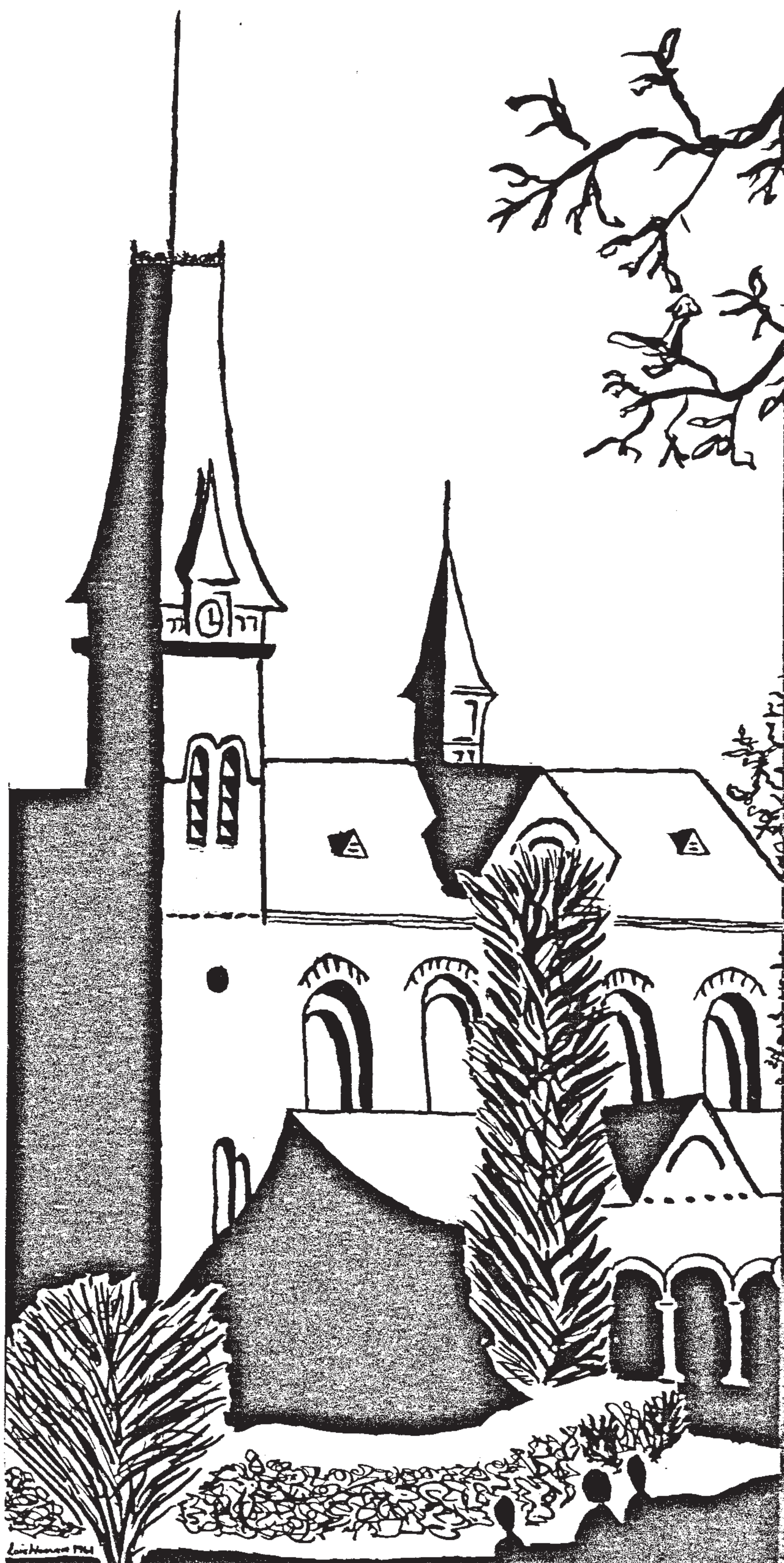


THE BUFF AND BLUE

*Literary
Number*

WINTER
1962



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GALLAUDET COLLEGE PRESS
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FOREWORD

READERS:

Credit is due only to those who have made contributions to this issue.

Only through such contributions can the literary issue be kept in existence.

NANCY BLOOM,

editor.

An Ode to J.F.M.

J. E. HAYNES, '63

What is love, I ask you, darling?
What does that word mean to you?
Is it something bright and golden,
Or is it something wispy blue?

Is it some exclusive feeling
That only those in love can know;
Or does it come upon the lonely—
The finest gift heav'n can bestow?

There is love within your bearing;
There is hope within your eyes—
There, cherished within our heartbeats,
Love which carries to the skies!

You would will the world to love, dear;
I would will the world to know
There is One that knows our heartaches;
There is One that shares our woe.

