HELICON

THE HELICON

"From Helicon's harmonious spring a
thousand rills their mazy progress take."

Gray: *The Progress of Poesy*

RHODE ISLAND COLLEGE OF EDUCATION
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HELICON STAFF

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Inconstant April

DIM April mornings brighten
Before noon hour arrives;
The sun begins to lighten
The dark and misty skies.

Conversely, if the April dawn
Begins all bright and cheerful,
Certainly before it's gone
The skies will be all tearful.

April will be always so
Remaining constant never;
April's sun will come and go
Today, tomorrow — Ever.

Shirley Levy
Senior

The Captive

CLEAR, bright sunlight fell hardily upon village and forest alike, settling down steadily between chinks and crevices in winter-warped roofs, shadowing deeply the western side of the thriving pioneer town, and beaming so sturdily upon the towering tree-tops that great shafts of light danced through the forested gloom. It glanced briefly upon the madcap waters of a swift-flowing stream as though disdainful of imparting any extra charm to so mighty a rival, and dwelt benevolently upon a small settlement on the opposite bank of the river, a hamlet distinguishable by nothing save its sober-garbed inhabitants, its unpretentious meeting-house, and its pervading aura of peace.

In the fresh sunlight, silhouetted against a backdrop of cool brown depths of woods, stood a girl, tall and slender as a young pine, her gray homespun dress whipped by the same breeze which ruffled the broad stream upon whose banks she stood. A part of the very forest she seemed, a dryad perhaps, or a nymph, escaping into mortal domain in Quaker disguise. For a long moment she stood, breathing in exultantly the crisp morning air, and thrilling to the pulse of life racing riotously through her. Then, with a sigh, she stooped to pick up a wicker basket, and, after several vain attempts to smooth her tangled hair, proceeded on her route which lay toward the center of the town. With downcast eyes and light steps, she quickly traversed the outskirts of the town and was about to cross to her destination, the village store, when her gaze and her heart were arrested by something at the far end of the Common.

There, in an open space unprotected by any of the shade trees which graced the rest of the Common, stood the public pillory, symbol of utmost shame and disgrace. Locked within, in a position of complete ignominy, was the familiar figure of *Rakowana,* a young Mohawk chieftain who had been sheltered, when wounded during a recent skirmish with an Algonquin tribe, by her French trader father. Even while the shudder of dismay still held her trembling, her footsteps turned toward the mute figure, and she hastened along the road until she was almost opposite him. As she drew nearer, she noticed with a feeling of horror that his white shirt was torn in neat, systematic strips down his back, and that his wrists, thrust through the holes in the pillory, were raw as if from constant irritation. But they were not moving now; indeed, the mien of the young Indian was one of forced rigidity. The jaw was locked, the mouth grim, the eyes veiled in contemptuous scorn of the ever-milling crowd of villagers.

At first it was her intention to speak some word of comfort in passing, but the ominous stillness of the proud, unyielding figure and the evident evasion of his eyes made her hurry past.

She did not look at him again; but her thoughts flashed impetuously on in a manner which surely was not inherited from her placid mother, but rather from her fiery, warm-hearted father. Too timid to ask outright, she nevertheless listened eagerly when in the general store a burly trader said laconically, "Catched one a' them thievin' injuns, I see. What'd this one steal, rum? Ought to be drawn 'n quartered if he did; ain't enough around for white folks now as 't is."

After delivering this pithy sociological commentary, he lent an eager ear and nodded in wise agreement as the storekeeper volunteered, "That ain't no common Injun; that's Rakowana, the son of the Mohawk chief. I reckon the townsfolk hereabouts decided to give him a lesson in politics. Maybe next time he won't be so all-fired friendly to Tory agents passin' through."

During the quick, breathless way back to the quiet settlement across the river, the girl tried to form some scheme of helping the captured youth. Somnolent as seemed the air of the village which she had just left, she caught intimations of the growing resentment borne towards the Tory element; resentment fast gathering itself for retributive action. Naturally, as the Mohawk tribe was decidedly in sympathy with the Tories, the punishment of the son of the chieftain by the villagers was no less than a declaration of open defiance of the Mohawks' political principles and the opening gun in the last phase of the war between settler and Indian east of the Appalachians.

