumonia.

The Spaniards have derived from the movies an idea of the Far West which is perfectly correct. It is an idea of action and of constant movement: trains going by like flashes, galloping horses followed by a storm of dust, men swinging from the gallows, tavern brawls, pistol shots . . . When a rough and tumbling cowboy wants to show his buddy that he likes him a lot he socks him on the jaw. Among cowboys, a punch to the jaw is the equivalent of the Spaniard's slap on the back. If a lanky cowpoke wants to awaken someone, or simply to get his attention, he leans back, aims, and fires a shot at the level of his ear. To fire a shot in the Far West is like saying, "Howdy, pard'ner." As one can readily see, it is a true manifestation of affection, to which one can only respond with another shot.

Without women in their homes what else were the cowboys to do but to shoot at each other! To release their energy they risked their lives riding savage colts and herding cattle; they drank home-made whiskey in swallows of a quart at a time—to the point of death. All this was nothing more than emotion. The violence of the Far West was really an excess of emotion which could not express itself naturally. It exploded in the exuberant form which the movies have given to all the world to know.

Today one can say that the Far West has ceased to exist. Gradually the desert has developed into a panorama of magnificent cities, with their buildings nearly reaching the sky. The pioneering cow-

boys have abandoned forever their leather breeches and ten gallon hats for a white tie and tails. But the dynamic spirit of the Far West is ingrained in the large American cities. If in the cities one no longer rides the wild ponies, he rides the subways, which is much worse. If one no longer searches for gold in the mines, he ascends the skyscrapers hoping to make his fortune. In the speed and the din and the light of New York one notices something of abnormal energy: something so like a bewildered desire to use up overflowing vitality by any method whatsoever.

That is to say, it is rather profound and infinitely moving. . . . Translation from Julio Camba, "Un ano en el otro mundo."



Home

By **JUDY DUNKLE**
Barboursville Freshman

Home is the flames of a coal-burning fire	broth.
Home is a ticking clock	Home is laughter and home is love
Home is the silence and home is peace	Wrapped in a feedsack cloth.
Home is an earthen crock.	Home is a silver-haired angel, Grandmother, mother and wife.
Home is the sight of the rising hills	Home is a grizzled old-timer With laughter and courage and life.
And the smell of apple pies.	
Home is a cozy kitchen With smoke curling up to the skies.	Home is a dimming memory Locked in the mind and soul.
Home is an old-fashioned Sunday With chicken and biscuits and	Home will be waiting tomorrow Somewhere over the knoll.

England Past

By **TERESA JEAN BATTLO**
Welch Freshman

Oh, you, who find your roots in England's soil,
Who walk the shores that Chaucer once did walk,
Who knew of "Bloody Mary's" hopeless toil,
And listened to Ben Jonson as he talked,

You who listened to the Saxon's ballad,
Who on a Viking ship did sail,
Who all greatness once was allied,
And also knew the harshness of the gaol.

You who know of pageantry so royal,
Who listen to the unsung dreams of youth,
Who marveled at the craftsmanship of Doyle,
And also read and loved the Book of Ruth.

You who know of Henry's greatest fight,
Who saw Beau Brummel at his very best,
Who heard Chris Marlowe's Shepard in the night,
Singing to the maid, her love to test.

You who held sweet Mary in your tower,
Who knew of Milton's "Paradise,"
Who killed a Becket with your legal power,
Then found yourselves in pain and sacrifice.

Yes. Yours is a story much beloved,
By we who listen in to see,
If all the glories thus far proved,
Will ever again belong to thee.

THE WINNING WAY

By **DAVE PETERS**
Bluefield Sophomore

A hand reached forth from the blackest night—clutching, groping, feeling for something firm and sure on which to build a life mature. And from the shadows with mingled feelings of fear and hope there came a voice, a voice from the blackness saying: "Where am I to go?"

Two hands were then extended to this groping hand . . . one from the East and one from the West, and the mind behind the groping hand knew not which it should choose to be the best. This seeker knew not which of the two it should grasp and hold until time would be no more.

Behind each mystic form with its extended hand, there stretched a way. One way was smooth and broad and bright; the other way was high and narrow and steep. And the mind as it pondered both of the ways, expressed its longing thus:

And oh, that I could see
Which way would make me what
I ought to be,
Which hand should guide my life
throughout eternity?

