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This issue of VOICES finds itself celebrating four birthdays.

The fiftieth anniversary of the College, it notes with the gold cover and with a middle-spread photograph of a cover and a page from issues of the College's first student publication. The two thousandth birthday of Ovid, a Latin poet, it marks by translating one of his poems and with some Writers' works inspired by him. The one hundredth birthday of Joseph Conrad is remembered with a review of Gérard Jean-Aubry's definitive biography.

VOICES itself appeared publicly for the first time in May, 1956. With this Spring, 1957, Issue, then, the magazine celebrates its own first birthday.
WOODSCENE

Come along now
Come with me, Pan,
Young Spring has shown
The Forest safe
For both of us.
Pan, in the cove
I see a child
With a jonquil,
Yellow and wild,
Pleasing her song-
Singing soul.
Let's make her dance,
Pan, Pan's dance.

SPRING

The waking trees hear the first ball game
In the greening pasture where
Sapling boys, droned lessons forgot,
Shirtless, drink sun's pre-summer breeze;
Octogenarians on gifted canes
Suck the pensive pipe and play
Ball as sounds "You're out!" ring
To the fence where grayed eyes identify.

Mates to those in the field at play
Delicately speak with cane-leaners
Pipe-breeders deep in dream's recall
To catch a glimpse of tanning backs
That run, that pass, that play in ear
Of veneration, verdancy.
Cedrick B. Braxton finished his coffee, kissed his wife—a neat respectable peck on the cheek—picked up his hat, put the paper under his arm, and left the house.

It was the first real day of spring. There was a fresh, clean smell in the air, and Cedrick found himself inhaling deeply and walking with a spring in his step. (Not noticeable, of course.) He felt young. A lot younger than his fifty-nine years.

His four-minute wait at the bus stop didn't bother him at all this morning. In fact, he thought quietly he might even call the office and tell Ted that he was sick today. The whoosh of air brakes rudely interrupted his thoughts. He got on, bade Ed, the driver, a cheery good morning and took his usual seat. At the next stop, Jean got on, as he knew she would.

Jean was the only other woman in his life. She occupied a small portion of it during the usual business day. Lately Cedrick had thought a lot about Jean. She was young, vigorous, and beautiful. He thought how he must look to her, living in spots. "But," Cedrick thought, "not really so bad looking considering—." She had so many young friends. Good looking fellows. "Knights in shining armor," he thought.

He felt her seat herself beside him and heard the "Good morning, Mr. Braxton," before he turned and looked at her. "Mr. Braxton," he thought, "must I always be MISTER?" He almost said, "Call me Cedrick," but thought that would go better unspoken.

"Good morning, Jean. Beautiful morning, isn't it?" Small talk about foreign affairs, weather,

last night's fatal auto accident on the X-Way took up the forty-five minute ride downtown.

Jean worked in an airline ticket office just a few steps from his building. "Good-bye now," he said, "see you later." He watched her as she walked away from him, and then he turned and pushed the big revolving door, which shut out the sun. He grunted to Nick, the elevator boy, and then buried his face in his paper.

"Fifteenth floor, Mr. Braxton."

"Huh? Well, so what?" He stomped off the elevator. "Damn," he said aloud.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said Nick.

"Huh? What? Oh nothing, er... nothing, damn it!"

Nick shook his head and took the elevator on down.

Cedrick glanced at his watch and opened the side door marked "Private" to his office. He threw his hat on the red leather couch and settled down behind his desk. Almost immediately the inter-com buzzed. "How, how do they always know when I come in?" He clicked the switch and said, "Yes?"

The voice on the other end was cool and efficient. "Good morning, Sir, Mr. Jefferson is here."

"Tell him to come in," he sighed.

Cedrick made the ordeal with Mr. Jefferson as brief as possible. He bought another five thousand dollars worth of insurance, which he didn't need and bade him good-bye.

He spun the chair around and looked out the window. The reflection of the sun off neighboring structures was painful to his eyes. "The same old office, same old desk, and the same old work." Damn," he said aloud.

He spun his chair again and clicked on the inter-com.

"Yes, Sir," the cool voice answered.

"I'm going out and don't know what time I'll
be back. Cancel my appointments, take down all my phone messages and, and, oh yes, if my wife calls, tell her I'll call her later."

"Yes, Sir."

Cedrick picked up his hat and stepped through his private exit into the hall. He looked at the sign and arrow pointing toward the stairs and then thought of the fifteen flights and rang the elevator. He entered the elevator with his head bowed and rode down in silence. "Oh, my Lord, I have to think."

He had never before acted on impulse and found the newness of the experience disturbing. As he got off the elevator, he noticed how fast his heart was beating and how his skin felt tingling and how hot his cheeks felt. He pushed the revolving door and blinked as the sun hit his eyes. He glanced at his watch. "Too early to meet Jean," he thought. "Where can I go?"

Across Main Street a sign stood out boldly. "CLUB 21." "Funny," he thought, "all these years and I never noticed it before." So he crossed the street.

Inside it was dim and cool. Small tables were scattered about and on one side was a mahogany bar behind which a tired-looking bartender sat reading the News. He sat down and the man nodded over to his table.

"What'll it be, Sir?" the man asked.

"Ah, a Scotch and soda, please."

The bartender looked at his watch, stared at Cedrick, then shrugged, turned and walked away.

"It'll be easy," he thought. "People disappear every day and no one ever hears from them again. The first thing to do is talk to Jean. I know she is fond of me, and in time she may even love me. I can't have many more years to go, and with the insurance I'll take out, she'll be on easy street."

Cedrick's head spun with thoughts of his new, uncluttered life.

"We can live in Mexico, Rome, or one of those little islands." He remembered all the people he had read about buying their own tiny island, "Oh, yes, that's it, an island. Away from everything. "First I'll talk to Jean and then go to the bank. What will they think when I withdraw my savings? Oh well, I'll be gone in twenty-four hours; so what do I care what they think?"

A glance at his watch told him it was time to meet Jean now. He threw a five dollar bill on the table to pay for the untouched drink and left. He crossed the street and walked swiftly to the lunchroom. He hoped she would be alone. "God," he said to himself, "I feel good!"

The lunchroom was crowded with people who were taking advantage of their employers by participating in what is commonly called "a coffee break." He glanced hurriedly around almost panicky when he didn't see her. But he moved forward a bit more, turning his head from side to side like a tennis spectator. Finally he saw her sitting alone at a table in the rear. Her blond hair fell softly about her neck, and her eyes, well, they were a beautiful blue but a little sad—or would melancholy be a better word? He breathed a sigh of relief and pushed his way through the crowd to her table.

He seated himself opposite her and reached to touch her hand. When he touched it, the shock was electrifying, and he withdrew it quickly.

"Hi," he said. "Had a nice morning?"

"Hi," she answered, smiling that wonderfully fresh smile. "Yes, a fine morning."

