

1947

HELLICON



THE HELICON

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

Gray: The Progress of Poesy

Rhode Island College of Education

MAY 1947

STAFF

CLAIRE M. BEIRNE, *Editor*

Gretchen Emidy	John May
Edna Gryszowka	Bill McIntyre
Rita Kenny	Jane Frances
Rosalie Lavallee	Marylou Fillo

Table of Contents

The Pebble (Helicon Award Story)	Kay Mitchell	3
Escape	M. Patricia DiSarro	5
Inconsistent Enemy	Kay Mitchell	6
"Modern" Art	Maryjo Trayner	7
Memories	John P. Lauth	9
Poem	Herman Garlick	10
The Will	Rita Kenny	11
Quintessence	Marylou Fillo	12
A Christmas Ago	George Gallipeau	13
The Wooden Cross	Betty Armington	14
Sir Gawain and the Green Knight	Bill McIntyre	15
What is Love (Helicon Award Poem)	M. Patricia DiSarro	17
Article	George Gallipeau	18
A Poem	M. Patricia DiSarro	19
Something Old—Something New	C. M. Beirne	20

The Pebble

HELICON AWARD STORY

An old man, a boy and a message

AN old man and a young child sat together on the hillside. The man was gazing at the child; the child was gazing at the ants.

"Shall I tell you a story, boy?"

"No, I shall tell you a story," the boy replied as he flattened the dirt surrounding the ant hole. "But you must pretend that the ants are not really ants, but people."

The elder one smiled but remained silent. Frowning slightly, the boy began his tale.

"The ants live together and this hole is their home."

The boy stopped talking. He then placed his hands in a large puddle beside him, scooped up a handful of water, and quickly poured the water on the crawling creatures. Silently the two humans watched the struggles of the many ants.

"But some have drowned," the man remarked.

"But some have escaped, old man."

And indeed, some had. The more fortunate insects hurried away from the dangerous flood only to be confronted by a pile of twigs and leaves which the boy had placed in their path. After several moments, the black ants succeeded in crossing the great barrier.

"They have crossed the mountain," the boy said happily.

"But they are moving toward that small puddle," said the bearded one.

The lad moved close to the puddle and smiled at what he saw, for, slowly but surely, the ants were inching their way along the thin stick which lay across the dirty water. When the last of the tiny beings had left the puddle behind, the boy glanced at the man and softly said,

"They have crossed the ocean."

The little child moved toward the old man. "Now wait—wait," the youngster pleaded, as he took a match from the old man's pocket. He struck the match, then swiftly placed the burning stick in the midst of the ants.

"First flood, now fire," the old man murmured.

"The worst is yet to come," said the boy solemnly, as he counted the ants who had escaped the fire.

"Do you mean those red ants moving this way?"

"Perhaps," the boy answered softly.

The two armies of ants soon met, battled, and retreated. The red ants hurried into their ant hole beside a small pebble. Their fellow creatures, still great in number, advanced, discovered the pebble, and with the extreme of effort, succeeded in moving it so that it completely blocked the entrance of the enemy's home.

"Ants destroying ants . . .," the tow-headed one shook his head.

"You should have removed that pebble," the bald-headed one advised.

"The water and fire are mine, but the pebble is theirs," murmured the boy.

The old man and the boy moved a fraction of a foot in order to watch new developments.

"Oh, foolish ants!" exclaimed the old man. "Why do you bother with them, little boy?"

"Because they are my ants," said the little boy sincerely.

In the meantime the ants had approached another pebble—and another ant hole. Within a few minutes, the ants had disappeared into the small cavity in the earth.

The old man held his breath, but the child breathed ever so slightly. The small pebble slowly rolled over the ant hole.

The aged one sadly said, "The worst has come."

For some time the two sat in perfect silence, each thinking his own thoughts.

Then the old man spoke. "Now, youngster, I understand the flood, the fire, and even the red ant episode. But what does the pebble mean?"

