

The Mercury Literary Issue

Glenville State College



Spring 1963

This Is My Home

By HARRY D. LYNCH

DICK SAT in the corner shining the shoes of twenty-two men. The sunlight accented the dark brown of his complexion. His hand moved rhythmically across the toe of each shoe assuring a glossy, patent leather-like shine. Each stroke kept rhythm to *Dahil Siyol*, which he whistled.

DICK WAS a Filipino hut-boy. He was a tenacious person. This accounted in part for his having this job for eight years. He would sit for hours on his heels and shine shoes. He was only responsible for the shining of military shoes, but he would clean and shine as many "civilian" shoes as were put before him. He treated each shoe as if it were an important decision. He would look the shoe over carefully. He would brush it. It had to be right. With a manner of formality, he would wrap an old T-shirt around his finger and arm, and then tie it. He would then start whistling. With even and smooth strokes, he would place his finger in the polish, in some water, and then to the shoe—in the polish, in some water, and then to the shoe. He would repeat this motion until he was satisfied with the shine. Then he would set the shoe off by itself to await its mate.

DICK WAS thirty-three years old. He was four feet and ten inches tall and he weighed eighty-four pounds. Despite his seeming physical inadequacy, he was virile enough to have four children on the pot, with the fifth on the way. He came to work riding his bicycle. He would wear a white shirt, khaki pants, and white oxfords to the base. He looked like the son of a young executive heading for the golf course. After his arrival, he would go to his locker and take out his work clothes—a T-shirt and a pair of shorts made from a pair of sailor's dungarees. His shorts were always too big. Unfortunately, the U.S. Navy hadn't made dungarees to fit a man that was four feet and ten inches tall. His two brown legs looked like dirty pipe cleaners protruding from two 16mm guns.

DICK'S CHORES usually ended somewhere near mid-afternoon. At this time he would unwrap what was left of his lunch and sit down to eat again. It was not difficult to know when Dick had finished his chores. The smell of oily fish and *balute* quickly spread throughout the hut. He expected caustic remarks about his diet, and he seemed to enjoy them. He would invite all who ventured close to join him. He ate alone.

WHEN THE sun finally met its reflection, Dick could be seen heading for the shower-hut. Ten minutes later, he would return. He would go to his locker and remove his traveling clothes. After getting dressed, he would remove a jar of hair jelly, which smelled of lilac and pine, and paste his wet hair to his head. He would scan the hut with darting glances. If satisfied, he would say, "See you tomorrow." Then like a polo player, he would ride away on his bicycle.

DICK FINISHED the last shoe. Today was Saturday. He only had to work half a day. He straightened up the hut and folded some clothes. He hurriedly pushed a broom over the dusty floor. It was already past noon. He wanted to get home. He had some important things to think about. He left without saying a word.

DICK COULD see that he was approaching the main gate. He saw the two Marine guards standing firmly and unfriendly, their backs straight and stiff, their white hats and brass shining, their movements brisk and formal. Dick felt their presence of militarism and his back went stiff. He stopped his bicycle, got off, and waited in line. A hand, showing gnawed fingernails, grabbed his shoulder and pulled him forward. Dick showed his I. D. card. The Marine stared at the card, at Dick, at the card, at Dick. A jerk of the head let him pass through the gate.

DICK WAS once more on his bicycle. This is my town. This is where I live. He peddled on. As he rode away from the military base, he could see the buildings that had

been hurriedly put up to accommodate the American service men. Within ten feet of the fence started the parallel rows of bars, houses of prostitution, and sari-sari stores. Most of the buildings were low, two-story buildings with swinging doors. Dick had been in a couple of them. *Bastuse!* thought Dick, almost muttering the word aloud. He remembered the two drunk sailors that made him go into one of the bars. He worked for them. He could remember how the doors squeaked when he entered. He could still see the juke-box flashing the red and green colors, trying to sing its song over the loud roar of laughter and cussing. He remembered the white arms wrapped around the brown bodies. He could still hear the thump, thump, thump of the dice cup as it hit the bar. And there was the stale smell of urine—urine from fifty men and eight whores—mixed with spit and vomit, beer and sweat, smoke and homemade flower water.

DICK WAS peddling harder and faster now. He rode his bike past the rows of bars and turned onto a narrow dirt road that would eventually lead him home. The streets were different here. He slowed down. Along this narrow road patched with paper sat little thatched houses with windows of colorful shell. He could see the little kids, clothed in nature's robe, playing in the street. He watched them chase each other. *This is my town. This is where I live.* Out of the corner of his eye, he could see the jitneys, elaborately decorated, parked along the street. He liked the blue ones, trimmed with white, best. He peddled a little faster. The road was getting more narrow. The patches of paper looked larger now. The windows of the small houses weren't so colorful.

AT THE next corner, Dick could see his home. He could see his children. They were playing at the pump. He watched them as they

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The Mercury Literary Issue

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Third Annual Literary Issue

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Janet Kay Long, Editor

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About the Contributors

Judy Thomas Boggs ☆ JUDY THOMAS BOGGS is an English and biology student from Grantsville. Mrs. Boggs has not had any writing published before.

Michael Bush ☆ MICHAEL BUSH is a sophomore biology and speech student from Glenville. He is the author of "Corpi," and he recently completed another one-act "The Junkmen." He won first place in the 1962 Mercury Poetry Contest with "A Million Years." His cartoons have appeared in the Mercury during the year.

