

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

APRIL, 1948

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# Seven Years Old

## I

MY sunsuit felt sticky from perspiration and the sand in my shoes scratched my feet and made my toes itchy. I lifted my head and inhaled my favorite smell, a hot August sun warming newly uncovered seaweed and barnacles on the damp shore at low tide. I left my play and walked across the lawn. The grass was getting yellow the way it always does when you forget to water it for a few days. I went down the steps to the rocky beach. I took off my shoes so my feet could be cooled by the wet sand. As I walked along, I picked up a few rocks. The other kids I knew threw their stones into the water to see the circles the stones made on the water's surface, but I couldn't see any fun in this. I threw my stones on the ground right in front of me. The little clams that lived under the sand sent up squirts of water. The water made little holes in the sand and I knew if I dug down a bit I would find some clams. But it was too warm for digging today. The water's edge was three more steps. I tested the water with my big toe. It was very warm. But when I took a few more steps, the water came up to my shins. It was cool and felt good to my feet. As I stood there letting my feet have a nice time, I listened to the scatabug singing and I knew it would be hot all day. An osprey screaming a complaint about not finding any fish made me look up above, but all I could see was the bigness and blueness of the sky. The heat of the sun came down on my face, so I closed my eyes to shut it out. When I opened my eyes again, I saw Harry Allen coming in on the "Scup." I was going to wait for Harry because he always let me pull his skiff out. Then I heard the horn of Paul's car as he came over the hill, so I knew it was time for lunch.

## II

After lunch I had to play by myself because Julie had to sit for Mr. Sherwood while he finished her portrait. I wandered around the yard for a while, but then I thought I would go to see the man who jumped a big white horse in Mr. Hartwell's yard every morning. I went out the driveway and down the road. The elm trees came together above my head making a green ceiling with little white patches where the sun came through. I came to the white gate and pushed it back. I continued down the gravelled drive until a fat grey bulldog waddled out from behind a hydrangea bush and frightened me. I ran toward the house. The man who jumped the white horse opened the French doors and

said, "Don't be afraid of Toby. He can't bite you because he hasn't any teeth. What do you want?"

"I've come to visit you."

"Well, my name is Mr. Mitchell, and I always enjoy a visit with a pretty little girl. Come with me."

The smell of flowers greeted me as we followed the flagstone walk around the house. When we turned the corner I thought I saw hundreds and hundreds of pink and white roses, but Mr. Mitchell said that there were actually only five terraces with about twenty bushes on each terrace. Mr. Mitchell handed me a pair of nippers so I could cut some roses for myself. While he was telling me which were the best for picking, his housekeeper brought out two tall frosted glasses and set them on a white table. Since we were both very warm, we left our work.

In my left hand I clutched seven pink roses, ignoring the hurt of the thorns because I was so absorbed with their delicate beauty, and in my right hand I held a cool lemonade. From the terrace Mr. Mitchell and I watched a Heresoff 12½ footer sail into the harbor and anchor at the yacht club across the water. A cooler wind blew up, and the afternoon shadows lengthened, but it was still hot. I thought I'd better go home, so I said, "Thank you for these pretty roses, Mr. Mitchell. They will look very nice in my Mother's vase."

"Thank you for your visit," Mr. Mitchell replied, "I would like to have you come again."

### III

That evening we had ice cream and blueberries for dessert and it was extra specially nice and it made me happy to have both my favorites at the same time. I helped to clear the table because my Mother said I was getting to be a big girl and big girls have to help their mothers. After drying the dishes Julie and I said, "Could we please stay up because it was still light and big girls didn't have to go to bed 'til it was dark." In the living room we listened to the "Lone Ranger," but it was getting dark out. Mother gave us a glass of ginger ale to make us go to bed right away. I brushed my teeth and my mouth felt nice and tingly. I put on my pajamas, said my prayers, and climbed into bed. It was dark now and from my window I could see the lights from town and from the cars that came around the curve of Poppasquash Road. Mother said, "Go to sleep."

I closed my eyes. The tobacco flowers that sleep during the day and open at night to exhale their perfume filled my room with a sweet, sweet fragrance. I listened to the quietness and darkness of evening and then I was asleep.

*Jocelyn McNanna*

## The Song

Time pauses in the brief minutes of remembering.