The first hand, by far the more sensual and tempting, was accompanied by a voice saying:

"My son, you are here for yourself, and in this maze of life Materialism can free you from strife and guide you in a path of pleasure, power and fame. To you this day I will reveal what Materialism has to offer. If you will choose my way of life: In a world of poverty, I can give you possessions; In a world of insecurity, I can give you power; In a world of obscurity, I can give you prestige, a name to be remembered because it stood for wealth and fame. To be a materialist is to be a realist, to realize that the

way to climb the ladder of fame and success is to choose the path-way of silver and gold." With these last words, Materialism stood by and awaited the reply.

The hand of Idealism was then extended through the gloom. It was not as large or as commanding as Materialism's hand had been; and yet, there was beauty in its well-proportioned, simple lines. Likewise the voice which accompanied this hand was not so bold as that of Materialism, yet it was a sure voice that rang with the classic tone of truth:

"My son, to you I offer the simple life of happiness, of peace and calm within, and greater still—a life of purpose!

A life to make the steps you want to take,

The very ones you ought to make. And yet, this will not be a road of ease, for hardships will come; the road at times will be high and steep and hard to travel. However, my son, if you will take this road: In a world of insecurity, I can give you faith. In a world of doubt, I can give you hope. In a world of hate, I can give you love, love that will create an inner peace of heart and mind to meet and defeat the bludgeoning blows of life."

When this last voice had spoken, it was as if a light had appeared in the blackest night—a light that filled the heart with might, and strength, and the will to live the victorious life. And the seeker grasped the outstretched hand of Idealism and said: "I SHALL CHOOSE YOU!"

That now into this life of mine
The light of faith and love may
shine;
From blackest night to set me
free,

And guide my life eternally—

Avressa's Aria

By **HARRY PETERSON**
Huntington Senior

(From the opera, "Avressa")

True love, 'tis said, sleeps 'neath a stone,
That all might have, that none might own.

Love soars aloft on heaven's wing
Or braves the depths of death's dark sting.

True love, 'tis said, sleeps 'neath a stone,
That all might have, that none might own.

False love, the devil's own desire,
Abides with him in his own fire.
Love kindles swiftly, swiftly burns,
Then dies away and ne'er returns
Except to haunt the one who learns
Too late to look beneath a stone.

The Torpedo

By **CHARLES PIERSALL**
Huntington Junior

Thirteen days we're on the sea
With dreams of reaching port
When comes the torpedo's plea
That we should die with sport.
Some were sleeping when it
willed
Its mischief on its mark
And sure enough, it has killed
And sunk into the dark.

Pianists

By **NANCY THOMAS**
Charleston Junior

In bold strokes of rhythm
Pianists
Mixing notes of color
Paint vivid, moving
Masterpieces.

Dearly Beloved

By **TERESA JEAN BATTLO**
Welch Freshman

If in this world you were not born,
And on this land you had not walked,
Then I should have good cause to mourn
And with this world I would find fault.

If you had never held my hand,
And dried my tears when I seemed weak,
Then I could never look at man,
And joy of life I still would seek.

If you had never held me tight,
And raised my hopes on high,
Then all my days would be but night,
And then my heart would cry.

Yet you were born upon this earth,
And you have walked this land,
For this my life has greater worth,
For I have held your hand.

Mannequins

By **PATRICIA FANNIN**
Ashland Senior

The girl shivered and pulled her thin coat closer about her. She glanced around hesitantly.

The weather forecast had predicted a cold spell and it appeared that it was accurate. The sky looked like one great, gray sheet. The wind was sharp and every once in a while, it would whisk off the hat of some unwary person and blow it along cheerfully, while the angry owner tried in vain to recover it. That unfortunate being would leap and spring, and then thinking the wind had ended his little game, would bend over to recover it. With a great Aeolean gust the hat would be caught up again and whirled along at a furious pace, until the windy funster would at length tire or see another, more tempting plaything.

At every new gust of wind the girl would bow her head and try to draw herself within her threadbare coat. From a distance her age would have appeared indeterminate, but on closer scrutiny, one would judge her to be in her early twenties. From beneath the faded scarf hung a wisp of ash blond hair. Her coat had seen its better days. It had once been a warm brown, but long usage had reduced it to the color of diluted coffee. Innumerable patches revealed its owner's pitiful attempts to preserve some semblance of usability. Her shoes were old and the heels were rundown. They had been polished and polished again, but the polish could no longer hide their age. In her hand, she held a black leather bag. It had doubtless been of good quality when new, but like all the apparel of the girl, it was old and worn out. The clasp was broken and she held it together with her hand.