This was not fully realized by the young girl, for another worry had seized her. To whom could she fly for help? To ask her grandfather to rescue Rakowana would mean enlisting Quaker aid in a Tory cause. She could not ask him to jeopardize his community's peaceful position by such a demand. Just then the sight of a sleek, red canoe cresting the waves of the river made her cry out in delight, for in it, paddling with tireless rhythm, was her father, fur-trapper and trader, back from a short excursion up-stream for supplies. He would know how to lift the prisoner from under the very noses of the jailers. For a moment she had her misgivings as she recalled her father's hatred for the English. But then he admired and loved Rakowana just as he loved the chief, his friend since his first days as a trapper. No doubt he would do it if she asked him, anyway.

She had not read her father wrongly. He had never been able to refuse her smallest request, and when he saw her flushed face and heard her earnest voice, he flung wide his arms, threw back his head and roared: "What do I care if he is a Tory? As for me, I say I am neither Tory nor Whig. My country is in the forest and along the St. Laurent. Does this land not belong to both countries, England and America? Then I am a citizen of both, and free to do as I please, because I am a Frenchman in my heart. Yes, I think I will go and help my friend."

With these words he pinched her cheek and strode up the landing singing cheerily a song which never failed to scandalize his good wife:

"Prendre un p'tit coup
C'est agreable;
Prendre un gros coup
Ca rend l'esprit malade!"

Secret consultations in the afternoon, a sharp order or two, a dispatched messenger, and the small group of men, two trappers besides the leader and an Indian guide or two, was ready. Night had fallen, black and moonless, as the silent party set out in canoes down the rushing river. The village was hushed and dark as they glided past, heading for a towered mass looming up at the water's edge. This was the town jail, the pride of the townsfolk, built to withstand seige and time. The tower, its wall unbroken except for one narrow barred window, extended over the river from a bank ten feet above the level of the water. Guards were placed at both front entrances.

Suddenly a fox barked three times, and then three times more. The last call was rewarded by a cautious answer from the tiny window. An arrow padded softly into the cell and a lithe dark figure, dressed strikingly like the chief's son, rose on the ten-foot bank. With a great splash he leaped into the water, threshing madly around and nearly upsetting the boat manned by his dusky but far from silent companion. The guards, aroused by the unearthly screams of the pair, ran to the bank in time to see the supposed figure of their captive standing in the canoe shaking a fist at the receding shore. With loud cries they turned to shout an alarm but were mysteriously interrupted by strong hands which soon relieved them of their keys.

In a twinkling it was done: the jail opened; the prisoner freed; the canoe set in motion; the opposite shore gained, and they were at liberty to watch serenely as the outraged villagers crashed through the jail and nearby thicket to no avail.

No one was ever sure of the means of escape, for there were no witnesses. Although much suspicion fell upon all possible suspects, nothing more tangible was ever discovered than a broken arrow, and nothing more drastic was ever done than a further walling up of an already under-ventilated tower.

Eleanor C. Labrie
Senior

EMBARKATION

THE long dark promontory slowly gone,
We sailed enwrapped in night's soft, star-flecked shroud;
Our voices low revealed the hopes that crowd
About those men who face an unguessed morn.
We roamed the throbbing ship from prow to stern
And groping on unseen and blacked-out board
Yearned for an Ariadne's guiding cord—
The passageways a hidden fact to learn.
So moved the ship upon the fluid floor,
Alone between the infinite and deep;
A ship stowed tight with human cargo sore
At heart for what their hearts must always keep.
The native land was lost forevermore
For some; for others it passed into sleep.

VOYAGE

Bruised by our relentless prow, the sea
Festers briefly with white flow of foam,
Then quickly heals and shows an unscarred face
Beneath this unscarred sky of endless days.
The hours pass placidly, and time is free,
Unshackled as it never was at home,
For there we bound it firm to thought and place,
While here is emptiness, protracted gaze.
In evanescent iridescence shines
A rainbow arching over glossy wave
To frame ephemeral flight of flying fish
That dies upon its impact with the wave.
So vanish beauty and swift motion's lines
In time's great void that mocks at mortal wish.