Eugene L. Davis ☆ EUGENE L. DAVIS is a speech and library science senior from Cass. "Tommy the Turtle" is his first published writing. "Tommy the Turtle" was illustrated by JUDY LEE SNIDER, a sophomore art student from Charleston.

Constance Hughes ☆ CONSTANCE HUGHES is an English and library science senior from Spencer. Miss Hughes has not had any work published before.

Harry D. Lynch ☆ HARRY D. LYNCH is an English and speech student from Burnsville. His one-act plays, "X x Y equals Z," "Plums to the Puns," and "Return" have been presented on campus. The past fall Lynch collaborated with Darrell Messenger in writing an opera "Forgotten Spirit."

Shelva Scott ☆ SHELVA SCOTT is an English and physical education junior from Liverpool. Miss Scott is a transfer student from Alderson-Broadus College. "To Fall in Darkness" is her first published work.

William Spelbring ☆ WILLIAM SPELBRING is a senior English and speech student from Westlake, Ohio. Spelbring won the 1961 Mercury Poetry contest with his poem "Where" and placed second in the 1962 contest with "In Anger with a Pen." Two of his poems, "Closing Night" and "A Fruitful Search," were published in the 1962 Mercury Literary Issue.

James Rogers ☆ JAMES ROGERS is a senior art student from Marlinton. Rogers won the "Best in Show" in the 1961 and 1962 art exhibits and first prize in watercolor in the 1963 art show. He has exhibited in Exhibition 180, and one of his paintings was chosen for exhibition in the W. Va. Centennial Art and Sculpture show. All the illustrations in this issue except the cartoons and the drawings for "Tommy the Turtle" were done by Rogers.

To Those Students Who Are Creative

THE THIRD annual Literary Issue of the MERCURY is dedicated entirely to original and creative writings and to illustrations by Glenville State College students. The prose, the poetry, the illustrations are the original works of students.

ORIGINALITY GIVES every writer the right to express life as he envisions it. There are no rules of originality; every author may have a different interpretation of the old verities and concepts. Originality also lends itself perfectly to symbolism, a favorite style of writing among moderns.

GENUINE ORIGINALITY is almost impossible to achieve. Somewhere in the near or distant past, someone has used in a literary work, almost every idea, every truth, every concept known to mankind. Yet all the many writers down through the ages and in the present have succeeded to an extent in being original, because they were or are individuals and individualism abounds in originality.

IMAGINATION ABOUNDS in originality too. The life of the imagination does not lie at an opposite pole from the life of the inquiring mind. We believe that the real defense of our freedom on campus and beyond is imagination—that "feeling" of the mind that actually "knows" because it involves itself in the knowing. The one who "knows" with his heart knows freedom.

GLENVILLE STATE COLLEGE students have shown and experienced creative abilities during the year.

ORIGINAL SHORT STORIES have been written on various levels—children's stories as well as those for adult readers.

STUDENTS WROTE and entered poetry in the Mercury Poetry Contest during the winter.

ORIGINAL MUSIC has also been written by students and been presented locally and also entered in statewide competition.

ONE-ACT PLAYS have been written, directed and presented by students. Original music was also included in some of the plays.

PAINTINGS, WORK in ceramics and other fields and/or areas of art have been exhibited on campus and entered in state exhibits.

THIS THIRD ANNUAL LITERARY ISSUE is dedicated to those GSC students who are creative in these various media.

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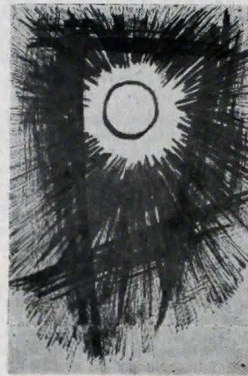
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Existence

By CONSTANCE HUGHES

Hundreds, thousands of faceless people
Hurrying noisily to and fro
Reaching for the highest steeple
Descending hell's gates though
With forked tongue, and small black heart.
Evil and vice are made an art.
The Fate — striving and erring gone amiss,
Never to find that sought for bliss.
Once the fate is learned by even one
A face is shaped, struggle almost won,
But, still to continue eternally
For peace that must be found, inwardly.

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Basic Expression

By JAMES ROGERS

From the muck and mud he came,
In darkness yet without flame—
But as the darkness turned to day,
This thing called Man had something to say.

Before he could barely stand,
He deftly picked up with his hand—
A piece of broken charcoal,
And began to record the yearnings of his soul.

His first canvas was the damp cave wall,
A canvas so sturdy as never to fall—
Now his handiwork may be seen,
Without doubt his talent was keen.

As the ages grew more recent,
His imagination became less spent—
For everyday he tries new techniques,
Searching for expression which is unique.