The waitress brought two coffees and left.

"Jean," Cedrick said, "there's something I want to say to you."

"My, you look serious. Nothing could be that bad."

"Bad? No, no. Not really. That is, it isn't bad at all. No, no. Good, in fact. Yes, good."
Jean laughed and patted his hand. "Calm down. You act like you have coffee nerves—like you know—like the T.V. commercial."

"No, I'm fine. In fact, I never felt better in my life. Now, here's what I wanted to talk to you about."

"Pardon me, but do you have a cigarette? I've left mine at the office," she said.

He gave her one, lighted it, and while he was lighting his own, she said, "Mr. Braxton, have you ever wanted to say something to someone and could not find the words?"

Cedrick thought, "Oh brother!! and how!!" He replied, "Yes, I have."

"Well, I have been fairly mixed up most of my life. I never had anyone to care for me and, well, I've never cared for anyone, not really, until recently."

Cedrick was scared. He could feel his cheeks flush. "She's engaged," he thought. "No, please, no. Don't tell me that."

Jean continued, "Mr. Braxton, mentally I have given myself over to you. You have been my guide, my hope, and really the only person I could cling to. So often I have wanted to talk with you about things that I thought or wanted to do. Mr. Braxton, forgive me for saying this but—."

Tears came to her eyes as she searched for the words.

"Mr. Braxton, I love, love you."

Cedrick looked at her. He opened his mouth, but no sound came out. The room reeled. "What did you say?"

"Please, please do let me continue. I've had terrible feelings of guilt about my emotions. I—I was afraid that your wife wouldn't understand. I was afraid that she wouldn't share you with me."

Cedrick looked pale. "Share me? This is impossible." He felt that he had lost control of the situation. He wanted to get back to his cozy office and feel the security of his old leather chair.

"Mr. Braxton, I called your wife, and we met for lunch last Saturday. She's a wonderful person. I explained how I felt and she understood perfectly."

Cedrick was horror stricken. She met Martha, and she understood. "Impossible," he thought. "Not straight-laced old Martha. Great guns!" He could see his entire life before him. The hard work he had done to reach the business and social position he now enjoyed. He could see Martha leaving, the looks he would receive, and all the whispering behind his back. He saw his business go broke, his house, his golf-club membership, and his eldership in the church all crumble.

"No, Jean," the words came slowly as he continued. "No Jean, we must keep our heads about—"

"Don't stop me now," she said. "I'll never have nerve enough to say this again."

Cedrick sighed, "All right."

"As I said, I talked to Mrs. Braxton, and she sympathized with me. I explained my entire life to her from the death of my parents and the foster homes and everything. She knows how I feel about you and now, Mr. Braxton, I want to ask you a question. Please answer me truthfully and don't spare my feelings. All right?"

"All right."

"Would you mind too much if I called you—DAD?"
It was a dark, dreary, desolate night. From the light of the street lamp my body cast a long weird shadow on the ground.

It was getting cold and I was alone.

I walked farther into the blackness—on and on—no turning back. Never turning back. My steps were harsh on the concrete; there was no other sound. This was a strange hostile place, and I was alone.

Loneliness, aloneness surrounded me—I was smothered by it. I kept walking faster, faster, faster; but I couldn't escape it. It was all about me, blackness, loneliness, despair, tragedy.

My thoughts kept returning to what I had left behind. I could recall the house very clearly. The grounds that surrounded it were brown with dying grass and decaying leaves. The oak's broken scattered limbs shadowed and disfigured the sidewalk leading to the door. The massive pillars, the arched door, the heavy shutters spoke of luxury to every passer by. The interior shouted of horror. The large living room was sparsely furnished. One massive chair confronted the fireplace—where were his slippers and pipe? Book cases flattened against either wall; Sigmund Freud and Darwin were spilling upon the floor. Heavy dark chairs standing sentinel along the bookcases copied in their petti-point the ancient tapestry hung at the end of the room, its intricacies repeated in the other's hooked rug there unfinished in its frame.

Opposite the tapestry, at the end of the room, spiraled the staircase—the thin light line going up it—it—who was it, lost in that immensity?

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Up those stairs—up, up—and you would come face to face with it! The house was empty now, but it was still there lurking, waiting in every musty corner. My grandfather had been a magnificent man, his tanned skin contrasting sharply with his frosty hair, his vigorous body still youthful. He was the first to ascend the stairs. Up there his body withered to his age; his skin paled to match his hair. I was barely cut of my childhood then, and his hysterical screams have since become a part of me—of my very soul.

Long after he was gone, my aunt walked up those stairs—never to come down. Mother was the last one to reach the top of the stairs. Up, up those steps to lose and lose again.

This was the thing in my past. I had left all but the memory behind. In its hideous glory it would torment me to my dying day—but I—I was free.

It was cold and I was alone. I walked farther into the blackness, never turning back—never. Up, up, up.
In the first place, I probably have no business writing this, as I am not in the true sense a jazz musician. I am merely one of the many musicians who have dreams of getting to the top someday. You might call us "professional hopefuls." But full-fledged professional or not, I can tell you what jazz means to me, and maybe a little bit about why it doesn't mean enough to other people.

The word "jazz" is easily the most misinterpreted term in the English language. Because it had as its roots the wild, spirited—all right, then suggestive—music of the African and, later, the American Negro, jazz carries with it an impression—a very false impression—of dark, sordid little nightclubs, where the air is heavy with marijuana smoke, and where dirty, underfed musicians play crude music all night, leaving at dawn to go "home" to a cold-water flat in the worst section of town.

To most people, "jazz" is a word to be picked up between thumb and index finger and disposed of as quickly as possible. In their own minds they have already formed a cast-iron definition which all hell couldn't change. This dogmatic attitude is typical of all who don't like any form of jazz, hot or cool. Though their opinions may stem from various sources. The consensus is "I know all, all about jazz and I don't want any part of it."

They couldn't be more mistaken. They don't know that jazz is the only true art form that America can call its own. Unlike the loud, frantic Old New Orleans Dixieland, from which it evolved, today's jazz is clean, clear-cut, full of natural expression, and finely chiselled to a high degree of musical proficiency and technique. No longer an aimless mass of doubtful improvisation, it has a

Bach fugue. Today's jazz, sometimes called Progressive or Modern Jazz, is more subtle, more subdued than that of earlier days. In short, and by the musician's own description, it is "cool"; whereas the old form was "hot." Yet modern jazz loses none of its freshness, its spontaneity, by being more organized. It retains every bit of its character and freedom of improvisation, the only difference being that it requires more of the musician who performs it—more technique, more ideas—more all-round musicianship.