And in your eyes of great compassion
There shines one small and radiant goal—
That the world shall find harmony
As is found within my soul.

All because you say you love me;
Because my heart tells me you're true;
All because my heart is longing
For the heart that I call "you"!

Love is there that know no ending—
Love in its most comely form;
Love that holds within its potency
All my soul's repining storm!

A SOPHOMORE'S REVENGE

HOWARD L. TERRY, M.L., '00

Lawrence Allen was the most effeminate student that ever set foot on the campus, and he greatly deplored it. He was of medium height. His face was decidedly girlish, almost pretty, with a softness and color most girls might envy; and further to accentuate his femininity, he was of light build and graceful carriage. Exercise and enter college sports as he would, he found it impossible to build himself up, or "masculinize" himself, as he put it. As a Freshman, he was the joke of the class, and the butt of the upper classmen. And then there was the smile of the co-ed, and that was the worst.

So through his Freshman year poor Allen suffered, mentally and physically, for he was no match for the least of them in a contest of strength; but, now that he was a Sophomore, he longed to deal with those below him as he had been dealt with the year before. That the new classmen were not in the least to blame for his past injuries did not influence Allen in the least. The Sophomore has cast off the oppressive yoke that has held him in bondage a year, and being free, is now the most dangerous man to those below him to be found at college. The erstwhile Freshman now realizes that he has subordinates, and he prepares to deal with them accordingly.

The day of the Annual Tug-o-War and Rush was fast drawing near. Allen realized that he was no match for the hated Freshmen. He was too puny, too fragile, and any boy in the Freshman class could dispose of him in a twinkling. How he longed, just then, for the magnificent physique of Stannard, that god of the athletic field! He would have given a small fortune to be like Stannard; but that was impossible, and he sighed. Mournfully, he would figure up the number of bruises in store for him; half-heartedly, he would plan his attack and defense.

When the day for the rush came, Allen cunningly padded himself, using as much protecting material under his suit as he dared to do without revealing his act, and further protected his tender anatomy by pulling a heavy sweater over his pretty head. Thus armored, he went forth to join his comrades on the campus.

Across the green the doughty Freshmen, canes in hand, had

marshalled their numbers, proudly sporting the class colors and bidding open defiance to their seniors, who, gathered around their leader, were listening to instructions.

But the rush was doomed never to come off. A few Sophomores, their mercurial temperaments excited by the challenging attitude of the Freshmen, rushed upon them to capture the canes, and were quickly overpowered by the onrush of superior numbers, whereupon the Sophomores, breaking away from their leader, rushed pell-mell into the ranks of the Freshmen and joined battle. Swept on by his comrades, Allen found himself in the thick of it, and quickly recognized by a Freshman named Jack Tutts, was engaged in an uneven struggle for about sixteen seconds, during which time he was beat up rather unmercifully, notwithstanding his armor. Out of the mass of scuffling humanity he finally emerged, nose bleeding, one eye closed, and a decided limp in one leg. Allen didn't look a girl just then; rather, he resembled a sausage after a pup has tried his teeth on it, and he was very, very sore of mind.

Half that night Allen lay awake, brooding over the day's disaster. His roommate, Dave Hill, nursed his swollen eye, and massaged his sore ankle.

"I'll get Jack Tutts yet," Allen vowed, as the rubbing put him in better spirit, "and it won't be with those boob arms of mine—it's going to be stratagem!"

* * * * *

On the second Saturday following the battle of the classes, about 7:30 in the evening, two students—a Sophomore, Fred Hall, and a Freshman, Jack Tutts—were leisurely approaching the campus from the city. It was not a very dark night, nor was it moonlit. The stars were brilliant and cast a faint illumination. The evening was warm for the season. As the two drew near the campus gate, a figure, that of a girl, was discerned lightly and briskly coming towards them from the co-eds' dormitory. The pair had hardly time to exchange remarks when this attractive third party was upon them and passing. There was no sign of recognition, for what co-ed is supposed to know every student that attends her college?

For a brief moment it seemed that the meeting would amount

to nothing, then Fred, daring to seize on the opportunity for a possible lark, turned and spoke.

"Pardon my audacity, but may we speak a moment?"

Thus addressed, the fair one stopped, turned, seemed embarrassed, then answered with a faint "Well?"

The two stepped closer.

"You are one of the co-eds, aren't you?" asked Fred, "and if so, may I inquire your year?"

"If you are pleased to ask me that," with a smile, raising her eyebrows. "But as to my year, it might not agree with yours, so I hesitate. In the short time I have been here I have learned——"

"Oh, '96!" Jack interrupted, eagerly, "so we're the same, while Mr. Hall here is '95, and two Freshmen are better than one Soph, eh? My name's Jack Tutts."