LANDFALL

That night a sudden wind arose and whipped
Across the open decks; 'twas burdened strange
With scent of verdant fields, as if we'd slipped
Into a bay where land was within range.
Our nostrils drank the ancient perfume borne
Upon the hurried air, and breath was good.
We slept with promise of a fruitful morn,
And woke to watch night lift its drowsy hood.
At starboard lay a high and slanted coast,
Implacable of contour, rugged, strong;
And at the sight of hillsides' sweet green boast
Our pulses quickened as if to a song.
The languid life we knew upon the flood
Dissolved in joyous rush of eager blood.

Albert Cohn
Class of 1940

A Statue

SOMEWHERE in America there should be a statue to commemorate the women of Europe, the women who have and those who have not survived World War II. This statue should follow a Greek pattern of dignity and simplicity and be imbued with an element of overwhelming, overpowering strength.

It could be the figure of a woman, medium in height, of vigorous build, wearing wood shoes, a long, coarse dress, her shoulders covered by a grey shawl, and an apron tied at the waist. In her right hand she would carry perhaps a market basket, or perhaps a worn brown leather bag. Her left hand is raised and is smoothing back the hair from her forehead, hair which is tied in a tiny irregular knot at the nape of her neck. Her head is tilted slightly to the left and she glances towards the sky. As her eyes look to Heaven, they scan the skies as a matter of course, perhaps for danger, perhaps for God.

The face of the woman is round and full. There are many lines in it. Her lips are resolutely compressed. Into her eyes the sculptor must put a world of meaning and must endeavor to have them speak volumes. Outwardly they may seem resigned but must contain hidden sparks of courage. Several drops of weariness should be added. There could be a smattering of the patience which comes with time, patience which endures because of the knowledge of the inevitable; and last, a single drop of bitterness.

Her feet are placed firmly on the pedestal, the choice of which will be left to the discretion of the artist. If he so chooses, it might be the cobblestones of an English village, or the loose straw of a French farmyard, or the rubble in an Italian village, or even the dust of a German road.

There is a slight sag in the woman's body which will convey to all who view the statue the meaning of a life where War danced and capered for several years on one's front doorstep; a life where the rising of the sun brought incredible rejoicing; or where the night became an agony of fear and wonder, whereby the body tightened and stiffened with the sound of motors overhead; and the tension, when it finally went away, carried bits of life with it, never to be returned; or where the struggle for the necessities of life such as food and warmth assumed gigantic proportions; or where upon returning home one might find his possessions of a lifetime lying in ruins; or where too many times the only means of warding off sheer desperation was to press a clenched fist hard against the teeth; or where just being alive from day to day and from hour to hour was in itself a cause for wonder.

And let all who view this statue whisper a silent prayer to these

women whose gallantry and spirit must stand for all time as a symbol of the fortitude of womanhood. Let all who come to this statue rejoice and give thanks that happenings which these women saw come to pass were spared our women in America. Let all who leave this statue, leave humble in heart and meek in spirit at the thought of a kind of courage which the world will never be able to comprehend fully.

Richard H. Turner
Class of 1942

Thoughts of Spring

THE dawn of bright spring mornings
Is wonderful to see,
When sun is on a distant plain
Embracing every tree;

When birds have just awakened
And try to tell the world
Of beauty all around them
From winter's snows unfurled.

And early flowers are shining
On each green dewy hill,
While distant cocks are crowing
To break the morning still.

With beauty all around us
Untethered from the sod
Why don't we stop to realize
The wonders of our God.

Audrey Schofield
Freshman

Spring Idyll

ONCE again Spring has come to New England. The silence of the country is broken by the welcome notes of the robin and of the chickadee, who darts so swiftly from bush to bush that one scarcely catches a glimpse of his black-capped form. The snow on the nearby mountain has melted, and little rivulets of water come chattering down the gorges. Yesterday, a heavy buzzard pounced from a crag in the direction of the water-birds that swooped about the streams and pools nestling in the valleys between the hills.

One catches a glimpse of a ribbon of sapphire stretching its long streamers across a blanket of emerald, for at this season, the sparkling lakes and dewy grass closely resemble these lovely gems. The fields have lain still after the long winter's rest, but they are slowly awakening in a common birth from which will spring the fruits of this year's harvest.