Yes, surprisingly enough, jazz musicians must be as technically proficient as "legitimate" musicians, or those who deal with classics. Indeed, they are almost interchangeable. Many jazzmen are members of a symphony, and most concert performers play jazz on the side. Rarely, though, are these two types of performance approached with equal enthusiasm. The good jazz musician is content with being what he is rather than a legitimate concert artist, not because he can't, but because he has no desire to be. Dave Brubeck, a foremost jazz pianist, could easily have chosen the concert stage rather than jazz, but he didn't want to. This doesn't mean that his regard for classical music is less than it should be. The jazz musician has a deep and enduring love and respect for classical music, because he can understand it as well as its performers can, and because it has contributed much to jazz, in the way of theoretical background.

That is what I said: theoretical background. Modern jazz is as close to classical music as it is to Old New Orleans Dixieland. You might say it gets its rhythmic line from New Orleans, its tonal construction from Beethoven or any other serious composer. If you'd like a clear example of this, listen to Conley Graves' album "Genius At Work." Here he plays a Bach fugue for piano adding bass, guitar, and drums. Jazz! But Bach wrote it!
That is why it's provoking to hear people say that they appreciate classical music but "just don't like jazz." This attitude is a contradiction in itself. Maybe they won't ever fully adjust themselves to jazz, but they have no right to decry its existence.

My other bone of contention is provoked by that group of people who don't like jazz because "it's different." Wayne King's 'Melody of Love' was good enough in 1919; so why should we have jazz or any other new form of music?" Their collective facial expression would be hilarious. I imagine, if these people were told that they could never again drive anything but a 1919 Maxwell. But cars and music, you say, aren't the same thing. So they aren't; but progress is, no matter what it affects, and music has been allowed to progress the least of all mediums. We have cinemascope, hydrogen bombs and Kim Novak, all invented within the last twenty-five years, and we're still listening to music that was popular in our grandmother's day. Now I ask you! Isn't that ridiculous? To be the most outstanding country of the world in many respects, America is terribly backward in its musical taste. Jazz musicians have commented frequently on the difference between audience response in America and in European countries. The reception of jazz in Europe is far superior to that in its native country, and there is really no excuse for this attitude.

Jazz isn't hard to understand and certainly its performances are not. The really great jazz musicians are as normal and easy to get along with as your next door neighbor. Most of them are married, and have children; they own permanent, well-organized homes. Very, very few of them are addicted to drugs—contrary to belief, they don't want anything to do with such and few of them are mentally unstrung in any way. In fact, I know of none except probably Bud Powell, in whose case it is forgivable because he plays so well.

Most of my friends are musicians, young and struggling, as I am, and we're not hard to understand. Granted, we speak a slightly different language from yours, but we're normal. Really we are! We want nothing more than to prove ourselves and the music we love so well and believe in so strongly. We don't ask that you drop everything and suddenly become an avid jazz fan. We don't even ask that you like jazz at all. We just think it would be "a gas" if everyone would stop coming on like an ostrich" and admit that there is such a thing as jazz and that it has a future. Is that asking too much?

JOURNEY INTO WRITING

Ann Moss

I tremble down the speechways
Clutching each stray notion:
The maze deceptive, intricate
Echoes my consternation.
Plunging in desperation
The labyrinth I grimly run
Breathless, I find myself
Where I started from.
I was to take piano. Being told so was one of the most frightful and at the same time the most memorable events of my childhood. I was seven years old and must have my introduction to music postponed no longer: I was to start immediately. The campaign was launched with such dispatch that I hardly had time to register my vain protest. Even in seven short years I had, however, arrived at some fairly definite conclusions, and one was that I did not really care to make music. I liked our radio and Bill’s record player. But let them play, not me. Open revolt was impossible. Between my wet ears, though, I concocted a passive resistance plan. It worked well.

My family had a grand strategy too. First I was given a wonderful piano with a fine mahogany finish and snow white ivory keys. It was rolled into the house as if it were a big cannon and placed in my room to allow me to practice uninterrupted. How was I to sleep with this hated contraption so near, this cannon with teeth?

Next I was sent to a teacher of ample size and stamina to equal this grand piece of three-legged artillery. My parents were grateful for her, and I was to be also—for a different reason. On my first lesson I was told to place my right hand on the keys with my thumb on middle C. I did this with my fist doubled up, my thumb sticking straight out and placed on the keyboard in a vertical position. This was wrong and I knew it but did not care. The instructor, in the high pitched anger of a machine gun, spatetered a thousand "na-na-na-na-na-na’s." Then, with a side glance at me and with an explosively red face, the "sarge" produced a picture of the proper position.

"You haven't studied music before, have you?"
"No."
"Then we will have to start from the beginning." She wrote down what she termed the C scale. I was to have this scale plus the names of the notes and the fingers they were to be played with well in mind by the next lesson.

"Part two of my parents' plan of operation was to detail me the hour between 3:30 and 4:30 each afternoon to develop precision. Non-performance of duty carried with it the forfeiture of my allowance and night K. P. for a week. This was quite clear; and I promised to practice faithfully.

When practice time came around, I sat down at the piano and just gazed at the book for about fifteen minutes. Then, slowly lifting my hands, I placed them on the keys and ran stubbornly through the scale. Then almost without realizing it, I was at my window wondering was Joe the platoon leader in my place.

"I don't hear you," shouted my mother.
"I have a sore finger," I answered wearily. I was not sure how this would be taken. I had prepared myself for this emergency by painting one joint with red ink and applying seven band-aids. With considerable doubt my mother surveyed the wound and restricted me to my quarters for the evening. I had won my first battle with only a small wound.

For my next lesson I was loaded with excuses: my finger had not quite healed, I had forgotten my glasses, and I believed I was taking cold. Under these heavy burdens, I advanced for maneuvers under the drill master.

My instructor, with her pencil on the piano as if she were beating a drum, tapped out one-and-two-and, one-and-tow-and. These beats of the pencil’s heel were intermixed with commands of "Watch that time! Count! Hold half-notes! Soft, loud, soft! Count—count—count!" Somehow I got off
on the wrong finger and became lost between the first "one-and" and the last "count." I stayed out of key for the entire lesson. This did more to rout the teacher than any other thing. I was given the same assignment over and dismissed.

When I left, Sarge followed me to the door and took me quite by surprise: "What is the name of your dog?" she asked. With pride I beamed and answered, "Booger. But Daddy calls him Damnit. I slip him to bed with me sometimes. Daddy says he has fleas -- and germs too." If you like me you like my dog; and if you like my dog, I like you. This skirmish she had won: I liked her. I almost wished she'd be where she could see us take the fort that day.

After some time it was evident that I was not getting along so well as the other children, most of whom were playing little tunes in six weeks time. The realization that I was not a musical genius was fast gaining ground; my parents were becoming discouraged. No amount of punishment could induce me to sit in front of that big black monster with its teeth glaring so bright. I was threatened, reasoned with; and then, when someone advanced the principle that you can't catch flies with vinegar, I was offered a raise in allowance, one more movie a week, and one Sunday a month off from church. All this time I said nothing. I continued to stare out the window and wonder.

