by Helen Marvell

Beach buggies, spewing sand and exhaust, raced coughing engines as they sluiced along with their laughing loads. The girl in shorts lay in the sand of the beach listening to the tide break closer and closer to her feet, hoping it would drown the sound of the battered old machines and their passengers. All she could see was the sky and the little meandering terns sliding on the air, flicking their black topped heads up and down, looking for scraps from the sea. "Peregrines," she thought, "but very complaining." The sun kept her warm. A shadow fell across her face and shoulders, and just as she was in the end of summer shadow, but she was expecting it and so continued to stare up into the bright shell of the sky.

"Won't you be late for dinner?" she asked.

"Yes," said the boy.

"They won't love it; they don't like me anyway."

"I'm leaving tomorrow morning, early, and I wanted to say something to you. He sat down shadowing her eyes so she could look up at him if she wanted to. "I don't want to go away with you being mad at me, because it's not my fault that I can't change their minds for me, and besides, I can see what they don't like about you."

"I can see, too," said the girl.

"They don't like me because they think we're in love," she squinted. The sky was hurting her eyes, and she knew none of what she was saying was true.

"No. That's not why. It's your voice. I've told you that before."

"Yes."

"They don't feel they can trust you because you're always changing the sound of your voice when you talk to them. You know, you can tell a lot about a person from their voice."

"Yes. The sky became very hard to look at as if it faded so she closed her eyes and just listened to the surf come closer and the quickening mew of the birds.

"They're not being fair to you, not even civil."

"Yes, I know. But you agree with them. I embarrass you when we're with other people when you should have before."

See "Seabirds"—Page 4

Sea Birds

by Poppy Hart

Jared Nathan was born on a deceptively inconspicuous day of late November, 1873, with a slight landslide in his unresisting mouth. That the family money was acquired in such an ignominious corner of the business world as the glue industry made little difference in the cheery black bank balance that greeted the small son, though the name of Nathan was never quite succeeded in freeing itself from the taint of glue.

Jared was a pink-cheeked, merry child, who grew up amid the slush and expansion of New York City. He arrived gradually and reluctantly at manhood, after a happy summer shadow, but she was expecting it and so continued to stare up into the bright shell of the sky.

"Won't you be late for dinner?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"They won't love it; they don't like me anyway."

"I'm leaving tomorrow morning, early, and I wanted to say something to you. He sat down shadowing her eyes so she could look up at him if she wanted to. "I don't want to go away with you being mad at me, because it's not my fault that I can't change their minds for me, and besides, I can see what they don't like about you."

"I can see too," said the girl.

"They don't like me because they think we're in love," she squinted. The sky was hurting her eyes, and she knew none of what she was saying was true.

"No. That's not why. It's your voice. I've told you that before."

"Yes."

"They don't feel they can trust you because you're always changing the sound of your voice when you talk to them. You know, you can tell a lot about a person from their voice."

"Yes. The sky became very hard to look at as if it faded so she closed her eyes and just listened to the surf come closer and the quickening mew of the birds.

"They're not being fair to you, not even civil."

"Yes, I know. But you agree with them. I embarrass you when we're with other people when you should have before."

See "Seabirds"—Page 4

By Carole Reeves

Ladder on the Empty Stage

by Gall Nuckolls

That was the first morning when I knew mother was right, and did not hate her or myself for it. I had gone off across the yellow wheat fields as I had since the beginning of the cool weather, lost in a child's little frightened thoughts, trying not to stare at the gray, furry field mice, who clutched the dew-drenched wheat.

I knew that I was guilty of a wretched wrong-doing, but it was a strange, intangible thing that I had done. Perhaps that was why my anger with this new failure died—a weak, small voice. Mother understood before I knew that I had failed in some way. I couldn't understand—it was very hard and I could only think back to the night before. Confused, I tried to remember what mother had said. Could she have made a mistake? Did she know why I was copying Kay-Wren?

Her eyes were deep and brown last night—they always were when she explained, softly, so that I might understand. "You must be yourself, Jane, always. You will learn nothing fromKaren. You've adopted her smugness."
The city wakes up early, earlier than it has been... the hollow echoing. Into the smothering hole, Into the hungry night; As a split of light And a black, blank swallow.

Anna Olmstead Winston looked down from her place on the wall over the heirloom desk at a grey man. He had his back to her, smoking the first cigarette of the day as he began for Sybil to bring his breakfast tray into the livingroom. He rarely faced Anna Olmstead Winston as a sign of respect for her position as the head of the household. She was a busy, independent woman, not to be taken lightly.