On beholding her face, one would say she might have been pretty. But constant worry and sorrow had all but obliterated the carefree happiness and joy of youth. Worry lines had drawn down the corners of her mouth and had made furrows in her brow. Her large gray eyes were a mixture of bitterness and hungry yearning.

The girl shivered and drew back from the hurrying throng of people. She stood alone, one small being against the world.

The display window behind her was filled with what one is pleased to call the latest in fashion. The inanimate beings in the window were arrayed in the richest furs, silks, and costly wraps. Immaculate and impeccable they stood, staring at the passing world with cold, hard eyes, which though open and apparently looking, yet in truth beheld nothing. Devoid of emotion, thought, or feeling, they were content to serve their purpose, luring those acquisitive beings called buyers. Yet were these creatures passing, jostling, pushing, raising their raucous voices in sacrilegious protest to the Divine Being, so very far above those apathetic creatures in the store window? Like the mannequins they were unconcerned. Each moved in his own orbit, no knowledge or concern felt for the other bodies in space, and were held in place only by gravitation of the large planet called Life.

How does one explain the loneliness of a big city? Great masses of people move about — old, young, gay, bitter, searching, forgetting or trying to forget, full of hopes, fears, ambitions, griefs, and disappointments. Like the people of any other city, large or small. Businessmen, shopkeepers, waitresses, secretaries, housewives, they are all people. They all basically function the same. They are born, they live, they die. Their lives are filled with the hope, the happiness, the sadness and the disappointment of every human being. Yet like creatures of another planet they seem. So near and yet so far away.

And so did they move about the young girl on the busy street. If someone passing had chanced to observe and reflect, he would have been caught by the irony of it. The young girl with her patched coat, serving as poor protection against the wind and cold, and in the background, the utter beauty and magnificence of the shop window. But no one did observe. Anxious to reach their destination and to find shelter from the cold, the people hurried on their ways, oblivious of everything but their own personal desires. Hurrying in and out of the dress shop, were people who were no more aware of her than if she had been one of the mannequins in the window.

She glanced about her at the hurrying throng, half-expectantly, half-hopefully. The stream of people moved on.

Memoirs

By **JUDY DUNKLE**
Barboursville Freshman

When I was very young
I laughed and played upon my Grand Dad's knee
There I ran for comfort and for love.
I ran to him in the field as he worked
And he, reeking of dirt and sweat,
Held me close to his stubbled cheek
And I loved him very much.

When I was very young
We worked the fields together, he and I.
We hoed the young green corn under a glaring sun
We drank the cold, clear water
And sat beneath the cooling shade together
And I loved him very much.

When I was very young
I stood beside the clean, white bed
And soothed the feverish brow as best I could.
I held the work-worn hand within my own
And kissed the wrinkled cheek a last farewell
And oh! I miss him very much.

This Is My Home

By **RONALD L. STONE**
Huntington Sophomore

This is my home,
The earth on which I have dwelt.
These are my people who said,
"no room."

This stable is my house with no space for a bed,
But a lowly manger on which to lay my head.

My second home and relative to none
Was that belonging to a carpenter and me,
his only son.

Every man's home is his castle,
his and his alone.
Where is my castle?
For I am truly a king.

Why should I be one of sorrows
To bear the sins of man?
The greatest reason is that of fulfilling
God's ultimate plan.

The foxes have their holes,
The birds of the air their nests,
But the Son of God has naught.

To the earth I shall come again
From a land where there is no sin.

For my home is not of this world
but with God on high,
There to dwell with my faithful servants
in the sweet bye and bye.

Prairie Incident

By NANCY SPARKS
Charleston Sophomore

The day began placidly with a pink glow as the sun edged its way over the distant mountain peaks, carefully sliding over their sharp, cold points. The pale pink deepened to a fuchsia, and the small animals of the prairie came to life. The snow-covered mountains in the distance gleamed and sparkled like a million diamonds in the growing light. Their huge, solemn bulk forming the only obstruction between earth and infinity. Deftly the sun moved upward in its continual path, and the sky became a mass of fiery-red over the mountains. Then as if turned up by a switch, the lamp spread its light to the farthest corner of the sky, sending golden-red shafts of light and changing the diamond-spotted jet blackness of the night into day.