The golden haired child closed his eyes as if in pain. He spoke so softly that his listener bent nearer in order to hear.

"The pebble is theirs. The pebble—"

"Son, where have you been? Your father and I have been looking for you for three hours. You worried us so."

The old one and the young one raised their eyes and stared at the woman before them.

"I'm sorry, Mother," the child said contritely, "but you did not need to worry about me."

The boy arose, smiled at the old man, took the hand of his mother, and slowly walked away.

The old man gazed at the boy until he disappeared from sight. Then, lowering his head upon his hands, he murmured, "That child—and the pebble. The pebble—oh no! It must not be!"

Kay Mitchell

Escape

THE gladness in my heart,
Springs forth this morning,
Like some jubilant stream,
Which freed from threatening
Drought, jumps gaily over
Rock and rill and weed.
The brightness streaming
From the sun reflects
In my poor heart,
And Nature in all her
Glory reechoes my
Bursting joy.

At last my sadness,
Long-lasting, has subsided.
Gloom retreats to haunts
Known far too well to me.
This second,
Ecstatic in its glory,
Is imprinted
Eternally on my soul,
For never has God
Been so near—so tangible,
As embraced this morning
In Nature's revealing arms.

M. Patricia DiSarro

Inconsistent Enemy

YOU were then my enemy
 You made each happy hour
 Seem like a fleeting second,
 Passing too swiftly to be
 Aught but a memory.
 While I tried to hold them close,
 You forced these happy hours
 Into the dark recesses
 Of the past.

You are still my enemy
 You make each painful moment
 Seem a year of agony,
 Lingering everlastingly
 As a slow torture
 While I try to forget
 You force me to remember,
 Haunting me with the past
 Though I must live the present.

Give me back my happiness,
 Or else destroy these memories,
 So that, forgetting past joys,
 I may live a life
 That holds no misery
 In remembering.

Take back those precious jewels
 Now tarnished by sorrow.
 Force me not to wear them,
 For they constrict and bind
 And make life so futile.

O Time! O TIME!
 A bitter enemy thou art!

Kay Mitchell

"Modern" Art

ART is a various subject. In other words, there are many kinds of art. As far as I can figure out, there are as many kinds as there are artists, who seem to be a highly individualized branch of humanity, anyway. There is an old saying which reads "Artists are queer." It is not true. From my observations of sundry and various productions of their minds, I now propose the statement, "Artists are geniuses—except modern artists, who are insane."

"Modern" art, I trust, is one of the kinds of art which is a phase, for no normal person could look at it or produce it for long without becoming definitely abnormal. But let me explain. You see, I wasn't always a bitter neurotic; it was a sudden development. As a matter of fact, it was my own bright idea—this trip to the art museum. It was, I recall, a clear and sunny day. Things were looking up—and down in the mouth a little, too. It was just in that deadly lull between winter and spring, known as the Ides of March. (If you didn't believe Shakespeare, listen to me and beware!). The time of year when your mind needs a good swift kick to start it functioning again. Better had I bent over, and let someone oblige—but, back to the tale.

To distill any doubts about an art gallery's being a cozy place to spend the afternoon, the architect installed the coldest tile floors possible and the interior decorators—if they were even called in—decreed that nothing more than an icy green could go on the walls. What is more, each room was provided with a grim black settee, grotesquely carved in the fashion of some period or other, but always displaying a grinning lion seemingly poised in readiness to remove a section of any bold trouser seat which might, in a rash moment, be aimed its way.

Under the glare of the lights, glossy-eyed damsels leered from their fat gold frames, and, as I fled in terror from one room to the next, a jaundiced-looking gentleman ("French School 1700-1800") winked at me. The thing was beginning to get out of hand. Cautiously I crept around a statue, whose mother had obviously never told it to put on long drawers in the winter, and then I saw what I had been subconsciously hunting for. A sign pointing to the room ahead read, "Modern American Paintings." Home! This was something I understood! At least I was modern and American, if not a painter—so, humming the Star Spangled Banner, I strode briskly into the room.

