



Buff and Blue

LITERARY
NUMBER

SPRING
1959

THE BUFF AND BLUE

Literary Issue

SPRING 1959

TABLE OF CONTENTS

UNTITLED	3
<i>Deborah Cook</i>	
SKETCH	4
<i>Deborah Cook</i>	
VARIATIONS ON A THEME	5
<i>Jack Gannon</i>	
MY LOVE	11
<i>Carl D. Brininstool</i>	
ANALYSIS OF JON SILKIN'S "SPACE IN THE AIR"	12
<i>Sydney Wolff</i>	
RANDOM HARVEST	15
<i>Rex Lowman</i>	
MOOD PIERROT	16
<i>Rex Lowman</i>	
UNE BALLADE POUR FRANCOIS VILLON	18
<i>Rex Lowman</i>	
PARODIES OF JOHN LYLY AND DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON	19
<i>Dorothy Squire Miles</i>	
THE ACTOR	22
<i>Howard Palmer</i>	
JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING	23
<i>Marshall Wick</i>	
EXALTATION	27
<i>Dorothy S. Miles</i>	
INTROSPECTION	27
<i>Howard Palmer</i>	
THE TREE	28
<i>James Kundert</i>	
GRADUATION	35
<i>Joanne Whiting</i>	
COVER DESIGN	
<i>Jan Afzelius</i>	

~~~~~  
 Joanne Whiting, '59, *Editor*; Dorothy Lapsley, '59, *Associate Editor*;  
 Professor Bernard Greenberg, *Faculty Advisor*

~~~~~  
 William Nye, '59, *Business Manager*; Ernest Hairston, '61, *Assistant
 Business Manager*; Morton Bayarsky, '60, *Circulating Manager*

~~~~~  
 Printed at Gallaudet Press



## *Untitled*

DEBORAH COOK, M.S., 1960

The rain, soft fingered . . .

reaches out . . .

slips down upon the earth.

The grass leaps up to drink of it

Intoxicated leaves laugh, dancingly throw drops in and  
among themselves.

Rain wine from my brow, lingering in laughing lashes,

rain in my eyes.

upon my mouth.

## Sketch

DEBORAH COOK, M.S., 1960

The sad wispy wind whispers into my room  
tired after its long fitful day.

I have sensed it there, the foggy nights now past  
lying deep below the ground,  
it rose to scatter mist and dew,  
rose from its sobriety

alive

undulating

over the green-gray of the wet night,

fierce, curling the angry fog around its fingers

twisting forms

laughing lowly

Hurls me into the orange night, screaming after me, yet

crying

Crying for all I know, feeling as I

and I am of it and my being

like the wind, dormant beneath the fog

stirs, awakens to the despair of it all.

From the bowels of my soul the wind rises

and becomes the screaming whisper of yesterday's quiet.

The fog has cleared,

scattered,

run away.

The light shines for a moment and then it must be night

again.

The wind falls on winded knees

gasping, for it knows its death

and once more the fog comes, creeps over

covers the orange night.

# Variations On A Theme

(Working on an English assignment that asked for imitations of the style of Hemingway, Steinbeck, Sinclair and Faulkner, the following variations on a theme were conceived.)

By JACK R. GANNON

## HEMINGWAY

### I. THE KILLERS

"Damn it!" said Earl, sitting down on a stool at the counter of the corner drug store next to Mack.

"Yeah?" said Mack, who had been waiting for him for over half an hour.

"Look at this," Earl said, pointing at a short article in the evening paper.

The article read:

"A dog was killed by a hit-and-run driver at 7 p. m. Only a small boy was witness to the crime, and as he could give only a vague description of the runaway car, the case was dismissed."

"Cup of coffee," Earl said, when the waitress, a fat lady of around forty-five, finally showed up.

"Gimme another," added Mack, shoving his empty cup forward with the spoon still sticking out of it.

"Well, what about it?" Mack wanted to know.

"Hell," said Earl, "I saw the pup get run over just the other day, and the kid it belonged to was almost torn to pieces from heartbreak."

"Yeah?" Mack replied.

Earl went on, "Yeah, they treat the whole thing as if it were nothing, and dismiss the case without even trying to find evidence or another witness."

"What do you expect them to do? Teach dogs how to cross streets?" Mack said.

"Those damn hit and run drivers," Earl went on, ignoring Mack's remark, "Hell, I believe that's the tenth case to happen this month."

"And what do you want me to do?" Mack said, pouring cream in the cup of coffee which the waitress had set before him, and stirring.

"What a shame," the waitress butted in. "I just knowed the city was no place for dogs," she paused and went on, "And that's why I wouldn't hear of Jimmie bringing Butch out here. Why, no telling, Butch would have gotten run over sooner or later, sure enough."

Earl glanced up at the waitress, then stared back at his coffee.

"Something bothering you, Earl?" Mack said, after about ten minutes of silence. "Heck," he went on, when he got no answer, "Here is a stray dog that gets run over and you act as if the world is coming to an end." He paused a moment, and continued, "Hell, Earl, what's the matter with you. There's too damn many dogs around here anyhow."

"You don't understand," Earl said, getting up and walking out.

## STEINBECK

### II GUTTER ROW

The car screeched around the corner on two wheels, just as Gusty and his dog, Fluff, started across the street in its path. Gusty saw the approaching automobile and fell back. Fluff saw it too, and made a dash for the other side of the street. Brakes screamed as the car skidded by. The young driver pulled the car to a stop and nervously looked back.

Gusty was safe, but Fluff hadn't made it. He lay there whining in the middle of the pavement. Somewhat relieved that he had hit only the dog and not the boy, the driver rushed the car engine and sped away, as if he had just stopped for a stop light and nothing more.

Gusty was a poor frail Italian kid. He lived with his grey-haired mother and seven brothers and sisters in a damp basement, in what was known as "Gutter Row," the worst section of the town. His father had died when he was young. His mother scrubbed floors for the residents of the better section of the town, and with what she earned, she was barely able to keep her children alive.

Fluff was the best friend Gusty had in the world. Gusty wouldn't sell Fluff for a million dollars and the whole neighborhood knew that.

Gusty's world crumbled around him as he saw Fluff panting



there on the pavement, his body crushed as life slowly ebbed away. Gusty sadly recalled his father's death; he knew that his mother was working herself to death trying to support the family; and now his best friend in the world was dying. But he did not cry. He was too numb and no tears would come. He bent down over the small dog, and gently picked it up in his arms with loving care. In a distant lot, he laid the pup down under a tree where the two had played so often. Fluff wagged his tail weakly, a sign of appreciation, and then lay still.