He hadn't known what it was, and the words had been strange. But it had been light and gay and rousing, and he had lain there in the dark. He could see her hands folded in her lap as she sat on the edge of his bed. He could see her face, white in the clean reddish-blackness, hardly distorted by her song; it had been a song for sadness—it had made him smile. But she hadn't smiled; she might have moved her head sideways as she sang. He knew that she looked at him. It had been a long foolish ballad about laziness, a woman who died of thirst at the water's edge from sloth to bend down and drink; or about Laziness, a forest hermit who had asked the Wind to gather faggots for the night's fire, and the Wind had made great fun and had scattered them even more so that the hermit had perforce to spend the winter's night without a fire. When it was over he could feel her smiling, and he smiled, too. And she began to talk, telling him of the apparent moral of the story. He wanted her to sing more, for he had never heard his mother sing before. But he didn't say that. Instead, he asked her if the song she had sung had more verses. She told him it had, but she had forgotten them. So he asked her to sing another song.

This other song was quite different. It was low and sweet and strange. So strange that he had felt embarrassed. Somehow he had known instinctively that it was a love song. As she sang she seemed to gaze far away as though she were seeing something. And then he was more deeply embarrassed; he had seen a tear trickle with shimmering quickness down her cheek. It wasn't a long song. It was soon over. But she didn't say anything afterwards. He remembered lying there wondering what she would say, and when he could remain silent no longer he asked her for another song. But she had said no, and told him to go to sleep. And before she had left, she had placed her hand, her very cool hand, on his forehead.

So, as she moved from the room, he tried to close his eyes, to comply with her request. But when she had gone he lifted his own hand to his forehead. He knew he was ill. His forehead felt hot even to him. His eyes burned, and when he twisted his head he got dizzy. He was tired of lying in bed—his back ached. He wished he could get up and go downstairs but he knew he shouldn't. She had told him that he must stay in bed because he had scarlet fever. He thought he knew what fever was, so he had asked what scarlet was. When she had told him it was a color like red, he forgot to ask more questions. He knew that you had a fever



when you were sick, but he couldn't connect the two. Did it make his face red? He couldn't see in the dark. He couldn't see even when he knew the sun was shining, for the blinds were drawn to keep the light out of his room. He hoped she would sing for him again tomorrow night. Everyone else had been asleep, and only he heard the songs. They were his alone. He exalted in that.

The next night nor the next did she come to sing to him. She smiled and said she was tired. He knew what that word meant and did not press her. Still deep in him he wished she would sing again. But she never did. He never heard her sing since that night. And he wondered why not, because she had the coolest voice. Her voice had not faltered a note, either, and he wondered why she had not become a singer. Time passed quickly, and he had gotten better. But he couldn't remember when he had been ill nor what had happened to him afterwards. Just the song of Lazyness had stayed with him.

Then one day someone recited the words of a love ballad to him. They were now beautiful words with a depth of meaning. And that same someone had told him the story of the song and its connection with his mother. It had surprised him that his own father had first sung it to his mother. He was old enough to know his father's ego—to have an understanding of such things. And he couldn't picture it—but it was something that had been and there was no use trying to explain it.

After the second time he was to remember those four lines as though the melody lay in the deep recesses that could think only of a cool, sweet, faraway voice. He could hear it now where he was lying. For a moment he heard it above those alien breakers, and then he was aware of the warm sun and the spotless blue sky. He stretched himself and felt an ache in his arms and thighs. When his thoughts returned he was filled with a deeper sadness and a greater weariness.

*Joseph F. Silveira-de Mello*

MY garden gate has clicked and you are gone;  
My flowers droop their velvety petals and wilt  
For I am alone  
In a world so wide and great  
That its beating resounds within the  
innermost depths of my heart  
And echoes the reverberation in the waves  
On the shores of the world  
Writing her signature in sighs with the words  
I love you.

*Gloria Flood*

## On Utopian Ice Cubes

RECENTLY four of us collaborated on the research dealing with the invention, or compounding, of an artificial ice-cube. Our actions were prompted by having received several worn-down ice-cubes in our drinks. The largest of the cubes had a hole in one corner large enough to admit the pointed end of a swizzle-stick. Such ice-cubes are noticeably inefficient.

My colleagues mentioned that already enormous strides had been taken in the ice-cube field, that is, the manufacture of genuine ice by artificial means. Our cube, however, was to be compounded of synthetic material, perhaps a nylon or lucite derivative, or a combination of both. It would be named "Iceite."