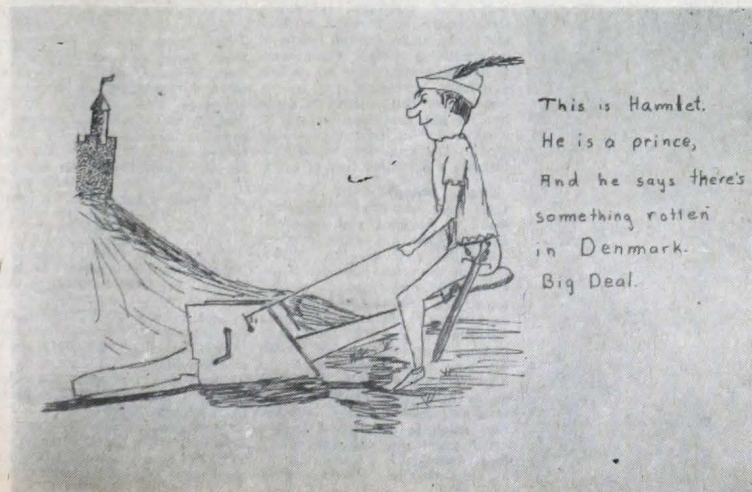
With environment now not so quaint,
He picks up his brush and begins to paint—
For in this time of threatened day,
This thing called Man still has much to say.

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THE FRESHMAN'S GUIDE TO SHAKESPEARE—continued



This is Hamlet.
He is a prince,
And he says there's
something rotten
in Denmark.
Big Deal.

Night Journey

By WILLIAM SPELBRING

I'd like to crawl into a thin white line, a moonbeam.
Warmly I would fade away to the intangible.
With the moonlight I would creep across the earth.
I would watch from within my patch of light.
I would spy on lovers quarreling.
I would spy on children sleeping.
I would reach out and stroke smoothness and warm
pulsing flesh.
I would reach out to touch strangeness
And unknown and unknowing things.
I would slip through waters, over fields,
Into windows and dim doorways.
My ears would hear a thousand sounds.
My lips would brush a thousand pairs of breathing lips.
I would cling to a high tower in a tall city,
Then I would slip and fall to a pool of water
Beneath the feet of passing strangers.
I would slide into cathedrals, huts and clearings.
Soft hands would try to pick me up from crumpled sheets.
Named feet would caress me quickly and pass on.
I would follow the night into seeming forever,
And when my moonbeam fell again into my room,
I would emerge to sleep and await
Another sudden restless urge to wander.

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The Word Is Apathy

By MICHAEL BUSH

The word is Apathy.

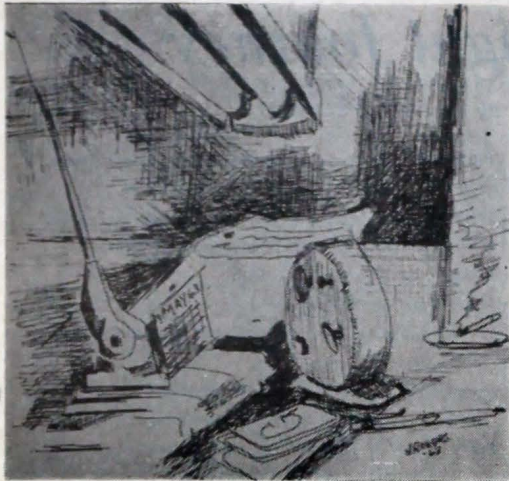
The hobo fell,
and caught the flying wheels.
His screams were hidden by the night,
and the roar of the drivers.
In the morning,
they found him, scattered along the track.
They scraped together what was left,
locked it in a mail sack,
Threw it into the river,
and forgot.

The word is Apathy.

A starving child limped down the street
in cardboard shoes.
He pressed his nose against the restaurant window,
watched the people eating,
And was driven away.
The night was long and cold.
Morning found the child dead.
They shook their heads, buried him,
and forgot.

The word is Apathy.

Seek, Know, Hide. . .
and forget.



Lost Night

By JAMES ROGERS

A common night in Louie's Hall
Consists of utter confusion.
Sounds of frivolity,
Radios blare . . .

Confusion everywhere.

Study occurs only once in a great while.
Only once in common cases.
Great aspirations fall,
Cursed radio . . .

Noise, Noise.

No rational explanation, just
Lost hopes.
Sit and stare . . .
Let your mind wonder

Another lost night.

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Night Walk

By WILLIAM SPELBRING

The withering leaves swirl 'round his feet
And yet there is no wind.
The branches draw back in retreat
Above his head they bend to speak
And yet there is no wind.

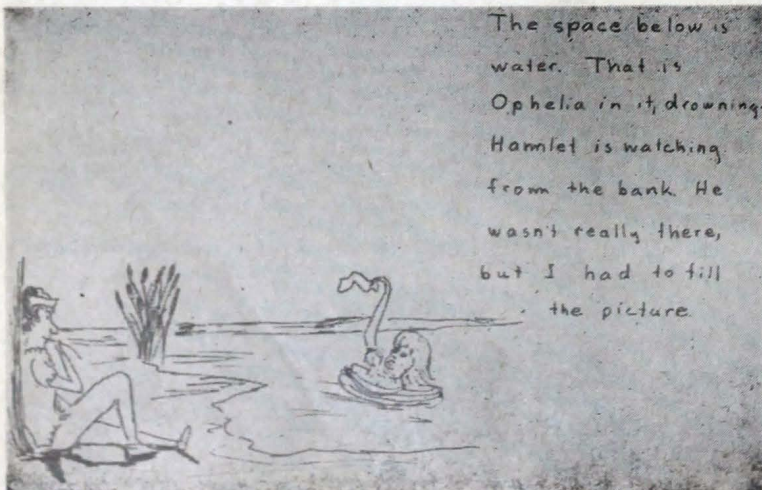
The clouds jerk like barges poled
And yet there is no wind.
The mist encircles, climbs, and folds
A chill is present, dank and cold
And yet there is no wind.