Gusty stood up. In a daze, and with little hope, he found his way to the local police quarters.

At the police station, he approached the clerk at the desk.

"What can I do for you, Sonny?" the big red-headed clerk said, looking up from some paper work as Gusty approached.

"I wanna see the sar'gant" Gusty replied in a low tone.

"Something wrong?" asked the clerk, wrinkling his eyebrows, as he eyed the small boy in front of him.

"A man," Gusty began, "hit and killed Old Fluff."

"Who is Old Fluff?" the clerk immediately wanted to know, taking out a pencil and pad of paper from a drawer.

"Old Fluff's . . ." Gusty cleared his throat, and went on, "my dog."

"Oh," said the clerk somewhat relieved at the prospect of having less activity to attend to. He sat back and looked at the small thin lad in front of him. Soon, he began to notice the dirty face, long unclean nails, old torn and dirty clothes and a mess of hair badly in need of a haircut. For a moment, he recalled his own boyhood days, and the "Old Fluffs" he had loved and played with.

He sat up in his chair and asked Gusty for more information. Gusty couldn't give much and the clerk was forced to write:

"A dog was killed by a hit-and-run driver at 7 p. m. Only a small boy was witness to the crime, and as he could give only a vague description of the runaway car, the case was dismissed."

Eying the words, "...case dismissed," the clerk gritted his teeth and said, "We'll do all we can to catch that hit and run driver, Sonny, it's not the first case to happen this week." He looked Gusty over again and reached in his pocket and took out some coins. "Here," he said, "You run along and get yourself a haircut, then hurry back; we're going to shop around for some spare clothes." He paused, then added, "By the way, my boy's dog just had a litter last week. Maybe after supper, we could go look at them."

## SINCLAIR

### III. THE JUNGLE OF NO JUSTICE

Jim was out for a stroll. He had just got home from work, taken a bath, eaten supper and decided to go for a walk to witness the night spread its blanket of darkness over mother earth.

Jim was a young man from an Iowa farm, who like so many others, had quit school and come to the city for work. He was one of the thousands of workers employed at the nearby soap factory.

At a distant corner of Third and Ivy Street, where Czernicki's dry-cleaning establishment was located, Jim saw a crowd gathering in the twilight. Curious, he hastened his pace and was soon among the crowd.

In the muddy street, a few feet from the flooded gutter near which the crowd had gathered, lay a dog. It had been hit by a car. It lay there moaning and breathing heavily, with glassy, pleading eyes. It was a brown little dog with white scattered spots and a short curled tail. One of its fore paws was twisted grotesquely, and blood trickled from its nostrils and mouth, as its life slowly ebbed away. A large sickening gap in the stomach showed the entrails.

On the curb, near the dying dog, sat a small boy about eight years old, sobbing his little heart out. Jim recognized the boy as the son of one of the fellows he worked with; and then he recognized the dog, which, he remembered, had been given to the boy for Christmas "from Santa."

The pup had been the victim of another hit and run driver.

A big hulking policeman loomed on the scene. Jim overheard him ask, "What's th' matter, kid?"

Through deep gasping sobs, the little boy gave a low answer, "He killed my dog."

"Who?" the cop asked; bored, going through another routine report.

"A man in a big blue car," was all the information the young lad could give.

The cop told a lady to take the kid home after a few more ques-

tions to which he could get no satisfactory answers. The lad was able to give his pup one long last look before being dragged off, still crying. When he was gone, the cop shoved the still moaning pup into the nearby gutter with his foot, being careful not to get it bloody, and strolled off. He would make his routine report tonight. It would say:

"A dog was killed by a hit-and-run driver at 7 p. m. Only a small boy was witness to the crime, and as he could give only a vague description of the runaway car, the case was dismissed."

and he, too, would dismiss the incident.

Jim turned away in disgust. His stomach curled into knots. One lady in the crowd said, "I'll bet it was that no-good son of Mr. Downheart again—he loves nothing better than breaking little boys' hearts by running over their dogs." The crowd nodded. They knew she was right. Mr. Downheart's son was the vice-president of the factory where most of them worked. He did nothing but drive around in his latest model car, showing off, when he was not in trouble. And they knew, too, that when he was caught for something he did, that he would get off easy because his father was the president of the factory.

Jim headed back to his room, his whole stomach revolting at the injustice of it all. He thought that the rich people got away with too much. He considered himself, and the other poor folks like him, as slaves to the industrial and capitalistic society—the "big shots," who could get away with almost anything just as long as they could flash enough greenbacks.

He climbed the flight of steps to his room. All of a sudden a thought came to him. It was partly his fault, he realized. He had quit school, like so many others, and gone to work. He had given up the opportunity for a better job—the chance to do his share in society, not as an unheard-of follower but as a leader. But the opportunity was still there. It wasn't too late.

He fell asleep that night with a smile on his face.

## FAULKNER

### IV. REQUIEM FOR A DOG

There lay the bloody dog, an inert, senseless mass of flesh. There on the curb sat a small barefoot boy sobbing hysterically. It was a simple story, as Sam, the *Swampdale News* reporter, saw it, and he quickly gathered the facts:

"A dog was killed by a hit-and-run driver at 7 p. m. Only a small boy was witness to the crime, and as he could give only a

vague description of the runaway car, the case was dismissed."

He lingered among the crowd of hushed townfolks; he wasn't hoping for more information, but wondering. "I'll bet it was," a middle-aged lady with grey hair was saying. Sam thought to himself, yes, they think it was him, too. The lady went on, "that cold-blooded Mr. Atlantis." The silent crowd, with sad faces and bowed heads, nodded in agreement. Mr. Atlantis was an old man, who lived alone, save for a few servants, on a large plantation some four or five miles north of town. "Old Atlantis," as he was best known, was respected by the older generation, disliked and known as a snob among the younger generation; and hated as well as feared, by the youngest, the children.