This stalemate lasted for nearly six months. By this time my parents were bitterly discouraged; my teacher was pulling her hair; and I was ready to go A-W-O-L. My passive resistance was about to become active when, returning from school one day, I found my enemy in tacit surrender: the cannon had been removed.

And I was relieved. Really, I was doubly relieved: first, the monster cannon that I hated and dreaded was no longer there, and the awful hours of practice drill and lesson torture were over; second, I was relieved because I hadn't lost my love of listening to other people make music.

I am not saying that music is not beautiful, nor am I trying to say the world would be a better place without it. This would indeed be false. I only want to point out that some people should play and others listen. I listen.

RE-PERCUSSIONS

Marcia Williams

Drums, drums, drums
Riff, bang, boom--
Rhythmic percussions
Bounce around the room.

Cacaphonic melody
Trips and crashes,
Independent harmony
Flits and flashes.

A wild mob runs,
Raindrops patter.
The sound grows thin,
Then grows fatter.

Echoes of drums--everywhere.
Drumbeats,
Heartbeats.
Coming down the hill we could see the "holler" with a big white shingle house standing in the "bottom" next to Long Fork Creek. When we crossed the bridge to the house the "old swimmin' hole" came into view. There, when everyone else was very busy, Mammy would drop her work and see that her "grandyoung'uns" got to cool off in the freshest water in Macon County, Tennessee. If any water surpassed it, it was that found in the spring at the barn. The spring held watermelons only as long as it took for them to get cold enough to tempt one of us kids, or perhaps our elders.

Next to the branch running from the spring to the creek is a spot where once stood the woodshed. When I was only four or five, Uncle Hooper taught my twin brother, younger brother, and me to smoke rabbit tobacco. To this day I owe my not smoking to that experience of inhaling fumes which would dishearten even "Freddie the Freeloader."

The barn was the spot for entertainment that was different to us city "fellers." As soon as we were up and about, any pig, cow or horse had better start dodging. Upstairs in the barn loft my uncle kept his tobacco sticks piled up in a corner, when they were not in use. One day my two brothers were scrambling in them and my younger brother, Hoyte, saw a snake. When Shelby, my twin, turned around to look for him, he was standing on the ground 20 feet below the loft without having used the ladder.

Downstairs, Uncle Glenn did his milking. The boys learned this operation, but I never seemed to get even a drop from the old cow. If my uncle could catch some of us sneaking up on him, he would aim his stream of milk directly at us.

Behind the barn ran the road which we traveled to meetings by riding a wagon drawn by mules. One night my twin was asleep on a quilt in the wagon bed when the rest of us got off to let the mules pull up the hill. I was too young to convince my mother that Shelby would get hurt bouncing on that bed as it rolled up the hill.

The big, high-ceiling rooms of the "old homeplace" were never quiet when we were there, unless we were adjourned to the woods or to the bed. Even at bedtime it took some "settlin'" on Mammy's part to get us piped down. Mammy had a broomstick which would reach the ceiling from her bed. With this she had to peck the ceiling many times to settle the uproar of kids upstairs jumping up and down on the featherbeds and screaming at each other.

In the day time if she wanted any peace she used the scissors' point to lock the old piano. The keys are yellow—if they have any ivories left—from the many improvisations rendered by ardent and inspired fingers.

One thing she especially spoiled us with was the cookies only Mammy can make. On the cupboard top just at chair or ladder reach, she kept a clear glass jar filled with cookies. The next beat thing to her cookies was the dough corners, snitching while she was cutting them out in her big old-fashioned flour bin.

As her grandchildren came along she helped get them started on the road of life. When Hoyte was born, Shelby and I were only two, and Mammy had her hands full keeping us out of the diapers, gowns, and pins that were necessary for his bath. Finally she solved the problem by stuffing them in her "bosom." Another she had to use to keep us "watered." We would ask for a drink, take a sip, and five minutes later would be thirsty again. She backed us up to the wall, poured a whole dipper full down each of us. This would give her a rest of perhaps ten or fifteen minutes.
The next step in our rearing was to see that we got proper guidance as to boy friends and such. Two years ago I had promised a friend I would go to his mother's homecoming at Christmas dinner on Sunday. He lived in that community, so he met me at Mammy's house. In the meantime Mammy had changed her dinner from Saturday to Sunday and was expecting my family there. When the boy came there to wait for me, she assumed he was eating with me. When he and I started to leave, she came flying out of the kitchen saying, "What do you mean, carrying my granddaughter off on Christmas? You had better take good care of her, young man." The poor boy looked dumbfounded until someone gave him a wink to let him know she was only teasing.

Now when we go to Mammy's we have only to go next door to a smaller white shingle house in the city. Though the surroundings are different, the spice is still the same. Here, she spoils us by baking us cookies and yeast bread. When the boys come home on leave from the navy, she has her cookie jar well filled.

By the way, she is still training boy friends. This summer my aunt and family from Massachusetts came for a visit. We didn't know what day to expect them, and I already had a date for that night. When Eddie came Mammy told him he could turn around and go back if he had come after her granddaughter. He wasn't as gun-shy as the other boy; so he stood his ground. When I came out into the yard she asked him if he was going to mind her. He said no. "You are an independent young man, aren't you?" she said.

The next day another boy was with my twin and me at a picnic. Thinking he was Eddie, she said, "Young man, I'm still mad at you for carrying off my granddaughter last night."

Perplexed, the boy said, "I don't know what you mean." Then I reached where they were standing and introduced them. After some apologies and good-natured teasing, everything straightened out.

Take the freshness of a cool spring or creek, the excitement of snakes and featherbeds, the fun of rotten eggs floating down the creek, the laughs of Mammy's ever humorous disposition and you have the ingredients for "going to Mammy's."

STORM AT MIDNIGHT

Marjorie Hanna

Hovering clouds darked still afternoon;
Evening lightning, flickering, flashed,
Shaming the light of the moon;
The storm began to come!

Lightning brightened; wind did rise;
Thunder tolled his kettle drums
That seemed to shake the blackened skies;
And the storm came on and on!!

Midnight wind gathered mighty power,
Swooping wind—a starving bird—
Sprinkling raindrops became drenching pour;
And the storm was come!!!

With glimmering glow, receding blast,
Gentling shower, and stilling wind,
Full, spent, abated at last,
The storm moves on!!

