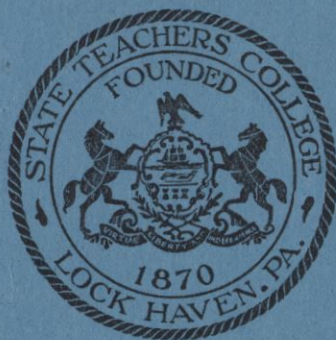


The Crucible



A Publication of
THE ENGLISH CLUB
STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

Lock Haven, Pennsylvania

1951

THE CRUCIBLE

ELWOOD PAUL }
EDWARD A. FRASER } *Co-Editors*

E. B. HILLS, *Faculty Advisor to THE CRUCIBLE*

DR. W. R. NORTH, *Faculty Sponsor of The English Club*



TABLE OF CONTENTS

That Singular Breed of Men	1
The Elephants Danced	8
Cycle	9
Hired Girl	10
Melodies for Bagpipes	13
Burin	14
The Angel on Top of the Tree	15
Poems	18
The Check-up	27

That Singular Breed of Men

EDWARD A. FRASER

Steel City, population twenty-five thousand, one of Western Pennsylvania's numerous industrial towns, is sandwiched sloppily between two generously proportioned hills, both devoid of vegetation—sulfuric acid fumes are not conducive to plant and animal life. Along the stern-wheeler choked Monongahela River stretches the tremendous assortment of blast furnaces, rolling mills, by-products, coal piles, and railroad tracks that constitutes the industry of Steel City and is, in fact, Steel City's existence. Four long miles of huge, black buildings, speckled occasionally by orange paint, the sign of apprehended rust spots.

It was in this land of giants that Ray Altman had worked for the past twenty years. Ray Altman, check number 9226 to his employers, but to the men under his supervision, a slightly balding, square-built, good-natured foreman who wasn't afraid to wallow in grease. Yes, ask anyone in By-Products, from the lowest, sweating laborer to the highly-rated mechanics, and they'd tell you that Ray treated everyone right!

Altman drove his '49 Plymouth sedan over Mendelson Avenue Bridge into the mill, parked carefully in his assigned place, leisurely picked up the dented lunch bucket and roll of newspaper-wrapped work clothes from the back seat, and walked toward the wash house to change. At the end of a long row of olive-green lockers, four or five night-shift workers were hastily concealing slips of paper. Ray knew exactly what they were doing—some dumb-bells were writing numbers slips again!

"All right, you guys, just what in the hell are you trying to pull?"

The men were obviously nervous; it seemed that no one would meet his direct gaze for more than a second. Then LeRoy Jackson, a Negro laborer and part-time crane operator, who held several yellow books of paper, spoke.

"Boss, we ain't doin' nuthin' serious. Lots of people in Steel play the numbers!"

"Jackson, the whole bunch of you have been warned time after time that the company will have no gambling done on its property. And anyway, who wins on the numbers? Certainly guys like us never get anything!"

"I won fifty dollars last Friday," a voice sounded at Altman's left.

"Yes, and how many years did you waste your dimes 'n quarters before anything came of it? You would have saved a helluva lot more in the bank by last Friday. If you're going to gamble, *stay out of the mill!* All of you have numbers slips in your possession—right? Okeh, according to the Superintendent of Labor, I'm authorized to give out twenty-four hour lay-off slips. All of you stop at the main gate. The pink papers will be ready and waiting."

When the men had gone, Ray sat down, took off his street shoes. He wondered if the punishment was too severe; and he wondered what

repercussions there might be. After all, the rackets in Steel City were powerful. Only yesterday he had been in the super-market and heard the mayor ask a produce clerk what number 'hit.' Ray dressed slowly, laced his grimy, metal-toed safety shoes, adjusted his wrinkled brown hat, muttered, "What the hell," and went into the adjacent office to phone an order for the lay-off slips.

On nearby State Street was the home of Local 1600 of the United Brethren of the Blast Furnaces, a newly constructed yellow-brick building with tall glass-block windows and a large red, white, and blue sign with lavishly scrolled letters which advertised LOCAL 1600. Inside the building, behind a finger-marked mahogany desk, sat Salvatore Rondinelli, President of Local 1600, a squat, greasy, well-dressed man of forty-five. He listened intently as LeRoy Jackson blurted forth his denunciation of the twenty-four hour suspension for writing numbers.

"You say this foreman's name is Altman?"

"That's right, Mr. Rondinelli, that's right."

"Okeh, we'll talk to 'im and see what can be done; meanwhile, forget anything happened!"

Jackson left the office and Salvatore Rondinelli cursed silently. So, some damn wise guy was gumming up things. He picked up the ragged phone book, thumbed it impatiently, and dialed the Personnel Office.

"Hello! Personnel Office? Please get word to Ray Altman, at the By-Products, that President Rondinelli of Local 1600 wants to see 'im Saturday morning at ten o'clock sharp. Got that? Okeh, thanks."

It was almost quitting time of the same day when Ray Altman received Rondinelli's message. "Now what in blazes could he want?" Ray asked himself. "Maybe those guys griped about the time-off I gave them."

And thus it happened at ten-fifteen on Saturday morning that Altman pushed open the paneled door of Union headquarters. Rondinelli and two other men were sitting around the mahogany desk; they seemed to be having some sort of conference. At the sound of Ray's entrance they quieted. Rondinelli, cigar in his mouth, got to his feet and thrust forth a hand in greeting.

"You're Altman, huh?"

"That's right. Glad to meet you, Mr. President."

Rondinelli beamed with pleasure and offered Ray a cigar. He introduced the other men: Guido Rondinelli, his brother and vice-president of Local 1600; and Marvin Spooler, Charter Member of Local 1600 and Sergeant-at-Arms. After the introductions, the men politely asked to be excused; no one was in the room except Rondinelli and Altman. Putting a flabby arm on Ray's shoulder, Salvatore remarked, "I suppose you wanna know why I sent for you. Well, one of the Brethren was

in a couple days ago, and he said that you gave him some time off because of writing numbers; now, I don't like that at all."

Finishing this statement, the President withdrew his arm and walked to the other side of the desk. Altman's brain was doing mental gymnastics as the implications of Rondinelli's words became clear. The Union President must be another petty racketeer. The new Cadillac outside, that expensive suit, and even the sparkling diamond on his little finger must have been gypped out of the mill workers—paid for by their lousy quarters. With an effort, he replied, "Why don't you like it, Mr. Rondinelli? My orders were that no gambling is to be sanctioned on mill property and that I am to punish obvious offenders as I see fit; that's exactly what I did."