The man was alone with her room, her things that followed. He didn't care. It didn't affect him. She could be here when I have parties. While for me? Her words that followed.

The livingroom of the apartment was a quiet retreat. It was a place of rest in the evening. The portrait in the semi-dark was a nice room, planned in its colors and decorations to please. "Why couldn't he bring his friends here sometimes?" And aloud, "But if he doesn't come you'll be home for dinner?"

"Sybil, I can't say for sure. I may not get everything done at the office in time, so I'll get dinner downtown and then do the rest in the evening."

"You hardly ever come home, Paek. Don't you think you should, once in a while for me?" Her mind ran round, "You never get home until late. I don't like this, either," and she rejected the words that followed.

"It's simply that I'm a busy man, as you know, Sybil."

"You could come back here, honey. You could be reasonable. You could be here when I have parties. It embarrasses me. People notice."

"I'm sorry. I can't help it."

"Yes, yes, you can, and you know it. You don't even try. What are you trying to do?"

The man got up to look at the clock on the desk, and glanced up at the portrait. "I've got to go now. I'll call you about dinner."

Walking from the room, he picked up his hat and briefcase from the fireplace, and took the tray to the sofa table, closing the door with a solid, cushioned clink.

Breakfast was over and the woman was alone with her room. She plumped the pillows, and went to bed. The portrait looked down at them from her solid frame. The answer lies in what the Mystic said in a cave once: the Lion again: God and soul. Nature. The night's love-born eternity. The night's love.

The night's love-born eternity. The night's love-born eternity.
by Barbara Samuels

Ticking Towards

by Marsey Ann Kelly

"William. Sit down. Your pacing is so distracting."

William stopped short in front of the fireplace. He turned his eyes toward the Sargent that hung over the mantle. His eyes rested easily on the face in the portrait. The eyes seemed to say, "Look at me, or was it a laugh that lightened that way? William always felt warm when he looked into that face. He always seemed to know. It was hard to remember him just as he looked. Towards the end he had looked so haggard and worn. How many years ago? It must have been at least ten, or was it eleven? Eleven. Freshman year at prep school—that was the year."

"Sugar, William?" the woman in the straight-backed chair ploised a lump of sugar over a cup. "No, Mother."

She dropped the lump into the next empty cup. The slinews in her hand stood out as she poured the tea, the funnel she filled the stum rose up toward her face.

"When you were small you couldn't get enough sugar. Tastes shouldn't change that much. Are you sure that it isn't this diet business?"

"No, Mother."

He watched her take a piece of lemon from a silver bowl. It looked out of place with the rest of the service. He remembered it now—George Jensen, A n n  e r peace-offering. Somehow he had always pictured it laid away in a cupboard somewhere."

"Is Lydia not coming down to join us?"

"She's packing. I told Walter to bring her bag downstairs when she's finished."

"She's such a lovely young woman. So intelligent and poised. Mrs. Train paid a visit last night. She went to see the Embshes--an old Back Bay family. Where was it that she went to school?"

"Miss Porter's, Mother."

"Yes. Naturally. Then Radcliff."

William sank into the leather chair and leaned his head back. His unused eyes searched the ceiling."

"You must realize how I worry about you. You know how I hate your living at that club. Those college friends of yours are so crude. That is exactly why I wanted Edna to marry Lydia this weekend. I wanted to see with whom you are spending all this time. But now that I have met Lydia—"

She raised her cup to her lips. He didn't move. It was always like that. William can't possibly go away to boarding school. William must be a day student at a nearby academy. George must drive William to school. George must call for William to bring him home safely. He remembered that quarrel the morning Maria had shown her the traces of lipstick on his dirty shirt collar. Was it this that upset her?"

The knot turned on the heavy door. The door opened wide. A young woman entered. The butcher looked the door quietly behind him."

"Lydia, do sit down and have some tea."

He automatically stood until she had seated herself on the divan.

"When do you expect to leave, dear?"

The girl looked over at him. He was still staring at the ceiling.

"William. When are you leaving?"

He started at the harsh tone of his mother's voice. "Oh—As soon as Lydia finishes her tea, I guess."

"Sugar?"

"Yes, please, and a little milk."

Lydia took the tea. It was easier than sitting there with empty hands.