Air empty of deafening boom,
Sky silvered alone by the moon,
Breeze soothing soaked brown loam—
The storm was gone!
Disce bonas artes, moneo, Romana inventus,
Non tantum trepidos ut tuare reos;
Quam populus indexque gravis lectusque senatus,
Tam dabit eloquio victa puella tuae.
Sed lateant vires, nec sis in fronte disertus;
Effugiant voces verba molesta tuae.
Quis, nisi mentis inops, tenerae declamat amicae?
Saepe valens odio littera causa fuit.
Sit tibi credibilis sermo consuetaque verba,
Blanda tamen, praesens ut videare loqui.
Si non accipiet scriptum, injectumque remittet,
Lecturam spera, propositumque tene.
Tempore difficiles veniunt ad artra iuvenis,
Tempore lenta pati frem docentur equi:
Ferreus adsiduo consumitur anulus usus,
Interit adsidua vomer aduncus humo.
Quid magis est saxo durum, quid mollius unda?
Dura tamen mollis saxa cavantur aqua.
Penelope ipsam, perstā modo, tempore vinces:
Capta vides sero Pergama, capta tamen.
Legerit, et molli rescribere cogere noli:
Tu modo blanditias fac legat usque tuas.
Quae voluit legisse, volet rescribere lectis:
Per numeros venient ista gradusque suos.
Forsitan et primo veniet tibi littera tristis,
Quaeque rogat, ne se sollicitare velis.
Quod rogat illa, timet; quod non rogat, optat ut instes;
Insequere, et voti postmodo compos eris.

The noble arts I bid you learn, ye youth of Rome
Not only for defending trembling men:
Not just the mob; nor judge sedate and senators,
A woman too succumbs to eloquence,
But hide these powers nor show a face of learnedness,
Your voice keep free of words that tend to vex.
Who but a fool'd pontificate his cherished one?
A letter often causes potent hate.
Your language should gain trust with use of wonted words,
But bland no less, as though you spoke with her.
If she does not accept, returns your note unread,
Still hope some day she'll read, and stand ye fast.
Even stubborn oxen come to the plow in time;
In time the horse is taught to bear light reins.
An iron ring in fact is worn with constant use;
The curved share will wear in ground oft plowed.
Than rock what is more hard, than water what more soft?
But soft water hollows even flint.
Persist: You may in time conquer Penelope's self.
Though late it fell, you saw Pergamus fall.
She reads and writes not back? Don't try to force her to
Just see she always reads your flatteries.
She who wants to read will wish to answer what's read:
For that must come by stages and degrees.
Perhaps at first will come a letter upbraiding you,
Requesting that you cease to bother her.
What she asks, she fears; what she withholds, she hopes,
Press on and soon you'll gain the end desired.
Back to Manhood

GORDON WILSON, OPAL TAYLOR, EVA BELLE BECKER.

CHAPTER II.

The glorious brilliancy of the summer sunset has passed away, the thickening shades of twilight steal quietly across the dewy meadows, and now the mellow radiance of the rising moon lies in tranquil sublimity over the old colonial farmhouse of James Powell. The front porch is a scene of peaceful joy and homely comfort, for the day's work is ended and the family have taken their accustomed places here to spend a few pleasant hours together before retiring.

The grand old home stands on a gently-sloping hillside, in a grove of oaks and cedars, and its beauty is greatly enhanced by the clear and limpid waters of the little spring at the foot of the hill, as they flow away through the grass and willows to the murmuring creek near by.

This place is one of the very oldest in the whole neighborhood, for the Powells were among the first to settle here, and the old home has been handed down from father to son, until now James Powell, a farmer of unusual success, lives in it with his little family of four. He is a kind, loving father and a worthy husband. The mother is all that an ideal mother could be and her worth is truly reflected in the faces of her two sons and only daughter.

It is indeed a typical Kentucky home, and might well be compared with the one where Charles Harlan had sat, with
Hinter blühenden Apfelbaumzweigen
steigt
der Mond auf.
Zarte Ranken ... blasse Schatten
zackt
sein Schimmer in den Kies.
Lautlos ... fliegt ... ein Falter.
Ich wandle ... wie trunken ... durch sanftes Licht,
die
Fernen flimmern
Selig silbern blitzen Busch und Gras.
Das Tal ... verblinkt ... die ... Welt versinkt;
aus
weichstem Dunkel,
traumsüß flüstend, schluchzend, jubelnd,
mein Herz schwillt über,
die
Nachtigall!

Behind blossoming branches of the apple tree
rises
the Moon.

Delicate tendrils ... pale shadows.

Silently ... glides ... a butterfly.

I wander ... drunk with joy ... through gentle light,
the
Faraway places glimmer
Bush and grass flash; radiantly silver.

The valley ... grows pale ... the ... world sinks;
from
the soft darkness,
the
Nightingale
fluting dreamy sweet, sobbing, rejoicing:

my heart overflows!
A FACE

Jean Reid-Smith

A face:
Two eyes,
A
A mouth,
Eyebrows--
On some,
Nothing;
On one,
The world
Answered.

DARKNESS GOES

Mickey Higgins

Dark has fall'n, shadows grown,
The glare is gone away;
Evening brings a peace unknown
In earthman's blazing day.

But the feel, the touch, the smell, the smile--
These things begin to gray
Coldness reigns, warmth's no more
Darkness has full sway.

What is this thing that man enjoys,
This all that God did make
This unknown all that God has giv'n
And God alone can take?

Perhaps some day when disk is near
And twilight shadows loom
And Darkness gathers up her skirts--
The truth on all will dawn.

DAY

James Atchison

The width of a narrow world
Past the window of my room
Whirls by more rapidly through
Realms of oiled confusion
Than wing-footed messengers
Bring me upset dispatches
From a narrow widened globe.

MOONSET AT MIDNIGHT

Marjorie Hanna

Eerie shadows,
One lone star to see it go--

The moon sets at midnight.

Weird, bewitching, its red glow,

The moon sets at midnight.

Disappearing, gone from sight,
Far away where none can see,
Leaving still its mystery,

The moon sets at midnight.
How far away is
Paradise
When sweeping winds
Dry out my heart?

As far away as
Youthful lips
That rejuvenate
My soul.

Two poets posting
On a misty night,
Each incognito—
So the two
Between them both
Scanned incomprehensible
Incompatibility
To keep closed
The petite door
Of discovery.

How far away is
Paradise
When sweeping winds
Dry out my heart?

As far away as
Youthful lips
That rejuvenate
My soul.

INDESCRIMINATE VERSE
James Atchison

SCARLET SLASHES
Jean Reid-Smith

Starlit purples in delirium,
Racing golds in syncopation—
Poised in eager animation.

Marching
Jean Reid-Smith

Frost, like sprinkled powder
On nylon bristled brush,
Birds volumously louder
Welcoming day's upward rush,
Atmospheric clarity,
As artist's blank canvas,
And mistic vacuity
Soon filled with nothingness.

DAWN
Jean Reid-Smith

Falling, twinkly day shining
Clouding, windy night dimming
Shimmering, trembly dawn rising
Blazing, gaudy morn winning.
BLUE MONDAY

Jean Reid-Smith

A feeling analogous
To oblivion,
Enfeebled delirium,
Taps the unconscious.
Parrying a nudge
With sheer fabrication,
Aspiring concentration,
My brain is mere fudge.