Liza Morey lay asleep in her goose-down bed, cuddled snugly between it and the multi-colored patch-work quilt. Lying there she looked like a small angel come to earth with her long, golden hair flowing over the face which still retained the bronzed color that two years of the prairie sun had given her. Liza was seventeen, but she looked much younger in spite of the wear and tear of prairie life.

Liza stirred, shrugging part of the quilt from her shoulders. From somewhere out on the prairie a coyote barked; its sharp yaps shattering the usual mumbled prairie noises. Liza sat up, rubbing her eyes to accustom them to the bright light of day. She listened quietly for a moment and deciding that no one was up, crept stealthily from her bed to the only window in the tiny room.

"How beautiful it is today," she whispered to herself. "Why the mountains look as if they were topped with beaten egg whites. And the sky! The clouds are so white and fluffy against the blue of the sky that it looks as though someone had dumped out spoonfuls of whipped cream—sweetened whipped cream," she corrected herself, and smiled dreamily at the thought of sweetened, whipped cream on gingerbread. It had been so long since she had tasted anything really good. While dwelling on this luscious daydream, she began to

realize that she was hungry.

Plucking a dress from the box which served as her wardrobe, she began to hum slightly.

"This is goin' to be a wonderful day; I can tell already. I'll surprise Ma and get breakfast this mornin'," she thought.

In her room, Liza's mother, Mattie, sat reading her Bible. Hearing a noise, she started, put the Bible down, and went to the bed. Her husband was still sleeping like a baby.

"And he should be up a-workin'," she thought. "I guess he'll get up when he smells them dried apples a-fryin' all right. I've been a-savin' 'em for quite a spell, and I jist feel like apples this mornin'."

Mattie stretched, ran a comb through her already tightly done hair, and stepped out into the room that served as living-room, dining-room, kitchen, laundry, and what-not. Almost simultaneously, Liza opened her door, she smiled at her mother with deep love and comradeship in her eyes.

"Hi, Mattie," she whispered mischievously across the room.

"Now watch your step, young lady. Jist 'cause you're seventeen, don't mean I can't turn you over my knee."

Liza grinned, and taking her mother's arm, pulled her to a chair.

"Now you sit right there, I'm a-goin' to fix breakfast this mornin'."

"No such thing you ain't. You couldn't get breakfast on that old stove. Now mind your own business and let the one that's supposed to cook do it."

Obediently, Liza sat down as mother began preparations for their first meal of the day.

"I've got a feelin' somethin' good's gonna happen today, Ma."

"Don't talk silly, child. What could happen good out here on this prairie?"

"I don't know, but somethin.' I'm sure of it. Maybe somebody'll come or somethin'."

"I don't reckon so. It's still too cold back east. Nobody could get across them mountains till later in the spring. Besides I've got a queer feelin'."

"Why Ma, what ever made you say that?"

"I don't know, honey. But I got up this mornin' feelin' badly, her clothing; thousands of little pellets from the sky. Throwing from my Bible. The first thing I saw when I opened it up was: 'GOD IS OUR REFUGE AND STRENGTH, A VERY PRESENT HELP IN TROUBLE,' and that's bound to be a sign of somethin'."

Liza sighed. Her mother had been acting strangely lately. She wasn't happy like she used to be. Oh well, she couldn't do anythin' about her mother.

Walking to the window, Liza turned her thoughts to wishing that someone really would come. It would be so much fun. She danced a little jig out of sheer joy, but her pleasure was short-lived as she glanced out of the window.

"Why, that's funny. It looks as though the sun were settin' and day hasn't even begun yet," she said to herself.

The sky had taken on a darker color, and the little sun that was shining through turned the prairie to a fiery red. The billowy clouds seemed to be moving together, gathering tightly, and their whiteness had taken on a fiendish purple color. Liza listened; the prairie was silent. Not a sound penetrated the eerie silence except the crackle of the fire. The only movement on the prairie was that of the short, new prairie grass which swayed to and fro, making the ground seem unstable.

"How odd," she thought, and added, "Ma, what do you suppose is the matter?"