This is strange because he was once well liked by almost everyone for miles around. People, both young and old, used to flock to his large comfortable plantation from all over the country, to see him, and they were always welcomed with a warm heart and a cool, refreshing lime rickey. But two years ago, everything changed. This change came suddenly after his wife died. She was bitten one day by a visitor's pet dog. She became seriously ill and later died. It turned out that the dog had rabies. Mr. Atlantis was very heartbroken and the whole town mourned with him. After the funeral, he immediately withdrew from his friends and society. And, except when he came to town in a huge old Packard, once a week to buy groceries, he was seldom seen. Many believed that he grew a deep hatred for dogs after that incident, because he was often seen trying to run over dogs that crossed the streets in front of his car when he came to town. And, in the past few years, he had succeeded more than just a few times. "I'm positive it was him too," a young college freshman, home on vacation, hastily agreed. "Why don't we get the law on him? Where's our rights?" he wanted to know. "Listen, son," an older man was putting his hand on the boy's shoulder, trying to explain that the sheriff and almost everybody else in Poodle County knew Mr. Atlantis, that no one with any dignity, would try to lay the blame on such an old gentleman as Mr. Atlantis. "That's what you call democracy, I suppose," the lad argued. Sam knew the boy was right. Just because the older generation respected Mr. Atlantis; or because he had had some wealthy relatives in this town; or because he had helped the town establish a park—so they say—they must not dare accuse him of murdering their dogs; they dare not ask him to kindly stop his hobby of slaughtering animals in the streets. No, they wouldn't dare think of chipping such a *respected* gentleman's pride. But

there was that reeking stench and an animal that was once alive, but now dead and Sam took another look at the messy heap, that was once a beautiful reddish brown, long nosed collie, squashed there on the pavement, with its jaw ripped open and its tongue hung out. Sam walked on, as he had been doing the past fifteen years, floating with the current yet hating himself for it; when more people like the freshman from college, who were still young and strong enough to swim against the current grew up, maybe such things would come to an end, he thought.

## *My Love*

By CARL D. BRININSTOOL, '59

Within the soul one finds love,  
Mind and heart are fused as one,  
On wings of grace flies the dove,  
This love belongs to no other one.

To find it one must seek,  
Deep within the soul forever,  
When it is found it will keep,  
Though the stars will fade, it will never.

Through calm or strife it is there,  
Great as the power of mighty Jove,  
In the fathoms of the soul is where,  
One finds immortal and true love.



## ANALYSIS OF JON SILKIN'S

# "A Space in the Air"

BY SYDNEY WOLFF, M.S. 1959

*A Space in the Air* is a love poem addressed to the poet's beloved. It is a poem emphasizing the poignancy of love in the face of death or separation. However, the main theme of love is approached indirectly and builds in intensity by the amplification and progression of a seemingly simple situation. The language throughout is clear and unassuming.

The poem is written in accentual meter and throughout the four line stanzas the accented syllables and the pauses are fixed so that the important words get the accents. The run-on lines and the pauses strengthen the meaning of the lines because each line appears as a dramatic unit. The first line has three beats; the second, five; the third, four; and the fourth, three. However, there are variations from the basic pattern.

The poem begins with the seemingly insignificant disappearance of a dog:

The first day he had gone  
I barely missed him. I was glad almost he had left  
Without a bark or flick of his tail,  
I was content he had slipped

Out into the world.

The tone is casual. Yet in this unassuming description of the dog's going the basic image is firmly established. There is a feeling of "relief/From his dirty habits." Yet the feeling of doubt and reservation about the event appears in the words "barely missed him" and "glad almost." Also, the dog has disappeared "out into the world." The concrete space he had occupied is now empty and in the poet's mindless affection there is also a space.

In the second and third stanzas there is a progression of doubt and time. The second day the space the dog has left behind him is noticed. The tone and the dramatic importance of the image change:

And I missed him suddenly.  
Missed him almost without knowing  
Why it was so. And I grew

Afraid he was dead, expecting death  
As something I had grown used to.

The seed of loss is now magnified, but still the poet misses him "almost without knowing/Why it was so." The word "almost" suggests a pause in the poet's mind, something that he yet cannot grasp. Death is now thought of. This seemingly insignificant event makes the poet think of his basic fear, "expecting death/As something I had grown used to." The fear quickens and the poet fears that

The clumsy children in the street  
Had cut his tail off as

A souvenir of the living . . .

To the children death and pain are not contemplative and in their clumsy world of sensation they inflict pain mindlessly.

Stanzas five and six reiterate the poet's fear for the dog and his anxiety over the dog's absence. He says that he has grown accustomed to death "lately." The word receives dramatic emphasis in the line. It is as if he can accept the idea of death in his mind as a natural sequence, but when brought close to it, the fear and irreconcilability of death emerges.

In stanza seven the ambiguous fear of the poet crystallizes and the image of going or death is expanded and deepened to a more personal meaning. The tone is one of high lyrical intensity:

It was not only his death I feared,  
Not only his but as if all of those  
I loved, as if all those near me  
Should suddenly go

Into the hole in the light  
And disappear.

The poet fears for the casualness and the purposelessness of their going like the silent disappearance of the dog "Without barking, without speaking,/ Without noticing me there/ But go." The feeling of powerlessness in the face of death, the going without even noticing him there, as if

The instrument of pain were a casual thing  
To suffer, as if they should suffer so,  
Casually and without greatness,

Without purpose even. But just go.

And now with deep personal feeling the poet addresses his love:

I should be afraid to lose all those friends like this.  
I should fear to lose those loves. But mostly  
I should fear to lose you.

All that has gone before has prepared for the poet's address to his love. The tone and lyricism has deepened and the image of going (of the dog and the loved ones) is now brought to bear on the poet's fear for the loss of his love. The image, idea, and the statements focus in intensity and precision.

In stanzas twelve and thirteen:

My own death I bear everyday  
More or less

But your death would be something else,  
Something else beyond me. It would not be  
Your death or my death, love,  
But our rose-linked dissolution.

the fine use of repetition for the strengthening of the statement and the idea can be seen. This use of repetition with a slight change is used throughout the poem and adds a sense of concreteness and precision. Not only does the repetition not become tiring, but the language and diction are entirely consistent throughout; except the last line in stanza thirteen. Here there seems to be a straining, not in terms of meaning, but in the diction.

In stanza fourteen the tone, statement, image, and the dramatic texture of all that has gone before coalesce:

So I feared his going,  
His death, not our death, but a hint at our death. And I shall  
always fear  
The death of those we love as  
The hint of your death, love.

*A Space in the Air* is a finely-wrought poem. It is firmly thought out and executed. The use of accentual meter, the dramatic unity of the lines, the run-on lines and the pauses work together to strengthen the integrity of the lines and the meaning; the fine use of repetition gives a sense of precision and completeness; there is a consistent use of language and diction; the tone, the language, and the development of the images are entirely consistent with the dramatic structure; there is a fine lyrical flow and intensity; and a unity of the dramatic structure. But mostly, the poem never loses sight of where it's going.