"Look, Ray, this isn't penny-ante stuff." Rondinelli's brow wrinkled in concentration. Should he tell this man about the powerful factors which controlled the numbers in Steel City? Altman couldn't do much harm even if he did know. Rondinelli continued.

"This Jackson fellow is only one of two hundred stooges we have planted in the mill." He hesitated. "A week's take would pay your salary for the next three years. I'm not telling you this to hear myself talk. I'm tryin' to be your friend and give some good advice."

The two men stood for an uncomfortably long time, both apparently absorbed in thought. Salvatore took a long, deep drag on his cigar, inhaled deeply, and blew a series of perfect smoke rings. Altman's hand involuntarily crushed the cellophane-wrapped cigar that had been the president's gift, dropped it into a shiny spittoon. Salvatore caught the action, leaned over the desk slightly, and said, "As far as this conversation is concerned—it's your word against mine. No five-thousand-dollar-a-year foreman is gonna interfere with our set-up. Accidents have happened before—take my advice; forget the virtuous act!"

"There isn't much point in arguing, is there, Rondinelli?"

"No, Mr. Altman, none at all!"

Ray turned and walked out of Local 1600, ignored Salvatore's sarcastic, "No hard feelings, fella!"

Outside, the air was saturated with minute coal particles, but it seemed much fresher to Ray than the air of Rondinelli's office. He climbed into his '49 Plymouth and wound among the naked hills above Steel City, lurching over the ruts in the eroded macadam. Finally he stopped, opened the door, and got out. Down below, far down below, was his home. A substantial, well-built home with a nice back yard. His kids used to laugh and play there, but now they were sophisticated high school students, quite content to lounge in neighborhood sodapalaces. Mrs. Altman planted wild arrays of flowers in the back-yard since the kids weren't tearing through it any more. Of course, the flowers always had a layer of fine grey soot on them, but that didn't discourage his wife. She just washed them and put the clean blooms in some monstrosity of ceramics. Altman's gaze traveled down to the

river; and all along the Monongahela was Steel City's mill, his life and future, obscured to a great extent by an occasional cloud of smoke. Through this haze Ray could see Blaire Heights, jumbled splotches of red brick defense houses, each one overcrowded with humanity—blacks, whites, and varying mixtures of both shades. Some of his best colored laborers lived there. They were hard workers, not gold brickers like Jackson, but they were easy touches for numbers men. Probably each one averaged about seven dollars a week for Rondinelli's machine. Multiply the small change of nearly eighty-five hundred men, and the numbers take from Steel City would be tremendous! Here he was, nearly thirty-eight years old. Nice family and home. Ideal security. All threatened by a no-good chiseler who would stop at nothing to go on robbing guys like the ones who live in Blaire Heights.

Altman thought long and deeply. Nearly three hours later he pulled up in front of the police station. He was going to risk everything for what he thought was right; member of that singular breed of men who try to weigh each aspect of a situation, and, if the decision to fight is made, jump in alone, offer no quarter nor expect any.

Police-chief Burns listened eagerly to Ray's story of rackets and intimidation, took extensive notes, and when Ray finished, commented, "Nice work. We've been trying to get something on this bunch for a long, long time. Our main trouble is that we have no other witnesses to Rondinelli's threat; so, we can't rush into this."

"Yes sir, I realize that; and Salvatore knew it, too, or he probably wouldn't have told me anything."

"Keep your eyes open, Ray, and we'll get these crooks before you know it."

Altman had just closed the door as Burns picked up the phone and dialed hurriedly. A bell rang in the yellow brick office of the United Brethren of the Blast Furnace. Salvatore Rondinelli answered.

"Hello, Local 1600, President Rondinelli speaking."

"Say, Salvatore, this is Burns. Some guy named Altman was just in, and he knows too much about the enterprise. He's dangerous!"

Salvatore had not been expecting this complication quite so soon; its suddenness caught him off-guard.

"Rondinelli, you still there?"

"Oh—Yes, sure, Burns. Better send down that old file on Jackson, and I think we'll be able to settle this matter in a big hurry. So-long!"

As a hustling foreman in the By-Products Division, Ray Altman had precious little time to devote to worrying about racketeers. One of his varied duties was that of an all-round trouble-shooter; and it was in this capacity, a week later, that he arrived to check the overhead crane at the salt room of Number Two By-Products.

This particular building was concerned chiefly with the manufacturing and drying of ammonia salt. It had no factors of distinction. A huge, black-crusted barn covered with corrugated sheet metal, it com-

prised approximately two city blocks in length, a quarter block in width, and sixty-five feet in height. The salt room monopolized nearly half the space of the building; and it was there that the dried ammonia was piled. Fifty feet above the room glided a movable crane, whose operator controlled the clam-shell buckets which were used to pile, repile, load, and unload tons of salt each day. The crane moved along two rails, one on either side of the room. Altman's task as trouble-shooter was to get that crane back in operation.

Noise and vibration from nearby air-compressors and steam-driven engines make it almost impossible for a man to talk with a person at any distance unless he uses hand-signals. Ray Altman, fifty feet in the air, jack-knifed over a steel rail with his back facing the silent crane, was examining electric fixtures along one of the tracks. A worker down below saw the shadow of the crane as it passed overhead; he knew someone was up there, and he shouted wildly.

Altman poked inquisitively among the cables, his eyes smarting from the intense ammonia fumes. He fumbled in his hip pocket for a handkerchief, looked down and noticed the frantic gyrations of the worker, fearfully turned his head, and stared as the large driving gears sped toward him. In another few seconds he would be crushed to pulp. He rolled over into space; fell heavily on a mountain of salt, tumbled and slid down the side.

An excited group of workers materialized almost at once. Altman was helped to his feet. He regained his reason just in time to see the crane operator hurriedly jump from the wall-ladder and approach.

"You were operating that crane?" Ray shouted above the noise.

Standing just out of the salt-covered foreman's reach was LeRoy Jackson, who replied, "Guess it *was* me, Boss." The nearness of sudden death still gripped Ray; his knee caps jerked spasmodically, but at least this thing was beginning to make sense. "Accidents have happened." Yes, that's what Rondinelli had said. This was supposed to have removed the thorn in their side; splintered it under tons of revolving steel, a sorrowful accident! Wonder why they used Jackson. He writes numbers, but he's no killer.

"You couldn't see me lying there, eh, Jackson? When all you had to do was make a routine run-way check."

"Well, I—"

"You didn't know they had me checking that damn crane?"

"Well, it *was* giving us trouble, but I thought it was fixed."