Directly opposite me was, evidently, the *pièce de resistance* of the show. A violent purple hot dog, dripping relish which occasionally

turned into daisies was poised on the branch of a naked, grey tree, surmounted on a blob of a sickly yellow green. It fascinated me. I couldn't quite decide whether the blob was a cloud, or merely the mustard which had gotten misplaced. Almost in a trance, I walked across the room. Maybe the title would clear up the difficulty. I was wrong. The title was "Spring," which only added to the confusion. Now, I had a problem. How did the artist get "Spring" out of a hot dog? And even as I watched, the hot dog wasn't a hot dog any longer; but began to look like a great purple worm. Fighting down a feeling of nausea, I turned away. "Passage of Time" read the sign on the next canvas. A little reluctantly, I let my eye wander over the black and green angles over which the springs of a watch were scattered. Somehow, I couldn't concentrate on it. I was seeing purple hot dogs all over the place.

The next was not much better. A dismembered hand and more watch-springs were poised on some moth-eaten blue velvet. By this time I wasn't looking at titles any more. It was useless. And that confounded purple thing was following me. I turned toward what I thought was the door—to come face to face with a glaring yellow and red creation. The door! Where had it gone? Suppose—

And, of course it turned up on the other side of the room. Trying to walk normally, I started back. Somehow or other though, my feet kept sticking to the floor, which was covered with greenish mustard now. A purple finger which I recognized as the hot dog beckoned from the door. Ignoring it, I staggered by, and as if the devil himself were behind me, bolted for the outside and freedom.

I imagine the information clerk was a little disconcerted as I dashed by, but seeing that I wasn't carrying anything of value, she let me pass. Nor did I stop till I reached the interior of the corner drugstore and perched myself on a stool.

"What'll it be, Miss?" inquired the soda clerk.

"A cup of coffee, and a hot dog—no—better make it a ham sandwich!"

Maryjo Trayner

Memories

HAVE you ever seen a man die? Do you know what runs through your mind when a buddy with you is killed? No one can ever imagine the feeling unless he has been around dying men. I would like to take one hour out of the memories of my life and try to tell you about one of the worst emotions a human being can experience.

For the setting of this story I will take nineteen hundred hours, July twenty-first, 1944, near the small town of Percy, France. My outfit, first Battalion, 125 Infantry, had been fighting for a little green hill to the left of the village. Now as dusk began to fall we were on the move in the final offensive to end the day's bloody fighting.

The company was formed by old Sergeant Wall, and we began to move into the valley in preparation for taking the crest of the hill. It so happened that five of my buddies and I found ourselves at the tail end of the column. We moved off down the cow path, past a gateway, on to the far end of the pasture. By this time the rest of the company had turned left, gone the width of the field, and passed on toward the top of the hill.

Suddenly there was a rifle shot. We dropped into the shallow, marshy trench running along the hedgerow. We lay quite still as six or eight more missiles of death went by. Sergeant Cameron, one of the group, took charge and gave orders for us to jump one man over another at ten yard intervals until we had cleared the danger. Williams rose, ran, and at the crack of another shot fell mortally wounded. I had been lying behind a rock all this time and Hall made a run to join me. He was almost to me when his arm was ripped open by a bullet. He fell beside me, white as a sheet, and gasped, "I'm hit." I told him to be still and that I would use my first aid packet, but he insisted on rolling over so I could get his. Crack! and he screamed he was hit in the thighs. I knew he was in bad condition now, for the blood began to gush out of the wounds like a fountain. Panic began to run rampant with the other three fellows. As one man, they rose to make a run for it, but they no sooner stood up when a burst of machine gun fire snuffed out their lives.