—*A Space in the Air* can be found in *The New Poets of England and America* published by Meridian Books.

The Literary Staff is once again privileged to print several poems by Mr. Rex Lowman. The following won first prize in 1948 in the James Patrick McGovern Poetry Contest at the American University, and was in the May, 1948, literary issue.

## *Random Harvest*

By REX LOWMAN, '40

No trace of her about the town  
Save for the sower and the sown  
Images in a field laid down  
For random harvests of the brain.  
One might have said an autumn rain  
Fell darkly on the gathered grain

Of former years, or that a life  
Grew starkly into sound and strife  
Beneath the cutting of a knife,  
But these are reasons brought to fore  
By men to sum the total score  
Of what their knowledge knew before.

There might have been a broken space  
Suddenly empty, where a grace  
The fallow mind could not efface  
Leaned dancer-like against the wind  
And swirling leaves could not rescind  
The shimmering of hair unpinned.

# *Mood Pierrot*

By REX LOWMAN, '40

## I

Ah, Columbine, you flaunt again  
The white hands glancing with the light  
Across my shadowed brow, where blight  
Turns green the pigment of the vain,  
Bright-painted cheeks. Pierrot inane  
Bursts forth again upon your sight  
To wail and weep in jargon trite  
His sad heart shorn of counterpane.  
I, who was born to be a clown,  
Upon this holy moment jest  
For fear your slender hands disown  
The head whereon they now are prest,  
This mouth that smiles with lips turned down,  
This speech that trembles in my breast.

## II

Pierrot in vain holds dignity  
About him cloakwise, fold on fold  
As Columbine smiles prettily;

In his gray mask of tragedy,  
Adorned with grease-paint, as of old,  
Pierrot in vain holds dignity.

What use to bargain wearily  
With rouge against a doom foretold  
As Columbine smiles prettily?

Though quipping jests incessantly,  
His mouth set in a mournful mold,  
Pierrot in vain holds dignity.

His heart-strings twitch; and timidly  
His spent hand waxes overbold  
As Columbine smiles prettily.



Her laughter, pealing silverly,  
Leaves Harlequin threadbare and cold:  
Pierrot in vain holds dignity  
As Columbine smiles prettily.

III

Columbine, take your violin—  
The strings stretched taut, the bow held in—  
And play upon it from afar  
That sad song in the Breton air  
Which moves the heart of Harlequin

“Au clair de la lune” . . . a note drawn thin  
Echoes amid the ghostly din  
Of pulsing blood’s new avatar . . .  
Columbine, take your violin.

Play dark chords subtle as the twin  
Dusk-heavy eyes and, oh, unpin  
The tangled music of your hair  
For counterpoint against the flare  
Of rose-red lips upon white skin . . .  
Columbine, take your violin.

(Reprinted from the December, 1947 issue)

## *Une Ballade Pour Francois Villon*

By REX LOWMAN, '40

Villon, my brother, like thyself I write  
The world's accounts for one poor slice of bread  
And like to thee I soar upon the height  
Of bitter song, though never has it fed  
My stomach, feeding on the pangs of dread;  
Yet, come tomorrow, I will go to work  
And scriven once again till day is fled.  
Villon, my brother, thou and I a clerk!

Thou hadst more courage in the dark of night  
To set the balance even and to bed  
With Margot if thy Katherine took flight:  
Too great a store, for thine the hand that led  
Death's grisly stranger to the wound which bled  
On one who struck thee: sure, the gibbet's jerk  
Never for thee so eloquently pled.  
Villon, my brother, thou and I a clerk!

Thou, brother, hadst thy more than father's sight  
To guard thy ways, but I have none: the red  
Sweet lips of Rosalind, the shoulders bright  
With storming curls of hair, her slim, lithe tread  
Fall on me like the warm weight of her head  
To turn me on the path where shadows lurk,  
But this poor wraith of song has won instead.  
Villon, my brother, thou and I a clerk!

### L'envoi

Hail, Poet, sleeping with the restful dead,  
The rust has claimed the bright edge of thy dirk,  
But for thy song full many a praise is said.  
Villon, my brother, thou and I a clerk!

The following contributions, written by Dorothy Miles, are meant as parodies of various authors: the first of a sixteenth century writer, John Lyly; the second of Dr. Samuel Johnson, the famous 18th Century writer. They are only intended as examples of the styles parodied, and are therefore not necessarily complete essays.

## Two Parodies

JOHN LYLY (c1553—1606)

By DOROTHY S. MILES

There dwelt in Paris a poor seamstress of doubtful paternity, yet of such extreme comeliness that it was felt nature had compensated her for the lowliness of her position, by the loveliness of her person. And fortune, fearing not to be thought fickle, had brought the excellence of her workmanship to the notice of the court, that by frequent contact with royal raiment she might be more fully conscious of her wretched rags. This young girl, of more industry than intelligence, yet of more intelligence than innocence, thus found herself in a position where the accurate aiming of ambition promised her nothing to lose and everything to gain. As therefore Agamemnon had his Troy, Aeneas his Italy, and Medea her revenge, so had young Gabrielle her goal, none other than to be courtesan to the king his majesty. In this no blame can be cast, for breeding will out; and if parents neglect their own virtue, they cannot complain if children nourish that same vice. The rose withers soonest where the soil is poor, the cloth wears soonest where the loom is faulty, the jewel soonest dims that is badly set, and the house with weak foundations will sooner fall; which appeared well in this Gabrielle, whose fortune having no sooner delivered her from her mother's influence, than she demonstrated her daughterly independence, not to disdain emulation, but to display imitation. Caesar, having displaced Pompey, became likewise an autocrat. Alexander, first repelling the Persian invaders, later became the invader. David, inheriting Saul's crown, inherited his weaknesses. And if among the wise and great, how much more among the weak and giddy.

Coming each day from the gloomy squalor of the Paris gutters

to the gilded splendor of the Palace gates, my maiden was readily reminded of her prevailing purpose, and sought ceaselessly by wary watchfulness and constant curiosity to learn the intricacies of the court, as to lose the impediments of the commons. All things come to him who waits; and patience receives its reward, as shall most manifestly appear. A speck of grit in the oyster, creates a pearl; so that spark of greed, in Gabrielle, produced a paragon. Her beauty and industry were the more admired, as her birth and indelicacy were the more obscured; and no sooner had she become what she was not, than people took her for what she wished to be. As nimble with her nuances as with her needle, as pretty in her practices as in her profile, from seamstress she became lady's maid, from lady's maid she became companion, from companion, lady-in-waiting, and from lady-in-waiting, Mistress of the Robes. As former favorites fall, so ready replacements rise.