The trees now stand erect and true
And still there is no wind.
He's cold and wet from tears and dew
And standing still he fades from view
And yet there is no wind.

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THE FRESHMAN'S GUIDE TO SHAKESPEARE

by Bush



The Dress

By JUDY THOMAS BOGGS

Small rays of light fell through the half tilted window shades casting parallel shadows across the clean, well polished floor and changing the color of the walls into different hues of green. The rays fell across the tired, sleeping eyes of a woman exhausted from her tireless watch over the small limp figure in the bed next to her chair.

Last night had been a horrible nightmare; the doctors had fought desperately to keep her kidneys functioning and had succeeded once more. Now she lay in an induced sleep, unaware of the bottles which hung by her bedside dripping life into her body in a monotonous yet vital drop, drop, drop.

The usually attractive woman sitting by the young girl's bed now looked old and haggard, her wrinkles revealing strained, controlled emotions. Emotions which she felt could not be revealed in front of Emily.

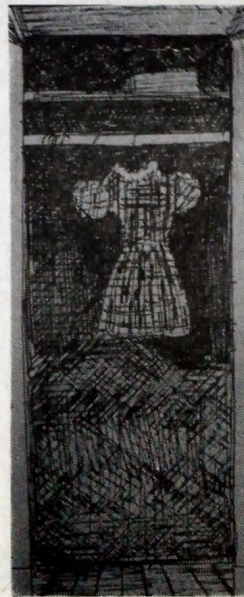
A Night To Forget

The strong smell of alcohol and ether pierced her nostrils awakening her with a startled daze. Taking a moment to collect herself, Mrs. Phillips sat in the hot sticking plastic chair trying not to think of the night before; but each time she allowed her thoughts to wander, she saw Emily lying there writhing with pain, gasping for breath in her seemingly futile struggle to conquer the inevitable. Over and over she could hear the intercom calling for all of the doctors in the hospital, nurses rushing up and down corridors wheeling machinery into Room 426 and finally, in a vain attempt to keep her out of the room, let her stay as long as she didn't interfere with the doctors' work—

Oh, but she must forget about last night—Emily is going to be all right—She can't . . . the word wouldn't form in her mouth—she would block that ugly three-letter word from her mind because it wasn't going to happen. Tears clouded her blue eyes and she suddenly realized that she mustn't cry here—that would come later when she was at home, away from Emily's exhausted yet compassionate eyes—eyes which reflected in their greenness the peaceful coolness of a long clean meadow.

Inadequacy

She looked at her watch—in another hour T. C.'s plane would be landing, she thought. What a relief it will be to have someone to lean on—I'm glad he wasn't here last night, he'd have felt so terribly inadequate, having to stand back and let other doctors work over his daughter—the



daughter he had given life to and was now unable to help. He had saved hundreds of lives and brought scores of squalling infants into the world—why, why could he not help Emily. Suddenly, jolting herself out of self pity, she thought—God, strike me dead if I should ever think that again. It takes guts to turn the life of your child over to another doctor.

Her shaky fingers groped for the cigarettes on the stand; she nervously placed it in the corner of her mouth, steadying the lighter with her other hand, then quickly dashing it out. She had forgotten about the "No Smoking" sign on the door which the nurse had hung up after placing the oxygen tent over Emily.

A Futile Look

A slight, almost futile movement stirred beneath the crisp white sheets bearing the worn grey label of the Miami Hospital. Her eyes watched the child-like figure which had been so lifeless hours before and now moved about the change position though still restricted by the needles and tubes. Opening her emerald colored eyes very slowly, Emily's thick, dark brows frowned slightly from the glare of the sun. Good Heavens, why does everything look so blurred—am I going blind, she thought frantically.

But as her senses began to clear, she could see that her head was zippered into a transparent tent—a contraption which had been her constant companion these past days. Through the blur she could make out the figure of an exhausted woman, whose beauty had been worn away by pent-up emotions struggling to be released. Her mother tried to smile but all she could muster was a weak twitch in the corner of her mouth—anything more would have brought a ceaseless flow of tears.

Emily thought—Poor mother, she's been here all night—she looks so haggard and unusually old. Her face is taut and wrinkled—I wish she'd cry—just once—it'd help so much. I wonder if she knows that I know what's wrong? Surely she does—all the time I've been studying Medical Technology—surely she and Dad could have guessed that I'd find out. I wonder how much longer I'll be in here—Graduation!—I've worked so hard, they can't keep me from graduating—Roses—I'll bet they smell so delicious—I wish I could smell the life right away from them—such a genuine glowing red—the kids shouldn't have done it—I'll be back at the soror-

ity house in a day or two. Boy, will I ever have some tales to tell. Desperately biting her lip—I am going to get out of here—nothing has ever stopped me—All my nineteen years I've never let anything get me down—Suddenly, remembering deep into her childhood, all those damned shots—what a terrible thing for a child to go through—But I did it and I'll do it again. Nothing has ever come easy—s'pose I've been lucky though, I've seen a lot more in my nineteen years than most kids see in an entire life time—Life?—what is it—I've been near it since I was born—now it's so close to being poofed out—just like that—thin air.