"See me at the main office after work, Jackson. All right, get things going around here; and if anyone runs that crane before an O.K. is on it, I'll have him fired!"

When Jackson entered the main office later that afternoon, he was definitely not prepared for what awaited him; a scathing reprimand would be in order; otherwise, Altman couldn't do much. To his surprise, however, there were two men in the office waiting to see him.

LeRoy's slow brain could not quite place the stranger, but it had seen that face before.

"Hello, Jackson," the stranger's voice sounded sharp and commanding.

"I'm Mr. Rossi, the district attorney."

"District attorney?" Jackson's painstaking thought process echoed and re-echoed the words. This guy was the one who had been making it hot for rackets ever since the election. Why, he had put more guys away in four months than the other D. A.'s had got in four years.

"Here's some literature for you, Jackson. Do you want to read it, or shall I read it to you?"

"What literature you mean?"

"Georgia State Prison. Convict Lazarus Lemone sentenced to serve five to ten years for a series of petty larcenies—enumerated below. Said convict escaped July 8, 1942, after serving six months of sentence. Shall I go on?"

Jackson put his face on his hands and remained in that position for several seconds. When he looked up a strange mixture of remorse and hatred shone from his eyes. In desperation he associated Altman with his trouble, and he cursed some of the vilest bar-to-gutter curses he knew.

"Shut up, Jackson!" The hard calm of Rossi's voice squelched the outburst as effectively as a fist. "I've had the rackets under observation for months. We've been waiting for a break—you're it!"

Jackson shuffled from one foot to another as he told how Salvatore had threatened to expose his prison-record unless he murdered Altman; and with prompting, he told everything he knew about the numbers racket in Steel City. Now that he had been caught, his criminal logic groped for an easier sentence by turning state's evidence.

The red, white, and blue sign was swinging slightly as Ray Altman and his conservatively garbed companion entered Local 1600. Salvatore Rondinelli turned from his filing cabinet, took a soggy-tipped cigar out of his mouth, and smiled a forced, toothy smile.

"How do you do, Mr. Altman."

"I don't believe you've met my friend," Ray said, ignoring the union president's greeting.

"Mr. Rondinelli, this is Mr. Rossi, the new district attorney!"

Salvatore's lower lip quivered slightly, but he maintained composure enough to shake hands and reply, "We are honored to have you, sir."

"Thanks, Rondinelli. I'll get to the point. First of all, we've known about your numbers activities for quite some time. What we don't know is who the big boys are—but I think you'll tell us."

"You must be out of your mind, Rossi. I don't have anything to tell you—or this sore head with you."

"Have it that way if you want, Rondinelli, but here's something to think about. Tell us about the numbers racket in this district as ac-

curately and honestly as possible; serve your time in prison. Of course, we *can* get you for conspiring to commit murder and thus put you away for *quite* a few years."

"Conspiring to commit mur—? That's talkin' crazy!"

Salvatore pulled a paper cup from the water cooler. The diamond on his little finger made tiny arcs of light as his hand shook. He drank two short gulps.

Altman, momentarily forgotten by both men, spoke slowly and evenly, "LeRoy Jackson, or should we say Lazarus Lemone, has already signed a confession, Rondinelli. Why don't you be as smart as your hired stooges and salvage something from this mess?"

Ray Altman, 9226, entered the sprawling confines of Steel City's mill. He whistled an off-tune version of some popular song. On the car seat, from a roll of newspaper-wrapped clothes, it was possible to distinguish the bold, black headline which read—

"NUMBERS RACKET SMASHED," and, underneath—"Information given to District Attorney Vincent Rossi from an unknown source leads to arrest and prosecution of high-ranking officials. Among those convicted was Salvatore Rondinelli, President of the United Brethren of the Blast Furnaces, Local 1600, a prominent Steel City citizen."

The Elephants Danced

FRANKLIN H. VAUGHN

Uncle Jim was a strange fellow, but we all liked him. He worked hard, lived hard, yet he never seemed to get anywhere. Of course, he had his job as an accountant, which consumed most of his time. But he was never promoted. I used to hear him rave about the other fellow's getting credit for what he had done; about it isn't what you know, but who you know; and then I used to see him take a drink in defiance of what he called, "The whole damn set-up." Uncle Jim was a good companion, though, and on circus days I used to get to know him better.

In the cold, grey dawn of that glad day, the world seemed to be an altogether different place. The usual fresh fragrance of the morning air was adulterated with odd animal odors, and it was punctuated by strange animal noises. Uncle Jim and I used to watch the animals as they were unloaded, and we would watch the elephants as they pushed the carts, wagons, and railroad cars about as if they were mere toys. I used to hear Uncle Jim mutter as he watched them, "Poor, dumb beasts! If they only knew their own strength and potentialities. Look at those weaklings of men directing them as if elephants weren't stronger, weren't superior—"

From a nearby hillside, we used to watch the circus inundate the vacant lot near the railroad tracks. In a matter of minutes, tents would mushroom all over the field. It was like a boom-town; there was a feeling of instability about the whole procedure. We enjoyed the sight of this quick growth before our very eyes. It was alluring, exciting; it was like seeing the world in a nutshell. And all the time the elephants were working. Their giant hulks were straining and pulling as the great tents rose against the sky. The roustabouts were continually shouting at them, "Goddammit, move, you brutes."

Reluctantly, we would go home for lunch. I would be bubbling over with enthusiasm as I related to my parents the events of the morning, but Uncle Jim would be quiet now. His fervor for the circus gone, he would be sitting alone, drinking.

Millenniums have passed with greater rapidity than did those afternoons before the 7:30 performances of the circus, but finally, we were there! In fact, the whole town was there. The music of the calliope, the gay lights, the laughing throngs: all these factors contributed to an atmosphere of unreality, a vision which would fade as fog before the morning sun.

Once we were safely seated in the main tent, the acts floated by like an animated panorama. The clowns, the acrobats, the tinsel, the folly: all were fleeting remnants from which memories are made. The grand finale was announced, and the elephants were led to the center ring. They seemed jaded, but their huge bodies were draped with tapestry, and golden fringes and many colored tassels danced on their brows. The

music began, the trainers prodded the beasts with their barbed sticks, and the elephants began to dance. At the end of the act, the trainers took their bows, and the brutes were hurried off to their work of dismantling the show.

Uncle Jim used to watch the elephants dance, and he seemed more sad than ever. He used to wince as though he felt the barbs in his own flesh.

Cycle

FRANKLIN H. VAUGHN

The spring and the fullness thereof
Cascade like melody over my heart,
And torrents of remorse for the winter
Spent in folly
Fill me with grief.