Williams was too far away for me to help; so I concentrated my time and efforts to relieve Hall's pain. I did what I could, but it was to no avail. He realized it was his last few moments on earth and began to tell me about his mother. I listened patiently to this poor boy for he

was no more than nineteen. He spoke of home, his family, and the friends, as I silently prayed, not for myself but for him.

The German snipers had not forgotten us, though, and they kept up a continual fire in hope of making his minutes shorter and ending mine in the bargain. With a sudden gasp he uttered, "God, I wish I could see my mother again," and I was alone—alone with my thoughts.

How soon will it be before they get me; I've got to pray; will I ever see my mother again. No! I can't just lie here and wait for death. I've got to go out fighting. I raised my rifle above the rock and began firing into the clump of trees from where I thought the deluge was coming. They continued to answer my every shot. I was just about resigned again to lie and wait for death when a great burst of machine gun and rifle fire came from the hedgerow behind me. Our company had missed us and sent a patrol back to find the group. I was saved! The German fire ceased. I rose to my feet shaking and shouting thanks to Heaven, and walked out of that death trap, the only man left alive.

To this day and for the rest of my life whenever I go into church I will offer up a little prayer for my comrades. As I do I will see them not as I saw them in death, but as I knew them in life; walking up the road to eternal glory.

God rest their souls in peace.

John P. Lauth

"It is the wind," I said,
But I knew the voice was
mine.

"It is a bird," I said,
And I knew the voice was mine.

And again I said:
"It is the terror of some beast in
pain!"
But I knew the fear was mine.

Herman Garlick

The Will

IN the partially empty compartment of the Providence bound train sat a young recently discharged soldier. If he was even aware of the other twenty-odd passengers, he gave no worldly evidence of the fact. Only the leather back of the chair in front of him was favored by his preoccupied stare. He lacked that glad-to-be home look that might have been expected of a soldier returning from three years of overseas duty.

But, if he gave an appearance of calm, that was merely an indication of his iron will power and not of peace of mind. For inside the agile and schemeing mind of Tom Avlis mental operations were in full operation. And Tom had good reason for his mental agitation. He was polishing the details of the cruellest and the greatest of his schemes to get some easy money. His life had been a continual succession of money making plots and law evading schemes. His last endeavor had resulted in a collision with the long arm of the law. Because of his imminent induction into service, however, he was given a deferred sentence. It was his consequent Army service that opened the door to this newest money-making deal. Chance threw him into association with David Conant, and chance kept them together through three years of war in Europe.

Tom learned a great deal about his buddy; his early life in Bristol, R. I., with his uncle, a retired sea captain, his later life at school in New York, and of his burning desire to become a song writer. All this was of no particular interest to Pfc. Avlis, but one day Dave disclosed some information that was to play a vital part in the plans of his companion. Dave told of his uncle, Captain Conant, who had made a fortune in sea trade with the Orient. After Dave had gone to New York, Captain Conant had married. Dave had never seen this woman. In the will of his uncle, who had since died, he was left \$40,000, but if this money was not collected before the death of his uncle's widow the money was to revert to local charities.

Dave had never collected his inheritance, because the will also carried the provision that the claimant must abandon his career of song writing, a profession which his uncle felt was undignified for one whose family had a long tradition of sea adventure, exploration, treasure-hunting, and blood-curdling sea battles. Dave had preferred to stick to the profession of his choice.

But fate had other plans. Corporal David Conant was killed in Germany in a bloody Christmas Day battle. The same blast that had crumbled the Corporal in a heap had stopped Tom with a painful leg

wound. All night he lay on the deserted field. Details of his conversations with his dead buddy ran through his mind. He was genuinely sorry to have lost him. In fact, Dave was the only person for whom he had felt more than a casual interest. Suddenly he had an idea—at first he rejected it from his mind. But it returned with a defiant impact. Finally he accepted it. It was easy to switch the identification papers and tags. Now two years later he was hoping to collect the inheritance left to his former buddy. As he left the Providence depot, the turmoil of his mind heightened.