"Oh, not always," artfully, unwilling to offend the upper man, and partly veiling a compliment.

"Do the co-eds usually go out at this hour unescorted?" Jack asked, aware of college rules—this small college.

"The nerve of it!" with a toss of the head and a stump of the right foot. "Frankly, they do not, or should not, at least, and I hope you may not entertain uncomplimentary thoughts about me; and, further, to protect myself, I am on my way to see *The Revue of the Follies*. I'm late, as it is. No one asked me to go, and I'm crazy to see it; so, I just threw on my hat and jacket and slipped away. Now please pardon me, I must hurry on."

"Well, of all the girls here, you are a dandy." He turned to his companion, "Hall, if you won't punch me for anticipating you, and will keep it quiet, I'm going to take this girl to the show, that is—excuse me Miss—what's your name?"

"Mabel Farringham."

"Miss Farringham, if you will accept me—my invitation," and there was a noticeable tremor in his voice.

Mabel looked down, gave a quick glance upward at Jack, and then at the college buildings beyond the elms. "It isn't just right either way. I shouldn't go alone, and I shouldn't accept such an offer, however kind, from a stranger, but of the two, I think it would be more proper if I accept. Thank you."

Jack's heart leaped. Almost, he leaped, to Mabel's side, offering his arm. Mabel took it, lightly, and Jack, lifting his hat to

Dave, started off gallantly with his unexpected and suddenly acquired date.

By the time they arrived at the theatre thirty minutes later, they had drawn generously on each other's personal history; no one would have realized by the tone of their conversation their short acquaintance. Jack, now wrapped up in his fair companion, made up his mind to court jollity that night, cost what it might, and he began by taking box seats at four dollars each.

The house was packed, and the show was a gorgeous procession of beautiful girls and changing scenery. The air filled with popular songs, the stage vibrating with the whirlwind dances and tapping feet of the chorus. And interspersed were songs whose popularity will never die. "Drink to me only with thine eyes" was again and again called for until it rang in the ears of everyone present. It was the type of show Jack delighted in, and he loved girls, and ever conscious of the charming creature beside him, his heart was light, and he was very happy.

The show over, Jack took Mabel to Almer's, one of the city's best, where course after course of delectable food was set before them, and the crystal wine glasses sparkled like Mabel's rare blue eyes. Finally, when the waiter placed the check before Jack, he found himself a little over twelve dollars the poorer. But what cared he? "It's only logical," he laughed, as Mabel would entreat him not to go so far, "It's only logical that we cannot have fun without the cost. Come, now, we'll get a taxicab and go home—I hope the Prexie won't beat the door to welcome us." He paid the bill and tipped the waiter.

And during the ride home, how lightly the car flew along! How bright were the city lights, how Mabel's eyes flashed as rays of light struck them. Jack moved closer to her. "Drink to me only with thine eyes," he paused. "O, Miss Farringham, listen,

*'Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
And let me kiss, O lovely miss,
Those ruby lips of thine!'*

There was a smile on Mabel's face, a smile that quickly changed into a merry little laugh, and there was a pursing of those ruby lips that plainly said, "You may." He did.

The car passed through the great campus gate and rolled up

to the co-eds' dormitory. It stopped. The driver leaped out and swung open the cab door. The pair alighted. Jack, as he was paying the fare, mentally figured the night's expenses—twenty-four dollars. The cab swung away. Jack and Mabel mounted the steps of the portico, and were engulfed in its shadows.

"Two Freshies—you for one, Mabel—and I for the other, are better than one Soph, eh?" But what was that? Jack paled. A hand was toying at Mabel's back. The jacket fell off. Could Jack believe his eyes? Another hand from behind a pillar. Mabel's hat and a golden wig came off! A quick move behind, a laugh of derision and triumph as the dress that had covered the figure of Lawrence Allen fell to the floor!

Jack Tutts staggered back. Where was the girl of his dreams, the sharer of the night's enjoyment? At his feet lay the pile of mute deception, at his side stood Dave Hill and Fred Hall, daring him to touch Allen.

The next morning a certain seat in the Freshman class was vacant.



Prose Poem: Morning

DONNA ROULT, '63

Long, undisturbed sleep is brushed by an abrupt wink;
Then after a dip of cold water awakes the lazy blood;
And a touch of toothpaste glistens greasy teeth;
The work clothes are donned;
And steaming coffee, crisp, brown toast and melting white of the
boiling egg yield a pleasant aroma
That flows freely into your smelling nostrils.
Nothing can be more welcome than this awakening hour of the
dawning morning.

An Ode to Fate

CLAIRE FULLERTON KASHUBOSKI, ex-'60

I cannot hear the thunder's blast;
The birds sing not for me.
The rain falls muted to the earth;
The surf breaks silent from the sea.