The summer and the fullness thereof,
Like symphonies heard yet silent,
Like promises made yet never fulfilled,
Slip by
And leave me alone in grief.

The fall and the fullness thereof,
The disquieting promise of death,
And the omnipresent sense of survival,
Like robins that southward wing,
Leave me in grief.

The winter and the fullness thereof,
The pretense, the emptiness, like blossoming orchards
That melt in the sun,
Move by,
And once more I am left in grief.

The spring again and the fullness thereof,
Completing a cycle that is never begun!

Hired Girl

ISABEL MILLER

It was late afternoon, and the police station was empty except for a tired-looking girl in her early twenties, a little boy, and the two men at the desk. Thorsen was making out reports, listening all the while for the ring of the telephone. His eyes, alert for business, strayed from his reports to the girl, and then to the outer office.

Bulger, the younger of the two and talkative, sat with his chair tilted against the desk.

"Why do you suppose she'd do a thing like that?" he whispered.

"Don't ask me."

"You're a family man."

"That don't make me understand women. Hell, she looks normal to me. But then, so did that dame last week . . . the one that threw the knife at her husband."

"Just the same, I don't get it."

He lit a cigarette and looked over at the girl. She was sitting, with the boy beside her, on one of the hard straight chairs at the far end of the office. The older man finished his work and they both stared at her for a moment, not rudely, but curiously, as if they were trying to justify her misdeed in their minds.

She seemed oblivious to anything around her. Her face was young, but it lacked any luster; it looked dejected to the point of dullness. She sat, quite still, with her shoulders hunched forward as if too weary or too indifferent to hold them up straight.

The boy stirred restlessly on the hard chair next to her. He looked sleepy and laid a questioning hand on her arm. That roused her and she turned to him with a forlorn smile, picked him up and held him on her lap. He settled down with a sigh, bulky in his snowsuit, and went to sleep without a word.

The desk was far enough off that she couldn't hear the men conversing. She didn't look as if she would have paid any attention to them if she could have heard them.

"She don't looked cracked." Bulger spoke softly so that his voice wouldn't carry.

"Looks don't mean a thing, I told you. And besides, she stole the kid."

"Maybe she had a reason."

"Got any kids of your own?"

"No."

"Well then, you wouldn't know! There isn't any reason good enough to steal somebody else's kid."

"Aw, shut up! You know what I mean. Maybe she cracked up inside . . . didn't they say her husband was killed in Korea?"

"Yeah." Thorsen suddenly thought about his oldest boy who was in

Korea now, but Bulger kept on talking and drew his mind back, insistent on getting all the details.

"Maybe losing her husband had something to do with it."

"Could be. She's probably just dumb. You'd think she'd know better. Somebody was sure to catch up with her sooner or later."

"Who's coming for the kid?"

"The mother. Her lawyer, maybe, . . . I'm not sure. She's had everybody on the trail for the last two weeks."

"Didn't the mother know where she usually took the boy?"

"Sssh! She'll hear you."

They looked over again but the girl was sitting now with her head resting against the back of the chair as if asleep. Every line of her body and that of the child's seemed to indicate great weariness.

"What does the mother do?" Bulger hitched his chair up closer to the desk.

"She runs a beauty parlor, . . . hired this girl to watch the kid and live with them. Sort of baby-sitter and maid-of-all-work."

"The girl must like the kid."

"Strange sort of likin', isn't it?"

"Dumb as hell, I guess. Who brought them in?"

"Martin. He trailed them from the bus here at Grant Street all the way out to Tylersville. She only went to her father's farm, but nobody knew her father had a farm or where it was. Funny old duck . . . they had a time getting him quieted down. He wanted to come along in, but Martin talked him out of it because he's an old man and not well. But he raised a hell of a row when they took the girl."

"Why?"

"He said his girl was all right."

"What did Martin say when he brought her in?" Bulger smiled, knowing Martin's reputation with the women.

"Not much. Depends on how good a looker they are, whether or not he opens up."

"Says you." He was quiet for awhile. "Say, I just thought of something. Was the boy's mother married before?"

"How'd you guess it! Sure she was. Ssh, here they come."

Martin came hurrying into the office importantly, his face high in color. The woman with him was smartly dressed; the short fur jacket hung open, accenting the green suit she wore underneath it. The brightness of her suddenly made the office look ordinary.

She pushed against Martin and ran on ahead of him, her heels making small distinct clicks on the linoleum floor. The two policemen stood up, Bulger automatically pursing his lips.

"Johnny," she cried and ran straight to the child. She grabbed him up out of the girl's arms and kissed him frantically. The girl sat up and looked at her, her face apathetic and never changing.

"Margaret," she demanded, her voice excited to the point of shrillness, "what did you mean?"

She hugged the boy ecstatically, and sleepily he put his arms around her, disarranging her hair at the back of her neck. Then he woke up and looked at her.

"Mommie?"

"Of course, it's Mommie, dear. Mommie will never leave you again. Nasty old girl!"

Martin walked up to the woman and said, "Sit down, Mrs. Jordan, and let's talk this over."

"Talk what over! There's nothing to talk over. I have Johnny now, don't I? That's all I want." Her strident voice echoed throughout the silence in the room. She clutched the boy tighter and boosted him up in her arms; her nails looked red and long against the roughness of his snowsuit. With a sudden lively movement, he turned around in her arms.

"Down, Mommie, down," he begged.

She put him down beside her and stood up. The men waited while she pushed a few stray curls back into place, and then she smiled up at Martin.

"Let her go," she said softly. "I'm sure she didn't mean any harm. Did you, Margaret?" But her eyes searched the girl's face.

The girl got to her feet unsteadily. Her whole body seemed to be weighted down with an unbearable sadness. The three men, watching, thought she was going to faint, for she swayed a little and then straightened up as if dreading to face the condemnation in the other woman's eyes.

"You couldn't have missed him very much," she said slowly. "You were never home."

In silence, she walked past them, never looking up, past the desk and on out the front door. Johnny watched her for a minute, then ran after her, the strap on one of his leggings flipping along as he went. He got as far as the door, and then Bulger reached out and caught him up playfully in his arms.

Melodies for Bagpipes

EDWARD A. FRASER

Barbaric tartan of bright color
And black, black, black.
Song of the clan by endless,
Endless, endless
Bagpipe.