The Invincible Emily

Oh, God, if the kids back home could see me now—The invincible Emily Phillips—the smartest girl in school—the girl with the most bound up energy and perseverance—look at her now—flat on her back in a hospital. She clinched her fists so tightly that her long, beautifully manicured finger nails left crescent imprints in her palms.

Life's so nothingless—yet it's everything—just a second ago it seemed we had just returned from Mexico—I was always a hit with my class—I giggled so much I could hardly tell the story about finding the worm in my salad at that off-beat restaurant in Mexico—Yeh, Mrs. Marshall asked me to give a report on my trip—Gez, those fourth graders really went wild—Poor kids, half of them hadn't been out of the country—I even remember the dress I wore—it was the prettiest dress I ever owned—purple, pink and black plaid with puff sleeves and white lace collar—boy, I was sharp—really set my blonde hair off. Pausing for a moment to picture herself in the dress, I wonder what Mom did with that dress. Then a sharp piercing pain tore through her back blotting out the past. Her mother saw her wince when the next pain came and hastened to her side. Emily hated to see her mother so frightened. She thought she had concealed the sudden jerk quite well but apparently her mother was too watchful.

I'll have them give you a shot, Darling," her mother said quickly. "No, No, Mother," she sobbed. "I don't want to go to sleep—the pain isn't too bad," she pleaded.

Reverie

The pain lessened as quickly as it had come and her thoughts once more drifted into reverie. The delicate smell of her bedroom filled her consciousness—it had been many years ago that she had played in her blossom scented room. The trees outside my window would be in full bloom now. When the wind blew, they rained on my window sill like snow—Janet!—Janet came to play with me—Gosh, Janet was tall—why did I have to be so damned, stinking short. I remember we played all afternoon with my doll house. God, I was selfish—I wouldn't even let her rearrange the furniture—I wonder if she saw me take the candy out of my purse and eat it. I doubt that she understood why I had to eat it and not offer her any. Oh, I hope she didn't really think I was selfish.

She was so involved in reminiscing that she didn't notice the doctor call her mother out into the corridor.

"You know that your daughter is critically ill," he said hesitantly, not knowing how to say what had to follow.

"Yes, yes Doctor," she said feebly, trying desperately to keep from crying. "I know she has little chance of recovery—you've done everything possible for her—T. C. and I know that she's in good hands—but that still doesn't keep (Continued on page 6)

To Fall in Darkness

By SHELVA SCOTT

STEVIE SAT on an empty orange crate in front of the restaurant and watched the cars going past. He somewhat resembled a small bird perched on a tree limb. When there were no cars on the road, he would pick up gravels and skim them across the asphalt surface of the highway. Except for the whine of rubber tires on hot pavement and the peaceful humming of insects in the afternoon air, all was quiet. No noises came from within the restaurant. The mid-day rush was over and aside from the sale of a single beer or an occasional pack of cigarettes, the drinking squadron would not be back for another three or four hours.

OVERHEAD, STEVIE both felt and saw the heat of the white sun glaring from the blue sky. Felt it hot on his blond hair and hot on his thin shoulders under a striped tee-shirt. Saw it shimmer in waves from the top of the black asphalt. He wished that he were on his bicycle, riding down the road and feeling the air rush past cool on his face and arms. Sometimes when he rode his bike, Stevie felt that he was the one who created the flowing wind. But earlier that morning his grandmother had put the bike in the basement, threatening him if he touched it. Ugly fat Izora. She had not seen all of the fight between Stevie and his older brother, Terry. She had appeared only in time to see Stevie throw mud on the front of Terry's clean starched shirt, not knowing that it was Terry who had started the teasing, not caring about the details. According to the unquestionable authority of Izora, Stevie must be punished so she had limited his use of the bike.

USUALLY STEVIE would still have been quite bitter and hateful, but he felt strangely content this afternoon. He thought about the future times and the new places where he could ride his bike. He hated the restaurant. Only a gravel parking lot for a lawn. Small, dirty, crowded bedrooms in the back. An abundance of cold meals. Smelly restrooms which were used by the customers also, to vomit in as much as anything else. Customers. Filthy drunks described them better. Rough unshaven men clamoring after painted, stringy-haired women. Vulgar language and loud laughter. Stevie was glad that his grandparents were going to sell the place. They talked about moving to Ridgedale, the county seat. Stevie did not want a large house. Just so it had a nice yard with honest-to-goodness green grass in front. His grandfather hoped to get work

at Center Valley State Park. Stevie liked to think of Burney as going to work every day like other men did.

HE TOSSED another rock across the road before a black car turned in and crunched to a stop on the gravels. Stevie recognized the driver as Miss Jason, the county health nurse. A fragrant woman who had come to see him often at school. Stevie knew that she was kind to him, but yet he did not trust her because she watched him too much and said too little. Watched him at school when he tried to please the other kids who only laughed at him. Watched while he tried to revenge their laughter with his fists. Watched while the teacher frustrated him with work he could not do. Miss Jason had been making more and more visits to the restaurant since school was out. Stevie suspected it was because he had failed to pass the fifth grade this year. He had also been in the second grade twice, but that was before Miss Jason knew him.