I cannot hear the church bells chime—
My ears hear not the melody.
The wind howls voiceless in the storm,
The river surges silently.

For I am deaf: No words can breach
The abyss of my destiny.
The lute may sound—I shall not hear—
But I can feel, and I can see.

I feel the earth tremble with the anger
Of the raging wind and mighty thunder,
I feel the rain's caress upon my cheek,
Like tears of awe and wonder.

The birds on wing are lovelier than sound;
The swaying bells are chime enough for me.
What matters if the surf breaks loud,
When I can feel the salt spray of the sea?

I do not ask, I do not seek the pity,
The world bestows on such as I.
I ask not for the sounds or melodies—
I'd rather drink the beauty of the sky.

NOISE

RODA DOLA, '65

Have you ever ever thought of what noise is? Probably not, because most of us can hear and just take it for granted. Everything we hear is really noise, the rustle of the trees at night, the rushing of white water as it cascades over dense, black rocks in a cool mountain stream, the clang of a fire engine. These are a few of the microscopic divisions of noises.

No one can ever describe noise without using other examples of noise at the same time. Noise seems to be almost human for it has its moods just as people have theirs. In a storm it is very angry, very powerful and very loud. This is apt to make one afraid and you wish all the noise would stop. Then you hear the chirping of birds and the small sounds of nature as you walk on a cool path in the forest one summer day, and you love the song.

Noise is something that adds very much to the atmosphere of a place.

Have you ever gone through a library? You hear just the soft turning of pages and maybe a typewriter, and these sounds make you want to be quiet, too. But when you are at a bazaar, and you hear everyone talking and laughing, then you unconsciously find yourself doing the same. There are so many noises that if you tried to count all of them the earth would have rotated more times than one has counted.

There are various noises for different people. Noises that you like to hear are usually the ones that suit your character. Gay, happy people usually like to hear dogs barking, birds singing and children playing. On the other hand, quiet people like to hear the water lapping against an old fishing wharf and trees rustling just slightly.

So you see, noise is not just something we should take for granted, because, if it were taken away, what an awful place the world would be.

My Best Friend

LINWOOD SMITH, '63.

I have a friend who comforts me
when I am all alone,
and when I feel distressed and sad,
he makes my cares his own.
he gives me consolation
whenever I am depressed
and when I'm all discouraged
he brings me happiness.

When I am low in spirit, and my path is dark and dreary,
I never feel discouraged, for I know my friend is near.
like all good friends we have our gripes
if we should disagree—
but there's nobody closer than
my favorite friend and I.

His presence gives me confidence
when he is by my side.
He's the one to whom my plans
and secrets I confide.
if I should fall, he helps me up
and sends me on again.
He lets me know he's by my side—
my best friend.

SLUSH

ROSLYN ROSEN, '62

Behold! How beautiful Infant Earth seems to be when Mother Nature gingerly wraps her in a blanket of white sparkling precious snow.

If the snow-blanketed Earth with all her fairy-like elegance is admired, then appreciated should be the slush, which is Nature's maternal way of permitting Earth to evolve from her first blankets to make way for even prettier and cleaner wraps of snow. Slush is Mother Nature's majestic way of planning and revealing more hidden beauty.

Slush is the symbol of conquest of Winter by the gentle Spring, opening doors for Nature to demonstrate her phenomena. Slush replaces the final blanket of snow, revealing new life. Tiny blades of grass shoot up everywhere, buds appear to clothe the naked trees, and flowers bloom in response to the sun's warm smiles.

Slush is responsible for all the good tidings Spring annually brings. Everything is so new, enchanting, and happy, that one can hardly wait 'til slush-time next year!



Reincarnation

DON PETERSON, M.A. '53

I shall return in many forms
To love you and be loved,
In Winter, Summer, Spring and Fall. . . .
In Winter I shall fall for you—

A splendid snowflake, white and pure,
And kiss your cheek, so sweet and warm,
Then change into another form.
A violet in Spring I'll be;

I'll wave and dance in scented wind
Until you find me, grasp me, kiss me—
Then I'll subside with ecstasy.
When Summer comes I shall be bright,

A golden sunbeam in your face;
I'll laugh and while the days with you
And make you blush, and then . . . adieu.
In Fall I shall be red and gold,

A brittle leaf upon a slender stem . . .
Take me when I fall, put my chilled form
Against your bosom—love me, keep me warm.
Snowflakes, violet and sunbeam—

Laughing, dancing things of earth,
But true my love, I am a leaf:
Colored symbol of rebirth.
In Fall the leaf falls to the ground,
Dust unto dust from whence it came,
But always, when the Spring comes round
The leaves are born the same.

CAN OUR STUDENTS WRITE?

DOUGLAS WATSON, '63

Have you ever wondered if you can write?