Our first activity was the dissection of a normal, healthy, genuine ice-cube. We noted that such cubes grow to different sizes, just as humans do, depending upon their heredity and early nurture. All cubes examined had clear, smooth, but gray complexions. The genuine ice-cube has little stamina, being inclined to flow away in small rivulets when encountered by an adversary, such as heat. Our "Iceite" will possess the necessary strength and bravery to stand up to its enemies and vanquish them. "Iceite" will be a cube that loses size only through wear (bumping and scraping) and not by melting. Furthermore, its cooling action will be manifested only when it contacts liquid.

Such a cube would be very useful for purposes other than cooling drinks. Addition of dye to parts of the cube would produce first-rate dice. Not only this, but such cubes could be carried about indefinitely without detriment to the cube, and could be used to cool the engines of automobiles, should said action be indicated. The cubes could be removed from beneath the hood when their job is done and stored away with the automobile tools to be used again.

The initial cost of such cubes is high, but their efficiency and long life insure low upkeep. Undoubtedly, "Iceite" is a bargain at any price.

*Joanne Burke*

## A Night in the Country

UP from deep vegetation rankly grown,  
Drowns and drones the constant song of crickets,  
And from dark woodlands comes the tireless roundelay  
Of stealthy, unseen, whippoorwills.

Damp vapors from the lowlands rise and mingle—  
With the warm airs of departed day,  
Bringing a moist refreshment to sun-weary fields,  
Wrapping all nature in a cool repose.

Like stars winged into sudden animation,  
The myriad fireflies revel through the warm night air  
Stabbing the darkness with a vagrant glitter,  
A roving spark that sparkles everywhere.

Here in remote up-country pasture land,  
Far from the nervous strife of crowded cities,  
I ramble on, enfolded in the fragrant night,  
And learn to love the sweet simplicity of life.

*Marjorie Macomber*

## The Last Laugh

I laughed at love  
Laughed loud and long:  
My eyes were wide and dry  
As round I whirled  
In a witless world,  
Living a vulgar lie.

I laughed at love—  
Laughed long and loud:  
What fate indifferently  
Prodded the boy  
To crush my joy  
That love laughed long at me?

*M. Patricia Di Sarro*

## A Confused Peace

ON a hillside, overlooking the valley below, sat a young man. Nearby, his dog scampered here and there among the trees and bushes. He saw green meadows dotted with cattle. A farm house on a carpet of green grass and a field of golden wheat, undulating in the summer breeze, contrasted with the surrounding woodlands. A blue sky made a clear background which was broken only by the distant hills. Summer was beautiful and peaceful.

The dog barked sharply, drawing the young man's thoughts from the picturesque scene. The dog came running over and stood before his master in a pleading manner. The young man laughed and searched about for a stick, which he threw a distance away. The dog joyfully chased the stick, retrieved it, and dropped it at the feet of his master. This trick was repeated a number of times, until the dog wearied of the sport and lay down.

The young man spoke softly to his dog and stroked his ear.

"You like this kind of life, don't you, Buddy? Chasing squirrels, sticks, and stones. As long as you can run free, with no fence or leash to hold you, you're happy and content. I guess you animals are no different from us when it comes to wanting freedom."

Buddy looked into his master's face. His expression seemed to favor the words spoken. He loved his master in whose care and company he was whenever time permitted. Did he not take him for a walk or perhaps even a ride in the car each day? They had been friends since his master had purchased him in a war-torn land across the sea. They had been faithful friends and had travelled together to this country.

"Well, what do you say we move along?" the young man said. "There's no sense in just sitting here. Let's see if that spring is still running. You haven't been there yet, but I have. You'll find cold, clear water to quench your thirst, and maybe Doc will be there, too."

As they walked along, birds, frightened by their approach, flew from the trees. This interested Buddy, who stood and looked up, or made a vain attempt to follow them in their flight.

A few minutes later Buddy was running ahead on the path, when he suddenly stopped, ears erect. Noticing his dog's strange behavior, the young man cried, "Is Doc there, Buddy? Hey, wait for me!" and ran hurriedly down the path towards the motionless dog.

As the young man approached, the old man rose, smiled, and offered his hand in a friendly greeting.



"Hello, Jim, my boy," the old man said, "it's been a long time, hasn't it? It's been sort of lonesome here without you. I'm mighty glad you're back, son. Here, sit down, you look tired."