The farmer who is busily repairing his fences, fallen with the weight of the winter's snows, stoops and picks up the new, rich earth in his large, calloused hands and sifts it through his long fingers. Gazing heavenward to the cloudless sky, he sees there the promise of a prosperous year.

Alice Hurl
Freshman

The Persian Cat

MISSY put the last dish on the table and reverently smoothed the surface of Aunt's best coverlet for the fourth time. Over in the dim corner by the fireplace, Cat yawned, stretched, thrust out a dainty pink tongue and proceeded to caress the luxurious, smoky fur that graced his feline importance. Then he fixed his large, green eyes—like two glowing emerald fires they seemed—on Missy. She solemnly returned his unwinking gaze. The two remained motionless for many minutes. Around them, unnoticed, the fantastic shadows cast by the dancing flames leaped madly up across the walls and over the low ceiling.

Missy blinked. He was indeed a fine cat, she decided, even without the wide green ribbon about his neck. (Had she been there, Aunt would *never* have allowed that.)

Then she patted her dress carefully into place and ceremoniously escorted Cat to his chair. For wasn't she the lovely Lady Rosalie de Vere and wasn't she having tea with the wealthiest and handsomest suitor in all the land, Sir Hubert Eggleston-McDuff?

Lady Rosalie poured the tea, and Sir Hubert Eggleston-McDuff gravely inclined his head and lapped it up—a saucerful of milk. The gracious hostess hastened to serve the appetizing assortment of sugary cakes with the odd names. Her dignified guest refused to indulge himself; Lady Rosalie consumed the contents of the plate herself—a jam sandwich.

Then it was necessary to clear off the table before Aunt returned from town. So Missy became Marie, a French maid who wore high heels and a starched apron and said "Ooh, la, la," and laughed and sang little songs while she worked. And Cat—well, he became just Cat.

This was all such fun! Without Aunt. Why, all afternoon, until it grew too dark to see outside any longer, she had been the Queen of the Fairies and had sat on her jewelled throne near the casement watching her subjects come dancing down from the sky in their fluffy dresses so that there was everywhere a white, downy carpet for her to walk upon if she wished. And at her feet, Cat had lain, a faithful page, ready to obey her smallest command.

She thought of Aunt again, Aunt who didn't like Cat. She considered him too elegant for a humble farmhouse kitchen. Secretly, she was a little afraid of him, too, as she was a little afraid of everything in this sparse, strange land. For Aunt had come from back East after Daddy . . . but Missy didn't think about that.

Instead she listened raptly to the wind. It whistled and breathed down

the chimney; it sighed and moaned; it took up handfuls of swirling snow and dashed them against the window panes; and sometimes it pounced upon the house and shook it back and forth the way she had seen Cat shake his catnip mouse. Oh, it was delightful to be alone!

Aunt had been away for a long while now. If she didn't come back soon, maybe Missy would have time to be a Chinese Princess and walk with those funny, little, shuffling steps and wear a red flower in her shiny, black hair; or an Italian flower girl; or an Egyptian Queen. And Cat could be a rich uncle come to visit with his pockets stuffed with surprises; or a . . .

* * *

Aunt had lost her way. With a vague feeling of horror she struggled feebly against the awful certainty lodged within her heart, just as she struggled against the mighty force of the blizzard. Lost! An hour after leaving the main road she should have struck the outskirts of the farm —if she had taken the right direction. How many hours had she been wandering now in this trackless wasteland of blinding snow and howling wind? One? Two? Three? Walking in circles, perhaps. People do that, she remembered in growing desperation. The driven snow stung her face; the cold pierced her clothing. If only she could see the light, the light from the house. Numbed, she plodded onward.

And then suddenly it was there. Over the top of the next rise and she could almost touch the fitful gleam. She began to run. Time and again she found herself on the ground, crawling on hands and knees in her eagerness. If she could just reach that door . . .

* * *

Missy sat before the dying fire in the big rocker, her hands in her lap. She was looking at Cat. Cat was looking at her. The pounding on the door was growing louder and louder. But she didn't move. For wasn't she the fair Lady Genevieve in her tower, besieged on all sides by the enemy, and wasn't she waiting for the Silver Knight to come riding across the hills to her rescue?