"But what could go wrong?" he asked himself.

He had gone over the whole plan thoroughly—it was foolproof.

He bought a paper from a newsboy and started to cross the street to wait for the Bristol bus. Something on the front page of the paper caught his attention. He stared intently as he stepped from the sidewalk. A screech of brakes, a scream, and then the muffled sound of the impact.

Still clutched in the hand of the dead man was the local newspaper. The headlines for that day read: WIFE OF CAPT. CONANT DIES, LEAVES \$40,000 TO LOCAL CHARITIES.

Rita Kenny

Quintessence

MAGICAL moments

Mist etched

Pulse at the dimmed portals

Of memories' caverns . . .

Wary of entrance to its depths—

Dreading enchainment forever—

With tenuous strands of feeling

They yearn for the clinging past.

Blithe peaks of happiness

Enchantment sprinkled

Waste their fleeting emotions

Consumed by ardent zest . . .

Bedeveloped by time's quickness—

They shriek in the cool, memoried
dungeon—

The imprisoning doors clang shut

While at its iron-clad portals,

battered memories cling.

Mary Lou Fillo

A Christmas Ago

The weather was bitterly cold. Snow covered the ground and more was coming. Orders were to dig in and hold. Digging into frozen ground is difficult, especially without proper equipment. Finally the task was completed.

"Twas the night before Christmas" and unlike the poem, many things were stirring. A few shells were exploding near by. Perhaps Christmas presents from the Jerries. These gifts were not appreciated.

Suddenly all became quiet. Our troops were becoming uneasy. Nerves were being strained until they nearly cracked.

Feet, hands, ears and noses were slowly freezing. A light snow was still falling. Seconds grew into minutes, and minutes into hours. There was time to think. Sometimes thinking is not a good thing to do.

"Oh, God, why can't we be at home this night of all nights? Why do I have to be here? What are the folks at home doing now? Are they thinking of me, or is this all in vain?" These are but a few possible thoughts.

Snow was still falling. Dawn was only a few minutes away. Something is going to happen, and soon. We had shivered all night, now we were shivering because of fear.

"Hey, Joe," I called out, "how is the weather over there?" Joe was my best buddy.

"Warm as—toast," came the reply. He wasn't thinking of toast. Silence reigns.

Lack of sleep began to show its effect. During the night we could not sleep. Now we could not keep awake.

The early hours are getting brighter and brighter. Suddenly it dawned on me—today is Christmas.

"Merry Christmas, Joe, and God bless you!"

"Merry Christmas yourself, Red, and God bless you, too."

We waved—who knows, perhaps we will never see another Christmas.

Suddenly all Hell broke loose. The cold was no longer felt. For once we did not want to leave our holes, but the orders were to advance. Joe did not get out of his hole. As I went by and was about to say something, I saw that what was left of him will never get up again. His untimely death will be avenged, I promised myself.

Ahead was a Jerry machine-gun nest. A plan was formulated for removing this obstacle. Inch by inch I crawled. Their laughter could

be heard. What a joke, they were probably thinking. I thought of Joe back there and of the other G.I.'s who gave all they could.

A hand-grenade was reached for, the pin pulled, and over to them it went—with love and hisses. I did a good job. That was for Joe.

On and on we went, foot by foot, mile by mile. This had been a long war. I wondered to myself, "What will the next war be like?"

George Gallipeau

The Wooden Cross

THE wooden cross in the still
bleak grove

Far from the common way
The lonely cross on solemn guard
Where steps will never trod
The sacred cross of a hero gone
That rests on his hallowed sod
The wooden cross in reverence
stands

In tribute, still but great.

The memory of a stalwart son
Placing right above his life
"Duty's call must first be done"
And thus he gave his life.

The majestic cross in tribute rests
Upon a forgotten sod
Forgotten perhaps by worldly
men

But not the Almighty God.