Jim seated himself next to his friend. For a moment he studied the gentle old face. A large white beard, neatly trimmed, emphasized clear blue eyes surrounded by the wrinkles of time.

"Yes, Doc," the young man replied, "it has been a long time. I missed this spot, but I never forgot it. In my mind it has always stood out among my recollections of home. When I used to visit this place with you or by myself, I could enjoy the wonders of peace and feel as though all I saw before me was put there for each and every one of us to enjoy. But say, you haven't changed a bit. You look fine. Tell me, how have you been?"

The old man looked at Jim for a moment and then he pointed to the valley with his cane.

"Jim, I have not changed, except maybe I've gotten a little older. I can't complain of my health. But the world has changed, or at least its people have. Remember how we used to sit here and I would tell you stories of different lands? I told you the world was a large family. Yes, there are different creeds, colors, races, and ways, but essentially the people of the world are one large family. Now war has torn this family apart for the second time in a quarter century, and I need not tell you the result. Peace is a word which all men know, but it is a word for which few men have real respect. Now we are once again striving for peace, but will we succeed, Jim?"

The old man's words recalled to Jim how he had learned to appreciate the little things in life from this wise old man. He remembered how Doc had said,

"Jim, you are going to fight for your country, but remember, Jim, you are not fighting just for us at home. Your battle is for the good of all mankind, not just for America. Go out and do your part, and if God be willing, we will some day meet here again, in a world at peace."

For a long time neither said a word. Jim stroked Buddy's ear. Doc filled and lit his pipe and blew fragrant smoke into the warm summer air. The two men and the dog sat quietly, surrounded by the splendor of Mother Earth. Each of the men was thinking about the goal that all men sought, Peace.

After a long silence, the old man spoke to Buddy, who looked up in understanding.

"Your master is tired from a hard job. You stick close to him, fellow. He needs good company—company that understands him. I know that you understand him. I can tell by the way you look at him."

The old man then turned to the dog's master.

"He's a fine dog, Jim, and a real pal, I'll bet. He sort of startled me when he came around the bend. I was lost in thought at the time. Its funny, too, for I had been thinking of you. When word of your capture had been received, we all gave you up for dead, but somehow I always felt deep down that the greatest Peacemaker of all would see you through. My boy, the future of the world rests in hands like yours. It's going to be a tough job, but never despair. Always look up and do His will. Those who abide by His laws will never be forsaken."

Jim rose and walked over to where the spring flowed from between two rocks. He gazed down into the clear water and slowly turned toward his friend.

"Life is sometimes like this spring. It gushes forth from the earth and finds its way into the world. It has many obstacles in the way, but it bypasses them and goes on and on in a neverending stream. We don't always bypass obstacles in our paths. Sometimes we remove them in other ways. At times we require assistance; other times we are capable of solving the problems ourselves. On the other hand, Buddy here has no problems. He objects only to being tied up. He loves to be free. He's no different from any of us that way, Doc."

He paused a moment, then he continued,

"Look at this countryside. It has beauty that only a painter, poet, or composer can describe with justice. We don't fully appreciate its beauty, nor what it offers us. I guess all this doesn't make much sense, Doc. I'm confused. But I feel so different when I walk along here. No cares of life seem to interfere with my peace of mind. Its something I can't explain. It's just here, that's all."

Doc looked at Jim, and rising with some difficulty, he turned toward the west, where the glow of the setting sun cast deep purple shadows over the valley.

"Come along, Jim," he said, "it's time to be going home. I'll walk part of the way with you. It's a beautiful sight, isn't it? A few minutes ago the valley was bathed in light. Now only the faint rays of the setting sun can be seen. So it goes with life, my boy. We have the dark days of confusion, and for the moment everything seems hopeless. But then in the next moment a shining light reveals the splendor of a new, clear day. Look to the future for brighter days. No man who follows His rule will be left in eternal darkness."

The dog ran happily at his master's side, as the figures melted into the evening shadows.

*Roger I. Vermeersch*



## Until Death Do Us Part

DEAR God,  
 Please let us die  
 As we have lived—  
 Together.  
 Let not our hearts,  
 Our hands, our souls,  
 Be torn apart.  
 You have made us so love  
 That we are one,  
 You who have fused  
 Our beings  
 With joy and sorrow and love,  
 Would you, then  
 Divide your work?