MORNING

James Atchison

Dawn flutters on the farthest hill
As sleep-dressed trees shake silhouettes
Whom Diana's just abandoning
While I stand alone, calmly still,
Awaiting Apollo's gold chariot
To guide my beginning day
From this dawn beauty where I breathe
Another awakening.

MORALS?

Jean Reid-Smith

Morals, considered logically,
Terminate joyrighteously:
Desire simmers temptingly;
Pleasure is shunned angrily.
Perhaps for light one cannot see
Hypocrisy's society--
Welcome promiscuity.
Artistical depravity.

J. SNUCUM WITHERSPOON

James Atchison

Without his short and slender nose
Whereon he wore spectacles
Of a mighty schoolish look;
Without his sophisticated gait
And snappy twitching shoulders,
Narrowed from lack of nourishment
And proper exercise, I'm sure;
Without that haggard snarl--he might
Have been a man--Who knows?
EXCUSE ME

James Atchison

There was no particular reason for thinking about Kep; he was nothing special to her; she had not asked her for a date (she rarely had dates); she had not more than smiled at her like he cheerfully smiled at everyone. Kep was not a bad morning thought when all there was to do was arrange toothbrushes according to price: the twenty-five cent ones here, twenty-nine here, and so on until the boring job was finished.

The harsh bell sounded. Nine-thirty. In forty-five minutes I'll have my break. I'll go to the lingerie counter and pick out that slip I wanted to get last payday. I should not go by that counter because I'll pay $3.98 and I don't need to. Well, ten o'clock isn't here yet anyway.

"Is this the largest size of Pepsodent you have, Honey?"

She hated being called "Honey," for that put her in the same back-rubbing and arm-patting sales-girl category as Gladys, Irma, and Fern. Keep her out of that category, please. "Yes. Wait, here's an 89¢ size. Would that suit you better?"

"You don't have one for 79¢?"

"The old fuss. Everything here in sight and she insists on buying a toothpaste for her old teeth just like she'd hunt out a cabbage for her husband's dinner. "No, mam'm, I believe this is the only price in the large size. Will it do?"

"Well, Honey, I seen an ad that said you'd one for 79¢; so I'll just let it go this morning."

It is probably nine-thirty-five. I could have the rest of these beautiful, pretty celluloid toothbrushes sorted by ten-fifteen. But then I'd have to start something else. Maybe a little dusting. It's best not to dust today because I've got on the sweater that catches every bit of dirt.

"Good morning, Mr. Pennyrelli." She couldn't understand that prissy little manager. He came in every morning with the same rosy cheeks and left at five-thirty with the same expression. Not one hair on his glued head was misplaced, not one eyelash astray, and not any more gloss on his face than when he showed it shiny in the morning. But he did speak, and the manager who left before him only grunted and smiled when he saw the clerks.

There are thousands of people, I suppose. The Hungarians, who are being shot at and those people in refugee camps. Soldiers. These toothbrushes are the most boring things to straighten out. Now could this one possibly be used in the hospital where some soldier is being nursed back to health? No. Every toothbrush will remain here in Hadley. Nothing or no one ever gets out of here except the art teacher. She has false teeth; so she would not take a useless toothbrush abroad.

Her mind wandered back to Kep. He was a clean boy. He went to church and they were in the same Sunday School class. They had a good teacher, one who taught during the week at the college, and that was the reason probably, so many nice looking people were in Sunday School. Nice looking people just don't go to Sunday School without some good reason. That was probably the reason Kep went because Miss Wimberly was such a wonderful teacher.

The last partition was removed from the cardboard box. That'd be twenty-four more toothbrushes from this box. Putting these with those on the 89¢ counter will finish the assortment. Just as she was putting two red brushes in line with the 89¢ ones, the bell rang again. She put the box away, and she started out of her counter. She opened the bottom drawer, took her purse and started for the
lingerie counter.

Of all funny things, there was Kep talking to Sandra. He hasn't talked to her before. I'm not really going to see him, though, for I had already planned to look at a slip. She wasn't as forward as Paula. Paula would put her plump self right next to a boy's leg when she was talking to him, and if the boy was the least bit shy, she would be embarrassed. Jessie put her hand on his arm. She tapped him lightly but enough to get his attention.

Kep turned around. It was not Kep! Jessie blushed. She was suffocating. She felt like she felt after she had eaten too much candy. It was terrible. The back of his neck, the shoulders, the color of the hair—all that was Kep's, but the face was a stranger's. "Excuse me, please. I thought you were someone else." She had made the gesture of attention so perfectly that he was sure to know that she thought it was someone she knew well.

"That's okay," he said.

Forgetting just why she was standing there, and forsaken by the stolid composure placing the unresisting celluloid cases fostered, she fled out the glass doors onto the street. Her watch said that she had twelve minutes left. Why on earth and how on earth did I make such a foolish mistake. If Paula had touched his arm so familiarly, she would probably have got a date for that very night, though he was a stranger. Paula would have said something clever; they both would have laughed. They would have got to know each other.

At any rate, though, she had made an effort to be kind to Kep. But it wasn't Kep. If Kep knew I had just such an outward show of friendship, he might feel about me like he says he feels about other nice girls. Probably he doesn't think I am a nice girl, because I don't say much. There isn't much for a girl to talk about when she has quit high school. Kep is in college, so that puts a gulf between us. But he's so nice, he's all-round,
"Excuse me, but again I thought you were someone else." This young man will really think I am chasing him. Theoretically I am, but basically that is a foolish thought.

"That's all right. You know Sandra, I guess."

"Yes. She and I started working about the same time here. That is not exactly right, for I have been here eight months longer than she has. Well, it does not make a great deal of difference."

"She's my sister," he said.

"Is that right? She's told us about you, only I imagined a little boy. She always speaks about her little brother."

"She's older than me, but I am eighteen," he said.

"Oh, I see."

"I am going to be in town for awhile. I have come to visit my mother."

"I see."

"I guess Sandra told you I live with our father. But every year I spend a little vacation with Mother. Have you met her?"

"No, but I've heard Sandra speak about her. She works in Drilling Mills, doesn't she?"

"Yeah, here comes old Penny-what's-his-name, and Sandra tells me he doesn't like to see his girls talking. I'll see you later."

"Yes."

Now this is one of those fascinating things that people speak about in Cosmopolitan. He is one of those god-sends from True Confessions. Elsworth Thane wouldn't pass up a person like Sandra's brother to write about.

"This counter looks nice, Jessie."

"Thank you, Mr. Pennyrilla."

Sandra rushed to the counter where Jessie was trying to make her heart act as calm as she liked to appear. She never looked ruffled, but she felt like it sometimes. She didn't know really whether she never looked ruffled or the girls told her that.

"Didn't I tell you I had a nice brother, Jess?"