Betty Armington

Sir Gawain and the Green Knight

BILL MCINTYRE + SOMETHING OLD = THIS!

IT was New Year's Day in the year 539. King Arthur's castle at Camelot was filled with hungry people of all sizes, shapes, and descriptions. Arthur was throwing his annual New Year's Day Party, and knights and peasants from all parts of Britain had assembled to get their share of the free eats.

Tables a mile long were laden with delicious foods. For the peasants there were hundreds of roast pigs, vats of Irish stew, countless omelets, and prune pie for dessert. For the gourmets present there were such palatable dishes as pickled whalemeat, crows' livers au jus, and oak leaf salad with Wesson Oil. Seven hundred thousand gallons of liquor were on tap. Four hundred surgeons and twice as many doctors were prepared for any emergency.

Dimly visible through the smoke which filled the castle—the ignorant peasants could not read the No Smoking signs—were King Arthur and his court. The paunchy, bleary-eyed, jag-toothed monarch was taking in large quantities of an imported Arabian hooch known as "Paschka's Revenge." At his right hand sat his nephew, Sir Gawain, who was sipping gooseberry gin. On the King's left sat Lady Guinevere, who had just sung two verses of "Stardust" by popular request. Had she not lost her teeth in a hunting accident, Guinevere would have been a "looker."

Everyone was having a fine time, when suddenly a green knight on a green charger attempted to barge in through the front door. At first the angry peasants shoved the bold rider back out onto the drawbridge, but when they saw the large, razor-edged, green axe the Green Knight brandished, the peasants grinned pleasantly and shouted "Gangway!" At length the Green Knight reached the chair in which three men in black were working on King Arthur with a stomach-pump.

To make a long story short, the Green Knight had come to organize a head-chopping contest, the rules of which were as follows: 1. King Arthur was to chop the Green Knight's head off at once. 2. The Green Knight would return the favor on the next New Year's Eve. When King Arthur heard the second requirement he paled and mumbled that he

couldn't stand the sight of blood. At that moment, however, Sir Gawain, realizing that the King's honor was at stake, rose to a point of order, and requested that *he* be allowed to behead the Green Knight. King Arthur immediately replied, "Sir Gawain, your boon is granted!"

Sir Gawain took the heavy green axe from the Green Knight. Then he whispered delicately, "Come here, my friend, and I will take the weight off your shoulders without further adieu. I would strike you where you stand, but I do not wish to dirty up the rug." Everyone watched with morbid curiosity as Sir Gawain raised the heavy axe. Then, SWISH! and the Green Knight's head was sliced off as clean as a whistle. The Green Knight did not become deceased, however. He nonchalantly gathered up his head, jumped on his green horse, and galloped out of the hall crying, "Let Ichabod Crane top this!"

On August 17, 539, Sir Gawain, riding under the auspices of the W.C.T.U., set out for the Green Knight's home in the little Irish fishing village of Finnegan's Haddie. He completed his journey on December 14. Gawain was greeted by cheering townspeople who mistook him for George Bernard Shaw.

Sir Gawain was entertained at the Green Knight's home until New Year's Eve. During that time he was given many opportunities by Amber Knight, the Green Knight's amorous spouse, but our hero took only her girdle.

On New Year's Eve the Green Knight put Sir Gawain on the chopping block, and told him to say his prayers quickly. Gawain had been such a good boy, however, that the Green Knight just hacked off one of Gawain's ears for the heck of it and told the virtuous youth to return to his Uncle Arthur.

Sir Gawain was given a great welcome when he got back to Camelot. He was given the Victoria Cross and the Croix de Guerre with Palm. But no one could understand why Gawain never took his helmet off.

Moral—Ear today, gone tomorrow.

Bill McIntyre
English-Social-Soph.