Dear God!  
 The agony  
 Of loving so long  
 And so much—so very much, God—  
 And of losing;  
 Of touching nothing,  
 Where once was love;  
 Of being left behind  
 With aching emptiness.  
 Oh, God—  
 Must it be  
 That one shall go,  
 The other stay?

Betty Hamilton Pryce

## Not Even in Death

KARL was nervous. Karl was always nervous when he played his own composition *Reminiscences*. Tonight was his twenty-ninth public performance significant for just twenty-nine years ago had he married Elena. "Ha, mere coincidence," thought Karl. Yet he knew deep in his heart that tonight he would play as he had never played before. Each theme in his composition would bring back clearer than ever each incident connected with Elena. And for this he was even more nervous.

A knock on his dressing room door and a voice—"Five minutes, Mr. Matzan." Karl rose. As he was about to leave his dressing room, he saw his full reflection. He straightened his tie, slipped Elena's locket into his pocket, and left.

Standing in the wings he remembered how beautiful she had looked that first night. She was all in white—pure, shimmering, angelic white. He saw himself sit at the piano and heard the applause—applause for Elena. Her accompanist was ill and she had asked Karl to play for her. Neither knew whether the young usher could play well enough for the brilliant young primadonna. Yet there they were, Elena the singer, and Karl her accompanist.

The concert was a success. As Elena grasped his hand to thank him, they knew that they loved—and would love forever.

The years sped quickly after that. Elena gave up her career and used her modest savings to launch a new artist. Karl Matzan, the brilliant pianist-composer, soon was the name on every one's lips. His tours took him all over the world. At first he always came home to Elena. She was always there waiting.

Soon the periods of waiting grew longer for her. "I didn't want to make her wait in vain," rationalized Karl, "But I was so busy composing." Five years after they had met, Elena thought it best that they separate. "After all, darling, you know you love your piano more than me," she said laughingly. But Karl could see that in her heart she said something entirely different.

But Elena was right. He did love his piano more than her. So they parted. But without her, he found that he could not compose—he couldn't even play. The great Karl Matzan's career was over, the critics said. He tried touring Europe, but they knew too. Something was missing in his playing. Technically it was perfect. But that was all it was, mere notes played perfectly with no feeling.

While Karl was vainly touring the Continent, Elena died. Karl's heart and soul welled with emotion and that night he showed the audience that emotion in a spontaneous composition—Reminiscences. The audience and critics raved for weeks. Here was not only the old Karl Matzan, but a newer and greater one.

"You'd better hurry, Mr. Matzan, the audience is waiting." The stage manager's voice brought Karl out of his dream. "Yes—Yes," he hastily uttered, and moved out onto the stage. He sat at the piano, raised his hands, and dropped them triumphantly on the keys. As he played his favorite theme—the theme that said, "Elena, forgive me for what I did to you. I love you now as I always did. I never forgot—not deep down. I could never do anything *but* love you," he quietly whispered "Forgive me." And through the maze of notes, rests, and pedals, he heard Elena's voice. "There is nothing to forgive, Karl. I've always known and I've never stopped loving you—not even in death."

Chet Fuller

## White Wind

THE wind wore white  
And kissed the earth.

Each branch adorned  
With glittering gauze—  
Moon-misted magic  
Of pure laws.

Silver showers of petals pressing  
Passing purifying tenderness  
In a twirling swirling silent whirl  
Of pacifying cleanliness.

White winter, you proclaim  
The ultimate in innocence  
The spotless sparkle you unfurl  
Inspires truth and recompense.

The wind wore white  
And kissed me.

M. Patricia Di Sarro

## I Love My Husband But—

MAN, generally speaking, is a creature of habit, and my dear spouse is certainly no exception. He is addicted to one of the most provoking habits I have ever encountered.

He reads. Now I have no objection to his reading, but he becomes so engrossed in any written material with which he comes in contact that he is utterly oblivious of anything or anyone else in the immediate vicinity.

It is most distressing, after an eventful day, to walk into the living-room prepared to relate various incidents and to discuss household affairs, only to discover Bill comfortably settled in his favorite easy chair absorbing with obvious delight the contents of the latest *Reader's Digest*.

Here is a brief summary of one of our more recent "discussions."

I began as follows:

"This morning I waited three-quarters of an hour for a bus, Bill. I got quite a chill waiting there in the cold."

"N-m-yuh," he replied. This remark is a combination of grunt, growl, and sigh, and needs sound effects for proper expression. I have yet to find out whether it is meant as an affirmative or a negative.