Mrs. Lindley rang for Walter to remove the service, and took up her needlework. The two women started their conversation. The usual. Their voices droned on. The logs in the fireplace burned down lower and lower, William remained silent, pondering the thought of the farewell that must eventually take place. That too would be the usual."

It was a long drive back to New York. He stopped to get gas and some cigarettes at the first small town. By the time that they had left the gas station the car heater was blowing warm air. Lydia fell asleep. He pushed his foot farther down on the accelerator. The road's lights hit the black masses of trees as the car rounded the curves. The clock ticked loudly. He glanced over at it. His hands were impatient on the wheel. He increased the pressure on the accelerator. She was asleep. He would never even know the difference.

William drove on. It got too warm in the car and he started to nod. His eyes blurred as he tried to concentrate on the white line that stretched out ahead of him. Finally he reached over to open the fan window. A blast of cold air circulated by his face. That was better. Her head's down on the seat. She won't feel a thing, he thought.

The car pulled up in front of the house and stopped. He turned off the headlights and looked over at her. She stirred and sat up, pushing her hair back from her face. Slowly she raised her head up. Her eyes met his momentarily. His left hand groped for the door handle. He swiftly climbed out of the car as he opened the door.

The trunk was opened and the suitcase was pulled out. He walked to her side of the car and

See "William"—Page 4

Editors:
Mary Burns ’57 Amelia Noyes ’56 Jacqueline Jenks ’56

Faculty Advisor: William Meredith

Scene in a railroad station. Business man sitting on right bench reading folded newspaper upside-down. Train conductor at back left swinging large clock on chain.

Enter two women in fur coats.

Business man looks at watch

Man talks to conductor.

Conductor places large number

Girl: I'm not going.

Bus. Man: You have to come. I

Old woman on floor crawls over

Con.: Tomorrow. The train will

Old Man: Where is your

Girl: I don't want the back sec-

Conductor swings clock slowly.

Bus. Man: I always give my

The car pulled up in front of

William stopped short in front of the fireplace. He turned his eyes toward the Sargent that hung over the mantle. His eyes rested easily on the face in the portrait. The eyes seemed to say, "Look at me, or was it a laugh that lightened that way? William always felt warm when he looked into that face. He always seemed to know. It was hard to remember him just as he looked. Towards the end he had looked so haggard and worn. How many years ago? It must have been at least ten, or was it eleven? Eleven. Freshman year at prep school—that was the year."

"Sugar, William?" the woman in the straight-backed chair ploised a lump of sugar over a cup. "No, Mother."

She dropped the lump into the next empty cup. The slinews in her hand stood out as she poured the tea, the funnel she filled the stum rose up toward her face.

"When you were small you couldn't get enough sugar. Tastes shouldn't change that much. Are you sure that it isn't this diet business?"

"No, Mother."

He watched her take a piece of lemon from a silver bowl. It looked out of place with the rest of the service. He remembered it now—George Jensen, A n n  e r peace-offering. Somehow he had always pictured it laid away in a cupboard somewhere."

"Is Lydia not coming down to join us?"

"She's packing. I told Walter to bring her bag downstairs when she's finished."

"She's such a lovely young woman. So intelligent and poised. Mrs. Train paid a visit last night. She went to see the Embshes--an old Back Bay family. Where was it that she went to school?"

"Miss Porter's, Mother."

"Yes. Naturally. Then Radcliff."

William sank into the leather chair and leaned his head back. His unused eyes searched the ceiling."

"You must realize how I worry about you. You know how I hate your living at that club. Those college friends of yours are so crude. That is exactly why I wanted Edna to marry Lydia this weekend. I wanted to see with whom you are spending all this time. But now that I have met Lydia—"

She raised her cup to her lips. He didn't move. It was always like that. William can't possibly go away to boarding school. William must be a day student at a nearby academy. George must drive William to school. George must call for William to bring him home safely. He remembered that quarrel the morning Maria had shown her the traces of lipstick on his dirty shirt collar. Was it this that upset her?"

The knot turned on the heavy door. The door opened wide. A young woman entered. The butcher looked the door quietly behind him."

"Lydia, do sit down and have some tea."

He automatically stood until she had seated herself on the divan.

"When do you expect to leave, dear?"

The girl looked over at him. He was still staring at the ceiling.

"William. When are you leaving?"

He started at the harsh tone of his mother's voice. "Oh—As soon as Lydia finishes her tea, I guess."