The majority of us have at some moment or other, dreamt of writing something which would catch the interest of the public and make us wealthy or renowned overnight. Maybe at one time or another in the past you have read an article, story or book written by someone else and contemplated for a while upon the weakness of the plot and the crudeness of the style. You may or may not have experienced such thoughts before. If you are one of those who have, then maybe you can remember how you felt at the time. You felt you could have written much better than this particular writer did and the plot would have been more fully developed if you had been the one doing the developing.

By this time we surmise that you have detected the point of this editorial. For some unaccountable reasons beyond understanding, interest in literary matters has waned considerably here on Kendall Green during the last decade or so. There was a time when the Ballard Literary Society was a "going" concern due to the interest which the student body invested in it. The literary issues of the *BUFF AND BLUE* were published monthly or bi-monthly because of this intense interest and also because of the pride that the Gallaudet students had in writing.

Today the average student here on the Gallaudet campus lacks creativeness and the desire to write. If you were to question a student as to why so few of the student body contribute to these literary issues, the most probable answers would be some very poor forms of excuses. Most would probably tell you that the student of modern times face a heavier class schedule than the "prehistoric student" of a decade ago who produced numerous examples of fine literature. The blame might even be placed upon extra-curricular activities. A case in point is one of our "bright" young students who says that he just cannot sacrifice these activities in favor of literary production. The pens and typewriters of our students are quiet indeed as they study, engage in intramural games and numerous extra-curricular activities which are fun, but which are not as rewarding as the possession of the ability to express one's self in words.

If you can find the time to write something—a poem, a short story, an essay, or anything of interest to you—the literary editors of the BUFF AND BLUE can promise you some measure of fame and, perhaps, a little greater feeling of worth.

Remove that look of melancholy upon the faces of our literary issue editors and remove all doubts from their minds as to whether you can write or not. Before you let this message slip your mind, do us a favor, promise yourself that you will help us prove to the world that OUR STUDENTS CAN WRITE.

[NOTE: This is a reprint of an editorial in the October, 1961, issue of the BUFF AND BLUE.]



The Sun of Opportunity

J. E. HAYNES, '63

The sun has gone on down
Behind the treetops;
A light has gone
From our lives!
But tomorrow
Another day is coming;
And with tomorrow
Shall come the sun
Of Opportunity.
And so, brethren,
Just for tonight—
Have Courage!

SNOW STORM

JUDY PEDERSON, Graduate Student, '61

Though it was midmorning, the day was dark, as if still dawn. The sky was overcast, a solid mass of grey, low-hung clouds. Snow had fallen for twenty-four hours, and still was falling. The wind was strong and cutting. It picked up just-fallen flakes, and whirled them dizzily with those still falling toward the ground. Falling downward, then horizontally, then fluttering crazily upward, they seemed confused and wandering.

A few lone trees stood exposed and bare, on the edges of a flat, wide expanse of a deep snow, as yet unmarred by footprints, human or otherwise.

Across this white sea, a solitary oak leaf, brown and slightly withered, was alternately skimming and sailing—not with light-hearted abandon, as it might on a crisp, sunny, fall day—but with a kind of desperation and uncertainty. It wanted so very much to stop and rest for a moment, but though it tried to catch one of its points in a recess in the snow, the wind was relentless, and carried it on.

It had become separated from its fellows, who were lying, safe and warm and together, underneath this sea of wetness and sharpness—safe from the wind, safe from the depressing greyness of the day. The snow had given everything a sameness, a sort of conformity, and all familiar landmarks were destroyed. The leaf turned this way and that in the wind, searching—first anxiously, then wildly, for some familiar sign, or some haven from the storm—but in vain. As it swept out of my sight into the grey-whiteness, I knew it was still cold, and searching, and alone.

If
With Apologies to Kipling

ROBERT F. PANARA, '45

If you can do without the latest fashion
When all your friends are looking smart and chic,
If you can window shop sans ever cashin'
That bank deposit you put in last week;
If you can look at Ads. and keep on looking
And never breathe a sound of wee complaint,
If you can learn to keep yourself good-looking
With but a minimum of grease and paint;

If you can sew and not be tired of sewing,
If you can scrub the floor and not get mad,
If you can sit and look at four walls, knowing
It's still the sweetest home you ever had;
If you can dream without at once demanding
The Golden Egg which all your dreams have laid,
Or lose at Bridge without your reprimanding
The stupid hand that someone else has played;

If you can feign the very deepest slumber
When yet another toast's proposed to you,
Or if, on being asked to dance the Rhumba,
You can forget your toes are black and blue;
If you can be an early bird each morning
Yet neither feel as happy as a lark,
If you will not refrain to keep from yawning
When some guy whistles at you in the park;

If you can bear to see your new Spring bonnet
Go by unknown, unhonored, and unsung—
Yours is the Earth, and everything that's on it,
Since every woman would be tied-of-tongue!