"Traffic was delayed on all lines because of a fire on Charles Street," I continued. "Eighteen people were driven to the street and have been left homeless by the blaze."

"N-m-yuh."

"The firemen worked hard, but the weather hindered them. Their job is a tough one this time of year."

"N-m-yuh."

This continued until I had monologued my way through the various activities of my day, and his reaction was the same throughout the evening.

"N-m-yuh."

Perhaps you think that I am too critical, but spare judgment until I relate what happened after he had finished his book. He leaned back in his chair, puffed away on his bedtime cigarette, and remarked casually:

"Say, Ginny, my boss was detained half an hour in Providence this morning because of a fire and a traffic tie-up. Did you hear anything about it?"

See what I mean? What can I do? After all, I love my husband!

Virginia Winterbottom

## Mother and the Miniature

MOTHER had a disease. Collecting antiques. In all fairness to her, it must be admitted that she was impartial. She collected anything. Useful things, too. She kept magazines in a cradle and small change in a Wedgewood sugar bowl. The fireplace boasted a large Russian salad bowl between the andirons, and ivy grew in a copper teakettle.

A favorite haunt was an antique shop in Dartmouth. It was owned by a very shrewd woman named Eunice Blossom. Eunice was a Yankee. So was mother. Their business transactions never involved money; they *traded*.

Eunice's shop was on a narrow country road miles from anywhere. I say shop; it was an institution. Her home was filled with antiques and so were a barn and several outbuildings. A second house, a few yards down the road, held the overflow.

As with all sage antique dealers, Eunice's antiques were dear to her; she refused to "part" with them. Mr. Blossom, however, lived in constant fear of coming home to a bedless bedroom. It had happened before.

One day Mother came home elated. She was the proud possessor of, among other things, a miniature of a very old, sweet-faced lady, and a massive grey cat. Eunice's home, it seems, overflowed with more than antiques. She had no children, and loved her cats tenderly; nevertheless, she was always looking for a home for one or another of them. She had no scruples, and her methods of disposing of her cats were dastardly. In this case, the grey cat went with the miniature.

But even visions of the inevitable meeting between Eunice's grey cat and our dogs could not dim Mother's elation.

"Guess who this is?" Caressing the miniature fondly.

"Who?"

"*Nancy Hanks Lincoln*." Mother was being dramatic. She paused for effect. It was wasted. I looked at her questioningly.

"Well, *any* authentic miniature is worth plenty. But a miniature of Lincoln's mother. Why, a collector of Lincolnia would give his EYE-TEETH for that. Look, it's mounted on white velvet, and the back is sealed with an old newspaper. She must have been very old when this was done. Such a sweet face."

This as she reached for the Encyclopedia Britannica, vol. ii. Mother was thorough: She must know all about Lincoln's mother.

Smiling at the treasure she had stolen (this in spite of the cat) from Mrs. B., she read:

"Nancy Hanks Lincoln died at the age of 35 of childbirth."

*Ruth MacLean*

## The Altar of My Love

UPON the altar of my love  
A flame burns constantly.  
Even angels up above  
Could never think of thee,  
As do I in moments of  
My sweetest reverie.

Sweet contentment, joy of life,  
Supremely happy I,  
When after daytime's toil and strife,  
To my dreams do fly.

In my dreams, the sweetest ever,  
I realize full well  
That time and distance can ne'er sever,  
Nor ever stop the swell  
Of this beating heart of mine  
Reflecting thoughts of beauty thine.

Upon the altar of my love  
A flame burns constantly.  
And may the God who's up above  
Keep your love for me.

*Robert Shields*



## Patricia of the Passion Pit

IS any one of many tastefully-dressed, long-haired girls who spend their free time in the cafeteria. Attends college to acquire an education, preferably by osmosis. Complains that some teachers cover too little subject matter, but would not think of getting the material for herself. Meanwhile, despite her lamentations, is acquiring an education in the art of living. Wishes that Educational Psychology would enable her to predict the actions of others. She believes that time spent on term papers should not exceed two evenings.

Daily she arrives at the Pit shortly after 1:00 P. M. And usually manages to smoke one cigarette before 1:30. She can pile cigarette butts on an ashtray to an alarming height. With her friends she lives again the life of the Pleiades or the sidewalk cafes of Vienna. She discussed her faith freely but would never question a single tenet. In her opinion, R. I. State is probably the best of the neighboring colleges but, again, P.C. is so very close.