"Yes, but you didn't tell me he was so handsome. So handsome. Sandra, no discredit to you, but he's got all the looks."

"Yes."

"What is his name?"

"Bartle, after his father, but we all call him Barry."

"That's a nice name for a boy like that. He's eighteen. Here comes Pennypusher."

She heard the bell give a jolly ring, and she took her purse from the bottom drawer, and when she looked up, Parry was standing there.

"How 'bout going to dinner with a lonesome guy?"

"You lonesome? I don't believe it, but I am going to dinner. I suppose I could go with you."

They went out the glass doors onto the street. People looked Jessie's way. People in general, and those she saw at church on Sunday; a few knew just how happy she was, and fewer knew she was walking next to Sandra's brother. No one but her knew his name was Bartle and they called him Barry.

She showed him the pretty rug she'd seen that morning alone after making such a fool of herself with him in front of his sister. He said that it wasn't really such a fool thing that lots of times he was mistaken for someone else.

They talked the whole hour, and she was too happy to go back to the normal, regular afternoon's work. She kept thinking of things he'd said to her, and just how he said them. He was something of the type of Kep, and he did go to church. That was a good thing. His hair was cut very short, and his face was nice, and he had a slow smile. He wasn't forward, maybe just a little awkward; and his mouth made up for his shyness. He was a little quiet and that wasn't bad for she wasn't the loudest thing in Heleville. She had come to work in Heleville seven-
teen miles away, and that may be why she wasn't as loud as the local girls.

The afternoon was quick in passing. She had been more pleasant than usual in her sales and all the money was counted. It tallied correctly, and that was another thing to be glad for.

Sandra motioned, the glass doors were pushed open, and Barry walked over to her counter. She got her purse. The last lights were being pulled out; the store was almost totally dark when they said goodnight to Sandra and went onto the street.

A little rain had fallen and it was good conversation for the first few minutes. It was pretty to look at, and the reflected windows and lights were pretty too. It was warm, and the rain had settled the dust just enough to give the park a good smell.

He took her hand and they walked through the park. It was different from the noon hour. Jessie was cool inside, but she felt her cheeks blushing. She hadn't felt so since Kep asked her to Sunday school the first week she moved to Heleville from Whitley. She was glad the church kept records of new people coming in. She was glad her folks had had troubles like Barry's. She was glad she had his vacation with his mother to look forward to.

SECURITY

James Atchison

My guarantee is not backed up
By piles and piles of stocks and bonds,
Pedigreed horses, butlers, hounds,
Nor long green lawns with wide estates
Where laughter depends on foppish prelates
Relating well-worn, pointless talks.
My love for you will never fail,
But riches gained are apt to fall.

PRAYER FOR A LITTLE GIRL

Richard R. Smith

Her cool, brown eyes can look upon
The world, serene and calm,
Or dance and sparkle at the joy
Of robins in the dawn;
Her heart can melt with tenderness
At songbird's broken wing;
Her feet can tap a happy tune
And dance with words that sing.

Mold her to stay compassionate
With heart atune to pain;
Let her keep the listening look
And love for sun and rain;
Let life unfold each day for her
Surprise, Surprise, Surprise;
Dear God, don't let her lose the stars
That twinkle in her eyes.
I was hitchin' the mule to the scratch plow fixin' to go over the garden a little, and I heard this racket just over the rise. I knew what it was. It was the Wilson boys and maybe Old Man Wilson was with them. I could hear them whooping and hollerin' and cussin' and carryin' on like they always did and I left old Red where he was and I run away fast. I didn't want them Wilsons ketchin' me out there by myself. I run down towards the cabin because I figured I'd better tell Paw.

Well, I was tryin' to run fast down the mountain because it was 'most a half mile down to the cabin and them Wilsons could hit a toad frog from that distance with them new Springfields they had. It was hard to make time, though, cause it was so steep and there was a few trees which I had to zig-zag to git through. I was awful skeered.

I kep' on runnin' and zig-zaggin' and finally I got to the back yard and so I jumped up over the chicken fence and run in the kitchen. Maw and the girls was cookin' dinner.

"Where's Paw?" I asked.

"He's in there in bed," Mary Lee says. "He seems like he's purty near drunk again, to me."

"He can't git drunk now," I says. "Where's Wylie, then?"

Well, jest as I got the words out of my mouth, Wylie come in and said, "Whut's eatin' on you, Wylie?"

"You better do somethin' fast, Wylie," I says. "Them Wilsons' is comin' down the mountain and it sounds like they got Old Man Wilson with 'em. I'm skeered, Wylie!"

"Seems to me you're always skeered, Willis," Wylie says. Then he turned to Mary Lee and said,

"You bay up the doors and windows, Mary, you go out front and git Homer and Mervil—Jeffrey too. If he ain't gone to town again today, I'm gonna git my gun." All this time I was thinkin' 'bout what he'd said. It was the truth; I was skeered a whole lot. I was skeered of them Wilsons.

Well, they come, like I knowed they would, and they was whoopin' and carryin' on, all half drunk. But Old Man Wilson wasn't with 'em though, there was jest three of the boys and when they seen Wylie and Homer and Mervil all a-holdin' their guns up, they didn't mess around long. They cussed out our family and Wylie, and Mervil cussed theirs and then they left.

After they had got out of sight, Wylie turned around and says, "Willie, you ain't nothin' but a damn coward. Why, when I was sixteen, I'd sheer killed Ned Wilson with a bullet in the shoulder and I'd even shot Old Man Wilson in the hand."

"I ain't big enough to stand up to them boys," I says.

"You wouldn't have to be big, if you had any sense," Wylie said. "Why, look at you, sixteen year old and ain't shot a gun ten times in your whole life."

"I—I can't help it," I says. "I'm skeered o' guns."

Wylie quit talkin', lookin' real disgusted, and after a spell we got tryin' to figure what the Wilson boys was up to. Finally, we decided they must've been goin' home from the store and had took a notion to cut across our farm. They was real spunky ones, them Wilsons.

I got tired of listenin' to the folks talk about killin' Wilsons and I went into the other room where my radio outfit was. Man, it was shore purty—that radio. Old Aunt Ellie, who lived away off in the city someplace, had give it to me when she got a new one. It played real good, when the batteries was up, and I shore loved to hear it.
sometimes I'd just go off in there and play it to git away from the folks. It was kind of a different world, like. Sometimes I'd jest set and look at it for an hour or two, with the knob turned off so's I would save the batteries. Paw said I acted plumb unreasonable about it, sometimes. I shore loved it. I 'member once I jumped all over Homer for playin' it without askin' me if he could. It was the only time I'd ever hit anybody, or got mad. I shore loved that radio.

Well, I laid down on the cot and smoked and looked up on the dresser at the radio and after a long time I turned it on and listened to some music—not the kind they had at square dances and muskin' bees. This was sorta soft and slow like. You couldn't hear the fiddles or guitars in it much.