The Charge of the "Lucky Spade"
(or the Flight of the Last Hundred)
With Apologies to Tennyson

ROBERT F. PANARA, '45

Half a lap, half a lap,
Half a lap onward!
Into the shortening stretch
Rode my last hundred.
"Forward, you *Lucky Spade*—
Gallop for broke!" I said.
Into the shortening stretch
Rode my last hundred.

"Forward, you *Lucky Spade*!"
(Weren't the odds dismayed?
Surely the bookies knew
Someone had blundered.)
His not to wonder where;
His not an inch to spare;
His but to win a share.
Into the shortening stretch
Rode my last hundred.

Nellie to the right of him,
Pansy to the left of him,
Daisy in front of him
Hoped that he'd slumber.
Flashed all my dreams so fair,
Flashed as they rose in air—
Snatching the dollars there,
Waving him onward (while
Still the odds wondered.)

Flush at the tape, she broke—
Nellie, the slowest poke;
Pansy and *Daisy*
Followed her dusty smoke
(The while I thundered)
And then he rode in, but not,
Not my last hundred.

Verse and Worse

KATIE M. BROWN, '64

I began to write for Siger—
Aim was high to please, and eager
For I had heard that he was strict,
And all work should be explicit.

The first assignment was not gross;
On this primer I got the cross
I had to bear when writing papers—
Siger caters not to capers.

Moses did give a holy law,
But Sigers' rules were twice as raw.
Break God's commands, you fall from grace;
Break Sigers' rules, you lose your face.

"Bring in the complete theme assigned
On paper that is fully lined,
A note book also is your need,
Your dictionary you must heed.

"Leave margins that are nice and wide,
Employ a ruler as your guide;
Your paragraphs indent must be
And bring your first theme draft to me.

"Use only ink that's black or blue
Or typing ribbons black in hue
Title your text as you rate it
Sign your name, your class, and date it."

Mistakes were costly as you'll see.
One misspelled word could mean a "D."
Many errors? That's not clover.
Take it back and do it over!

I followed rules and did my best
To please this man twice more than less.
Flaws in words and punctuation
Gave him glee and much elation.

He asked me hard questions, many:
What was Dante's thought on sinning?
Was the trial of human error
Fit as seen in Dante's mirror?

Dante, Chaucer, and Augustine
Christians, poets, Ghibellines—
Show cause, tell why, extrapolate,
Discuss, compare, expostulate.

Chivalry and greed for power,
Courtly love, knighthood in flower.
The Wife of Bath—a gay old bawd—
Lucretius' disbelief in God—

Yes, all these things and many more
I wrote about. Behold and lo,
Think'st thou this could not get yet worse?
The damned fool's got me writing verse.



A Lesson for Men

GAILE GLOUGIE, '64

In the garden walked a princess fair
One early morning when the dew lay on all the flowers and mist
filled the air.
Then suddenly she saw a handsome prince
Coming through the mist.

A stranger she had known before
And knew no more.
The Prince looked down at her golden head
And this is what he said:

“Long have my memories explored the beauty of your name!
Long have I longed for the laughing, song-filled heart which is your
fame!
To you I have come from a far land.
Without you, I am a lonely man!

“O’ fly away with me,
To my castle over the sea!
Come, O’ come to my far land,
And cure a lonely man!

“We will ride on my horse of wings
While the rushing wind around us sings.
A golden saddle is my horse’s gift to you,
And a golden bridle too.

“O’ you so fair of face,
In motion full of delightful grace,
O’ heart full of song,
Spirit unable to do wrong,

“No voice of laughter sounds within my castle walls,
My brooding castle to your joyous heart calls!
Your musical laughter will be the light
That will make my dark castle bright!

“Come, O’ come with me
To my lovely castle far across the sea
That I may deeply love thee
And nevermore lonely be!”

Now the Princess with a glow in her eyes replies:

“You were a wise man to come to me
Not waiting to see if I, a woman, would come to thee.
If so . . . you would have waited in vain.
Such men I hold in disdain!

“For Man should come to Woman,
Not Woman to Man.
You have asked me to fly away with you
Off into ’yonder, misty blue. . . .

“I would have you know,
With you gladly will I go
And forever love thee true
Since you came to me and not I to you!

“Let this be a lesson to men
Who expect women to come to them.
Long may you enjoy your bachelorhood
If you think yourselves for women too good!



Uncertainty

NANCY BLOOM, '62

High above the foaming seas
The stars fade one by one
But one—

It is the morning star,
Drifting through the clouds
Unnoticed—tries to turn back
But doesn't—*Pourquoi?*

Put an innocent girl
Blonde and blue
Fair and a belle
In the place
Of the morning star.