Beth Cashman
Junior

The Game

THE young man stood there, his arms crossed, leaning back against the plate glass window of Maynard's Drug Store. Maybe it was his tall blond awkwardness or maybe just the tight line of his jaw that made you think of a Lindberg of twenty years ago; but, whatever it was, the encircled blue wings on his left arm seemed to clinch the illusion. Passing him there, in front of the drug store, you would probably have turned back for a second look and thought to yourself: "Boy, does he ever look like Lindy. Talk about dead ringers!"

But his name was Joe and he was nineteen years old and the year was nineteen hundred and forty-five. He stood there, soaking up the afternoon's late sunshine, seemingly at peace with a world that had handed him a uniform instead of a school sweater. At his feet crouched a khaki traveling bag that in normal times would have been plastered with university stickers.

Occasionally, he glanced down at the watch on his exposed wrist. There were fifteen minutes to go, fifteen minutes in which to make up his mind once and for all. It frightened him to think how little time there really was left.

The druggist came out to roll up the awning and grinned as he saw the lad standing there.

"I'll bet I can guess who you're waiting for," he said, "and it's not your Ma or Pa."

Joe opened his mouth but the druggist said too quickly, "Well, you've a fine girl there. Virginia is a mighty fine girl."

"She sure is, Sir," said Joe, and managed a smile as the druggist gave him a little punch on the arm and went on in.

Joe hunched his shoulders in the peculiar way he had when deeply troubled. There you were—Virginia, Virginia, Virginia. His bus for camp would be pulling out soon and he had planned to meet Virginia here at Maynard's for a last few words over a soda. He had never jilted a girl before and he wondered how you went about doing it.

Did you say, "Look. I meant to tell you last night but I lost my nerve again;" or "You're a nice girl, Ginny, but let's just forget we're engaged. Yes, let's just forget that we've gone together for three years and that every soul in this town thinks we're as good as married."

His mouth went dry as he saw himself in the role of a beast, a brute, a blackguard. He was a soft-hearted fellow and maybe not too smart, but he was honest. Just how he had ever stumbled into a situation like this was beyond him. He could figure it out just so far, and then he'd get all twisted up again. This having two girls was simply

ridiculous. He, Joe, the last one in the world you'd think of as a ladies' man.

It had all started out so simply, so — well, so sort of wonderful. When he had begun going with Virginia during their junior year in high school ,he had accepted her as a gift straight from heaven.

During their senior year he had still thought he was lucky. When they'd graduated, the class prophecy had predicted he'd be a basketball coach and that he and Virginia would have five boys and a team of their own. It had been just "kid stuff," of course, but Ginny hadn't laughed nor called it "kid-stuff."

Then he, Joe, had gone into the Air Corp and it was from here on in that things got fuzzy. Three months ago he had met this other girl. She was a nurse and her name was Muriel and she wasn't half so pretty as Ginny. Virginia had short brown hair and big liquid eyes. But almost from the first moment he'd met Muriel — over at the infirmary when he'd had that sore throat — he'd known that this was the real thing.

Joe unfolded his long arms and deposited his hands in his pockets. He looked around and, on the corner, there by the bank he noticed, for the first time, an old lady selling gardenias, the soft, white petals arranged carefully in a boy's coaster wagon.

Virginia and Muriel! No, wait, that wasn't the way to put it. That was mental bigamy. It was to be Virginia *or* Muriel. He glanced at his watch again — seven more minutes. Maybe Virginia would be early, would come before he'd planned just what to do. He felt a moment's panic until he remembered that Ginny was never early and never late. She always arrived right on the dot. It still surprised Joe, because she was so tiny and pretty that you'd never dream she'd be so efficient. But that was Ginny all over, planning things out ahead of time and then seeing to it that everything went off according to her schedule.

Joe gave a little shiver standing there in the warm sunshine. He'd promised Muriel he'd come back with things all settled. So, really, what was the matter with him? All he had to do was tell Virginia where she stood, that there was now this other girl.