Getting no answer from her mother, Liza threw a shawl around her shoulders and opened the door. Outside she could see better, and hear better too, she realized, for she could hear a dull buzzing sound. And then it happened; hitting her in the face,

"Ma, Ma!" she screamed, "the locusts, the locusts! All over the place—big black locusts!"

Liza stopped short, "Ma?"

Over in the corner by the stove was a crumpled heap that had once been Mattie Morey. Her figure looked old and withered, but the smile on her face was sweeter than the sound of a thousand violins. The worries and sorrows; the pain and misfortunes were left behind in that mortal body, the soul of which already floated toward the promise of everlasting peace. Mattie Morey was dead.

Mattie was buried the next day amid a shower of locusts, her most prized possessions with her: a photograph of Liza, aged five; a cameo locket, given to her by her mother; and a lock of hair, cut from the head of her youngest child who had died on the prairie.

No one but the family attended the small ceremony, for the nearest neighbor lived fifteen miles away. Liza read from her mother's Bible as her father patted the ground tenderly over the newly made grave. A small piece of board formed the tombstone and read simply:

Mattie Morey
March 21, 1865

Closing the Bible, Liza noticed a small slip of paper fall to the ground. She picked it up and started to tuck it inside, but instead glanced down, and read the message.

Locusts come
Mattie Morey goes
People run

What will happen, no one knows
March 21st, 1865.

Out Of The Void

By CAROLE COMPTON
Huntington Senior

The Lord stood on high,
and with his mighty breath
shattered the dark, mysterious void.

The heavens trembled,
and the earth cried out in pain,
as life burst forth and struggled to exist.

And life went on,
and grew to heights unknown
until the name of "man" resounded
through the air.

The Carpet

By TOMMY MORGAN
St. Albans Freshman

"Oh, it's beautiful," she exclaimed, "just what we have been looking for."

"We'll take it," he said.

"It will last a lifetime," said the salesman as he wrote out the bill for the carpet the young couple had just decided upon. Their first carpet for their first home was something they had been searching for ever since they moved into their new garage apartment, only two short months ago, she a bride, he a groom. They were very particular in their choice, for the carpet they would choose had to last for a long time.

The carpet was delivered and laid. It was a beautiful thing, that nine by twelve garden of roses in a nubby gray pile. They had so much fun, the young couple, arranging their new furniture on their beautiful new rug. It made their small living room the nicest of their small three, and it was their only carpet, so they were justly proud to own and display it.

Two years later, there was a playpen in the middle of that rose garden in nubby gray pile. A laughing baby boy had arrived to the couple. They were happier than ever now. They had their small home, their first child, their nice furniture, and their beautiful rug. The baby soon tired of the playpen as all babies do, and so his parents put it away until another time when it would be needed. Now the child played on the carpet, sliding and crawling from one end to the other. Somehow, the carpet sweeper could no longer do the carpet justice when it was cleaned. It takes more than a sweeper to remove all the stains and wear of a family of three.

A few years later the carpet again held the playpen. This time a baby girl was the occupant. The carpet was beginning to lose its luster and brilliance; the couple had to turn it more often now, it was really beginning to show the wear and tear of a family of four.

The garage apartment became too small as they often do; a family of four takes more than three rooms. The couple decided

to build a home of their own, something with more room and not a stairs on the outside. So they scrimped and saved, and finally moving day arrived. All the furniture was carried from the apartment and loaded on a van outside.

"Let's roll up the carpet," said the husband. "Honey, where are we going to put this thing in the new house? It's really too old and faded to put in the living room, and even if it wasn't, it's too small."

"Oh, let's put it in Jackie's room, he can't possibly hurt it," she replied.

The carpet was loaded on the van and taken to the new house. The father carried it from the van and laid it in his son's room. Somehow, it didn't look quite right, the faded and worn carpet in the bright new room.

"Mother," said Jackie, in a scornful voice, "when are you going to junk this old rug? I'm sick and tired of looking at the thing."

"I suppose you're right," his mother answered. "We'll put it in the basement for Carol to play on with her toys."

The father once again rolled up the carpet and carried it to the basement where his daughter placed her toys and played where once her playpen had been.

The years passed on and the children grew and left their home to make homes of their own. The couple were alone now, in a big house which echoed with memories of bygone days.