#### SAMUEL JOHNSON

Of JOHN THIRLWALL and ARTHUR WALDHORN, who together have laboured to produce, under the title of *A Bible for the Humanities*, an arrangement of the Scriptures for reading in the publick colleges, little can be said; for little is known, beyond that both men would seem to be attached to the Department of English, at the City College of New York; but as they are editors, and not authors, of the material, very little would be gained in our present study by a further investigation into their achievements.

For him who finds the daily traffick of life leaves him little time, and perhaps less inclination, for a thorough and regular perusal of *King James's Version* of the Bible, this present edition will, no doubt, provide a simple and effective means of refreshing the memory with apt quotations; thereby endowing him with a semblance of devoutness, none the less striking for being purely superficial. At the same time, this edition will also delight him who, though he reads the complete version diligently, yet wishes to have at hand a concise summary and explanation of the more controversial points; for the selections made here may certainly serve that purpose, notwithstanding that I would have had included the first six plagues of Egypt, on which theme I have had many a heated discussion, and the later Messianic prophecies of the Book of Isaiah; and if the explanations are, for the most part, literary and historical rather than religious, it should be

remembered by the devout, that this edition seeks specifically to represent the Bible as *Literature*.

The present purpose being to discuss the arrangement of the Psalms in this edition, I will leave further judgment of the greater part of the book to the Publick. The editors have selected only nineteen of the one-hundred and fifty Psalms in King James' Bible, and have grouped these under three headings: The Grandeur and Power of God; Psalms of the People; and Psalms of the Individual; and I cannot forbear to remark that, even with this limited selection, it is difficult to see exactly where the division lies. The Hebrew mind appears to shift rapidly from God to nation, and from nation to individual, or *vice versa*, without warning; and it might be postulated that, to the Hebrew, God, nation and individual are as one. In the very first Psalm of the selection, we have the lines

*Blessed is the man  
That walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,  
Nor standeth in the way of sinners,  
Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.  
But his delight is in the law of the LORD.*

Who, then, is the man, if not the individual? I cannot conceive that the poet would number himself among the ungodly. And who are the ungodly, if not the enemies of the nation? Thirlwall and Waldhorn, however, cannot be held responsible for the vagaries of the Hebrew Psalmists.

Had the Psalms been presented alone, from an entirely literary view-point, rather than as a partial continuance of the narrative, it might have rendered them more effective, if they had been ranged according to the emotional tone, whether of fear, despair, hope, tranquility or joy.



## *The Actor*

By HOWARD PALMER, '59

He stands alone backstage  
And waits for the curtain  
To open the real front of the world,

Appears on the stage before the audience  
Filled with excitement and pledges  
His acting to their love of art.

There he possesses an arresting personality  
Like a person with a new character,  
Yet, he keeps his own soul within the new soul.

After the play is completed,  
The audience leaves; the theatre becomes  
Empty as the shadows fall.

He feels his emotions disappear into a haze  
Because he never played himself  
And now his tragic face is veiled.

He is all gone, and who knows where?  
Not even his new soul can tell  
For it is superimposed upon natural soul.

Tears he weeps but cannot hold,  
And finding no pity from applause,  
He broods over the empty stage.

There is a long interval of time consumed  
In trying to realize that he is no longer acting,  
Or has he become someone else, unknown to self?

# Just About Everything

## A CARBIOGRAPHY<sup>1</sup>

By E. MARSHALL WICK

The names in this essay are fictional and any resemblance to persons whether living or dead is purely intentional.

### PREFACE

I would like to thank my wife for her unfailing help and encouragement given during my writing of this carbiography, but unfortunately I can't—I'm not married.<sup>2</sup>

### DEDICATION

This is dedicated to the hundreds, yep, thousands, perhaps even millions (who knows) of Americans who make America funny.

### INTRODUCTION

This is my second contribution to the BUFF AND BLUE Literary Edition. Unfortunately, the first one was never published, for, after I had spent two industrious days on it, it was lost in a violent struggle with a little old lady over a seat on the bus. In order to preserve this, I'm going to avoid busses and little old ladies until this is published.

## CHAPTER I

### THE BEGINNING<sup>3</sup>

Many people are born in very unusual places. Some are born in airplanes, some in taxicabs, some in homes, some here, some

---

<sup>1</sup>We Canadians have a different word for Car, namely Auto. However I am sure that you Americans appreciate my using this Americanism while I'm here, hence carbiography, rather than Autobiography.

<sup>2</sup>Thanks to Eric Nichol (no relation to Santa Claus) and William Shakespeare (just in case) for this quotation.

<sup>3</sup>According to one Leonard Siger, nothing comes before.

there—in fact, some are even born in haystacks. But I was not born in any of those places; I was born in a place called a hospital. I was born 99 45/100 per cent a typical Canadian boy, which even beats the percentage content of Ivory Soap, although I can't claim to be that pure. It was a gloomy night, May 20, 1939<sup>1</sup> (now you can figure my age if you're mathematically inclined) in a small suburb called Toronto. And now all of you can see that I come from way up in Canada, the land of the ice, snow, and oh, yes, eskimos. It's so cold up there that we grow your vegetables quick frozen. This also explains why I was brought up on a diet of frozen orange juice as an infant. I have always been ambitious. As an infant I washed and ironed my own diapers. My family thought I would be an auctioneer when I grew up. I put father's watch under the hammer. I fell from the crib at nine months, but luckily I broke the fall with my head. At ten months the rabbits loved to play with me, but the next year I had my two front teeth fixed. At eleven months I learned that life is full of struggles; mother tried to wash my ears. Then with me, as it is with brides, everything happens the second year. However, my mother managed to put up with me somehow until I reached six when she turned me over to the things called schools. Actually the first day I went to school was the fatal day that I couldn't get a poolroom table. Once I did go to school, teacher kept marking me absent, probably because I was so thin. From six to nine, my life was spent mostly listening to Buster Brown and scrubbing floors. I wasn't very bright in school, but I was a whiz at recess. It was fun living in the city and being able to ride the buses. And do you know what happens to little boys who tell lies? Why they are able to ride for half-fare. Somebody hoped that I would go places. He sent me a chemistry set. Not much else is known about my early life from birth to nine—I was too young to read.