*Away, away, away,
Too far,
Away, away, away,
Too far, too far, too far.*

Oh hear . . .
Oh hear . . .
Oh hear the far pipes calling:

*The valleys across the sea,
The valleys across the sea,
The valleys across the sea.*

To glance . . .
To glance . . .
To glance . . .
To glance upon clansmen
Piping with might:

*Throughout the bright day
Till comes the Scot night,
Throughout the bright day
Till comes the Scot night,
Throughout the bright day . . .*

I wish for those hours
That never will be,
Those hours that never will be,
That never will be,
That never will be.

Burin

EDWARD A. FRASER

The site of my grandfather's inhumation is depressing
On a darkening November afternoon.
Marbled-spectra, cached forever within his tombstone,
Sparkle in the faltering day.
Across the valley the row of poplars sways
In naked dejection;
And sinistral winds wind through their branches—
To die, choking among matted leaves.

Freshly turned earth, sprays of scentless flowers
Have caught my glance.
I wonder if that mound will receive "Perpetual Care,"
Or yield through years to the weeds and stones,
And disappear from sight.

This City of Death must have many stories—
Unused lives that ended soon,
Prolonged lives that wished
For death.

It is darker now;
The granite has no lustre.
Across the valley the row of poplars stands
In absolute stillness,
And their branches seem to have reached upward
Into the purple—worshiping
That which has created them,
That which has reclaimed the souls of the husks buried here.

One thousand sorrows
Beneath these white stones of grief.
This common denominator cannot be escaped;
For as surely as an infant's initial breath must come,
A final breath must leave!
The mourners are the ones
To be mourned for.

I turn and hurry down the road to
A City of Life.
Neon flashes—a boy runs past me;
And the wind smells of cooking food.
People are walking swiftly to early movies—
Others are hurriedly going to supper.
Their conversation is garbled with speed.
An automobile horn is blowing.

The Angel on Top of the Tree

A Child's Story

ISABEL W. MILLER

The angels were having a party. It was the day before Christmas and there was a great to-do in Heaven; stars were being washed and hung out to dry, snow was getting its last coat of sparkle, and the heavenly choir had been practicing all day.

The younger angels were very much excited and, as they had pressed their white robes and polished their haloes until they shone, they decided to have a party in the little gold room over in the right hand corner of Heaven.

They asked St. Peter if they might, and he said yes.
Anything to keep them quiet.

They were all fluttering around except Snowbelle. Snowbelle had never cared too much for parties. She didn't like the heavenly ambrosia they always served, and nectar made her sick.

Besides, she was always running to the balcony outside and peering down to Earth. The lights down there fascinated her. Everybody seemed to be having such a good time: people dashing around singing, and Christmas trees all lit up like evening stars in the twilight.

She wished she could go down.

She had asked St. Peter once, and he had only laughed at her and said, "You wouldn't like it. People down there want to come up here."

His answer hadn't satisfied her, and every chance she got, she would run to the balcony and peer down through the clouds, wishing and wishing that she could float away on one of them.

Once she even sneaked off along the Milky Way and tiptoed a long way out in her bare feet before St. Peter finally found her.

He hoisted her back in a hurry.

Usually some of the older angels caught her on the balcony and chased her in. Then, in their sweet angelic voices that sounded like music, they'd say, "What do you want to go looking down there for?"

But tonight everyone was busy trimming the tree. They were using real icicles from the North Pole, and for the top of the tree St. Peter was getting them a real star from one of the smaller constellations.

Of course there would be sparkle left over from the snow-making, and all in all it would be a heavenly tree.

No, nobody paid much attention to Snowbelle.

She ran up and down the balcony trying to get a better view of Earth and finally she climbed up on a ledge and leaned way over.

"Oh," she cried, her eyes glistening with excitement, "How wonderful it must be down there!"

Her little wings fluttered in the cold and her pale golden hair turned silver in the moonlight. The night air whipped her white robe around her with a sudden gust, and she stooped over to smooth it down.

"Ooops!" she cried and went right out over the ledge and down, down, down through the frosty cold air of the Christmas Eve. She fell lightly as a snow-bird settling gently to earth, and her little heart was beating fast with fright.

"St. Peter," she wailed. "St. Peter! Catch me. Catch me!"

But St. Peter was out hunting around the sky for just the right star for the top of the tree, and the wind was rather loud out there and he didn't hear her.

"I'm going to Earth," she shouted back over her shoulder, hoping some of the angels would hear.

But nobody heard.

Half-way down she passed one of those silvery white machines which she had often heard about. They were called aeroplanes, and the younger angels were all afraid of them.

But she just fluttered her wings as she floated by and the man at the wheel put his hand across his eyes, rubbed them in amazement, and then looked out again. He wasn't sure but he thought he had seen an angel. That's what being so close to Heaven did to you!

Snowbelle laughed gaily at the bewilderment on his face and floated on down out of his sight.

The closer she got to Earth the more excited she became.

What would she do when she got there? Where would she go? And more important, how would she ever get back?

It had started to snow and she felt as if the very snow flakes were helping her, letting her float down easily with them.

Now she was getting near. She felt the heat from the lights, hundreds of them, of a big city. They glittered and shone. Then, right in the middle of it all, she saw a large square with a huge green tree blazing with tiny bulbs. Each bulb was a different color, and they winked at her and blinked at her like little stars.

"Come on down," they sang. "This is Christmas Eve."

"What fun!" she thought, and the snowflakes around her were singing with joy. "But where will I go?" she called out to them.

No one answered.

She was almost there. The snowflakes were swirling off and saying goodbye to her and she knew she must think of something very quickly.

"I'm only an angel," she called out to them. "Don't leave me."

"You'll get along! You'll get along!" They sang back to her. And then below there came a roar of music, bursting from a hundred voices. She hadn't seen the people standing all around the square. They were singing a beautiful Christmas hymn. She felt almost as if they were singing it to her.

Then she heard a little boy with a high piping voice call out, "They're going to light the candles! They're going to light the candles!"

Suddenly her feet touched something and she looked down. It was

the topmost branch of the Christmas tree. She caught hold of it, settled down to rest and to get her breath.

"Oh," she breathed with a sigh of relief and shook the snowflakes out of her hair. Her halo was askew and she pushed it back into place. After all, she wanted to look her best on Christmas Eve. She smoothed back her wings and draped her white robe carefully about her ankles.

The crotch of the tree top made a nice little seat for her to rest in, and she was tired after her exciting trip down.

Just then everything around her started to glow. Hundreds of candles which were fastened to the branches of the tree burst forth into light. It was a glorious sight! People shouted and said "Oh" and "Ah!"

Then there seemed to be a murmuring.

Everybody was pointing. They were motioning with their hands and pointing up to her!

She looked all around her to see what was wrong.