What is Love

HELICON AWARD POEM

A Poem with an aswer

LOVE is joy.
It surges
From the depths
Of my soul,
And flows violently
Over me,
Gushing forth
Madly like
Some unbalanced
Spring.
'Til gasping,
I am left to
Revel.
Submerged in its
Intoxicating depths.

Love is pain.
It surges
From my
Every fibre,
Then explodes,
Leaving me
Helpless, exhausted,
Immune to all
But hurt,
Which, in turn,
Delights
My open wound.

Yet, what is love?
Neither pain,
Nor joy,
Nor happiness.
Love is but
A release,
An escape
For those
Like myself,
Too weak
For self
Acceptance.

M. Patricia DiSarro

WHILE I was in Germany this past year, many interesting experiences happened to me. The one I am about to relate happened during a lull in battle.

The village was a small one. Nearly every building was damaged from bombing or artillery barrage. Having nothing to do I decided to go for a walk. Snow covered the ground, but the weather was not cold. Aimlessly I roamed. Before long I reached the outskirts of the village. There were not many people. Everything seemed deserted. Two little girls were playing, throwing snowballs. They had not noticed me. They were the first children I had seen who were having a good time. How different they were compared to children in other parts of Europe.

A feeling of loneliness crept into my heart. A desire to share their fun overcame me. Slowly I scooped up some snow and formed a snowball. After hesitating a moment, I tossed it in their direction. They were startled and looked around for the person responsible. When I was discovered, they huddled together. In their eyes was fear. For a moment I was at a loss as to what to do. If I took a step closer they would probably run away. That was the one thing I did not want them to do. An eternity seemed to pass. Finally from me, a weak "Hello." Nothing happened.

An idea came into my mind. Perhaps they would help me build a snowman. Quickly I gathered up some snow. As I had expected, the two little girls ran away. Disappointed, I watched them go. From behind a tree they watched me. With renewed vigor I fashioned a crude snowman. Perhaps, I thought, curiosity would overpower them. As I was applying the final touches, the children came closer.

I beckoned them to come closer. They began talking to each other, pointing to the snowman, and laughing. My heart laughed with them. I pointed to the snowman and made motions indicating the making of another one. Slowly they came forward. In a few moments time we three were building a second snowman. I laughed.

Thirty minutes later we had him finished. I stood back to examine the snowy figure. The girls were satisfied but I was not. He had neither eyes nor mouth.

There were bare places on the ground where we had gathered up the snow. I went to one of these places, picked up a few dark pebbles, and inserted them in their proper places. I stuck my pipe in his mouth, and one of the girls placed her hat on his head. He indeed looked handsome. The other girl found some hay and made our snowman a mustache. "Hitler?", I asked. "Ya, Ya," she replied. She made a snow-

ball and threw it at the icy image. Her partner joined her and so did I. Soon all that remained was a lump of snow.

The hour was late and I had to return to my company area. Before leaving, however, I offered them some candy and gum which they accepted. Never had I seen two children as pleased as these two were. One kissed my hand. We parted and as I walked up the street, I turned and looked back. They were still watching me and they waved. I returned their wave and continued on my way.

This little episode helped to convince me that the things for which I was fighting were right. I was thankful that the children of America had been spared. I was sorry that children had to be the victims of a madman's scheme to rule the world. The snowman we constructed lasted only a few minutes. The memory of the fun I had will last until I die. In those two little girls was instilled a fear. We are the ones who will cause that fear to remain and grow, or to be replaced with love and understanding.

George Gallepeau

FAIR Nature, how I love thee!

Thy immortal arms
Entwine me and
Never cease to enrapture
Me, for God is here
Among the trees,
Or there by that
Gay devoted brook.
His breath is sweet
With a flowered fragrance,
And as it caresses
My sallow cheek,
I stand enthralled
By the splendor
Of its scent.

M. Patricia DiSarro

Something Old-Something New

"SPEAK now or forever hold your peace."