## CHAPTER II

### A KID'S LIFE

I can remember the days from nine years old on, yea, even the nights. The days were mostly spent in school learning things like 2 plus 2 makes 4 but 2 dogs plus 2 bones does not equal 4 dogs and bones.<sup>2</sup> The only figures I have ever been interested in are

---

<sup>1</sup>This was Mother's Day.

<sup>2</sup>Two dogs plus two bones equals 2 dogs with fuller stomachs.

girls. In school I learned that the United States has a Declaration of Interdependence, or something like that and that the real reason why George Washington's father didn't punish him for chopping down the cherry tree was because they were only renting the place. Naturally the schools were co-educational so I will leave the rest to the reader's imagination. Please note, however, that at the ages 9-12, boys have limited interest in girls.

\* \* \*

Pardon the interruption, but you have taken the time allowed to imagine and it is time to go on.

As a young teenager, I was active in dramatics. Later on I had a part in a movie and after it was released, the producer called at my house and when I opened the door, he gasped, "Wick, you're made!" "What?" I asked querulously (my voice shaking like an old man buying burlesk tickets). He answered, "Your maid, let me talk to your maid." One of this producer's plays was so sad and tragic that they had to work in a hit and run victim for comic relief.

### CHAPTER III

#### MY HIGH SCHOOL DAZE

At the age of 14, I first entered high school. When I first went there, I weighed 97 pounds (hence the term "97 pound weakling") but when I graduated, I weighed 98 with my fountain pen filled which just goes to show how fattening high school days are. It was in high school that I first got interested in writing. I once even had an article published. I was so happy when I got that first check that I framed it and began writing with redoubled vigor. The rejection slips came back with redoubled vigor too. After one month I took down the frame and cashed the check. After another month I sold the frame. I didn't know any girls when I first went to high school and the title of my first song was "I'm always chasing rainbows, for I don't know any gals." Later I got to know quite a few. One of the first girls I went with was too old for me, I'll admit. In fact she paid her own way with social security (called Old Age Pension in Canada) checks. But she was a terrific student. People thought I was carrying home her books for her, but I wasn't—I was stealing her homework. I never had much trouble with girls after that. Unlike some, I never told girls that I was unworthy of them: I let it come out as a surprise. Although dancing was very popular with the crowd, I never took to it like ducks take to water (so the saying

goes, don't it?) The only dance I ever did was a tap dance: I turned on the wrong tap in the shower. I never did go for other dances because it got embarrassing for my dates to carry me piggy back around the dance floor. While going to high, I also established a printshop so that I could print saucy cards and pass them around. Unfortunately, the joke backfired, and I was left with the management of a real printing business. I also got interested in athletics. I started my career at the bottom by developing athlete's foot. I always liked outdoor sports like baseball, football and parking after that. In high school I made the baseball<sup>1</sup> team. I held the position of Infield Grass Mower. On the football squad, I played two positions, end and guard. I sat on the end of the bench and guarded the water bucket. I was disqualified from playing for scholastic reasons: Stupidity. For example, I thought the "Big Ten" were my toes. At one game I was penalized for illegal use of my hands. I was picking pockets. Canadian football is played on a field 110 yards long; the object of the game is to make money. One year our team had a perfect record—lost every game. The next year we were not only unbeaten, we were untied. In fact we were the untidiest team in the league.

Some outside interests are also worth mentioning. I happen to be the only one ever arrested on the Queen Elizabeth Way (a Canadian freeway) for taking a bath in his motorcycle sidecar. They were awfully strict at my high—once I flunked a rhetoric course because I wrote a period upside down. When I graduated from high school, I didn't get any prizes, but I did get horrible mention.

During my high school days I also was elected to the Bored of Education and generally contributed my share of the confusion. I developed an interest in reading however, and it came to my attention that one of the worst things an author can do is to leave a story unfinished. In any case, one of the funniest things I have ever seen was the day we were all innocently seated in History class when the teacher came in and . . .

---

<sup>1</sup> I had always thought that baseball was America's favorite pastime and then I saw *Esquire*.



## *Exaltion*

By DOROTHY SQUIRE MILES, '61

I think I shall remember till I die  
A sudden glimpse of trees against the sky;  
All in a row they were, and newly dressed  
In summer's green, and a light breeze caressed  
Their topmost branches; stretching there so high,  
They seemed like fingers reaching for the sky,  
As if they sought to part the veil of blue  
And let the peace of Heaven shine softly through.  
And for a moment, from this lowly sod  
I reached with them to touch the face of God.

## *Introspection*

HOWARD PALMER, '59

"... Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars. . ."—Othello

Never, neither would I admit  
Nor tell the cause. The cause scorns  
Those who read obviously.  
Reason hates those who spell  
For truth betrays your peaceful soul  
And can convert you into Oedipus.

Once more. . .  
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars. . .

# The Tree

By JAMES KUNDERT

Funny thing is, I had never noticed the tree. I don't mean I never saw it. I did. It's just that I never took any note of it. Like the things you see every day without paying no special attention to them, forks, for instance. I guess the tree had gotten to be quite a habit with me. I sort of took it for granted, like Gramp's false teeth. I knew he wore them but when one day he crunched into an apple and the teeth came out on top, I began to wonder if I ever knew of them before. Course we had a jolly laugh on Gramp's account 'specially when he snorted. 'Minded me of Uncle Milt's horse, Blaze, when he snorted. He, I mean Blaze, was some meaner.

But the tree was something else. It was an elm, I think. Doesn't matter what, cause it's one of the biggest trees I ever set eyes upon. "So 'ristoric and such," Dad would prattle on. He was right proud of it. "Gen'rations grew under it," he once said. For the life of me I heard of no such General Rations but I said nothing. "Boys are to be seen, not heard," he always said.

If I had not seen that picture on television about that guy who climbed all the way up the Mattahorn, I don't think I would have noticed the tree any. He was real great, that guy, climbing up so close to the sky that he could almost reach out and pluck a star. But of course he couldn't though I liked to think so. It was "treacherous" so Gramps explained, with so many thousands of feet behind him. Course I know now that the stars were still far away.

"Takes more than a Mattahorn to reach a star," Gramps said.

Then when the guy reached the top, he planted a little flag.

"Silly," I said with a giggle. "Nobody can see it."