Drinks only Coca-Cola but knows all the collegiate drinking songs. Between cokes, sometimes furnished by her pipe-smoking male counterpart, she sings in harmony with her friends. Sociable by nature, she has developed a line of fast patter. In a few minutes she can settle the affairs of mankind. More human than cultured, she stands in awe of the grind; is contemptuous of the bore; and despises inferiority complexes. She has superb faith in herself and her future.

At present she works week-ends in a downtown department store, satisfies a prodigious appetite, and works at her hobby, which is knitting or sports.

After graduation she is quite willing to serve her year in the public school system. Will probably serve no more. R.I.C.E. men are no fools.

*John Converse*

## Clavicles of American History No. II

### He Failed to Duck or The Tragic Death of Alexander Hamilton

EVERYONE knows that Aaron Burr killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel on July 11, 1804, but few know the true facts of the case. The truth of the matter is that Hamilton asked for it.

The trouble between Burr and Hamilton began on July 8th, 1804. During the course of a heated debate in the Senate, Hamilton referred to Mr. Burr as "Aaron Burp." Burr then referred to Mr. Hamilton as "Old Moneybags." Their verbal attacks increased in fury until 2:07 on the afternoon of July 9. Then Hamilton made the mistake of accusing Burr of murdering his second wife (Burr's). Burr arose, red-necked and angry. "Mister Chairman!" he cried. But George Washington ignored him and called Hamilton up to the rostrum.

"What'll ye have, Genral," asked Hamilton, inadvertently knocking over a pitcher of water.

"Baldy," whispered George affectionately, "you're a crack shot. Challenge Burr to a duel. Dead men don't go around calling people 'Old Moneybags.'" George winked ever so slyly.

Hamilton nodded significantly, grinned triumphantly, donned a mouse-colored toupee, and turned to his baggy-eyed colleagues. An anticipatory hush settled over the Senate, which was destined to be burned to the ground ten years later.

"Mistah Chairman, extinguished visitors, fellow grafters, and you folks a-sittin' in the balcony," said Hamilton. "I, Alexander Hamilton, of National Bank fame, do hereby challenge Aaron Burr, the Senator from South Dakota, to a dual. George Washington, as fair and impartial person as ever sniffed snuff, shall be referee. Dred Scott shall be in charge of weapons." The blood-thirsty senators cheered wildly. Toppers, derbies, and porkpies were thrown high into the air.

Scott and Washington soon decided how they would run the duel. First of all, a coin would be flipped to see who would have first choice of weapons. Washington had found out that Burr always chose "heads" whenever a coin was tossed up, but Scott knew George was a man of honor. There were to be four weapons; a 7000 lb. howitzer, a double-

barrelled machine gun, a sling complete with four large stones, and two large tubes of Roman Candles.

There was considerable betting on the outcome of the duel. Hamilton was world-famous for his marksmanship and did not use tobacco, so he was favored by odds as high as 200-1. Generally speaking, it took forty dollars to win one if you favored Hamilton.

The day of the duel dawned, as expected. The morbidly-curious spectators were shocked when the impartial Washington arrived early and began placing bets. And ZOUNDS! Washington, Hamilton's best friend, was betting on Burr! Naturally most of the people thought that Washington was merely trying to make the chalky-faced Burr over-confident, but one young up-and-coming senator, Harry Truman from Missouri, ran around crying, "Fix! Fix!"

At length ten o'clock arrived. Washington flipped the coin to see who would have first choice of weapons. "Heads!" cried Burr, running true to form. And heads it was! The audience was dazed by the sudden turn of events. Burr grabbed the machine gun and strode off forty paces. Men and horses towed the howitzer into position for Hamilton, who had paled considerably. Washington whistled, and talked to the minister.

"At the count of three," Washington cried, smiling at Hamilton who immediately regained his confidence, "fire away!"

"One!" screamed the "Father of Our Country." Burr tightened his grips on the trigger. Hamilton lit the fuse.

"Two!" bellowed Washington, his head obscured in the smoke.

Hamilton's howitzer went off with a roar that could be heard 100 miles away. The shot went over Burr's head by fifty feet, and landed in a crowd of spectators, maiming several innocent bystanders. Burr's machine gun ruffled the dust at Hamilton's feet, causing Alexander to jump up and down violently.