"Sugar?"

"Yes, please, and a little milk."

Lydia took the tea. It was easier than sitting there with empty hands.

Mrs. Lindley rang for Walter to remove the service, and took up her needlework. The two women started their conversation. The usual. Their voices droned on. The logs in the fireplace burned down lower and lower, William remained silent, pondering the thought of the farewell that must eventually take place. That too would be the usual."

It was a long drive back to New York. He stopped to get gas and some cigarettes at the first small town. By the time that they had left the gas station the car heater was blowing warm air. Lydia fell asleep. He pushed his foot farther down on the accelerator. The road's lights hit the black masses of trees as the car rounded the curves. The clock ticked loudly. He glanced over at it. His hands were impatient on the wheel. He increased the pressure on the accelerator. She was asleep. He would never even know the difference.

William drove on. It got too warm in the car and he started to nod. His eyes blurred as he tried to concentrate on the white line that stretched out ahead of him. Finally he reached over to open the fan window. A blast of cold air circulated by his face. That was better. Her head's down on the seat. She won't feel a thing, he thought.

The car pulled up in front of the house and stopped. He turned off the headlights and looked over at her. She stirred and sat up, pushing her hair back from her face. Slowly she raised her head up. Her eyes met his momentarily. His left hand groped for the door handle. He swiftly climbed out of the car as he opened the door.

The trunk was opened and the suitcase was pulled out. He walked to her side of the car and

See "William"—Page 4
opened the door for her. Lydia walked unevenly up the path. Her heels slipped on the dew-covered surface of the field stones. From behind the white columns shone the bright light of a carriage lamp. The door was flooded in its white light. She opened the door nervously. He set the suitcase down in the vestibule. She turned to look at him, her eyes searching his face. William gazed up at the light.

"It was a wonderful weekend. I was amazed that you would ask me home to meet your mother."

"She gets lonely out there alone. Every so often she likes to have guests."

"Oh, I see."

"How about next Sunday afternoon? Have any ideas what we can do? I'm tired of the zoo."

Lydia lowered her head. Sunday afternoon. "There's a new Chinese art exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum."

"Great. Two o'clock then."

Lydia forced herself to look up at him. "Couldn't you make it over here for Sunday dinner at one?"

"Thanks anyway, but I've got a lot of things that I have to do on Sunday morning."

She tried to look up at him.

"Well, about. Goodnight," he said.

His voice trailed after him. Lydia watched him disappear down the walk. She turned quickly and closed the door after her. She stood there leaning with her back against the door until the motor started up. The sound diminished.

Two at a time William walked up the front steps of the club. He passed directly under the orange light of the television set flickering in the box in his office. He turned home. Jared, shortly recovered from his cold, found comfort and contentment colored his days until they blended into a dull grey of detail. His thoughts and trite expressions.

A shapeless blonde in a low cut gown passed directly under the orange light. She opened the door. Nanny lept to the ground, the bright sun glowed on my wet arms and legs as I scrambled back across the yellow field.

"My oldest and most battered cat, Nanny, had followed me. She thought I might be out after dark, but she was mistaken; she ran of her own accord. Whatever I said the snivel, ugly, "I don't care"—a habit she had picked up. She had a gift for thoughts and trite expressions."

"How do you always tell me this? Why do you always tell me this?"

The phone was replaced on the other end of the receiver. "Hello? A voice finally answered."

"It was a wonderful weekend. I was amazed that you would ask me home to meet your mother."

"She gets lonely out there alone. Every so often she likes to have guests."

"Oh, I see."

"How about next Sunday afternoon? Have any ideas what we can do? I'm tired of the zoo."

Lydia lowered her head. Sunday afternoon. "There's a new Chinese art exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum."

"Great. Two o'clock then."

Lydia forced herself to look up at him. "Couldn't you make it over here for Sunday dinner at one?"

"Thanks anyway, but I've got a lot of things that I have to do on Sunday morning."

She tried to look up at him.

"Well, about. Goodnight," he said.

His voice trailed after him. Lydia watched him disappear down the walk. She turned quickly and closed the door after her. She stood there leaning with her back against the door until the motor started up. The sound diminished.

Two at a time William walked up the front steps of the club. He passed directly under the orange light of the television set flickering in the box in his office. He turned home. Jared, shortly recovered from his cold, found comfort and contentment colored his days until they blended into a dull grey of detail. His thoughts and trite expressions.