Dad hushed me with a look. Yet it was beautiful up there with the snow and all that blue sky. Then the music played, mind you, not harps, but something real nice and low. It made me feel like it was Sunday, that I was in our pew in the First Presbyterian Church and the choir was playing.

It got to thinking about that guy who climbed the Mattahorn

that night and whenever I have something on my mind before I doze off my dreams sort of take over. Only in this here dream it was me climbing and it took a lot of huffing and puffing to heave myself up. Then when I reached the top I looked down below. There was nothing there 'cepting thick sudsy clouds. It was real purty those clouds. Then I planted my flag there just like that guy did. Course I was famous when I came down. Pictures in the paper and all that. Dad said I could speak my mind and Moms sort of cuddled me. Even Cousin Hector came over to ask for my autograph. It was real funny the way he looked. He never begged for anything but took what he wanted, but now he sort of shuffled up to me. Then, just as I was ready to sign, sniggering like, Moms nudged me and said it was time to get up, that it was such a lovely day to waste in bed. And looking out of the window the sun was a big splash of light. High up I saw a single white cloud and winked. I had been so close to it and now it was so far away.

Moms threw the window open and I smelled the morning. It smelled good, of grass and sunshine and clothes hanging on the line.

"Moms," I said, letting her in on my secret, "Someday I'm going to be a mountain climber. I'll be famous, Moms."

"How nice," she said, not bothering to look. She was busy putting clean clothes in my drawer.

"Suppose you try climbing out of that bed for a start."

"Don't you believe me, Moms?" I said.

"Of course I do, but I don't see any mountains hereabouts."

"Oh!"

"Why don't you stick to being a policeman, or was it a fireman you said last. I can't keep them straight."

"But I'm serious, Moms."

"Maybe you are," she looked at me, her arms at her side, "but you still haven't climbed out of that bed."

I muttered something like "Grownups just don't understand," but Moms was too busy to listen.

After breakfast I left the house and strained to see if there were any hills near the house. The land was very flat. All I could see were houses and trees stretching way down.

"Fat chance of becoming famous," I thought, lying down under the elm tree. It was cool there in the shade. A breeze fanned my cheeks and I could smell the grass that had little beads of water sticking to each blade. High, high above I saw the sky through the branches of the tree. A tiny cloud was sitting upon

the highest branch of the tree, like some soft, lovely nest built by some great bird. I jumped to my feet. I wanted to tell Moms that I had found my Mattahorn, only it wasn't a mountain but a tree. I was sure that it was a thousand feet high. I stopped and changed my mind about telling her. She mustn't know about this. It was to be a surprise for her.

I walked around the tree. The trunk was so big and the sides were smooth. Higher up it split into three big branches, each one heading in a different direction. From the shed I got the ladder that Dad used in setting up the storm windows. I leaned it against the tree and saw that it reached the part where the trunk branched off. I was sorry there was nobody to see me off. That was to be part of the plan. But when I stepped upon the ladder, I felt very light and bouncy. It was like shoving off from the shore in a boat that would take you way downstream like Gramps and I used to do lots of times when he took me fishing on Snake River. But now I was off by myself. I had already reached the top of the ladder and then very carefully pulled myself up on the tree. It was one thing to have climbed so far, another to decide what branch to choose. High up near the end of one branch I could see the small nest of cloud. It had moved further out along the branch. I started to climb the branch that led to it, slowly, moving inches at a time, never resting 'cept to get a good hold as I went up. I forgot everything as I climbed. High up the sun flashed on the leaves and they shook it off. I stopped half-way up when a strong breeze hit the tree. It swayed a bit and the branch where I was sitting started to rock. I held on for a little while before going ahead. In that time I looked down and what I saw made me catch my breath. Far, far below I saw the front lawn and from there the roof of our house. I hugged the tree closer and began to sweat. I had never been so high before and now that I was here I felt that I could never move down. I clung to the tree and my legs ached. Before long I saw Moms out on the lawn. She looked so small there. She was looking for me.

"Jack-ee," she yelled, looking up and down the street.

It was hours before she saw me and when she did, her hands flew to her head, like they do when she's excited. Her screams brought the whole neighborhood around.

"Come right down," she called and then, "No, stay right there."

What happened after that I don't know. I heard many voices below and later the sound of the fire-engine.

That evening Dad bawled me out.

"What do you mean climbing that tree and making an exhibition of yourself?"

"Exhibishun!" I muttered.

"Yes, bringing the whole neighborhood around this morning and scaring Mother clean out of her wits."

How could I answer when his eyes burned into me and his face was a mask of anger. I felt small and very alone then just like Moms was when I saw her from the tree.

"Don't too harsh on him," Moms said, trying to help me.

"Harsh," Dad turned to her. "It's a wonder I don't have his hide."

"But he promised me he wouldn't do it again. You have to expect these things from children."

"He simply must learn to behave," Dad said.

That night after I was sent to bed, I could hear voices below. I turned to my side to drown them out and as I did, I saw the tree beyond the window. The moon was shining upon it, painting it with pale silver. I felt again that fear I had known in the morning. My hands and feet felt cold and clammy and I shivered in my bed.

My door opened and light from the hall flooded the room.

"Jackie."

"Yeah, Gramps?"

"Are you alright?"

"Uh-huh."

He came over and sat on my bed. It was good to smell the pipe tobacco on him, to hear him talk in his slow, friendly way. His mustache shone white in the light from the window. It revealed too the many wrinkles around his eyes that ran deep whenever he smiled.

"Don't fret," he whispered. "This will blow over. Growing up can be downright miserable. Of course it's not always that bad. People like your father forget what it's like to be young. They run a temperature over things like this but in their days they acted much the same."

"Really, Gramps," I said, turning to him. It was hard to think of Dad at my age, and he always so proper.

"Sure," Gramps said, looking out of the window, his eyes faraway. "There was a time when he took it in his head to swim across Snake River."

"Why," I said, real low. I thought of the river, of its muddy water with scarce a ripple, and how far away the other side was.

"Dunno," Gramps said, "He didn't say anything, just up and

left. But I got him in time. Maybe you won't believe it, but he could bellow like a foghorn."

He smiled and all the wrinkles burrowed deep.

"He used to growl at me everytime I mentioned this to him so I wouldn't advise you to let on that you know. This is just between you and me. Okay?"

He got up from the bed slowly.

"Sleep it off," he said, leaving the room.

"Gramps," I called.

"Yes."

I saw the tree again. There came that cold, sudden fear. The tree was moving, it seemed alive. But it was the wind blowing. The leaves shook off the moonlight and it reminded me of sun on crinkled foil.