"Mother," said the husband, "I think we should sell this house and get a smaller apartment like we had when we were first married. Remember?"

"Yes, I remember," she replied sadly. "And you're right. We should get a smaller place."

So this they did. They found a small garage apartment in a quiet neighborhood of the town in which they had married, raised their family, and built their second home. Moving day came, and the old couple walked together through the house they had built for the last time. The movers were busy carrying their furniture to the van outside.

"Look, Mother," exclaimed the man, as he saw a young worker carrying out an old rug he had brought from the basement, "our rug, the first one we bought."

"Yes, the gray one with the roses in it. That was the prettiest

carpet we ever had. I liked that one better than all the others, even the green one that was wall to wall. I suppose it's because it was our first one. It's old and worn, just as we are," she said with tears in her eyes.

"It served us well, that carpet. We raised our children on that rug," he said softly. "Come, Mother, we must take it to our new home; we'll keep it always."

"No," she answered. "It is old and faded. It holds too many stains, too many memories, for us to keep now. We will leave it here, where it belongs."

So they left the rug, rolled up in a dark corner of the basement, and they forgot about it.

A few days later the new tenants moved into the house, a young couple with two small children, a boy and a girl.

"Mother!" called the children from the basement where they were exploring, "there is an old rug down here."

"Well leave it down there!" she called. "If the people left it, it surely wouldn't be any good. Honey," she called to her husband, "please go downstairs and get that old rug the children found and throw it in the trash, we don't want it, I'm sure."

"Here it is, Daddy," the chil-

dren said as their father came down the stairs, "it's old and dirty."

"Sure is," he answered as he picked it up.

"Ugh! Burn that thing up," his wife said when she saw it.

"That's exactly where it's headed," he replied. "It's not good for anything now."

"No, it's not good for anything now," his wife thought to herself as she watched her husband burn the old faded rug her children had found in the basement. "I wonder why that old couple left it here? Well, it's too late to wonder now."



Blame It On A Tree

By FRANCES S. MIROS
Huntington Freshman

I wonder if for every English class
there is a tree,
Just outside a window, in view enough
to see.

The hearts and cupid's arrows carved
deeply on its side,
And initials of people who long
ago died.

If for every English class there
really is a tree,
Do they always seem to beckon as
this one does to me?
Did it really climb up all this way,
past every single stair,
To stand there boldly teasing me
a tempter in the air?

The gnarls of age on its bark trunk
assume a wicked grin.
Instead of dangling participles, why not
study dangling limbs?
Its limbs are crooked ladders
reaching to the skies;
They catch and hold in awe
my ever gazing eyes.
But for every English letter of an "F"
or of a "D",
Can every dreaming, gazing pupil
blame it on a tree?

Three Blind Mice

By BILL MORAN
Huntington Senior

Factual and critical notes explaining the subtle meanings and usages of that most famous English ballad, "Three Blind Mice":

- Line 1—Three blind mice
Line 2—Three blind mice
Line 3—See how they run!
Line 4—See how they run!
Line 5—They all ran after the farmer's wife;
Line 6—She cut off their tails with a carving knife.
Line 7—Did you ever see such a sight in your life
Line 8—As three blind mice?

Line 1: "Three"—a rather trite expression for the number between two and four. cf. *triplis* of the Greek, *tres* of the Latin, *tres* of the French, *drei* of the German; for further information on "three" and its various and sundry combinations, dial "O" on the telephone and present the operator with the problem.

"Blind"—not to be confused with the colonistic expression "window-blind." Here it might be well to point out that the similarity of the second word in 11. 1&2 are not coincidental, as some assert.

"Mice"—plural of mouse. cf. *hice*, pl. of house.

Line 2: Rather obvious from the foregoing.

Line 3: "See"—i. e. to observe closely with the eye-ball. An obvious colonistic contraction for "see-ye."

"How"—i. e. in what manner.

"Run"—because of an old Norse legend, there is some speculation that mice didn't run at this period, but rather pitty-patted across the kitchen floor.

Line 4: Cf. note on line 2. The close observer will notice the rhyme scene a-a-b-b-, which is merely a colonist variation of the first four lines of the Shakespearean Sonnet.

Line 5: The reader is certainly not expected to take this line literally since in this case the protagonist is considerably larger than the antagonist. As Glumppt points out, this line may well be one of the lines the author wished to change before his untimely death-by-stoning.