But, what was right and what was wrong? Suddenly, deep down, he knew with a quiet certainty that he couldn't do it. Everyone would take Virginia's part and he would be put down as a regular cad. Besides — and here he was, slipping into the old formula — he'd known Ginny such a long time, she was his first girl, he was lucky to get someone so pretty and so fine. It wasn't her fault his feelings had changed. Well, he could at least be decent about all this. Besides, he bet lots of men married the wrong girl and ended up with a normally happy marriage. But, maybe, Virginia was the right girl and he just didn't realize it. That happened, too, sometimes.

For a split second he let himself think of Muriel and then, quickly

lifting his eyes, he focused attention on the old lady at the corner. She sure was doing all right selling those gardenias. The wagon was empty now and she was holding the last three in her hands.

A school teacher he'd known from way back paused in front of the old lady, exclaimed, and went on with a white flower transferred against her black suit.

Joe glanced at his watch again. Ginny was due any minute now. Ginny, who was never late; Ginny who was to be his from now on, Amen. With an effort he jerked his eyes back to the old lady on the corner. It was better just to think about this old lady.

He wondered how much she'd made in the last fifteen minutes. Let's see, at twenty-five cents a flower she made about two dollars. He bet —

And suddenly Joe found his blood racing and he was thinking. "I have to shoot one more chance for Muriel and me."

It was the old game of his childhood, a game with a rather deadly simplicity. Going to the grocery store he would run fast, avoiding cracks in the pavement, and making exciting verdicts. "If you step on a line, you have to ask Gertie Smith to the picnic next week." Or, chewing a caramel and thinking, "If I don't make this last until I get home it means I'm going to fail in my algebra test tomorrow."

And here he was at that old "kid game" again. He was thinking quickly and excitedly. "This will show what's the right thing to do. I'm not sure; I can't think straight. But if the old woman sells those two gardenias before Ginny meets me, it means I should tell her we're through."

He shut his eyes for a second and almost prayed. Please, somebody — anybody. All the odds were against him; he was certainly giving Virginia more than an even break. For Ginny was never late and there were still those two blamed gardenias.

Then he opened his eyes. Virginia was rounding the corner, waving as she spied him down the street. He waved in response and looked swiftly at the old lady. That "kid game" was foolish. He hadn't had a ghost of a chance. He felt limp, emotionless. Well, it was probably for the best, and it showed his own decision had been right after all. He hunched his shoulders and looked up, squinting slightly against the sun. Go on, Joe, go and . . .

And then a wild trembling shook him. Virginia was stopping in front of the old lady and was opening her large patent leather pocketbook. With a sort of numb fascination he watched her as she pinned one gardenia on her coat and then hurried on to meet him, holding the other white flower in her hand.

Doris G. Wilson
Sophomore

Reprieve

O CONSTANT, healing, understanding Nature:
Vast stillnesses my soul may roam at will;
Long vistas where my mind so long made weary
May find a width and depth, torment to still;
Soft hollows wherein my heavy body
Sinks down to find itself again renewed;
Slow rest now claiming every fiber,
Swift peace with which I find myself imbued.

Polly Draper
Senior

Understanding

IS there a life beyond the pale of earth —
Beyond the mist that separates the known
From what we know not, and we fear to know,
Beyond the beauties granted as our own?
Or is this but a play that ends at last
To live but in the mem'ry of the past?

I know the answer, yet I know it not;
I know it through the vision of my eyes
When I behold the mighty ocean's swell;
Or gaze with awe at Phoebus' radiant rise;
And yet I know it not when Stygian night
Erases all the good of life from sight.

But from eternity's swift flowing stream,
Dim mem'ries stir within my seething soul
Of truth more true than anything on earth
Not needing reason's wit to make it whole.
Beyond most doubt, the pieces then are fit
And gloomy fogs of night are pierced a bit.

Barbara I. Dill
Senior

Celestial Navigation

THAT Astronomy book! How awe-inspiring the terms in the glossary . . . comet, star, meteor . . . Oops! just remembered that I promised to catch the first meteoroid that approached the earth today. Here it is, and here I am zooming through space on a seat getting continually hotter. These furnaced celestial street cars are too fast and too hot for one from a temperate climate I thought. My laconic Yankee conductor echoed my thoughts—"It's gonna get hotter, Miss." I could see myself being consumed or flecked to earth as a meteorite. I hopped off and fell right into the gangling arms of a cool, fluffy cloud. Nestling there, my ulterranian position seemed secure and I was free to look around.