Gotten the picture, *n'avez-vous pas?*
If one should wonder why
The star didn't turn all the way
Then shouldn't one wonder also for the girl?
But—one might say—
The steps left by a soul
Are easier to trace
Than the morning star's light path.

It might be fair—yet not.
Why should we try to fathom the motives
Of human nature
And ignore the steps of the
Morning star?

I wrote once upon a yonder
Questioning the good of Society.
I'm still at sea
Toppling over one foam top
To another
But I'm rising
To the heavens where drifts
 The morning star
Unsure
And take it with me.

The morning star stays beautiful
So long as it is untouched.
With my touch, impartial however it be,
It will tarnish like everything else.
This young lady, too,
Staying so white for so long
Had to turn grey.



GYPSY FIRES

SAM WALTERS, '62

Flames—bright shades of yellow, orange, and blue—danced skyward. The sky was black, speckled with stars; there was no moon. The crackling sound of the fire was punctuated at very irregular intervals with loud pops from exploding air pockets. Now and then, a log would break and fall, sending a huge shower of sparks into the air. Flames mingled with flames; the fire was hot; the night was not cold.

The sound of human voices came to Bud's yet drowsy ears. He strained to rouse himself. He pushed himself up from the ground, and stooped to pick up his flat crowned Stetson. The voices became clearer; he felt the gaiety in their tone; he walked over in their direction.

This was his second night with the gypsies. They seemed to live only for the night, but it was fun. He thought of his sweetheart, a honey-colored, softly-formed girl of about 17. Her name was Rita. She would soon be his wife, then he could go back to his farm and live sensibly again. This night life might be all right for the gypsies, but he was used to the daylight.

As he walked over to the trailer house where the gypsies were loafing, the voices stopped. The dark skinned, Levi-clad gypsies turned to look at him. One of them laughed and turned to the others, saying "Looks like the starlight has interfered with his sleeping. Somebody ought to go shut them off." The others laughed. Ernest laughed, too, a little uneasily. The harsh voice of the gypsies did not convey any feeling of sincerity. It was as though they were laughing at death, or the loss of an arm.

In the open doorway of the trailer, the outline of a woman showed. Ernest knew that it was Rita. He walked up closer so that he could make out her face. She saw him and beckoned him in. He stepped through the men and up to the door. He went in.

Inside, there was a built-in breakfast nook. There were some old people seated there and on the bunk beds at the opposite end of the trailer. Rita dished him out a plate of hot stew. As he sat down to eat it, he wondered if they ever ate anything else. He never remembered being served anything except stew, coffee

and biscuits. It was good, though, so he ate it without question.

When he had finished, he went out with Rita to enjoy a cigarette and talk. The gypsies, the young ones, were dancing about the fire. They danced wildly, throwing their bodies this way and that, stepping in great leaps over the ground. Music sounded from tambourines, a trumpet, fiddle, saxophone, and guitar. It was an odd combination of sounds, yet somehow, they all fitted together and made music—a wild haunting music, a music of the time and place, unwritten music.

He felt the music stir up his blood. He threw away his cigarette and caught Rita's arm. They went into the midst of the dancers, and whirled around and around with great strides. The lack of rhythm of the dance did not seem to hurt the fun. He had never seen such free, wholehearted fun take place outside the gypsy camp. Outsiders danced and sang with a reserved air, as though they were doing things because others were doing them, not because they really wanted to. The gypsies seemed to know how to enjoy themselves, singing and dancing—not a bad philosophy of life. More fun than his work-a-day-and-then-to-bed routine. He wondered how he could become a gypsy. His skin was white, but maybe that wouldn't matter so much—the gypsies seemed to like him.

The music stopped. The dancers fell out, laughing and breathing hard. Ernest and Rita did likewise. They walked over to the outskirts of the camp and sat down in the grass. Her body was warm and soft next to his. He slipped his arm around her waist and they lay back. It was paradise refound for him. He knew now that he wanted to become a part of all of this—to become a gypsy.

"Rita," Ernest whispered.

"Yes," Rita answered, turning to face him with a warm smile. Ernest felt proud to be the one at whom she was smiling. He asked point blank, "Can I become a gypsy?"

She replied softly, "I don't know. Camillo will tell you. Why do you ask?"

Blushing, Ernest said, "I want to live with you."

The words didn't seem to sound as he had wanted them to sound, but now that they were out, he looked directly into her eyes. She avoided them and stared down at the ground.

Finally she said, "We will have to be married. You know Camillo hates marriage of any of our people to outsiders. Chito was expelled for wanting to marry a girl in Ramona."

Slowly, Ernest replied, "Camillo generally hates outsiders, period, but he likes me. Remember he calls me 'son.' I will be happy to become one of the tribe if he will allow it. Anyway it will do no harm just to ask." He pulled her to him and they kissed. They lay back for a moment enjoying contact with one another and then arose.