MISS JASON climbed out of the car with a stack of folders and papers in the crook of her arm. She was tall, slim, and dressed neatly in a blue cord suit. Her dark hair was pulled back in a bun from her plain, common face. She smiled at Stevie and stopped to chat a moment before she entered the building.

STEVIE STARED out across the bottom on the other side of the highway at the line of dense trees bordering the river bank. As he watched the birds drop from the trees and dive down again, he tried to hear what Miss Jason and his grandmother were talking about. He gathered they were discussing the sale of the restaurant. Izora was saying they had a buyer and something about a down payment. The two voices mingled and became so low that Stevie was unable to distinguish any more words.

THE SUDDEN sound of his name jolted him. His grandmother was calling him to come inside. He rose reluctantly and brushed some dried mud from his faded jeans. When he opened the fly-specked screen door, he saw Izora and Miss Jason sitting together at a table. His sweaty feet felt slimy on the heavily oiled wooden floor. As he approached them, Izora peered at him from squinty eyes above fat cheekbones. Her hair clung to her scalp in short, oily, gray strings. Seated at the table, her huge body was only a shapeless blob under the cotton print dress. She was drinking a beer. The portion of her

massive legs appearing from under the abundant skirt tail was gutted by purple varicose veins.

HIS GRANDFATHER was standing behind the bar looking a great deal like a wet rat, seemingly staring into space. Burney was a man of small stature, and over the years he had withered in the presence of his dominant wife as surely as the sun withers a dusty flower.

STEVIE SAT down at the table with the two women and waited tensely for someone to speak. Miss Jason took the initiative. She looked directly into his half-moon shaped hazel eyes.

"STEVIE, AS you know, you and your grandparents have lived here for many years, but now they have decided to sell the restaurant and . . ."

"YEAH, AND we are going to move to Ridgedale in a house," Stevie gloated, smiled triumphantly and the freckles stretched wide on his cheeks.

MISS JASON hesitated. She could see right now that what she had to say to Stevie was not going to be well received. She had had enough trouble convincing Izora and Burney that she was right. No matter how she chose to word it, to Stevie it was going to be all wrong. Taking a deep breath, she continued.

"YES, STEVIE, your grandparents feel that they are going to be helping themselves by moving, but they also wish to do the best thing for you. You know you do not like the teasing of your classmates at school and the fights which you have with Terry. Your school teacher agrees with me that you need additional training beyond her capacities. Stevie, your grandparents wish to take part of the money received from the restaurant and send you to a special school at Masington. What do you think of that idea?"

THE SMILE had faded from Stevie's face now clouded in despair. "No," he whimpered. "No, you can't fool me. I know about that school. It's for crazy children. I won't go there. I'm going to live in Ridgedale." Stevie jumped up and knocked his chair backwards. Tears began to roll down his cheeks as he sobbed over and over, "I won't go. I won't go."

SINCE MISS Jason did not seem to know what to say next, Izora felt it to be the proper moment for her to take command of the situation. She spoke harshly. "Stevie, hush up and sit down, you big cry baby."



"NO YOU can't make me," he opener on the counter top, he choked viciously. grabbed it and ripped it across

IZORA MOVED without warning and lunged for Stevie. He squealed in fright and stumbled back against the bar. Spotting a can Izora's outstretched arm. Blood gushed from the wound. Stevie did not wait for any more words.

(continued on page 6)

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This Is My Home

(Continued from page one)

splashed the water, grabbing handfuls and throwing it aimlessly at the nearest object, human or otherwise. He relaxed his back. He had lived in this house for seven years. He hoped to live there seven more. It was a sturdy house. It had been constructed right after the war. Some of the materials used in the house were confiscated from the American supply depots along the bay. The house even looked military—straight, formal and rugged. It did need painting, but there was no paint. Some of the shells were broken from the window. Around the house was a small yard that was cluttered with sticks, rocks, paper and shells. Grass was foreign to the immediate area. What little grass that could be seen looked out of place. Dick thought, This is my home. This is where I live.

AFTER EATING dinner, Dick and his wife sat in the back yard. The large bowl of lumbia had made him sleepy. He closed his eyes . . . must decide . . . those three men . . . give up my job? . . . anti-American . . . feed my family . . . Carlos, Dino, Maritez, Nina . . . my wife . . . another . . . hard to find work . . . move maybe . . . where? . . . hurt my family? . . . proud? . . . Filipino . . . American . . . what do they want? . . . is it wrong? . . . must decide . . . threatened my children . . . my wife . . . which is more wrong? . . . starve them? . . . risk their being hurt? . . . must decide . . . Filipino first . . . must tell them tomorrow . . . must decide . . . this is my home sleepy . . . so sleepy.