Line 6: One cannot help but notice the theme of the fate recurring all through the literature of this period.

Line 7: "Did"—rather an interesting choice of a word. Read backwards it conveys the same deep-felt emotion.

"You ever . . . life"—merely a rhetorical question. The audience was not expected to answer such questions when these ballads were read aloud by the authors at court. Since the author came to an untimely end, however, there are some scholars who believe the audience might have expressed an opinion.

Line 8: The close observer will notice that the final line ties in with the beginning lines, thus not only bringing about the completion of the opus, but completing the thought as well.

Seven Silver Charms

By NANCY THOMAS
Charleston Junior

The seven silver charms lay in the mud of the street. The charms and the silver chain that bound them were stained and all but covered by the rain-water that would soon be frozen into ice by the chilling winter winds. Yet all the dirt and mud in the world couldn't cover the soft glow of silver that shone through and played with the moonlight that illuminated it. One of the charms was a finely veined four-leaf clover that seemed to breathe a hint of old Ireland. Next came a scrappy little puppy whose silver eyes glowed with happiness. Then there was a tiny violin that played a silver lovesong on delicate silver strings to the little metal heart in the center of the bracelet. The heart was entirely covered with mud. To the left of the heart, a fat little cupid aimed a silver arrow at the heart. Then came a gleaming crescent moon that might have fallen right out of the sky. The last charm was a silver number seven.

It was Christmas Eve and the busy holiday crowd was hurrying to and fro, trying to finish its last minute shopping. Many feet in heavy galoshes and fur-topped boots passed over the seven silver charms, miraculously managing to avoid crushing them. The darting eyes of the holiday shoppers, intent on examining the brightly lighted display windows, failed to catch the silver gleam of the charms. The crisp winter air carried the great ringing notes of the churchbells and the happy, jingling bells of the Salvation Army Santa Clauses that inhabited every street corner. And then the snow began to fall. Great lacy drops drifted downward, painting the city white. Then all at once the world was a frosty winter fantasy in white, clean and happy, and a wonderful place to live in. One by one the lights blinked and were gone, and the holiday crowd decided it was time for it to go too, time to go home to a cheery fire and a tall pine tree gaily decorated and small loving faces too excited to sleep. The crowd departed, a few stragglers hurried to catch the last bus. The Salvation Army Santa Clauses picked up their collection pots and slipped away into the darkness. The city wrapped itself in its snowy blanket and quietly went to sleep.

Wrapped in a tattered woolen shawl, a bent old figure wandered down the snowy street, intent on reaching home before the snow got any deeper and journey



much harder. The back was bent with the toil of many years spent on its knees with a scrub-bucket, cleaning the mile-long corridors of the steel and concrete office buildings. A wisp of gray hair was forced from beneath the weathered shawl by the winter wind and a gnarled old hand tucked it back under the thin wool. The eyes studied the street below, too tired to lift and appraise the glittering windows of the stores. The feet stopped. The eyes had caught a faint glitter in the snow. The bent back bent a little more, and the seven silver charms nestled in the warm callused palm. The fingers, stiff with age, rubbed the cold metal, wiping away the mud. The metal warmed and gave forth a soft glow. How lovely, she thought. Why it's almost like a Christmas present, my finding it on Christmas Eve and all. Why, here's a tiny pup. He looks a little like my own Spot that got run over last year. And here's a clover and a lucky seven. Maybe it means good luck ahead. Why, here's a silver Cupid aiming at some poor girl's heart. Well, now, who's that hurrying through the snow at this time of night?

The tall young man hurried down the street, head bent against the winter wind. He wore no overcoat and the sleeves of his jacket were worn at the elbows. He stopped near the old scrub-woman and began to walk around, searching the street, turning over the snow with his thin-soled shoes. She watched him shiver as an icy blast of wind roared through the street, and drawing her shawl tighter around her shoulder, she walked up to him.

"Is this what you're looking for?" she said, slowly extending a bony hand with the bracelet tightly clasped in her chilled fingers.

"Why yes, it is. Thank you. Thank you very much and Merry Christmas."

The bent old figure turned and started down the snowy street. The shoulders were stooped just a little lower and the footsteps were shortened and less sure than before, and a tired voice answered, "Thank you, and a Merry Christmas to you, too."