They walked back to the trailer and went in. Rita went forward and conversed with the old king they called Camillo. Ernest stood impatiently shifting his weight from one foot to another. When he felt the old man's eyes rise to rest on him, he felt hot. When their eyes met, he turned his own away sharply. He could not bear the old man even though he was friendly enough and called him "son." There was an evil air about him which made Ernest shiver.

After a time, he noticed their voices rise. They seemed to be arguing, but their jabber was not distinct. He thought it was funny how the gypsies managed to speak so clearly on the street and with other people and yet so fast that no one save themselves could understand when by themselves. Maybe he would not like to be a gypsy after all. He was by habit a slow talker and he liked to be clean. Rita *looked* clean, but she smelt a little musty under her cover of cheap perfume. Then, too, there were these scalawag boys that he would have to put up with. True, some of them were older than he was, but they were still boys. He wondered if any of them ever took a bath. In his four years of knowing them he had never seen any of them take a bath. When he came to visit them, they never offered him a bath as did the other people he visited. The only time he remembered seeing them even get wet was about two summers ago when they had gone swimming over at Lake Hodges.

Rita was walking back toward him now. Her face was not sad and not happy. He could not read any news in it. He braced himself for the worst and pulled her to him.

"It is all right. Camillo has given us his consent. We must be married right away—now, tonight."

Ernest had braced himself for the worst, but this was beyond his imagination. He looked into her eyes. They were deep black

pools of beauty, but they told him nothing. His mouth went dry. His past experience told him that Camillo's word was law to all his band. He would have to go through with it.

"Tell him the groom is waiting," he managed to utter. His voice was thick and dry, but he had managed to speak. Then he noticed that Camillo was no longer there. Outside, it was quiet. The gypsies were seated in a circle. They were meeting. The dull drone of the gypsy talk reached his ears. He felt scared. A cold sweat broke out and little streams ran down his sides, tickling him. He rubbed his sides to stop it.

The gypsies seemed to have finished their pow-wow and were lining up on both sides of the door. They formed a way to the fire. There seemed to be more than he had ever noticed before, maybe 50 or 60 of them.

Beyond the fire stood old Camillo. Rita stepped down first and took off her light windbreaker. She handed it to the first person on her left. Then she started on her blouse.

Ernest stepped down to stop her, but the first man on his right grabbed his arm and held him back.

"Fool! Take off your jacket and follow her." The vice-like grip on his arm and the asp-like tone of the man's voice told Ernest that they were not kidding. He obeyed. He watched her shed her every garment, piece by piece, as she went down the line. The people on the left took her garments; the people on the right took his.

When there was nothing left for either of them to remove, they went side by side up to the fire. At the fire, she held out her right hand which was enclosing his and stepped to the left of the fire. Ernest caught on and went around to the right, his hand still clutched by hers. In a moment, they were past the fire and standing face to face with the old and wrinkled king, Camillo.

Camillo held out a book. Ernest could see that it was some kind of prayer book because of the gold cross imprinted on the cover. Rita knelt down and Ernest followed suit. The old man read, or pretended to read:

"Do you, Ernest Allen Cameron, solemnly swear to cherish and confirm upon the penalty of death and dishonor, the laws of the Royal and Exalted Order of International Citizens?"

Ernest, genuinely moved, said, "I do," and bowed his head piously. The old man droned on.

"And you, Rita, do you, in right mind and sound body, choose this man to become your husband for as long as you shall both live?" Rita did not speak. She nodded her head only and stared intently at the ground.

Ernest waited for more. He waited a long while, but no further words came. He looked over at Rita, naked and a very light brown, beside him. He thought of his own nakedness and felt her eyes running over his bare flesh. Her face, however, made him forget there was anything unusual about being naked. She looked behind them. Ernest looked too.

The gypsies, now standing in a semi-circle behind them, held pieces of their clothing in their hands. He watched their somber faces. As he watched, they let the garments fall to the ground.

Puzzled, Ernest looked again at Rita. There were tears glistening in her eyes. She turned her head and lifted her face up to look into his. He saw pure love there now; pure, but melancholy love. Ernest bent his head down to hers and they kissed. Their naked bodies came together in loving embrace.

Suddenly, he felt her body jolt and heard a series of dull thuds from her back. She grew limp. His hands felt hot and wet. He drew them back . . . they were red with blood. Her body slumped to the ground.

Horried, Ernest, jumped up. The trailer house was gone. So was everything else. He thought he saw someone slip away through the bushes to the west of them, but then all was still. He stood there, his white body gleaming in the flickering yellow light from the fire. His hands were dripping with red blood and Rita lay in a bleeding heap at his feet.