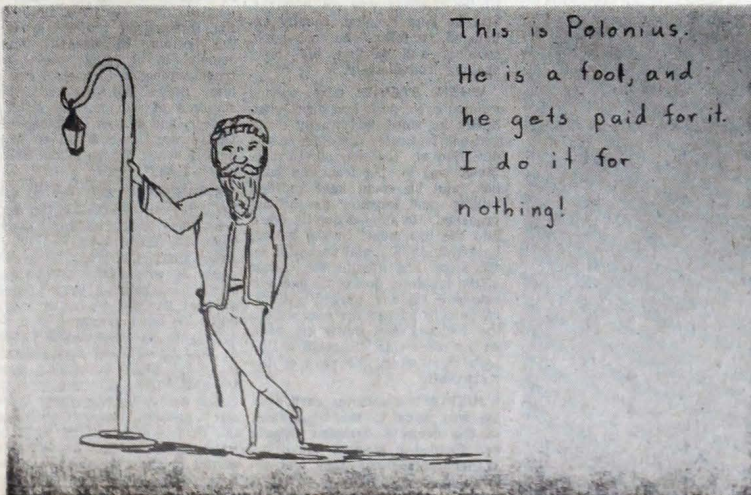
THE EVENING winds set in. The gentle lapping of the waves echo the silence of the night. Across the bay, Manila lay in a halo of light and mist. The palm trees moaned softly in the evening breeze. The cry of the balute vendor could be heard coming up the street. Dick slept . . . whirling . . . whirling . . . must get out . . . two hands . . . try to grab them . . . getting closer . . . closer . . . a little more . . . can't quite reach them . . . whirling faster . . . faster . . . hands . . . faster . . . faster . . .

AS SOON as Dick fell asleep, his wife got up and moved around the house. She could see the children chasing their imaginary friends. Somehow the friend always managed to escape. She called the children to her. They gave up their chase and went into the house.

DICK AWOKE. He was cold. The light from the window cast his shadow on the ground. It made him look much larger. He wanted to sit and watch his shadow. He knew he couldn't. He must go to bed. Tomorrow was a big day. He must decide. He looked at his shadow again. He wanted to stomp it.

THE NEXT morning, he dressed as usual, only a little more slowly. The thoughts kept flashing through his mind. Give up my job . . . fight . . . must decide . . . Americana . . . bastuse . . . Filipino first . . . yes . . . Americans . . . dislike . . . must decide. He ate very little of his breakfast. For the first time in eight years, he left home late. He peddled slowly at first. The weight began to lift. He felt his back go stiff. He peddled on. The road was familiar. This is my home. This is where I live.

THE FRESHMAN'S GUIDE TO SHAKESPEARE—continued



This is Polonius.
He is a fool, and
he gets paid for it.
I do it for
nothing!



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THE DRESS

(Continued from page 4)

us from fighting to keep our baby alive. She's our world, our life what will we do when she's gone. Doctor, she's worked so hard to please us—she'll graduate in June from the U.—T. C. and she were going to set up an office together"—"Oh God," she cried, "How could this happen to us—to our Emily."

After a long pause, she gave a deep, resigned sigh and sniffed her nose vigorously, trying to regain her composure before going back into the room.

The doctor resumed talking, "Mrs. Phillips, Emily can not last long in this condition. She could go blind any minute or her brain tissues could be damaged. The only alternative we have is to operate and remove a kidney."

After a long pause, searching her face for signs of collapse, he went on: "Mrs. Phillips," he said gently, "Emily isn't strong now—there are great odds against her ever pulling through an operation of this type."

"When do you have to operate?" "As soon as we can prepare her—not more than an hour."

An Hour

The sound of his saying "an hour" struck her so bluntly that she could feel the ache deep into the bottom of her stomach. One hour to be with my baby, she thought frantically. T. C., you've got to get here!

She walked slowly back into the

There Is A Pine Grove

By MICHAEL BUSH

There is a pine grove.

A thousand years it stood and grew:
tall, strong, green, and alive.

It was there when I came.

Doubtless, it will be there a thousand years
after I am forgotten.

There is a brook in the pine grove.

It ran a thousand years
and carved a path
through the soft earth and the pine needles.

I walked through the grove;
I kicked the needles and broke a twig
there beside the brook.

After I was gone, all left of me were stirred
needles, and a broken twig.

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room, summoning courage she never thought possible. Should I tell her—is it fair to die without knowing death is near—but what if she just gave up—can I take that chance.

When she looked up, the most beautiful eyes in the world met hers and a smile broke across her lips.

Her mother went to the bed and lifted the tent. "Did you have a nice nap, Dear?"

"Oh, I haven't been napping, I've just been thinking about all sorts of things. Mother, what ever happened to that little purple plaid dress I had?"

"It's probably back at the old home, Honey."

"Why do you ask?"

"I don't know—it just came into my mind. 'Aren't the roses beautiful—I've been wanting to smell them since I woke up.' With that her mother went to the dresser and plucked a rose from the vase.

Long Vacation

Mother, it is so beautiful—it makes me feel so warm and rich inside—I could look at it so intensely that I'd drain all of its color right into me. There is nothing lovelier in the whole world than a red rose whose velvet petals have not yet opened into a full blossom. Mother, isn't it just miraculous that there is so much beauty in the world—I hadn't realized it until now. There are so many things so close around me that I have never really look-

ed at. As soon as I get well, I'd like to take a long vacation by myself and just look at the world for once.

"Emily," she said hesitantly, "before you go on this long journey you must have an operation. The doctors seem to think it's necessary if you are to get well quickly."

"When?"

"Soon, Dear."

"Will Daddy be here?"

"Yes, Dear, he should be here shortly."

"Mother, if Daddy shouldn't get here, tell him not to worry—that I understand."