"What is it, Jackie?"

"Pull down the shade, will you Gramps?"

He looked at me for a long time. I don't know what he thought. I only know that I hated the tree for the fear inside me. It crept all over me, inside and out. I could even smell it.

"Anything the matter," Gramps said, drawing the shade.

"N-no, nothing."

I felt his heavy footsteps leaving the room. The door opened.

"Cousin Hector's coming down tomorrow," he said. "He'll be here early, so get some sleep."

The door closed.

I do not know how I got through that night. It was the tree again. I did not want to climb it, but something behind me was pushing me up. I fought, kicked, and lashed out with my fists even as I was carried higher. And then I felt dizzy, felt that I was slipping off. The tree had become slimy and the wind had caught at my legs and tugged. My fingers closed on air. I screamed.

"Jackie," Moms said. "What is it?"

I held on to her, grateful for the smell of cold cream and the feel of her arms around me.

"You're dripping," she said, wiping the sweat off my forehead and feeling the dampness through my pajama top.

"Here," she said, handing me a dry pair from my drawer. "Change into these."

She closed my window and sat on my bed.

"Heavens!" she said, looking at me close, "you do have such frightful dreams."

I stopped shaking and lay myself down in bed.



"Are you sure you're okay?" she said.

"Yes, Moms," I said. "I couldn't help it."

"Help what?"

"Dreaming of that tree."

"Of course not," she said. "Only don't risk your neck again. That tree is quite old. If it were any closer to the house, I'd have it cut down. Father's very fond of it though."

The next morning I woke up with a groan. I would know Cousin Hector's voice anywhere. He was always such a loud-mouth. When I heard him run heavily up the stairs, I threw the blanket over my head. I felt, rather than heard, him enter the room. It was like a strong gust of wind.

"Wake up, you bum," he said. "Didn't you know I was coming?"

"That's why I'm still here," I said. "Why don't you go back home. I didn't ask you over."

"Why you louse," he said. "I'll have you know my father dragged me down here. Do you think I'd come to this dump by myself?"

"I like it fine," I said, beneath the covers, "until you come over."

He jumped at me and if Moms hadn't called us then there's no telling what would happen. He would get the better of me, of course. But then he was older and heavier.

"Jackie told me to go home, Aunt Kate. Just like that," Hector said as we sat at the breakfast table. He looked like a saint ready to have his head chopped off, with his face very long and his eyes so sad. Only he didn't have any halo.

"How could you, Jackie?" Moms said. "Don't you know that's no way to treat your guests. Your Cousin Hector is only here for the weekend. It's up to you to help him enjoy himself."

"But he called our house a dump, Moms,"

Gramps coughed.

"Of course he didn't mean that," Moms said, looking from me to Cousin Hector.

"He's lying, Aunt Kate. He said that because he doesn't want me here."

His face became longer and his eyes sadder.

"Where did you learn such horrid manners, Jackie?" Moms said. "What would your father think, after yesterday?"

"What did he do?" Cousin Hector asked, like a cat pouncing upon a mouse.

"Nothing to get riled about," Gramps said. "Every kid gets

a notion like that. It's a healthy one even if they are foolish sometimes."

"Gramps," Moms said, "How could you say that after we've had it out with him yesterday? If he risks his neck the first time what's going to happen the next? Besides that tree is so old and some of those branches are very brittle."

"I'm sure Jackie has no intention of climbing it again. It was enough punishment just waiting for the fire department to bring him down."

He went on eating as though he had said his fill. Moms was a bit put out but she said nothing.

"You can go out and play when you're finished," she said looking from Cousin Hector to me. "And mind you, behave yourself, Jackie."

Cousin Hector left the house and turned a few neat cartwheels on the lawn. Gramps was watching him from the window.

"Funny thing, Katrina," he said, addressing Moms, "how much the boys look alike from a distance. If I saw the two of them together over there, I'm sure I wouldn't be able to tell them apart."

"Hector's a mite taller and heavier," Moms said.

Outside I pretended not to notice Cousin Hector's antics. He did a neat back leap, forward leap and then a couple more cartwheels. He was good but I didn't let on that I was watching him. Then when he was worn out and mad because I wasn't paying any attention, he came up to me and said:

"Bet you five cents you can't do one of them?"

"Do what!" I said.

That made him sore so that he shot his foot behind me and pushed. I fell backwards but got up fast enough to chase him around the tree. When we were both tuckered out from the chase, he eyed the tree and then asked me:

"What were you doing up there yesterday?"

"Climbing it, what else?"

"Betcha didn't get very far."

I didn't say anything but walked away. I did not want to be reminded about yesterday.

"How high did you go," he said. "C'mon, be a sport and tell me."

I looked up and pointed to a spot far up one branch.

"That all," Cousin Hector sniggered. "Why I could climb higher than that without trying."

"No," I said. "Don't climb it. Please don't!"

"Why," he said. "Try and stop me."

He was already half way up the ladder which nobody bothered to return to the shed yesterday. I ran, trying to upset the ladder but he was on the tree before I could reach it.

"Missed," he said, clapping his hands in glee. "Wait till you see how high I can go. You won't believe it."

"Hector," I cried, my throat feeling full of ashes. "Come down here. You'll get it if your Dad ever finds out."

He didn't listen. He was climbing very fast. I wanted to shout, to cry out for help but couldn't. I felt again that cold, naked fear that crept inside me, choking me. I watched him climb and with each step the numbness that was fear came over me. I saw him growing smaller and smaller. Already he had passed the place where I stopped the day before. He was climbing now where the leaves were thick, where the branches thinned off. When he disappeared, I remembered Gramp's words about how much we looked alike. I knew then that the dream last night wasn't for me, but for Cousin Hector.

## *Graduation*

By JOANNE WHITING, '59

There came a time, there came a day  
When I no longer could remain and play,  
For life lay stretch'd out before me;  
A road that wound, an endless ribbon  
Down avenues of light interspersed with shade,  
To vanish in a misty haze.

Now by the rules of the game I was free . . .  
Free to leave behind me schoolday cares;  
Free to ignore my elder's commands,  
And to leave my home at will.

But I was bound to duties yet.  
Even as I walked with solemn tread  
Down the wide assembly hall for my degree-  
Even then I knew there were other cares ahead-  
Far greater ones than I had ever met,  
And still, I only smiled and walked on.