Hamilton knew the jig was up. With each jump he leaped closer to the protection of the nearby woods. Burr had misdirected so many shots that the gun was searing his hands, but he fired on. Finally a wild shot caught Hamilton square in the forehead. Alexander hit the dust as limply as a descending parachute. A gunsmith pried Burr's finger off the trigger, and the firing ceased. The crowd wept bitterly. The minister ran to Hamilton's side. Washington was already around collecting bets.

It is said that Hamilton turned over in his grave years later when it was disclosed that Washington confessed on his deathbed (1799) that the coin he had flipped on the day of the duel had heads on both sides.

MORAL—Never trust a man who has been dead for a hundred and fifty years.

*Bill McIntyre*

## Goodbye, My Darling

OPEN the door quietly . . . that's it . . . not a sound made . . . there she is . . . she's beautiful . . . sleep well my darling . . . if you wake you might not like it . . . but you won't wake will you . . . no you won't wake . . . I planned it all very carefully . . . I planned it for weeks . . . but you never knew . . . not even this morning when I started working out my well-laid plans . . . no you never guessed . . . not even then . . . but then you always trusted me didn't you . . . you really shouldn't have you know . . . I'm not to be trusted . . . but you never even thought of that . . . maybe you loved me . . . I'm sorry darling but I never loved you . . . I loved your money though . . . oh how I loved it . . . and how I planned so carefully that I might have it some day . . . and now its mine . . . or it will be in a few minutes . . . your hair it's lovely . . . I always loved your hair . . . I might take that for my own too . . . I remember how your hair shone this morning as you said goodbye as I went off to work . . . but I didn't go to work . . . oh no . . . I went to the drug store and bought some sleeping tablets . . . you see I had already started to carry out my plans . . . it had to be tonight . . . Mona won't let me wait any longer . . . she won't marry me if I don't hurry . . . she has money too my darling . . . not as much as you so I won't have to wait as long to kill her . . . she's more gullible too . . . she'll sign over her insurance easily . . . but I've done enough talking . . . it's time to say goodbye . . . but first I'll take that jewelry from your dresser . . . you won't be able to use it and I hate to see things go to waste . . . ah this necklace . . . it was my favorite when we were engaged remember . . . I liked you to wear it because it always reminded me of what was waiting for me if I put up with your sentimentality long enough . . . and here's the jade dinner ring . . . remember how pleased you were when I gave that to you . . . that was Jean's . . . I remember I couldn't get it off her finger . . . so I cut the finger . . . it was messy but it had to be done . . . I hope your rings come off easily . . . I always liked your hands and I'd hate to spoil them now . . . you know there's an old superstition if you die without your body intact you won't go to heaven . . . I wouldn't want that to happen to you . . . heaven's for beautiful things and you are beautiful . . . I don't think that hair is involved in that superstition though . . . because I want that hair . . . I have such beautiful belts of women's hair . . . I need some memory of our beautiful marriage . . . but I'll find the scissors in a minute . . . first I want those rings . . . if I'm going to marry Mona I'll need them . . . your hands are so lovely . . . there they're off . . . and we're no longer married . . . I just divorced you my darling . . . now I can legally remarry . . . now let's see if I remember right those scissors are in the top dresser drawer . . . here they are . . . such



beautiful shiny steel. . .your hair is so long. . .it will make a beautiful belt. . .I must be careful cutting it. . .I wouldn't want to spoil it. . .there it's all off. . .and now the final step. . .your throat. . .so white . . .so lovely . . .it's a shame to mar it. . .but you won't feel it. . .that's why I fed you those sleeping pills in your coffee tonight. . .my jack-knife. . .so nice and sharp. . .it will do a neater job that way. . .the jugular vein. . .that's the quickest way. . .there. . . .goodbye darling.

*Chet Fuller*

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## Yes

TIME hangs heavy.  
The awe-inspiring moment of bliss  
Is near at hand.  
Soon the thoughts of self  
Include a new discovery;  
Infallible grief and ecstasy  
Blended into one.

The moment comes,  
Never to be found again.  
Precious thoughts and words  
Intermingle with one accord.

Radiantly glowing,  
Eyes and token  
Send forth a warm expression of love;  
Each outdoing the other.  
The new-found knowledge of closeness  
Surrounds the two.  
The proposal, the diamond,  
Each symbolize  
The end of the beginning.

*Betty Armington*



Wm. R. Brown Co., Printers



33 Eddy Street, Providence, R. I.