Oh, Emily, my baby, it just isn't fair—you have so much to offer the world, so much to live for—your life can't be snuffed out before it's even begun—the dress!—where is it—did I give it away—is it in storage—Emily did look so cute in that dress—her thoughts were broken off—

"Mother, I love you! Doesn't that sound silly, talking like that—but I just feel like saying it." "You know," she went on, hesitating for a moment, "I couldn't bear to be unable to see things, like those red roses."

Nothing more was said but her mother felt a calm wave of peace flow through her body. It was as though a great strangling enemy had released her from his grip.

The doctors came and went—Hanging in a tall empty closet in the old house is a purple, pink, and black plaid dress—looking very, very small.

Tommy the Turtle

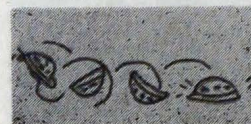
By EUGENE L. DAVIS

Tommy was a very tiny turtle who was lost from his mother and



father. Tommy said, "I can't find my home, and I am very, very tired . . . I wish I could go to sleep."

He was so tired he fell down down



down over a

very big hill.

Tommy knew he had to get home, so he climbed big hill and looked the around to see if up, he could see his family.

Far away in the distance, Tommy thought he saw his father. . . so he went very fast to his father and curled up beside him and went to sleep. When Tommy awoke, he started to talk to his father, but he stopped and said, "You aren't my father, you're just an old army helmet."

"I am still sad," said Tommy. "I feel better since I had a good rest." He began walking over hills, dirt roads and fields until he came to a very hard road which was good and warm. Tommy lay down in the road to get warm.

Tommy said, "I can't rest because these big noise makers keep coming at me." He finally got to the other side and went along on his way home.

Tommy came to a big pond where there were other little turtles playing in the water, but he didn't know any of them. Tommy said, "Do you know where I can find my mother and father?" They did not know Tommy's family.

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To Fall In Darkness

(Continued from page 5)

He dropped the can opener and made a hasty retreat out the back door. Izora dabbed at the cut with a napkin and cursed.

STEVIE RAN across the open field in back of the restaurant until the building was out of sight. Still he kept running. Finally exhausted, he fell to the cool earth, sobbing and gasping, his body shaking convulsively.

WHEN STEVIE next opened swollen eyes, dusk had descended. Stiffly he stood and warily dragged one foot after the other in the direction of the den of torture. Music was blaring from the jukebox, and he could hear muffled talking and laughter as he approached. He slipped quietly down into the basement. In the gloom, he found his bike and pushed it up the steps and around the corner of the building. Seeing no one outside or in the cars parked in front, he quickly pushed the bike across the highway and down the bank on the other side. He could not be seen from either the road or the restaurant.

JUST A few minutes earlier on his way back to the restaurant, in the growing darkness, Stevie had formed a plan to make his grandparents sorry they had decided to send him away. After it was all over, they would beg him

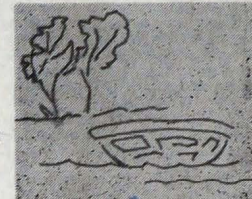
Tommy was so sad he just sat down and cried himself to sleep. Tommy dreamed of all his good times with his mother and father. He dreamed he was at home with them in his nice warm room.

Tommy awoke and said, "I'm still all alone, and I have no way of finding my home." It was late in the day, and the sun was high in the sky.

It was so hot. Tommy ran to the small river and jumped into the water head first. The river was so swift. It caught Tommy and rushed him down the river.

"Help! Help!" he cried. Then he said, "No one can hear me, so I will just let the river carry me wherever it wants to."

Tommy said, "My back is hard, and it will make a good boat for



me to ride in. I will just relax and watch the shore go by." Tommy, the turtle, enjoyed his nice ride down the river.

"Ouch!" said Tommy. "Mr. River, you should tell me before you throw me on the bank." Tommy then said, "Please, Mr. River, tell me where I am. I have been lost for so long."

As Tommy slowly . . . turned from the river, he found with great joy that he was right in his own front yard. Tommy ran . . . to his house to find his father and mother.

He was no longer a sad turtle. He had found his home. He had found his mother and father.



After Tommy's mother put him to bed, Tommy told himself, "I will never run away from my family again."

"Good night."

to move to Ridgedale with them. Stevie looked up the bank and saw the headlights of an approaching vehicle sweeping down the road. At the right time, he struggled with his bike up the bank to the berm. Before the vehicle speeded past him, Stevie gave one mighty heave and shoved his bike in front of it. Just as quickly he dropped down the bank again and fled through the tall wet grass of the bottom. Followed by angry sounds of crashing metal, the truck screeched to a stop. Behind him Stevie heard hysterical screams of women, the slam of a door, and a man shouting, "Oh, God, what have I done? What have I done? Where is the kid? I saw a face."

STEVIE DID not turn to look back but ran pell-mell in the darkness, his heart beating in his head. His flight took him to the trees along the river bank. Because it was dark and because Stevie was running very fast, he did not see the tree root in his path. He tripped over it and fell heavily to the ground. The impact of the fall stunned him, and he lay quiet in the smooth black of the night. Eventually Stevie would either get up by himself or someone would find him, but he was to fall in darkness without light for a long time. By then his scars received in the painful dark would be too great to be healed entirely by the light.

THE FRESHMAN'S GUIDE TO SHAKESPEARE—continued