The bride lifted her eyes almost pleadingly. The groom grinned assuredly. The grin said—"Take it easy. Who could speak?" The silence of the pause held—then passed. The studied voice went on and on, making these two one. There were tears. Funny how people cry when sad; then turn about and cry when glad. These were ordinary folks—crying. This was the day for Chris, and she cried.

The organ music nudged its way into every church corner. Steve and his bride made their way out of the church. Why do a bride and groom always look relieved as these two did? Relieved, yes, and gloriously happy. This happiness was no thing of the surface, but came from the very souls. Chris found the aisle long, almost unending; her thoughts were many.

* * * *

At six they had played Indians. He was as usual the Chief. Steve had to be the leader. The favorite game was "Chase." The victor of the proposed hunt had a week's sale rental of the co-owned clubhouse. Steve and his gang needed that clubhouse. They also needed a captive to win the game. Chris was accidentally on purpose captured with a "Chris, it's a good thing there are no Indians around today. You'd be a cinch to get a scalping." This from Steve.

At ten they ran neck and neck for first place scholastically. Steve won by the margin of a spelling bee. But as the young Chris put it, "I was second best. Everyone expects a boy to win anyway."

At sixteen he went, at her invitation, to her Freshman Frolic. This young fellow was admittedly the "catch" of the season. Chris was lucky indeed. The hair dresser, the first formal, that first dab of Evening in Paris . . . Chris knew the excitement, the new found glamour and Steve was there. The sun-tanned blond had grown to a tall, dark lad. The nervous, youthful eagerness had grown to a confident, cocky assurance. The bobbing, inquiring head was held stiffly alert and in place by the tuxedo collar. "Is my tie straight?" a question in greeting, and then "Who supplies the wrenches to loosen these vises?" Chris smiled. Boys were supposed not to like these formal affairs. They danced, interrupted by "Your dress is pretty," then "Freckles are showing." She tripped and he said, "You never went to dancing school, did you?" It was only a question, but . . . Chris wondered.

The dance became a memory. Time, as it has a habit of doing,

passed. Summer came. One day Chris and Steve met at the tennis courts. Steve was a show-off. He evidently had decided to show Chris off. Chris, still with freckled nose, was a tall, slim, cool looking girl adept with the tennis racket, the diving board, the roller skates, and the sail boat. She and Steve made an ideal pair. Soon they were seen together frequently. The gang noticed; so did Mother's bridge club. Chris wondered. She had schooled herself—cautiousness. Steve had never liked being chased. She had dreamed, had hoped, but in her heart she knew she was his pal . . . no more. Her heart said, "Take a stab at making this last"; her mind said, "Don't rush, if he wants you . . ."

Time passed. Worlds that were strong and solid began to tremble, to shake; finally they crashed. War called Steve. A look, a wink and "Be seein' you, Frecklenose." He was gone. She wrote every week. Her letters traveled to England, to France, to Germany, to Japan. They told of home. They hinted at how much she missed him. Had they only not been so subtle. When able—or was it when willing?—he answered. He was always well, always non-committing.

As all wars do, this one killed itself, and Steve returned. It was strange that day they met. She held out her hand and he grinned, "That's the way you greet a brother!" Steve was no brother. This was happiness. "Freckles, got something to show you." The box was small, square and white. The diamond it held was beautifully simple. She could not bring herself to look at him. "It's beautiful." He was happy and self-satisfied.

* * * *

The organ music seemed about to break through the very walls. Chris smiled through the tears.

"All the luck in the world, Steve. Mary is a beautiful bride."

"Thanks, Freckles, you're a beautiful bridesmaid."

C. M. Beirne

Compliments of

The
College Shop




for
Formal
Dances
Tuxedos
TO HIRE
N.E.W
WALDORF

Waldorf Clothing Co.

Men's Formal Wear—Exclusively
212 UNION ST. COR. WEYBOSSET

Boston Store

 Wm. R. Brown Co., Providence, R. I.