And then she heard their voices, loud, surprised.

"Look," they said. "Look at the angel on the top of the tree. Isn't she beautiful!"

They all said "Oh" and "Ah" again, and the little boys and girls ran all around the tree to get a better look at her. Of course, they didn't realize that she was a real angel. They thought she was just a part of the decoration. Perhaps it was just as well, for she had never seen a crowd of earth people before and she felt a little bashful.

She remembered hearing one of the angels ask St. Peter what it would be like if they went down to Earth.

"They wouldn't know that you were real," he had said. "Their eyes are not in tune with Heaven."

She had always remembered that.

But there was so much noise below that she was becoming frightened. Her heart started to beat fast again and she was ready to cry; just like the time she had hung her halo out on a nearby star and had forgotten which star it was.

"I must get back," she thought desperately, too scared to move. "The angels will be missing me."

Then she heard a kindly voice, very low but strong as the wind, blow around her with a spattering of last minute snowflakes. She knew it was God's voice and she became very still listening for his message.

"Stay a while, little Snowbelle," he murmured in her ear. "They like you down here."

"But how will I get back to Heaven?" she wailed trying to hold back the big sobs that kept coming up in her throat.

"On a moon-beam. On a moon-beam," floated back the voice, now far-away and mingled with the wind and snow.

"Oh," said Snowbelle, feeling comforted and deciding not to cry after all, "I never thought of that."

So she drew her little robe about her with angel dignity, and settled

down in the top of the Christmas tree to look beautiful as an angel should, and stay the season out. She could always catch a moon-beam back to Heaven.

—o—
Poems by JOAN DANNAKER

The Nun

Cold her flesh
To pleasures of the world
And ignorant her will to human aspiration.
This life an instrument to gain
The end, and nothing more.

Radiant her soul
In striving for perfection,
And proud her heart that twisted
Threads of consecration form
The bridal veil.

Black, not white,
The interwoven filaments
Upon her head for life; a bride
Espoused on earth, then part
Of it no more.

March 21

It's spring according to the calendar.

Lazy gusts of wind are ruffling my hair
as I go prancing down the street.
And everywhere I look
the green is getting greener all the time;
the trees and grass are gorging themselves
on sunshine.

And oh, the sun, a little feeble yet,
is making me giddy; almost zany enough
to feel that I can store up
on this balmy afternoon all the happiness
the world has ever known and keep it
for a life time.

Maybe I will! After all, today is spring!

Was That Last Night?

Was that last night?
When in this very room
Their casual voices,
Their intermittent laughter
Mellowed the atmosphere.
And even an occasional silence
Seemed snugly comforting
To them.

But really, was there a last night at all?
Or just tonight?
When in this room they talk again,
Too rationally; laugh too artificially.
Even the silence is not the same—
The buzzing electric clock
Above the chair, the whining dog
Outside, the footstep, resound vociferously.
And their stoic faces reveal only
Stolid thoughts.

Last night?
Nothing but the icy stream
Of imagination that dried up
In the scorching explosion
Of actuality tonight.

The Choice

The choice
That satisfies
Allows no comment but
The oft-repeated phrase: "How much
I have! How was I once
By other love
Misled!"

Yet if
The choice
Dissatisfies,
Lamenting heart bemoans
Another phrase well-worn: "How much
I now could have, had I
Picked other love
Instead!"

brruummm

- (I wish I didn't have to take this bus)
brruummm. night and a long ride and a rumbling motor.
blue upholstered seats with a starched linen cloth
on the back of each—white once, soiled now. only the
tops of heads visible. poor people probably. good
combination, buses and poor people with their battered
brown suitcases and shopping bags stuffed onto the
racks above them.
- (I wish I weren't sitting back here over the wheels)
brightness outside heightened by the darkness inside.
glaring streetlights, dazzling neon, widening headlights.
houses, people, a church, a drugstore, a gas station.
trees up the road soon, trees and telephone poles and
guard rails.
- (I wish it weren't so stuffy in here)
nothing to do but watch the shadows and think. memories
and plans. nobody talking. one, two, three, four,
five, six, seven, eight other heads, each beside an empty
seat with nothing to do but think. probably remembering,
planning, too. maybe all of us a little moody. up front
that brruummm, brruummm so loud.
- (I wish I had a cigarette)

Restricted not by Elements of Time

Restricted not by elements of time
Or space, the mortal mind to heights sublime
Can rise, attain in maximum degree
Fulfillment, penetrate infinity
To supplement the corporal life confined.
For if no chains of limitation bind
The mind, no force external can oppose
The ecstasy supreme which thought bestows.

Be Afraid

Try in vain to lose your sensitivity,
Preoccupy your mind with selfish thoughts.
Try in vain to blur the sight that's yours to bear.
Be afraid.

Be afraid for someone close to you and
Feel the height of human pain.

The Specter

It came. Archilochus cried, "Leave me!"
And it receded temporarily while he,
In desperation, fought against the
Superhuman force it represented;
Succumbed beneath the overpowering
Blows of apathy.

Then it returned.
"Leave me, heinous one," cried Archilochus again.
But this time the obdurate specter stayed,
Waiting to destroy;
And there was
No escape.

"Assume a human form,"
Archilochus begged,
"That I need not despise and fear you,
Nor die alone as I have lived.
At least do not torment my mind, for that is
My last hope."

"But that is what I want,
And that is what I'll have," replied the specter.
"Oh no! If I can lose you not within myself,
Then I will lose you in others."
And Archilochus opened the door
To join the throng.

Gibbering sounds the people voiced;
Their words he could not understand.
Alone amid the crowd of blurred faces
He stood; their thoughts and forms
Apart from his,
Intangible.

"Be my friends," Archilochus implored,
But shapes unhearing moved away;
Then in their place appeared the specter,
Taunting, "I, alone, desire you;
Come back inside." And back
Archilochus went.

Vague Memory

She remembered vaguely
How she ran to you with infant love,
And how she once confided
Every teen-age laugh and tear.
At times she could recall
Ideals you stressed,
But really, she'd forgotten.

You went away—
Her paragon of hope and love.
You went too soon, and she forgot,
Consciously forgot.

But every thought that
Motivates a word or act
Is somehow yours; she knows
That now. The woman is
No different from the child
And the girl.

Of those days gone,
The scenes are vague;
The years are eons past.
You might not recognize
Her now, but you would see
In her a part of all you'd
Hoped she'd be, and she would
Idolize the whole of you that
She can never be.
The child and the girl
Would run to you again,
The woman too.
She remembers well.