After a spell, Paw sobered up a little, and come in and said why didn't I git somethin' worth list'rin' at and I told him I liked what I was hearin' all right. He bummed a smoke off me and sat down and lit it. All of a sudden, we heard this noise out in the hog pen and th' pigs was squealin' and somebody was cussin' and we knew it was the Wilsons a-stealin' our hogs. Paw jumped up and looked out the window and he seen 'em. I looked and I seen Old Man Wilson comin' towards th' cabin. kinda slow like. Paw went to git his rifle and I turned my radio off. The other boys already had their guns and was headin' out to the hog pen to scatter the Williams afore they got our best sow. I could see 'em through the window. Paw shot at him twict and missed. I guess his aim was off on account of the likker. Anyways, Old Man Wilson kinda crouched down and started runnin' towards the window. He shot and Paw grabbed his chest and hollered and braced himself on the window sill and shot back. Old Man Wilson shot again and I heard somethin' break over by the wall. I looked up on the dresser and there was my radio, busted all to pieces.

I dunno what it was, but somethin' happened down inside of me. I looked at the radio and I wanted to cry, but I didn't feel like cryin', and I looked at Paw and it didn't take much to tell he was dyin'.

I don't remember how I went out side, but the first thing I seen when I got out there was Wylie and Merivel and Homer holed up behind the hog hogs. shootin' at two of the Wilson boys who was down at the other end of the pen, behind the rail fence. The other was layin' behind the hog hogs—behind Wylie and Merivel and Homer. I seen Old Man Wilson tryin' to crawl up in the window where he'd shot Paw and I went over to the Wilson who was shot and I seen he was dead. I rolled him over, and some 'nuff, he'd fell on the Springfield. I picked it up and holt it in my hands and I wasn't skeered no more.

Old Man Wilson was near in the window when I aimed the Springfield very careful and shot him in the right shoulder. He come tumblin' down, screamin', and dropped his gun. I aimed again, takin' plenty time and shot him in the leg. He screamed again, 'till the blood come up in his mouth and choked him. I shot him in the belly.

"Go," he said, "kill me and git it over.
"Damn you, Wilson," I says, "I aim to kill you slow. You're a mean man. You killed my paw."

"Go on-" he couldn't hardly talk.

"You're a mean man," I said. "You ruin my radio! You ruin my radio! You-" I wasn't talkin', really. I was jest babblin'. I didn't even know my own voice. Old Man Wilson was most dead and the blood was all round him a inch deep, but I didn't get sick. I helt the Springfield up to his head and finished emptyin' it. He fell back and his head was all read and tore up and his eyes rolled back.
"You ruined my radio," I said. Then I threw the gun down and went in the cabin and layed myself down on my cot and cried. I knew I'd never have another radio like that one.

REMINISCENCE

Pictures—memory mirages—intermingle in the floating clouds flowing with the spring wind. The first warm breath of Spring begins moving through the almost budding trees and over the moist, black earth. I remember this breathing, I recall this particular smell. There was this same emanation, that day, my first in Venice. It was Spring; the air was fresh and full and clean. It was young, washed, moving—unsettled—moving. Now, many miles from Venice, many days from that season, another Spring lets me hear swishing and splashing gondoliers' oars. Drunk with the day and dreaming, I look at my watch when the clock in San Marco's tower strikes. The very air inebriates; I can taste the wine from a little glass, and I recognize the smell of café au lait brought to the one sitting across the table. Italian pastry melts in the mouth. Today's playful, happy rhythm swells to nostalgic recall of gay gondolas on the Grand Canal and lovers being serenaded in them. I close my eyes, and then I am in the Square where I hear a Venetian, uninhibited, bursting into "O Paradiso." A surge of magic wings lift me up and up. Venice and Spring!

F INIS

Old eyes in a face so young
Hands shaky caressing the keys,
Even now his dirge is sung.
Wild notes of used-to-be's.

The ever-present drink
Drowns thought as music flies
On a cloudy, hazy brink,
Where music lives, man dies.

In years that went before
Were naught but praise and land.
Now music more and more,
Without a friend, or God.

A chord, a sob, a laugh,
That sped his final breath.
On his tomb this epitaph,
"He drank himself to death."
Ralph J. Roske and Charles Van Doren
LINCOLN'S COMMANDO

Put together the know-how of two former World War II naval officers—Charles Van Doren, more recently of television fame and Columbia University and Ralph J. Roske, a California history professor—and the daring exploits that were the result of the genius of young Commander William Barker Cushing, Civil War hero—and you have Lincoln's Commando.

Cushing at twenty-one maneuvered the sinking of the ironclad "Albemarle," which was a deathblow to the Confederacy. The book is a most gripping account of the blockade runners, and so the title "Commando" is most fitting for such daring and bravery of officers and men who were scarcely out of their teens.

Edwin Daly
SOME MUST WATCH

James Jones, author of From Here to Eternity, says of Edwin Daly's Some Must Watch, "I feel that here we may well have in this young man a very adequate American answer to France's Francoise Sagan."

Some Must Watch is a novel by a twenty year old Yale junior, who began writing when he was sixteen. It is the story of teen-aged Richard Colby, son of a prominent small-town mid-West family, who, as the novel ends, begins to face responsibility and meet life maturely.

College students will surely want to read this bit of fiction, which reads not like fiction, but a chapter of their own lives in their own language.

Gérard Jean-Aubry
THE SEA DREAMER: A Definitive Biography

Only after over twenty years of devoted research did Gérard Jean-Aubry, friend of Joseph Conrad and his wife and translator of the novels, finally present his study to French readers. Jean-Aubry, to whom the English-writing Pole willed his personal papers, dedicated his life to translating Conrad as "an urgent duty of enabling French readers to appreciate for themselves the scope, diversity, power and richness of his work..." This biography, which the author began planning before Conrad's death, he postponed until that "duty" was performed. Now it comes to English readers in Helen Sebbel's fine translation, published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

The book quotes liberally from Conrad's letters and novels to show how frequently he wrote his novels, the novelist "is only writing about himself." The biographer begins in 1857 with "The Polish Cradle of Theodor Joseph Korzeniowski and follows his life carefully but entertainingly through to the close in 1924 some two months after a successful visit, under the thoughtful planning of F.H. Doubleday, to an enthusiastic America.

For a rich understanding of this novelist and seaman and his famous works, including Typhoon and Lord Jim, this biography is valuable both for students and the general reader.

The impressive eighteen-page bibliography is not necessary to show how well acquainted the biographer is with Conrad, the man and the novelist, and with the lands he knew. The reader is aware of every page of his understanding, personal knowledge, and scholarship. The title is right: The Sea Dreamer: A Definitive Biography of Joseph Conrad.
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CORRIGENDUM:
The last line of the translation on page 19 of the Winter issue should read: "As if it homing were."