To the left and to the right, tiny clouds gamboled like frisky, little lambs loose from the fold. I warned my little frisker to be less rambunctious, and he warned me about famously-mutual debunking! One cloud, bearing a fat man with a cigar, floated by very majestically. "Johnny's showing off," my cloud whispered, but I hushed him. Important personage, I thought. To my consternation, he flicked off his ashes and they blew right into the eyes of my little conductor. I shouted a rebuke across the intervening space, but the man with the cigar ignored it. He called companionably, "Beastly hot on that first car; more comfortable now. Come to escape that London fog."

Just then three other men joined him—cloud merging with cloud. As my cloud dipped near a star, I could see their faces—a Chinese, a Russian, and an American. Queer, they all had medical kits, there were harried looks upon their faces, and they walked up and down, up and down.

"Careful, you'll wear the cloud away," I called. They were concentrating so hard they did not hear me, but their voices drifted back. World? Insomnia? Growing pains? What did this diagnosis mean? Of whom were they talking? The world!

It must be dark back home in the world, I thought wistfully, but it is very bright here. Nevertheless, the planets are getting ready for bed. Jupiter, in pure masculine fashion, brags about his hard day. Venus, his beloved, timidly wishes him a good night across the space. He, in turn, extends the same to her and "her twin sister," Earth. This gesture from her brusque mate brings forth a bevy of tears and blubberings. "I'm worried about Earth. She has not slept peacefully since that day she rumbled in her sleep. Continuous insomnia is bad. Dr. Comet said so the last time he streaked past here. Having so many children's what's done it! Look at me—married and yet fancy free." Such a monologue could have continued all night, but it was silenced by the approach of—the four, harassed medics. Ordinarily, Venus would have shouted their arrival to either Jupiter or Saturn, but she knew both would turn a deaf ear to her tonight. They laughed when she worried about earth. "Females," they scoffed, "always look-

ing for trouble." Saturn was too egocentric to know any better. His "rings" made him that way and her spouse, Jupiter, thought Earth was going through the "growing pain" stage. Tonight, if these political doctors fixed Earth up, she would not have to worry any more. Let the rest of the planets sleep. Who cared? There were three wakeful onlookers —Venus, my cloud, and I. We watched.

The cloud with the four men went puff, puff, puff, puff, and the four balls of fluff, a man on each one, bobbed in the air. The puff with the Russian (he seemed the most aggressive) moved toward Earth. His medication incited Earth to kick, moan, and roll her glossy eyes. The Englishman, the American, and finally the Chinese tried in turn. No success. Venus bit her nails and looked worried. My cloud and I laughed to see their antics. Still, no success. Then, a curious thing happened. The doctors left Earth and cloud greeted cloud again. They had another conference—a consultation with a higher power. They knelt a long time—my cloud floating past fifty clouds. Finally, they straightened up. There was a new light in their faces—no more furrowed brows. This time as they approached Earth in unison, I knew it would be all right. They had Heaven and Him along. I knew it; Venus must have known it because I heard a sound like a planet's weeping. My cloud clapped for joy and forgot to hold me tight. Down, down, down! "Astronomy, where was I!"

Betty Doyle
Junior

Faith

OH shades of dark and deep
despair,
Hanging on the heavy air,
Will your clouds be parted soon?
Will the sun disperse the gloom?
Or will darkness linger still
O'er the lifeless earth until
Unhappiness and loveless strife
Become the common scheme of life?

But now the sun has found it's way
Through the clouds — And it is day!
Extra bright it gleams in splendor
As though direct from God, the
Sender.
And thus dispersed, the darkness
flies
To whence it came, beyond the skies,
Leaving in its wake bright flowers
Nurtured by the heavy showers.

Shirley Levy
Senior

Sorrow

TEARS,
Like sand—
Scrubbing, scouring
Leaving only the nakedness
Of an anguished heart.

Tears,
Like rain—
Cleansing, soothing
Nourishing that tender seed
Of yet unvanquished hope.

Mary Louise Fillo
Sophomore