Lest Familiarity - -

That is what we are, acquaintances.
It doesn't matter though; in fact, I rather
like not knowing all of her.
The mystery would be gone if my imagination
couldn't fashion her to be the woman that
she is in mine, a stranger's eyes.
And lest her kindness be veneer and nothing
more; lest this sense of nearness disappear,
and I be disappointed,
I would not know her better.

Wave the Banner

Wave the banner! March to song!
Shout for everyone to hear:
"God's on our side."
God's on our side, hell!

Man fights alone;
God just observes
His pagan puppets
Strike each other dead
Without a cause.
Does one man's blood
Mean more to Him when
Every drop that's spilled
Is His?

Another banner, another song.
A foreign tongue repeats:
"God's on our side."
God's on their side, hell!

Say the devil's on their side.
Let them say the same of us.
But damn the fool on any side
Who says that God's almighty
Power fights with him; God has
No part in war!

Hike in the Springtime

"I like to hike up here," she said. "Something about a
graveyard in the spring—"

And he replied, "It's a little chilly yet, but I
know what you mean."

"And oh," she jabbered on, "it's so much fun to swing on
this old iron gate."

"I know," he laughed, "let's do!"

"Why don't we rest a while on those steps up there beyond
the gravel path?" she asked.

"All right, if it won't be too cold for you."

She assured him, "It won't be."

"I'll race you then," he challenged.

And she agreed. "OK."

"Oh, you win," she gasped. "I'm all worn out."

"Not as worn out as all the people here."

"I'm glad I'm not dead," she murmured, "or does every cemetery make a person feel like that?"

He laughed.

"Oh, I'm just glad I'm young and everything's ahead of me—just getting started really."

"What do you want some day?" he asked.

"And what do you want?" she replied.

"The ordinary things, I guess. The chance to get them my own way, without the war, the draft."

"I know," she mumbled, scooping up some pebbles at her feet.

"Bet you can't hit that tree down there."

"Bet I can," she scoffed.

Then he whispered. "Listen, hear that crow. Like its call?"

"No, not in a graveyard anyway." And then she softly said,

"It's a problem, isn't it? All this."

"Yes, it's hard not having plans all cut and dried, not knowing just which way to go." He paused.

"It's getting colder now. Which path shall we take back?" she asked.

"Two roads diverged in a yellow wood"—I know just how he felt. "Come on, I'll race you down."

They Will Scoff in Vain

You will look

With telescopic eye

On beauty hidden

From their sight; and

You will hear

With ear perceptive

Melodies of sweet concord

That deafen them.

You will smell

With nostril sensitive

Redolent perfumes too faint

For them to sense; and

You will taste

With savory palate

Flavors rare, insipid on

Their tongues.

Then they will scoff

Because you are apart

From them.

But having found awareness

Gratifying, you will triumph

In the difference.

They will scoff

In vain.

I Walked Along the Creek One Day

I walked along the creek one day,

And when I reached the bend

I stopped to skip a stone

As I had done before with him.

And in that instant

As I watched it bounding

Down the stream, I was not

Anywhere, and he was with me.

One acute sensation blotted

Every sense. Emotion found a

Perfect happiness, a certainty

That love in actuality can

Never know. And all the painful

Yearning was compressed into a

Single moment of fulfillment.

But just as suddenly as it

Had burned, the feeling cooled.

Desperately I skipped another

Stone, and still another, but

The moment of intensity

Was gone.

Any Daughter to Her Father

It's a good day to relax, to roll

the awning up and let the sun come

gushing in. To sit back then in

the worn green wicker on the porch

and prop crossed ankles on the banister.

And with an El Producto burning low,

to read the Sunday papers—the front

page news, the sports section, the

funnies. Then scatter them about

with the abandon of a tired railroader.

It's a good day to relax, to say
"hello" to the people passing by,
or tell the man next door about the
garden that you planted and how you
have to fix the spouting next week.

Or to sit and daydream about the wife
and kids, about the things you've done
and those you're going to do. Maybe doze
a while until the sun decides to take it
easy too. Until the afternoon is gone,
It's a good day to relax.

The Poet at Work

The letters are illegible;
The hand that holds the pen
Is awkward.

Serious thoughts, light thoughts,
Abstract, concrete, every kind
Of thought the mouth might speak,
The hand can only scribble.

The page is white
For dextrous hands
To beautify.
Only deft fingers
Of a chosen few
May form the precious words
For countless eyes
To read.

No fumbled blotches
Of a clumsy hand must mar
The page.

The Check-up

BEATRICE M. LIPEZ

Ann glanced at her watch and decided there would be time to look in the shop windows on Walnut Street—then she could cut across Rittenhouse Square and still be in time for her appointment at four.

Funny, she thought, having just come from shopping in Gimbel's, how different the very same people look against a background of elegant shops, tall apartment houses and the Square than they look on Market Street, with its department stores, its gaudy Five-and-Tens, milling, pushing, shoving crowds and pinched, runny-nosed pretzel vendors. Like a backdrop in a theatre, the street itself sets a mood. Funny, Walnut Street—Market Street.

It was good just to walk along and think those silly thoughts. The air was brisk. She plunged her hands deep into the pockets of her beaver coat, lapped it over, and snuggled into it as cosily as she did into thoughts of her own well-being. Despite the wind she didn't have to worry about her hat—it was just a tight little brown beret, anchored securely, but not fashionably, by a few bobby pins.

No, definitely not fashionably, Ann Markam thought, as she saw herself reflected in the mirrored screen that framed the exquisite grey tailed in Nan Duskin's window with faultless accessories so skillfully arranged in a setting of real elegance. "Get along little doggie, you don't belong," she hummed. Gosh, this coat isn't too new but I didn't think it looked that bad. She hurried along and hugged it closer. It was so comfortable, just like her husband, who wasn't too new either—but gosh, she was one of those who grow more attached to people and clothes and things and don't like discarding them just because they are old.

Ann smiled inside and outside when she thought of Don—she was still so way down deep in love with him, even more so than when they were married almost twenty-two years ago. Gosh! it couldn't be that long, but there were the girls to prove it—four of them, all different, all wonderful. Poor Don, the only male in a house full of women. He was crazy as a bedbug sometimes, smart as a whip, unpredictable, and just plain sweet. Her home on the outskirts of the city—gosh, she loved the old house, the rickety old car they called her bus. Don used the new one for business. It had all been so wonderful, so magically wonderful. And it was such fun, just walking along, admitting all this to yourself. You didn't talk that way to the girls, (they would always be "the girls," the old crowd, though they were all fortyish now). You talked to them about maids, recipes, the children's symptoms, the older girls' crushes, and about new draperies. You didn't go around telling them you liked everything in your life the way it was, that you even loved it. If you had, they would have hinted that the appointment you

were keeping at four should have been with a psychiatrist and not a diagnostician.

Silly, Don insisting on her seeing Paul Bentley just because she had that little thing on her forehead. Well, she was on Spruce Street in the twenties now, old Philadelphia, Doctors' Row.

As she rang the bell and opened the door into Dr. Bentley's waiting room she was pleased that she had chosen this late hour for her appointment. There were only two patients waiting. The nurse came in and asked the usual questions. Funny, giving her name, address and that formality about which physician had referred her to Dr. Bentley, when Paul and Don had grown up together and she and Don had been entertained so often in this very house. The nurse was new, young and, oh, very efficient. Ann felt foolish about giving her this information and even about being here when she had never been really sick in her life.

The nurse left in the same burst of efficiency in which she had entered and Ann felt more comfortable. Settling down in her chair, she smiled at the very chic young woman who exuded Chanel No. 5, smoked endlessly, crossed and re-crossed her shapely limbs, and stroked the furs that hung so carelessly from her shoulders. Carol, Ann's eldest daughter, would have approved. That was the way she wanted Ann to have her hair done, closely sculptured to the head. Silly, but she was still wearing it parted in the middle with a bun at the nape of her neck, just as she had worn it in the twenties. She teased the girls because chignons, a fancy name for buns, were back in style. Her hair wasn't blonde now as it had been when she first started putting it up; it was a sort of colorless tan. But she still wore it in two braids with rubber bands fastening the ends when she went to bed at night. Don loved it that way, said she looked like a kid. She had to admit that her complexion was still good even though it didn't have the velvety finished look of the smart woman who didn't return her smile. She used lipstick when she remembered and a little rouge when she was reminded. Don said she always looked freshly scrubbed and he liked that.

The man in the other chair looked tired, very tired. He was a big man, well dressed, rather nice looking. He took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes. They were nice eyes. He seemed to notice her for the first time and said, "Gad, it's been a long afternoon—glad we're next." The woman frowned. It was the first Ann realized that they were together—they hadn't spoken to each other. She wondered which one was the patient; it was hard to tell.

The door opened then and an elderly woman came out, followed by Dr. Bentley, who said he would call her as soon as he had the reports and cautioned her not to worry. He gestured for the couple to come in, smiled at Ann and said, "See you soon."

Funny, to think of Paul Bentley being such an important doctor, on the staff of one of the largest hospitals, really tops in his field. He had been the most unimpressive of all the boys in the crowd when she and

Don were going together. She picked up Life magazine; the young actress on the cover reminded her of Beth, her second daughter, the fiery one, the real beauty. She was glad they were all pretty. It was important for a girl to have looks, and her girls were lucky enough to have brains to match. She and Don had had such good times with them, especially when the two older ones were younger. They would all pack themselves into the car and take off. There were picnics, football games, something doing all the time. Those summers at Ocean City—it wasn't much of a cottage, but they loved it. They were all water babies. She hadn't really minded all of them being girls, though she had knitted blue things before each baby came. My, they had more boys around the place now than they knew what to do with.

Then she opened the magazine and turned the pages. The Korean war pictures. Those poor mothers! Wouldn't it have been awful now if either of her two older ones had been a boy. How did you give up a child and send him into that? No questions were asked—You just did it. She turned the pages quickly. Well, maybe she didn't have sons, but she was a mother. More pages—"The Atom Bomb—Cities Plan for Civilian Defense." How did you explain all that to children without filling them full of fear? She closed the magazine and said a little prayer in her heart, thanking God for all her blessings, more almost than she had room for. Then, she must have dozed. The room was very warm. She awakened with a start. She heard a slight commotion. She thought she heard her name. Oh, the couple were leaving.

When they had closed the door behind them Paul led her into his office. "What a day!" he said. "Many more of those and I'll close up shop! Not a thing wrong with her, not a thing but too much money. Say, it's nice to see you, Ann. What's this Don said about something you had on your forehead? He was worried about it." After examining the troublesome spot, he said, "Nothing to be concerned about. You could have it removed, but it's just a cyst. It will probably disappear itself. Say, while you're here you might as well have the works. Come to think of it, I don't think I've looked you over since you suspected something and I sent you to an obstetrician. That was a long time ago. Boy, Don's a lucky guy! Say, isn't there anything bothering you? You know we're all getting a little older. No signs of anything?"

Ann hesitated. "Well, there is something. It doesn't really bother me, but maybe you had better have a look at it. This one breast gets hard sometimes. I don't know whether it is a lump exactly, because it sort of comes and goes."

"We'll just take a look at it then. I'll call Miss Garrity. She'll take you back to the examination room and get you ready. She'll want to take a few tests first—just routine." When Ann left the doctor's office dusk was descending over the city in a thin grey mist. She would

cut through the Square and over to Walnut Street to pick up the car in a nearby parking lot.

Paul had urged her to let him call Don. She had refused. She wanted time to be brave. She would tell him tonight. All arrangements had been made for her to enter the hospital in the morning. Paul didn't say much, only "Ann, why didn't you come sooner?" He was irritable and almost gruff when she had protested at his haste, explaining that there were so many things she had to do first. After all, she had a family—one had to make plans. "Ann," he had said impatiently, "nobody's that important. No, it can't be put off, not even a day." Poor Paul, he was probably overworked. He wasn't himself.

Her thoughts were whirling. What did it say in that magazine? In case of atomic attack, get down on the floor, under a desk, in the basement, in the gutters. You couldn't do that when the bomb had burst in your insides, when it was trying to destroy you and life was sweet. Don, the girls, her home—everything was so beautiful. Lights aglow in the shop windows—so beautiful. You couldn't run. You couldn't hide. What could you do! You could still pray—God, please!

Her cold fingers sought the refuge of her worn pockets. The familiar warmth eased the icy fear that had chilled her body and dammed back her tears. Now they flooded her eyes and spilled down her cheeks. She sought vainly for the handkerchief that wasn't in her pocket. She knew it wouldn't be in her purse. It never was. If Don were only here he could rescue her with his pocket handkerchief as he always did, with the usual quip, "What can you do with a dame like that?" Ann loved the way he looked at her as he said it, with a mock chagrin that made her feel he was glad she needed him in any emergency. She needed him now, desperately. The thought quickened her steps. She was sure it was not too late. Don would be there to save her with his handkerchief—his love.

STEVENSON LIBRARY LOCK HAVEN UNIV



3 3301 00507 3047